THE

ILLUSTRATED

MAGAZINE OF ART:

CONTAINING SELECTIONS FROM

THE VARIOUS DEPARTMENTS

OF

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY,
ART-INDUSTRY, MANUFACTURES, SCIENTIFIC INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES,
LOCAL AND DOMESTIC SCENES, ORNAMENTAL WORKS,
ETC. ETC.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

SEPARATE PLATES.

	PAGE
Washington taking farewell of his Mother ... ... to face	1
Cardinal Beaufort's Chantry in Winchester Cathedral ...	11
The Earth, from a Painting by Lanciet	81
Florentine Mosaic Work	121
Church of St. Pantaleon at Troyes ... ... to face	161
Canute reproving his Courtiers	201
Abbey of St. Bavon and Crypt of St. Mary at Ghent	241

ANTIQUITIES.

	PAGE
Winged Figures by a Sacred Tree ...	92
Woman with Camels	92
Enemies of the Assyrians escaping in their Ships	93
Assyrian Chase in the Forest ...	132
Assyrians hunting the Wild Bull ...	133
Egyptian Antiquities (7 cuts) ...	189

VIEWS AND LANDSCAPES.

	PAGE
Oak of Henry IV. at Fontainebleau	8
View of Coblentz	33
Distant View of Monaco ...	100
Nearer View of Monaco	101
Watch Tower in the Crimea ...	104
Grotto of Antiparos	112
City of Lincoln	116
City of Moscow	125
Boulevards of Paris	136
Mount Vernon, Washington's Residence	140
Tombs of Washington and his Wife ...	141
Corn Exchange, Cork and Bandon Railway Terminus, and River Excursion Boat	155
Chetwynd Viaduct, on the Cork and Bandon Railway	157
Meeting of the Waters, Dundaniel Castle—a Sketch in the Briny Valley on the Bandon River... ...	157
Crookhaven Harbour	172
Inchigeela Castle	172
Lakes of Inchigeela	173
Pass of Keimaneigh	173
Town of Huy	185
Dresden	205
Birthplace of Oliver Goldsmith ...	212
Franciscan Convent, Galway ...	212
Railway Bridge at Athlone	213
Ruins of Athenry, County Galway	213
Spanish Place, Galway ...	213
Landing-place at Hare Island ...	215
Clock Tower at Dunkirk ...	220
Clock Tower at Saragossa	221
Greek Church at Bucharest ...	228
Organ Mountains	232
Ballinahinch Lakes and Castle ...	241
Roundstone, Connemara	244
Cong Abbey	244
Lough Mask and Castle	244

SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

	PAGE
Italian Winnower	13
Soldier returning from War	21
Tyrrell viewing the Bodies of the Murdered Princes	25
Japanese Archers (2 cuts)	28
Buddhist High Priest	29
Meeting of Lucy and Louis	32
The Jealous Dog	36
The Life Preserver...	37
Religious Music of the Kalmucks...	45
The First Meeting of the Assembly in Virginia	85
John Eliot preaching to the Indians	85
Ejectment of the Sheriff by the Populace of New Hampshire	108
George Baxter holding up the Charter to the Inhabitants of Rhode Island...	108
Japanese Wrestlers	109
Japanese Fencers	109
Reading the Koran	124
Costume of the Women of Xixona and Alicant	137
Felix in Prosperity	148
Felix in Adversity...	149
Raffaelle and Michael Angelo at the Vatican	153
Cellini in his Studio	180
Cellini on his Knees before Francis I.	181
Penn's Treaty with the Indians ...	196
Penn taking leave of the Colonists	197
Merchant of the Last Century ...	208
Bacon addressing the Council ...	225
Death of General Wolfe	228
Fair of St. Peter, Giurgevo ...	229
Stamp Act Riot in America ...	246
"Boston Boys" throwing Tea into the Harbour	246
General Burgoyne addressing the Indians	247
General Washington entering New York	247

MISCELLANEOUS.

	PAGE
Interior of a Turkish Palace... ...	12
German Chariot of the Sixteenth Century	41
A Chilian Miner	96
Ornamental Tobacco Box	117
Robin Acacia	168
Papier Mache Chair	176
Enamel Painting	184
A Wahabee Sheikh	201

PORTRAITS.

	PAGE
Sir C. Romey	17
John Hunter	19
Marquis of Lansdowne	57
Sir William Herschel	89
Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, M.P.	97
François Arago	129
Mozart	165
Alexandre Mavrocordato ...	193

CROCHET WORK.

	PAGE
Raised Rose Crochet Collar	16
Outside Stripe for Bed Quilt ...	40
Crochet Edging	56
Crochet D'Oyley	120
Pattern for Chemisette	160
Crochet Night-cap	200
Crochet Pattern for Music-stool Cover	216
Pincushion Cover	252

ARCHITECTURE.

	PAGE
Temple of Neptune at Pæstum ...	9
Monumental Fountain at Paris ...	20
Fragments of the Inscription of Augustus on a Doorway at Turbia	52
Ruins of the Tower of Augustus at Turbia	53
Entrance to the Arsenal at Venice ..	84
Woodlands Hall	117
Allington Castle	145
Tomb in Westminster Abbey ...	152
Clock Tower at Dunkirk	220
Clock Tower at Saragossa ...	221

NATURAL HISTORY.

	PAGE
Skeleton of the Giraffe	4
The Giraffe	5
Striped Hyæna	24
Common Toad	48
American Red-winged Starling ...	65
Duck-billed Platypus	88
Spiny Ant-eater	88
American Sparrow-hawk ...	105
Monk Seal	128
The Zebra	141
Wild Boar	169
Malayan Sun-Bear	192
Hares and Rabbits...	209
Barbary Ape	224
Common Otter	249

SCULPTURE.

	PAGE
Bust of François Arago	129
Bas-reliefs of the Statue of Mozart, at Saltzburg (4 cuts)	164
Bronze Statue of Mozart	165
Statue of Perseus and other Works of Cellini	177
Bas-relief, representing Phryxus and Helle on the Ram with the Golden Fleece	217

CONTENTS.

PAGE

Africa, an Adventure on the Coast of ... 131
Allington Castle 145
Amazon, Valley of 198
Amboyna, the Island of Dew... ... 90
American History, Scenes in... 85, 225, 244
Antiparos, the Grotto of... ... 117
Arago, François 129
Arsenal at Venice 83
Assyrian Bas-reliefs 67
Assyrians, Religion and Arts of the 91
Assyria, Wild Sports of 132
Author and French Publisher ... 27
Bavon, Abbey of St. 241
Bed Quilt, Outside Stripe to a ... 40
Boulevards of Paris 136
Boulogne, the Meeting at 154
Bucharest and the Wallachians ... 228
Buddha, the Footprints of 62
Bulwer Lytton, Sir Edward ... 97
Buried Alive 30
Canute and the Danes 201
Cellini Benvenuto 177
Character, a Sin[illegible] 158
[illegible]
[illegible]ili, the Republic of 95
China, Political Aspect of ... 10
China, Physical Aspect of 78
Circassia, Russian Forts in ... 150
Coblentz 33
Collingwood, Lord 206, 230
Copenhagen, Letters from 42
Cortez, Hernan, and John Smith ... 73
Crimea, Military Watch Towers in the 103
Crochet Collar 16
" D'Oyley 119
" Edging 55
" Night-Cap 199
" Pattern for Music-Stool Cover... 215
" Sleeve 79
" Toilet-pincushion Cover ... 251
Dogs, Sketches of 35, 75
Dominique de Gourgne 75
Dresden 205

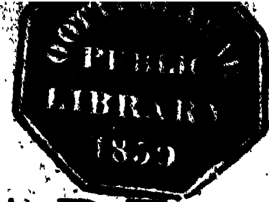
PAGE

Earth, the 81
East, a Visit to the 11
Edda 170
Egyptian Antiquities 187
Eleusis, the Mysteries of ... 227
Enamel Painting 284
Engracia, Santa, the Convent of ... 59
Felix Manby 148
Florentine Mosaic Work ... 121
Fountain, St Sulpice 19
Gems, Superstitions connected with 218, 241
German Chariot of the Sixteenth Century 41
Giraffe 3
Goethe, the Youth of 194
Golden Fleece 217
Greek Prime Minister 193
Hare and Rabbit 209
Haslar Hospital 161
Henry IV., the Oak of 6
Herschel, Sir W. 89
Hunter, John 49
[illegible]v, the Town of ... 185
[illegible] ... 23
Hyæna 13
Italy, Harvest in 27, 109
Japan and the Japanese ... 41
Kalmucks, Religious Customs of ... 123
Koran, the 57
Lansdowne, Marquis of 167
Legion of Honour, Origin of 116
Lincoln 191
Malayan Sun Bear... 207
Merchant of the Last Century ... 100
Monaco 223
Monkeys and Lemurs 125
Moscow 163
Mozart 25
Murder of the Princes in the Tower ...
New England in the Reign of Charles II. 106
Old Books, Occasional Leaves from 142
Old English Hall 117

PAGE

Organ Mountains 231
Ornithorhynchus and Echidna. ... 87
Otters 249
Pantaleon, St, Church of, at Troyes 161
Papier Maché Chair 176
Pattern for Chemisette 160
Peers and M.P.'s. 45, 66, 111, 133, 146
Pennsylvania, Colonisation of ... 196
Peru, Water-Carrier of 71
Peter the Great 2
Pestum 9
Portsmouth Dockyard 38
Raffaelle and Michael Angelo 155
Robin Acacia 168
Romanoff, the Bride of ... 101, 121
Roney, Sir Cusack 17
Saarnen, the Lake of 60
Scarron, Paul 22
Seals 127
Self-Denial 138, 174, 182, 214, 222, 251
Signs and Omens 186
Spain, the Women of 137
Sparrow-Hawk, the American ... 105
Springs, Celebrated 190
Starling, American Red-Winged ... 65
Toad, the 46
Tobacco Box, Ornamental 113
Touring in Ireland ... 156, 171, 212, 243
Towers of Dunkirk and Saragossa ... 220
Towns, Health of 94
Turbia, Roman Monuments in ... 51
Wahabees, the... 203
Wallachia, My First Evening in ... 31
Wallachian Robber ... 14, 53, 70, 81
War, Soldier returning from the ... 21
Washington, General 110
Washington taking farewell of his Mother 1
Westminster Abbey, Royal Tombs in 151
Westphalia, Secret Tribunals of ... 210
Wild Boar 169
Winchester Cathedral 41
Zebra, the 143

WASHINGTON TAKING FAREWELL OF HIS MOTHER.



THE ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE OF ART.

WASHINGTON TAKING FAREWELL OF HIS MOTHER.

The incident depicted in the annexed engraving illustrates, in a striking manner, one of the most admirable of the many estimable traits in the idiosyncrasy of the purest public character of modern times. Like many of the greatest men in all ages, from the earliest of the heroes of antiquity, to the last of British warriors—whose presence is hardly yet lost to our wondering vision, the competitor and conqueror of Napoleon, himself a conspicuous example of the same filial attachment—Washington was remarkable for his devoted affection to his mother. Not only was he so in early life, to such a degree that the pain of separating from her prevented his acceptance of an apparently advantageous commission in the naval service; but, long after, when he had attained the highest eminence that had probably ever been reached, his first care was to pay her honour, and seek her blessing before he entered on the final stage of his glorious and unparalleled career. Just previously to the period of his departure for New York to take the oath of office on being elected President of the States to which his valour had given freedom, and to which his wisdom was about to impart the enduring strength of cohesion and identity of aim and object, he hastened to Fredericksburg, where, at the age of eighty-five years, and afflicted by a disease the most terrible that can tax the fortitude of humanity—cancer in the breast—his mother resided, bowed with age and shattered with pain, but sustained by Christian resignation, and buoyed up with natural pride at being the parent of such a son. The interview is described as having been most affecting. She speeding him on his mission; he promising a speedy return to report to her how the inaugural steps of what remained of that great enterprise had been gone through; and she admonishing him of the unlikelihood that she should be alive to receive him, but assuring him of her conviction that he would in all things prove worthy of the destiny Providence had evidently marked out for him; both mother and son dissolved in tears at the thought that they had looked upon each other for the last time on earth. It is this ennobling episode in the patriot's life that our artist has endeavoured to render in the engraving; and the reader will, we think, agree with us that he has succeeded as far as the material employed in the delineation will admit of the portrayal of emotion at once too subtle and too sacred to be capable of tangible delineation through the medium of the pencil.

To the credit of Americans, they are not merely jealous of the fame of their great countryman in every particular, but they extend their pride and attachment to his memory to that of his mother. And not in words only. The corner-stone of the monument erected over her grave at Fredericksburg, was laid by Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, in May, 1833, amidst every accessory of public ceremonial that could testify to the solemnity and strength of a people's veneration. As the exponent of this sentiment the President said that "when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified, and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the memory of the mother of Washington."

It is, of course, not our intention to offer anything in the shape of a biography of Washington, nor an analysis of his character. Contemporary judges disposed of both during his lifetime, and history has not disturbed the verdict. If we were to dwell upon his career, it would be to remove an erroneous impression which cursory readers of the events in which he figured too often carry away—viz., that his great successes were the result either of chance or of genius. They were neither; and therein is one important element of value in the example of Washington, as showing what is possible when opportunities are prudently treasured and judiciously applied at the right moment. It so happened that Washington's early profession or occupation, as a surveyor of large estates, gave him a familiarity with the military positions of the country that proved of inestimable utility in the subsequent war, in which so much depended upon acquaintance with the geography of particular districts. So, again with another branch of his early professional pursuits, as a valuer and appraiser of the timber and products of the estates he surveyed. The necessity for accurate reckoning and laborious account keeping imparted a mastery of detail in arithmetic that proved of the greatest importance when he had to arrange for the provisioning of forces heterogeneously drawn together, and to conduct the business of a commissariat often but scantily and precariously supplied. The habits of business to which he devoted himself in youth he carried into the camp and the senate-house in after life, where they gave him a prodigious superiority not only over the great majority of his own countrymen, many of whom were ever ready to decry his ability and to fetter the exercise of his judgment, but over the drawing-room soldiers and red-tape diplomatists sent out from England filled with disdain and contempt for the American, and who only learnt to correct their estimate of his sagacity, alike in the field and the council-chamber, after experience of the most costly nature to their country and to themselves. Washington was not a conqueror in the ordinary sense of the term; neither was his in any way one of those dazzling minds whose effulgence blinds mankind to eccentricities that too often degenerate into the criminal and indefensible. On the contrary, sobriety of view, common sense, moderation in all things, an adherence to the homely virtues, and a pure and unambitious love of the cause of his country, not only because it was his country's, but because, also, it was the cause of justice and truth:—these were his attributes; and in right of these he has left behind him, for the edification of all posterity, a reputation that has no parallel, at least in the annals of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the single exception of Alfred.

Sir James Mackintosh, in his famous "Reasons against the French War of 1793" (which Mr. Cobden has also recently unanswerably shown ought never to have been undertaken, whether on the grounds of justice or of expediency, or even of a wise selfishness at the time), spoke glowingly of the genius of William III. in conducting a similar crusade against Louis XIV., urging that "that confederacy required, to build it up and hold it together, all the exalted ability, all the comprehensive wisdom, all the disinterested moderation, and all the unshaken perseverance of the Great Dutchman—other talents than those of petty intrigue and pompous declamation." Upon that passage, Mr. James Mackintosh, in editing his father's works, makes the following note:—"If there be any man in the present age who deserves the honour of being compared with this great prince, it is George Washington. The merit of both is more solid than dazzling. The same plain sense, the same simplicity of character, the same love of their country, the same unaffected heroism, distinguish both these illustrious men; and both were so highly favoured by Providence as to be made its chosen instruments for redeeming nations from bondage. As William had to contend with greater captains, and to struggle with more complicated political difficulties, we are able more decisively to ascertain his martial prowess and his civil prudence. It has been the fortune of Washington to give more signal proof of his disinterestedness, as he was placed in a situation in which he could, without blame, resign the supreme administration of that commonwealth which his valour had guarded in infancy against foreign force, and which his wisdom has since guided through still more formidable domestic perils." Nothing can be more accurate and discriminating than this parallel, though one ingredient in favour of the great American is left out—the purity of his private moral character, his temperance, and his

deco[illegible] of the domestic virtues; whereas the king, if he be not[illegible] his panegyrists, including Bishop Burnet, the historian of the revolution and chaplain to his majesty, was addicted to the pernicious habit of dram-drinking, and other indulgences, if possible, still more reprehensible. Besides, William's memory is stained, if not by deeds of actual cruelty, at least by insensibility to many of great atrocity, some directly affecting himself. For instance, when he was twenty-one years of age, the Dutch people, inflamed by the misfortunes and burdens of the war in which their statesmen, the De Witts and other aristocratic families, had involved them with France and England, murdered the obnoxious oligarchs; and William, who had been raised to chief power as Stadtholder and Captain-General, like many of his ancestors, neither took proper means to prevent the outrage, nor any means whatever to punish the perpetrators. So, again, with the horrible massacre of the Macdonald clan, in the Vale of Glencoe, when thirty-eight men were brutally slain, and women and children, their wives and offspring, were turned out naked in a dark and freezing night, and perished with cold and hunger—the sole cause for this inhumanity at the hands of the Earl of Argyle and his regiment being, that the unoffending inhabitants of the valley had not surrendered in time to William's proclamation.

No participation in such deeds as these, nor even any connivance at them, sullies the fame of Washington; and though we fully subscribe to the eulogium on William, yet, by so much more, in the instances we have cited, and other analogous ones that might be adduced, does the character of the noble American transcend his. It is to be borne in mind, too, that the provocation to cruelty was quite as great in the case of Washington as of William; for the American War of Independence was, in reality, quite as much a civil war as that in which the Dutchman was engaged in the invasion of England, or even in the conquest of Ireland, where the whole popular feeling was on the side of his father-in-law, James II., and continued to be strong in the same cause long after it had died out even in Scotland; indeed, up to the beginning of the present century, as testified by the rebellion of '98, which was merely another phase of the spirit that was crushed in 1688. The only piece of even questionable severity, in which Washington's memory is in the least degree implicated, is the execution of Major André, to whose death more interest attached on account of his heroic and romantic character and the circumstances surrounding it, than from any real culpability on the part of Washington in causing it, though political animosity at the time stigmatised the American in much the same terms that were afterwards applied to Bonaparte, in reference to the capture and execution of the Duke d'Enghein in the fosse of Vincennes. André, the reader will remember, was an adjutant-general in the British army, and was taken on his return from a secret expedition to the traitorous American general, Arnold, in disguise, within the American lines, September 23rd, 1780. It was not, however, till the October following that he was sentenced to death by a court-martial of Washington's officers at Tappan, every possible facility being given for his defence; but the proofs that he deserved death, according to the usages of war, were overwhelming, and he was hanged upon the evidence of criminality that satisfied his judges, who wept at the fate to which they were forced to doom so magnanimous a victim of his own daring and devotion. Arnold, originally a surgeon, promoted to high military command for his skill and bravery against the British, entered into negotiations with the British general, Clinton, for the surrender of a post of great consequence with which Washington had entrusted him; but the capture of André, whom Clinton had entrusted with the execution of the project, led to its disclosure, and Arnold flew to the royalist quarters, where he was employed by Clinton against his comrades, and raised to the rank of brigadier-general; [illegible] in England as late as 1801. Here, then, unfortunately, the traitor and offender escaped, while the innocent suffered through the inexorable requirements of the military service at such a moment and under such circumstances.

It may not be uninteresting to some of our younger readers to [illegible] a little of André's history. Born in London, in 1751, he [illegible] [illegible] enamoured of a Miss Honora Sneyd: but at the [illegible] of her relatives, who disapproved of the intended alliance, [illegible] discontinued her correspondence with him, and soon after [illegible] Lovell Edgeworth, father of the celebrated novelist, who died only a few years ago at her seat in Ireland, and was famous as being the person whose works, in favour of her native country, incited Scott to commence the immortal fictions of the "Waverley Series;" William Lovell Edgeworth himself being also a man of remarkable ability, especially in inventions of mechanical ingenuity. Pending his courtship of Miss Sneyd, André, in hopes of benefiting his pecuniary position, entered a mercantile house in London; but, on learning that the object of his affections had been married, h[illegible]ned the British army in America, where his abilities and gallantry secured him rapid promotion, raising him to the rank of adjutant-general of the forces, and aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief, Sir Henry Clinton. It is related of him, that besides courage and distinguished military talent, he possessed a well-cultivated mind, being a proficient in drawing and music, and evincing considerable poetic humour in a piece called the "Cow Chase," which appeared in three successive parts at New York, the last on the very day of his capture. One of his last letters gives us an affecting incident relating to his first love. When stripped of everything by those who seized him, he contrived to conceal in his mouth a portrait of Honora, which he always carried on his person, though he was unaware that she had breathed her last some months before. All visitors to Westminster Abbey will remember the beautiful monument under the organ-screen, with its spirited inscription, erected to his memory as lately as 1821, at the expense of George III., the figure of Washington on the bas-relief having had a new head three several times—a consequence of the "wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired, perhaps, with raw notions of transatlantic freedom," as Charles Lamb, with caustic pleasantry, said to Southey, after the author of "Joan of Arc" had become poet laureat, and had taken to panegyrise persons and principles he had been all his previous life denouncing.

PETER THE GREAT.

Peter being the son of Alexis, by a second marriage, was not at all liked in the family; no one, therefore, thought of his reigning even for a day. His father died, leaving three sons—Phedor, Iwan, and Peter—the eldest of whom ascended the throne. Phedor's reign was of short duration, and, as Iwan was an imbecile, he determined, much against the will of the Princess Sophia, to leave his vast dominions to his half-brother Peter, who was then about ten years old. Sophia was appointed regent during his minority, and hoped to retain the reins of government.

"What have we to fear," said she to Gallitzin, "from one who is imbecile and another who is epileptic?" The last expression was applied to Peter, who, in his childhood, was often seized with convulsions.

"The child, though timid," said the prime minister, "is quick and ardent; we must subdue him." He was not mistaken. Peter did all in his power to overcome his natural timidity, and having a great aversion to the water, took such pains to conquer it, that his dislike soon changed into a great love of that element. It was the policy of his sister Sophia, not only to allow his education to be neglected, but to surround him with idle and vicious associates. Ashamed of the ignorance in which he was brought up, Peter instructed himself in the Dutch and German languages, in which he took more interest than in any others, because Germans carried on at Moscow some of the manufactures which he wished to promote in his empire; and the Dutch excelled in navigation, which he considered the most important of all arts.

Peter listened eagerly to all accounts of the manners and customs of other nations, and made a determination, when he came into power, to place more confidence in the advice of foreigners, as regarded military affairs, than in that of his own countrymen. He constituted the Genevese, Lefort, his friend and preceptor, and confided implicitly in him. With his aid he organised a band of fifty young men, who were trained and clothed in the Danish fashion, and called the Guards of the Poteschnaia, of whom Lefort was made captain. The Emperor himself joined the new guard, and, wishing to gain his own promotion step by step, even began by being a drummer. This little regiment gradually increased, and some of its members were sent to learn boat-building at Venice and Leghorn; others ship-building, and the management of large vessels, in Holland.

THE GIRAFFE.

THE specimens of the giraffe now living in the gardens of the Zoological Society will have rendered the appearance of this animal so familiar to most of our readers, that they will probably be surprised to learn, that at one period the very existence of such a creature was doubted, and the accounts given of its size, form, and colours were regarded as mere travellers' tales. This surprise, however, is considerably lessened when we consider the amount and quality of the information extant, respecting this animal, at a comparatively recent period. Purchas tells his readers, that the camelopard was "a beast not often seen, yet very tame, and of a strange composition, mixed of libard, harte, buffe, and camel; and by reason of his long legs before, and shorter behind, not able to graze without difficulty." In another passage, he says it was "so huge, that a man on horseback may pass upright under him, feeding on leaves from the tops of trees, and formed like a camel." The fore legs were said to be twice as long as the hind legs, "so that one who was not acquainted with it, would think it was sitting, although it was standing. Such was the length of the neck, and the animal raised his head so high when he chose, that he could eat with facility from the top of a lofty wall; and from the top of a high tree he could reach to eat the leaves, of which he devoured great quantities." These palpable exaggerations are contained in a description, otherwise tolerably accurate, of a giraffe seen by some Spanish travellers, in the year 1403; so that we need not be much astonished if sober people treated the whole matter as fabulous, and consigned the giraffe to the same tomb as the unicorns, satyrs, griffins, and other monsters, in the existence of which the ancient naturalists placed such implicit faith.

It was not, in fact, until the end of the last century that Europeans obtained any precise and credible information as to the form and habits of the giraffe, an animal which must have been well known to the Romans of the empire, as we find that it was exhibited on many occasions in their amphitheatres, and one of the emperors (Gordian III.) had as many as ten giraffes living at one time.

The giraffe is undoubtedly the tallest of all living quadrupeds; the male, when full grown, sometimes measuring seventeen feet from the top of the head to the fore feet. Nearly half this height is due to the length of the neck, which, however, contains only the same number of vertebræ (seven), as the neck of any other quadruped. Hence, although the movements of the neck are sometimes not devoid of grace, there is generally a degree of stiffness about them, and we never get the elegant curves which the neck of the swan and of many other birds present to our view. This structure, however, may well excite our admiration in another way—it exhibits in a striking manner the wonderful resources of the Creator, who can form by a simple modification of the same plan, and without the addition of any new parts, the short, thick neck of the elephant, and the long, slender, tapering column which supports the elegant head of the giraffe. And our admiration is increased when we consider how perfectly this structure fits the creature for its mode of life, and enables it to play the part assigned to it in nature. An inhabitant of the arid regions of tropical Africa—from Nubia almost to the Cape of Good Hope—where the amount of herbage would scarcely suffice for the sustenance of the smallest herbivorous animal, the stately giraffe is enabled by means of his long neck to browse peacefully upon the tender twigs and foliage of the trees scattered here and there in the desert, which derive their moisture from far below the parched and dusty surface of the ground. And in this respect, even the small number and large size of the vertebræ of the neck are found to be not without their object; for if the number of these bones were increased sufficiently to give this part of the animal greater flexibility, the labour of maintaining it in the erect position would be vastly increased, and the creature would be, to a certain extent, unfitted for the peculiar conditions in which it is placed. The giraffe is assisted in reaching down his food by the singular prehensile power of his tongue, which is capable of being protruded from the mouth to a considerable distance and by an admirable arrangement of the muscles of which it is composed can then seize upon any object within its reach. In this way, the tongue of the giraffe serves him as an organ of prehension almost like the trunk of the elephant, although by no means capable of performing the same variety of offices as the proboscis of that unwieldy quadruped.

The head is undoubtedly the most beautiful part of the giraffe. The delicacy of its form, the gentleness of its aspect, and the softness of its full, lustrous eyes, render the head of the giraffe one of the most charming objects to be found in the animal creation. Like most other ruminant animals (the ox, deer, etc.), the giraffe possesses two horns; but these differ remarkably from those of any other quadruped with which we are acquainted. In the deer tribe we find the horns forming branched antlers, often of great size, but always falling off annually, and giving place to a new pair. In the ox and antelope, on the contrary, the horns consist of a permanent bony core, covered by a sheath of the substance commonly known as horn, and these weapons are never shed, but continue growing during the whole life of the animal. The horns of the giraffe present the characters of neither of these groups, and, to a certain extent, may be said to exhibit a combination of both. Like the latter, they consist of permanent bony processes of the skull, but, instead of a horny covering, they are clothed with the same skin that covers the rest of the head; a circumstance which also occurs with the deciduous antlers of the deer during the period of their rapid growth, although the skin dies and peels off as soon as the horns have attained their full size. The horns of the giraffe are three or four inches in length, and terminate in a singular tuft of hair, which gives them an appearance altogether different from those of any other animal. It is generally supposed that these appendages to the head, which occur in both sexes of the animal, are rather intended for ornament than use; but this does not appear to be the case, for the males have been observed to use them with great violence in their combats, and one of the females in the Zoological Gardens is said to have driven her horns through an inch board.

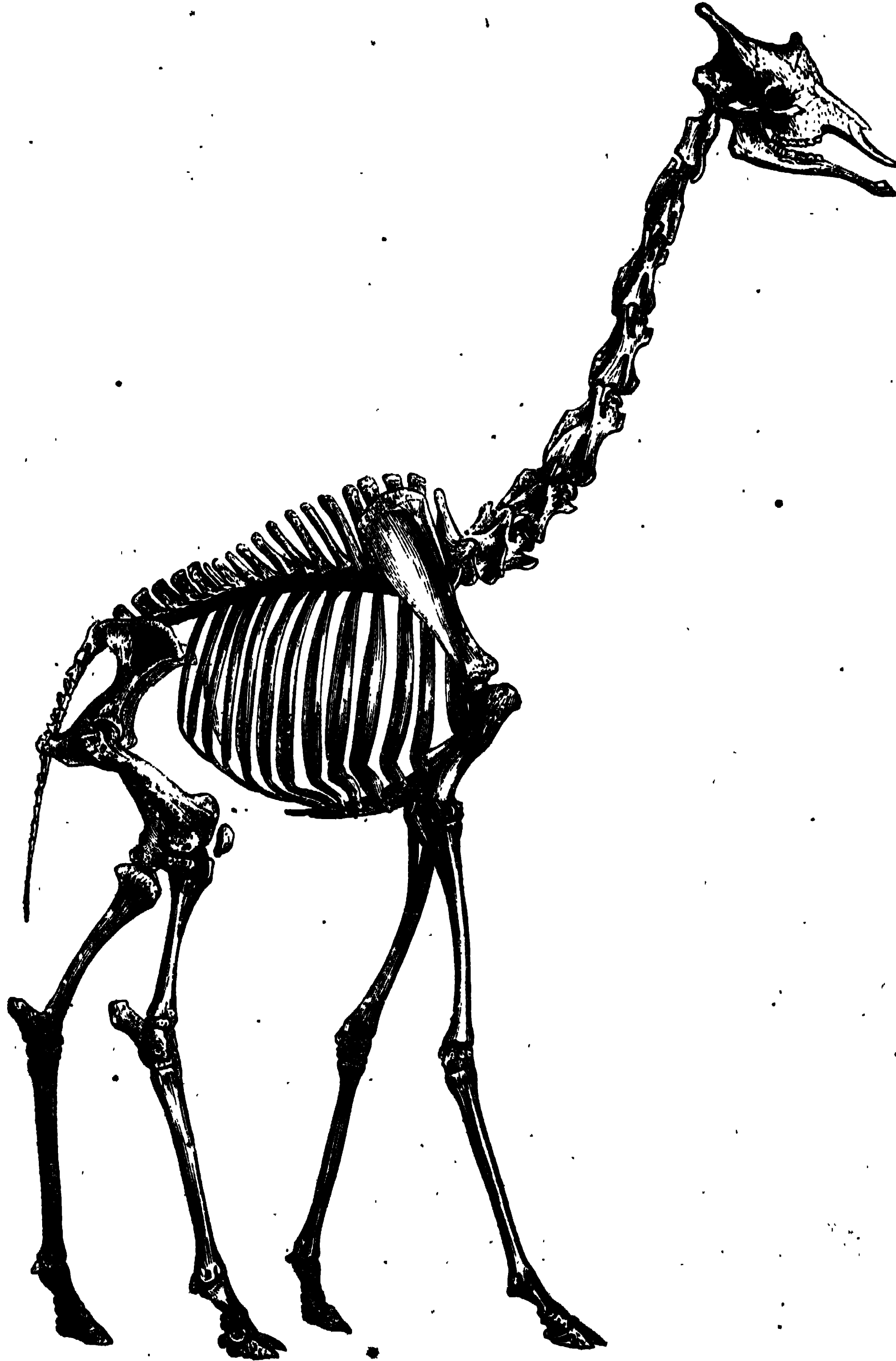
The most formidable weapons of the giraffe are, however, his hinder hoofs, with which he kicks out with such tremendous force that even the lion is sometimes repelled and disabled by the wounds thus ignobly inflicted upon him. His powers of defending himself against his enemies are wonderfully increased by the position of the eyes. These are situated quite on the sides of the head, and are remarkably prominent, so that the giraffe, when browsing on the twigs of his favourite trees, can still keep a good look-out on all sides of him, and be prepared for any coming danger.

Another error which has been induced by the singular appearance of the animal, and which has been copied from one natural history into another for many years, is the statement that the fore legs of the giraffe are twice as long as his hinder extremities. The fact is, that all the legs are nearly of the same length, but the shoulders and fore part of the body are very much elevated, giving the hinder quarters a very low appearance, and rendering it very easy on a cursory glance to suppose that the fore legs are much longer than the hinder. It has also been often stated and often denied that the giraffe has great difficulty in reaching the ground with his mouth, and succeeds only by stretching out his fore legs to a considerable extent so as to bring the fore part of his body nearer to the ground. This appears really to be the case in most instances, although scarcely to the extent that has sometimes been described; and when we consider the powerful mechanism of ligaments required to maintain the neck in its customary erect position, we shall be able easily to understand the cause of the difficulty, without lengthening the animal's legs to any inordinate extent.

The skin of the giraffe is of a light fawn-colour, covered with large brownish spots, which give the animal a very elegant appearance. The skin, when taken from the animal and dressed, is so large, that the natives of the countries which it inhabits sometimes cover their huts with a single skin; and Le Vaillant, the French traveller in Africa, mentions this as the first indication of the existence of the animal that he met with. "I was struck," he says, "by a sort of distinction which I perceived on one of the huts; it was entirely covered with the skin of a giraffe. I had never seen this quadruped, the tallest of the inhabitants of the earth; I knew it only by false descriptions and figures, and could therefore scarcely recognise its robe. And yet this *was* the skin of the giraffe. I was in the country inhabited by this creature; I might, perhaps,

see some of them alive; I looked forward to the moment when I should be thus recompensed, at least in part, for all the sufferings and annoyances of my expedition." The thickness of the hide, however, occasions its application to another and less picturesque use. It is considered by the natives to be the best material for sandals; and in this form, although the sight of it may never again produce the same feelings in the mind of any future naturalist as those so eloquently expressed by Le Vaillant in the passage just quoted, it may certainly greatly assist him in his search after the many other wonderful things still to be discovered in the vast continent of Africa.

It is generally supposed that the giraffe is an exceedingly swift and that it is difficult, if not almost impossible, to run him down on horseback. Mr. Gordon Cumming, however, in his book on "South African Field Sports," relates several instances of his having done this; and Mr. Methuen, in his "Life in the Wilderness," says, that any person of light weight, mounted on a pretty good horse, can easily overtake a herd of giraffes, and cut off the one he wishes to shoot. He gives the following description of the process, with which we will conclude this article: "We espied some giraffes quietly cropping the high boughs of the mokalo-tree; their long taper necks stretched to the full length, twisting their long prehensile tongues round the leaves and young shoots. . . . The animals soon perceived us, and took to flight, charging through some bushes, and striding clear over others with their Brobdignagian legs, and cantering in the most ludicrous manner possible; the



SKELETON OF THE GIRAFFE.

"Your majesty will please to recollect that you doubted my ability to bring about this marriage, and said you feared less to ask, than to risk a refusal."

"Yes, yes, I recollect," exclaimed the king rather uneasily.

"Your majesty, I have this morning received a private intimation, that an official demand will be met with a warm consent."

"Sire, do you allow this?" said Gabrielle, who began to be alarmed, the influence of the minister over the king being undoubted, and the quiet way in which he had acted proving his determination, and at the same time his great confidence.

"But, Rosny de Sully," exclaimed Henry the Fourth, "I have given my word."

"Sire, your majesty will pardon me. You never gave your word unconditionally. The Lady Gabrielle d'Estrees must see that the interest of the state is above all private considerations. Your majesty then, I hope, will make the formal demand for the hand of Marie de' Medici this day."

"Tut! tut! man, there is no such hurry," said the king, who now deeply regretted the presence of the fair charmer, to whose hopes he had given so much encouragement.

"Sire," exclaimed Gabrielle, "your royal word is given. I have as good as your bond. The promise made at St. Germain your majesty ratified but ten minutes since."

"Nay, *ma mie!*" said the king; "I only said you would look a queen indeed."

"Of that," interposed Sully, "no man will doubt. Did beauty and grace and elegance decide royal marriages, there can be no doubt that the Lady Gabrielle d'Estrees would carry all before her."

"And pray, most learned expounder of the royal matrimonial theory, why may not a king direct his choice where beauty, grace, and elegance lead him?" asked the monarch.

"Because, sire, a king has more duties than rights, more o policy to think of than privileges to enjoy," replied the minister.

"Sophistry!" cried Gabrielle d'Estrees, now losing her temper, and allowing her fine eyes to be suffused with tears; "this is all mere idle talk, to move his majesty to break his royal word. 'Tis treachery, rank treachery!"

"Madam, were there no treachery to his majesty in France, save in the heart of Rosny de Sully, Henry IV. might marry safely where he loved. But there is danger, and treachery, and doubt, and tribulation; and a great king must yield to state policy."

The king mused deeply, Gabrielle d'Estrees began a scene of mingled tears, supplications, threats, reproaches, and fainting, to which Sully offered only the calm reasons which, in truth, did guide the mind of one of the best and greatest politicians France has ever produced. The contest was long and alarming. The lady was alternately a terrible Juno, and a melting, yielding Danae. The king wavered, but at last, as was natural with one of his character, the woman appeared clearly about to gain the day. He could not resist the "*tears as big as little peas*" that fell from her beautiful eyes, and the minister began to fear that the day was lost. He determined to make, therefore, one last and bold stroke.

He rose.

"Your majesty," said he, bowing respectfully, "appears to have decided. You have determined to do that which I believe to be ruinous to the prospects of the country, fatal to the peace of France. I have but one duty—a solemn and unpleasant duty—and that is, to request your majesty to appoint my successor."

"You desert me, Sully," exclaimed the king in a reproachful tone.

"Sire, I cannot, loving my country, and desiring an honest fame, incur the odium of having connived at an unpopular and unwise act. I must resign, to save my honour and my reputation."

"Your majesty will find many *as* faithful and attached ministers," exclaimed Gabrielle d'Estrees, beginning to recover her hopes.

"And so, Rosny," said the king affectionately, "you have made up your mind, in this case, to leave me."

"I say it, your majesty, with deep regret; but it is my duty—"

"Then, Rosny, it must be that you are right. You would never leave me, were you not persuaded of the justness of your cause. This afternoon send the demand for the hand of Marie de' Medici. Go, my friend."

The minister bowed, without a word, and retired.

"Your majesty," exclaimed the alarmed Lady Gabrielle, who had not yet learned to understand the king's fickleness, "your majesty prefers that Rosny to your beloved Gabrielle."

"That Rosny, Gabrielle," said the king gravely, "is the guardian of my crown."

Gabrielle tried every art to persuade the king to disgrace the minister, and take one more compliant. Then it was that Henry made his historical reply to the fair dame.

"Pardi, madame! this is too much. You have been incited to this by some enemies of mine. In order, then, that you may be quite at ease on the subject, let me tell you, that I would rather lose one hundred women, as beautiful as you, than one man like Sully."

Gabrielle d'Estrees was silenced. After dinner she renewed the conflict in Sully's pavilion, but in vain.

The hand of Marie de' Medici was formally asked by the king, and Gabrielle d'Estrees returned to Paris, after begging the monarch's pardon on her bended knees.

She retired to her apartments in the Hotel Zamet, where a few days later she died, after eating a meal which had been all poisoned. It was never known, nor even suspected, by whom this poison was administered, as the object could not very well be discovered. It has even been suggested that she ate only some mushrooms which were of a poisonous tribe, and was thus accidentally killed.

King Henry IV. was a little hurt in heart at the disappointment of which the great oak had been the theatre, and visited it for several days with considerable gravity.

But soon all Fontainebleau was in activity. The marriage ceremony was settled, and Henry IV. became the husband in a few days of Marie de' Medici, who, on the 21st of September, 1601, presented him with a dauphin. The king was delighted, placed his own sword in the infant's hand, and addressed the queen thus.

"*Ma mie!*" he exclaimed; "rejoice! Heaven has granted our wish. We have a handsome son."

And he ran in such a hurry to hear a *Te Deum* in the church of the Holy Trinity, that he lost his hat in the crowd. He was as ardent a Romanist as he had, at one time, been a firm Huguenot.

Many of the plans and designs of Henry IV. were conceived and debated under that spreading oak, which is only one of the many magnificent trees that adorn that delightful forest.

One day, in the sixteenth century, St. Louis was hunting in the forest of Bieve, in the Gatinais. He lost a dog he was very fond of, and which answered to the name of Bleau. The king was very much vexed at his loss, and all the court exerted themselves to recover it. Saints as well as other beings have their flatterers. The flatterers of St. Louis hurried so swiftly about the forest, that they found the dog drinking at a spring. The spring was made into a fountain, which was called Fontainebleau.

Such is the legend which Francis I. and the Primatice have consecrated by a painting. But Mabillon tells us that it was an old domain named Breau; while Philandor and De Thou, without showing any respect for old stories, tell us that it is derived from Fontaine-belle-eau, corrupted into Fontainebleau. Here the French kings built a residence.

Old Guillaume Moriss, an ancient chronicler of France, says: "The Gatinais, diversified by woods, rivers, plains, and mountains, is very healthy and agreeable, which is the reason of its being much peopled, and of our seeing that those who inhabit it generally live to a good old age, and die full of years and in a healthy old age, not so common anywhere else in France. This induced our kings to construct a pleasure-palace in this locality. The most beautiful and royal house in Europe is Fontainebleau. Our kings not only made it a residence with a view to pleasure and health, but here were chiefly born and brought up the young princes of the crown."

Montarges and Melun had previously enjoyed the honour of being the nursery of France. The forest was peopled in the days of St. Louis by robbers. The following is related as having happened under the great oak. The king had lost his way, and was seeking his suite, when he fell into the midst of a band of robbers.

"You are the king," said the chief.

"Leave me my life, and you shall have king Louis," replied the saint.

At the same time he sounded his horn, and the suite came up.

"Well, where is the king?" said the robber chief.

"I am the king, and you are an audacious brigand." As he spoke, the thieves were overpowered.

"Hunger, sire."

"Very good," said the prince; "you shall expiate your sins

THE OAK OF HENRY IV. AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

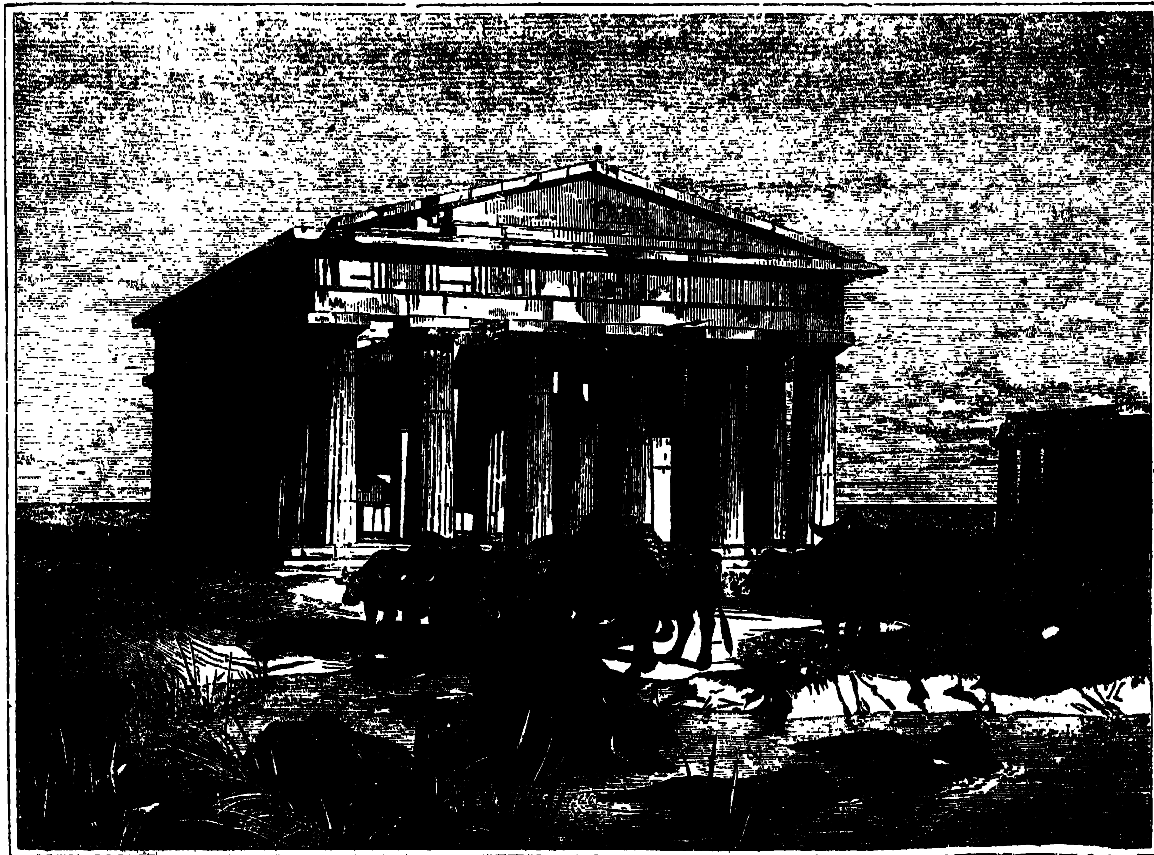
; have you carried on this trade
yesterday."
drove you to it?"

by fighting the infidels. In future you shall eat the king's bread."

It is reported that the robbers became very good soldiers.

PŒSTUM.

The ancient town of Pœstum or Poseidonia, was situated in Lucania, near the south-west coast of Italy, on the Gulf of Pœstum, now the Gulf of Salermo. The celebrated ruins, consisting of the remains of two temples, an amphitheatre, and another building, as well as the town, are about twenty-five miles south-east of Salermo. According to the reports of most travellers, the surrounding district is barren and deserted, owing to the unwholesomeness of the atmosphere, which is infested by exhalations from the stagnant marshes that abound in the lowlands. Others, on the contrary, maintain that there is more exaggeration than truth in these statements, that the plain, though uncultivated, is naturally fertile, and that the neighbouring hills are covered with corn-fields and vineyards. But even these persons regret that measures are not adopted for getting rid of the reeds and brushwood which encumber the soil, and drying the marshes which fill the air with pestilential miasma.



THE TEMPLE OF NEPTUNE AT PŒSTUM.

What remains of the ancient Poseidonia is sufficient to give a good idea of the form of the town, which was an irregular square, from four to five miles round, on a perfectly level platform. The walls, which are almost entirely preserved in certain parts, were about twenty feet high and six feet in thickness. At regular intervals it was flanked with towers, and, like many Roman edifices, built of large masses of stone well fitted together, but without any kind of cement. The town had four gates opposite one another on the four sides. The principal one on the east side, now called the Gate of the Siren, on account of a small figure rudely sculptured above, looks towards Capaccio and the mountains. It is in perfect preservation and arched, but without any ornament. Close by was the aqueduct, which conveyed water from the mountains to the town, and traces of which may yet be discerned.

The most interesting remains are those of the temples of Ceres and Neptune, especially the latter, which is both beautiful in architecture and well preserved. It is this which forms the principal feature in the scene represented in our engraving. The artist has there depicted the temple as, we have every reason to suppose, it appeared in its original state, and introduced various accessories which add to the general effect of the picture, without at all violating probability. The temple—as may be seen from our illustration—was one of the most magnificent in ancient times. The three steps, which form its pedestal, are well proportioned; the peristyle consists of six columns in front, six at the back, and fourteen on each side. The columns, like those of other temples, are very low, being only five times their diameter in height; but their arrangement at distances scarcely greater than the thickness of each, produces the happiest effect. There are two porticoes, one in the front and another at the back. In other respects the form of construction is exactly like that of all Greek temples. The columns, which are all fluted, have no base, and belong to the ancient Doric order. Hence it is, not without reason, conjectured that the temples of Pœstum were built at the period when the Greeks began to approach the perfection of architecture, and were preparing to give it that lightness and beauty of proportion which are not to be found in their heavy Egyptian models.

We will conclude with a few words on the history of Pœstum. It is full of obscurity, uncertainty, and conjecture, but the following facts may be safely admitted. Founded by a colony of the Greeks, Pœstum was near the famous Greek city of Sybaris, with which it was closely allied by many ties, and shared in those habits of luxury that have been ever since proverbial. The Romans took possession of it about 273 B.C., when they changed its Greek name Poseidonia to the Roman Pœstum, and made it a municipal town. From that time to the age of Augustus, when poets celebrated the beauty of its roses, which bloomed twice a year, it is rarely mentioned in ancient writings. It re-appears in history eight centuries after, when the Saracens, having conquered Sicily, wished to establish themselves in southern Italy; but the sons of Mahomet,

finding it impossible at the commencement of the tenth century to overcome the Christians, determined to retire from the country, and signalised their departure by pillaging and destroying Pæstum. In 1080, Robert Guisiard completed the work of destruction by conveying most of the remaining columns and ornaments to Salerno to build a church.

POLITICAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON, M.A.

The system of government, prevalent for ages in China, is based upon that of a family. The Chinese constitute the vast family of which the emperor is the father; and, as absolute filial obedience is required by their faith, as the father has absolute power over his children, even so has the emperor absolute authority in the state, the most implicit obedience being required from his officers and subjects. Such a system is often miscalled the patriarchal, but it is quite a misnomer—the foundation of both may be alike, but the practice is quite different. The emperor is styled "the sacred son of heaven," "the sole ruler of the earth," "the great father:" offerings are made to his image and to his throne; his person is adored; his people prostrate themselves in his presence. When he goes abroad, all the people take care to shut themselves up in their houses; whoever is found in the monarch's way is liable to instant execution unless he turns his back, or lies flat with his face upon the ground. The children have evidently no reason to rejoice, under such circumstances, in the visits of their father; his journeys must be rather alarming to travellers. Everything about him partakes of the idolatrous homage paid to himself, whilst the mandarins, who are his delegates in distant provinces, have authority as absolute as his own.

No despotism was ever more unalloyed; no power more absolutely without control than that of this "son of heaven;" and yet it was all based upon a mistaken view of the domestic relationship. The language, spoken and written, of China, is an admirably-contrived supporter of this state of things; each sign representing an idea, often without any corresponding word, so that a piece of writing, although intelligible to the learned reader, cannot be read aloud to others; and hence the information acquired by the privileged classes has no means of becoming diffused amongst the bulk of the people. Reflection and memory are the only powers called into exercise by this dumb language—the imagination can never be appealed to by it. Even in a Chinese poem, which cannot, of course, be read aloud, the beauty consists in the adaptation of symbol to symbol; it excites no feeling in the breast, it affords no culture to the imagination. "Not a hundredth part of the Chinese characters," says Remusat, "has any vocal expression, and it is no uncommon thing for the literati of that country to conduct their disputes by describing in the air, with their fans, characters which do not correspond to any word in the language which they speak." (Essai sur la Langue Chinoise, p. 33). Eminently absurd, we are inclined to call such symbolic argument, and to us it does certainly appear so; but it is eminently note-worthy, by reason of the deductions that may be drawn from the fact, that, if appeals are thus made to the reason and to the memory only, all the fervour of eloquence must be quite thrown away and all the aid of the imagination lost in religious or political addresses.

In the earliest ages of authentic Chinese history, that is, about five hundred years before the Christian era, the country was divided into nine sovereignties, all subsequently united under an enterprising prince named Lo, the Chinese Egbert. For centuries the country, thus united, enjoyed peace and prosperity under its native lords. The intestine tumults were few and far between, and the military art became almost unknown, for there was no foreign aggression to repel. Ghenghis Khan, the great Asiatic conqueror, swept over the country like a whirlwind, carrying everything before him in the thirteenth century; but the Ming or native dynasty was ored subsequently. About a century and a half ago, however, ity was again displaced by the Mantchoo invaders ith-east, whose monarchs have ever since sat upon the throne. The paternal rod by which China had previously was heavy and severe enough; but, since then, the f the Tartar has been added to the domestic tyranny, until rviency has superseded obedience. "The despotism of the Mantchoo sovereign," says Balbi, "keeps that of the grandees in order, and obliges them to remain united. There is no resistance on the part of the people; they have much cunning but little courage, and find it safer to preserve a part of their property by grovelling at the feet of their masters, than to risk the loss of the whole in order to obtain their liberty." Had Balbi lived in these days, he might have learnt that, however bound down by a foreign yoke, however tyrannised over by foreign rulers, the Chinese had not yet lost their nationality entirely, and were certainly disposed to make a violent effort, and able to make it, to regain their liberty and to shake off the Mantchoo rule. Whether they be successful or not remains to be seen—probably they will not be so; yet it must always be remembered, to their honour, that the attempt was made, and that they exhibited in it courage, constancy, and perseverance, not unalloyed, it is true, with cruelty and intolerance. But these are always the vices of the fallen; long-continued slavery produces them naturally in the mind; long-continued, pent-up indignation feeds itself upon blood when it gets the opportunity.

The various civil and military appointments are filled by nine classes of officers, called originally *mandarins*, by the Portuguese, from the Latin verb *mandare*, to command. The power of these officers is, as I have said, absolute, when they are sent by the emperor as his viceroys into the various provinces of the empire. An officer of this description entering a city, can order any person he suspects to be arrested and executed, without giving any further reason for the summary procedure than that noted in his despatch to the High Court of Pekin, in which he announces the fact. He is unquestionably a formidable officer. A hundred lictors go before him, announcing his mission with discordant yells. Should any one be found in the way, notwithstanding this announcement, he is mauled with bamboo rods or castigated with heavy whips. It is some consolation to know that the officer himself, who thus has the power of tyrannising at his will, is liable to the same summary punishment he inflicts on others. If tales to his discredit are whispered by influential men in Pekin, and come at length to the emperor's ears, an imperial mandate may, at any moment, arrive, which orders the inferior officers to seize the viceroy, of whom they have been standing so heartily in dread, and to bastinado him soundly. It is likely, under such circumstances, that they would lay it on with hearty good-will.

The redeeming point of all this Chinese government must be mentioned, however. It is this, that these mandarins are not hereditary nobles, born to rule, and brought up in supercilious contempt of all around them, but men who have passed examinations in the classical literature of their country—men versed in such religion, in such mathematics, in such science, in such philosophy, as Chinese wisdom has attained to. Learning is the ladder of nobility, and he has a chance of climbing highest—other things being equal—who has learnt most. From their peculiar system of symbols, this learning, however, is not so powerfully operative for good as it might otherwise be. It is cold and heartless, cultivating the head much, but leaving the warm impulses of the heart unregulated, unnourished, and unreplenished from the stores of the imagination. The human mind has many faculties, all of which require simultaneous development to constitute a superior being, ultimately. No one of these faculties can be neglected without evil being induced.

The insurrection which has been threatening for the last year or two to overturn the Mantchoo dynasty, and once more place the native line of princes on the throne, excited little attention in England until the intelligence was brought by one of the Indian mails, last autumn, that Nankin had been taken by the rebels. Indistinct rumours of troubles in the southern provinces of the empire had been heard and canvassed in Canton months before. At first, the disturbers were *robbers*, and numerous imperial decrees declared that the leaders of these robbers had been seized, and quartered at Pekin, their dismembered limbs being affixed on the gates, and elsewhere, as a warning to evil-doers. But still, all the imperial decrees notwithstanding, the troubles continued, and it was further rumoured, that the descendant of the old Ming family was the head of the insurgents. At length Nankin was taken, and the robbers became, forthwith, *rebels*. Nankin, the centre of the arts, fashions, and literature of China—Nankin, the old capital of the country, was taken. Europeans began then to doubt whether even

imperial proclamations were always to be credited—it was evident, indeed, that they were not. The insurgents advanced; they seized the southern basins of the Great Canal; they commanded the mouths of the Yang-tse-kiang. One imperial army after another was defeated; they threatened Pekin itself. They became forthwith *patriots*. Who shall say, after this, that there is nothing in a name? Nothing in a name! robbers and patriots convertible terms! Verily there is much in a name. Success will afford a healing plaster for many wounded consciences; success will blind the eyes of most lookers-on. A man makes a great leap to attain a distant blessing—he fails, and people laugh at his temerity; he succeeds, and they applaud his heroism. Had the Chinese insurrection perished in its first efforts in the South, we should have heard of it only as the troubles caused by a few paltry robbers.

Hien-foung, which, being interpreted, means Complete Abundance, is the present emperor of China, the Mantchoo sovereign who reigns in Pekin. He is but twenty-two years of age, "a young man," says M. Callery, "of middle height, his form indicating great aptitude for bodily exercises. He is slender and muscular, has a high forehead, and a defective obliquity of the eyes;" which latter means, in plain English, that his majesty squints. "His cheek-bones are very prominent, and strongly marked. The space between his eyes is broad and flat, like the forehead of a buffalo." By no means a flattering simile, M. Callery! for, although Juno was called the ox-eyed, that is no reason why Complete Abundance should be likened to a buffalo. There is little to be added to this sketch of Complete Abundance, save this, that he appears to be always in want of money.

Tien-te, the head of the insurrection, and the representative of the Ming dynasty, is also a young man, only a year or so older than Complete Abundance. "Study and want of rest," says M. Callery, "have made him prematurely old. He is grave and melancholy, leads a very retired life, and only communicates with those about him when he gives his orders." Tien-te means Celestial Virtue; and the cunning Chinese, anxious to obtain the favour of the western barbarians, assured them that this Celestial Virtue was really a Christian at heart, and intended establishing Christianity when he became emperor. The fact of his having thirty wives, however, when it became known, made the Europeans look with suspicion on Celestial Virtue's Christianity, as well they might. So they have left Complete Abundance and him to fight it out, their sympathies, perhaps, being with the insurgents, their diplomatic communication still, however, with the Mantchoo and his officers. Certain it is, that the insurgents have shown no favour whatever to Budhism, which is the religion of the Mantchoo court, since they have invariably destroyed its temples and images as they have advanced. Whether they intend to restore the system of Confucius, or to amalgamate it with some of the truths of Christianity, does not yet sufficiently appear. They seem to have correct ideas on the subject of the Deity and of his nature, ideas probably obtained from Christian sources. It is almost certain, however, that if they do succeed, the insurgents will settle down into the old political forms; all their sympathies and tendencies seem to point in that direction. Recent accounts leave it doubtful whether they will succeed at all. They have got to within a hundred miles of Pekin, having traversed a district of country as extensive as the whole of European Russia. They have been almost uniformly successful hitherto; but the fierce Tartar tribes may possibly be too much for them, if the latest intelligence on the subject is to be credited.

A VISIT TO THE EAST.

In a recent entertaining work, entitled "Scenes in Eastern Life," occurs the following amusing episode, which we give without vouching for the strict accuracy of every particular:—

Stanislas Duhamel was a *blasé* Parisian. He had exhausted all the enjoyments of life, and wasted all his energies in the feverish pursuit of pleasure. As a student, a man of fashion, a politician, a mercantile man, and a lieutenant in the National Guards, he had been foremost in all sorts of exciting scenes, till at last, having run the whole round of worldly activity, he sat down like Alexander the Great, and mourned that he had not another career open to him. In his vexation and embarrassment for want of yet one more part to play, one additional scene in the drama of life, he suddenly bethought him of an expedient which promised to answer his purpose admirably. He would go to Constantinople, assume the turban, and become a thorough Mahomedan. He would get a palace with beautiful fountains, a palanquin, with a procession of slaves, etc. etc. As he dwelt upon the bright visions of enjoyment opening up before his mind's eye, his heart throbbed with delight, his jaded emotions once more resumed their intensity, and the exclamation—*La Alla ila Alla!* burst forth from his lips.

Without delay he was off to Marseilles, and in the course of a week or two landed safely at Constantinople, where he hired a splendid palace, of which the reader may form some conception from our engraving (p. 12). It was surrounded by a court, a garden, fine colonnades, and shady avenues, and had a marble pavement, fountains, arabesques, and whatever else could contribute to elegance or use. The Parisian was delighted with his new abode, which appeared quite a Mahomedan paradise. But before an hour had passed in self-congratulations, he began to feel painfully conscious of some serious defects. In the first place, he did not like the solitude in which he found himself. Then the windows, though artistically formed, were none of them glazed, so that the heat by day and damp by night had free admission, bringing ophthalmia and rheumatism in their train. "We must remedy this," said he to his dragoman, "by getting some splendid furniture and a company of dancing-girls." Accordingly, the dragoman went to the nearest bazaar, and the furniture was supplied the same evening. It consisted of sofas made of palm-wood, stuffed with cotton and covered with Persian silk, divans and beds, a small round table, curtains, mats, caps, pipes and narguilehs. Highly delighted with the way in which he had fulfilled his commission, the dragoman exclaimed: "Here you have furniture fit for the reception of a pasha himself."

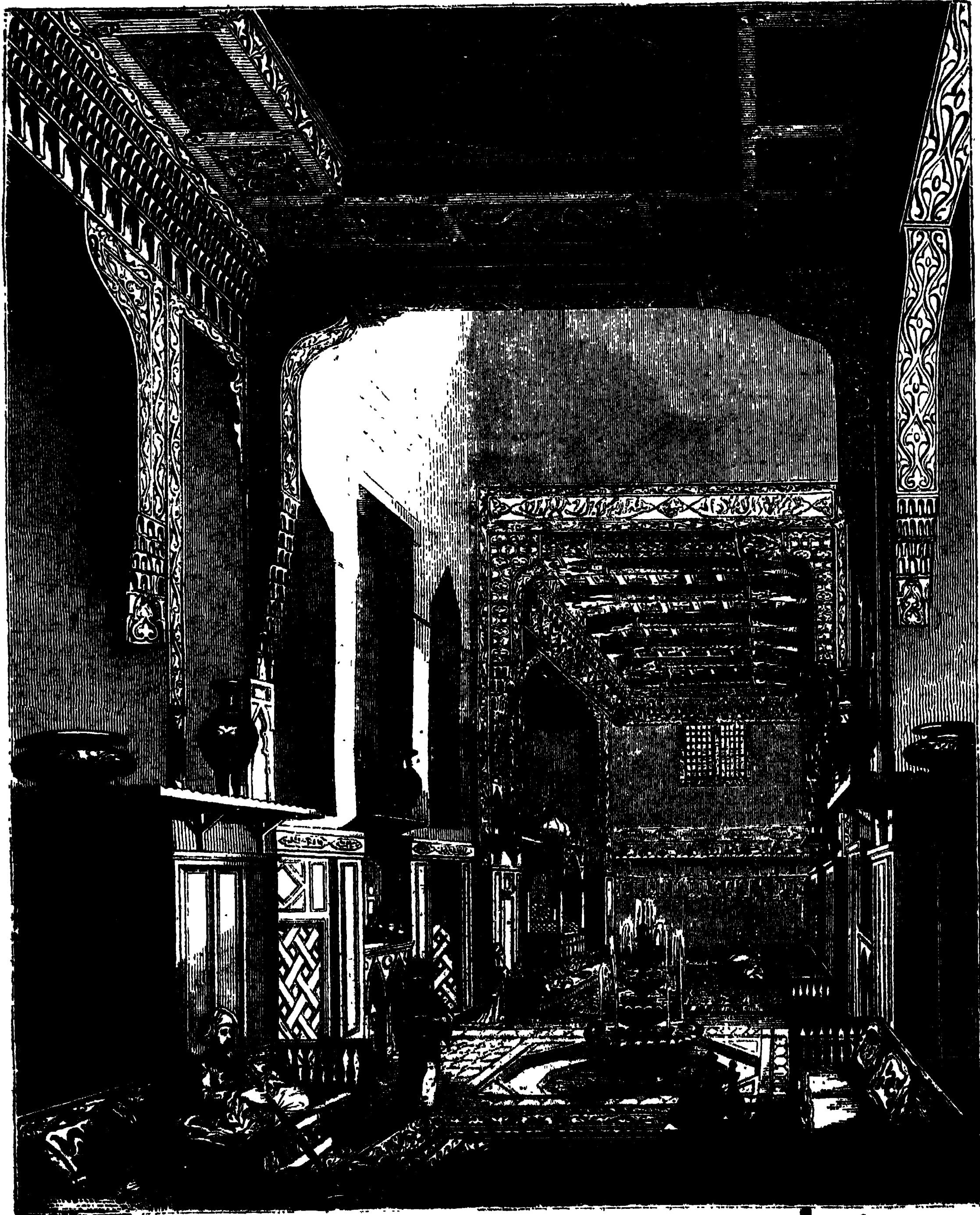
Our hero had also a numerous suite of personal attendants, including a secretary, a treasurer, two cooks, three pipe-bearers, four coffee-servers, five interpreters, and six ass-drivers, not to mention an armour-bearer, a groom to hold his horse, and several extra hands to assist the others. "At any rate," said he himself, "I shall be well waited on." Next day, however, his cooks brought him lean chickens hatched in the oven, dog's flesh dressed up as mutton, and dried locusts from Egypt, the whole seasoned to a fiery heat with pepper and mustard. He soon began to find out what it is to be the slave of slaves. Each of his servants being professedly about his appropriate work, and most of them taking their *siesta* in the middle of the day, he could never get their attention when he wanted. If he had occasion for the ass-driver, he stumbled upon the secretary, and *vice versa*. The extra hands were indignant when he asked them to shut the door, or do anything else so far beneath their dignity. His horse was never saddled except for his groom to have a ride. The pipe-bearers and coffee-servers brought him a hundred pipes and as many cups of coffee a-day, that they might regale themselves at his expense. All the neighbours and passers-by came in to squat upon his divans, smoke his tobacco, and taste his mocha coffee. To crown all, the *entente cordiale*, which subsisted between the tradespeople and his servants, was productive of ruinous results.

Unable to endure this any longer, Stanislas determined to put an end to it by turning Turk in real earnest. Off he ran to a barber, who, in little more than a twinkling, completely shaved his head, with the exception of one small tuft of hair on the top of his cranium.

"But why leave this tuft?" he asked.

"For the day when you have your head cut off," replied the barber. "Every good Mussulman ought to be prepared for that operation, particularly those who were originally Christians, as they rarely escape this fate. Without this tuft for the executioner to lay hold of when he shows your head to the crowd, he would have to take you by the nose—an indignity past all bearing." The

poor Frenchman shuddered and shrugged his shoulders, but had not the heart to attempt any reply, and therefore made the best of his way home. As soon as he arrived, he ordered the *almehs* or dancing-girls to be sent for to soothe his perturbed spirit. Several were introduced, most brilliantly attired, and promising to delight him with a fine display of their art. They danced awkwardly and sang badly, but he tried to persuade himself they were adorable.



INTERIOR OF A TURKISH PALACE.

however, after continuing their evolutions for some time, they came and bowed themselves before him and he approached them to give each a handsome gratuity, according to eastern custom, what was his horror and dismay to find that these pretended *dancing-girls* were men in women's dress!

To replenish his purse and solace his heart, he resolved, as a last resource, to take to himself a rich wife. He was not long in meeting with a lady said to be possessed of an ample fortune, and willing, after a comely show of reluctance, to accept his hand. The wedding day arrived, on which he was at length to realise the happiness of which he had so long vainly dreamt. His bride had always kept her face most sacredly veiled until the ceremony was completed. When there was no longer any reason for further reserve, she suffered him to lift her veil, and he had the felicity of discovering that she was an old Parisian dressmaker! On making application for the dowry, he was informed that in the East it was the husband who furnished that. This was more than he could bear. His constitution gave way under such repeated blows. He was attacked with brain-fever, from which, however, he at last recovered, in spite of the remedies prescribed by the physicians; and then, after encountering many serious obstacles in succession, he managed to make his escape to Paris, where he was now reconciled to a mode of life which had before been a source of constant dissatisfaction.

HARVEST IN ITALY.

A POET of the sixteenth century has left us a pretty song, supposed to be sung by a girl to her companions as she is winnowing corn. It is such a character that the artist has portrayed in the lovely picture from which our engraving is taken. As we gaze upon her beautiful features and graceful form, it is easy to fancy her fanning the flame of her admirer's affection by singing, in merry mood, snatches of some popular ballad to a well-known air. But, if we may believe the accounts given of an Italian harvest by well-informed and trustworthy travellers, there is nothing in that country corresponding to this pleasing illusion. It is true, the poor girls who, with their brothers and their betrothed lovers, go down from the Abruzzi, and the mountains of Lucca, and the Sabine district, to get in the harvest about Rome, are not unfrequently as beautiful as the one depicted in our engraving; but they are rarely cheerful enough to give vent to their feelings in songs. It is not on their father's fields that they reap the corn, bind the sheaves, and winnow the grain. For a miserable pittance of hire they go, much against their inclination, to expose themselves to the malignant influence of the atmosphere, and work laboriously for several months under very strict discipline. As they move along the vast plains in troops of several hundreds, each under the command of a sort of corporal, armed with a staff, they present almost the appearance of an army. If a poor girl, exhausted by fatigue, panting, and fainting with thirst, rests for a moment, she is immediately goaded on to work by some harsh word, some threatening movement of the corporal's staff, or even a blow from his brutal hand. A melancholy silence pervades this laborious multitude. Nothing is heard but the sound of the sickle as it cuts, and the corn as it falls. The sickles and billhooks glitter in the sun like weapons of war, and, to complete the comparison, death reigns among the reapers as on the field of battle. "Exposed," says a traveller, "to severe toil, passing speedily without transition from the temperate climate and pure air of their mountains to a burning plain which sends forth pestilential miasma, these unhappy creatures are often the victims of dreadful fevers. The season of harvest is most dangerous. The mortality is then sometimes frightful, and it is not uncommon to see ten or a dozen victims carried every evening from the fields to the hospital, their sufferings being aggravated by the coldness of the night and the hardness of the vehicle in which they are conveyed."

AN ITALIAN WINNOWER.

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.

The valley through which the river Temes rolls its rapid waters serves as a road through the mountains from Lugos to Mehadia and Old-Orsova. Not far from the commencement of this valley lies the town of Karansebes. Farther up are the scattered farm-houses which form the village of Szlatina, and the traveller who goes against the strong current of the river sees on the left bank a small church which, situated on a rocky eminence, is visible a long way off. This little church is not particularly ancient. Its present form dates from the year 1771, and its origin does not go back more than about three centuries. But with this origin is connected a recollection which is dear to the hearts of the people, and, though scarcely a hundred and twenty years old, combines the poetical interest of an ancient tradition with the reality of an historical event. As all eyes are now turned towards this part of Europe, our readers will, we doubt not, be pleased to be made acquainted with the story, which is in substance as follows.

It was in the year 1738. Prince Eugene, the noble knight, lay wrapped in that dark, cold slumber, from which none awake till the judgment day. The death of the old hero had inspired the sons of the prophet with courage. They now considered they had no longer any reason to fear the arms of Christendom. The expedition of 1737, which was at first successful, had been brought to an inglorious conclusion through the incapacity of Seckendorf Pasha. But of what avail was it that Seckendorf was now in prison, and that the timid Dorat Pasha had been beheaded? The Turks had, nevertheless, pressed forward as far as Mehadia, and the apostate Bonneval was celebrating a new triumph.

In the neighbourhood of Karansebes lay an imperial army, in which were the two dukes of Lorraine, Francis and Charles, the sons of the liberator of Vienna. The elder of these two princes, afterwards known as the German emperor Francis the First, had been married in the year 1736 to the Archduchess Maria Theresa, daughter of Charles the Sixth.

The Turks were at Mehadia. This place, which is known to many on account of the medicinal springs in its neighbourhood, lies about six hours' journey above Orsova, in a narrow defile which extends sideways from the valley of the Danube. The position of the Turks was covered in the rear by the fortified town of New-Orsova. Their outposts had pushed forward up to the river, and their marauding parties went on the road to the upper part of the pass, which is called the key to Teregova and Szlatina. There skirmishes frequently took place with the imperial marauders, but only at a distance. Sabre and scimitar remained in the scabbard, and the shots came for the most part from such a distance that they appeared destined for no other purpose than to awaken the echoes of the woods, and thus give intimation of the prevalence of war in the land—a fact which otherwise there might have been some danger of forgetting.

On the flanks of both armies crowds of desperadoes collected from the surrounding mountains and woods, but they were at this time more anxious for their own security than eager in the pursuit of their usual vocation. The interruption of intercourse injured their calling, but they hoped for a full compensation for all their privations and dangers as soon as the armies had withdrawn. They had at this time powerful opponents in the Turkish soldiers, whose envy they awakened; while on the other hand, the imperialists treated them with all the severity of military vengeance. Whenever they caught an unlucky votary of St. Nicholas, they hung him upon the nearest tree, for the wild beasts of the wood to feast upon his flesh, and the birds to prey upon his head, shoulders, and breast.

The evening sun was shining upon such a poor sinner, who a few hours before had been thus summarily despatched. He was hanging upon the branch of an oak on the edge of the wood near the village Szlatina, clothed in a short shirt and loose linen trousers full of folds, which presented the appearance of a woman's dress. His [illegible], his hat, and his upper garment had doubtless been ca[illegible] by those who had rendered these articles superfluous to [illegible] In other respects the body was uninjured.

[illegible]out a hundred paces off, a woman might be seen gazing at the unfortunate creature, peeping out of some thick bushes in which she was anxiously endeavouring to conceal herself. Her desire to avoid observation arose principally from a dread of the marauding dragoons, who appeared here and there almost always in pairs, sometimes on horseback with their muskets across the saddle, and sometimes on foot with their weapon over the shoulder, and the bridle slung round their arm. The woman, though not very young—being rather more than thirty—was handsome and stately in appearance, with a good figure and large powerful frame indicative of robust health. A pair of bright grey eyes sparkled in her round chubby face. Her short neck, broad shoulders, and well-developed breast, were covered with clean white linen. From her slender waist a pretty sort of gown descended to her ankles, and her feet were encased in a pair of high boots, such as are elsewhere worn by men. A broad-brimmed man's hat overshadowed her brown face. Over her shoulders was thrown a gaudy-coloured coarse woollen cloth, which the Wallachians make use of as a cloak or bed-coverlet. In the scarf, which served as a girdle round her waist, were stuck a sabre and two horse-pistols. The Amazon carried in her hand a Janissary's gun, with long barrel and short stock, but provided with a French percussion lock.

From her hiding-place the armed woman kept anxiously looking round at the river, the wood, the mountain, and the dragoons in succession; but ever and anon she returned to gaze with still deeper attention upon the corpse that was dangling in the air. And when at last she began to move off, she muttered to herself, as she clenched her fist and held it up towards the troop in the valley:

"Maruschka will yet find means to avenge poor Dobru, her faithful messenger. Hadst thou no pity for his youth, thou execrable hangman? Scarcely twenty times had his bright eyes beheld the return of spring. His lip was covered with the first light down which betokened a manly heart. What can I say to his mother, when she asks me what I have done with her youngest and dearest son? I must reply that the Imperialists have murdered him out of mere wanton caprice and violence. He had done nothing to deserve such a fate. He had simply gone out in a friendly country to fetch me some powder and shot, which we cannot dispense with here. He carried armour and weapons, as became a brave man. A consciousness of his innocence alone could have thrown the wary and active youth sufficiently off his guard to be thus overtaken. He must have thoughtlessly gone and asked the hirelings for a pipe of tobacco. This is what I must tell his aged mother; yet before I have well finished the sad tale, I will add, 'Be comforted, afflicted mother: your Dobru is avenged.'"

Maruschka cast yet one more indescribably fierce glance at the hated foes, then shouldered her long gun, and bounded off nimbly and safely as a chamois through the gathering darkness of the night. It was pitch dark before she reached the cleft in the rock on the other side of the first hill, on descending which she heard a loud long whistle. A double whistle gave the expected answer. Maruschka hastened on her way, and soon reached the spot where she was expected. She found there a square-built man, who was enjoying a comfortable doze on a moss-covered stone, upon which he stretched himself out like a great bear.

"You have kept me waiting a long time," said he, gaping, "I had almost fallen asleep. But where is the young fellow?"

"He is not come yet," replied Maruschka, in a melancholy tone. "Ask me no more questions, Dschurdschu, you will learn all at the proper time."

The old man refrained from urging her any further, for he saw plainly enough by her manner of speaking that she had met with some mishap, and he had no wish to excite her temper, which was already not a little ruffled. He could not, however, help saying, after a while: "I suppose you will soon expect me to light the fire, and get you a comfortable bed ready. You must be tired and hungry after the toils of the day, I should think."

"Don't you know yet, that I am never tired?" was Maruschka's reply. "We must only stay here long enough for me to eat a morsel of food and swallow a draught of something to slake my thirst. It is no use waiting any longer for Dobru. We must go up towards Mlakaberg as quickly as we can."

"You command, mistress, and I obey," muttered Dschurdschu, in a scarcely intelligible tone. Maruschka laughed heartily and said: "You don't like to go to Mlakaberg then, you have not yet made up matters with the beautiful Wantscha. She has set your old heart all in a flame, and instead of soothing your pain, she takes delight in irritating it to the utmost of her ability."

"You are quite right in what you say, only you forget one thing. The lass will not give me her consent, it is true, although her parents are willing, yet she will not let me go free. As often as she sees me at a distance, she smiles at me, and when she comes up, she asks me how I do in a most winning, affectionate way, and keeps on flattering me, till at last all my displeasure changes into a perfect sunshine of delight. Yet, no sooner am I warmed with pleasurable emotion, than she suddenly becomes cold, and her smile of affection is exchanged for a bitter laugh of scorn. Hence, I am glad to get out of her way as quickly as I can."

"It is for that very reason," interrupted Maruschka, "that I take you to her."

"I don't understand you. What pleasure can it afford you to cause me pain?"

"I will put an end to your pain then. The old one must overcome the resistance of the young lass."

The rough fellow jumped up from his seat more astonished than delighted, great as his joy was. Unable to refrain from expressing his wonder in words, he said: "You don't like to see your folks married. It is a common saying with you, that whenever a fool is to be born, a young girl is married to an old man. Now I am not young, nor am I the greatest favourite with you. Whence, then, this sudden change of feeling towards me? Do you wish to get rid of me?"

"Your head is turned with delight," said Maruschka, smiling. "Just think, a little soberly if you can, for a moment, and you will need no answer from me. Don't you know why I dislike to see my people get married? Simply, because the first year after a robber has taken a wife, he loses all interest in his occupation. His thoughts are at home as often as he goes out, and if he is wanted for a long expedition, he is no use at all. But with you the case is very different. You are no longer young enough to be billing and cooing with your mate from morning to night."

"But what is wanting in youthfulness," interrupted Dschurdschu, "may, perhaps, be made up in ardour."

"Wantscha is a good lass," continued Maruschka, "as any in the neighbourhood. Besides, she is the only child, and will inherit the farm. Young, beautiful, prudent, and rich, is the bride you have in view. Already your heart longs for her, and yet you are afraid to take her. One scarcely knows what to think. Do you tremble at your unexpected good fortune?"

Dschurdschu reflected a while before he ventured to reply. "When the fox sees a hen lying with its legs tied, he is in no hurry to touch it. Easy prey is often only a bait. If I am to follow your advice, you must tell me plainly why you wish me to marry at once. You have some particular reason, and I must know it before I advance a single step."

"If you don't like Wantscha," said Maruschka, "you may remain single for what I care."

"I have only one more question to ask you," rejoined Dschurdschu, "Against whom is the blow directed?"

"You shall know that too, you old chatterbox," was the reply. "The blow is aimed at the man whom I call mine. I can't agree with him, I don't like him; he may bestow his heart upon whom he likes, but not in my domains. Let him keep within his own limits, as I do in mine. I am jealous, it is true, but not of Petru so much as of my territory. Mlakaberg lies in my dominions, the sources of the Temes are mine, Czorna and Motru are unquestionably my brooks. It was so settled when I withdrew with my companions from connexion with him. He may hunt where he likes, only not on my grounds."

Dschurdschu asked no further question. He had heard enough to understand that Maruschka was more jealous of her husband than she chose to admit in words. The imperious woman had separated from the harampashah, or robber-chief, because he neither would nor could submit to her overbearing conduct.

As the two wanderers descended quickly and silently into the valley which serves as a channel for the waters that spring from the south-west side of the hill, they came to a sudden stand. A glimmer of light shone upon them from the depth of the valley. The [illegible] spot of light seemed no larger than a lamp behind the window of a hut. But the travellers well knew that there was no human dwelling there; consequently the light must come from a fire in the open air.

"Who can it be," asked Dschurdschu, "that is encamped there? Surely it is not Petru's company."

"A company of gipsies, perhaps," replied Maruschka; "we shall soon see."

"Shall we go down to them?"

"As if we had any choice in the matter. We have no other means of crossing the water. Let us approach cautiously."

Maruschka felt in her girdle, to be quite sure her pistols were there ready for use. She took her gun, loaded it, and primed it. Her companion also prepared his weapons for immediate use. Thus armed for whatever exigency might occur, they cautiously went towards the fire.

This caution was, for once, needless. By the fire lay a single man, who was neither a gipsy nor one of Petru's company, but an able-bodied Turk, apparently about five-and-thirty years of age, in a small waistcoat and large trousers, with his hair cut close and his beard long. He was sitting cross-legged, after the Turkish fashion, on the ground near the fire, smoking his chibouk as comfortably as if he were seated in a tavern at the Golden Horn, where, even at the present day, the sons of the prophet are in the habit of drinking the dark waters of wisdom. Yet he was not so completely confident of peace as he would have felt in the coffee-house of a roguish Greek or a contemptible Armenian. He had his weapons pretty near him, not excepting even his gun, which was leaning against a stone close by. Near the gun lay a deer stretched out, a tender piece of which, rolled up in fat and put upon a spit to the fire, diffused a savoury smell around. The part which the brave Turk was cooking for his solitary meal was the liver. Among his companions he would not have ventured to eat this forbidden part. With his right hand he turned the spit, while he held his chibouk with the left. He seemed to be dreaming over the job, if not asleep; but he was still all on the alert. He heard the footsteps of the two who were approaching. In an instant he exchanged the spit and chibouk for his gun, and, nimble as a weasel, he darted into a bush close by, from which he could look out in concealment. But before he had time to see who it was that startled him, a clear voice said, "Fear nothing, Fortunatus; I am alone with old Dschurdschu." The voice sounded familiar to him, and the speaker went close to the fire, that the light falling upon her might remove all suspicion from his mind. "Come forth," said Dschurdschu; "if we had been disposed to do you any harm, you would have had a bullet in you before you were aware of us."

The Turk came out to greet the new-comers, and resume as quickly as possible his two-fold occupation. Directly he had lighted his chibouk and begun to turn the spit again, he said, "Welcome, friends of old times. I invite you to my meal. I am glad to see you once more. Above all, I beg you not to call me Fortunatus — a name I no longer bear — but Selim, in future.

Maruschka and her companion had taken their seats on moss-grown stones. The warlike woman took a short pipe from her girdle and filled it out of a leather pouch. After she had lighted it, she thus replied: "What I have heard several times without believing it, is true, then, after all? You have forsworn the true faith of a Christian; you have denied the Saviour of your immortal soul, and changed your auspicious name for an ill-boding one."

"We won't quarrel about that, fair Maruschka," said he; "I think I have made a good exchange. The prophet's paradise is a happier place than your heaven."

"If one were only sure of it," rejoined Maruschka.

"Faith is better than knowledge," continued the Turk; "I believe in the glory Mahomet promises me as firmly as I formerly believed in heaven with its angels and saints. I am, therefore, delighted with bright visions of the future, while I thoroughly enjoy the present. What was I before? A miserable robber, under Petru's stern command. What am I now? A prosperous chief of fifty men, with the prospect of something still better."

"Yet you did wrong in running away," said Maruschka in a subdued tone; "had you remained, I might, perhaps, have preferred you to the present harampashah."

"If I had known that," replied Selim, "I might have invited you to go with me."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Maruschka, with strangely flashing eyes, whose glance the Turk could not face.

"Yesterday is past," said he, "and to-morrow is not yet come."

RAISED ROSE CROCHET COLLAR.

MATERIALS.—Brook's Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 40, and Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 5. This collar is made in portions, and joined together with needle and thread, or worked together with one plain at the option of the worker.

To form the Rose: Make a chain of 8 loops, plain, 1 to form a round, fasten off.

2nd round: Work 1 treble, chain 3, repeat round, plain 1, and fasten off; you should have seven treble in the round.

3rd: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 3 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same 1 treble all round, fasten off.

4th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 6, repeat round, plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble to form the round, fasten off.

5th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 8 treble in the 6 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same loop as before, repeat round, fasten off.

6th: Chain 4, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round.

7th: Chain 3, plain 1 in the centre of the 4 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the round; you then work 74 of the following.

SMALL ROUNDS.

Make a round loop, the size of this O, and work 21 double in the round loop.

2nd round: Chain 9, miss 2, plain 1; repeat round; you should have 7 lots of the 9 chain in the round.

3rd: Work double crochet in each loop all round, which completes the round; you now require 14 of the following.

PATTERN FOR LEAF.

Make a chain of 12 loops, turn back, and work the 12 loops double crochet.

2nd round: Chain 3, miss 2, work two treble in 1 loop, repeat to the end, and in the end loop chain 3, work 2 treble, work the other side the same, with the treble opposite, the treble and 3 chain at the end, plain 1 in the end loop, fasten off.

3rd: Plain 1 in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round chain 3, work 1 treble at the top of the first treble of last round

RAISED ROSE CROCHET COLLAR.

6th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 9, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

7th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 10 treble in the 9 chain of last round, plain 1 at the top of the next 1 treble of last round, repeat in the same loop as before all round.

8th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 plain of last round, chain 12, repeat round, plain 1, fasten off.

9th: Plain 1 at the top of the 1 treble of last round, work 13 treble in the 12 chain of last round, plain 1 in the 1 treble of last round, repeat round.

10th: Chain 5, miss 2, plain 1, repeat round each fold of the rose.

11th: Chain 5, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round, fasten off, which completes the rose; you require 7 of these flowers to form the collar, and six of the following.

LARGE ROUNDS.

Make a round loop, the size of this O, and work 30 treble in the round loop.

2nd round: Chain 19, miss 5, plain 1, repeat round.

3rd: Work double crochet in each loop all round.

4th: Chain 5, miss 2, plain 1, repeat round.

5th: Chain 5, plain 1 in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, repeat round.

chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the next treble of last round you repeat all round the leaf with 3 chain, opposite the 3 chain of last round, and 2 treble at the top of the 2 treble of last round, with 2 chain between them, working both sides to correspond, turn back.

4th: Chain 4 and plain 1 in each lot of the chain of last round, fasten off, which completes the leaf; you then work a stalk to each leaf as follows: chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the chain round between the edge and the centre, work 1 treble on the other side, the same turn back, and work the 5 chains plain, fasten off, which completes the stalk; after working the number of each portion required and joining them together, as shown in the illustration, you work a band for the neck-part of the collar as follows.

Work a few plain at the end, then chain 10, and work 1 treble where it requires a treble, and a double where it requires a double, and a plain in the centre of the stalks and rounds as you see the stitches in the engraving, so as to make it lie to the shape of the neck.

2nd row: Chain 2, miss 2, work 1 treble, repeat to the end, turn back.

3rd: Chain 2, work 1 treble at the top of the treble of last row, repeat to the end, turn back.

4th: Double crochet, fasten off, which completes the collar.

SIR CUSACK RONEY.

the course of a memoir of Mr. William Dargan, which appeared our pages in January, 1853, and more especially in reference that gentleman's promotion of the Dublin Exhibition, which has ce met with a recognition so universal and so eulogistic at the ads alike of royalty and of the multitude, there occurred, in allu- n to the individual whose name heads this notice, some remarks ich we take the liberty of repeating, as the best introduction the observations that are about to follow. Having given ne details of Mr. Dargan's early life and subsequent railway prises. Mr. Peto, having had long experience of Mr. Roney's peculiar aptitude of the kind referred to, embraced the suggestions offered, with a promptitude alike flattering to the discernment of the one and confidence of the other, as the issue proved. Forthwith Mr. Roney developed the highly-complicated but most simply-executed scheme, known as the 'Tourist Traffic System,' whereby the requirements of the travelling public were met with a completeness which, all things considered, would have been declared wholly impossible three months before the machinery was in full operation,

SIR CUSACK RONEY.

proceedings, the biography continued: "Towards the end of 1851, the prescient eye of Mr. Roney—well known in England, and whose capacity for administering the affairs of great mercantile companies and associations had long been established—foresaw that there was about to be an 'exodus,' as the saying is, of the British travelling public into Ireland. This idea he soon made apparent to the chairman of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, Mr. S. M. Peto, the affluent and enlightened member for Norwich, whose name is scarcely less known in any country in Europe than his own, owing to the vastness and general diffusion of his railway enter-

and which *would* have been utterly impossible in any other hands. According to the *Times* of the 18th of November, in its review of Sir Francis Head's 'Fortnight in Ireland,' upwards of 200,000 English tourists visited that country in 1852. This enormous crowd, equal to the entire population of a German principality, or South American republic, made their acquaintance with the island at probably, on an average cost per head, one-fifth what they would have been able to do but for the suggestion of Mr. Roney's system; while the country and all the railway companies were immensely benefited, and the foundation laid for the illimitable future exten-

sion of the same plan. Ireland was full of English visitors, who expressed their admiration of what they saw, and their delight with the civility and attention lavished upon them by a people whose natural disposition was pronounced to be worthy of their scenery and their soil—and the force of flattery could no further go. The common topic of conversation was, of course, the wonders of the World's Fair the previous summer in Hyde-park, where every one had been, and whence every one had carried some idea to interchange for a neighbour's. A Lilliputian reproduction of the Brobdignag structure had been got up at Cork, and with very great success, though confined only to the contributions of the neighbourhood. The *sentiment* of the desirability of a Great Irish Exhibition, doubtless, occurred simultaneously to numbers all over the country; but, as the poet defines wit to be, what was

'Oft thought before, but ne'er so well expressed'—

so these vague, dreamy, and as yet voiceless predilections had to be reduced to form and substance and tangibility; and they were, by Messrs. Dargan and Roney. When, where, or under what circumstances these gentlemen originally came together, we have not heard. But certain it is there ensued from this meeting a mutual recognition of capacity, ingenuousness, and determination, which has resulted in a conviction that the two individuals were essential to the completion of the purpose which then germinated, perhaps unconsciously, in the mind of either. Probably the merit, if it be one, of priority, belonged to neither; and spontaneously the conception came forth. There were two Frankensteins at work on the same materials; but such 'faultless monster as the world ne'er saw,' at least in Ireland (the land of phenomena), will, we believe, be the result of the double parentage. Wholly devoid of jealousy, superior to the littleness that would seek the gratification of a paltry vanity by enforcing obscurity on others, as shown by his rejection of a titular honour proffered by the late Lord Lieutenant, Mr. Dargan not only insisted on keeping altogether in the background, but that Mr. Roney, as his representative on the committee, should become the secretary of the undertaking. This Mr. Roney did, stipulating only that his position should be honorary, his services gratuitous, and immediately he proceeded to justify in Ireland the expectations which his English antecedents had already created.

"The unparalleled act of Mr. Dargan in placing £20,000 at the disposal of the committee, would in itself have been sufficient to stamp any project with abundant *éclat* in any part of the world, and to ensure the donor an universal celebrity. But what lent it the prestige of assured success in the eyes of persons who were to be called upon to send to it those articles which alone could make it what it ought to be, was the knowledge that a practical man like Mr. Roney had pledged himself to realise Mr. Dargan's aspirations, by achieving for Ireland an eminent industrial status among nations, and thus, by one effort, obliterate the odium of ages. Accordingly, his reception on the continent, with many of the languages of which he is well acquainted (he was partly educated in France), was in the highest degree gratifying. The letters he took from our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs secured him, of course, the co-operation of the whole British *corps diplomatique* abroad, and procured him admission to circles that would have been otherwise impervious to all private efforts. But in the countenance personally extended to him by the Emperor of the French, the King of the Belgians and of Prussia, and by the various Dutch, Austrian, and other continental authorities, and all the great manufacturing and artistic interests of every kind, in the course of his extensive tours, there was a heartiness and cordiality far more impressive and significant than what any formal introduction, however exalted, could have commanded."

"Mr. Roney, well knowing on whom he had to rely, instead of circumscribing his scope and concentrating his efforts when he saw how brilliantly the scheme was being taken up, put forth fresh feelers, and derived fresh strength and daring from each response. Mr. Dargan added another £6,000 to the original sum. Again the work proceeded; and again Mr. Dargan seconded the efforts of his [illegible] still another advance of £14,000 making a total of [illegible] Here it has been necessary to stop, not from the ex[illegible]ustion of Mr. Dargan's liberality, and still less, if that be possible, by a cessation of the consequences we have been particularising; but because of the pressure of inexorable time, the necessity of now seeking to mature and perfect what had been so sumptuously initiated. On that object the energies of the Dublin executive are now being brought to bear. The erection of the building is keeping pace precisely with the calculations on which it has been erected. We do not wish to encumber this paper with details of its dimensions and peculiarities, and shall content ourselves with saying that it is after the design of Mr. Benson, C.E., who erected the Cork Exhibition already alluded to. Selected from among twenty-nine competing designs,—the rivalry being provoked far less by the proffered prize of £50, than by the desire to participate in the fame redounding from a prominent association in such a work—it is uniquely beautiful; and though it has necessarily much in common with the Crystal Palace, it is in no respect a plagiarism of that conception, and abounds in merits of its own that stamp it as thoroughly original. Be the result of the Exhibition what it may—and it is impossible to believe it can fail to be all and everything its projector and creator can expect—the remembrance of 1853 will at least confer an enviable immortality* on William Dargan, and for ever 'keep his memory green' with a grateful and admiring posterity."

It is with no inconsiderable satisfaction that the writer of the foregoing, after the lapse of eighteen months, quotes his then anticipations now, and appeals for their confirmation to what has since become matter of history. If the magnanimity of Mr. Dargan was remarkable in refusing at the hands of the Irish viceroy the honour of a knighthood, how much greater must it have been in declining a still higher dignity when proffered personally by the monarch herself! But the favour of the sovereign raised him to a far more exalted eminence than his acceptance of any mere titular appellation could have done. Her Majesty, with a truly royal graciousness worthy of all panegyric, on the occasion of her visit to Dublin last year, proceeded, accompanied by the Prince Consort, to the private residence of Mr. Dargan, at a short distance from the Irish metropolis, and expressed to him and his amiable wife her sense of the admiration with which she had been filled by a contemplation of the superb fabric his truly patriotic munificence had erected on the lawn of Leinster House. Not only did her Majesty do this, but she took care to manifest her feelings towards him in the most conspicuous manner possible within the area of the beautiful building he had created, and repeated inspections of whose varied and extraordinary contents she made in company with him. The success of the Exhibition was great, though it resulted in a loss of not less than £20,000 to the projector—a loss which he estimated as light indeed compared to the enduring good it was calculated to confer, and which it has conferred, on his country.

The main-spring of the *éclat* that attended the memorable Dublin Exhibition of 1853, was admitted on all hands to be in the secretary. Through his exertions it was invested with its thoroughly cosmopolitan character throughout Europe, contributions from nearly all parts of which were forwarded, principally at his instigation and personal solicitation, to the value of nearly three quarters of a million sterling. There never was a question raised in any quarter as to the paramount credit due to him, not only for his indefatigable exertions in connexion with this great work, but for the tact and discrimination that gave efficacy to those exertions, and imparted to his colleagues a reliance that everything he undertook would be carried out to the letter. So emphatic was this feeling on the part of the executive staff, not only during the continuance of the Exhibition, but after its close, when the mere temporary value of his presence and counsels might be supposed to have passed away, that the "Official Record" of the undertaking was dedicated to him by the chief financial officer of the committee, in terms whose warmth and deservedness were abundantly justified, as the facts we have enumerated will readily suggest.

Acting in conformity with the voice of public approval, the lord-lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of St. Germans, on the opening day of the Dublin Exhibition, intimated that, at its close, he proposed conferring on Mr. Roney the honour of knighthood—a piece of intelligence that was received with unqualified approval, not only among his countrymen, but in England, where he had formed a larger circle of friends than almost any private individual not moving in political life or commanding high social station could boast of.

Some of the more influential of these friends having, about the time we speak of, matured plans of immense magnitude in connexion with the development of the resources of Canada and British North America generally, by means of railways, naturally turned their attention to the gentleman who, by common accord, was regarded as in every way the most competent to carry these plans into execution with the utmost promptitude and discretion. Accordingly negotiations were opened with Mr. Roney, by the directorate of the magnificent system of railways, of which the main artery is the Canadian Grand Trunk, extending upwards of 1,400 miles, and connecting the Atlantic seaboard on the English side with the network of the States' railways and the chain of lakes on the west, and requiring no less than eleven millions sterling for its formation. The Exhibition being now in the full tide of its popularity, Mr. Roney closed with these overtures, and in June proceeded to Canada, where his faculty of railway organisation in creating an executive staff and simplifying the arrangements for traffic that was yet non-existent, though certain to be enormous as soon as the requisite facilities should be forthcoming, speedily made itself felt in a mode as satisfactory as circumstances would possibly permit. Having made repeated inspections of every portion of the country and its vicinage about to be embraced in the sphere of the British North American railways, he returned to Europe, and on the closing day of the Dublin Exhibition had conferred upon him, by the Earl of St. Germans, the honour of knighthood, when, to quote the "Official Record" already alluded to, "12,500 of his assembled fellow-citizens manifested their approval of the action by their hearty cheers, which rang through the entire building."

Had Sir Cusack Roney remained in Europe during the entire period the Dublin Exhibition was open, it is believed by those most competent to form an opinion of such matters, that the pecuniary result would have been a considerable gain, instead of a heavy loss to Mr. Dargan. It would be useless now to analyse the probability on which this conjecture was based; but, however we might have rejoiced for Mr. Dargan's sake, had such really been the case, the absence of Sir Cusack Roney from Canada, at the precise period when he visited that most flourishing dependency of the British crown, would have retarded events pregnant with material consequences that are not to be measured by gains or losses of a private nature, however large. His personal acquaintance with Canada and its wonderful resources as a field for his countrymen, and the confidence with which the latter looked up to his judgment, enabled him to direct to the shores of our own North American colonies a considerable portion of that tide of Irish emigration which had hitherto flowed almost exclusively to the United States, even when flowing through the Canadas. Hence, every mail from America brings news of a constantly-increasing proportionate influx of Irish, and not only of Irish, but of English and Scotch immigrants into Canada, the powerful previous attractions of which for labourers of every class, and especially farmers and men of small means, more particularly with large families, have been infinitely enhanced by those stupendous railway works of which Sir Cusack is the director, and the progressive benefits of which to the mother-country and the colony must be inestimable. He remained some months in England, actively employed in the promotion of the onerous duties entrusted to him, and with such success, making so apparent the solidity and self-sustaining nature of Canadian prosperity, that the war, which annihilated so many other schemes of great promise by disorganising the money-market and scaring capitalists from investing, failed to prevent the necessary funds from being raised for the construction of the various sections of the Grand Trunk as rapidly as was desirable.

During his stay in England he was mainly instrumental in getting up one of the most imposing demonstrations of respect and esteem ever shown in the city of London to any individual subject in this realm, with the single exception of the Duke of Wellington. It was a dinner at the London Tavern to Lord Elgin, Governor-general of Canada, who happened to be in this country at the time on leave of absence from the post to which he has since returned with renewed *éclat*, and where he has just established fresh claims on the gratitude of the Canadians and admiration of the English community. The price of the tickets to the dinner was three guineas and a half per head—a circumstance which we mention, simply for the purpose of showing that the inducement to be present must have been something more than ordinary, when such a cost did not prevent the great room from being crowded to its utmost capacity, with men of the highest station in the metropolis, Lord John Russell being in the chair, supported by nearly one-half the present cabinet, and by several ex-secretaries of state for the colonies, who came forward to testify their concurrence in the conduct of the noble guest of the evening, at the instance of the committee, to whom Sir Cusack Roney acted as honorary secretary—a position anything but a sinecure in his hands. He soon afterwards returned to Canada, in company with Lord Elgin, and accompanied his lordship to Washington, where the noble earl succeeded in effecting a commercial treaty with the United States, that has not only for ever put an end to the perilous disputes which so long endangered the peace and good feeling of the two countries, in respect to the right of fishing within certain debateable limits, but has made free-trade and genuine reciprocity the basis of all future commercial relations, whereby each nation will be a most substantial gainer, Canada, in a pre-eminent degree, profiting by the new and never-failing markets thus opened for her teeming and varied produce at her own doors.

It only remains for us to say, in the words of "Dod's Knightage" for the current year, that Sir Cusack Roney, whom we introduce into our gallery as an evidence of what energy, industry, and exemplary conduct will achieve in this country, even when not exercised in the ordinary professional, commercial, or political walks of life, is the "son of the late Cusack Roney, Esq., an eminent surgeon in Dublin, who was twice president of the Royal College of Surgeons there. Born in Dublin, 1810; married, 1837, daughter of Jas. Whitcombe, Esq.; educated in France and at the University of Dublin, where he graduated B.A., 1829, and in the same year passed the College of Surgeons in Ireland; but shortly afterwards abandoned the medical profession. Was secretary to the Royal Literary Fund from 1835 to 1837; subsequently became private secretary to the Right Hon. R. More O'Ferrall (late Governor of Malta), when he was secretary to the Admiralty and the Treasury; was next, for some years, a clerk in the Admiralty at Whitehall; became secretary to the Eastern Counties Railway in 1845; and managing director of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada in 1853; was knighted by Earl St. Germans, Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, for his eminent services as secretary to the Great Industrial Exhibition in Dublin in 1853."

MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN, IN THE PLACE SAINT SULPICE, AT PARIS.

This beautiful work of art, which was raised at the expense of the city of Paris, and of which we present an engraving, stands close to the Church of Saint Sulpice, in the middle of the great square before the doorway. It is of stone, in the form of a quadrangular pavilion, surmounted by a hip roof, which terminates in a flower and a cross. At the foot of the pavilion are three basins one above the other, the two uppermost of which are connected by four pedestals with two steps. The upper step of each supports a vase with two handles, from which flows a jet of water; on the lower step is a lion couchant with a cartouche in its claws, representing the arms of Paris. The water which escapes from the vases falls in cascades into the lowest basin, which is octagonal in form.

In the niches on the four sides of the pavilion, which are separated by Corinthian pilasters, have been placed the statues of four great pulpit orators—Bossuet, Fenelon, Flechier, and Massillon. The niches are surmounted by escutcheons crowned with caps of ecclesiastical dignitaries, and bearing the arms of the dioceses of Meaux, Cambrai, Nîmes, and Clermont.

The monument was constructed according to the plans and under the direction of M. Visconti, by whose recent death France has lost a great artist, of whom she may well be proud. It has been charged with being a little too heavy in general appearance, and there is certainly some truth in this; but the excuse of the artist is supposed to be, that he felt it necessary to conform to the type set before him in the doorway of the Church of Saint Sulpice. There

is less room for any such excuse in the case of the statues of Fenelon, Massillon, and Flechier, which are far too heavy. It is standing instead of sitting? Had this been done, the artistic effect would have been greatly improved in several respects. But if the

MONUMENTAL FOUNTAIN IN THE PLACE ST. SULPICE, AT PARIS.

true that, as each figure is in a sitting posture and above the level of vision, they cannot but appear subject to this defect; but the question is, why should not the bishops have been represented proportions adopted by the architect prevented that course, why could not the same lightness and animation have been given to these three figures as are visible in that of Bossuet?

THE SOLDIER RETURNING FROM WAR.

It is a touching scene, and unhappily one that is very opportune at the present time, which our artist has depicted in the work before us. We there see the broken warrior coming back to his native village after long and hard service abroad. His strength is exhausted, his brow is wrinkled, and his look pensive. The stripes upon his arm, which are honourable proofs of his good conduct, unhappily cannot cure his wounds or replace the mutilated hand, from the loss of which he has not yet recovered, as appears from his having his arm still in a sling. He sighs as he contrasts his present exhausted and almost hopeless condition with the cheerful light-heartedness with which he first enlisted in the army. He looks back with a feeling of melancholy upon the day when he first

THE SOLDIER RETURNING FROM WAR.

set out from home in all the buoyancy of youth, pleased with his uniform, and full of hopeful aspirations. He remembers the looks of admiration which flashed upon him from gentle eyes as he passed along, the expressions of good-will poured forth by kind neighbours,

and the affectionate embraces of dear relatives. Here it was that he parted with his fond mother, who, like all his fascinating illusions, is now no more.

His limbs totter, and yet he hastens on to keep up with the two young guides who go before him. They are his sister's children, who have come out to meet him. The eldest has, with some difficulty, prevailed upon him to let her carry his luggage, and he has scarcely been able to refuse the youngest his gun. They both knew him at once; his uniform was familiar to them; they even knew the number of his regiment. As the girl looks round at him, he is forcibly reminded of her mother, whom he has not seen for years, but to whom he is strongly attached. A thousand emotions are stirred within his breast as he hears the village church-clock strike, and sees the field in which he used to work, the well-known road, and the old house. Scenes long forgotten rush in rapid succession before his mind's eye—the hay-making, the harvest, and all the various occasions of merriment which enliven rural life. Arrived at the home of his youth, he is received with open arms. The children play with his sword and his gun, and amuse themselves by putting on his soldier's clothes; while all the neighbours come to listen to the story of his adventures.

PAUL SCARRON.*

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago, there was a grand carnival at Mans. It was not such a carnival as we see now-a-days. All was open and above board; there was no concealment. One of the madcaps of the hour was a youth of seven-and-twenty, who desired to be, however, quite disguised. He accordingly plastered himself with oil and then rolled himself in a feather-bed, which certainly gave him a very grotesque and absurd appearance. The whole carnival was taken by surprise at this original mask. People ran after him in crowds; at last, however, the boys became unpleasant in their conduct, and the young man and his three companions plunged into the Sarthe, which was full of ice. A few days later his three companions were dead, and he was attacked by hopeless paralysis of his limbs.

The hero of this scene was Paul Scarron, the most uproarious comic poet and writer of France, author of the "Comic Romance" and other productions of the same class.

Born in Paris in 1610, his father being a counsellor of parliament, Scarron would have had nearly a thousand a year, English money, if the annoyances of a step-mother had not driven him to commit the greatest follies. The above adventure was the last of a series of extravagancies and wild conduct that were leading him to ruin. At his father's death, he pleaded against his stepmother, amused his judges, and lost his case. He was now doomed to obscurity and poverty, but he took it with extreme good humour. He took refuge in a house in the Marais, living in a chair, "having no motion left but that of his tongue and fingers." His deformity was increased by a fall from a horse. He began to live as a poet, and was patronised by nobility. The Duke de Longueville, Gaston d'Orleans, Madame de Hautefort, successively gave him employment. At last, he was presented to Anne of Austria, who offered him a place.

"Madam," said he, "the only post I can fill, is that of *official sick man* of the crown."

The office was created and a pension attached to it.

"I promise to fulfil my functions admirably," he said.

He wrote away, however, and lampooned everybody. Unfortunately, he did not spare Cardinal Mazarin, who suppressed his pension. The princes, the rebels, and their coadjutors made it up to him in popularity. He asked in vain for the smallest living—a living, even without any parishioners. He could not obtain it.

One evening, a young lady of great beauty came to one of his evening parties. She was very poor. Daughter of a Calvinist, her existence had been a miserable one. Her youth had been spent in prisons and in huts. She became a Catholic to save herself; and when once converted, was abandoned by her patrons. She was driven forth to die without a hope. Scarron saw her, heard her story, and was much moved.

"You must go into a convent or marry," said he. "Do you want to be a nun? If so, I will write poetry until I can pay your dowry. Do you prefer a husband? I can offer you half my bread and the ugliest face in France."

Françoise d'Aubignè preferred the poor cripple to the convent. She married him; and never was there a tenderer wife. In the marriage-contract Scarron described her dowry as "four gold pieces, two fine eyes, a splendid figure, beautiful hands, and much wit."

"What a dowry!" said those who were present.

"It is immortality," said the poet; "the name of Madame Scarron will live for ever."

Nine years of devotion rewarded Scarron. In his house she became acquainted with Turenne, Mignard, and Levignè. A widow at five-and-twenty, she had reputation, beauty, and every accomplishment; but she refused every offer.

Some years later, there took place in the chapel of Versailles, in presence of the Archbishop of Paris and many witnesses, a marriage ceremony, which reasons of state rendered it necessary should be kept secret. The contracting parties were Louis XIV., king of France, and Madame de Maintenon, the widow of Scarron, who from this hour governed France, and was generally esteemed to be as great an enemy of her early faith, as any of those who persecuted her when a child.

Scarron is recollected as a coarse rhymester. His widow holds the position of a queen of one of the greatest of French kings, legally, though not avowedly so.

* Some account of this writer was given in vol. ii. p. 207.

THE HYÆNA.

ALL the warmer parts of the eastern continent, from India to the Senegal, in Western Africa, are inhabited by great numbers of a singular animal, which appears in some respects to unite the characters of several distinct creatures. This is the common Striped Hyæna (*Hyæna Vulgaris*), a creature of the most repulsive aspect, and to the full as disgusting in his habits as in his external appearance. At first sight he has a good deal of the appearance of a large, and very ugly dog, and agrees so closely in some of his characters with the dogs, that Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, associated the hyæna with these animals (dogs, wolves, and foxes), under the [illegible] *Hyæna*. Later naturalists, however, have found [illegible]hich warrant the complete removal of the hyæna from [illegible]ity. These are derived partly from the structure and [illegible]nent of the teeth, which somewhat approach those of the [illegible]and the tongue of the hyæna is furnished, like that of the [illegible]r cats (the lion, tiger, etc.), with a number of prickles, serving to rasp the last particles of flesh from the bones of its prey. Unlike the cats, however, their claws are not retractile; and they possess beneath the tail a little pouch, like that which we meet with in the civet, and which, as in that animal, serves as a receptacle for an odorous secretion. The jaws and teeth of the hyæna are exceedingly solid and powerful; and the former are moved by muscles of prodigious strength, enabling the animal to crack bones which one would have thought beyond his power; so firmly does he bite, and so tenacious is he of his hold upon anything that he has once seized, that it is almost impossible to make him let it go. The Moors are said to avail themselves of their knowledge of this circumstance to capture the hyæna. They throw him the end of a long sack, made on purpose, and, when he has seized it, they may drag him wherever they please, without any fear of his loosing his hold. Cuvier tells us, also, that the Arabs employ the name of the hyæna as expressive of obstinacy; and the term "stiff-

necked" may certainly be applied to this animal in more senses than one; for it not unfrequently happens that the vertebræ of his short, thick neck, become fixed together by a bony secretion, in consequence of the violent muscular action to which they are constantly exposed, so that, in some cases, the whole of these bones are at last united into a single piece. Hence, the older writers, to whom this fact appears to have been well known, were induced to assert that the hyæna, unlike other animals, had but a single bone in his neck. The whole fore-part of the body in the hyæna is muscular, and well-developed—a structure enabling the creature to dig into the earth with great facility, which, as we shall see hereafter, is of no small importance to him; but the hinder quarters are depressed, the legs being thrown out behind very much, so as to give a very awkward appearance of weakness to this part of the animal. The head is short and thick; the nose broad and black; the eyes prominent; the ears very large, upright, nearly naked, and of a dull purplish colour. The general colour of the animal is a brownish-gray, marked with irregular dark brown or blackish bands on the body and limbs; the tail is rather short and bushy; and along the back runs a strong, bristly mane, which the creature erects when irritated.

The hyæna generally lives in caves, where it sleeps during the day, being a strictly nocturnal animal in its wild state. It feeds principally upon the dead bodies of men and animals which it may meet with in those inhospitable solitudes; but, in many cases, venturing nearer to the habitations of man, it seeks its food in a manner which tends more than anything to excite our abhorrence. The creatures prowl into the cemeteries during the night, and tear open the graves in search of newly-buried bodies, which they mangle and devour with insatiable voracity. It is not surprising that these facts, perhaps imperfectly observed, and embellished with the warmth of Oriental imagination, should have given rise to an infinity of superstitious tales; one instance of which will, probably, be well known to the majority of our readers—for there is no doubt the Ghoul, in whose company the lady in the "Arabian Nights" indulged her taste for human flesh, is merely the hyæna in a supernatural dress. Mr. Bruce, also, the Abyssinian traveller, says that the streets of Gondar were "full of them from the time it turned dark till the dawn of day, seeking the different pieces of slaughtered carcases which this cruel and unclean people expose in the streets without burial; and who firmly believe that these animals are Falasha from the neighbouring mountains, transformed by magic, and come down to eat human flesh in the dark in safety." It is singular, in this case, to mark the close coincidence of superstitious belief in all countries; by merely substituting the wolf for the hyæna, and making allowance for the difference in the habits of the two animals, we get at a superstition which was long prevalent in our own land. Disgusting as the carrion-eating habits of the hyæna appear to us, especially when manifested in the way last mentioned, we must not forget that, in common with the vultures and many other creatures equally offensive to fastidious minds, he is performing his part in the economy of nature. And this part is by no means one of the least important; for, in the hot climates inhabited by these creatures, none can render more effectual service to their fellows, than those which, undeterred by abominations which would probably turn the stomach of any of the more aristocratic carnivora, clear away dead animal matter, which, if left to the gradual process of decomposition, would poison all the atmosphere in its neighbourhood.

The hyæna, however, by no means confines himself entirely to animal food in a state of decomposition—*high*, as our epicures would, doubtless, term it—on the contrary, he appears not to let slip any opportunity of supplying himself with fresh meat when it falls in his way. Bruce tells us that the hyæna was "the destruction of their asses and mules, which, above all others, are his favourite food;" and this traveller had considerable experience as to the habits of the animal. He appears rarely to attack man unless provoked, but then knows how to defend himself with courage, as the following extract from Bruce's work will show. It is also interesting as showing the great variety of objects to which the appetite of the creature can adapt itself. "One night in Maitsha," says Mr. Bruce, "being very intent on observation, I heard something pass behind me towards the bed, but upon looking round could perceive nothing. Having finished what I was then about, I went out of my tent, intending directly to return, which I immediately did, when I perceived large blue eyes glaring at me in the dark. I called upon my servant with a light, and there was the hyæna standing nigh the head of the bed, with two or three large bunches of candles in his mouth. To have fired at him I was in danger of breaking my quadrant or other furniture, and he seemed, by keeping the candles steadily in his mouth, to wish for no other prey at that time. As his mouth was full, and he had no claws to tear with, I was not afraid of him, but with a pike struck him as near the heart as I could judge. It was not till then he showed any sign of fierceness; but upon feeling his wound, he let drop the candles, and endeavoured to run up the shaft of the spear to arrive at me, so that, in self-defence, I was obliged to draw a pistol from my girdle and shoot him, and nearly at the same time my servant cleft his skull with a battle-axe."

There is a very general opinion that the hyæna is quite untameable, arising, probably, to a great extent from the ferocity and even malignity of his aspect, and this and the opinion acting together, have, no doubt, often prevented the experiment from being made, for the animal, although not much uglier than many bull-dogs, is certainly not one that would be very generally attractive as a pet. Nevertheless, it appears that the hyæna is capable of being tamed, and will even exhibit a good deal of the affection of a dog; for Bishop Heber states, that he saw one in India, which followed his master about, and fawned upon him and his friends exactly in the manner of our more amiable-looking canine friends. Another characteristic of the beast, which no doubt is not without its effect in producing the general feeling of dislike towards it, is its singular voice. This sounds like a very harsh imitation of a human laugh, rather, perhaps, of that quality known to theatrical managers as "fiendish," a horrible, unearthly cachinnation, which may be heard in almost any menagerie at feeding time. Ill-adapted as the noise is to produce any impression of jollity on the minds of the hearers, so as to attract them into its neighbourhood to see what is going on, there is no doubt that it was this that led the ancients to believe that the hyæna possessed the power of imitating the human voice, and that by this means he lured unwary travellers to his den, with many other particulars, which are related by Pliny with becoming gravity. Still more extraordinary was the belief entertained by the ancients that these animals annually changed their sex, being males one year, females the next, and so forth.

Although the form of the hyæna does not give promise of much activity, he runs very swiftly when fairly in motion; for some time after starting, however, he is said to halt in his gait to such an extent, as to produce an impression that one of his legs is broken, and it is not until this wears off that he gets to his full speed.

Two other species of hyæna are found at the Cape of Good Hope, where they are known to our colonists by the name of wolves. One of these, called the Strand-wolf (*Hyæna villosa*), is of a dark grayish-brown colour, with only a few blackish stripes on the legs; the other, the Tiger-wolf (*Hyæna crocuta*), which appears to be the commoner species, is of a grayish colour, like the striped hyæna, but instead of stripes, is covered with black spots. In most of their habits they greatly resemble the striped hyæna, but appear to depend for food more upon their own exertions. They pursue and destroy even the larger domestic animals. Dr. Andrew Smith says that the hyæna never ventures to attack any animal unless it is running from him: "So anxious is he for the flight of the animals, as a preliminary to his attack, that he uses all the grimace and threatening he can command, to induce them to run." And the Rev. Henry Methuen informs us that the hyænas "seem invariably to seize their prey in the flank, where neither horns nor heels can be of much avail; and deep scars are often to be seen on oxen and horses that have been caught by them and escaped." Both the authors here quoted, agree that animals which from sickness or other causes are unable to run from the hyæna, and are consequently forced to defend themselves, are rarely injured by him. Such a formidable enemy is he to the Cape farmers that every means are adopted for his destruction, and in the neighbourhood of Cape Town, where hyænas were formerly very plentiful, coming in great numbers even into the town during the night, their numbers are now greatly reduced. His cunning, however, often renders him

more than a match for his enemies; no ordinary snare will do for the hyæna; during his nocturnal prowlings he carefully examines every unusual object, and if guns are set with cords or leather thongs attached to their triggers, and crossing the hyæna's path, his investigations generally lead to his avoiding the danger by taking a different path. "The farmers," says Mr. Methuen, "have so often observed this result, that they now very rarely attempt his destruction by this means, but occasionally succeed by substituting for cords the delicate stems of creeping plants, which are regarded by him without suspicion, until he has actually suffered by them."

young children of the family. "Scars and marks on the various parts of the body," says the doctor, "often testify to the traveller how dangerous a foe the natives have in this animal." Notwithstanding this ferocity of natural disposition, the Spotted Hyæna is often domesticated by the natives and colonists of South Africa, amongst whom he is said to be even preferred to the dog "for attachment to his master, for general sagacity, and even, it is said, for his qualifications for the chase."

We may add, in conclusion, that, prior to the last geological changes undergone by this part of the world, England itself was

STRIPED HYÆNA (HYÆNA VULGARIS).

Although diminished in number in the more populous parts of the Cape colony, hyænas are still very numerous in the Caffre country, where, from their being exposed to so much less danger, they exhibit an unusual degree of boldness. Here, Dr. Smith tells us, they frequently endeavour at night to get within the wattles with which the houses are defended. If they succeed in this object, they next endeavour to enter the houses, where they will devour anything they can find, and not unfrequently carry off some of the

inhabited by a gigantic species of hyæna, bearing a considerable resemblance to the Cape species, but attaining nearly the size of the Brown Bear. The bones of this animal have been found in caves, both in this country and on the continent, associated with the bones of herbivorous animals, which had served him for nourishment, actually bearing, in many instances, the marks of his teeth; whilst an additional proof that the caves were really the residence of the hyæna, is derived from the presence of his excrements.

THE MURDER OF THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

CALL no man happy till he is dead, says an ancient proverb, and there is wisdom in it. When the babe is born, none can tell what will be its course or when its life will end. The day may break out fine, but rain and clouds and storms may come before night. clay. These facts are less seldom witnessed, these truths seem almost less true in these days of monotonous civilisation, of railways, of reading and writing and the new police. But all history abounds with them. In the past they seem to be but common-

TYRRELL VIEWING THE BODIES OF THE MURDERED PRINCES.

Everywhere around us are change, decay, and death. None can boast, for none know what a day may bring forth. Shame may come to honour and honour to shame. Lazarus and Dives may change places. A turn in the wheel may exalt the peasant into a prince. Another turn, and the prince may be a peasant or a lifeless lump of place maxims. In the past, to be great was to be in peril; to be born to a crown was often a sure road to death; to be in a position that all would envy, was the sure and certain prelude to being in a position fr m which even the poorest and vulgarest would shrink. Let us take an illustration from our own national chronicles.

On a bright May morning—it was May 4th, 1483—there was a royal procession wending its way from the great north road along the ancient streets of London. From far and near, from crowded balcony and quaint housetop, looked down admiring eyes. London had come forth to greet her young king, though there was terror in its walls nevertheless. The queen and her son the Duke of York and her five daughters were trembling all the while in the tuary at Westminster. They trembled, as well they might; for they knew the man who had now placed himself at the head of power, and who, under a mask of seeming loyalty, had but one object in view—the aggrandisement of himself. Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, has always been considered one of the worst characters in our history. In our childhood we learn his loathsome crimes, and in after-life our national dramatist perpetuates the impressions of our childhood. If we believe many of our historians, Richard III. was a monster in body as well as in mind. "The tyrant king Richard," says John Ross of Warwick, his contemporary, "was born at Fotheringay, in Northamptonshire. Having remained two years in his mother's womb, he came into the world with teeth and long hair down to his shoulders." What he adds is, perhaps, more strictly true. "He was of a low stature, having a short face with his right shoulder a little higher than his left," a picture which was wrought up into absolute deformity by subsequent historians, but contradicted by the testimony of a witness of undoubted credit—a picture which Shakspeare has made popular in the speech of the Duke himself, where he says

> "I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
> Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
> I, that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty
> To strut before a wanton, ambling nymph;
> I, that am curtailed of this fair proportion—
> Cheated of feature by dissembling nature;
> Deformed, unfinished; sent before my time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
> And that so lamely and unfashionable,
> That dogs bark at me as I halt by them."

But, in reality, it seems that Richard's defects were more moral than personal. It was his mind that was so marred. It was the soul, and not the carcase in which it was set, that was so defective. His enemies reluctantly confessed that Richard possessed personal courage. If I may venture to say anything to his honour, though he was a little man, yet he was a noble and valiant soldier, says one. He was much admired for his eloquence and powers of persuasion, which were almost irresistible; especially when aided by his bounty, which was sometimes excessive. His understanding was good; but he seems to have been a cunning man rather than a great one—impenetrably secret, and a perfect master of all the arts of dissimulation. Ambition was his ruling passion. It was this which prompted him to supplant his hapless nephew, in order to obtain his crown: and, when he had formed that design, he seems to have stuck at nothing in order to secure its success. Coolly and deliberately he murdered the Earl of Rivers, Lords Grey and Hastings, because they stood between him and the crown. His ambition led him to still darker deeds. Between him and the object of his guilty and unscrupulous ambition, were two young princes—chargeable with no crime—innocent of all wrong—the children of his brother and wards of his own. But it was necessary, or it seemed to him such, that they should die, and their fate has ever been the one flagrant enormity—the one damning crime with which all generations of men have associated his memory, and for which they have for ever abhorred his very name. If great men knew in what light history would paint them, or how cold and impartial would be the verdict of posterity, they would less frequently venture to go wrong. But, for Richard, as for every man, there was some excuse in the circumstances by which he was surrounded, and in the character of his age. Most men would have done as he did to obtain power. All men had to wade through seas of blood; yet no one would have suspected, as he rode through the streets of London, bare-headed, before his nephew, calling to "Behold your king!" that to him that youthful king ave to owe not merely the loss of his crown, but of his very Many might have envied that young boy, as he was the object of every eye, and as the public vented its acclamations in his

To many, such a life must have seemed full of promise of all that the world desires—the dawn of a day that would know no cloud.

In a little more than a month, that power and splendour had passed away. By the Protector's authority, a sermon had been preached in St. Paul's Cross by a time-serving clergyman—and such men are always to be had when they are wanted—to proclaim the young king and his brother bastards. The Duke of Buckingham made an eloquent harangue on the same subject to the mayor and citizens of London; and in August the crown had been placed on Richard's head. But the young princes, where were they? Beneath the stone steps of the Tower, sleeping the sleep of death after life's little fever of greatness and glory. The murder has been denied; but there seems no reason for doubting it. It has come down to us on the authority of Sir Thomas More, who only wrote five-and-twenty years after its occurrence, when a variety of sources, that he might not be enabled to acknowledge publicly, were open to him for the acquisition of materials. The following is his version:—"King Richard, after his coronation, taking his way to Gloucester to visit in his new honour the town of which he bore the name of old, devised, as he rode, to fulfil that thing which he had before intended. And forasmuch as his mind misgave him, that his nephews living then would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he therefore thought without delay to rid them, as though killing of his kinsmen might aid his cause, and make him kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Greene, whom he especially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert should in anywise put the two children to death. This John Greene did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before our Lady in the Tower, who plainly answered, that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With which answer Greene returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his: 'Oh! whom shall a man trust? They that I have brought up myself—they that I thought would have mostly served me—even those fail, and at my commandment will do nothing for me.' 'Sir,' quoth the page, 'there lieth one in the pallet-chamber without that I dare well say to do your grace's pleasure—the thing were right hard that he would refuse;' meaning by this Sir James Tyrrell." Accordingly, Tyrrell was sent for, and became compliant. It was a villainy from which he had not the grace to shrink, and it was devised that the two young princes should be murdered in their beds, "to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forrest, one of the four that before kept them; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave." And when the time came, More tells us, "all the others being removed from them, this Miles Forrest and John Dighton, about midnight, came into the chamber, and suddenly wrapped them among the clothes, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard upon their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them, and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls, into the joys of heaven, leaving to their tormentors their bodies dead in bed; after which, the wretches laid them out upon the bed and fetched Tyrrell to see them; and when he was satisfied of their death, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair-foot, mostly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones." The stranger who now visits the chapel of the White Tower will see, at the end of the passage which leads from the outer door to the foot of the circular staircase winding upwards to the sacred edifice, the old trunk of a mulberry-tree, reared against the wall in the corner. There stood the stairs; and beneath those stairs, in 1674, were found bones "answerable to the ages of the royal youths," which were accordingly, by Charles the Second's orders, honourably interred in Henry the Seventh's chapel at Westminster. The spot was marked by the erection of the above mulberry-tree, which was cut down a few years ago, when the present passage was opened. Thus the tale was confirmed—if confirmation was required—and when the evidence for the universal belief was of the most convincing kind. Richard waded through seas of blood to the throne. Between him and it stood the royal princes; the way of getting rid of these princes would soon be clear. Once wrong, for Richard there was

no alternative but to continue wrong. It was his necessity. The tale was even denied; there seems no reason, however, to doubt its truth. Shakspeare—who, as all the world knows, was a better historian than many a man who would deem play-writing a profane art, and Shakspeare himself little better than one of the wicked —may have set down Tyrrell's very words as he narrated the murder:—

> "The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
> The most arch deed of piteous massacre
> That ever yet this land was guilty of.
> Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
> To do this ruthless deed of butchery,
> Albeit they were fleshened villains, bloody dogs,
> Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
> Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
> 'Oh thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.'
> 'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
> Within their alabaster innocent arms;
> Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
> Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
> A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
> Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind.
> But oh! the devil'—Here the villain stopped;
> But Dighton thus told on:—'We smothered
> The most replenished sweet work of nature
> That from the prime creation ere she framed.
> Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse.
> They could not speak, and so I left them both
> To bear thus tidings to the bloody king.'"

But the crime failed to answer its end. Richard had to pay the penalty of his crime by the forfeit of his life, and thus Nemesis was avenged. In the shame attached to Richard's name ever since—in the horror with which all have regarded it—she has had a still deeper and more enduring revenge, and the two young princes murdered in the Tower still live in the page of history and in the sympathies of men.

THE AUTHOR AND THE FRENCH PUBLISHER.

In 1838, a young author, quite unknown to fame, called one morning early upon the worthy Ambrose Dupont, the celebrated publisher of the Rue Vivienne. The lord of the book-trade was very much in the humour, on that occasion, of a wild boar after a day's chase by fierce dogs. He received the young author literally with a growl, enough to have terrified a timid man out of the house. He coolly pulled out his manuscript, and begged the publisher to read it. Ambrose Dupont, a worthy man, though rough, refused even to look at it. The author insisted. The publisher told him to take it and himself away together. The young man politely declined; and Dupont at last, to get rid of his importunities, told him to leave his book and go.

A week later he called again, and so on for about three months, once every week, to ask the fate of his novel, which, at last, he did hear. It was not a very flattering opinion that was communicated to him. But he only smiled, and went away. About a fortnight later he presented himself again in the ante-chamber of M. Dupont.

"What, sir," exclaimed he, "again? Methinks I told you my mind last time sufficiently clearly."

"Sir, you convinced me," said the young Jesuit; "and I have called to say that, acquiescing in your opinion, I have burnt my manuscript."

"Ah!" replied the publisher, somewhat surprised, "then I scarcely comprehend the present object of your visit."

"I have not come on my own account, but if you will spare me a few minutes—"

"Walk into my private room, sir," said Dupont.

"Sir," began the other (our readers will recollect the scene is laid in France), "you have heard of Manzoni?"

"Sir, his reputation is European. I would have given him any price for a book."

"Then, sir, allow me to say that—it is a great secret—I bring you the first volume of a translation of a new work by him."

"A whole volume?" exclaimed Dupont eagerly.

"Yes, a whole volume," said the young author.

"Will you leave it a day or two?" asked the publisher.

"No; I can only hand it to you, if sold."

"But you can read a few chapters?"

"With pleasure."

"Excuse me a moment," said Dupont; and he went out and brought a gentleman from an inner room.

The young author read a chapter; the publisher and his friend looked at each other; they smiled. Presently Ambrose Dupont interrupted the reader.

"What do you want for the book?"

"Twenty-five copies, and forty pounds a volume."

"You agree to that."

"With pleasure."

The treaty was made, an agreement drawn up and signed. The publisher was full of admiration. He addressed Soulié, the author, whom he had brought in to listen, in no hesitating language. He declared to him that it was better than any of the celebrated author's previous works; the warm atmosphere of Italy breathed forth in every page. The translator bowed and smiled.

The work went to press, the publisher read the sheets with real interest. At last the eventful day came, when the title-page was placed in his hands. He read with amazement the name of a popular French novel, "Bertrand de Born."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed angrily; "this is the title of the book I refused."

"Exactly," said the young man.

"And why have you put it to the translation?"

"It is not a translation. This is the book you refused without reading it."

Ambrose Dupont burst into a loud laugh, shook hands with the cunning fellow, and published his book, which was very successful. Such a trick would scarcely have been appreciated in England, but as French ideas are, it was considered very natural and was generally admired, as what may be called a shrewd and clever *ruse*.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The intercourse between Japan and China is an interesting feature in the history of these two remarkable countries. They were at one time intimate and active, though not always friendly. The Central Empire, as Japanese writers call China, looked down upon Daï Nippon with great contempt, claiming a sovereignty over it; while, on the other hand, the Japanese looked upon the Chinese as inferior animals, below them in morals, in physical formation, and everything. They are ready to own that in letters the Chinese were beforehand with them, because they actually did receive their literary knowledge from the Celestial Nation. According to Chinese historians, civilisation was conveyed to Japan in a very curious way, by a kind of colony. We are told that, in the second century of our era, the lord of the Central Empire, having been informed by certain learned and worthy philosophers that the herb which gave immortality grew in Japan in abundance, sent over to the island some three thousand boys and girls, who were to discover and bring back the inestimable plant. It appears, however, that the said three thousand boys and girls, being unable to find the valuable vegetable in question, and being all familiar with the summary methods of punishment in vogue in China, remained in Japan and settled there; thus, they all being fresh from school, gave the Japanese the benefit of their learning and letters. Japanese writers, however, contemptuously reject this learned explanation, and say that letters and [illegible] came *viâ* the Corean peninsula; an explanation neither [illegible] nor so striking as the former, but, apparently, having [illegible] advantage of truth.

The claim of China to sovereignty, something like the claim of early popes to jurisdiction over all America, dates from very

JAPANESE ARCHERS.

JAPANESE ARCHERS.

remote [illegible]iods, from the conquest of Dai Nippon by Zin-mu-tan-woo. [illegible] we have it recorded that, previously to the Christian era, the [illegible] Son of the Moon and Stars sent to the Emperor of the Islands a patent, appointing him Wang of Nippon. It appears that in those days there were civil wars in the land, and that the cunning head of the Celestial Empire wished to gain a footing by taking one side. It was not, however, until the time of the Mongols, who had conquered China, that any serious attempt was made on Japan.

There had been fighting, it is true, in the Corea; but rather in the form of squabbles than wars.

That there was trade and commerce between the two nations, we know; but the vulgarity of the subject having terrified the grave chroniclers of ancient days, who condescended to nothing less than a battle, or an embassy, or the death of kings, we have little details; though we do learn, incidentally, that many Chinese came to Japan, because of the free-and-easy life to be led in the tea-houses of the island—so much more at liberty than those of China, which were under severe regulations. These travelled Chinese were, of course, the rich; and their expenditure contributed largely to keep up the 750 tea-shops in a town of 750,000 inhabitants.

The study of Japanese literature is rather curious than useful; and yet, as we become more connected with the race, we shall get interested in their history. In the present day, no nation can keep wholly apart; and we have little doubt that the time will come, when it will be considered a part of polite education to be intimately acquainted with the geography and history of all those nations which steam is bringing so close to us.

A BUDDHIST HIGH PRIEST

The earliest specimen of Japanese literature is an account of an

embassy to China, in the year 659. It is written by a learned Corean, a professed literary man. It is called "The Journal of Yukino Murasi of Petsi," and comes down to us in a chronicle of the local history from 661 B.C. to A.D. 696, called "Nipponki," and published A.D. 720. It will be seen that the Japanese were before us in learning in those days, for this work is in thirty volumes. If we judged a book as a Dutchman did, by size, it would, indeed, be a great work. The only pity is, that the Japanese have allowed us to go so far ahead of them since. This work, and an historical survey, in seven volumes, published at Ohosaka, in 1795, bring down Japanese history to 1611.

One of the ambassadors was lost at sea; but Kisa and Yukino Murazi, after a nine weeks' voyage, made the coast of China, stopped there as prisoners some time, and returned to Japan, having done as much business as many other ambassadors in times past. In the year 716, two students went to China; and one, Simo-mitsi-no-Mabi, went home, after a residence of nineteen years, and, taking the name of Kibino Daisi, became a most celebrated literary character. The other was induced to remain in China, as Archive Keeper, and kept the office sixty-one years, when he resigned, and, returning to Japan, was drowned, at the age of eighty-seven.

In 1607, the Chinese sent an embassy to Japan. Relations had been broken off in consequence of the patent sent to the Ziogoon Hideyosi, or Tayko-sama. This potent prince was so indignant at being appointed Wang of Nippon by the Emperor of China, that he replied—"Sovereign of Nippon I have already made myself, and, if it comes to this, I will turn over a new leaf, and make Taï Ming my vassal." A terrible war ensued between the two sovereigns. It appears, as far as we can judge the politics of China and Japan, that the emperor of the former country wanted to play the Czar, and, like that potentate in Turkey, caught a Tartar.

The death of the ziogoon ended the war, which must have been rather a personal affair between two kings; for no sooner was the death announced, than the Chinese embassy came to treat of peace and commerce, all the while, however, keeping up a skirmishing little war in the Corean peninsula. There is, further, a very interesting narrative, in Japanese, of the disasters and adventures of a band of Japanese traders, who were made prisoners by the Tartar subjects of the Manchoo Emperor of China. It is kept at Yedo, and is contained in a history of Chao-seën. It commences with great gravity. "From the earliest times," says the adventurer, "the inhabitants of the coast towns Sinbo and Mikuni-ura, in the province of Yetsizen, have been wont, at the close of winter, to pass over to the dependencies of Japan, there to trade." But then it seems that there was a doubt if the so-called dependencies were, indeed, dependencies; the fact being, that Chao-seën, like a refractory daughter, had thrown off all allegiance, and claimed liberty from vassalage. It appears that the traders hit upon a desert place instead of Chao-seën, and at once gave up their commercial speculation. A terrible storm arising, the Japanese made a vow that, if they were preserved, they would throw away—sacrifice to the deities—all their defensive weapons. It immediately after happened, that they were attacked by a horde of enemies, and all the famous Japanese bows and arrows being at the bottom of the sea, the adventurers had, of course, no means of resistance, and all but fifteen out of fifty-eight were slain. But, for this massacre, the Tartars, a kind of Bashi Bazouks, were well bastinadoed. There is a curious passage illustrative of Japanese manners. "When the governor "questioned us by signs; whereupon Fiosayemon, taking out his nose papers, blew away a leaf to indicate that we were driven to this coast, by the wind. He then sat down in a peaceful attitude, to intimate that we were merchants."

Japan is known as the empire of 3,850 islands, and takes its name from the Chinese form of Nippon, *Jih-pun*, origin of the sun, according to the learned Klaproth. Marco Polo calls it Zipangu, a corruption of Jih-pun-kwö, kingdom of the origin of the sun. Authentic records give Zin-mu-ten-woo as the first mortal monarch, who founded the rule of the mikados. He appears to have been a Chinese conqueror, or invader; but as he lived 660 B.C., we have not very detailed accounts of his parentage, which some ascribe to the terrestrial god who preceded him, the last of a long line of divine monarchs.

The mikados, relying on their divine right—which notion has pervaded every savage nation in early times—were despotic, though abdicating young. At last, one mikado abdicated in favour of his son, three years old, whose mother was daughter of a powerful prince. This father-in-law usurped authority until Yoritomo appeared, and after a time restored the old mikado, who appointed him ziogoon. In future, the mikado was only supposed to rule, the ziogoon holding all the power in his hands. The ziogoon, as well as the mikado, became at last an hereditary office.

Hence followed all the elaborate military, civil, and religious orders, which make Japan one of the most oddly-governed countries in the world, though always remaining a semi-religious, semi-military monarchy, upheld by the bows and arrows of the soldiers on one hand, and the priests on the other. The priestly influence in Japan, however, appears to have been even above the military. In savage countries, where the two influences appear to mingle, in general the religious will be found to predominate. The particular priest, of whom an engraving is given (p. 29), is one of the high priests of the sect of Buddah, called by the Dutch travellers "Buddadienst, Secte zee-sjü," or of the sect Senju. This sect have made great way in Japan without having gained any political power. The surrounding features of the cut are ornaments worn by the high priest of this religion. The chair occupied by the worthy father is curious.

BURIED ALIVE.

There was not a better young fellow in the Canton de Vaud than Louis Fischer; perhaps there were handsomer, wiser, and more polished striplings—doubtless there were; but when we say better, we mean more thoroughly honest, straightforward, and good-hearted. You could not beat Louis at this. You might equal him perhaps; let us hope, for the sake of the canton, that this could be done over and over and over again; but you could not go beyond him.

And the same thing might be said of Lucy, the herdsman's pretty daughter, for Lucy was as pretty as she was good, which is saying a great deal—for sincerity and kindness and thrifty homely ways she could not be surpassed. In many respects she was better than Louis, and in her own sweet comely person was a realisation of the Alpine proverb—the hen is the better bird all over Switzerland.

Why do we talk about Louis and Lucy in the same paragraph, and bring them thus so closely together; why? They loved one another. You are not surpri[sed] at that; at all events you would not have been surprised if you had known them [—]nobody was who did. They lived in the same village, met every day, and many times a day since they were little children wondering at the snow mountains. They had played together, worked together, learnt together, worshipped together, and they loved each other now; friendship had ripened into love; the playfellows had become warm friends, and the friends lovers. Who could blame them? Within a circuit of ten miles, measuring from the little village church, there was only one who harboured anything but love towards them for their love to one another. This was Pierre Joseph.

A young man, maybe three years older than Louis, was Pierre Joseph. Some people thought he was better looking, and, perhaps, they were right. He had a higher forehead and a more symmetrical figure; he wore a smarter doublet, and had gold in his pouch, he had received a better education and had seen more of society; people said he knew the world better. Perhaps he did. But fine feathers do not always make fine birds. There was not that open-hearted honesty in Pierre that was always to be found in Louis; and as to his acquaintance with society and knowledge of mankind, we are apt to say men know the world when they only know the worst part of it, and this, or report spake falsely, was the case of Pierre Joseph.

However other people liked him, supposing that there were any who did, and giving Pierre Joseph the full benefit of the doubt, Lucy had no love for him. He had turned his attention towards her

for a long time, had come over to the village—for he lived further up in the mountain—many and many a time, had brought her flowers in the summer time, and gossipped by the roaring fire in the winter; had laid himself out, as it were, to please, even to his costume—like Malvolio with his cross garters; had talked and sung, and, to do him justice, he could sing very fairly; had recounted his own strange adventures, described Milan and the city of the sea, and done all that he fancied would win her admiration and esteem. But it did not answer his expectations. Whatever he did or said, it centred in himself. He appeared to labour under the idea that he was behaving very handsomely and with considerable condescension, and appeared to intimate that a match with himself would be a decidedly good thing.

Well, it is an old story; here was a rich lover, and there was a poor one. Blind love holds the balance, and ducats, dollars, guineas kick the beam. Lucy plighted her faith to Louis, and the wedding-day was fixed. Pierre Joseph withdrew in high disdain. He was heard to threaten mischief on the blithesome couple, and seen to frown that horseshoe frown of his, which made him look like Scott's "Red Gauntlet." But what of that? words are but breath; let him threaten—let him frown; the sun will shine as brightly, and days and nights will come and go, as if he had no being. So the wedding-day came. It was a busy day in the village, and a happy day. Preceded by an old musician and the bridesmaids, the young people walked to church, followed by a woman with a basket of flowers—a bit of nature for the festal day. When they entered the church, they were all surprised by noticing Pierre Joseph. There he sat, in a dusky part of the church—quite away from the sunshine—moodily watching all that took place.

Never mind—Pierre Joseph cannot stop the way; he can only watch with his dark frown and his bright eyes; he can only follow like a dark shadow, as the company go back, and the flowers are scattered in their way. When all is over, he turns away to the mountain-road and goes moodily homeward, plucking a flower to pieces, leaf by leaf, as if he were going through the old charm of "love me, love me not," which Marguerite tries in the play of "Faust."

So time went on; and the young bride became a thrifty housewife, labouring with her husband bravely at all the duties of a peasant's life, and never flinching from work for a moment. While the young man's axe rang in the forest, and here and there a stately tree wavered and tottered and fell; while his bright scythe glided over the rich greensward, and with right good will he delved the earth, till the perspiration, in great drops—labour's bright jewels—stood on his brow, his busy, bustling, thrifty wife was binding up the vine to the poles on which it grew, twitching off superfluous leaves and tendrils, gathering in the orchard fruit, and making, in her cleanly dairy, the finest cheese that was ever placed on table.

They were very happy; still happier when a little one was born—"a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of joy and peace." They heard no more of Pierre Joseph—they almost forgot him; perhaps, indeed, they sometimes recollected—but always kindly—how friendly he had once appeared. As to his later conduct, his threatening, his visit to the church, and the rest of it, no reference was ever made. But trouble came. Lucy's father died; and with their grief on this account came the discovery that he was much poorer than they thought for; that he was in debt—deeply in debt—and, worst of all, in debt to Pierre Joseph. What could be done? They saw that at any moment all that was owing could be demanded; they saw that what little property the old man possessed would not meet a tithe of the sum due; they felt that to allow matters to take their course, would be to dishonour the memory of one whom they dearly loved. So Louis resolved to ride over to Pierre Joseph and attempt to make some arrangement with him.

He was received coldly, but with respect. Pierre professed to deeply regret the death of the old man. The money, he said, had been owing a long, long time—long before the marriage; that, of course, he could have no demand on Louis or his young wife. After talking a long time, Louis made the proposal which he had come to make. Would Pierre allow the matter to stand over for a year, if he became answerable for its payment? Pierre would advise him not to do that. Better think of it again. Better not, for the sake of a foolish pride, involve himself in other people's difficulties; especially when those other people were under the sod. Dead men tell no tales, and, doubtless, are heedless of all tales told. What if the villagers lost somewhat of their old respect for him; he would still sleep soundly under the daisy-quilt? No. Louis was resolved. Would the other grant him the time required? No. Yet, stop; for old acquaintance sake, he would. They parted more cheerfully than they had met; and, as the young man rode away, he did not observe the horseshoe frown that came upon the other's forehead, or how he muttered to himself, that it would work bravely yet.

Spring, summer, autumn, winter, the year was over and past, but it was a year full of disaster. On the anniversary of the agreement, Louis stood once more in the best room of Pierre's residence. There was a deep flush, a red spot on his otherwise pale cheeks as he bowed to the other when they met. He told in a few words the story of his disaster. Not a sentence from Pierre. He mentioned how sickness had been in his house, and his wife and child were but slowly recovering even then. Not a word. He told of bad crops, bad vintage, accident and disaster. Not a syllable. He begged for time. Time! not a day, not an hour. Time! no; he had waited long enough. The tide had ebbed. Let Louis be prepared for the worst. Pierre did not raise his voice, but he spoke in a calm, measured strain, without lifting his eyes, and without betraying any emotion; except that the horseshoe frown was on his face, he was the same quiet man as he had been that day twelvemonth.

And the worst came. Louis and his family were turned adrift. They had to leave their old home, give up all they held dear, resign everything into the hands of their inexorable creditor. It was not for nothing he tore the flower leaf from leaf long ago. It is a hard thing to quit a place that we love, a place that is associated with our earliest recollections, where every leaf and flower, every blade of grass and creeping plant is eloquent, and tells the story of our early life. There is a sacredness in home, a first home. To the earliest places of human worship there clings—so goes the Arab legend—a guardian sanctity; there the wild bird rests not; there the wild beast may not wander; it is the hallowed spot on which the eye of God dwells, and which man's best memories preserve. There is some such feeling clinging to a first home, and to quit such a home after long years of happiness is sometimes sad and bitter.

As a hired labourer Louis obtained employment far up in the mountains. His home was now a poor rough place, but very dear to him. He had a good heart and hoped—hoped on; hoped ever! One evening he was returning from his daily labour, singing softly to himself an old stave that he had often sung in happier days. The sun was sinking fast, and flung its red rays on the ice mountains, and as Louis turned a corner of the circuitous path, he noticed a stranger mounted on a mule, and riding slowly along.

He had scarcely perceived this figure, when a sort of rushing sound, not very loud, but steadily increasing in its strength, was heard. Louis stopped; he knew too well what it meant. The stranger in advance stopped also, and as they glanced around their eyes met—it was Pierre Joseph.

"Stop! stop!" cried Louis, "the avalanche is upon us!"

Steadily, but with tremendous velocity the snow-drift was advancing. At first a narrow line of blue upon the white surface of the snow, it gradually assumed a more terrible appearance, there was no time to move or to attempt any escape; it was upon them. Man and mule rolled over, the feet of Louis slided from beneath him, amid the mass of drifting snow they were hurried forward, till some projecting rock became a barrier, and they were cast against its rugged side. After a few moments of terror, Louis aroused himself and found, although bruised severely, he was otherwise uninjured. He looked about him for Pierre, and discovered him not far off. His first movement was towards him, and he found he lay there quite senseless. Aware that this drift of snow was in all probability but the forerunner of another, and perhaps more disastrous one, he endeavoured to restore the fallen man, in order that they might, if possible, seek some shelter. That shelter was not far off. There was a rough cabin or châlet, built in the rock, which was thought to be a safe retreat in such circumstances.

Unable to restore Pierre, Louis made a vigorous effort and supported him to the place of security. Having gained this refuge, he attempted to restore the unconscious man, but as he did so, the same rushing sound was heard again, louder, and louder still, with the crashing of pine trees, the wild cry of the mountain birds; the sound came nearer, it passed by; but was soon again renewed with even greater violence.

Presently Pierre recovered. He was greatly injured, and full of alarm. Even Louis had upon him an undefined dread, a dread which took a defined character when he perceived that the ice and snow, the fallen trees and masses of rock, had settled all about the châlet, blocking them in as effectually as though bolts and bars had

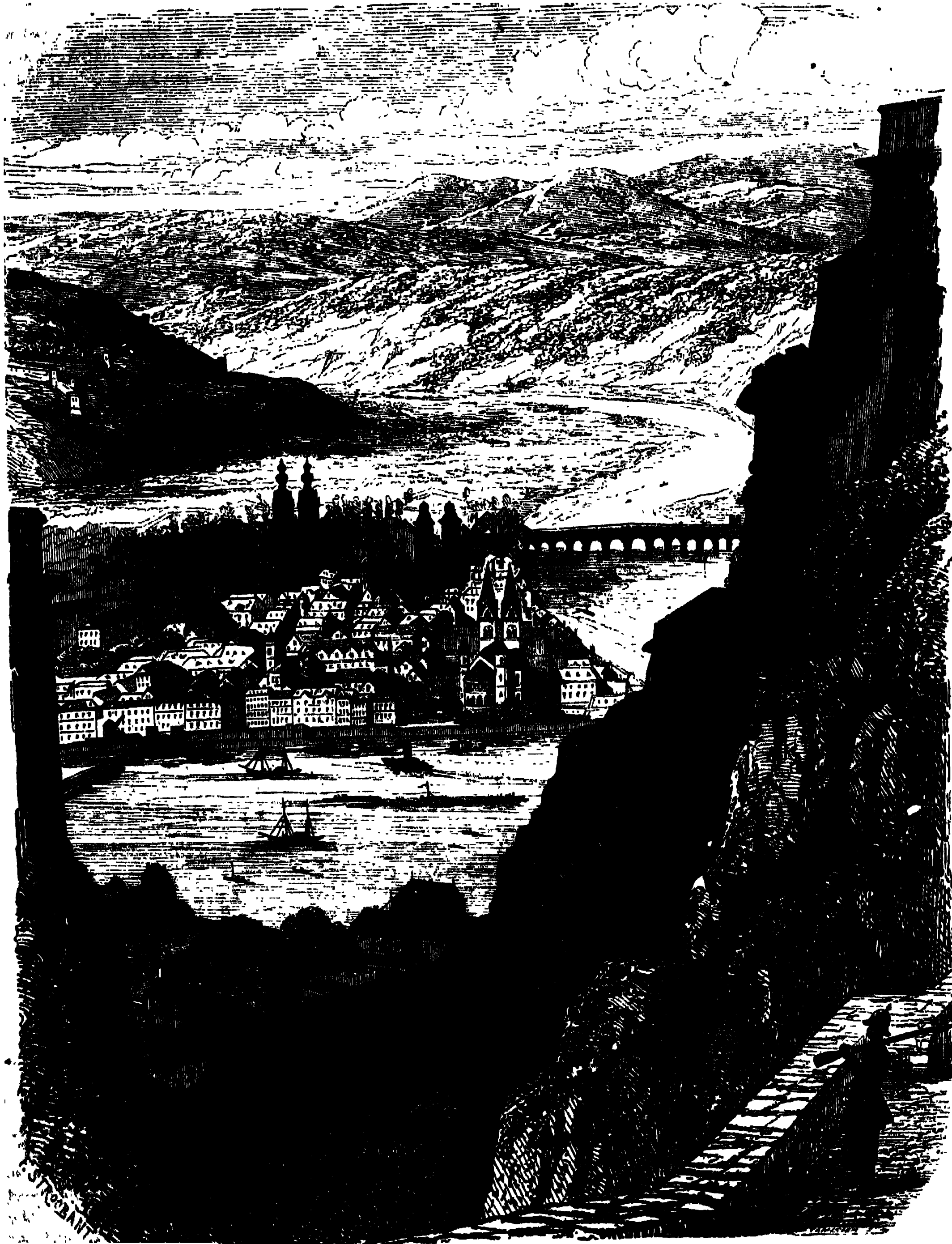
THE MEETING OF LUCY AND LOUIS.

been drawn upon them. There was no means of escape. The horror of their position presented itself to both. It fell most heavily on Pierre. There he was, with a man whom he hated, and whom he had deeply injured—alone—without food—buried alive. It is unnecessary to dwell upon what followed. For more than five days they saw no hope of rescue. The little food which Louis had with him was carefully portioned out and shared between them; but what were they to do when that was gone? And gone it was, all gone, at the end of the third day. For two days they tasted [illegible] food at all. During this time Louis had made every effo[illegible]ect some means of escape, but altogether without success; [illegible] with Pierre when Pierre was rational; but his mind [illegible] very often—and they had become friends. Buried alive, Pierre forgot his old grudge, saw the folly of his old enmity in a new light, and, touched by the tender kindness of Louis, begged that the past might be forgiven. Of course, it was not in the heart of Louis at any time to resist such an appeal. He wrote injuries, as wise men always write them, in the dust. Now they talked together of poor Lucy—both called her by that name—and of the child who would be her only support now. But relief came. Bold hearts and willing hands found out the châlet, and the buried alive were rescued.

Where was Lucy? Driven almost to distraction, she had wandered over the most dangerous snow-passes, climbed where the eagle builds its nest and the chamois seeks its home; at last had turned her face homewards—not her new home—but her past, her old home. So they sought her there, and found her in the churchyard, the quiet resting-place of those whom she had loved. There they found her, kneeling at her father's grave, with her little child beside her. She heard her husband's voice, and, with a wild cry, ran to meet him. And what more need be said? The lost were found—the dead were raised—the clouds which were about them rolled away—and henceforth happiness was theirs. They always had one constant friend, who grew to be a gray-haired man, and whose delight it was to sit beneath their cottage porch on a summer eve, or by their blazing fire on a winter's night, and tell to some anxiously-listening group of bright-eyed children, the oft-repeated story of Buried Alive.

COBLENTZ.

COBLENTZ owes its name to its position. It is situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle, and the Romans, who built a fortress there thirteen years before the Christian era, called it *Confluentia*, or *Confluentes*. From this Latin appellation, slightly Germanised, is derived Coblentz; the name by which the town occupying the same site is now known. At the time when Antoninus wrote his "Itinerarium," the fortress contained about a thousand inhabitants. After the Romans came the Franks, whose kings built a palace at *Confluentia*, called *Cophelnuci*. When the three sons of Louis the Debonnaire divided among themselves the ... of Charlemagne, the preliminaries of the famous treaty of Verdun, A.D. 843, were discussed at an imperial diet in the cathedral at Coblentz. After having formed part of the kingdom of Lorraine, in pursuance of this treaty, Coblentz was re-united to the empire of Germany in 978, by Otho the Great. During the next two centuries, though the town nominally passed into the hands of several possessors, the inhabitants gradually advanced in wealth and freedom, until at length they succeeded in completely throwing off the yoke of subjection, and made Coblentz one of the chief centres of commerce in Germany. It extended, not merely below Ehrenbreitstein, but along the left bank of the Moselle, where may now be traced the remains of the ancient town.



VIEW OF COBLENTZ.—TAKEN FROM THE HEIGHT OF EHRENBREITSTEIN.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the archbishops of Treves wished to fortify Coblentz, nominally to protect it against foreign attack, but, really, to increase their power and recover the liberties which the people had extorted from them. At first, the people were rather favourable to the project, and voted funds for the construction of an outer wall; but afterwards, seeing the snare that was laid for them, they opposed it with equal zeal. The result was, a violent insurrection, followed by a bloody war which lasted two years, and ended in the capture of the town by the archbishop, under whose successors it remained till the middle of the fourteenth century. Baudouin of Luxembourg, the last of these, agined absolute authority over the town, but was also its great benefactor. He surrounded it with fortifications; enlarged Ehrenbreitstein, then called Hermannstein; built the old bridge over the Moselle; destroyed all the castles within his territory from which the barons and knights emerged to waylay and plunder the defenceless traveller, and established peace and order throughout the district; leaving Coblentz a flourishing, if not a free town. After his death, in 1367, Coblentz experienced great alternations of fortune. During the Thirty Years' War, it was thrice taken by the Swedes, the French, and the Imperialist forces. In 1688, Boufflers, having failed to take it, reduced it to ashes. During the revolutionary war at the close of the last century, it was the chief asylum for French emigrants. In 1794 it was taken by Marceau, and made the chief town of a French department.

Since the conclusion of the peace in 1815 Coblentz has belonged to Prussia, and it now forms the capital of the Rhenish provinces, upon which France is perhaps not unfairly suspected of looking with an evil eye. The population amounts to 20,000, or, if we include Ehrenbreitstein and the garrison, 26,000. In a military point of view, Coblentz is not without importance. Since it has been united to Prussia, much has been done to render it proof against attack, and it is now considered one of the strongest defences of that side of the Prussian dominions. The fortifications, which are constructed on the most improved principles, extend over a large space, and are capable of containing as many as 100,000 men. Ehrenbreitstein, on the other side of the Rhine, which is connected with Coblentz by a bridge of boats, being also strongly fortified, adds still further to the strength of its position as a bulwark of the Prussian kingdom.

The interior of the town presents few objects of interest. The old town—that is, the part nearer the Moselle—is rather animated; but the streets are narrow, crooked, and dirty. Though the new town, which extends behind the Royal Castle—a building raised by Clement Wenceslas, the last bishop elector of Treves—has regular and straight streets, the number of persons to be seen there is so small that it appears at first sight uninhabited. But, to see Coblentz fairly, it is necessary to disembark from the steam-boat, and go behind a frightful wall, which, without answering any useful purpose, completely hides from view the quay, the Royal Castle, the government palace, splendid hotels, and fine private houses. One must also go across the bridge of boats—more than a quarter of a mile in length—and ascend the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on the neighbouring heights of Pfaffendorf, from either of which positions may be obtained one of the most beautiful views on the borders of the Rhine. At your feet you have the Rhine, which has only just issued from the mountains, and, joined by the Moselle, rolls along its waters, unmingled at first with its own, with graceful meanderings at the foot of smiling hills, which skirt its right bank as far as the distant chain of mountains lost in the horizon. At the junction of the two rivers Coblentz, enriched by her commerce, which is increasing every year, seems already too much confined by the limits of the fortifications. Every quarter of an hour the bridge, over which an incessant crowd of people are passing, opens, to let either a steamer or a number of towing-vessels go through. On the left you see Fort Alexander and Fort Constantine; on the right Fort Francis, which is on the left bank of the Moselle; and beyond the Moselle and the Rhine a vast plain, interspersed with villages, extending westward and northward as far as the volcanic mountains of Maifeld and Eifel. While beholding the cultivated richness of this undulating plain, ... help calling to mind the numerous battles which have ... ht there, from the time when Cæsar marched triumphantly ... the day when Marceau and Hoche were buried there. ... in his "Childe Harold," thus alludes to Coblentz:—

"By Coblentz, on a rise of gentle ground
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid—
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb,
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious, was his young career,
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes,
And fitly may the stranger lingering here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise, which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.'

MY FIRST EVENING IN WALLACHIA.

BY A HONVED.

My readers will recollect the melancholy occasion on which the picked men of the Hungarian army, after the two extraordinary days of the 9th and 13th of August, 1849, were compelled to abandon all hope of liberty, and to escape the monstrous cruelty of Russia and Austria, by emigrating into Turkey. That day was a bright day for the Sultan—it was a bad day for Russia. The men who were driven by the force of Russia to seek refuge on the territories of the Turk, are those who since have drilled and organised the Turkish forces, while many of them are at this moment burning for the time when they shall come into the field against Russia. It matters not how, nor why—but I, in those days, was in the service of the Hungarian revolution.

I was at Hatzeg, just recovered from a wound, when I received the fatal intelligence of the surrender of Lazar and Török, and of the inexplicable day at Villagos. I, like all my companions, cried out with fury against the treachery of Görgey. But rage and lamentations were too late. The only thing we could do was to join General Bem. All was confusion and doubt. Some said all was over; some thought that there was falsehood in much of what was said. None would decide. I decided for myself. I had a good horse, a warm cloak, arms, and a portmanteau. I accordingly, knowing the country tolerably well, determined, alone and unassisted, to join the general and ascertain from his lips what was to be done.

Had I waited a few hours longer, I should have found that Bem was at all events trying to resist, trying to save the nation from the fearful blow it had received. I took my way towards the Iron-gate. I travelled at night, for fear of meeting with Austrians or Russians, though I chiefly dreaded the former. I succeeded in reaching the Iron-gate about twelve at night. I passed it and made for Weislowa. This city was calm and still, as if the savage dogs of war had never been loosed, and as if a nation's liberty had not been crushed under the iron heel of the ruthless Czar, against whom few in high places then cried as they do now, though he was the same ambitious despot he is now. I mistrusted the stillness, and sent my horse dashing through the streets without halting.

I soon, however, pulled up, as I found myself in the very act of falling into an Austrian corps of observation. Luckily I drew up just as the first sentry came in view, and walking my horse slowly back, I retreated into a little wood, where I chose a close thicket, fastened my horse to a tree, and took some refreshment. I found that, by standing on my horse's back and holding on to a branch, I could just see the Austrian tents. I determined, therefore, to keep very close until these fellows removed from the neighbourhood. Being an officer, my name known, and legally in the service of the empire, death awaited me if taken. I accordingly wrapped myself in my cloak, after cutting a good handful of grass for the horse, placed my pistols under my head, laid a carbine I had provided myself with by my side, and sought repose. I slept until nearly midday, when I awoke much parched, having had no drink but raw brandy since I started. I knew not what to do, and was about to rise to seek for water, even in some pool, for myself and horse,

when I heard the steps of a man and horse, the clanking of heavy boots, the rattling of a cavalry sword, and other alarming signs, close at hand. I cocked my gun.

"What is that?" said a voice as of one exhausted and worn out—a gentle voice too.

"A friend," I replied, recognising a Hungarian uniform, and hastening forward.

"Heaven be praised!" continued the stranger, who was sinking with exhaustion. "I have been chased ten miles by five Austrians, but a trumpet calling them, they joined some comrades."

"Some comrades," said I—"an army. The knaves will bring a cloud upon us. We must to horse."

"I can go no further now," replied the stranger, who was not more than eighteen, and yet an officer; but this was nothing in Hungary, where boys did deeds of manly valour.

"But death will be our portion if taken," I said.

"I can but die once," he continued, sinking on the ground.

"What is in that gourd?" I said almost fiercely.

"Water."

I snatched it, drank a draught—oh, how delicious to my parched lips!—and then held it to those of my companion, this time mixed with the coarse brandy of the country. The stranger would have resisted, but his strength was gone, and I forced the liquid down his throat. I then moved away and watched, for I heard the Austrians moving. But it was the whole division and in the direction of the Iron-gate.

I returned to my companion; he lay still upon the ground, and I understood he asked for food. I gave him bread, meat, and a knife. He began slowly to eat, and as his strength revived, I thought I had never seen so handsome a youth. The small Kossuth hat, the hussar uniform, set off to advantage a regular and rather effeminate visage, on which there was not even a sign of down. He explained that, having fled from Lagosc, he too was proceeding to join Bem, when a patrol of Austrians with a sham flag of truce chased him, and drove him to this extremity. Having said thus much, he wrapped himself in his cloak and went to sleep.

I woke him immediately it was dusk, and saddling both horses, assisted him to mount, and away we sped towards the point where we believed Bem to be. We avoided towns and villages; we halted before turning a corner. We were making for Kavanseber.

In the middle of the night we found a roadside inn, and here we heard for the first time that all was over, and that all those who had to dread Siberia or the gallows from the tender mercies of Russia and Austria had determined on emigrating to Turkey, convinced that the Turks would treat us far better than either of the two emperors. This was horrible—this was fatal news.

"What is to be done?" I said wildly.

"Go to Turkey," replied my companion, gently.

"But how?"

"By what means we can. On!"

And the young man struck his spurs in his horse's flanks, and led the way. It was a stupendous journey for two men to perform, across the mountains of Moraul, the volcanic ridges of the Carpathians, up hill and down dale. But death by the Austrian hangman was worse, and we neither of us then or now utterly despaired of Hungary.

We took still more care than ever to avoid any communication with the people about this part, they being that slavish peasantry called the Mautzen, who are so attached to Austria; but that morning we found a hut, where a man, recognising us as Hungarians, cheerfully offered to give us shelter. My companion hesitated, and shook his head. I laughed at his fears, and he agreed to chance it. We accordingly locked our horses in a small out-house, after giving them food which we paid for, and went up into a kind of loft to rest. We wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, saw that our primings were all right, and laying our heads on a bundle of straw, slept.

I was awoke at last by the sound of several voices conversing in a mysterious whisper. I moved not, but I listened. We were in a room which could only be approached by a ladder; it was steep; at its foot were about a dozen of the rascally Mautzen discussing who should go up first. I had my pair of American pistols, which I brought over in 1847 from America. I cocked one and peered through a crack. They were eleven men, armed with knives, old pistols, pikes, while two held cords to tie us with.

I rose to my feet with a bound, rushed to the head of the stairs, and fired my five discharges as rapidly as possible. Yells and roars succeeded, and then the house was cleared. My companion was by my side; we rushed down stairs, and I again let fly at the retreating crowd. Four were severely wounded, amongst whom was our treacherous host; I could not but feel glad that his case was hopeless. We then walked out into the open air, and while I levelled my trusty carbine at the scoundrels, my companion brought out our horses. We mounted, and giving the fellows another volley, rode off.

We sought no more hospitality after that. When in force, we took food and paid for it.

One day we were in the mountains, climbing a rocky path, when, suddenly reaching the crest of a hill, we saw beneath our feet a small army—hussars in front, a carriage next, a staff, several carriages, some infantry, and then two squadrons of hussars. We knew what it was: it was the sad remnant of Hungary's heroes. The reader may imagine our hurry to descend the hill, which we did by a mountain path that brought us out on the road ahead of the army. We were in an instant made prisoners, and taken back to the front carriage, in which sat a man in a gray blue coat, with gold embroidery, torn by bullets and sabres, with a Kossuth hat on his head. It was Bem.

"Good day, lieutenant," said he to me, and then his eyes dilated with surprise: "Miss Katerina B——, have you escaped?"

"Miss!" I exclaimed, wild with surprise, while my companion smiled and blushed, and the old general and his staff laughed heartily at my unfeigned astonishment.

I was overwhelmed with confusion, but it would have been pleasant to remark the change in my manner to my companion in misfortune. I treated her at once as a woman, and was rejoiced when she joined a party of refugee ladies. I then heard that, after joining the army with her brother and father, she was, by the death of them, left alone in the world; she would not leave the army, and her sex and courage had been universally respected.

Our journey over those hills, through the Carpathian mountains, those glorious scenes, our dangers, and our difficulties, are historical. At last we crossed the Turkish frontier, were welcomed gladly by the peasantry and authorities; and will the reader be surprised to learn, considering her forlorn position in that country, that I found a priest, and was married to my present good and gentle wife, on the very first evening I spent in Wallachia?

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY LANDSEER.

THE JEALOUS DOG.

"O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth make
The meat it feeds on."

[illegible] right for once! Nothing makes a man more wretched, feel [illegible] terror, and do more absurd or abominable things, When it once takes possession of the mind, all [illegible] ever gone; the world becomes accursed; life a [illegible] bitter to be borne. Man delights not, nor woman [illegible] plays strange pranks with mortals. You go to tea with the friend of your bosom, merely to talk a little scandal and eat a few muffins, when, somehow or other, the green-eyed monster steps in uninvited, and you hurry from the room with an indignant step and an aching heart. You take your adored Julia—to whom you have written so many sonnets, for whom you have gone to [illegible] much expense—to Brighton or Windsor, for a day's fresh air, and [illegible]

the same carriage sits a fine gentlemanly young fellow with the clear skin and handsome features which all women love to see; and because he pays your adored some few attentions, which she receives with the mild coquetry that is part and parcel of female human nature, you sit fuming all the while, execrating the trip, wishing you had stopped at home, thinking your charmer the most heartless of her sex, and all the while consigning the innocent cause of offence to a locality unmentionable to ears polite. Can our readers forget the little tea-party at Dotheboys Hall, in the absence of the respected proprietor thereof? It is a fine specimen of jealousy. Nicholas Nickleby, Miss Squeers, Miss Price, and her betrothed, John Brodie, sit down to a game at cards. Miss Price becomes the partner of Nicholas. The immortal Boz shall tell the rest:—

"The deal fell to Nicholas and the hand prospered.

"'We intend to win everything,' said he.

clenched fist, as if to keep his hand in till he had an opportunity o exercising it upon the features of some other gentleman. And Miss Squeers tossed her head with such indignation, that the gust of wind raised by the multitudinous curls in motion nearly blew the candle out.

"'I never had such luck, really!' exclaimed, coquettishly, Miss Price, after another hand or two. 'It is all along of you, Mr. Nickleby, I think. I should like to have you for a partner always.'

"'I wish you had.'

"'You'll have a bad wife, though, if you always win at cards,' said Miss Price.

"'Not if your wish is gratified,' replied Nicholas; 'I am sure I shall have a good one in that case.'

"To see how Miss Squeers tossed her head and the corn-factor flattened his nose while this conversation was carrying on. It would

THE JEALOUS DOG.

"''Tilda *has* won something she didn't expect, I think; haven't u, dear?' said Miss Squeers, maliciously.

"'Only a dozen and eight, love,' replied Miss Price, affecting to ke the question in a literal sense.

"'How dull you are to-night!' sneered Miss Squeers.

"'No, indeed,' replied Miss Price; 'I am in excellent spirits. I s thinking *you* seemed out of sorts.'

"'Me!' cried Miss Squeers, biting her lips, and trembling with ry jealousy. 'Oh, no!'

"'That's well,' remarked Miss Price. 'Your hair's coming out curl, dear.'

"'Never mind me,' tittered Miss Squeers; 'you had better attend [illegible] partner.'

"'Thank you for reminding her,' said Nicholas; 'so she had.'

"The Yorkshireman flattened his nose once or twice with his

have been worth a small annuity to have beheld that, let alone Miss Price's evident joy at making them jealous, and Nicholas Nickleby's happy unconsciousness of making anybody uncomfortable."

So much for jealousy in the human animal. The jealousy of Othello takes a grander form; the jealousy of Miss Squeers is that of common every-day life. The one is tragedy, the other is a farce. This ends in a cry, that in blood. The one is a summer cloud, the other a thunderstorm with death and desolation in its track. Little natures can feel the one, only colossal ones the other. But in its mildest form it is an unpleasant companion. It makes your tea sour and your muffin indigestible. It spoils your good looks and the amusements of the evening. Oh, reader, beware of jealousy—we *must* quote Shakspeare again—"it is the green-eyed monster which makes the meat it feeds on."

Now for jealousy in dogs. In general it is as irrational as that of the Smiths and Jones's of real life. Can we say more? For instance, as our artist has put it. A young girl, innocent of more dangerous objects of attraction at present, or, as Macaulay sings, with

> "Fair young face that had not learned
> To blush at gaze of man,"

is surrounded by her darling pets: a kitten full of liveliness and play; a cat all maternal affection; a monkey disposed, as monkeys generally are, to make themselves as agreeable as they possibly can, in this respect, at least, showing how different they are to men. Why should they not all be happy—happy as the family of birds and beasts exhibited daily to an admiring public in Trafalgar-square? Happy as we are all to be in Mr. Robert Owen's New Moral World? Why not? we repeat. The answer is soon given if we look at the picture. There is a dog—certainly not the sort of angry and jealous as he is, has no cause for it. The maiden will not pet him the less nor love him the less. She would be glad if, instead of snarling and showing his teeth and making the monkey uncomfortable, he would join them in their play, and be happy whilst he can, and make the best of the little span of time he calls his life. But he will not do so, absurd jealousy prevents him. Why the dog is almost as foolish as many men. Let us now turn to our second engraving, which represents

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

> "Oh, whither are we driven o'er the waters so free,
> With the vapours all around and the breakers on our lee?
> Not a light is in the sky, not a light is on the sea:
> Ah me! ah me!
> We are hurried to our doom. Oh, how wild and how strong
> Are the billows on whose bosom we are beating along!
> And the tempest he is calling (hark, how terrible his song!)
> For thee, for me.

THE LIFE PRESERVER.

dog a girl should love, but ladies do take strange things to their bosoms at times—a dog of ill-breeding and sadly degenerate, that gets jealous because every one else is happy, and that cannot forgive its little mistress her unintentional neglect, and he shows his ill-nature by venting it on Jacko, who has done nothing to deserve it beyond, perhaps, playing off—as monkeys are wont to do—a harmless practical joke. It is a sad thing such dogs exist. It is a pity that dogs cannot rise superior to such petty feelings, and take more comprehensive views of life. "Love to beings," said Edwards—and Godwin repeated it in his "Political Justice," a book which was to have upset the world, but which now sells for waste paper,—is virtue." Evidently the dog of our picture does not think so. He takes a very different view of virtue. It simply consists in love to himself. We fear the idea is too common. That it is not confined to dogs, but extends to men as well. Yet the dog,

> The thunder is awakened—he is talking to the night;
> And see what cometh flooding down in cataracts of light:
> 'Tis his paramour, the lightning—she withereth my sight.
> Ah me! ah me!"

So sings Barry Cornwall. We can almost realise the scene. The stout strong ship drifting away without rudder, dismasted, robbed of all her finery, an utter wreck; despair in the faces of her crew, some of whom curse, some of whom pray, and some of whom seek in intoxication to forget the terror of the hour and to face the destroyer Death. When that good ship was launched, it was on a bright summer day. Thousands came to see the sight. Beauty, in the shape of woman, named her; and cannons roared, and flags waved, and drums beat, and the people cheered, as she made her way to the element on which for a time she seemed so proudly and so securely to float. And then, with a cargo rich and rare, and

with seam[illegible] known for experience and skill, and with passengers hopefully leaving the old land, where competition is rife and everything valuable but man, for more congenial climes, she gaily left the port as if danger was an idle dream. But the storm came, and the giant waves arose in their fury, and nearer and nearer came the black, iron-bound coast, to touch which was death, and the gallant bark became a hideous wreck.

> "Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
> Then shriek'd the timid and stood still the brave;
> Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,
> As eager to anticipate their grave;
> And the sea yawned around them as a hell."

It is the hour of the power of death. There is no hope. Heaven and earth alike seem to refuse their pity and their aid. The only answer to the prayer of the dying, as one after another they are swept away, is the roar of the everlasting sea, as sullenly and relentlessly—sparing neither sex nor age, neither the tenderness of woman, man in his prime, nor the gray hairs of age—it vents its irresistible rage. Like death, you can never satiate the sea. Its cry is still, "More!" Down in its deep lie the loved, the beautiful, the young—the great, the pure, the good. It has gathered to itself, and holds with a miser's clutch, the gems of art, the treasures of nations, the jewels of imperial diadems. Oh, what a revelation will that be, when the command shall go forth, and the sea shall give up its dead!

But the wreck to which we have referred shall yet have its chronicler. One victim is snatched from the jaws of death. The sacrifice of life is not complete. One escapes the common lot. The dog, faithful to his master when all other ties are broken, when all other obligations are torn asunder, rescues him from a watery grave. Possibly just as he was sinking, just as he had become helpless and weary, his faithful companion bears him to safety and life once more. Such cases are not isolated: we have heard of them times without number. They teach us that, if man be but little lower than the angels, many of the animals in faithfulness and courage are but little below man.

And so our hero is once more restored to life. He lies there all consciousless and seemingly dead. But life will come back to him; the red blood will dance in his veins as of old; he will wake up as from a fearful dream. Once more he will rejoice himself in the light of the sun and in the society of his fellows; the world, with its charms, will appear to him as attractive as ever. In a short time, it may be that all the terrors of the scene through which he has passed may be completely erased from his mind. Such is human nature. "What a piece of work is man!"

Men who have been on the point of drowning, and have been saved just before the silver cord was loosened and life became extinct, have told us that in the last moments, before consciousness was gone, all the buried past rose before them in all the reality and majesty of life. Then came back to them childhood with its innocence, the mother with her love, the father with his manly care, the brotherly companionship, the sisterly caress. Then came back to them the passionate love of early youth, the very smiles and words perhaps of one long sleeping in her quiet grave. All that they had ever thought, or felt, or done, or said, seemed at that moment to come back to them at once. If we remember aright, De Quincy states that this was the case with him, in his "Confessions." One moment seems sufficient for the review of a life. With what a lightning glance must the mind review the past! We don't forget things; we only bury them. They lie in our hearts awaiting a resurrection morn. And that body snatched from death has just passed through such a crisis. Out in that roaring sea, with angry winds singing in his ears, or the shrieks of the dying borne onward on the gale, he may have heard the village bells of his boyhood sounding for Christian worship; or he may have listened to his mother's voice; or it may be that his own little ones, sleeping safe on shore, may have come and whispered in his ears; or that in fancy he may have clasped once more to his bosom the wife of his [illegible] he may have sunk down pleasantly, with peace in [illegible] a smile upon his lip, forgetful all the while of th[illegible]owing in his wake. Drowning men, we are told,

Well, it is to be hoped that the seemingly lifeless corpse here may find the waking up equally pleasant, and that he will honour the noble animal to whom he is indebted for his life in a fitting manner. That dog should be kept in clover for the rest of his days; he should wear a brass collar; he should be introduced to the best company; he should become an honorary member of the Royal Humane Society; his portrait should appear in the Royal Exhibition. Why not? Every dog has his day.

In conclusion, our engraving suggests two remarks. Our first is, that Horace was right when he says, that he was a bold man who first trusted himself at sea. Our second is more practical: When you do go to sea, be sure and take a Life Preserver with you. If it be possible, let it be a fine powerful dog, such as we have engraved.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

Of all the interesting sights in and about Portsmouth, perhaps there is none so interesting as this immense establishment; and yet perhaps none is so difficult to describe or to convey an idea of in print as this same dock-yard. Wherever we turn there is something to strike us with wonder. The great dimensions of everything around; the yard itself seeming like a manufacturing town; the immense ships upon the stocks in course of building; the anchors lying along in a continuous line of five or six abreast, and of some 400 or 500 feet in length, and some of them weighing upwards of five tons; cables to match these anchors, some of them the thickness of a man's waist; the masts lying along the floor of the Mast-house, showing themselves in their true size, no longer looking the slender rods we fancy them when seen in the ships; while the "tops," those small (?) platforms placed at the junction of the lower mast and the top-mast, upon which it has often made us giddy to see sailors standing, we now find to be large enough for a very comfortable quadrille. Everything seems magnified. "Manning the yards," too, we had always looked upon as a species of tight-rope performance; to see the sailors standing upright on these mere bits of stick, as they appear, and never falling off, seemed wonderful. But that is over now. We saw at the dock-yard several of these yards lying about. Wonderful to stand upright on those great beams of timber! Nonsense!—we could trot a horse along a considerable portion of their length, and think no great things of our horsemanship after all.

But let us proceed with our inspection of the different departments of this truly wonderful establishment.

Close to the entrance gate is situated the Mast-house. Here, as its name implies, the immense masts of which we have spoken above are made, and also the yards, bowsprits, etc., for ships. These yards and masts are of necessity made of several separate pieces of timber, which are accurately joined together and then hooped with iron, the hoops being put on while hot, so that the contraction of the metal on cooling compresses the whole forcibly together. Hanging up in the Mast-house, the lovers of relics may feast their eyes upon what, with this official guarantee, we suppose we must consider to be a genuine piece of the wreck of the Royal George, sunk at Spithead on the 29th August, 1782. We say we suppose this to be genuine, and as such must look upon it as a rarity; for it is a pretty well-established fact, that enough walking-sticks, snuff-boxes, and other articles have been manufactured from "genuine pieces of the wreck of the Royal George" to build two or three ships of the size of that vessel. However, whether this be genuine or not matters, we suspect, but little; there are things awaiting our inspection far more interesting than any old weather-beaten log of wood, though it were proved to be a genuine relic of the Argo itself, with a bit of the Golden Fleece to be seen adhering to it.

Leaving the Mast-house and proceeding to the left—or, if our readers prefer our speaking geographically—to the west, we see an exte[illegible] pile of buildings, upon the top of which is a lofty round tower, surmounted by a semaphore. This instrument—a [illegible] interesting relic now—something to show us what telegra[illegible] before the very lightning was made to carry our thoughts [illegible] magic wire; this instrument, we say, still may be seen there

its arms out in the strangest forms, as if declaiming fiercely against electricity for taking away its business, while it telegraphs messages to the shipping in the harbour and at Spithead (for which purpose it is now employed), and defies the electric wire to interfere with that. The pile of buildings beneath the semaphore consists chiefly of the Rigging-house and the Sail-maker's loft.

In the former of these we see the workmen busily engaged in fixing together the various ropes, blocks, and all the infinite varieties of articles comprised under the name of rigging. There are, also, stores here, where the "fitted rigging" is kept, to be ready when required.

In the Sail-maker's loft we see the canvas cut out, sewn together, bound, the ropes sewn around the edge of the sail; and, in fact, the whole business of sail-making. Here, too, the same feeling of bigness seizes the mind, and the men sitting down sewing these immense masses of canvas with a needle and thick twine, struck us as being in most admirable keeping with the rest of the establishment. Here, as everywhere else, we might fancy the workmen a race of Gullivers who had fallen somehow amongst the Brobdignagian workshops, and the group before us seemed to have picked up some fair lady's needlework, on which they were engaged with all their might. In one room we saw a lot of boys stitching away—these, we were informed, were naval apprentices, who were sent there to learn to sew and to mend sails—a very requisite accomplishment sometimes. In this same building there are also stores of sails, each ship's canvas being stowed away by itself, with the name of the ship to which it belongs painted over it.

Near to this building is the "testing machine"—a powerful hydraulic press used for testing the chain-cables, mooring-chains, etc. The chain-cable store is also close by. Here we witnessed the process by which chains, which have become rusty, are cleaned. It consists simply in putting them into a revolving cylinder, together with several small pieces of iron of different shapes; the cylinder being then set in motion by a steam-engine, the chain and the bits of iron so rub over and over against each other that the rust is rubbed off, and falls through small holes in the cylinder. The noise made by the immense chain rolling about in the hollow cylinder is absolutely deafening, and let any one wearing a good coat beware how he goes within some yards of it—unless he wishes to be covered with the rust.

Leaving this corner of the dock-yard, we pass on between some more storehouses, until we come out not far from the Mast-house we have before visited, then walking onward towards the interior of the yard we see on our right a long building, along the side of which are arranged the gigantic anchors, of which we have spoken. This building is the rope-house. It measures 1,097 feet in length, and the floors being very low, the perspective, as we look from one end to the other, seems absolutely interminable. Here, in different stories, we see the hemp spun into yarn, and the yarn again twisted into ropes or strands, and these again into cables, of all sizes. The effect of these ropes, with the men at work on them at the extreme end of this long building, is very strange.

Before, however, the yarn is twisted into ropes, it has to be thickly coated with tar. This is effected in the tarring-house close by. On entering here the smell of the tar is almost overpowering to the visitor. The workmen, however, who are breathing that atmosphere for several hours in the course of the day, seem not at all to mind it; one, indeed, assured us that he liked it very much. The yarn is brought from the rope-house wound on reels, from which it is unwound on to other reels by steam-power, passing on its way through a large cistern of boiling tar. Each workman manages two reels at a time; holding some hemp in each of his hands he grasps the yarn, and thus wipes off the superfluous tar, and at the same time guides the yarn properly on the reel.

Still proceeding in a northerly direction from the tarring-house we pass the docks, where we see the ships which are in course of repair. These docks are provided with immense flood-gates, which are closed when the ship is brought into dock, and the water is then pumped out by means of large chain-pumps worked by steam. The ship while in dock is kept in an upright position by propping it in every part with large pieces of timber against the sides of the dock, which follow the outline of the ship.

Just beyond these docks we come to a department of peculiar interest, from the beautiful machinery to be seen working there. We allude to the block-making machinery. Here we see the numerous blocks, or pulleys, used in the rigging of a ship, made in all their parts, from the rough-hewn timber to the finished block. The whole of the varied and intricate processes by which the peculiar shape of each block is given to it, are effected by the different machines in this building. A seventy-four-gun ship requires no less than 1,430 blocks of various sizes, the whole of which can be made at this establishment if necessary in one day, by the aid of the machinery we have mentioned, with the superintendence of only four men. In one part of the building we see circular saws driven at an immense velocity; a solid piece of timber is presented to the saw, and is almost instantly cut up into square pieces the size required for the block. Another machine then turns this square piece into the shape required. Others again make the groove in the block for the reception of the rope by which it is to be fastened to the rigging; cut out the space or spaces in the centre of the block for the "sheaves" (the wheels of the pulley); bore holes for the pins of the sheaves to go through; and, in fact, as we have said before, from the rough wood turn out a finished block. Several of these machines are in principle the same as the lathe, but the peculiar shapes required to be given to the different parts of the block, of course necessitate the application of apparatus very different from that employed in ordinary turning. It is this which makes the machinery so beautiful. We see the great blocks whirling round with such velocity, the splinters and dust flying away in all directions, and the cutting tools eating their way into the very heart of the block, as though nothing but the absolute cutting away of the whole mass could stay their progress. We feel that another moment and the block must be cut completely through; but at the instant we see the operation stopped as if by magic, and the block turned out with exactly the amount, to a hair's breadth, cut from it that was requisite. In another part of the building are the different lathes for turning and shaping the sheaves. These are made of *lignum vitæ*, the hardest wood that can be procured, and they are turned, grooved, and polished, with a precision which only machinery could attain. In the centre of the sheaves, where the pin goes through, a socket of brass is let in. The machine for cutting the groove for this socket is very beautiful; so perfectly and exactly does it cut it to fit the brass. When the brass socket is fitted to it, the whole is placed in a kind of lathe to be planed and polished. Here the same tool cuts away both the wood and the brass, never exerting too much force, so as to cut too deeply in the softer part, and never lacking force to cut quite deep enough when operating upon the metal. Then there are machines for smoothing and polishing the iron pins which form the axes of the pulleys. All these different machines are driven by a steam-engine of thirty-two horse power. Close to the block-making machinery is a large sawing-house, where circular and vertical saws may be seen constantly at work, cutting up large pieces of timber into planks of any thickness required, and with an almost surprising rapidity. These saws, like all the rest of the machinery, are worked by steam, and with such precision do they work that the planks seem scarcely to require the carpenter's plane.

From this department we walk on and view the building slips. Here we see the vessels in course of construction and in every stage of their progress. We went inside of one of these—a vessel of 120 guns. She had only her principal timbers laid down, the decks not having been put in nor any of the framework lined. To describe this sight—or rather the feeling it inspired—when we were standing, as it were, within the skeleton of this mighty monster of the deep, would be no easy task. It seemed indeed to us more like the skeleton of some great animal than anything else we could compare it to. The keel, running right along the centre, made of so many pieces of timber, formed a very fair representative of some gigantic *vertebræ*; while on both sides, throughout its whole extent, spring out the timbers of its sides—the ribs of the great creature.

Further on we come to the Anchor-smiths' shop. Here is a new scene of wonder: the dark, grimy, smoky atmosphere of the place, relieved every here and there by the fierce glowing of the forge fires, as they are acted upon by the enormous bellows; then the dim outlines of the workmen, as they are seen moving about through the mist and smoke that hangs over the whole; the immense masses of iron heated almost to incandescence; and the sounds of

the ponderous hammers striking these masses, and shooting off thousands of brilliant sparks in every direction—a perfect pyrotechnic display. The steam hammer is well worthy of notice, as an instance of the perfect subjection under which the giant steam is held by man. This enormous hammer can be made to descend upon the iron placed beneath it with a force of *ten tons* at every stroke; and yet so docile is it, that it can be made to crack a nut without injuring the kernel. And from these two extremes it can be regulated to strike with any amount of force required to the most exact nicety. Anchors, bolts, and other wrought-iron work are forged in this department; and the visitor is shown how the old scrap iron is tied up in bundles, placed in the furnace, and then forged at the hammer for new uses.

Near to the Anchor-smiths' Shop is the New Steam basin, a very large basin used for the repairing of steam-vessels, of which it is capable of containing a very great number. It is a handsomely constructed basin, faced with granite, and having dry docks attached to it, in which steamers undergo repairs that could not be done in the basin. Some very large steamers are often to be seen in course of repairing.

Not far off is a very handsome new range of buildings devoted to the Steam Engine Factory. Here, as the name implies, the various parts of steam-engines are constructed. It is a curious sight. Large masses of iron are turned in lathes, as if they were the softest wood; holes are drilled in immense plates of the same metal with the most perfect facility; and a piece of iron is smoothed by means of a plane, the shavings curling up and falling off, just as we see them at the carpenter's bench. In fact, we see in this factory iron, copper, brass—anything, in short—cut up, bored through, smoothed, and planed, as though the hardness or softness of the material worked upon were immaterial to the mighty agent which sets the machines in motion.

And well might it be so, when we look at this agent itself. A large steam-engine works in an engine-house near to the factory, and gives motion to all the various machinery within it. This engine, which is the largest in the dock-yard, is one of Boulton and Watts' construction. It is of eighty horse power, has a seven-foot stroke, and the fly-wheel measures twenty-one feet six inches in diameter and weighs twenty-five tons.

Some very extensive smiths' shops are erected close to this engine-house by Messrs. Fox, Henderson, and Co., the well-known contractors for the Exhibition building. The roof is supported by iron columns, in which we see the same principle carried out as that employed in the Crystal Palace, the columns being hollow, so as to carry off the drainage from the roof.

The foundry is an interesting sight. Some of the metal castings are of great size, as they must be to be employed in the immense ships for which they are designed.

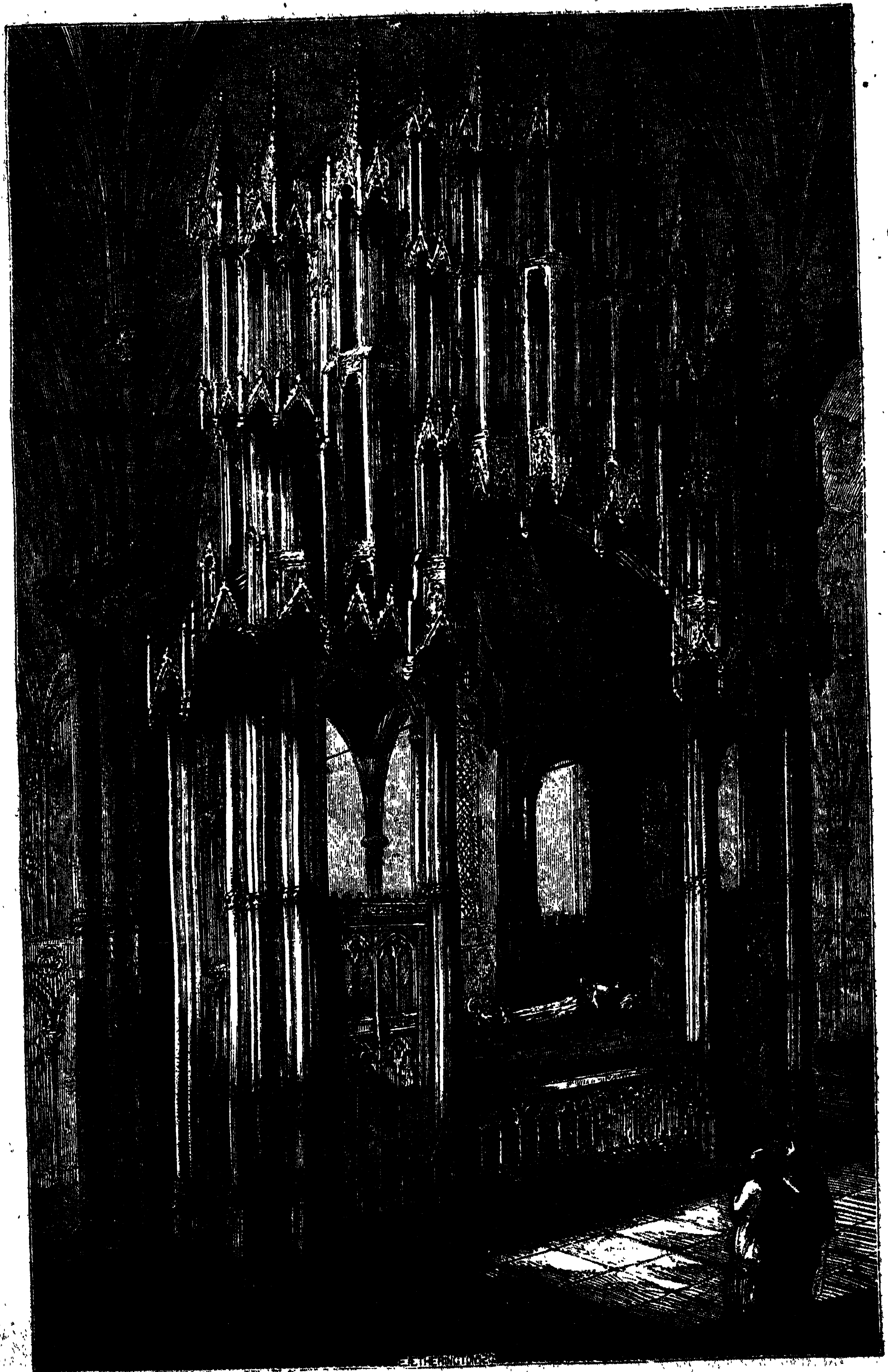
Returning from the northern part of the yard, and observing a new battery recently erected, where guns are mounted for the defence of that portion of the establishment, we pass the residences of the principal officers of the establishment. There is, also, here an extensive pile of buildings used as a school of naval architecture, a chapel, a surgery, etc.

In addition to the varied objects we have thus endeavoured to point out, there are innumerable storehouses filled with the various stores required for the naval service; large cisterns, in which the timber is boiled or steamed before using it; immense stacks of timber in course of seasoning, all marked with the description of the wood, and the date when stacked; joiners' shops, carvers' shops, blacksmiths' shops; a canvas shed, where the canvas for hatchway-cloths, hammocks, etc. is painted; boat-houses and boat-ponds, where boats are kept in constant readiness for use. And at almost every corner of the yard are those most important articles—fire-engines and buckets.

Our space, however, warns us that we must quit the dockyard. We have done our best to convey an idea of the numerous and varied processes carried on there. We have felt the difficulty of describing these processes with anything like completeness; still, if we have conveyed any notion of how matters are managed in this great national establishment—if we have imparted to this article any portion of the interest which an inspection of the place cannot fail to afford—our visit to the Portsmouth Dock-yard has not been quite in vain.

OUTSIDE STRIPE FOR BED QUILT.

Use Brooks's Prize Goat's-head Crochet Cotton, No. 0. No. 2, Penelope Hook.



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

WINCHESTER is one of the few cities in England at the present day, to which one may safely apply the epithet, *venerable*. A large cluster of ennobling memories seems to have settled upon that ancient place. Its history can be traced up to the time of the Britons. The Romans built many edifices in it, in the second century of the Christian era. The monarchs of the West Saxons, in the days of the heptarchy, made it their capital, and spent large sums in embellishing it; though their works were frequently destroyed by the ravages of the Danes. Egbert, the first king of all England, was crowned in it; so was William Rufus, and so was the lion-hearted Richard, when he came back from the holy war. Most of the monarchs of that day left London at Christmas and Easter, and here celebrated both these festivals in great state. Here Henry V. held his parliament before embarking at Southampton to spread terror and devastation through France. Here Queen Maude, being greatly pressed by her rival, Stephen, spread abroad the report that she was dead, and disposing her fair limbs in a coffin, was carried safe and sound through the midst of the besieging army. Here, too, a gallant army of cavaliers shut themselves up in 1642, and held the town and castle against the roundheads for a long time, till being driven out by Sir William Waller, one of old Noll's generals, the fortress was destroyed, all except the chapel.

The castle and chapel were both famous places. In the chapel Hubert, the pope's legate, sat as judge, in 1072, in the dispute between the rival sees of Canterbury and York, and awarded the supremacy to the former, from that time forward and for evermore; and when the castle disappeared, the assizes were held here, and still are—the Nisi Prius judges sitting under the identical round table at which the famous knights of Prince Arthur sat and feasted, and quaffed their sack, and passed their quips, and cracks, and gibes, and jests, goodness knows how long ago. What a revolution! Mr. Sergeant Ponderous supporting a demurrer, or moving for a rule *nisi*, against some lawless railway company, with his horsehair rubbing against the spot whereon Sir Lancelot du Lake, Sir Tristram, Sir Pelleux, Sir Gawain, Sir Gareth, etc. satisfied the cravings of their knightly appetites.

Nor was the place less famed for piety and learning than for warlike renown. It had, it is said, fifty parish churches at one time, of which only a very small number remain. An abbey, too, there was, renowned for its sanctity and wealth, and so early as 1300, John Pontissard, of pious memory, bishop of the diocese, founded a college, dedicated to St. Elizabeth of Hungary, which, however, was destroyed in the general wreck of religious houses consequent upon the change of creed of Henry VIII.

But none of these edifices could compare to the abbey and cathedral. The present edifice was commenced in 1079 by Bishop Wakelyn, a Norman, improved and enlarged by the good William of Wykeham, and finally retouched by Bishop Fox. The convent consisted of a prior and forty-two monks, and flourished in splendour for nearly nine hundred years, until it was dissolved by Henry VIII., who instituted the present foundation, and dedicated it to the Holy Trinity. The length of this splendid fabric from east to west is five hundred and forty-five feet; of these Our Lady's chapel includes fifty-four, and the choir one hundred and thirty-six. The length from the iron door, near the entrance of the choir, to the porch at the west end, is three hundred and fifty-one feet; the length of the transepts is a hundred and eighty-six feet; the breadth of the body below the transepts is eighty-seven feet, and of the choir forty. The vaulting in the inside is twenty-six feet high; the exact height of the tower is one hundred and thirty-eight feet and a half, and its breadth fifty feet by forty-eight. The prospect from the west end of the middle aisle to the east window, beyond the choir, is striking and impressive in the highest degree. It needs but to be once seen to make evident the wonderful adaptation of the Gothic architecture to the production of those feelings of reverence and solemnity and sublimity which are closely akin to religious awe.

The republican soldiers under Sir William Waller played sad havoc with several of the rich decorations of the interior, but enough survived, and enough has since been added, to make it one of the grandest monuments which England contains, of the piety, taste, and enthusiasm of our ancestors.

Behind the altar is the royal vault, which contains the bones of the Saxon kings, and one or two Danish and Norman. Canute and William Rufus, the Conqueror's son, lie side by side. The latter was brought, a bleeding and "unwholesome carcase," in a peasant's cart from the New Forest, where Tyrrel shot him, and was here buried silently and without ceremony.

The church contains several chantries, the erection of piety, or gratitude, or affection. That of Cardinal Beaufort, which we have chosen for illustration, is probably more remarkable than any, not only for its own intrinsic beauty, but for the many historical reminiscences which surround the name of its founder. We shall describe it in the words of Mr. Britton:—

"Beaufort's chantry consists of clustered piers, with a pannelled screen at the base, an open screen at the head or west end, and a closed screen at the east end. There are doors on the north and south sides, and the whole is surmounted by a mass of canopies, niches, and pinnacles, which bewilder the sight and senses by their number and complexity. Beneath this gorgeous canopy is an altar-tomb in the centre of the enclosure, with the statue. . . . Milner says, 'that the figure represents Beaufort in the proper dress of a cardinal: viz., the scarlet coat and hat, and long depending cords, ending in tassels of ten knots each.' The low balustrade and tomb, the latter of which is lined with copper, and was formerly adorned on the outside with the arms of the deceased, enchased on shields, are of gray marble. The pious tenor of his will, which was signed two days before his death, and the placid frame of his features in the figure before us, which is probably a portrait, lead us to discredit the fictions of poets and painters, who describe him as dying in despair."* Regarding the statue, Mr. Britton says in another place,† "The effigy of Beaufort is a vulgar, clumsy piece of workmanship, even worse than its near neighbour, that of Sir John Clobery. We cannot otherwise account for the extreme badness of this statue than by supposing that it was placed there at a time much later than the building of the chantry, indeed since the Reformation. It seems rather the workmanship of a stonemason than of a sculptor."

It would be an unpardonable omission to dismiss the subject of the chantry without saying a word or two as to the cardinal himself, especially since Shakspeare has immortalised him, in his drama of "Henry VI." He is there, however, represented as the very pink of insolent priests, proud, luxurious, covetous, and a despiser of the truths he professed to teach. In the very first scene in the play, Gloucester is made to say to him:—

> ——— ———"Thou lov'st the flesh,
> And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
> Except it be to pray against thy foes."

Further on we meet with him in a brawl on Tower hill, in which Gloucester calls him "a pill'd priest," "a manifest conspirator, who gave indulgences to rogues," "a Winchester goose," "a wolf in sheep's array," "a scarlet hypocrite;" and the bishop, with rather unbecoming warmth for a man of his cloth, threatens "to have Gloucester's heart's blood." In the third act, in the parliament-house scene, Gloucester sums up his character as follows:—

> "Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
> Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonoured me.
> Think not, although in writing I preferred
> The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
> That therefore I have forged or am not able
> *Verbatim* to rehearse the method of my pen:
> No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
> Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
> As very infants prattle of thy pride.
> Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
> Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
> Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
> A man of thy profession and degree."

* Britton's "History and Antiquities of the See and Cathedral Church of Winchester." pp. 95, 96. † p. 81.

The general opinion now is, however, that the poet, taking *Holinshed* for his sole authority, did the prelate wrong. Proud, ambitious, and ostentatious he was, no doubt; but these are vices too common amongst men in power to warrant us in picturing the cardinal as a monster of undiluted iniquity. The times he lived in were turbulent; men's ideas of right and wrong had not yet assumed that fixity they now have. The duties of ministers of religion were not so clearly defined as they now are. The assumption of the cowl did not necessarily involve a real and veritable repudiation of worldly cares and pursuits. High-born priests of rank were still turbulent barons; base-born priests of no rank were often drunken, ignorant louts.

Beaufort was the son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, Catherine Swinford. He studied law at Oxford, and afterwards at Aix-la-Chapelle, but on entering the church, his royal extraction procured his speedy elevation to the prelacy. In 1397, he was appointed to the see of Lincoln; 1404, we find him Lord Chancellor of England, and Bishop of Winchester. He had been three times Lord Chancellor by 1417, and some idea may be formed of his wealth from the fact that he lent the king Henry V., his nephew, twenty thousand pounds—an immense sum in those days—to assist in carrying on the war against France, for which he received the crown as security. He was sent on various important state missions to the Continent, and was present at the Council of Constance. His influence in England was at this time all powerful. He was appointed one of the guardians of the young king, Henry VI., during his minority, and in 1424, was a fourth time Lord Chancellor.* In the year 1425, however, the dissensions between him and Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, the Protector, which ended in the death and ruin of the latter, and which agitated all England, first came to a head. Their first outbreak is thus quaintly described by Holinshed: "Somewhat before this season fell a great division in the realm of England, which of a sparkle was like to have grown to a great flame. For whether the Bishop of Winchester, called Henry Beaufort, son to John, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife, envied the authority of Humfreie, Duke of Gloucester, Protectour of the realm; or whether the duke disdained the riches and pompous estate of the bishop; sure it is that the whole realm was troubled with them and their partakers; so that the citizens of London were faine to keep dailie and nightlie watches, and to shut up their shops for fear of that which was doubted to have ensued of their assembling of people about them." To decide their differences, the bishop called upon the Duke of Bedford, his nephew, then Regent of France, to arbitrate between them. The latter came over, but shifted the responsibility off his own shoulders by calling an assembly of the nobility at St. Alban's, known as the *Parliament of Bats*, because the partizans of either party came to the spot armed with clubs, weapons of steel being forbidden them. The duke, however, compromised the matter by taking the great seal from his uncle and handing it over to the Protector. On his return to France, Beaufort accompanied him as far as Calais, and in the church of that town received a cardinal's hat, with the title of St. Eusebius, sent him by Pope Martin V. He then returned to England as papal legate, and made his entry into London with great pomp. He soon after, in 1427-8, raised a body of men for a crusade against the Bohemian Hussites, but was compelled by the council, in the first instance, to employ them in the war in France. He afterwards, however, fulfilled his original intention, and served in Bohemia until superseded by Cardinal Julian. During his absence, his old enemies were busily at work, and poured innumerable charges against him into the royal ear; and attempts were even made to deprive him of his bishopric—so that on his return to England he thought it necessary to procure, under the great seal, a pardon for all crimes and misdemeanours that might be alleged against him from the beginning of the world down to the 26th of July, 1437. The remoteness of the period to which he thought it necessary to ascend, is a singular proof of the extent of his fears, and his opinion of the accusing powers of his enemies. He showed himself, however, rather lax in not taking precautions for the future also; for it would have been quite as easy to have convicted him of an offence to be committed in the year 1900, as of one which took place in the days of the patriarch Methusaleh.

* In the earlier periods of English history this office was held exclusively by churchmen.

Notwithstanding his vigilance, however, the indefatigable protector again drew up articles of impeachment against him in 1442, and presented them to the king, who referred them to his council. The council being mostly composed of ecclesiastics, were of course inclined to favour the cardinal, and delayed their decision so long, that Gloucester lost patience, and abandoned the prosecution. He was murdered in May, 1447, it was suspected with the complicity, if not at the instigation, of the cardinal. The latter survived him only a month. He is said to have died in agony of remorse and despair, bewailing his crimes, confessing his manifold sins and wickedness, and offering untold sums for an hour of life. Shakspeare, in the third act of the play to which we have already referred, draws a moving picture, into which all his mighty powers are thrown, of his last hours, as those of a despairing murderer and traitor, without one pleasant memory in the past, or one bright hope in the future. As the passage is doubtless familiar to most of our readers, we shall refrain from quoting it, and shall content ourselves with giving Holinshed's summing up of the cardinal's character, as a specimen of that worthy chronicler's powers of invention, as well as of English "undefiled," which many of our writers at the present day would do well to imitate. "During these doings, Henrie Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, and called the rich cardinal, departed out of this world. He was son to John, duke of Lancaster, descended of an honourable lineage, but borne in baste; more noble in blood than notable in learning; hautie in stomach and high of countenance; rich above measure, but not verie liberale; disdainfull to his kin, and dreadfull to his lovers, preferring monie before friendship; many things beginning, and few performing, save in malice and mischiefe; his insatiable covetousness, and hope of long life, made him both to forget God, his prince, and himselfe. Of the getting of his goods, both by power legantine and spirituall briberie, I will not speak; but the keeping of them, which he chiefelie gathered for ambitious purpose, was both hurt to his natural prince and native countrie; for his hidden riches might have well holpen the king, and his secret treasure might have relieved the communaltie when monie was scant and charges great."

Though in this harsh judgment most English historians coincide, they all agree that by his death Henry lost one of his best and most faithful counsellors, and that from that day the state of affairs became worse and worse. Whatever use of his riches he might have made during his life, his disposal of them after his death was most praiseworthy. He left an enormous sum to the prisons of London; he ordered two thousand marks to be distributed amongst the poor tenants of his diocese, and forgave the rest all they owed him. He founded an hospital at Winchester, and endowed it with the sum of £158 13s. 4d. per annum, according to the value of money at that time, besides some lands for the maintenance of two chaplains, a master, thirty-five poor men, and three nurses. He left jewels and plate of considerable value to nearly every cathedral church and monastery in England. He lies buried in Winchester cathedral; but of the inscription on his tomb nothing remains save the words *Tribularer, si nescirem misericordias tuas*—"I should be sorely troubled, did I not know thy mercy."

LETTER FROM COPENHAGEN.

June , 1854.

There is no part of Europe where so much is thought of the war as in Sweden. We are, as it were, on the spot, and the events in the Baltic have roused us to a pitch of enthusiasm quite novel. The presence of the English and French fleets has set all our statesmen devising plans for the aggrandisement of Sweden. Our military men are getting up a war fever, which would be almost ludicrous did not the future actually present contingencies which may make Sweden play a very important part in the coming events of this unfortunate struggle. Sweden is perfectly aware that the progress of Russia, unchecked and unshaken, would have ended in the entire absorption of her territories; and it is more with a view

to prevent this than for the value of Finland, that we hear of nothing else here but the re-conquest of that territory, and the uniting of the Fins to this country again. Should this be decided on, the fate of Cronstadt and St. Petersburg is, as it were, sealed, for the aid thus afforded to the allied fleets would be incalculable.

Of course, a country which was united to Sweden for more than six hundred years must contain within itself the elements of restoration. There are the seeds of union. The Finlanders hate the Russians; they are wretchedly oppressed by that power, and are ruthlessly torn from their homes to serve the great northern despot by sea and land. The immense importance of this territory in relation to Russia will be seen by an examination of the map; and as, in all probability, this comparatively unknown country will be the seat of important military operations by the Baltic forces, a sketch will not here be out of place.

It is a very large district, being about 500 miles long by 250 wide, uneven, mountainous, full of valleys, and almost wholly without plains. It is a kind of Russian Switzerland, and some of the scenery, though rather bleak, is very striking and magnificent. Its actual area is about 7,000 miles, and it is placed in a very high northern latitude, a portion of it being almost arctic in its situation. It is bounded on the north by Norway, on the west by Sweden and the Gulf of Bothnia, to the south by the Gulf of Finland, to the east by three Russian provinces. Its population is not very far from two millions. A large and influential portion of this population are connected by marriage and tradition with Sweden, to which country they look with hope. The Russians have a party, but not very influential in point of numbers. The great body of the people are of the patriotic party, the pure Fins, who desire to be neither Russians nor Swedes, but Finlanders.

There are several very lofty mountains, and numerous elevated chains of hills. There are a great many rivers with names of celebrity in the history of the country, and lakes are of very frequent occurrence. The climate is not tempting; it is very cold and inclement; and the winter is very long and harsh, in some places lasting nine, in others six months. The air is said to be wholesome: and with civilisation, culture, and the introduction of drainage, the climate itself is said to be becoming warmer. It is very differently peopled, according to the climate, the southern portion being more thickly populated than the northern. Lapland is scarcely peopled at all.

The country is purely agricultural. Sweden looks to it as a valuable colony, which would be improved by trade and commerce, and give a fine field for enterprise, if it were restored to its ancient connexion. There is no doubt that its resources might be considerably developed. The country produces rye, barley, wheat, and oats, to a very great extent. Potatoes are reared to the extent of about six million bushels per annum. Hemp, flax, and tar are the chief exports, with pine and birch wood. These are the articles which it is believed might be developed by a genial government. Russia, it is true, lays Finland rather extensively under contribution for all these articles, but not in a way that is at all satisfactory to the poor inhabitants of the Grand Duchy, which, though it produces the best and hardiest sailors of the empire, is none the less oppressed and misgoverned.

Since the commencement of the war, a perfect *razzia* of cattle has taken place. The Russian contractors for the army—or by whatever crack-jaw name they call them—have not been very delicate in their mode of appropriating the cattle, horses, sheep, swine, and goats, which feed on the somewhat rich pasture and meadow lands of the country. The reindeer, which are tamed, have hitherto, from their northern position, escaped the rapacity of these gentlemen, who are even worse than Turkish tax-gatherers.

With such resources as Finland possesses in this way, it is not surprising that the production of butter is great, while wool is very productive and long in staple. The horses remind one of the mustangs of Texas, and those wild creatures which Head so picturesquely describes in the Pampas. They are not so wild, however, and though small, do good service to their owners. Though the amount of produce is small, the tin and copper mines are valued in Russia; while attempts have been made to introduce cotton and glass mills. They do not, however, employ a very large section of the population.

It will not surprise many of your readers, when I say that the export trade of this obscure country is considerable. A land which depends so much on natural resources, which is rich only in raw materials, must necessarily, to share the general luxury of the world, export its own growth in exchange for the manufactures of others. It employs nearly five hundred large vessels and nine hundred coasters, which convey its planks, tar, potash, cattle, tallow, etc., to the markets of Europe and to the ports of Russia. Every encouragement has been given to the development of trade, for obvious reasons.

The official language of the country is Swedish. Nearly all the Fins are Protestants; Russia has not been able to force the impostures of its Greek creed upon the people. It is supposed to be governed by its own laws, but Russia takes care never to summon those who should make and administer these laws. It retains its constitution, but this is not allowed to work. It is suspended, though not suppressed; and the suspension is as perpetual as the fabled one of Mahomet's coffin. There are very few Russians in the country, and these chiefly officials residing at Helsingfors, the new capital. The native troops, according to the usual Russian policy, have been sent to Poland, a country of which they know little, and Finland is garrisoned by Russian soldiers.

There is an archbishop, who resides at the old capital, a university, several academies and schools; and by these means much progress in education has been made; but this is rendered of no avail from the fact that all books are prohibited now by the Russians, save a few elementary chemical and agricultural works. All works of the fancy, novels, poetry, all works of general history, are virtually excluded; so that the Finlanders live in happy ignorance of the state of the rest of the world—a happy state of things, of course very conducive to the civilisation, and at all events to the quiet government of the country. The theory of the Czar appears to be, Mind your own business, dig, hew wood, draw water, go to school, learn to read, but don't attempt to make any practical use of your acquirements. As long as the despots of Russia are able to keep up this state of things will they be able to rule so many millions. But as certain as that no government has any right to keep its population in abject ignorance, so surely will this system end in some terrible convulsion. Education and religion, after all, are the only true safeguards of society.

The Finlanders, by the exercise of these arts, have been brought to regard the English and French as a very sanguinary race; but this delusion cannot last, especially as many of the Fins have been long voyages, and will be able satisfactorily to dispel such absurd delusions.

There are several mining-schools lately established, I am assured, with a view to increase the produce of the tin and copper mines, which hitherto have been rather rudely worked. The absence of British and French engineers and professors will be much felt. I find that many British merchants have appointed American correspondents in Russia, and that an attempt will be made in this way to introduce machinery. A close blockade will be the only means of entirely crippling the enemy. Loss of men is no punishment to the Czar. Material and money are the chief objects.

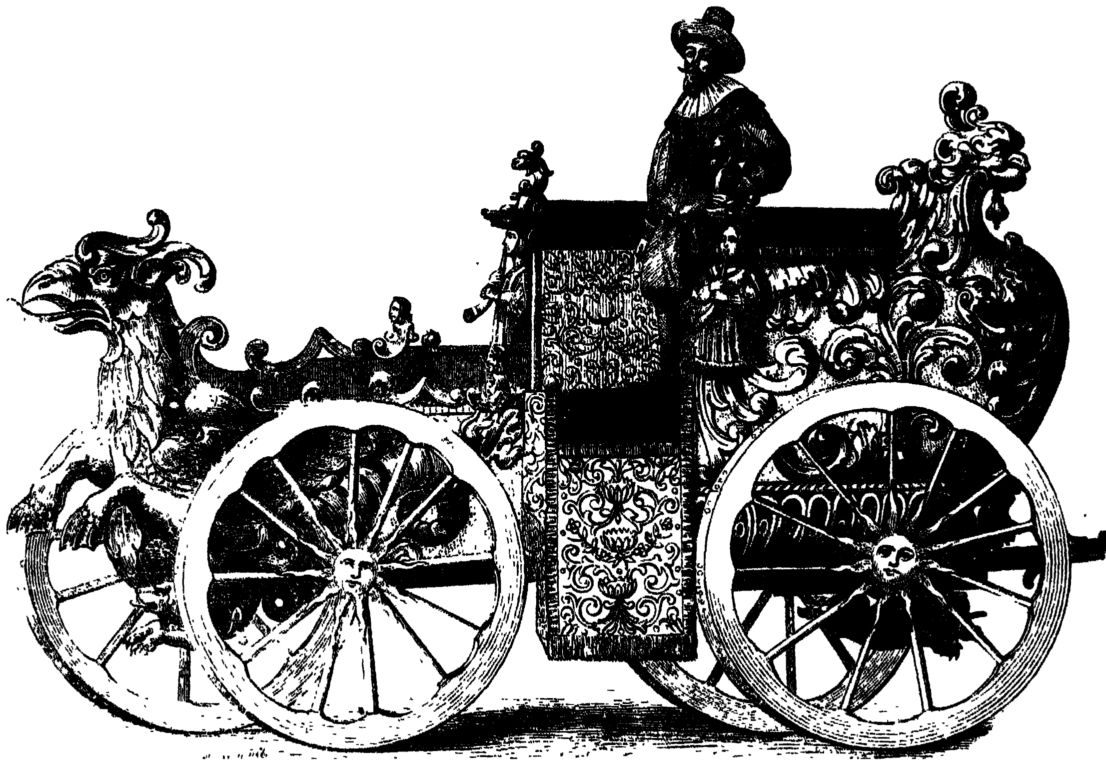
Such is the country which Sweden dreams of re annexing by the aid of the allied powers; and it is probable that many parts of it will soon be familiar to you, as the scene of the operations of the British and French fleets. The policy of England and France is very popular here with the masses, who dream of the time when Sweden made such a noise in the military history of the world; while the thinking and educated classes view with terror the prospect of any Russian success, which would certainly be the prelude to a Russian occupation of Sweden. Russia has for some time considered Sweden as a protected power, and Sweden seems determined not to lose the opportunity of shaking off Muscovite influence.

I send you no ordinary news, as you will receive that through the usual channels. By the constitution, the king can raise the army to 150,000 men; at present it is at 25,000 men, but a few weeks will probably decide the policy of the government, which is not much inclined to lean to that of the party which takes Gustavus as their polar star.

GERMAN CHARIOT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is scarcely any history more replete with interest or more rich in valuable instruction, than the history of invention and discovery. It is curious to trace the gradual advances which have been made from the rudest implements of barbarous times, to the complicated machinery of a highly civilised age, and to mark how the guesses and imperfect attempts of one period reappear in another, developed to a degree of perfection of which the originators had not the remotest conception. How striking, for instance, is the contrast between the steam-engine of the Marquis of Worcester, in the middle of the seventeenth century, and those now in use. Had the noble projector been told of the high state of perfection to which his invention would be brought in the middle of the nineteenth century, he would have rejected the idea as utterly absurd. A similar remark would apply to a thousand other cases of this sort.

The art of locomotion is one in which we have made greater progress than almost any other. Yet it cannot be said that the men of past ages failed for want of industry in attempting to improve. In several special works upon the history of chariot building, and improvements in locomotion in the fifteenth and two following centuries, we find it stated that a mechanist of Nuremberg, named John Hanstch, "made chariots which moved by a spring, and went two thousand paces an hour." We present our readers with an engraving of one of these singular vehicles from an old German plate. The person standing in the chariot is Hanstch himself, driving, or rather conducting. In spite of much active research, we have not been able hitherto to ascertain with any degree of clearness or precision what kind of springs the skilful contriver employed. In all probability the mechanism was something like that of a watch or meat-jack, and required to be wound up at certain intervals. If so, the invention was more curious than useful. At any rate, we doubt not, our readers will be glad to see an exact representation of this curiosity, which persons properly qualified might find worthy of attentive consideration.



GERMAN CHARIOT OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE KALMUCKS.

ON a former occasion* we furnished our readers with some particulars relative to the Kalmucks and their mode of life. It is, therefore, unnecessary for us now to enter into any minute detail on the subject. All that we propose to do, is to give some account of their religious customs, particularly their sacred festivals.

Like most of the Mongolian race, the Kalmucks are Buddhists, or rather Lamists; but their Buddhism is very much modified by the admixture of other notions and practices. They have a great number of idols, most of which assume the form of woman. They recognise one supreme God, to whom all other divinities, whether good or evil, are completely subject. They believe in the transmigration of souls, which they regard as affording a probationary course of discipline, more or less protracted, that every creature must go through, before admission to the presence and society of the sovereign judge. The saints, with whom every Buddhist may aspire to be associated, will be recompensed by eternal repose and happiness, without sacrificing their individual existence.

The Kalmucks celebrate three great festivals every year, each lasting for a fortnight. The most important is that by which they celebrate the return of spring; the second takes place in June, and is devoted to the blessing of the waters; the third is the feast of the lamp, and is celebrated in December.

Bergmann has given an excellent description of the feast of spring called *zackan-zan*. Priests headed the procession, playing strange airs on large trumpets, such as are seen in our illustration. In the rear came persons carrying sacred chests, containing divine images, which they placed on an altar raised in the open air. Shortly after followed the Lama in a palanquin. He was set down

* Vol. ii. p. 324.

before the altar, and then the curtains which concealed the gods being removed, all present, people, priests, and princes, bowed down three times. The vice-khan took his place near the Lama, under a large red umbrella. A dinner, in the course of which they consumed many sheep and a great quantity of tea and cakes, formed part of the ceremony. It lasted till sunset, and was intermingled with prayers and various evolutions connected with religious worship.

In the religious music of the Kalmucks, high and low notes follow each other alternately, and the time also changes in succession from slow to quick and quick to slow. According to the traveller from whose sketch our engraving is taken, this strange alternation of tone and time is not altogether without some kind of harmony.

Yellow and red are the religious colours of the Kalmucks. Their temples are generally decorated with richly-dyed silks and a multitude of images, among which the bronze idol of Buddha Shakkiamouni occupies a prominent place. There are also a great many offering-cups filled with various sorts of grain, and a vessel of holy water in which peacocks' feathers are placed. The priests sprinkle the people with this water, which is mixed with saffron and sugar. They also drink part of it and wash their faces with the remainder.

Although the Kalmucks do not believe in eternal punishment, the priests have endeavoured to impress upon them the belief that endless torments will be the portion of those who have committed any one of the following sins—irreverence towards God, sacrilege or the plunder of the temples, want of respect towards parents, murder, and offences against the clergy.

RELIGIOUS MUSIC OF THE KALMUCKS.

PEERS AND M.P.'S,

OR,

LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY

Lord Brougham thus speaks of Canning, in his contests with whom he won his proudest laurels: "His declamation, though often powerful, always beautifully ornate, never deficient in admirable diction, was certainly not of the highest order. It wanted depth. It came from the mouth, not from the heart."

If this be true of Canning, still more is it true of the name we next mention. Sir Robert Peel was hardly an orator at all. It is rather as a statesman that he will be known to posterity. It is true, as Disraeli writes, that he played upon the House of Commons as an old fiddle, but he did that because he knew the house well—because he spoke to every section of it—because he made it his great aim to be the first man in the house. Possibly he might have been an orator if he had tried, but such was not his object. He lived in a transition age, and his speeches all bear marks that such was the case. Apparently candid, he was in reality cautious and reserved—gradually feeling his way, never abandoning himself to a lofty impulse or a noble principle—never borne aloft in divine ecstasy. He spoke as a cold, prudent man of the world. One would think such a man never could have been an orator. Yet he was of a portly presence and noble air. He would have been an orator had he had the motive power. The best description we have seen of Sir Robert was that by Mr. Francis, when Sir Robert was premier. Sometimes a sturdy radical or an indignant agriculturist determines to catch the eel by the tail and skin him. He puts some plain direct question, and demands an answer. You think Sir Robert must now be fairly posed—his veil must be rent—parties must resume their old habits, for he must say something positive on which a war-cry can be raised. He rises, leans forward on the table, playing with his glasses, or puts his hands under the tails of his blue frock coat, and, in the most open and candid way, declares his determination frankly to answer the question that has been put to him. This is satisfactory; it propitiates. All are on the *qui-vive.* There is hushed silence;

all heads are stretched forward in expectation of the announcement of policy. Meanwhile the soft, bland voice has poured itself forth, its faintest tone heard in the most remote corner; the bearing bespeaks a full consciousness of the responsibility of the duty of the moment; the face wears the placid expression of innocence. You are fairly prepossessed for such a man. But what is he saying? By that cheer from Mr. Cobden and his Sancho, Mr. Bright, he appears to have said something pleasant to the manufacturers. But that roar of delight from the other side? Oh, he has convulsed the country gentlemen by some well-turned compliment to agriculture, not as yet the object of his ridicule. And now another cheer, more general, is the reward of some pompous maxim of the public good. It is clear the house has warmed to him. The more kindly they entertain, the more candid grow the speaker's tones, the more earnest is he to do the best which the state of things allows. An elaborate statement follows of the three courses open to him, of their several advantages and disadvantages, in all of which he adroitly rouses the prejudices slumbering for a moment around him, and establishes a sympathy with each; centreing hopes in himself and setting old hatreds anew against each other; until, having thus led the various parties into a mental *mêlée*, he winds up with "upon the whole," leading with pompous affectation of resolve to a declaration of what he means to do, which in fact comprises in an artful woof of phrases, sounding but bodiless—almost everything that he does not mean to do. Meanwhile, he has skilfully diverted the attention of all from the real point at issue to their mutual jealousies and asperities. Ten to one he sits down amidst loud cheers, having uttered much but avowed nothing. At times Sir Robert was more than this—at times he soared, and was almost an orator.

Far more oratorical power belonged to Daniel O'Connell. You must have had a clear head and cool heart not to be carried away when he spoke. Sir Robert Peel is said to have expressed his high appreciation of O'Connell's parliamentary abilities. One day, while the Reform Bill was under discussion, the speeches of its friends and foes were canvassed in a fashionable drawing-room. On O'Connell's name being mentioned, some critic fastidiously said: "Oh, a broguing Irish fellow, who would listen to *him?* I always walk out of the house when he opens his lips!" "Come, Peel," said old Lord Westmoreland, "let me hear *your* opinion." "My opinion candidly is," replied Sir Robert, "that if I wanted an efficient and eloquent advocate, I would readily give up all the other orators of whom we have been talking, provided I had with me this same broguing Irish fellow." Sheil is said to have remarked of O'Connell, that "he flung a brood of sturdy ideas upon the world without a rag to cover them." With a strong sturdy frame, with a ready flow of humour, or invective, as the occasion required—with a roguish twinkle in his eye, as if he were bamboozling you all the while—O'Connell was the *beau-ideal* of a popular orator. The most unyielding audience could not choose but listen when he spoke. He excelled in clear and forcible language, in ready and dexterous reply, and in bold and defiant denunciations of tyranny. His invective was frequently powerful; it sometimes, however, degenerated into commonplace personal abuse. Like his great countryman, Curran, he was unequal. He could soar to the loftiest heights of parliamentary debate, or talk down to the level of the lowest democratic audience. A writer in the "New Monthly," some years ago, gave the best account of O'Connell we have yet seen. He says: "His great art is in stating a question. He places it on the most invincible ground he can select; and the iron vigour of his intellect is seldom concealed beneath any holiday wreaths. Unlike Mr. Stanley, he owes all the effect of his oratory to his apparent sympathy with all generous emotions. When he indulges in them his eye glistens, and the deep music of his unrivalled voice seems to halt and falter. This may be the result of his art—for he is a most experienced artist—but it has the semblance of nature. Never, perhaps, has he produced a more triumphant effect over his audience than the one when, replying to Mr. Stanley, on the Irish Coercion Bill, he arrested himself suddenly from the course of fiery invective on which he had prepared you to suppose he was about to enter: 'But the right honourable gentleman,' said he, with a changed and softened tone, 'has declared that Ireland is 'dear to him.' I thank him for that assurance. I retract whatever I have said harshly. I forbear whatever more of angry emotion was about to rise to my lips. The man who can tell me that Ireland is dear to him, ceases to be my enemy.'" Throughout the whole hostile majority there was a painful movement; there was scarcely a man among them who did not seem touched.

The mention of O'Connell reminds us we have forgotten Grattan. Brougham, who must often have heard him, says: "His eloquence was of a very high order, all but of the very highest, and it was eminently original. In the constant stream of a diction replete with epigram and point—a stream on which floated gracefully, because naturally, flowers of various hues—was poured forth the closest reasoning, the most luminous statement, the most persuasive display of all the motives that could influence, and of all the details that could enlighten his audience. Often a different strain was heard, and it was declamatory or vehement—or pity was to be moved, and its pathos was touching as it was simple—or, above all, an adversary sunk in baseness, or covered with crimes, was to be punished or to be destroyed, and a storm of the most terrible invective raged, with all the blights of sarcasm and the thunders of abuse. The critic, led away for the moment, and unable to do more than feel with the audience, could, in those cases, when he came to reflect and to judge, find often nothing to reprehend; seldom in any case more than the excess of epigram, which had yet become so natural to the orator, that his argument, and his narrative, and even his sagacious unfolding of principles seemed spontaneously to clothe themselves in the most pointed terseness, and most apt and felicitous antithesis. From the faults of his country's eloquence he was, generally speaking, free. And if he had some peculiarity of outward appearance, as a low and awkward person, in which he resembled the first of orators, and even of manner, in which he had not, like him, made the defects of nature yield to severe culture; so had he an excellence of the very highest order, in which he may be truly said to have left all the orators of modern times behind—the severe abstinence which rests satisfied with striking the decisive blow in a word or two, not weakening its effects by repetition or expansion—and another excellence, higher still, in which no orator of any age is his equal, the easy and copious flow of most profound, sagacious, and original principles, enunciated in terse and striking, but appropriate language. To give an example of this latter peculiarity would be less easy, and would occupy more space; but of the former, it may be truly said that Dante himself never conjured up a striking, a pathetic and appropriate image in fewer words than Mr. Grattan employed to describe his relation towards Irish independence, when, alluding to its rise in 1782, and its fall twenty years later, he said: 'I sat by its cradle—I followed its hearse!'"

THE TOAD.

"The toad, ugly and venomous," says Shakspeare, echoing the common sentiment of mankind in all ages regarding this harmless reptile. It would, perhaps, be difficult to find a popular notion more deeply-rooted than this of the venom of the toad; and there are doubtless many of our readers who will smile with incredulity when we tell them that this cherished belief has no foundation in fact. The first part of our great poet's description of the toad does not admit of denial; there can be no doubt that it is one of the ugliest animals breathing. It is this hideous aspect, no doubt, that has led to the popular belief in its malignity; for we find no such property ascribed to the frog, although the two animals are so nearly allied in every respect. The *real* natural history of this curious animal, however, presents so many interesting points, that we may easily console ourselves for its destroying our faith in the wonderful tales with which the credulity of our ancestors was amused; but there is one story told by Erasmus, "so curiously

ridiculous," *to use Dr. Shaw's expression, that we cannot resist giving it here, especially as it turns upon two equally singular notions—the venomous nature of the toad, and the enmity supposed to exist between the spider and this animal:*—

"There was a monk," says Erasmus, "who had in his chamber divers bundles of green rushes, wherewithal he strewed his chamber at his pleasure: it happened one day, after dinner, that he fell asleep upon one of those bundles of rushes, with his face upward; and while he thus slept, a great toad came and sat upon his lips, bestriding him in such a manner as his whole mouth was covered. Now when his fellows saw it, they were at their wits' end; for to pull away the toad was an unavoidable death; but to suffer her to stand still upon his mouth was a thing more cruel than death: and therefore one of them, espying a spyder's web in the window, wherein was a great spyder, he did advise that the monk should be carried to that window, and laid with his face upward right underneath the spyder's web, which was presently accomplished. And as soon as the spyder saw her adversary the toad, she presently wove her thread, and descended upon the toad, at the first meeting whereof the spyder wounded the toad, so that it swelled; and at the second meeting it swelled more: but at the third time the spyder killed the toad, and so became grateful to her host which did nourish her in his chamber." This is wonderfully circumstantial, considering that there can hardly be a word of truth in the whole narrative. However slight may be the foundation for all these marvellous stories, there can be no doubt that the history of the toad affords an excellent illustration of the truth of an old proverb, referring to the effect of "giving a dog a bad name."

Few of those who start with a sort of instinctive shudder when the toad crosses their path in a summer's evening, are at all aware of the wonderful changes which this creature undergoes before reaching the form in which it excites their disgust and abhorrence. During the breeding season, the toad, which at other periods is a terrestrial animal, visits the waters, and here the females produce a great number of eggs, which are arranged in long strings, looking like necklaces of black beads imbedded in jelly. These, when hatched, produce an animal very different in appearance from its parent; furnished with a broad head, a long thin tail, and possessing no traces of legs. Still more remarkable is the fact that in this condition the young toads, like fishes, which they much resemble, breathe the water, through which they move, by means of little tufts or gills attached to the broad head. Presently limbs begin to sprout from the little creature, the hinder ones appearing first, and when these are complete, the tail is got rid of, and the perfect toad is fitted to commence its existence in another element. But for this purpose a great internal change is also necessary, and this has been going on simultaneously with the alterations in the external form just described. The gills, which served it for aquatic respiration, are useless in the air, and accordingly lungs have been developed in the cavity of the body, and the temporary breathing apparatus is at last dispensed with as no longer necessary. But although no longer an inhabitant of the water, the toad always remains in moist situations; continued exposure to a dry atmosphere would, in fact, soon be fatal to its existence. The experiments of Dr. Townson show that these creatures require the presence of a great deal of moisture in their bodies; in some instances he found that more than one-third of their weight was lost by transpiration when left in dry air for a day or two, and that they recovered it again in the course of a few hours when placed in water. They are commonly met with in our gardens and fields, but not unfrequently find their way into cellars, where they have been known to live for years. Unlike the frog, whose jumping motion must be familiar to every one, the toad, from the comparative shortness of its hind legs, can only crawl, and this not very elegant mode of progression has no doubt assisted greatly in producing that feeling of aversion towards this animal to which we have already alluded. Its food consists entirely of insects and worms, and it never touches an insect unless it be in motion. Dr. Townson tells us that the only way in which he could get a "favourite" toad of his to feed during the winter upon a large stock of dead flies which he had collected for its support, was by breathing gently upon them when lying before the creature, and then it immediately seised and devoured them.

It is assisted in the capture of animals, which one would imagine might have set the toad at defiance through their mere activity, by a very curious arrangement of the tongue. On this subject, we cannot do better than quote the remarks of Professor Bell:—"The toad, when about to feed," says the Professor, "remains motionless, with its eyes turned directly forward upon the object, and the head a little inclined towards it, and in this attitude it remains until the insect moves, when, with a stroke like lightning, the tongue is thrown forward upon the victim, which is instantly drawn into the mouth. So rapid is this movement, that it requires some little practice as well as close observation to distinguish the different motions of the tongue. This organ is constructed as in the frog, being folded back upon itself; and the under surface of the tip being imbued with a viscid mucous secretion, the insect is secured by its adhesive quality. When the prey is taken, it is slightly pressed by the margins of the jaw; but as this seldom kills it, unless it be a soft, tender larva, it is generally swallowed alive; and I have often seen the muscles of the toad's sides twitch in a very curious manner, from the tickling movements of a hard coleopterous insect in the stomach."

Still more extraordinary are the accounts that have been given of this animal's being found completely enclosed in stone, trees, and other localities, where they must, in all probability, have remained for years in a condition of almost total deprivation of all the necessaries of existence. In fact, in many cases, the circumstances under which the creatures are *said* to have been discovered would lead one to infer that they had been living without food, air, or moisture; but these stories must be received with some allowance for exaggerations naturally induced by the tendency of human nature unconsciously to make the most of any marvellous fact which falls under its notice. We are told that toads have been discovered imbedded in masses of stone, or in growing trees, in such a manner as to preclude the access of air; and, of course, in such cases, the creature would find it perfectly impossible to obtain a particle of food during its solitary confinement. But, to use the words of Professor Bell:—"To believe that a toad enclosed within a mass of clay, or other similar substance, shall exist wholly without air and food for hundreds of years, and at length be liberated alive, and capable of crawling, on the breaking up of its matrix, now become a solid rock, is certainly a demand upon our credulity which few would be ready to answer!" We must certainly in these cases adopt Dr. Shaw's opinion, that much of the incredible in these stories is owing to "neglect of minute attention at the moment to the surrounding parts of the spot where it was discovered." Deduction made for all this exaggeration, however, enough still remains to excite our surprise; for the fact of toads having been found alive in situations where even the air necessary for their respiration would find some difficulty in penetrating, rests upon too good authority to admit of any doubt.

The toad appears to be rather a long-lived animal; fifteen or twenty years being assigned as its ordinary period of existence, whilst Pennant mentions a pet toad, which lived forty years under some steps in a garden, and even then its days appear to have been shortened by injuries done it by a tame raven, which probably thought it an excellent stroke of policy to get rid of a rival and fill his belly at the same time. During the winter it becomes torpid, retiring into some hollow tree, or under large stones, where it remains until the genial influence of spring recalls it to activity and love. It changes its skin annually; and this process, according to Professor Bell, is attended by some curious circumstances. The skin splits down the middle of the back and belly, into two halves, which are gradually worked off by the twitching of the animal's sides and the action of its legs. When the whole skin is fairly off, the creature rolls it up into a little ball with its fore feet, puts it into its mouth and swallows it at a gulp.

Two species of toad are found in this country—the common toad (*Bufo vulgaris*), which is to be met with almost anywhere, and the Natter-Jack toad (*Bufo calamita*), which is far less generally distributed. The preceding statements apply especially to the former species, although the Natter-Jack resembles it in most respects. The common toad is usually of a brownish colour, with the belly of a paler or yellowish tint. The skin is covered with warts in which are situated the organs that secrete the cutaneous exudation

THE COMMON TOAD (BUFO VULGARIS). THE NATTER-JACK TOAD (BUFO CALAMITA).

already referred to. The eye is exceedingly beautiful. The Natter-Jack is also brown, clouded with dull olive, and a yellow line runs down the middle of the back. Our engraving contains representations of both species, but the artist has unfortunately selected a large specimen of the Natter-Jack, and a small specimen of the common toad. To give a correct idea of the proportions of full-grown individuals of the two species, the sizes ought to be reversed.

JOHN HUNTER.

In the history of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, John Hunter has very appropriately a place. He was a rare example of what industry and perseverance can accomplish—of success achieved comparatively late in life. He was not brought up to his profession; he entered it late. He began his education when the accomplished youth of our medical schools are finishing theirs; but he persevered, and won for himself an immortal name.

John Hunter, the youngest of ten children, was born in the beginning of the last century, at Long Calderwood, in the county of Lanark. His father was a small landed proprietor, and on his death, which happened when he was ten years old, John seems to have been left to do as he pleased. If ever a boy stood a fair chance of being ruined, it was he. He was sent to the grammar-school, but not having a turn for languages, and being spoilt by indulgence, he neglected his studies and spent the greater part of his time in country amusements. Afterwards he felt the consequences of this neglect acutely. Giving lectures was always particularly unpleasant to him. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be persuaded to speak in public. He never delivered the first lecture of his course without taking thirty drops of laudanum. From school, having acquired but little information, Hunter removed to Glasgow, where he lived with his brother-in-law, a cabinet-maker. But his brother-in-law having failed, Hunter was again thrown upon the world. Fortunately his brother William had acquired some reputation in London as a teacher of anatomy. To him he wrote, requesting that he would allow him to come to London on a visit, making, at the same time, an offer to be his assistant in his anatomical researches, or, if that proposal should not be accepted, expressing a wish to go into the army. His brother sent him a kind invitation, and he reached London in September, 1748.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN HUNTER.

We are inclined to believe that the difference between a successful and an unsuccessful man in life is, that the one misses his opportunities while the other improves them. This was especially the case with Hunter. His brother, who was anxious to form some opinion of his talents for anatomy, gave him an arm to dissect for the muscles, with the necessary directions as to how it was to be done, and he found the performance such as greatly exceeded his expectation. Hunter was next employed in a dissection of a more difficult nature.

This was an arm in which all the arteries were injected, and these as well as the muscles were to be exposed and preserved. The way in which this was done gave his brother so much satisfaction, that he at once declared that his brother would become a good anatomist and that he should not want for employment. Henceforth Hunter laboured at anatomy unremittingly. In the summer of 1749 Mr. Cheselden, at the request of his brother, Dr. Hunter, permitted him to attend at Chelsea Hospital, and there he learnt the elements of surgery. The following winter he was so far advanced as to assist his brother by teaching dissection to his pupils. In the summer of 1750 Mr. Hunter again attended the hospital at Chelsea. In 1751 he became a pupil at St. Bartholomew's. The following summer he went to Scotland, and brought up his sister Dorothea; and in 1753 entered as a gentleman commoner at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. In 1754 he became a surgeon's pupil at St. George's Hospital, where he continued during the summer months; and in 1756 was appointed house surgeon. He had previously become a partner with his brother in lecturing. All this time he worked unremittingly at anatomy. With the view better to understand the human structure, he extended his researches amongst the inferior animals, and laid the foundation of his collection in comparative anatomy. So eagerly did he attach himself to this pursuit, that he sought by every means in his power the opportunity of prosecuting it with advantage. He applied to the keeper of wild beasts in the Tower for the bodies of those which died there, and he made similar applications to the keepers of travelling menageries. He purchased all rare animals that came in his way, and those, with such others as were presented to him by his friends, he entrusted to the showmen to keep till they died, the better to encourage them to assist in his labours. His fondness for animals made him keep several of different kinds in his house, which, by attention, he made familiar with him. Occasionally, however, this familiarity was attended with danger, as in the following instance related by his biographer, Sir Everard Home:—"Two leopards, which were kept chained in an outhouse, had broken from their confinement and got into the yard among some dogs, which they immediately attacked. The howling thus produced alarmed the whole neighbourhood. Mr. Hunter ran into the yard to see what was the matter, and found one of them getting up the wall to make his escape, and the other surrounded by dogs. He immediately laid hold of them both and carried them back to their den; but as soon as they were secured, and he had time to reflect upon the risk of his own situation, he was so much agitated that he was in danger of fainting."

In 1760, Hunter's health was so much impaired by excessive attention to his pursuits, that he was advised to go abroad, consumptive symptoms having made their appearance. In October of that year, Mr. Adair, Inspector-general of Hospitals, appointed him a surgeon on the staff, and, in the following spring, he went with the army to Bellisle. Hunter served, while the war continued, as senior surgeon on the staff, both in Bellisle and Portugal, till the year 1763; and in that period acquired a knowledge of gun-shot wounds, on which he wrote a treatise, published after his death. On his return to England, he settled in London, where, not finding the emoluments from his half-pay and private practice sufficient to support him, he taught practical anatomy and operative surgery for many years. In the first eleven years of his practice, from 1763 to 1774, his income never exceeded a thousand pounds a year. But it gradually improved. In 1778 it exceeded that sum; and for several years before his death it was five thousand a year—the year before his death it was more. No sooner had Hunter come back to England, than he returned, with unabated ardour, to the study of comparative anatomy; and, as his experiments could not be carried on in a large town, he purchased for that purpose a piece of ground near Brompton, at a place called Earl's Court, on which he built a house. We have already related an anecdote connected with this retreat. His collection of birds and animals here was very extensive; but his familiar study of them and their habits was not, as we have already seen, always unaccompanied with danger. The fiercer animals were those to which he was most partial; and he had several of the bull kind from different parts of the world. Among these was a beautiful small bull he had received from the queen, with which he used to wrestle in play and entertain himself with its exertions in its own defence. In one of these contests the bull overpowered him and threw him down; and had not one of the servants accidentally come by and frightened the animal away, this frolic would, most probably, have cost him his life.

In 1767, Hunter was chosen a Fellow of the Royal Society. His desire for improvement in those branches of knowledge which might assist him in his researches, led him at this time to propose to Dr. George Fordyce, and Mr. Cuming, an eminent mechanic, that they should adjourn from the meetings of the Royal Society to some coffee-house, and discuss such subjects as were connected with science. This society comprised several eminent men, such as Sir Joseph Banks, Dr. Solander, Dr. Maskelyne, Mr. Watts of Birmingham, and others. In 1768, Hunter became a member of the College of Surgeons; and, in the year following, was elected one of the surgeons of St. George's Hospital. In 1771, his treatise on "The Natural History of the Teeth" was published; and in July of the same year he was married to Miss Home. The expense of his pursuits had been so great, that it was not till several years after his first engagement with this lady that his affairs could be sufficiently arranged to admit of his marrying. In a short time his private character and professional reputation advanced rapidly. His family also began to increase; but still as much time and more money than ever were devoted to his collection. The whole suite of the best rooms in his house were occupied by his preparations, and he dedicated his mornings, from sunrise to eight, entirely to his favourite pursuits. In the winter of 1773 he formed a plan of giving a course of lectures on the theory and principles of surgery, with a view of laying before the public his own opinions on that subject. In the winter he read his lectures gratis to the pupils of St. George's Hospital, and in 1775 gave a course for money, upon the same terms as the other professors. In 1776, Hunter was appointed surgeon-extraordinary to his Majesty. Other honours were heaped upon him. Learned societies at Edinburgh, Gottenburg, Paris, and America, enrolled him amongst their members; and in 1792 he was appointed surgeon-general to the army; he had previously been deputy. And then came the end. Hunter died of angina pectoris, in the 65th year of his age, on October 16th, 1793. When in his usual state of health, he went to St. George's Hospital, and meeting with some things which irritated his mind, he went into the next room; turning round to one of the physicians of the hospital, he gave a deep groan and dropped down dead. He was buried in the parish church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields.

Hunter was of a short stature, uncommonly strong and active, and capable of great bodily exertion. His countenance was animated and open, and in the latter part of his life deeply impressed with thoughtfulness. When his portrait was shown to Lavater, he said, "That man thinks for himself." In his youth, writes Sir Everard Home, he was cheerful in his disposition, and entered into youthful follies with others of the same age; but wine never agreed with his stomach, and for the last twenty years of his life he drank nothing but water. His temper was warm and impatient. His disposition was candid and free from reserve. His mind was perpetually on the alert. He used to say it fatigued him to be long in a mixed company, which did not admit of connected conversation, more particularly during the last ten years of his life. He required less relaxation than most other men, seldom sleeping more than four hours in the night, though almost an hour after dinner.

In his writings Hunter displays extraordinary powers. One of his most important papers was that on the muscularity of arteries, but his grand discovery was that of the life of the blood. More than of most men is it true of Hunter, that his works yet live. His collection of comparative anatomy was purchased by the parliament for £15,000. This collection must be considered as the great object of Hunter's life, and as a surprising proof of his talents, assiduity, and labour. It is an attempt to expose to view the [illegible] whi[illegible]

found to exist, up to the most perfect and most complex of the animal creation—man himself. Hunter, by means of preparations, was enabled to preserve the parts of different animal bodies intended for similar uses, so that the various links in the chain are readily followed and clearly understood. This collection is arranged according to the subjects they are intended to illustrate;

which are placed in the following order :—first, parts constituted for motion ; secondly, parts essential to animals respecting their own internal economy ; thirdly, parts superadded for parts connected with external objects ; and fourthly, parts for the propagation of the species and maintenance or support of the young.

Hunter's museum was offered to the College of Physicians, which declined the trust. It was then committed to the care of the College of Surgeons, Lincoln's-inn-fields, where it is open to the inspection of the public during the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. The corporation has enlarged the museum, instituted professorships for the illustration of it, and is now forming a library. The most valuable part of the collection is that in the area of the great room, consisting of upwards of 2,000 preparations, which were the result of Mr. Hunter's experiments on the inferior animals, and of his researches in morbid human anatomy. All these originally were arranged as illustrative of his lectures. The first division alone, in support of his theory of inflammation, contains 602 preparations. Those, illustrative of specific diseases, amount to 1,084. There are besides, 652 dried specimens, consisting of diseased joints, bones, and arteries. On the floor there is a very fine collection of the skeletons of man and other animals ; "and if the council of the college," says the writer of the life of Hunter, in the Gallery of Portraits, "continue to augment this collection with the same liberal spirit which they have hitherto shown, it will be creditable to the nation." The osteological specimens amount to 1,936. But the most interesting portion—we might say, one of the most interesting exhibitions in Europe to a philosophical and inquiring mind—is that which extends along the whole gallery : there the glory of his system shines. Let us take one small compartment in order to understand it. "Suppose," says the writer we have already quoted, "it is wished to learn the importance of the stomach in the animal economy. The first object presented to us is a hyatid, an animal, as it were, all stomach—being a simple sac with an exterior absorbing surface. Here we have the polypus, with a stomach opening by one orifice, and no superadded organ. Next in order is the leech, in which we see the beginning of a complexity of structure. Then advancing to creatures in which the stomach is complex, we find the single membranous stomach ; then the stomach with a crop attached to macerate and prepare the food for digestion ; then a ruminating stomach ; and finally, all the appended organs necessary in the various classes of animals." When Hunter died, the museum consisted of 70,000 preparations, and was said to have cost him £10,000. Hunter began the catalogue several years before his death. He bequeathed to the world nineteen folio volumes of MS. materials, written either by himself or at his dictation, and, there is little doubt, of the most valuable kind. More MSS. were burnt by his brother-in-law, Sir E. Home, for no other apparent reason than that Sir Everard feared his own plagiarisms from Hunter's MSS. would be discovered. Thus an irreparable injury has been done to Hunter's fame. "Every year," writes one, "as his museum is more closely studied, proves that Hunter had been well aware of facts, for the *discovery* of which other observers have since his death received the honour." Happily, however, Hunter's fame has survived even so scandalous an act. Every year there is a grand day at Lincoln's-inn-fields. Warriors and statesmen—poets and artists—men of celebrity in every walk of life, are found among the audience. The president is the orator. Referring to the fitness of the day for the subject—the 14th of February, and the birthday of John Hunter—he proceeds, in a notice of his life, to show what the college and the profession and the world owe to this illustrious man. Surely no more fitting place could be found for such a theme. Under the bust of Wren we read, "*Si monumentum requiris circumspice.*" Under the portrait of Hunter in Lincoln's-inn-fields the same may be written. Everything around speaks of Hunter's talent, energy, and power.

ROMAN MONUMENTS AT TURBIA.

Turbia is one of the principal points of interest in the doubtful and disputed territory between Nice and Monaco. On leaving the village we begin to descend ; Monaco lies directly below, and looking upon it from the terrace of Turbia, we feel almost inclined to take a leap downwards ; but it would be a dangerous thing to do, for the perpendicular height is more than 1,500 feet. The path is cut like a staircase in this awful declivity, and if this is the ancient way, as it appears to be, modern progress has judged well ; for, commencing at the same point as this frightful break-neck path, there is a fine post-road, running parallel with the coast, and descending so gradually towards Italy, that it only reaches the plain at the distance of three leagues. As at the extremity of the mountain, below which Nice is situated, the eye hovers over France, so here Italy, with its gulfs, its windings, its hills, and its mountains, lies spread out before us. When the atmosphere is sufficiently clear, we may distinguish Corsica, and the jagged peaks of the Apennines beyond Genoa, stretched out afar upon the horizon. Most striking is this glorious spectacle : it seems evident that we here pass from one country to another.

Tradition would make it appear that it was upon the very soil of Turbia that Augustus vanquished the people of the Alps, and, in fact, the possession of this decisive spot seems worthy of dispute. But we imagine, that even had not Turbia been the theatre of war, its towering position, which rendered it visible from the coast of France as well as from the coast of Italy, would have sufficed to determine the conquerors to erect there the trophy of their victory. We know very little of this war of the Alps, which nevertheless had such important results, since it confirmed the Roman dominion in these countries. Historians are singularly laconic on the subject. Suetonius, in his "Life of Augustus," merely says : "He subjugated the Alpine nations." Appian says : "He subdued by force all the barbarous and warlike nations which inhabit the summits of the Alps." We find that this war was concluded in the year of Rome 739, or B.C. 14. Several witnesses show that Augustus was assisted by Drusus, Tiberius, and Varro. It may be conceived that a war which involved all the population of the mountains, from the Adriatic to the Durance, would be very uncertain, and require several campaigns. The war itself was a natural consequence of the extension of the empire by the conquests of Julius Cæsar. Rome could no longer tolerate independent nations between the two Gauls, nor that this communication should be long exposed to the turbulence of the mountaineers. It is astonishing that, having been mistress of Provence so long, she should have delayed until now to reduce Liguria to obedience. Perhaps, with its traditions of patience and perseverance, the senate had judged it wise to attend first to the most important. This is the opinion of Appian. "I think," said he, "that the state is anxious first of all to secure to Rome the right of passage through the Alps."

However that may be, we learn from Dion, that in order to preserve to posterity the memory of this great event, the senate commanded the erection of a monument upon the summit of the Alps ; and Pliny has preserved to us the inscription in full which was placed upon it. This monument is the tower of Turbia. Too much injured by the barbarians to claim any interest as a specimen of art, it is, nevertheless, interesting to study. Who could gaze upon these crumbling stones—the infinite sea stretching out before him, the horizon of France on one side, and on the other that of Italy—and feel no interest in reflecting on the vicissitudes of the past, which predict so many for the future ?

The monument has undergone such metamorphoses, not only from the hand of destruction, but also from change of use, that it is difficult to form an accurate idea, from its present condition, of what it must have been originally. It now consists of an enormous mass, which appears to have been formerly a quadrangle : it is surmounted by a tower which has been cut through the centre, and only one half left standing. It is only in the lower structure that the hand of the primitive architect is to be discovered : not only the construction of the tower, but the embrasures which crown the summit, indicate it a work of the middle ages. We have, in fact, the witness of historians to prove that the monument upon which

the barbarians, by way of revenge, were pleased to inflict the injuries of mutilation, was changed into a fortress in the time of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. Thus even its greatness, which would seem to have been its guarantee against the action of time, became the principal cause of its ruin. We find in the "Nouveau Théâtre du Piémont et de la Savoie," printed at the commencement of the eighteenth century, a fine engraving of this curious fortress; but it would be difficult to distinguish there any trace of its antiquity. The quadrangular structure has been simplified so as to form the base of a rampart, from the four angles of which spring quadrangular turrets, and a circular tower crowns the whole. Long the subject of dispute between the rival parties, this citadel was destroyed at the end of the sixteenth century by Marshal Villiers, upon the instigation of the Prince of Monaco, the frontiers of whose territories it threatened. But these remains still shed over the country a ray of the past, and preserve there the great name of Rome.

After examining the ruins still remaining on the spot, or scattered over the village, and comparing them with the account of it preserved in some authors, it may be conjectured, that the monument consisted of a quadrangle surrounded by Doric columns, adorned with statues of the lieutenants of Augustus, and those of the vanquished barbarians, and surmounted by a colossal image of the emperor.

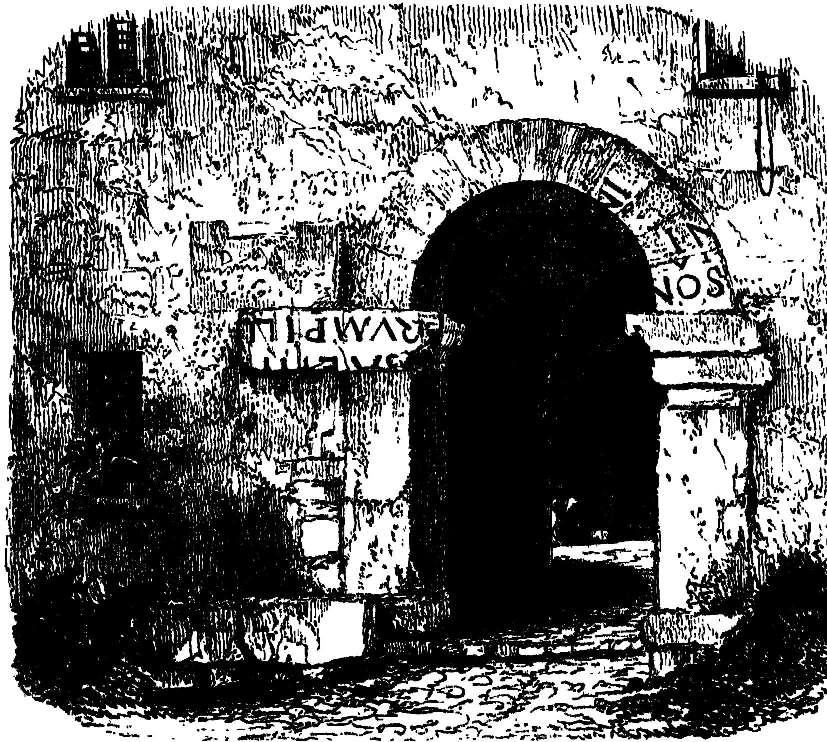
M. P. Boyer, a Frenchman, who visited Turbia in 1585, relates that he discovered in the enclosure of the fortress a colossal head of Augustus, terribly mutilated, but sufficiently preserved to allow him to take its measurement, from which he calculated that the entire figure must have been twenty-eight feet in height. He discovered also the upper part of the torso, and studied it sufficiently to deliver a dissertation upon the costume. He supposed that the rest of the statue had been cut away to furnish material for two large tombs, one of which then served for a horse-pond. Another interesting discovery was a knee clasped by two hands, appearing to have belonged to the figure of a captive, from which he concluded that the image of the emperor was not the only decoration of the monument. Towards the end of the last century, a fine head of Drusus was dug from the ruins. It was purchased upon the spot by the prince of Denmark, and placed by him in the Museum of Copenhagen, where it may still be seen.

If the heap of rubbish which has accumulated around the monument were thoroughly examined, no doubt some important remains would be found; for, although the statues have been broken, they have not been taken away. As for the inscription, the adjoining representation will show what remains of it. What has become of the other fragments? Reduced to the condition of building-stones, they serve perhaps for walls to other ruined houses, the owners of which were not ambitious of affixing white marble to their doorway. Probably also the stones of the arch, upon which no letters are visible, would, if reversed, bring to light the remainder of the inscription. It would, perhaps, be worthy of the city of Nice to remove these stones, and place them in the Museum library; but to us their present situation seems so full of instruction, that we should regret to see them removed.

Aided by the text of Pliny, it is not difficult to find the value of each fragment presented to us by this doorway. The principal part belongs to the first and second lines of the list of vanquished nations:—"Gentes Alpinæ devictæ: Trumpilini, Camuni," etc. We read upon the stone over the left pillar the lower part of "Alpi," preceded by an s, the final letter of "Gentes," and above that—for the letters are upside down—"rumpili" of "Trumpilini." Upon the right pillar, the letters NOS belong to the word "Venostes," the only word of the list in which this syllable is found. The syllable NI, which we read upon two stones, cannot be exactly determined, for in the list given by Pliny there are ten names which have this termination. However, if we suppose all these stones belong to the first lines of the inscription, the letters may belong to "Camuni," to "Brucini," or else to the final of "Trumpilini." But that is of little importance.

We have only to remark that the stone on the left pillar may serve as a commentary on the too concise passage left us by Pliny. As naturalists, by the aid of one bone, can reconstruct the entire animal, so may we endeavour by the help of this single piece to restore the whole tablet.

In the text of Pliny there are two distinct things to be noticed: 1st. The dedication to Augustus, "Imp. Cesar, dio . . . quod ejus ductu auspiciisque, etc." "To the emperor Cæsar Augustus . . . because it was by his command, and under his auspices, that all the Alpine nations of the upper and lower sea were subjugated to the empire of the Roman people;" 2nd. The list of the



FRAGMENTS OF THE INSCRIPTION OF AUGUSTUS ON A DOORWAY AT TURBIA.

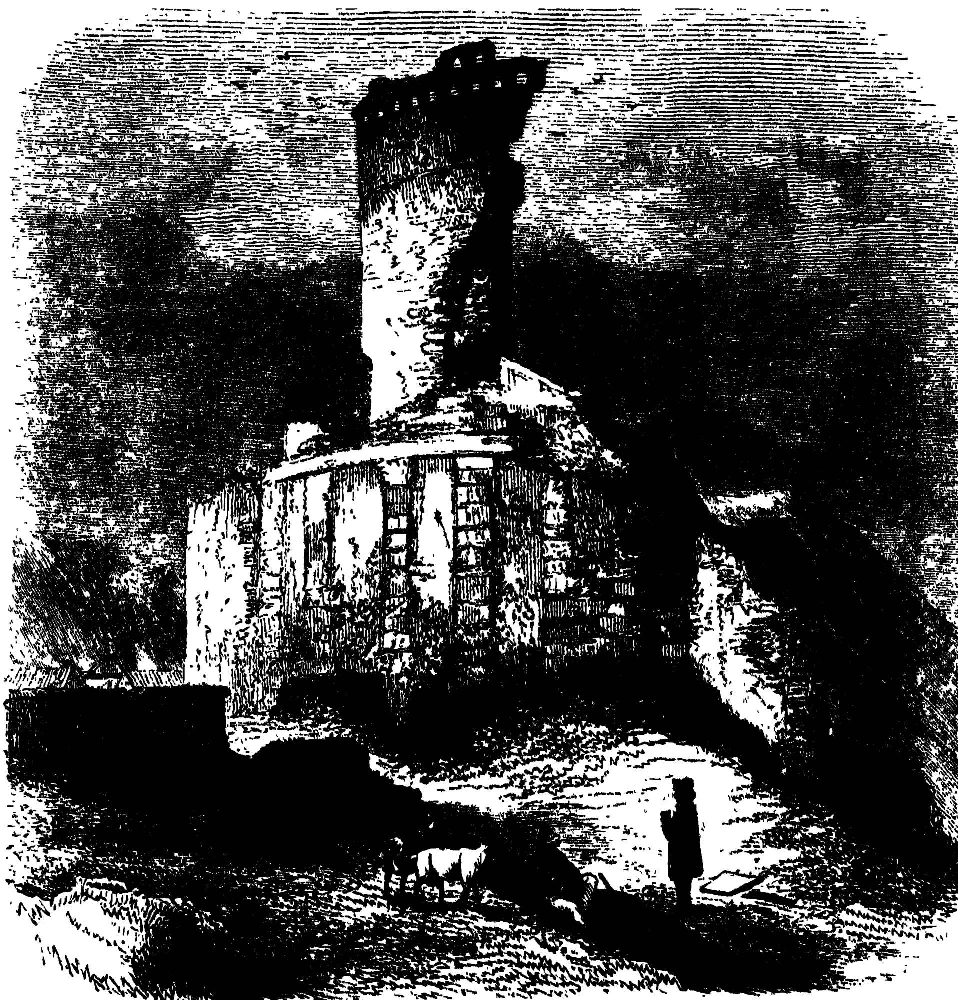
vanquished nations, "*Gentes Alpinæ devictæ, Trumpilini, Camuni, Venostes, etc.*" It is probable that these two inscriptions, of so different a character, occupied different situations upon the monument.

We, however, have only to notice the list of vanquished nations, since of the others we have no remains. The inscription upon the stone of the left pillar will assist us to calculate the length and breadth of the whole. The letters "Alpin," occupying a space of nearly four inches, it is easy to determine that "Gentes Alpinæ devictæ" upon the same scale, would occupy more than nine feet. This, then, would have been the breadth of the tablet.

The length, or height, of the inscription may be calculated by the names mentioned by Pliny, compared with the dimensions of the characters employed. The height of the letters is seven inches, that of the space between the lines four inches, whence it follows that the space occupied by the forty-seven names, with title and margin, would be about forty-five feet. Perhaps this long inscription was divided into two tables, and placed upon the front of the monument. But be that as it may, it must have been of colossal magnitude.

It may, perhaps, be contended that the names of the nations, instead of occupying each its own line, were placed one after another, which would much diminish the height of the tablet; but that each of the names occupied its own line can admit of no doubt.

Here is enough to stimulate the zeal of amateurs; and we wish that these lines, meeting the eye of some one of our countrymen, may help to cure him of his ill-humours, by inspiring him with the idea of exploring this precious mine of archæology and the fine arts.



RUINS OF THE TOWER OF AUGUSTUS AT TURBIA.

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—II.

MARUSCHKA gave no answer to Selim's ambiguous remark, yet it was evident these words of the renegade fell upon her like sparks upon gunpowder. He, however, said to himself, "Be very careful, Selim Baschi. The capricious soul of woman often desires what it once disdained. They flee that they may be pursued, and when the pursuit is over the game sometimes turns hunter. Thus Maruschka may, perhaps, have changed her refusal into a tardy consent because she thought herself a medlar, which must be fully ripe to taste well."

This musing was interrupted by a question which the old robber put. "How is it," said he, "young apostate, that you roam about alone as a wanderer in our mountains?"

"Do I not know these hills as well as you?" replied Selim. "I have not lost my way hunting, but merely staid out rather late, and am now preparing some refreshment that I may make my way back with renewed vigour. I have a reason for hunting beyond the pleasure of it. We are all fond of game, and every deer I get improves my position with my superior."

"You take a good deal of trouble," observed Maruschka, "to please your commanders."

"It is the only way to obtain promotion," was the apostate's reply. "Even Turks are not above studying what is expedient for the attainment of their object. I am earnestly endeavouring to get into favour; and if a bold attempt of mine is successful, I shall then have powerful advocates who will appreciate my merit as it deserves. Mark, Maruschka, if you were in a position to

assist me in a brilliant exploit against the Imperialists, then—— But what do I say? You are a zealous Christian, and, consequently, devoted in your attachment to the double-headed eagle."

"Hush!" interrupted Maruschka, with great impetuosity. "The eagle is as hateful to me as spiders and toads. If you are disposed to venture upon an attack, I will assist you both with advice and in action, and I think I can render you great service, so that you may take half-a-dozen dragoon's heads to Mehadia. I am prepared to look out for a favourable opportunity, and hope soon to succeed."

Selim nodded and smiled with satisfaction, and the two were soon deep in conversation about the position and movements of the Imperial forces.

While the Wallachian female robber and the apostate were preparing their secret schemes by the fire in the wood, Zdenku, the Mlakaberg peasant, was sitting at ease upon a bench in his kitchen, which served both for a sleeping and sitting room. There was a maple-wood bedstead in the room, on which he often lazily stretched himself, after the manner of the inhabitants of these parts near the Danube, who are all alike in idleness and cowardice, whether they call themselves Servians, Wallachians, or Croatians. He was looking lazily at the curling wreaths of smoke from his pipe, while his wife and daughter were getting ready the supper at the fire. The wife, an active woman, was as repulsive and dirty as her husband. The daughter bore some resemblance to both, but yet had rather a different aspect. Her fresh countenance, which inherited the prominent features of her father's, was attractive to behold in its youthful bloom. The short figure, which she derived from her mother, combined with her plump roundness to produce a model of symmetry and activity. And to crown the whole, the beautiful Wantscha united to all the attractions of health, youth, and loveliness, a purity of heart such as is rarely to be found even among those who have enjoyed the highest advantages in point of education and example.

"Wantscha, my child," said the peasant, all at once aroused by the savoury odour arising from the fire, "tell me what you have there cooking."

"A delicacy, father," replied the daughter, "four bear's feet."

"Indeed! How came you by them? Have you taken the grim monster by the ear?"

"You will not guess, father. When I went out to-day to take the herdsmen their dinner, they were just killing the bear which had fallen into the trap in the course of the night, and I brought home the feet and hocks."

"The men may have the rest, themselves," said Zdenku, smiling; and then turning to his wife, added, "we have a clever lass there, that is very clear."

"She is not active, at any rate," muttered the woman; "in that she takes after her father."

Wantscha was ready in a moment to defend herself from her mother's reproach. She thought it was only prudent not to wish to be married to an old robber, and was about once more to justify her reluctance, when the entrance of a stranger interrupted her just as the first word was on the tip of her tongue. This unexpected visitor was so tall that he was obliged to stoop a little to avoid knocking his head against the upper part of the door. Yet with all this unusual height of stature he was as square-built and compactly-formed as the merest dwarf, while neither symmetry nor pliancy of limb was at all deficient in his gigantic bulk. His countenance, like his person, bore traces of a stern kind of beauty. Beneath his lofty forehead and overhanging eye-brows shone forth a pair of dark eyes. The nose was broad and large, with wide nostrils. Over the lips grew a thick arch of black moustaches, which united with the whiskers and stretched out at the ends more than an inch each way. The dress, as well as the form and countenance, [illegible] the giant was strange and striking. It consisted of a [illegible] loublet without arms, a sort of open waistcoat of blue [illegible] adorned with silk cord, and red trousers which ter[illegible] in laced half-boots. The back and left side were covered [illegible] bear-skin hussar's coat also, corded and fastened under the arm, so as to leave that arm quite at liberty. His right hand grasped an csakan or Hungarian axe, a dangerous weapon when skilfully wielded. In his girdle were stuck a pair of horse-pistols and a short sabre. Beneath the coat on the left side hung a long sword, and a gunstock on which to fix a pistol, if necessary.

The weapons were in excellent condition. The dress, although it had evidently been long exposed to wind and weather, served as an ornament to the wearer—at least in the eyes of the beautiful Wantscha, who, deeply blushing, could not refrain from exclaiming in a half-audible tone, "What a pleasant surprise!"

"Praised be the Holy Virgin," said the visitor as he entered, sprinkling himself with the holy water at the door, and making the sign of the cross after the manner of the Eastern church.

"All praise to the whole company of saints in heaven," answered the three inmates of the house. The woman added, "Why so late at night, robber chief?"

The latter laid aside his outer coat, made himself comfortable upon a seat, and then replied:—"I wished to visit my wife and then go to Mlakaberg. But Maruschka was not in her retreat. She had gone, they said, to meet her messenger, the active Dobru, whom she had sent out for some gunpowder. I waited for her to come back because she had promised to let me have a pound of powder as soon as she got any. But I waited in vain, she did not come, and at last I went away. Hence I am a late visitor here, but not too late, I perceive. I have come just in time for supper, and my nose tells me it will be a good one, too."

"Perhaps we expected a visit from you, Petru Bagyu," said Wantscha, laughing, "and have, therefore, prepared something very nice."

"Joke away," was the robber's reply; "I have swallowed many a nice morsel intended for another without being any the worse for it."

"It would not answer for you to be a robber," said Czinka, "if you were not always on the watch to snap up what belongs to other people."

"Better be a Wallachian robber," rejoined he, "than a Croatian thief."

The conversation continued in a strain of social jocularity. In the eyes of the peasant and his family, robbery was a sort of profession or handicraft to which they need entertain no unfriendly feeling, as long as their own property was respected. Still the wife let fall some expressions which were not altogether without bitterness. She had remarked that Petru had for some time past considered himself as a Turk, and although he made use of the holy water, might, like any other unbelieving Moslem, be disposed to take a second wife, if not three or four. Petru understood what she meant well enough, but abstained from any reply. With a quiet serious air he put his hand into his knapsack, which he laid on the bench with his fur coat and sabre, and pulled out a large flask, saying, "Let us drink, I have better stuff here than any pasha can get to drink."

Czinka smiled in a good-natured way, and accepted his invitation without any reluctance. The lazy Zdenku was all of a sudden as brisk and active as any waiter at an hotel or coffee-house. Even Wantscha did not scorn the tempting offer, but took more than one draught with much pleasure. The bear's feet were brought to table. The meal passed amid plenty of talking and joking, and though Zdenku might at first have felt a little annoyed when he found a visitor had come to partake of the rich dainty, he consoled himself as well as he could with the flask, and was the more contented when Petru promised to leave it behind him.

At last the robber chief rose to go. "It is getting late," said he, "and I have a long way to go."

"Won't you stay for the night?" asked Czinka in astonishment.

"I should be glad to do so," was the reply, "but I cannot; I am expecting a messenger to-night, who will, perhaps, bring good news."

"Only perhaps?" said Zdenku, yawning; "for a perhaps I would not stir my little finger."

"You are right enough, to take it easy," replied Petru; "you have a good home, a wife, child, and servants, with plenty to eat and drink; and may sit here watching the birds from morning to night, without any anxiety. But I have a dozen mouths to fill by my own exertions, in these hard times. Business with me is very bad, and rather dangerous, besides. As I cannot make myself so comfortable as I should like, I am now going from Mehadia to Orsova upon a mere uncertainty."

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE, K.G.

It is sometimes said that the age of statesmen has fled—meaning thereby, that the growth of statesmen has ceased, or passed away. It is recorded of Sir R. Peel, that one of the contemplations that filled him with distrust of the future of England was the fact, that towards the close of his career, or at least after he had spent a long life in the service of his country, he saw no appearance of that younger race of political capacities which, in the natural order of things, should give promise of worthily filling the public stage as he and his contemporary actors quitted the scene. And really, the reasonableness of this foreboding strikes one most seriously in glancing at the majority of men now in office—recalling the duration of their duties, and looking forward in vain for others competent to discharge those duties as well, or anything like as well, though those now discharging them have attained ages which, in any other occupation in life than that of governing the country would have entitled them to all the ease and unruffled honours of retirement long, long ago. To no man in the ministry—though the head of it, Lord Aberdeen, is himself a phenomenon on the score we are speaking of—to no man out of the ministry, with the single exception, perhaps, of Lord Lyndhurst, whose intellect is as [illegible] sical stamina as strong, to all appearance, as if [illegible] ripe middle age, do these remarks apply with [illegible] distinguished nobleman whose name heads this [illegible] voyager from the Franklin Expedition—whence, [illegible] return!—were to take up a journal or periodical, and read of Lord Lansdowne making a speech in the peers, or assisting in the deliberations of the cabinet, or, still more, of giving a magnificent fashionable fête in Berkley-square, with half the patricians in Burke or Debrett figuring there, he, the said returned voyager, would conclude, as a matter of course, that the individual in question was the son of that Marquis of Lansdowne who was a most aged and patriarchal politician when the arctic explorer had set out on his expedition. He never could conceive that the Marquis of that era was the Marquis of this; that after all the mutations in systems and circumstances, an individual who had been a prominent

THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE.

legislator for the fathers, the grandfathers—ay, the great-grandfathers—of the present generation, could still be in office, still looked up to, and his advice and assistance be deemed absolutely essential to the guidance of the political concerns in which he still takes a conspicuous personal part.

One can hardly realise the immense sweep of time over which the life, the active political life, of Lord Lansdowne extends. People are accustomed to hold up their hands and open their eyes in [illegible] as they are told that Lord Palmerston was a nimble [illegible] the greater part of the Peninsular War, and filled [illegible] ly responsible office of Secretary at War [illegible] for several years afterwards. And certainly, [illegible] these facts, and then looks at the noble vis-

count, still buoyant and vigorous, and with a score of sessions in his constitution, it does make one despair of the likelihood of such a race of men as the member for Tiverton belongs to ever again becoming known to our history. But he is a mere chicken compared to the Marquis in point of official standing. We of this age think that the period of Earl Grey and the Reform Bill is somewhat distant; that Canning is among the classics as to time; that the Liverpool and Castlereagh days belong to the mists of history; and as for Pitt and Fox, why, we regard them with something of that veneration in respect to antiquity with which we look upon the early records of the house of Hanover; while as to meeting with any one who ever saw either of these celebrated personages, such a thought never occurs to us; or, if it does, we think of such venerable individuals as we do of the "oldest inhabitant" of the newspapers, as of one who sits mumbling and dozing in a corner, entertaining his own senility with garrulous gossip of things his father before him had told him, rather than of matters within his own cognisance. What, then, must be our astonishment as we confront in Lord Lansdowne a person with whom Pitt and Fox were not merely traditional celebrities, who were quitting the sphere of politics as his boyhood was beginning to comprehend the sort of men they really were, but one who was an opponent of one and a colleague of the other of them. Lord Lansdowne was actually a cabinet minister in the days of Fox: he was Fox's Chancellor of the Exchequer, three years before the present one, Mr. Gladstone, and one year before the late one, Mr. Disraeli, was born! Of course, he must not only have been of full age when he was appointed to that office, in the very crisis of a war still more formidable than that we are now engaged in,—for the whole continent was allied against us, and the nations that occasionally took heart of grace to fight for themselves had to be paid by us for their patriotism,—but he must also have been a party man of long standing, and one who had given great evidence of aptitude for that species of business which can only be acquired by experience. On the occasion of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer coming into the post he now fills, he spoke of himself as a veteran officer, of one whose office-life dated back twenty years, and talked like one whom age had given a prescriptive right to lecture the vivid and comparatively immature, and therefore, perhaps, frivolous critics who are captious about occurrences that are incomprehensible or distasteful to them merely from their novelty. How, then, must it be with the Marquis, who, as we have just said, was an experienced and distinguished official before Mr. Gladstone was born! "I was a man when Hector's grandsire sucked," says Ulysses in the drama; and certainly the saying might be paraphrased with some truth by Lord Lansdowne if applied to some of his cabinet colleagues, say the noble Privy Seal, the Duke of Argyle, for example.

Long as his life has been, it has ever been free from taint or reproach of any kind; even from the taint which in these days is hardly felt to be a reproach—that of inconsistency. Sprung of a lineage of liberals, coming before the public as the *protégé*, friend, companion, and colleague of liberals, he has never once deviated from the path of progress, nor have his actions ever given warrant for the supposition that he did so. Even now, as one of a cabinet composed in part of men whom he had for years and years opposed as re-actionists, his presence is the pledge of progress; and the public feel, that though at his years it is wholly impossible he should materially influence any line of policy, still his sanction of the policy which is being pursued implies that that policy is of a more English and liberal nature than would be that other policy which his refusal to make part of the present ministry would have entailed upon the country. The character of the Marquis is one of which the whole English nation may be justly proud; it is the realisation of that ideal character which the warmest panegyrist of our patrician institutions might select for portrayal. In the first place, it is as purely disinterested a character as can well be imagined in one of his position, and is perhaps the most disinterested which our whole party political history affords—much more so than that of the Duke of Wellington, whom it is customary to regard as the type of personal magnanimity in such matters. The duke was an exceedingly ambitious man, greedy of political power, not only for its own sake but for his own sake; and the records of the formation of the ministry of 1828, and of the events which led to the downfall of two preceding administrations, show, that if the first consideration of his grace was to secure an advantage for his party, the next consideration was to turn that advantage to his own individual aggrandisement. True, his transference of the premiership to Peel on the second occasion of being at the head of affairs, and his retention of nearly all the seals of all the offices till Sir Robert's return from Rome in 1834, is suggestive of great seeming indifference to official ambition. But it is to be recollected, that at that period the duke had come to the conclusion that the first minister of the crown should belong to the Commons', not to the Peers' House of Parliament; and, moreover, it was a matter of notoriety, of which none was more conscious than his grace himself, that the main stay of the ministry was the name of Wellington, and that his word was as much law in the cabinet as it would have been were he in camp. Very different, however, has the conduct of Lord Lansdowne ever been. Self is the last thing he has ever thought of. Though possessed, as we have seen, of unrivalled experience—though a man of great natural ability, aided by the highest culture and incessant study—though one of the richest men in the peerage, commanding the highest social position in right of his wealth, taste, and the unbounded personal respect in which he has ever been held—he has never sought to obtrude himself on the public or parliament; has always been content to fill a subordinate post, and satisfied if, in the capacity of a comparative cypher, he can contribute to the sum of human happiness, in the interest of those principles with which his name has ever been most honourably identified. Nor has he sought to indemnify himself for this forbearance in public by the indulgence of the love of intrigue in private, as has been the case with men somewhat similarly situated in all ages, and as is said to be the case now with Prince Metternich, who is alleged to have the same power behind the Austrian throne, in privacy, as he had so long before it; and as was also the case, according to popular belief, with Lord Bute, in the early part of the reign of George III., secretly influencing councils for the results of which he was not responsible.

Intrigue, trickery, plotting, and scheming of every kind are foreign to Lord Lansdowne. Noble alike by nature, position, and the circumstances that have surrounded him, or rather that he has created for himself, he has gone through life so purely as to have been untouched even by the breath of calumny; and amidst all the accusations which party malice directs against its objects in times of political strife, none has ever impugned the integrity of his declarations on public subjects, or hinted that a sordid, unworthy, or even personal motive of any kind has influenced what seemed to be his sense of duty. Hence, on the occasion of his quitting office, to all appearance for the last time, at the break-up of the ministry of which Lord John Russell was the head, in 1852, everybody felt that the glowing eulogium pronounced upon him by his political rival and then successor to the ministerial leadership in the upper house, the Earl of Derby, was something more than a routine courtesy, something very far beyond the mere conventional compliment prescribed by custom. It was admitted on all hands that the Marquis had deserved everything that was said of him; and the best proof that he did so was conveyed in the circumstances which soon after followed. When the Derby-Disraeli government were overthrown, the Sovereign and the leaders of the two parties embraced in the coalition ministry that was then in a state of formation, simultaneously resorted to the advice of Lord Lansdowne, knowing that they would find in his wisdom and unselfishness the very best guidance through the unparalleled party predicament in which the country was then placed. Nor were they disappointed. It was at Lord Lansdowne's suggestion that his life-long friend and almost pupil, Lord John Russell, agreed to merge all minor differences between his old foe, Lord Aberdeen, and himself, in the common cause of securing to the country the greatest aggregate of administrative ability which could be rendered available. It was at Lord Lansdowne's instance that Lord Aberdeen, who had never before been politically associated with any of Lord Lansdowne's usual friends, agreed to meet Lord John in a generous spirit of mutual forbearance, compromise, and acquiescence; and it was at Lord Lansdowne's instance that her Majesty agreed to accept for ministers men who had hitherto been looked upon as the representatives, if not of exactly diametrically opposite principles, at least of opposite

plans for giving expression to those principles; for even under the modern liberalism of the Peelites, their maxim has been to do everything *for* the people on the Austrian model of governmental machinery, whereas the precept of the elder and consistent reformers is to let the people do that for themselves which the law and the constitution allow them. Nor did the good offices of Lord Lansdowne stop here. When differences arose between the reform section of the cabinet, when the views of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston on certain points clashed, or were said to have clashed (for the real facts never transpired), Lord Lansdowne was appealed to by each, and succeeded in reconciling both; and by a singular coincidence, the noble viscount, at the time the disagreement came to a rupture, was on a visit to Bowwood, the seat of the Marquis—the confidential friend and guest of the man with whom he had his first political quarrel not far short of fifty years before! namely, at the election for the University of Cambridge, when he defeated the noble Marquis, then Lord Henry Petty, in 1806, Palmerston then representing the principles of Pitt, and his competitor, of course, those of Fox. This reminds us that it is now time to say a few words chronologically of the career of the subject of our memoir.

The family of the noble Marquis, Petty, traces its ancestry to a very remote period, the eleventh century, when one of the race figured considerably in the wars of Strongbow, in Ireland, where they obtained vast possessions, and where at the present day the family still own immense tracts of fine territory, especially in Kerry, which gives the title of earl to the eldest son of the Marquis of Lansdowne. The present eldest son of the Marquis is, however, Earl of Shelburne—the Earl of Kerry being dead some years—and why the eldest living does not take the title of his defunct brother, is a puzzle to our very limited heraldric sagacity. The family of Petty was altogether obscure and unknown in England, and very insignificant in Ireland, if, indeed, they could be said to be known at all there, for many generations, till the middle of the sixteenth century, when William Petty, the son of a clothier in Romsey, in Hampshire (where Lord Palmerston was also born), attained wealth and subsequently great public distinction by his proficiency, first in mechanical and afterwards in medical pursuits. These latter he followed with infinite profit in Ireland for many years, investing his gains in land and attaining the dignity of knight himself and a barony in her own right for his wife, Baroness Shelburne. One of his sons became the Earl of Shelburne, and famous as a politician in the reign of George II., and is described by Mr. Disraeli in "Coningsby," as one of the greatest politicians in our annals, though the history of what he did is all but unknown to posterity. The earl's son (father of the present marquis), was himself for some time prime minister to George III.; so that we see the subject of our sketch has large hereditary claims to political eminence—a quality, however, which does not seem to be further transmissible, for his son, the present Earl of Shelburne, of whom we have just spoken, though long in parliament for the family borough of Calne, in Wiltshire, and for a brief period a Lord of the Treasury, has never acquired the smallest prominence as a speaker or otherwise. The present Marquis was born in 1780, and consequently is in his seventy-fifth year. He was educated first at Westminster School, subsequently at Edinburgh, where, in common with many others who have since reached prominent stations, he was a pupil of the celebrated Dugald Stewart, and afterwards at Cambridge, where he became a Master of Arts. Availing himself of the brief Peace of Amiens, he made a hurried run through France with M. Dumont, and then took his seat for Calne; his maiden-speech being full of promise, which his after efforts fully realised, especially on the impeachment of Lord Melville, for the malversation of public moneys as Treasurer of the Navy. In the first election for Cambridge, which he contested with Lord Palmerston about this time, he succeeded—in the second he was defeated; the latter being owing to his advocacy of civil and religious claims, in contrast with the restrictive and bigoted views then upheld by Pitt's followers. In the budgets brought in by Lord Petty, while Chancellor of the Exchequer to Fox, there was no great room for the exhibition of what may be called popular finance, the war demanding new taxes instead of the remission of old ones; and the necessity of the noble lord to continue the income-tax, which he and his associates had long denounced, exposed him to considerable ridicule, of which the caricaturists of the time were not slow to take advantage: but of his great financial ability no doubt was ever entertained; and to this day few men in either house can deliver a speech more instructive or rich in information on any subject involving an exposition of the true canons of political economy, especially of a fiscal kind. The death of Fox, followed by the brief experiment of Earl Grenville's ministry (who, however, passed the Abolition of Slavery Bill, but were turned out for their support of Catholic emancipation), broke up the Reform party completely, as far as regarded their prospects of office. It was not till 1827 that the modified ministry of Canning gave the most moderate liberals a chance; and, accordingly, his lordship, who had been in the upper house since 1809, was made Home Secretary, an office which he filled with great credit. Again, the death of his chief drove the noble Marquis into opposition, of which he became the leader in the Peers till the formation of the Grey cabinet in 1830, when he became President of the Council, the office now held by Lord John Russell, and continued to fill it during every liberal administration that has since been formed, with the exception of the present, in which he holds no office, though a member of the cabinet. It is needless to add, after what we have stated, that in every cabinet to which he has belonged, and in every position which he has filled, whether in office or opposition, whether in public or private, his lordship has been the warm friend of enlightenment among the people and progressive liberty in all our institutions. His great hereditary wealth, largely augmented by matrimonial alliance with the affluent family of the Ilchesters, he has always employed in a wise munificence, promoting literature and the arts, with a generosity doubly valuable, because of the taste and discrimination that guide it.

THE CONVENT OF SANTA ENGRACIA, AT SARAGOSSA.

THOSE who have read Napier's invaluable history of the Peninsular War will remember the principal circumstance in modern times for which Saragossa is remarkable. We allude to the famous siege of the place by the French under Marshals Mortier and Lannes, which lasted from July 15, 1808, to Feb. 1, 1809, with only some occasional and slight interruptions. It was not till 6,000 men had perished in battle, and more than 80,000 men, women, and children had been destroyed by famine, pestilence, or cruel outrage, that the French succeeded in taking possession of the city. The siege bore a strong resemblance to that of Jerusalem in the obstinacy of the resistance made, the sufferings of the besieged, and their fanatical barbarity towards one another as well as the enemy.

Among other sacred edifices which were then destroyed, was the convent of Santa Engracia, the ruins of which we have depicted. It was founded by Ferdinand and Isabella, whose reign is memorable on many accounts, particularly for its connexion with the immortal discoveries of Columbus. Much has been said in praise of the cloister, which is adorned with marble columns and numerous armorial bearings; but not more than it fairly deserves. In this cloister was buried Jerome Blancas, the historian of Aragon, who died in 1590. It was over the smoking ruins of the convent that the French forced their way into the city in the terrible siege of 1809. The doorway, now riddled with bullets, is a remarkable work of the fifteenth century. It is thus described by Alexander Delaborde. "The doorway, which is in the form of an altar-screen, consists of two architectural portions. The first is adorned with four columns, and the statues of four learned ecclesiastics. The second contains three statues, that of the Virgin with the infant Jesus, and those of King Ferdinand V. and his Queen Isabella kneeling on

each side. These two portions are surmounted by a cross and statues of the Virgin and St. John. The arch of the door is ornamented with heads of seraphim, and near them are two ancient medallions, above which are written the words 'Numa Pompilius, M. Antonius.'" The celebrated traveller adds, that in the interior of the church the decorations in marble and gold were distributed with artistic effect. There might be seen the magnificent mausoleum of the historian, Jerome Zurita, who died in 1570.

A side-door led to a second church, whence there was a descent to the crypt of *Las Santas Masas.* "This is," says Delaborde, "a veritable catacomb, in which are deposited the relics of many martyrs. The arched roof, which rises about twelve feet, and is covered with stars upon an azure ground, rests upon thirty small columns of different sorts of marble, forming six small naves. Here are preserved, among other things, several crystal vases containing the blood and ashes of various martyrs, and the head of Saint Engracia in a silver shrine, adorned with a necklace of precious stones. There is a pit in the middle of this church, surrounded by an iron balustrade, which is said to contain the ashes of a great number of the faithful, whom Dacian had burnt at Saragossa."

Within the last twenty years Saragossa has witnessed fresh proofs of Spanish valour. Cabañero, a general in the interest of Don Carlos, managed to enter the city by night, and got possession of the principal posts, on the 2nd of March, 1838. Even under these apparently desperate circumstances, the people never for one moment lost their courage. Totally unprepared as they were—without leaders, and very insufficiently provided with arms—they nevertheless rushed upon the intruding force with dauntless spirit, and ultimately succeeded in capturing 2,000, and driving out the remainder.

THE CONVENT OF SANTA ENGRACIA.

THE LAKE OF SAARNEN.

No portion of the continent of Europe abounds in picturesque and romantic scenery to so large an extent as the mountain land of Switzerland. There the most striking and sublime aspects of nature are accumulated, forming a source of perpetual inspiration to the painter and the poet. There the mountain rears its snow-capped summit to the clouds, the glacier presents its glittering and slippery front, and the torrent brawls among the rocks which obstruct its passage through the valley, or falls thundering down the face of almost perpendicular precipices. There the sublime and beautiful phenomenon of the rainbow is seen above the cataract, and the lammergeyer wheels above the pinnacles of the mountains, marking the bounding chamois or the browsing goat for its prey. Not only is Switzerland the most elevated portion of Europe, but the beauties of its scenery are condensed, as it were; so that the tourist has not to travel over many miles of uninteresting country to admire a waterfall here, or climb a mountain there. In Switzerland all is picturesque; the tourist cannot take a walk of a few miles without meeting some object to awaken his interest and

excite his admiration. Everywhere he beholds the mountains towering to the skies, the river rushing through the valley, or the lake spread out before him, its blue waters dotted with the white sails of numerous fishing-boats.

The changes which the aspect of the landscape undergoes at different periods of the day are as varied and beautiful as the scenery itself. Early in the morning a mist envelopes the mountains, but as the sun rises above their peaks, it disperses, and the lake reflects the blue sky, against which the snowy summits are distinctly defined. As the sun declines, the lake glows with crimson and gold, and the snow on the mountains gradually changes its hue from white to rose-colour. As the light decreases, the rose changes to purple, and the purple to gray, when the moon rises, and restores the snows the white garb with which they are clothed by day. A constant charm is thus experienced by the traveller as he journeys through this picturesque region, the beauties of which have inspired some of the finest poetry of Coleridge, Byron, and

On the height of Lendenburg was the fortress of the lords who formerly dominated over Unterwald. The ruins of their castle now serve in the summer as rude seats for the inhabitants of the district when they assemble to elect their magistrates and their deputies to the diet. The ancient seat of Austrian tyranny is thus converted into the rustic forum of a free people, where they exercise those rights which their ancestors won at the sword's point, and which they have ever defended with such unexampled heroism.

The courage of the Unterwalden peasants has been displayed on several signal occasions. United with those of Schwitz and Ur from time immemorial, a confederation known as the league of Waldstettin, they were the veritable founders of the Helvetian republic, and took a brilliant part in the glorious battles of Sempach and Morgarten. In 1798, Unterwald, united with its two ancient allies, had another occasion for displaying the courage of its hardy peasantry. These three small cantons repudiated the constitution which had lately been proclaimed in Switzerland

THE LAKE OF SAARNEN.

Shelley. The lakes of Switzerland comprise some of its most pleasing scenery, though not the most sublime; and those tourists who are content with gazing at the Alps as they rise from the opposite shore of a wide sheet of water, and whose love of the sublime is not strong enough to urge them to encounter the fatigues and dangers of climbing to the top of Mont Blanc, pass most of their time at the pleasant towns on their shores.

The lake of Saarnen is one of the four small lakes of the canton of Unterwald. It is about three miles in length, and a mile and a half in average breadth. The traveller who crosses the Brunig to reach the lake of the Four Cantons comes upon this little lake, and the town of the same name on its shores. At a little distance is the elevation of Lendenburg, the view from which embraces a varied and extensive panorama. On one side is the lake of Saarnen, surrounded by its picturesque shores, and in the distance the Bernese Alps; on the other side, the river Aar flows through a verdant valley on its way towards the lake of Lucerne, into which it discharges its waters; and beyond, the forest of Kern.

under French influence: all the decrees, all the menaces of the Helvetian directory were in vain. In defending their ancient constitution, they believed that they were defending the conquests over tyranny which had been cemented with the blood of their forefathers. Twelve thousand French troops were marched into the country to subdue them. They met in battle on the 9th September, 1798. The Swiss numbered only two thousand, but held a strong position in the mountains, which they defended during nine hours with unexampled bravery. The women, the old men, the children, all assisted in the combat. Eighteen young men fell, with weapons in their hands, before the chapel erected in memory of Arnold Winkelried. Not far from Stantz, the chief town of Lower Unterwald, forty-five peasants of Nidwalden resisted for a long time the progress of a French battalion. Their undying attachment to their old institutions has led, on several occasions, to serious disputes between the great and little cantons, and it was these differences of opinion that produced the Sonderbund, which agitated the political world in 1846.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF BUDDHA SHAKKYA-MOUNI.

Herodotus says in his history: "They show in Scythia a thing worthy of admiration: it is the footprints of Hercules upon a rock near the Tyras.* They resemble those of a man, but are two cubits in length." Similar impressions elsewhere have been objects of veneration among the heathen; and at the present day the Buddhists honour, in like manner, the footprints of Shakkya-Mouni, the Buddha of the authentic period, who lived in the sixth century before the Christian era.

The most celebrated of these impressions of the feet of Buddha is that of his left foot, which, according to the Cingalese, is to be seen on the summit of Adam's Peak, in the island of Ceylon. The Arabian navigators of the ninth and fourteenth centuries made known their existence; but they supposed them to have been made by the feet of Adam. A Moslem tradition, mentioned by Marco Polo, states, that Adam was buried on this same mountain. Barbosa, Diego de Conto, Ribeiro, Baldæus, Laloubère, R. Knox, Philalèthes, Valentyn, John Davy, and a great number of other travellers, have noticed and authenticated the existence of those impressions. Similar traces have been observed in different parts of Asia, especially on the coast of the peninsula of Malacca, opposite Salan, Salang, or Junk-Ceylan, on the mountain *Sâwanna Capphatc*, or *Khan-phra-phuti-batt*—that is, the holy mountain of Buddha's footsteps; at Nagapuri, on the mountain *Khun-nang-rung*, in Northern Laos; on the banks of the Jumna; on those of the Ganges; at Gangantis, in a temple on the coast of Temesserini, north of Tavoy, etc. Another formerly existed at Mecca; and it is probable, that the fact of the spot being already consecrated by the veneration paid to this remarkable footmark contributed to render it the cradle of the new religion. Colonel Symes, during his embassy in Ava, made a drawing of one of these singular impressions, which is shown near Prome. Captain James Low has lithographed another, from a drawing made by a Siamese artist, which the Buddhist priests assured him was an accurate representation of the veritable footprint of Buddha, held in veneration throughout the kingdom of Siam. From this lithograph our engraving is taken.

The impressions that are regarded as the real footprints of Buddha are not the only objects of public worship in the countries in which the ancient creed is held: on account of their rarity, imitations are made, and placed in the temples for the adoration of the faithful. In this manner they form symbols of the principal Buddhist sects. The one we have represented presents a curious mixture of the symbols of Brahminism with those of Buddhism. In fact, the Siamese do not profess the pure faith of Buddha, which, among them, has been considerably modified by Hindoo influences. The priests communicated to Captain Low a portion of a Pali book explaining these symbols, a roll of which, consisting of fifty eight-syllabled verses, is recited in the temples as an invocation. Captain Low has added to his drawing an explanation of the numerous signs of which it is composed, but unfortunately without letters of reference. Eugène Burnouf has since given a more complete development of the subject in his "*Lotus de la bonne Loi.*" We borrow from these two authors a very summary interpretation of the whole series of symbols, which will serve to guide our readers through the labyrinth of subjects presented by the engraving.

The five toes are represented by five flowers of the *dak-p-hekun.*

In the centre is the *tchakra*, the shield frequently carried on the arm of Brahma or of Vishnu, a wheel of fire, an instrument of torture in the Siamese hell, a threatening comet in the heavens, a sign of disaster, a type of universal dominion, and a symbol of eternity. Before the image of the *tchakra* the devout Buddhists cover their faces with their hands, and cry: "Behold the Krong-chak, and its glorious splendour!" In the fourth row, on the left of the *tchakra*, is the pyramidal tiara of Buddha, a symbol of the sun, called in Siamese, the *mongkut.*

Watta-sang-ho, the shell *buccinum* (in the centre and near the wheel, resting on a support). A great quantity of these shells are sent to Bengal. The five toes of the footprint drawn by Colonel Symes are represented by as many of these *watta-sang-ho.* According to the fable, Buddha assumed this figure previous to his last incarnation. The Buddhists attach great value to these spiral shells, and Crawford says that one of them has been sold for a sum equal to £200 sterling.

The Buddhist pot, or the *bat-keo-int-hanan* of the Siamese priests. According to Eugène Burnouf, the *pûrnakalasaya* (in Sanscrit), a full water-pot—sometimes several pots carried on a board.

Suriya, the sun in his chariot, sometimes called *kassyapa.* (Fourth compartment of the fifth row, on the left of the *tchakra.*)

Chand-heina, or *phra-chan*, the moon drawn by horses. The moon or *chandra* is generally represented by the Hindoos as drawn by antelopes. (Fifth compartment of the third row, on the left of the *tchakra.*)

Nak-hata, the polar star.

The *talapat-nang*, or ordinary umbrella, formed of the leaves of the talipot-tree, a species of palm. (The compartment forming the right-hand corner immediately above the *tchakra.*)

In the same division are two trumpets of peculiar form.

The *taubai-lakchai*, the royal standard, with seven divisions, used by certain Buddhist sects as a symbol of Mount Merou.

The *passato*, or Siamese *prasat*, a square palace, richly ornamented and having a roof of spiral form; called in Sanscrit, according to Eugène Burnouf, *prâsâdaya.*

The *pi-thakang* (in Siamese, *tiang-t-hang*), the bed of gold.

The *banlangko* (in Siamese, *t-hen-ban-lang*), the bed of repose, or, more probably, the altar of Buddha, that is placed in the areas of the temples, and on which worshippers deposit their offerings of flowers and fruit. Eugène Burnouf calls it the golden litter or palanquin.

The *d-hâ-chang* (in Siamese, *t-hong-chai*), a pavilion.

The *pato* (in Siamese, *t-hong-thadat*), a paper flag.

K-han-han-ola, the royal palanquin, or covered litter.

The *t-pat-t-hang*, or *chat-thong* (Siamese), a kind of chalice.

Wuchani (in Siamese, *p-hatchani*), the royal fan.

Mount Merou (in Siamese, *Meru-rat* and *khan-pramen*). According to the Buddhists, it has eight conical summits rising one above another.

The seven great rivers that flow between the hills of Mount Merou: *satt-ha-maha-k-hang-ka*, in Siamese, *menam-yai-chet.* (First compartment in the second row, on the right of the *tchakra.*)

The six celestial worlds. (Four compartments commencing at the fourth row, and concluding at the seventh.)

The sixteen worlds of Brahma. (Three compartments adjoining the preceding.)

The four *dwipas*, or divisions of the world, represented by the heads framing the designs that indicate the particular characteristics of each of the four quarters of the globe.

The *champ-hu-thipa*, or the *jambou-dwipa.* It has a form analogous to that of a coach, and it is said to have been formerly covered by the waters. Men lived upon it to the age of a hundred years, subsisting by the sweat of their brows—that is, by labour.

Ammarak-koyanê, or circular *dwipa*, the inhabitants of which are of the figure of the full moon, are twenty cubits high, and live six hundred years; invisible hands bring them all the nourishment they desire.

Ut-araka-ro, or *dwipa* of a square form, an isle of the north, the men of which are more than twenty cubits high, and live five hundred years. The tree *kappa-phrek* supplies them with all that they require.

Bapp-hawit-ho, or *dwipa* in the form of a crescent, of the moon at seven days old. The inhabitants are likewise of the crescent form; they live four hundred years, are sixteen cubits high, and subsist on the air.

The tree called *eko-rukk-ho*, situated in the centre of the earth, supposed to be the *kalbirj* of India. The perfumes which it exhales ravish the senses, and its foliage, agitated by the zephyrs, fill the air with harmonious sounds. It has four branches directed towards the four cardinal points, and when the fruit on the northern branch is ripe, it drops into the northern ocean to supply

* See "Historical Educator," vol. i. p. 226. No mention has been made of this imprint by modern travellers. The river here named by Herodotus is supposed to be the Dniester.

the fish with food. The fruit on the eastern branch is changed into gold, and that of the western branch into diamonds.

Maha-samud-ho (according to Burnouf, *samudraya*), the great ocean that surrounds the four principal *dwipas*. (Second compartment of the first outside row, on the left of the *tchakra*.)

T-hawiwi-sahasta-pariwara, the two thousand little *dwipas*, or islands that surround the four great *dwipas*.

Yuk-halang, enormous gold fishes that live in the ocean between Mount Merou and the *dwipas*. (Third compartment of the second row, on the left of the central wheel.)

Raja-naja or *phria-nak*, the king of the serpents. (Fifth compartment of the first row on the left.)

Tchakrawalang, the horizon that, under the form of a wall, surrounds Mount Merou. (The space in the centre of the first outside row, in the form of the wall of a fortress.)

Chattancha, the *svetatchhat-raya* of Eugène Burnouf; a parasol of seven rows, in allusion to the seven cones of Mount Merou.

Hemawa or *Himala*, the mountain-chain of Himalaya, in the north of India.

Satta-maha-sara, (in Siamese, *sa-kai-chet*), the seven great lakes of the Himalaya range, abounding with fish and the lotus plant. (Third compartment of the first range, on the left of the *tchakra*, divided into seven squares.)

Pancha-maha-nathi, the five rivers that flow out of the lakes.

Walahako (in Siamese, *ma-p-halahok*), the celestial horse, or the white horse of the Himalaya.

Kanthat-assawarat, the horse that carried Buddha across the Jumna. (Next to the umbrella in the third row on the right.)

Tchakravartin, the possessor of the seven jewels, represented with a glaive in one hand, and a shield in the other. (Third compartment of the fifth row.)

Sing-ha-raja, or *phreea-rajhasi*, the lions.

P-hayak-ha-rhajha, or *p-hrea-sua-krong*, the royal tiger.

Ub-hosat-ho, the green elephant, one of the royal elephants of Hemawa. (The seventh compartment of the second row on the left, next to the horse.)

Tchatt-hanto, the white elephant, venerated by the Siamese because it carried Raja-chaka, by the Buddhists of Ceylon in memory of the form once taken by Shakkya-mouni.

Saking-nak-ha, or *saki-nak-ho*, the red elephant of Himala; according to Colebrooke, the emblem of the second Jaina.

Erewanno, the elephant of Indra. (The caparisoned elephant, third compartment of the fourth row on the right.)

Usab-ho, the royal white bull of Hemawa. (The left-hand compartment immediately below the wall of Mount Merou.)

Me-k-ho, the cow of abundance, and *Wec-kako*, or *thai-lokk-ho*, the calf. (Compartment adjoining the preceding.)

Nawa, the golden vessel, or ark of Noah, a symbol of the world. (Third compartment of the first row on the left.)

Chamnachari, the tail of the yak, used as a fly-flap; according to Burnouf, *tchamaraya*.

Ninla-palang (the *nilotpalaya* of Burnouf), the blue nymphæa, or rather the water-lily of Hemawa. When Buddha was marching, this lotus grew under his feet.

Rattang-palang (the *raktapadmaya* of Burnouf), the red lotus of Siam.

Sitapalang, another variety of the lotus; according to Burnouf, *svetapatmaya*, the white nymphæa.

Mora-puchang, or *pincha*, the peacock's tail; according to Burnouf, *mayarahastaya*, a handful of peacock's feathers.

Chattu-muk-ka, a figure of Brahma, represented with four heads. (Third compartment of the fifth row, nearly below the central wheel.)

P-hummarocha, scarabæus, beetle of the golden mountain. (Fourth row on the left, near the lotus flowers.)

Suwanna-kach-hapo, the golden tortoises. (Fifth compartment of the second row on the left.)

Hangsa-cha, the goose of the Brahmins; this bird is represented on the flag of Ava, but it does not now exist in that country. Baldæus, with more probability, calls it the cassowary, a bird that is common in the Eastern peninsula.

Tchakkawalhi, the king of the red geese. (Eleventh compartment.)

Mang-karo, an aquatic monster, occupying the place of Capricornus in the zodiac of the Siamese astronomers. (Second compartment of the fourth row on the left.)

Karawiko, the melodious bird of Paradise, represented without feet. (Seventh compartment of the third row on the left.)

Kinaro, a creature half man, half bird, called by Eugène Burnouf the genie *Kimparacha*. (Seventh compartment of the second row on the right.)

Mayuro, the king of the peacocks. (Tenth compartment of the third row.)

Kaja-raja, a bird of the Himalayan range that lives on iron, and of whose excrements sabres of the finest temper are made.

Chiwa-kuneika, an eagle or falcon, emblem of the god Ananta; according to Burnouf, the king of the pheasants, or of the partridges. (Ninth compartment of the third row on the left.)

Sapanno, a favourite bird of the Siamese, which plays an important part in their mythic legends. (Sixth compartment of the first row, on the left of the central wheel or shield.)

Suparna, half man, half bird, the king of the *suparnas*, and the enemy of the *nagas*, or serpents.

Sung-su, the alligator.

Ganesa, *Heramba*, or *Hera*, a four-armed divinity of the Hindoos. (Below the figure of Brahma.)

Toranang, the rampart of wood that surrounds the house of Somonocodom; according to Burnouf, it is the *Toranaya*, or arch of triumph. (On the right of the palace Prasadaya.)

Makatta, a flower resembling the marigold.

Parechatta, the flower that grows only in heaven.

Baraphet, nine sorts of precious stones. (Supposed to be in the vases on the left of the *tchakra*.)

The mountains *Sattap-hanp-hot*.

Mahengsa, or *mahesélo*, the buffalo.

Ramasura (the Siamese *Ramasur*, and perhaps the *Rama* of the Hindoo myths), one of the warriors brandishing a sword.

Ut-dha-tapasu, a saint and prophet of the Siamese, who, according to their legends, still lives upon the earth, though he was bor before Buddha. He is represented as seated beneath a tent. (Second row on the right.)

Dha-chang, the sacred bow which Rama and Buddha alone have the power of using.

Utsat-hi, the star called by the Siamese *Dau-kammap-hruk*.

Awa-ratsa-wannang, the goblet of gold, according to Captain Low, and *aratam-saka*, a ring suspended from a small gibbet, according to Eugène Burnouf. (Compartment just below the *tchakra*, towards the right.)

Paduka, the slippers or sandals. (Third compartment of the fourth row on the left.)

Thewa-Thittamani, the goddess of the clouds: supposed to be the female figure holding a flower and a mirror.

Suwanna-mikhi, the golden gazelle. (Second compartment of the second row on the left.)

Kukkata-wannang, the Siamese cock. (Eighth compartment of the third row on the left.)

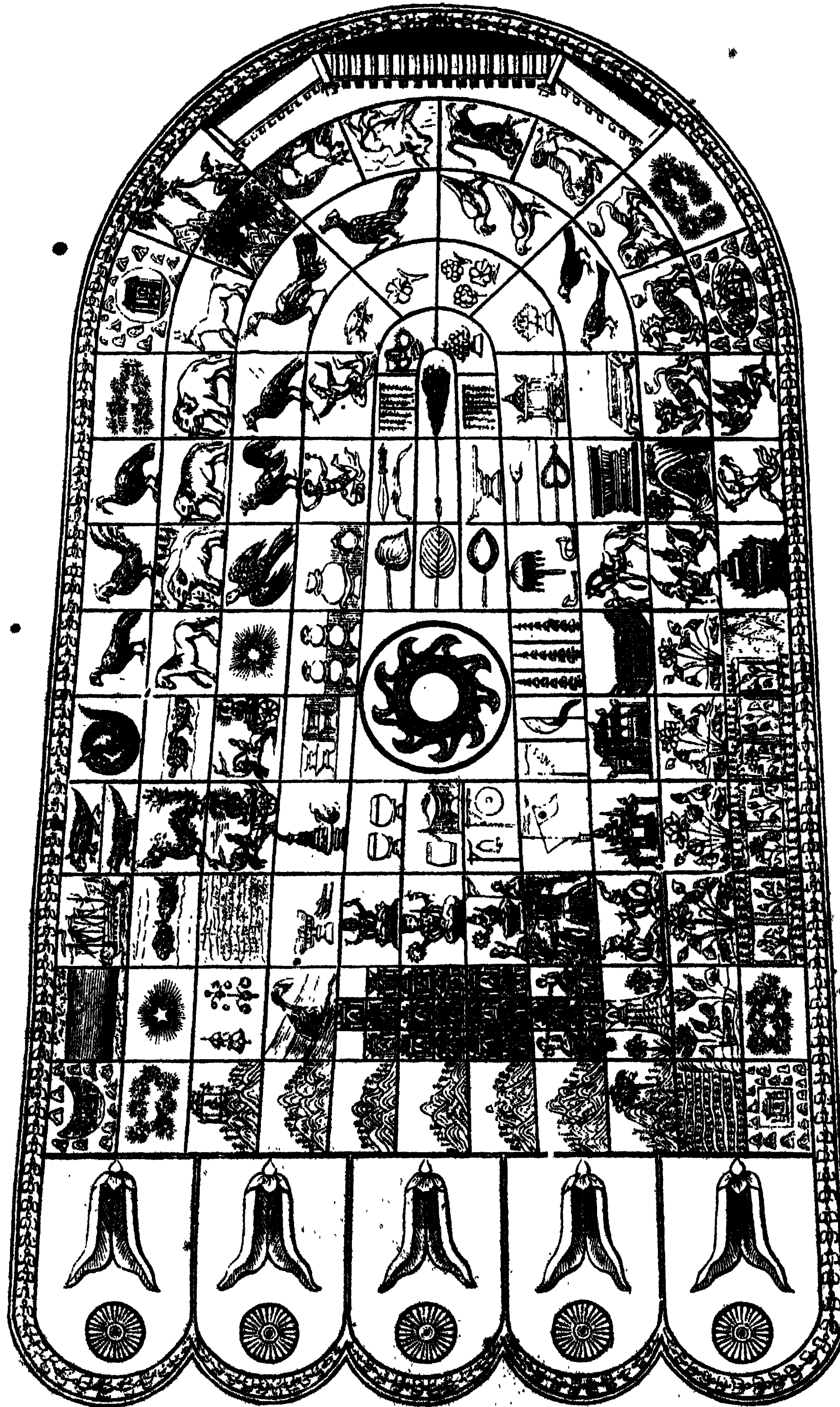
Saticha (in Siamese, *hak*), a lance.

Tri-wactchocha, or rather, *çri-vastaya*, a diamond ornament, a collar or necklace; a sign of prosperity.

Watalo, part of the head-dress that falls down at the back of he head.

These explanations, confused and incomplete as they are in some respects, are, nevertheless, sufficient to show that the figures represented have not been designed at hazard, or without a purpose. The majority of the more prominent are designed to shadow forth the power and dignity of Buddha. "Thus," says Eugène Burnouf, "we first observe the mystic signs that announce the prosperity and grandeur of him of whom they are the impression. Then follow a long series of material objects, as the dress, the arms, the furniture, that are, in the eyes of the Hindoos, the appurtenances of regal power. From the physical world are borrowed those that are more striking and impressive: the sun, the ocean, the mountains, the animals that are most remarkable or mo useful, whether amongst quadrupeds or birds; finally, the plants that are most remarkable for the elegance of their forms, or the brilliance of their colours. The supernatural world has also furnished

images of the first of the gods, according to the Brahmins; those of the celestial world, and the various classes of genii that inhabit it, according to the Buddhists." Of the remainder, Burnouf observes, that uch a confused assemblage of figures is not in accordance with the purity of the Buddhist religion; and we may, perhaps, attribute them to the gross superstition of the Siamese. The more enlightened Buddhists of China and Japan admit, upon the representation of the footprint of Buddha, only the *tchakra*, the symbol of eternity. Buddhism, in fact, like the religious systems of the Hindoos and the ancient Egyptians, has its esoteric form, in which *we find much to admire and commend, so much more pure and* elevated *is* it than the absurd myths that have been *grafted* upon it. The mythologies of Egypt and India were founded upon the symbols used by the hierophants to convey religious instruction to the ignorant masses, and we look in vain among the popular creeds of the far East for the elevated philosophy of the Vedas, and the axioms of pure morality to be found in the ancient scriptures of Buddha.



THE FOOTPRINT OF BUDDHA SHAKKYA-MOUNI.—FROM A LITHOGRAPH BY CAPTAIN LOW, AFTER A DRAWING BY A SIAMESE ARTI T.

modern warfare, down to that last and surpassing combat which has made his name imperishable—from Assaye to Waterloo—the *Irish soldiers with whom your armies were filled were the inseparable* auxiliary to the glory with which his unparalleled successes have been crowned. Whose were the athletic arms that drove your bayonets at Vimiera through the phalanxes that never reeled in the shock of arms before? What desperate valour climbed the steeps and filled the moats of Badajos? All, all his victories should have rushed and crowded back upon his memory—Vimiera, Badajos, Salamanca, Albuera, Toulouse, and last of all, the greatest. Tell me—for you were there—I appeal to the gallant soldier before me (pointing to Sir H. Hardinge), who bears, I know, a generous heart in an intrepid breast; tell me—for you must needs remember on that day when the destinies of mankind were trembling in the balance, while death fell in showers upon them; when the artillery of France, levelled with the precision of the most deadly science, played upon them; when her legions, incited by the voice, inspired by the example, of their mighty leader, rushed again and again to the contest;—tell me if for an instant (when to hesitate for an instant was to be lost) the aliens blanched? And when, at length, the moment for the last decisive movement had arrived; when the valour so long wisely checked was at last let loose; when, with words familiar but immortal, the Great Captain exclaimed, 'Up, lads, and at them!'—tell me if Catholic Ireland, with less heroic valour than the natives of your own glorious isle, precipitated herself upon the foe. The blood of England, Scotland, Ireland, flowed in the same stream on the same field; when the chill morning dawned their dead lay cold and stark together; in the same deep pit their bodies were deposited; the green arm of spring is now breaking on their commingled dust; the dew from heaven falls upon their union in the grave. Partakers in every peril, in the glory shall we not participate? And shall we be told, as a requital, that we are estranged from the noble country for whose salvation our life-blood was poured out?" As an instance of Sheil's power of sarcasm, the following is one of the best:—One day, at a meeting of the Catholic Association, a volunteer came forward with a very inflammatory harangue, and offered to lay his head on the block in the cause of Ireland. Mr. Sheil rose immediately after and said, "The honourable gentleman has just made us an oblation of his head—he has accompanied his offer with abundant evidence of the value of the sacrifice." Sheil was an artist of the highest order—poetical, and sensitive; if oratory be an art, it is an art he had mastered to perfection.

We have now finished our survey of English parliamentary oratory down to the present time. Of the living we have yet to speak. With rare exceptions, what we hear now seems cold and tame compared with what fired our fathers' hearts in the stormy contests of the past.

If our readers have never been to the House of Lords, let them take a description of a debate in that frigid zone from one who has, in one of his novels, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli, thus describes the scene: "The Duke of St. James took the oaths and his seat. He was introduced by Lord Fitz Pompey. He heard a debate. We laugh at such a thing, especially in the upper house; but, on the whole, the affair is imposing, particularly if we take a part in it. Lord Ex-Chamberlain thought the nation going on wrong, and he made a speech full of currency and constitution. Baron Deprivyseal seconded him with great effect, brief but bitter, satirical and sore. The Earl of Quarterday answered these, full of confidence in the nation and in himself. When the debate was getting heavy, Lord Snap jumped up to give them something light. The Lords do not encourage wit, and so are obliged to put up with pertness. But Viscount Memoir was very statesmanlike, and spouted a sort of universal history. Then there was Lord Ego, who vindicated his character when nobody knew he had one, and explained his motives because his auditors could not understand his acts. Then there was a maiden speech so inaudible that it was doubted after all whether the young orator really did lose his virginity. In the end, up started the premier, who, having nothing to say, was manly and candid and liberal, gave credit to his adversary and credit to himself, and then the motion was withdrawn. While all this was going on, some made a note and some a bet, some consulted a book, some their ease, some yawned, a few slept." We are not aware that debates in the Lords have grown livelier since the above quotation was written—rather the reverse is the case. The real truth is, the battle of party is fought in the lower not the upper chamber.

At this time the upper house is singularly destitute of orators. On the ministerial side of the house you have no first-rate men at all. The head of the cabinet,

> "The travelled Thane—Athenian Aberdeen,"

has never shone in debate. It has never been his fate

> "The applause of listening senates to command"

In person he is of a spare figure, rather above the middle size, plain and sedate in his garb and bearing. His style of speaking is grave and dignified, with a dash of formality, and his tones are somewhat monotonous. He never fails to command the attention of the house; but that attention is due to his exalted position, his great experience of political affairs, and to his matter rather than his manner.

THE ASSYRIAN BAS-RELIEFS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Having in a former volume* given a general account of Mr. Layard's researches at Nineveh, and a sketch of the ancient history of that long-buried city, it is only necessary in the present article to describe the subjects of the illustrations with which we now present the reader. On returning to the scene of his former labours in 1849, Mr. Layard's first visit was to the excavations which had been made at Kouyunjik, during his absence, under the direction of Mr. Ross. The walls of two chambers had been exposed, but of the long series of bas-reliefs which covered them the greater part had been defaced by the flames which destroyed the palace. Some passages had been excavated, into which Mr. Layard descended, and explored the great hall, the bas-reliefs of which had also suffered greatly from the fire. "In this series of bas-reliefs," says he, "the history of an Assyrian conquest was more fully portrayed than in any other yet discovered, from the going out of the monarch to battle, to his triumphal return after a complete victory." The king, with his war-chariots and horsemen, appears to have passed through a mountainous and wooded country, the physical characteristics of which seem to indicate Armenia or Kurdistan, regions which we know were invaded by the royal builder of the palace. In some of the bas-reliefs, the Assyrians are represented in close combat with the enemy, who appear to be defeated and overthrown. The Assyrian warriors are armed with spears and bows, both of which weapons they use at full speed; the enemy appear to be all archers. In other compartments the enemy are retreating, pursued by the victorious Assyrians, who thrust them through with their spears, and trample them beneath the feet of their war-horses. The campaign appears to have been successful; for the triumph of the conqueror follows, in which he is represented in his chariot, beneath the royal parasol—the emblem of regality all over Southern Asia—attended by dismounted cavalry soldiers, holding noble horses, richly caparisoned, and infantry, armed and accoutred in various ways. Seated in state, and surrounded by all the outward evidences of power, the Assyrian conqueror receives the captives, the spoil, and the heads of the slain. His soldiers are seen throwing these ghastly trophies of victory into heaps, while officers record the number in their tablets. This barbarous custom still prevails in Persia, and did, until a recent period, in Turkey also; but in the latter country it is now forbidden by a special firman of the present Sultan. In other compartments soldiers are dragging after them, or driving before them, the prisoners, among whom are

* The Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art, vol. i. p. 145.

women as well as men. The men are chained, some in pairs, others singly; the women are not fettered, and some of them lead their children by the hand, or carry them on their shoulders. Some of the women—those, perhaps, of superior rank—are represented riding on mules. The other bas-reliefs contain figures of mules, asses, and sheep, which the Assyrians had seized in the country of the conquered enemy.

WARRIORS IN BATTLE.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Unfortunately, there is no inscription to indicate the people who were thus subjugated; if one ever existed, it has been defaced by the flames, which, in many parts, have converted the alabaster into lime. That they were those of one of the countries we have named, or at least of some country north of Assyria, though only a conjecture, is one which is strongly supported by the nature of the country through which the invaders marched, as represented on the

HORSEMEN PURSUING AN ENEMY.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

sculptured walls of these chambers. But during the latter part of Mr. Layard's residence at Mosul, a chamber was excavated in the mound at Kouyunjik in which the sculptures were in better condition than any which had hitherto been discovered. They represented the siege and capture by the Assyrians of a city defended by double walls and battlemented towers, and some of the slabs were almost entire, and the inscription on the upper part complete. The city, the capture of which appears to have taxed all the military resources of the empire, was situated among hills and forests, and the vine and the fig-tree grew in its environs. A compact phalanx of archers discharge their arrows at the enemy on the walls and towers; seven battering-rams are directed against the walls; and ten mounds of stone, bricks, and earth have been thrown up to command them. The place appears to have been defended with a degree of courage and determination commensurate with the preparations of the besiegers. The battlements are thronged with bowmen and slingers, who discharge showers of arrows and stones against the Assyrians, while others throw blazing torches, with the view of destroying the warlike engines rolled against their walls. On the stage of the battering-rams archers are discharging their arrows, to drive the enemy from the part of the wall against which the attack is directed; and others are pouring water from ladles upon the blazing torches thrown from the walls. Scaling-ladders are planted against the walls, which the Assyrians ascend, holding their shields before them to protect themselves from the arrows of the enemy. A portion of the city appears to be already in the hands of the assailants, for a long train of captives, camels, and carts drawn by oxen, and filled with women, children, arms, furniture, etc., is seen issuing from an advanced fort, and approaching the throne of the Assyrian monarch. The captives wear turbans similar to those worn at the present day by the Arabs of the Hedjaz, and the helmets worn by the defenders of the city differ from those of the Assyrians, in having a fringed lappet covering the ears. Some of the prisoners are being slain before the throne of the king; two are stretched naked upon the ground to be flayed alive, and others are being impaled by their captors beneath the walls.

WARRIORS RETURNING FROM BATTLE.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Above the king is an inscription of four lines of cuneiform or arrow-headed characters, which Mr. Layard thus translates:—

A KING BESIEGING A CITY.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

"Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before (or at the entrance of) the city of Lachish (Lakhisha). I give permission for its slaughter." Here we have, then, an actual pictorial representation of the siege and capture of Lachish by Sennacherib, king of Assyria, as mentioned in 2 Kings xviii. 14, and Isaiah xxxvi. 2. The interest which attaches to these bas-reliefs is increased by the fact that there is in this case no doubt whatever of the scene represented

being what Mr. Layard supposes. The physiognomy of the captives is undoubtedly Jewish—a type of countenance recognisable at the first glance by every observer, and about which there can be no mistake. That the king represented is Sennacherib, is equally certain. A continuous inscription, consisting of a hundred and fifty-two lines, slightly injured, but still sufficiently legible to be deciphered almost throughout, appears on the massive bulls forming the grand entrance of the palace at Kouyunjik. This record contains the annals of six years of the reign of Sennacherib, besides numerous interesting particulars respecting the religion and mythology of the Assyrians, and is therefore of the highest importance. Dr. Hincks was the first to decipher the name of Sennacherib on inscribed bricks from Kouyunjik; but it was not until August, 1851, that an inscription was discovered which mentioned any historical event, thus placing the matter beyond a doubt. The honour of this discovery is due to Colonel Rawlinson, who has given a translation of this remarkable inscription which forms a complete summary of the events related in the Bible, and by Josephus, Abydenus, and Polyhistor. "As the name of Sennacherib," says Mr. Layard, "as well as those of many kings, countries, and cities, are not written phonetically, that is, by letters having a certain alphabetic value, but by monograms, and the deciphering of them is a peculiar process which may sometimes appear suspicious to those not acquainted with the subject, a few words of explanation may not be unacceptable to my readers. The greater number of Assyrian proper names with which we are acquainted, whether royal or not, appear to have been made up of the name, epithet, or title, of one of the national deities, and of a second word, such as 'slave of,' 'servant of,' 'beloved by,' 'protected by;' like the Theodosius, Theodorus, etc. of the Greeks, and the Abd-ullah, and Abd-ur-Rahman of Mahommedan nations. The names of the gods being commonly written with a monogram, the first step in deciphering is to know which god this particular sign denotes. Thus, in the name of Sennacherib, we have first the determinative of 'god,' to which no phonetic value is attached; whilst the second character denotes an Assyrian god, whose name was San." As to the identity of the Lakhisba of the inscription with the Lachish of the Bible, Colonel Rawlinson has expressed doubts, but the reading of Mr. Layard is supported by the opinion of Dr. Hincks, one of the first orientalists of the day. Moreover, the name of Hezekiah occurs in the inscription, and the amount of treasure taken from the Jewish king in gold, is stated precisely as we find it in the Old Testament. "Had the name stood alone," says Mr. Layard, in commenting on the identification of the builder of the palace at Kouyunjik with the Sennacherib of the sacred volume, "we might reasonably have questioned the correctness of the reading, especially as the signs or monograms, with which it is written, are admitted to have no phonetic power. But when characters, whose alphabetic values have been determined from a perfectly distinct source, such as the Babylonian column of the trilingual inscriptions, furnish us with names in the records attributed to Sennacherib, written almost identically as in the Hebrew version of the Bible, such as Hezekiah, Jerusalem, Judah, Sidon, and others, and all occurring in one and the same paragraph, their reading moreover confirmed by synchronisms, and illustrated by sculptured representations of the events, the identification must be admitted to be complete."

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—III.

POOR Zdenku was filled with serious anxiety. He racked his brain to no purpose in the attempt to discover why the formidable woman was so severe upon him. Meanwhile, his wife had managed to get an inkling of what was in the wind. From the glances of Maruschka and Dschurdschu upon Wantscha, who was crouching down in the corner, as well as from the alarm betrayed by Wantscha's looks, she gathered more than was spoken. Perhaps she also, with womanly ingenuity, guessed what had taken place at the garden-gate. At all events delay seemed to her dangerous, for she immediately sprang upon her daughter like a wild cat, dragged her out of the corner, forced her down upon the stone floor, and exclaimed: "She is your slave, body and soul, mistress! Tie a stone about her neck and throw her into the Temes where it is deepest; fasten her to a post and whip her till she stands in a pool of blood; tie her hands behind her back and sell her to the Turks! Do what you please with her, only do not withdraw from us your protection and favour."

Wantscha, who had in the meantime a little recovered from her surprise, attempted to resist. But her efforts were all in vain. Her mother kept her down with hand and knee, and compelled her by blows to submit to her fate. Zdenku stared in blank astonishment at the strange scene, which was a new riddle to him, instead of a solution of the former one. But Maruschka smiled with malicious satisfaction, and after watching the woman's unmotherly behaviour for some time, at last said: "Let the girl alone, Czinka. And you, Wantscha, come to me; I will offer you a bit of good advice—mind you give it a wise hearing."

The ill-used girl arose, and, while she arranged her disordered hair and smoothed down her clothes, she looked in no humour to listen favourably to any advice. She shot malicious glances at Maruschka, and every now and then flashed scorn and indignation at Dschurdschu. But Maruschka took care not to be discomposed by her untoward looks and behaviour. With an apparently friendly tone, which was only redeemed from hypocrisy by the touch of scorn with which her soft words were seasoned, she said: "I think you are a good child to your father and mother. They both love you beyond measure. There is only one thing that lies nearer their heart than their own child, namely—what is quite reasonable—their own welfare. They would, perhaps, not hesitate to sacrifice their life and their property to save your life; but assuredly they will not lose all they have just to gratify your whim. Do you understand me, Wantscha. Are you aware that your father and mother are beggars, the moment I withdraw my protecting hand from their flocks, their threshing-floors, and their house? If not, let me tell you so now. They will, therefore, find some means of conquering your stubborn will; and even if they had not the power to do this, I am sure you are much too good a daughter to bring down a curse upon your father's house and plunge those to whom you owe your existence into the deepest misery. You would not exact such a sacrifice at their hands, even to save your life. You are too dutiful and too noble for that."

Wantscha burst into tears. Her spirit was broken. As soon as the powerful mistress declared herself a suitor in the name of Dschurdschu, the poor girl abandoned all idea of resistance. Maruschka could brook no refusal at any time, and her tyrannical disposition was now irritated by the keen sting of jealousy. Nobody knew better than Wantscha how to act on the spur of the moment. Hence, resigning herself to her fate, she said with repeated sobs: "I obey, mistress."

"You do well," said Maruschka, and turning to Zdenku, added: "Join the hands of this pair together. Your daughter consents to become the bride of my faithful servant."

Full of joy, the rough old Dschurdschu sprang towards the poor girl, who offered no opposition to his embraces. At last light broke in upon the sluggish peasant, her father. "Is that all?" muttered he. "I was wondering what would come of all your threats. It was hardly worth while to talk so ominously just for this. However, it is all one to me. You have got a good wife, old fellow, and a nice little property. Take her, and may Heaven bless you both!"

With these words he betrothed his daughter to an old man, whose only recommendation was his being a *protégé* of the overbearing female robber. Czinka laid her hands on the heads of the affianced pair, and said, as she thought of Petru's dangerous schemes, "*That* trouble also is now at an end; we shall be able to sleep in peace. God be praised for this!"

Maruschka and the happy bridegroom remained all night at Mlakaberg. The amazon was even gracious enough to spend a great part of the morning there, and at last sat down to a late breakfast which served as the betrothment feast, which was prolonged beyond all expectation. Her malicious exultation over Wantscha's hardly-repressed tears gave an additional relish to the food, and the flask which her husband left behind also contributed to lengthen her stay. She did not move from her seat till she had completely drained every drop of the liquor. By that time the day was far advanced, and their departure, which was originally fixed for the morning, did not take place till the afternoon. The trees on the mountains were already stretching their broad shadows towards Turkey, when the

poor lass at length found an opportunity of giving vent to her feelings with tears in quiet retirement, while her merciless tormentor and hated bridegroom were roaming through the wood.

Both the travellers stept on apace, looking anxiously around, and listening attentively to every sound, like sportsmen who in unfrequented wilds make war upon the animal creation. After they had gone a good distance, Maruschka stopped at a steep elevation, from which she looked down into a valley where a herd of wild boars were taking their midday repose on the marshy soil. It was not, however, the wild boars that attracted her attention. She had seen in the distance beyond, the shadow of a man moving among the trees. The man had disappeared amid the foliage, before she had time to distinguish who he was. After a time the form appeared again through an opening in the trees, and Dschurdschu, who observed it, could not help exclaiming, "It is Micklos! What can he want here?"

"We shall soon know," replied Maruschka, upon which she put two fingers in her mouth and gave a shrill whistle, which echoed far and wide. The man sprang with a sudden bound behind the trees before he ventured to look round. But when he had done so, he came slowly out from his concealment, waving his hat, and indicating by his friendly greeting that he recognised his leader's wife. He was a Hungarian by descent, named Nicholas, which the old Wallachian corrupted into Micklos.

Maruschka beckoned him to come over to her. He assented, and immediately disappeared for the purpose, but did not take the shortest way. Probably he thought it advisable to avoid the armed cavaliers, and the furious wild sow with her numerous tribe of young ones. In this uncultivated region the wild boar still retains its original fierceness, though in Germany its nature is so far softened that a single shot is sufficient to put a whole herd to flight. Micklos came cautiously on, but all the more safely. "Where have you come from?" asked Maruschka, "and where are you going to?" "To our chief," replied Micklos. "There is likely to be a capture. The imperialists started very early this morning on a hunting expedition upon the mountain. One of them has missed his way. They are blowing the horn and calling out for him like mad ones. He must be a good prize, otherwise they would not make so much noise about him."

"By the time you get up to where he is, they will have found him long ago," said Maruschka.

Micklos put his finger to his nose, and said: "Yes, if they know what I know. They are looking for him up there, but he is on the other side. I saw him fire down in the ravine. I stood on the top of the mountain and listened on both sides, while they could not hear anything. The man has fired at least six times, and each time further away from the right path."

Maruschka winked with a smile of satisfaction. "You must be right," said she, "and I will accompany you to hunt the huntsman."

THE WATER-CARRIERS OF PERU.

Lima, the capital of Peru, labours under the serious disadvantage of not being well supplied with water. Rain rarely falls in the neighbourhood, so that the inhabitants are forced to depend upon artificial means of obtaining this indispensable blessing. Even in what we are accustomed to call barbarous ages—before the existence of the vast continent of America was known or conjectured in Europe—the Incas of Peru had given proof of their civilisation by making many canals and trenches to convey water into the capital. The Spaniards, fully appreciating the nature of these works, paid great attention to keeping them in order; but they are now in so bad a condition that the inhabitants are obliged to buy all their drinking water of men who procure it from the large fountain in the *Plaça Mayor*, and go round the city with it on the backs of asses, as represented in the annexed engraving (p. 72).

Of all asses in Peru, the *aguador*, or water-carrier, of Lima, is the most laborious, the steadiest, and the most patient. He begins work at six in the morning and does not rest till seven in the evening. A few handfuls of bran, which he carries in a little bag hanging on his neck, constitute the whole of his food for the day, and at night he contents himself with some stray blades of grass that he manages to pick up from any odd corner where he can find them. He is anything but stupid, in the sense of being without intelligence. As soon as he reaches the fountain, laden with the two casks for containing the water, he turns round and stands still while the negro gets off, fills the casks, and takes the pad out of the bell. They then both proceed on their way through the city. The poor animal knows when and where he has to deliver water. He knows that after supplying such a house, he has to go to such another. If he has occasion to stop, his master may leave him all day, with the certainty of finding him still standing where he left him. Those of the customers who are at all good-natured leave a box for him at their kitchen door, containing all sorts of odd bits that may suit his palate. He shows his sense of their kind consideration by eagerly devouring whatever they bestow upon him, though it is often scarcely fit to eat, consisting of bits of old hats, greasy papers, bones, and other indigestible odds and ends. His choicest delicacies are husks of melons.

But carrying water is not the only purpose for which this useful animal is employed. He is a general carrier, used for conveying all sorts of things from one part of the town to the other; and not unfrequently for moving furniture, vast heaps of which, in the shape of chairs, boxes, tables, etc., are mercilessly piled upon his back, as seen in the lower part of our illustration. If, as sometimes happens, he is overloaded, or loses his equilibrium, the whole collection of moveables comes down with a crash, and the driver, fearful of not gaining anything by his job, revenges himself upon the poor beast without much mercy.

When the ass is employed neither in carrying water nor moving—as, for example, on festival days—he gets his recreation by taking the whole family of his proprietor on his back, or racing with some of his comrades, whose masters go with his own from one place of amusement to another. Some negroes, who are a little more thoughtful or kind than others, endeavour to lighten the labour and save the strength of the ass by going on foot with him when the water-casks are full; but these are exceptions to the general rule. In most cases the poor animals are subject to much reckless barbarity, which fills the foreigner with indignation on his first arrival at Lima. To save the trouble of whipping, the wretches who drive them make a gash behind with a bone or sharp piece of wood, and then keep them in constant misery by poking at the wounded part. When the poor creature falls from sheer exhaustion, it is not uncommon for the brutal driver to slit up one of his nostrils as a punishment for the first offence. If the helpless creature has the audacity to repeat the offence, his other nostril is treated in the same abominable way. A third crime of this sort is punished by cutting one of the ears, and a fourth by cutting the other. At last, if the previous barbarities have not been sufficient to break him of this bad habit, his tail is cut bit by bit, till the poor creature is so disfigured by these successive mutilations, as to be hardly recognised. To such an extent is this brutality practised, that it is a rare thing to meet with an ass which is not mutilated in some way or other.

The driver of the water-carrying ass, who is often designated by the title of *aguador* or water-carrier, though it is not he that really carries the water, does not enjoy the privilege of accompanying the ass without being subject to some police regulations. The first is, that he present the town authorities with thirty dogs, killed by him in the course of a year. Hence, those who wish to be licensed as water-carriers meet together on certain days at an appointed place, and make a regular battue from street to street. All the dogs that they have encountered, but not completely killed at the first blow, are collected in an open space, where they are dispatched with sticks and clubs. The sportsmen then divide the booty, and each ties his share to his ass's tail—if the poor thing is fortunate enough to have one. In this way they go in a body to make their offerings to the civic authorities, dragging the dead dogs

as trophies of victory. The second condition imposed upon the water-carriers is, that they water the streets and public places with the water in their casks.

It might seem that these obligations would have the effect of diminishing the number of this class at Lima, but such is not the

THE WATER-CARRIERS OF PERU.

case by any means. On the contrary, they are very numerous, though the price paid for the water is far from high. They have their chiefs, who are well known, and treated by them with much respect. The supreme chief undertakes the task of settling mportant disputes, and is authorised to admit or expel members of the corporation. They form a distinct class which is not altogether devoid of political influence, especially at election times. Some years ago a company made a proposal to the government to undertake the distribution of water throughout the city on very advantageous terms, both in a pecuniary and sanitary point of view. No sooner had the water-carriers heard of the proposa than they assembled in great force, mounted their asses, went in procession, with banners at the head, to the president's palace, and made such ado with their words and their gestures that they at length succeeded in getting the proposal rejected.

HERNAN CORTES AND JOHN SMITH.

AMERICAN history abounds with subjects adapted alike for the painter's pencil and the poet's pen. There is not a more romantic story in the world than the discovery of this vast continent and its

CORTES AND HIS ARMY APPROACHING THE CITY OF MEXICO.

POCAHONTAS INTERCEDING FOR JOHN SMITH.

first colonisation by the Spanish settlers; and the record of the pilgrim fathers, so touching in its quaint simplicity, never lacks interest; and further on still, when martial music of European chivalry was hushed, and the solemn psalms of the gray-haired sires of the faith had ceased, we find fresh interest in the increasing strength and power of the country, and in that mighty struggle which rent from English control the great and glorious land and established the republic of the United States.

How strange it seems that this vast continent should have

remained so long hidden from the rest of the globe; that till the fifteenth century its extensive prairies and noble rivers should be unknown, that people should talk of a submerged continent, an island of the devil's hand, a cloud-land seen by the inhabitants of Madeira, and that no attempt should be made to find out the truth. But the priests and the schoolmen had no faith in a land which, if at their antipodes, must be peopled by those who walked with their heels upwards and their heads hanging down. It was left to the poet to say—

> "At our antipodes, are cities, states,
> And thronged empires ne'er divined of yore."

No such topsy-turvy world was to be believed by sane men; so the Red Indians held their own, and the Incas ruled in golden glory.

Then comes a change. The royal standard of Castile and Leon is displayed. The Santa Maria, the Pinta and the Nina sailed from Andalusia; and although the sea and sky were filled with omens terrible to the poor ignorant sailors, Columbus, with his deep and earnest faith, went on feeling within him the certainty of conquest; and he was not disappointed. Then arose a *furore* for America, a new impulse was given to the people of Europe, the eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active that the principal cities of Spain were in a manner depopulated. Emigrants thronged the quays and wharfs; new vessels were chartered; busy people grew weary of their common business and longed to be busy in another clime; they flew away like birds of passage, knew no fear, admitted no doubt, were full of hope and confidence, only crying out for sea-room and a fair start.

Cupidity, even stronger than curiosity, gave new attractions to America. The name of *Castilla del Oro* held out a bright promise to the fortunate settler. The land, it was said, was so rich that the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged out of the rivers in nets! Rumours of the magnificence of the Montezuma empire—where gold was cheaper than iron—excited the general imagination and led to the enterprise of Cortes.

When Cortes landed, he found the people no longer—as earlier adventurers had described them—rude and half-clad savages, but well dressed in cotton garments, and living in stone houses. The natives received the strangers with hostility. Wild rumours were abroad of what the Spaniards had already done, and so a battle ensued, which ended in the triumph of Cortes. Montezuma, the Mexican monarch, had sent to learn the object of the Spaniards. Cortes demanded to have a personal interview with the king; this was respectfully, but firmly, declined; hostilities were renewed, and Cortes marched towards the capital.

The vast plains of Mexico now opened before them. As they looked from the brow of the hill, they saw in the centre of the plain, partly encompassing a lake, partly built on an island within it, the metropolis of Mexico, backed by a wood of dark old trees, and sparkling in the sunbeams like a monarch's signet-ring. All round about the city stretched the white tents of the people.

Montezuma received the Spaniards with kindness—admitted them into the city, appropriated to their use splendid mansions, supplied all their wants, and presented them with costly gifts. Shut up in the unknown city, Cortes began to fear for his safety. A bold expedient occurred to him. He seized the person of the king, imprisoned him in his own palace, and so worked upon his mind, that he at length induced the monarch to acknowledge himself a vassal of Spain, and engaged to pay an annual tribute.

The example of cruelty which Cortes set was bettered by those whom he left behind, when recalled to Spain. The Mexicans rebelled, and on his return, Cortes found an enemy ready to contend with his own weakened forces, and his people thoroughly dispirited. Battle followed battle. As of old, the Mexicans were hunted down like wild beasts, and the deep bay of the bloodhounds was heard through the wintry nights. At last the imprisoned king was brought forth, and in the presence of his subjects declared himself a vassal of Spain. It was enough—a piercing cry was raised, a frightful battle ensued, and Montezuma was the first slain. On this the Mexicans fled. The superstition of their creed taught them, that Heaven's vengeance must fall upon them now that their king was dead: so Cortes was triumphant.

The great effort of Cortes was to raise the power of his nation above that of all the nations of the earth. For this he sacrificed everything, and he had his reward. Spain was careless of her heroes when the work was done. Columbus had died of a broken heart—Balboa the death of a felon. What could Cortes expect? He fell into neglect. One day he forced his way through the crowd which had collected about the carriage of the sovereign, mounted the door-step, and looked in. Astonished at so gross a breach of etiquette, the monarch demanded to know who he was.

"I am a man," replied the Mexican conqueror, "who has given you more provinces than your ancestors have left you cities!"

After this he withdrew, and ended his life in solitude.

More deeply interesting, and still more touching and romantic than the life of Cortes, is the story of Captain John Smith. The old colonists, of whom Smith was one, had intended to establish themselves at the old settlement of Sir Walter Raleigh; but a storm changed their purpose, and the emigrant ship floated in the magnificent Bay of Chesapeake. The headlands at the entrance of the bay are still called Cape Henry and Cape Charles, names which were given to them in honour of King James's sons, on the first arrival of the emigrants. The aspect of the country was then, as now, beautiful and cheering. "Heaven and earth," says Smith, "seemed never to have agreed better to frame a place for man's commodious and delightful habitation." Fifty miles above the river was founded the first permanent English settlement in America, called, after the reigning monarch, Jamestown. The unjust accusation brought against Smith, the sincere friendship of Robert Hunt, the trial by jury, and the wanderings to the Indian emperor, Powhatan, a tall, sour, and athletic man, about sixty years old, were the first incidents that occurred to the early settlers. Then disease broke out, provisions became scanty, the water was bad, and the country, once so beautiful, seemed blighted in a moment. Death made sad havoc among the little company; fifty perished before the end of the autumn. The dishonesty of President Wingfield threw the burden of the community on Smith, and it was then that his wisdom and energy began to display themselves. All that he did for that colony need not be related here. Anxious to accomplish the great purpose of the mission, he set about seeking for a communication with the South Sea. With a spirit of heroic daring he advanced up the river Chickahominy, accompanied by two Englishmen and two Indian guides. Then it was that, after a desperate resistance, he fell into the hands of the Indians. His captivity among this tribe of Indians is a more wonderful and romantic event than any other preserved in its tradition. Never had they seen a man so brave, so wise, so calm and self-possessed. Indians from other settlements flocked to look on the wise pale-face, and they treated him with hospitality and reverence.

At last came the time when his fate must be decided. The grim warriors of the forest, with old Powhatan in their midst, sat down in solemn council. They saw this brave white man to be superior to themselves; they feared him, and determined on his death. But they did not slay him at once. Days passed on, and the white man made hatchets and strung beads for Pocahontas, the daughter of Powhatan. Pocahontas was a girl about twelve years old, called, not unfittingly, "the nonpareil of the country;" and she learnt to listen to the voice of the stranger, and to feel commiseration for him in his exile and approaching doom. Then the day came, and the hour; and within the palisade the chief, arrayed in all the pomp of savage attire, sat down to see the end. The prisoner was to die by the blow of the hatchet; and, with his hands bound, knelt down beside the fatal log. His lip did not tremble, nor his eye quail. Already the axe was uplifted, when Pocahontas sprang to his side, and as she pleaded with all the energy and eloquence of a loving heart, the grim warriors were turned from their purpose, and spared his life.

The stern refusal of Smith to engage in any attempt upon the people of Jamestown, his consistent and noble bearing, won for him a place in the estimation of the Indians, and his residence amongst them was the means of establishing a friendly intercourse between them and the English colony. Pocahontas remained faithful to her old friend; and when famine came upon the emigrants, she it was who brought baskets of corn and other provisions for Smith and his people.

DOMINIQUE DE GOURGUE.

THERE are men who appear and disappear in history without leaving trace or track behind, who do some one deed, which at the time raises a sensation, and then sink into utter obscurity. Most persons recollect the brilliant oratorical display of Single-Speech Hamilton, who made one oration and spoke no more. Perhaps this might be explained by the fact that Burke was his private secretary then, and left him directly afterwards. The history of the man whose name is given above, is involved generally in utter mystery. But one act of his has secured for his name a permanent place in history.

Francis the First of France, jealous of the discoveries of the Spaniards, sent out one Verazoni to conquer and discover for him. His journeys led to no result. Jacques Cartier of St. Malo, however, in 1534, was more successful. He entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and paved the way for the attempt to colonise by Roberval in 1540. The new establishment was an utter failure; and a subsequent expedition under Cartier was never more heard of. At a later period, Admiral Coligny conceived that an asylum for French Protestants might be properly created in America, where they would be free from persecution. His plans for agricultural settlements were admirably laid down. Henry II. patronised the idea, and the wretched Charles IX. even countenanced it.

One Nicolas Durand de Villegagnon, a Knight of Malta, appeared to have formed the strange scheme of feigning abjuration and professing the reformed faith, to overthrow this plan. He joined Coligny in his projected colony in 1555. He was a brave, adventurous schemer, and wore the mask of religion and humility with perfect success. He obtained command of the expedition, and, sailing for America, encamped near where Rio Janeiro now stands. Calvin, on hearing that the pilgrims had hit upon a desirable locality, encouraged the emigration. A large party went out under Philippe Dupont, a zealous Protestant gentleman, who, after some dangers by the way, brought his people successfully to an end of their journey.

Villegagnon received them with all the austerity of a Puritan. He was severe both in religious and political matters. He made all emigrants work at the fort; and his hypocrisy and bigotry were beyond all power of description in these more enlightened days. One great mistake of his colony, however, was, that it was wholly composed of men; except five young girls, none would venture out to the far distant land.

But the intolerance and cruelty of the governor was the great drawback to success, and at last he showed himself in his true colours. He re-professed the Roman Catholic religion, persecuted and drove away all the Protestants, who nearly perished by the way. Returning to France, he died a zealous Papist, a noted persecutor of the Huguenots, and with the name of the Cain of America.

Coligny, though thus frustrated, determined to try another part of America. He chose Florida this time. Jean de Ribaut sailed at the head of the new expedition in 1562. He landed and founded Fort Charles; then, leaving a lieutenant in command, he returned to France. The lieutenant proved a brutal tyrant, who, after committing several murders, was put to death after an insurrection. This expedition was also a failure. A third expedition promised to be more successful. It took out a good number of colonists, who settled, and after some early difficulties, appeared to be in a prosperous way.

But Spain would not quietly allow a French colony in America, and accordingly a squadron was sent to exterminate the infant settlement, under one Menendez. His force was overwhelming. He attacked the fort, captured it and nearly all the inhabitants, whom, with characteristic Spanish brutality, he hung on the adjacent trees, with this inscription over their heads:—

"THESE WRETCHES HAVE BEEN EXECUTED, NOT AS FRENCHMEN, BUT AS HERETICS."

The horrible cruelties of the Spaniards are not to be related in full. The horror of France was great, but the wicked king rejoiced, because the victims were Protestants. This feeling made the court pass over the fearful outrage without notice. But there were in the land men who lived in the hope of vengeance. One of these was Dominique de Gourgue, a gentleman of good family, of Mont Marson, in Gascony. He was a naval captain, and being engaged against the Spaniards, was taken prisoner, and chained as a slave to a galley. This galley was taken by the Turks, and released only in a battle with the Knights of Malta. He was considered one of the best navigators of the day.

When he found that the king and court would not take notice of the Spanish crime, his rage knew no bounds. He then sold his estate, fitted out three ships, collected hardy crews, and sailed for America. He took the Spaniards by surprise, attacked the fort, captured it, and hung the prisoners on the same trees where, but a little while before, his countrymen had perished. Then he wrote over them:—

"HUNG, NOT AS SPANIARDS, BUT AS ASSASSINS."

The terrible avenger then returned to France, to perish, some say, in that horrible day of St. Bartholomew, which has handed the name of Charles IX. and his mother to eternal execration.

SKETCHES OF DOGS BY T. LANDSEER.

CAT-AND-DOG LIFE.

OF course, respected reader, you keep a dog. We don't, for we can't afford the tax; and in our chambers, besides, a dog would waste away its ignoble life far from fresh air and green fields and the vermin which are its natural prey. You tell us a dog is useful for self-defence; that he watches over your property and your person; that he warns off the ill-conditioned and evil-designing; that he worries a beggar as he does a rat. But what is that to us? beggars don't persecute authors; our property is in no danger. Our few treasures are all made fast by one of Chubb's patent locks, and our peregrinations seldom extend beyond the confines of the metropolitan police district. Campbell tells us of the "nursling of the storm," as he walks restlessly along his shattered bark, that

"Hope can here her moonlight vigils keep,
And sing to charm the spirit of the deep;
Swift as yon streamer lights the starry pole,
Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul;
His native hills that rise in happier climes,
The grot that heard his song of other times—
His cottage-home—his bark of slender sail—
His glassy lake and broomwood-blossomed vale,
Rush on his thoughts; he sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh'd to leave behind;
Meets, at each step, a friend's familiar face,
And flies, at last, to Helen's long embrace—
Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,
And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear;
While, long-neglected, but at length caressed,
His *faithful dog* salutes the smiling guest,
Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam),
His wistful face, and whines a welcome home."

Well, as we don't keep a dog, of course we can't realise such touching poetry. If we voyage on a bark, it is a Citizen steamer, as far as Putney or Kew, and a laundress welcomes us home. In the crowded streets, if we cannot take care of ourselves, there is always a guardian angel in the shape of an efficient policeman dressed in blue, with a glazed hat and a small staff; and if in less-peopled districts we lose our path, instead of having a dog to trail it for us, there is almost always a direction-post. Thus, as regards ourselves personally, we have made out a good and sufficient reason why we do not keep a dog. But you, O reader! are in a different category; you are not a poor author, fighting the rough battle of life

"Alone—alone—alone,
Alone on the wide, wide sea;"

but a substantial, well-to-do man of the world, with property to be

watched, and you keep a dog; or you are a lady, and you keep the pearl of pugs. The heart must love something; and so, till something else claim it, you love your pug,—something like Mrs. Tucker's in "Time Works Wonders,"—a beauty "that could not move for sentiment." "I see him, now," she exclaims, "with his beautiful face so black yet so benignant! Now cropping a daisy with his lily-white teeth; and now looking up and barking at me, as if he knew my inmost thoughts." Or you are a sportsman, and you keep a dog to travel with you and your gun over hill and dale, on the sunny moor or by the shaded loch; or you are a gentleman, with nothing to do besides reading the "Times" and the "ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART," and you have a dog to keep you company; or you are a professional man, and you keep a dog that, now and then for half an hour with him you may forget patients and clients—the unfortunate victims that cruel fate has thrown into your hands. At any rate, be you what you may, call yourself what you will, you keep a dog.

Of course, then, you will agree with the writer of this article in what he is now going to state, that if you, with your dog, enter a room in which there is a cat, there will be such a terrible row, as if Bedlam had broken loose, or as if chaos had come again. You may try the experiment yourself, if you will not take our word for it. You call, for instance, on Miss Lydia Languish, a genteel spinster of uncertain age, with a growing fondness for cats, in preference, sir, to the deceitful sex, as she terms them, to which you and I, sir, have the honour to belong. Of course there is a piano in the room, and under that piano, with bristling hair and stiffened back, is the favourite cat. Your dog, feeling himself a stranger, and being a gentleman, follows you quietly into the room, not having the slightest idea of danger, or the slightest wish to make himself obnoxious or disagreeable. No sooner, however, does he make his appearance, than a low growl is heard, then a feminine shriek as the cat springs on her unoffending victim. Of course the dog defends himself, and the contest promises to be fierce and bloody; Miss Lydia shrieks in agony; you kick your unoffending dog out of the room; pussy, angry and mewing, takes up a secure position, and in time the turmoil dwindles into a calm.

Go in again, and the same scene is invariably repeated. This is cat-and-dog life. It was so in days gone by, and so it will ever be; at any rate, so long as this tight little globe of ours rolls round the sun.

The same little drama is acted every day. In town and country, in the parlour and the kitchen, in garret or in cellar, it is the same. An Irishman cannot go to Donnybrook fair without a row, nor can a dog and cat meet without the same *contretemps*. It is not a mere matter of party feeling, or of temporary excitement, but of race against race. The cat is generally the aggressor, and the cat often triumphs. However, when she does get the worst of it, she is pretty well served out. Life is often the penalty she pays for her audacity. She is generally saved by her power of flight, and her facility of escaping to the housetop; still, her hereditary foe, his passion raised and his blood boiling, remains barking and foaming below. Her swiftness is her salvation. When there is no way of escape for her—when she must stop and fight it out—she is generally terribly mangled and mauled. She is so in the picture before us. For once she has got her match. The scuffle has been a terrible one. The affair has been a regular Sinope. The whole kitchen has been upset, the culinary mysteries have been ruthlessly invaded, the cook has been called from her solemn and mysterious rites, her favourite dishes have been upset in the fray, her utensils have been profaned. Blow after blow she levels on the dog's broad back; she might as well, like Mrs. Partington, try to push back the Atlantic with a mop. The felon is savage; there is blood in his eye, and he will only be satiated with his victim's death.

"CAT-AND-DOG LIFE."

It is a sad thing to think of, that cat-and-dog life. It is said people meet with it in the family circle; that sometimes husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, masters and servants, lead but a cat-and-dog life. This is a sadder thing still. Cats and dogs can be tamed, can live together, as we see in the Happy Family in Trafalgar-square; but discord on the hearth grows blacker, darker, every year. It is to be hoped our readers know nothing of such cat-and-dog life, but the name, and that they may never know it as some know it, as a daily curse and blight.

A TAIL-PIECE.

"Thereby hangs a tail." Yes, truly, *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

> "Behold before ye
> Humanity's poor sum and story:
> Life, death, and all that is of glory."

Every dog has his day; at any rate, so it has been in our pages. Dogs, well-conditioned and the reverse, of high degree or low, learned or rude, peaceful or quarrelsome, nuisances or blessings to well-regulated families, have found a place in our pages. We have discussed them individually and collectively, in their goings-out and their comings-in, in the relationships which they sustain to each other, and in those which they bear to their lord and master, man; and now we have done with them, as most of our readers have done with them. There was a time, ere we had trod the world's ways and tasted the bitterness of life, when all around us was bright and fair; when we dreamt not of falsehood in woman or dishonour in man; ere the hard struggle for existence had engrossed our every power; when, light and free, with buoyant heart and careless step, we rambled at our own sweet will, with dogs, the choicest and truest of their race. There was a time when, we doubt not, the reader did the same. Those jocund days are gone, never to return. Their memory is left, and that is all. So it has been with every one of us. Your sober citizen was once a jolly boy; your paunchy capitalist once owned nothing better than a dog; your reverend divine once considered rat-catching glorious sport; your eloquent statesman once found no dearer joy than rabbit-shooting. They have done with dogs, as we have done with them—as, more or less, all England is learning to do without them; for our great cities are growing greater every day, and the tax-gatherer and the new police and the dog-stealer have no mercy on the canine race. Play, boy, whilst you can; find in your dumb companion a faith you [illegible] soon learn to doubt amongst men. Soon busy life will leave you [illegible] little time to play with dogs.

So we lay down our pen and bid the dogs—such of them as are left, for two of them have already been hung, we trust to meet the ends of justice, and to teach a moral lesson to the dogs around, a lesson not always taught when Jack Ketch hangs a man—a long and reluctant farewell. It is hard to part with old friends. It is hard to tear up old associations, but the dogs have got to the end of their letter. There is nothing left for them but to vanish into the palpable obscure. One is gnawing his last bone—another biting his last flea—another snapping the last time his companion's tail—and another, for the last time, poking his nose into the cupboard, which seems but little better furnished than that of the far-famed Mother Hubbard herself. The scene our artist has engraved is only paralleled by that which takes place when a city is captured, or when there is a general conflagration—when selfishness prevails universally, when the maxim is, "Every one for himself." No one seems to have the least regard for his neighbour. It is a general scramble—neither more nor less. Politeness, for the time, is quite out of the question; as much so as when you are waiting for tickets for an excursion train. It is not a pleasant phase of dog life that we are contemplating, but it is a true one, nevertheless. They are [illegible] desperate, and preying on each other. It is a painful picture to contemplate, because it is human. It bears too strong a resemblance to real life. Let, then, the curtain be dropped; and so we wind up with a "Tail-piece."

"A TAIL-PIECE."

PHYSICAL ASPECT OF CHINA.

BY WILLIAM KNIGHTON.

THE Chinese Empire may be said to include almost all the east and centre of Asia. From the borders of Independent Tartary to the Pacific, from the frontiers of Siberia to the south of the Eastern Peninsula, all the sovereigns and princes of the various tribes and people of these regions regard the celestial emperor as their sovereign lord. From the fact of its thus extending uninterruptedly over vast tracts, all adjacent to each other, we are apt to think that it does not present that variety of people and manners, which the other great empires of the world comprise. This is quite a mistake. There can scarcely be a greater contrast than between the roving Tartars, ever on horseback, and the polite citizens of Nankin and Canton, who regard the said Tartars as arrant barbarians; whilst the Tartar, despising the thrifty habits of the commercial Chinese, fully returns the compliment. And again, in the Eastern Peninsula—in Lao and Cochin-China—there is a semi-civilisation totally different from that of Nankin or Pekin. The Malay, the Chinaman, and the Tartar may be allied to each other, as respects the class of humanity to which they belong; but they differ essentially in tastes, habits, and physical powers. The Malay—the Italian of Asia—is quick-blooded, revengeful, jealous; accustomed to the use of his stiletto, the *kreese*, and but too ready to use it on the slightest occasions. His harmonious language is adapted for poetry and music, and he is fond of both. He sings of love to-day, and stabs his enemy to-morrow. The Chinaman is infinitely more phlegmatic, as unlike the Malay as the Dutchman is unlike the Italian; he sees no reason why he should put himself about for anything. He loves narcotics; and idolises opium as much as the Dutchman tobacco. His shop and his merchandise are his ruling passions, he seldom thinks of anything else, or, if he does, allows it to have little influence on his life. As to love, he would no more think of allowing it to give him all the trouble it gives the Malay, than he would think of allowing the few hairs that nature sparingly scatters over his face to be shaved off every day.

It would be a great mistake, therefore, to suppose that the empire of China is singularly homogeneous, merely because it extends over adjoining countries. Nor does it differ more in its various races and their characteristics than in its physical features. Vast deserts, second only to those of Africa, occupy large portions of its central high lands. The great desert of Gobi, for instance, in Chinese Tartary, occupies 300,000 square miles, and has its sandy, its salt, and its rocky districts; all equally barren, all equally deficient in fresh water, but some far more difficult for man to travel over than others. Here, as in all deserts, the summer's sun is scorching, no rain falls, and, when fogs occur, they are but the precursors of fierce winds, which blind the unfortunate traveller with salt or bury him in sand. In winter again, these districts are intensely cold. The icy blasts from the frozen plains of Siberia sweep over the country in rapid succession, producing a degree of cold on the elevated desert land, of which we, in England, can form no adequate conception.

China has its mountainous regions too, and in no country in the world do the mountains take more fantastic forms than in the province of Shan-si.

> Temples like those amongst the Hindoos,
> Churches, spires, and abbey-windows,
> And turrets all with ivy green—
> Build up a wild, fantastic scene.

Mountains rivalling the Alps in height—not the miniature mountains to which we are accustomed in England, but huge chains, of forbidding rugged exterior and appearance, full of glaciers and avalanches, and full too of peaceful, happy valleys between, where nature invites man to be happy, if he can only consent to accept the invitation.

By far the larger proportion of China proper is occupied by low ranges of hills, on which the tea-plant is principally cultivated. It thrives better, like coffee, upon the sides of these hills than in the low grounds, and forms the staple production of the entire region. If the original producer can get four-pence a pound for that for which we pay four shillings, he is a successful cultivator and will soon be enabled to exten his business—so vastly do duties, transport charges, and exportation expenses enhance the value of an article, or rather increase its cost, for the value is but nominally, not really, increased. These ranges of hills are cultivated to the very summits—terrace above terrace, artificial layers of earth provided where nature has deposited none; the one fertilising stream from the summit flowing from terrace to terrace as it descends step by step, making each rich, the very type of productiveness.

There is no country in the world so productive as China. Its vast alluvial plains, watered by magnificent rivers, present an amount of agricultural industry, and yield a proportion of vegetable and animal food, unknown elsewhere. Two hundred and ten thousand square miles of rich soil, spread all along the east of the country—a plain, seven times the size of Lombardy—and perfectly irrigated by its extensive river system and by canals. The Great Canal, for instance, traverses the eastern part of the plain for 700 miles, of which 500 are in a straight line of considerable breadth, with a current running throughout the greater part. Almost the whole of this vast plain is cultivated by the spade, and yields rice and garden crops in abundance. The canals present to the European traveller an extraordinary sight, being so covered with vessels that the water appears more thickly populated than the land. All along the margin of these wonderful reservoirs runs a stone quay admirably put together, whilst substantial bridges cross them at convenient distances.

Agriculture is, indeed, the art which the Chinese most highly prize, and to the successful prosecution of which the highest honours are awarded. Even the emperor is obliged by immemorial custom to honour tillage by engaging in the pursuit once every year—a religious ceremony which must not be neglected, and which was doubtless intended at first to teach the people that there was no occupation more honourable. In the beginning of March, the emperor repairs in great state to the field appointed for the ceremonial; the princes of his family, the presidents of the five great tribunals, and a host of mandarins accompanying him. Two sides of the field are lined with the officers of his household—a third is occupied by the highest mandarins from the provinces and capital, whilst the fourth is left open for the labourers of the neighbourhood, who are to see their occupation illustrated by imperial majesty itself. The emperor approaches; music—discordant enough, according to our ideas—pours forth its notes volubly and loudly, in honour of [illegible] sowing. He enters the field alone, the sides are regularly kept—[illegible] stands by itself, nobility and commonalty gaze respectfully at it from the sides. Prostrating himself nine times before Tien, the lord of heaven, the emperor repeats with a loud voice a prayer prepared for the occasion by the Court of Ceremonies. In this prayer, a blessing is invoked on his labour and on that of his whole people, whilst gratitude is expressed for past favours. Then, with the assistance of the priests, he sacrifices an ox to the giver of all good, Tien, the lord of heaven. Whilst the victim is smoking on the altar, a silver plough is brought, to which are attached a pair of oxen, ornamented in the most magnificent style. The emperor lays aside his imperial robes, which one [illegible] suppose would have been somewhat in his way in the midst of the sacrifice, lays hold of the plough-handles and opens several furrows round the field. He then hands the implement to one of his chief mandarins, who acts similarly; and thus, one after the other, they proceed, each labouring in succession and displaying each his peculiar dexterity. A distribution of money and pieces of cloth to the labourers ends the ceremony, whilst the ablest of those present and the most expert finish the ploughing of the field which has been thus imperially begun. Afterwards, at the proper season, his majesty returns to commence the sowing. The produce of such a field is, of course, only fit for the gods and is kept for sacrifices and oblations. Nor is it in the capital alone that this ceremony is performed. In each of the provinces, the viceroy similarly officiates, supported by the mandarins of the vicinity. There is doubtless much superstition, and much hypocrisy, mixed up with all this; but there is in it, too, the germ of much that is good—teaching the people that there is a dignity in labour that hallows and consecrates all honest employment by which man earns his bread. This is a lesson it would be well if we could all learn. It would teach us not to despise any man on account of the work he has to do.

THE EARTH—FROM A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

"THE EARTH," A PAINTING BY LANCRET.

THE painting from which the engraving now before the reader is copied is by Nicholas Lancret, the celebrated painter of the French school.* It is entitled "The Earth," which title doubtless owes its origin to such georgics as Virgil and other poets have composed. A verse under an old engraving from this picture tells us that "the earth is the mother of every blessing, but that it is only by the labour of her children that she will yield her increase;" and this, in true courtly style, Lancret has pictured out in his design. At the foot of an elegant fountain sit a marquis and a high-born lady, enjoying the pleasures of the field and admiring a bunch of flowers. Behind this couple, another company, that might possibly pass for the Graces in the dresses of ladies of fashion, are arranging a large supply of the richest fruits; while another lady stands under the branch of a fruit-tree to receive in her robe other gifts of Pomona. Standing on a ladder, and gathering the fruit, is one who is doubtless another marquis, in the disguise of a peasant. The two gardeners, one digging the earth, and the other watering the plants, we may regard as lords or viscounts, for there is over all the picture that air of elegant refinement which forbids all notion of plebeian rustics. The instruments of labour are beautiful in form, and designed with the utmost amount of taste. We look in vain for Hodge the ploughman, or Mabel with her shining sickle; these are metamorphosed into the denizens of palaces and courts, and, in place of a delightful landscape, we have trees arranged with all the skill of modern gardening, and an elegant marble fountain supplied from the waters of Versailles. Art is contrasted with nature, and the charm of the country is sacrificed to the taste of the age. Against this some have protested. Diderot launched out against it as "a factitious and degenerate school of art." He says, the depraved state of colouring, characters, expression, and drawing, "has followed, step by step, the depraved state of public morals."

In the preface which Saint Lambert attached to his poem of "The Seasons," we find an elaborate dissertation on the union of pastoral life with the gallantry of the court, which was the fashion in France during the most brilliant period of the last century; but Saint Lambert only saw nature in his own beautiful gardens, as viewed from the windows of his chateau, and Lancret illustrated Lambert. Apart, however, from these criticisms, the picture is very beautiful, and affords sufficient indication of what the painter could accomplish. In some of his productions he fell into the fashion of the times; but the design and execution are both admirable, the groups are tastefully arranged, and there is an air of surpassing grace over the whole composition. More than this, the painting is a fair sample of Lancret's peculiar style of art.

Nicholas Lancret was born at Paris in 1690. After studying painting under several masters, he at length became intimate with Watteau, whose friendship he cultivated, and whose style he adopted. This evident imitation of the great master is seen in all the works of his talented disciple, but still each has retained his own distinguishing characteristics, as may be observed by comparing their varied productions.

In 17[illegible], Lancret was received into the Academy, under [illegible] of the *Peintre des fêtes galantes*. He was the favourite of [illegible] and rose rapidly to [illegible] renown. The court patronised him, and the king admitted him to his councils; he frequented the saloons of the bravest, the [illegible], and the wittiest, and was everywhere distinguished by the highest tokens of approbation. He was one of the gayest gallants of the time, and his life was passed in the brightest sunshine of prosperity. But death will come, even into kings' palaces, and at the age of fifty-three Lancret died. He left no children.

The title of *Peintre des fêtes galantes* characterises the talent of Lancret. He painted nature, but it was nature adorned, arranged, and coloured after the most approved style of fashion—nature, such as one sees at the opera. He manufactured an artificial nature, made up of all the elegances of a well-ordered garden, "a painted pasteboard, varnished, and perfumed nature, with rouge for a complexion and powder for hair." Like his friend Boucher, he seems to have lived and died in a boudoir hung with rose-coloured silk; and indeed, when that painter assured him that nature was too green and too badly lighted, Lancret replied, "I concur in your sentiments, nature is wanting in harmony and attraction." He painted what he conceived nature *ought* to be, and his figures too often resembled marionettes.

* A full account of the life of Lancret, with specimens of his works, and remarks upon his peculiarities, may be found in the "WORKS OF EMINENT MASTERS," vol. i. pp. 97—104.

THE WALLACHIAN ROBBER.—IV.

MICKLOS had heard and judged rightly in the main, though not in every particular. There were two huntsmen who had separated from their companions, taken the wrong road, and kept getting further and further from the valley of the Temes, to which they thought they were approaching, as they vainly attempted to make their companions hear by incessant firing and shouting. They were both fine men, still young, of elegant form, with gray over-coats on, such as Austrian officers still wear, though of a different make. Their coats were made of strong Flemish cloth, and gave the wearers an air of superiority in this wild region, the few human inhabitants of which were clothed no better than the foxes, wolves, and bears of the mountains—often scarcely so well.

The wanderers reached the top of a mountain, from which the want of underwood between the tall beech-trees opened a wider prospect. Here they stopped, looking attentively round upon the wild mountain region, but not to observe its picturesque features. "Crooked people are proverbially mischievous," said the elder, "and crooked paths over mountains are not particularly useful."

"You are right, Frank," replied the younger; "go on joking. We may want something to cheer us. Matters are beginning to look very awkward."

"We have gone astray," said Frank with a smile, "and now is the time for reflection." "And fasting too," added the other in a desperate and yet light-hearted mood; "but famished as I am, my reflection does not enable me to discover on which side the Turks lie."

"It would be no joke if we were to fall in with the fiendish monsters. We should have a heavy reckoning to pay."

"Heavier than even if Seckendorf were again to take the field to destroy his Majesty's country and people."

Undecided which way to go, they moved forward a little to the brink of a precipice, to see if they could discover any human dwelling in the valley below. Suddenly the elder seized his companion's arm and whispered in French, "Look down there!" The prospect to which the young man's attention was called was not very inviting. By a fire were encamped five or six men of savage appearance. The huntsmen saw it was impossible to escape from them, so they put the best face upon the matter, and walked with an air of apparent indifference up to the desperadoes.

The men near the fire were Petru Bagyo and some of his men. They jumped up in no little alarm at the sight of two men with guns coming straight up to them. They thought they must be the vanguard of a patrolling party, by which they were probably already surrounded. Some were already whispering something about [illegible]. "Stay where you are," ordered the robber-chief; "the pale-faced fellows won't eat us." After a while he added; "They are all alone; very likely they have lost themselves while hunting. It is quite clear they are nice young gentlemen, and have plenty of valuables about them. Their purses, watches, and rings are not to be despised. We will strip them and then consider what to do next."

The two young men were taken by surprise at the rough reception they met with. In a moment they were deprived of their weapons, with a show of courtesy that seemed like polite attention. A giant, who in size and strength resembled the colossal figures of Hercules, took the elder by the collar of his coat. With his iron fingers he unbuttoned the overcoat, under which he found a white coat with a red collar and a splendid star betokening his high rank. The Hercules in red trousers went back a step, and cried out suddenly: "Stop, comrades! There is more to be got from them

than they carry about them. Do you see this star? Do you know what such a thing means? On an old man it denotes a commander of high rank; on a young one, a prince. The stranger is, therefore, a prince, and the other is his brother, if we may judge from his looks. The gentlemen cannot deny this."

The two huntsmen understood the dialects of the country tolerably well. The elder, without hesitation, answered: "We have not learnt to disown our name, and will not disgrace ourselves so far for your sake. I am Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and this is my brother Charles. You shall be worthily recompensed if you will conduct us back to the camp."

The prince said this, not so fluently as it may be here read, but clearly enough to be understood with the assistance of accompanying gestures. The chief invited the duke to take a seat, provided them a substantial meal, and entered into a long conversation with them, in the course of which he described in strong language the dangers to which they were exposed if he did not take them under his protection. The two princes listened patiently to his diffuse discourse as long as they were engaged in partaking of the refreshment they so much needed. They were delighted with the thought of having met with a clue by which they might be extricated from their difficulties. It would no doubt cost them much money, but that was nothing in comparison with what the Turks would have demanded for their ransom. For the apostate Bonneval the capture of their persons would be more valuable than the most successful campaign. Besides, the robber chief did not appear to think about money, for his whole talk was about the ravine, bears, and wolves, and the torture of hunger.

"Friend," said Duke Francis at last, "why so many words? The thing appears simple enough to me. You do us a service which, perhaps, we no not know how to value according to your estimate. But let that pass. You are not obliged to perform an act of magnanimity without satisfactory reason. Name your own conditions. Of course, you and your companions will at least guarantee us safe conduct, will you not?"

"I should think so," said Petru in a tone of assent; "we have a long score to pay off."

"Consider that already paid," replied the illustrious duke, "whatever any one of you has done up to this time is forgiven and forgotten. Thus much for the past; now let us come to the future. What you chiefly want is money, is it not?"

"Plenty of money, my lord duke; money in abundance, by all means."

"Tell me plainly and briefly what you want."

The robber-chief could not express himself in few words; however, at last he managed to explain his meaning. He declared his intention of abandoning his present lawless mode of life, for which purpose he considered it necessary that each of his followers should be put in possession of a freehold farm. This demand was easy to grant, as there was plenty of fruitful land in want of cultivators. Nor was it less easy to accede to the request, that those who had no fancy for agriculture should have the means of becoming herdsmen. The sum of money which Petru demanded for his companions was by no means too great to be raised. For himself he required a large mansion in the district of Szlatina, which, he said, was to be had cheap; ready money to the amount of a hundred ducats; and lastly, the reversion of the office of governor of New Orsova.

Francis laughed outright. "The bear," cried he, "whose skin you want is still running in the wood."

"I don't want the skin," replied Petru seriously, "before you have the bear; but you must promise that I shall have it as soon as the hunt is brought to a successful conclusion. It is only the reversion I want, not immediate possession."

"So far as I am concerned," rejoined the duke, still smiling, "you shall have your wish, if it is at all possible."

The robber-chief nodded, and his eyes sparkled with delight. He fancied himself already comfortably seated, with his narguileh by his side, in the mansion, gazing upon the mighty stream which, rising in a principality on the border of the wood, flows on to the Black Sea. He dwelt with satisfaction on the wealth and honour before him. "You could not," he exclaimed, "have a better man for the occupant of such a post. I am watchful, faithful, and just."

The princes now began to think of retiring, full of joy at the prospect of getting out of their trouble. They had apparently nothing more to do than go the shortest way home with their guides, to put an end to the torturing anxiety and suspense of their faithful followers. "We have had to pay dearly," said Charles in French to his brother, "for our thoughtlessness; the chamois which tempted us into the deserted spot had perhaps some object in view. I will remember the lesson."

"Thank God, we are saved!" replied Francis; "let us no longer dwell upon our disappointment."

It is not safe to speak well of a day before the evening. The princes fancied they had got over the dangers of this adventurous day when, in fact, the real danger had yet to begin. For just as the chief was moving off to escort the wanderers, the warlike Maruschka with the Hungarian suddenly appeared on the scene, heated with running, and red with fury to find the two princes under Petru's protection, after having exerted herself so much to get them into her own power. Duke Francis beheld the stately amazon with more interest than was quite proper for one who had been married two years. "A fine woman, indeed!" he exclaimed. Charles checked him good-naturedly, and he was quickly cured of his momentary wandering of affection.

"Holla, there! where are you off to?" cried Maruschka to her husband.

"To Karansebes," was his reply; and he explained to her all the circumstances of the case.

"Not there," she rejoined; "the prisoners belong to me. They have only come here by accident a little before me; and this is my territory."

"That is not true; your boundary extends to the left, over the mountain."

"No, it goes right through the valley."

"But even if you are right, my lady, that would not make any difference. You have no more claim over the gentlemen than I, and must share with me as I am willing to share with you. This day makes us rich people, secure against all prosecution, and esteemed as loyal subjects of the emperor."

Maruschka flew into a violent rage, which completely changed the aspect of her features. "A curse," said she, "upon the emperor and all that belong to him; they have murdered my brave Dobru, and I must have revenge."

"Poor young fellow!" said Petru with great indifference; "he would have made a first-rate robber."

"He was one already," continued the furious amazon; "I am determined to have vengeance for him. The heads of these two must go to Stamboul."

"Gently, gently, my dear!" cried the robber-chief; "don't you know who they are?"

"You haven't told me their names yet."

"One is the emperor's son-in-law, and the other is the latter's brother. Such heads are not for the executioner."

These words acted like an electric shock upon Maruschka's agitated frame. With eager haste she called her husband to her side, and whispered in his ear—"You monstrous fool! do you mean to give up such a fine catch for a glass of liquor and a few shillings? Don't you understand how to reckon better than that? The Turks will pay us more for the two than they have in their pockets. I will guarantee you ten thousand florins for your share alone."

"Ten thousand florins!" muttered Petru thoughtfully.

"Besides, you shall be governor of New Orsova," added his wife.

The two princes did not understand a word of the conversation which was going on between the gigantic pair, but they were filled with sad forebodings, for Petru kept glancing at them in a very suspicious way, and Maruschka was evidently in good train for winning him over to her purpose.

"The horrible creature!" exclaimed Francis at last, "she is fast getting the better of him. We must make a higher bid."

"Let us bid ten times as much as we did at first," said Charles.

"A hundred times, if it is necessary," replied his brother.

Resolved, if possible, to ward off the danger without a moment's delay, both went up to the chief and his wife; but the danger was over already, for just as they got up to them, Petru pushed his wife away, adding in a tone of fierce indignation, "I have given

my word, and I won't be a traitor for the sake of paltry money. Away with you, you poisonous snake!"

"Well done, my brave fellow!" cried Francis. He might, however, have spared his praise, for Petru's wrath was not excited by any shock to his sense of honour. It was no heroic pride that stirred up his wrath. The real cause was a very different one.

Maruschka had given vent to her spiteful jealousy by telling him of Wäntscha's betrothment to Dschurdschu, and by so doing, she at once brought the negotiation to an unfavourable conclusion. "Away with you, you detestable hag!" roared Petru, at the same time seizing the hilt of his sword in a threatening manner.

Maruschka cautiously got out of his reach, well knowing his violent temper. She cast a glance of indescribable malice at Duke Francis, and cried as she went off: "Before the sun sinks behind the mountains I will press the fine lad to my heart, to reward him for the tenderness with which he greeted me at first. I am not ungrateful, my dear lamb, but Maruschka will keep the rich reward for herself. Petru shall not get a farthing of it." With these words she disappeared in the wood. Petru laughed aloud after her as she went off.

"You need not laugh," said Micklos, going up to him, "the woman has twenty Turks by the Witches' Well, and the pass is completely blocked up, so that we cannot possibly get through."

Petru was dreadfully alarmed, almost as much so as his two *protégés*, but he showed it much less than they. "It is well for us that we know it," said he; "we must go round a little, to avoid falling into the hands of the Turks. But first give me my drinking-cup; we will pledge our guests with a draught, that they may be sure of our fidelity." Some of his followers ventured upon a slight murmur of dissent, as if they had made up their minds to betray the princes to the tender mercies of the Turks.

A severe look on the part of the chief, however, was sufficient to suppress the rising opposition, and at the same time let the princes know that their safety depended upon him. The cup was brought to be handed round. It contained nothing but spring-water; yet the abstemious draught filled the hearts of the princes with a cheerful courage, such as no wine or other intoxicating beverage ever inspired.

The chief lost no more time, but put his company in motion, in a direction which would have excited the suspicion of the princes, had they known they were going up to the sources of the Temes, instead of down to Szlatina. "I cannot take you home to-day," said Petru on the way; "we must go some distance round, if we are ever to get there at all. Better late than never, as my old grandmother used to say."

"A wise woman was your grandmother," replied Francis, in a sportive tone; "may the earth lie gently upon her."

"The earth does not cover her at all," rejoined the chief, "she is still alive and hearty."

The pathless course which the fugitives took was as rough and difficult as can well be imagined—always through the thickest bushes, straight up steep mountain sides and down abrupt crags, sometimes on one side of the Temes, at others on the opposite side, and every now and then in a backward direction, like the doubling of a hare with the hounds close at hand. And this laborious caution was anything but needless, as the princes had many opportunities of learning in the course of a two days' wandering; for more than once they saw, at a safe distance, the infuriated Maruschka going with a strong guard of Turks through an opening in the wood which they had themselves crossed only an hour before; and even more frequently Petru's companions, who had been sent out to explore, brought word of the near approach of the pursuers, who, with wonderful cunning and activity, endeavoured to cut off all way of escape. But the robber-chief was more than a match for them. He always managed to have got on before, when Maruschka thought she was sure of catching him.

The fatigues of flight were all the more oppressive to the young princes, as they did not end in mutual congratulations in the evening, like the toils of war or hunting. The effort did not in this case serve to enhance the pleasure of success, as the setting of a jewel increases its brightness. They did not return at night to silk garments, soft slippers, or handsome couches of horsehair or down; still less to a rich repast, daintily prepared, and accompanied by golden wine and the dark beverage of the Levant. They were fain to content themselves with raw bacon and hard bread, with cold water in the wooden cups which had gone round when the chief and his companions pledged them their faith. To be sure, game was to be had; but Petru durst neither shoot nor light a fire, for its smoke by day and its light by night would have at once betrayed them. Hence they were obliged to sleep in the dark clefts of the rocks.

On the third day, Duke Francis could hardly stir another step. His legs were aching with fatigue, and his feet were quite sore. But a trifle of this sort did not occasion the chief any embarrassment. He gave his gun to one of his companions, and took the young prince on his broad shoulders with the greatest ease; in consequence of which their pace amazingly quickened, the other prince being no less swift of foot than the sons of the forest themselves.

From an eminence the fugitives beheld their pursuers in a valley scarcely a quarter of an hour behind them.

"Thank God they are there!" cried Petru.

"Why thank God?" asked Francis in astonishment. "The nearness of the Turks is anything but agreeable to me."

"They are behind us," replied Petru smiling; "and now I know well enough they cannot intercept us on our way to Szlatina. They have seen us: now for it—run for your lives!"

The active man ran with his valuable burden over stumps and stones, till at last he reached the edge of the wood, and the steep rock near which the small church now stands. "We are saved!" cried he with a loud voice, when he saw the imperialist tents and the roving dragoons. The sight once more restored the courage of Duke Francis, yet he did not stop to feast his eyes upon the agreeable prospect. He slipped from the shoulders of his bearer, and ran with all haste to his men.

Maruschka, Selim, Dschurdschu, and their companions had, indeed, caught sight of the fugitives in the valley. They had observed that Petru was carrying one of the princes, and, thinking themselves all the more certain of success, they redoubled their efforts. But they had reckoned without their host; for when they reached the edge of the wood, they were only just in time to hear the shout of triumph with which the rescued princes were received by their impatient countrymen.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that Petru obtained from the generous gratitude of him whom he had rescued, a far nobler return than he either demanded or expected. In addition to all his other good fortune, he had the stimulus of hope to cheer his idle hours, which, it is well known, are very numerous with Wallachians. He was invested by charter with the reversion of the governorship of New Orsova, "as soon as the stronghold should be taken from the Turks." With this expectation, the former robber-chief died at a good old age as a peaceful husbandman; and among his last words was the expression of a wish, that he might live long enough to witness the recovery of New Orsova.

THE ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

THE Arsenal at Venice, which dates its foundation as far back as the year 1304, and which the Republic, in the days of its prosperity and glory, repeatedly enlarged and embellished, is surrounded by strong walls and towers. Its entire circumference is estimated at more than two miles. The principal entrance on land, which is here engraved, is in itself a magnificent monument. The arch of the door is decorated with sculptures executed at the close of the sixteenth century by the disciples of Sansovino; the four marble columns which support the pediment and entablature are more ancient, having been executed or conveyed here about A.D. 1460, according to general belief. It was natural that the lion of St. Mark should be placed above the arch as the guardian and pro-

tector of the navy. On the summit of the pediment stands the statue of St. Justina, sculptured by Girolamo Campagna. It is a reminiscence of the victory obtained by the Venetians over the Turks on St. Justina's day, in the year 1571. The other statues placed on pilasters behind the railings, representing Victory, Wisdom, Power, and other allegorical personages, recall the same event.

winding about the mane of the noble animal, which have long tasked the ingenuity and learning of those who have attempted to decipher them. As yet all the efforts bestowed upon their interpretation have proved of little avail. Among others who have turned their attention to them, we may mention Akerblad and Villoison, who supposed them to be Runic; Bossi and Hancarville, who asserted that they were Pelasgian; and Rink, who declared he

ENTRANCE TO THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

The four lions in pentelican marble, one on the left, and the three others on the right of the entrance, are not the least remarkable ornaments about it. They were brought from Greece by Francesco Morosini, surnamed the Peloponnesian, in 1687. The one which occupies the most prominent place in the accompanying engraving formerly adorned the celebrated Piræus at Athens, which also bore the name of the Lion Harbour. There are two inscriptions

had detected Greek words, which when translated gave this sense: "A lion consecrated at Athens." Canova felt no hesitation in pronouncing this sculpture to be a Grecian work, and some scholars have conjectured that it was set up in the Piræus in memory of the battle of Marathon. The first lion on the other side was found on the road from the Piræus to Athens. The head is modern and badly sculptured—a remark also applicable to the other two lions.

SCENES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

A THOUGHTFUL writer, celebrated for the profundity and originality of his reflections, remarks upon the interest with which we con-

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE ASSEMBLY IN VIRGINIA.

JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.

template a trickling rill which we know to be the source of a mighty river, whose waters roll on with ever-increasing breadth till they reach the still more majestic ocean. Such is the interest which attaches to the early history of the United States, that grand confederacy, which has already extended its territory, multiplied its population, and increased its resources, with a rapidity and to a degree beyond all parallel, and appears destined to play a still more prominent part in the great drama of human affairs.

It is a little remarkable that, for about a century after the first discovery of America—during which interval Spain was extending her conquests and possessions in the southern continent, and France sent out several expeditions to the north with various success—England made scarcely any effort to establish a colony in the New World. It is true that some exception must be made in favour of the Cabots, two enterprising merchants at Bristol, who, within five years from that memorable achievement, began a career of discoveries on the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland, which formed no unworthy sequel to so glorious a commencement. Speaking of the son, Bancroft says: "The career of Sebastian Cabot was in the issue as honourable as the beginning was glorious. He conciliated universal esteem by the placid mildness of his character. Unlike the stern enthusiasm of Columbus, he was distinguished for serenity and contentment. For sixty years he was renowned for his achievements and skill."

But though the intercourse opened by these explorers between England and North America was never wholly suspended, it never, on the other hand, ripened into any important results. It was not till the connexion established between England and Spain by the marriage of Mary and Philip, that any adequate notion of what Spain had accomplished, or any desire to imitate her example, appears to have been entertained in this country. As soon as the desire was felt, it received all the encouragement which so enlightened and powerful a sovereign as Queen Elizabeth could afford it. She took the deepest interest in the project of planting an English colony in the polar regions of America, which were supposed to abound in gold and other mineral wealth. The zeal with which the accomplished Sir Walter Raleigh entered into such schemes is too well known to require any detailed description here. Undismayed by the disasters which attended his first expedition, in which the largest of his three vessels was wrecked, and a hundred persons lost—including Sir Humphrey Gilbert, his step-brother, and Parmenius, a Hungarian, who went out for the purpose of writing a history of the expedition—he determined to gain a footing for England on those shores; and without difficulty obtained a patent, giving him absolute authority, as Lord Proprietary, over all the territory which he might discover between the thirty-third and fortieth degrees of north latitude. Accordingly, he despatched two vessels, which reached the coast of North America in July—a time of the year most suitable for impressing the new-comers with favourable opinions of the country. They landed in Florida, and afterwards sailed to the island of Roanake, where they met with a most hospitable reception from the wife of the reigning chief. After a short stay they returned home, having their vessels well laden with cedar, skins, furs, and sassafras. On their arrival, they gave most animated accounts of the country they had visited; and the result was, that the virgin queen, who felt a pardonable exultation in having contributed to the discovery of so glorious a land, gave expression to her satisfaction by bestowing upon it the name of Virginia.

The territory to which this appellation was given, included that portion of North America which lies between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude. It was divided into North Virginia, which was granted to a corporate body known as the Plymouth Company, and South Virginia, the property of another corporation called the London Company. Besides rendering homage to the British crown, they were bound to pay a rent of one-fifth of the gold and silver obtained, and one-fifteenth of the copper. The king was to be acknowledged the supreme authority over the colony, the government of which, with the exception of purely local affairs, was placed in the hands of a council in England. James I. even drew up a code of laws for the regulation of the colony, which, as might be conjectured from the narrow-minded pedantry of its author, breathed anything but a liberal and enlarged spirit. After a series of vicissitudes, including severe sufferings and heavy losses, which we cannot here detail, the colony at length struck its roots into the soil and began to flourish. In spite of the misdirection of the labour of the colonists to the manufacture of potash, soap, glass, and other articles in which they could not reasonably hope to compete with the nations on the Baltic—their industry before long became productive, wealth flowed in, and with the power it bestowed came the desire of more extended liberty. The natural restlessness of a rising colony was still further increased by the evils of misgovernment. It was no uncommon thing for persons to obtain appointments, through the influence of the English council, for which they were altogether unfit. The prosperity resulting from the good government of one governor was counterbalanced by the ill effects of the tyranny of another. At length, in June, 1619, the foundation of constitutional liberty was laid by the convocation of the first colonial assembly at Jamestown—consisting of the governor, the council, and two representatives from each of eleven boroughs—the reform of many abuses, and the establishment of equal laws, representative government, and trial by jury. It is this interesting scene which our artist has chosen for illustration in the first of the accompanying engravings. Henceforward, the progress of the colony in freedom and general prosperity was uninterrupted. King James complained of what he termed, this "seminary to a seditious parliament," and attempted to restrict its liberties; but it was now too late.

The scene represented in our second engraving is one of still deeper interest. It brings before us a most devoted missionary instructing the wild untutored red Indians in the sacred truths of Christianity, convincing them of the evils of their present condition, and directing their thoughts and aspirations to a better life hereafter. As these savage tribes saw the white men gradually encroaching on their territory, and living by its industrious cultivation in a degree of comfort and plenty which painfully contrasted with their own miserable neediness, they not unnaturally began to look upon them with an evil eye. Jealousy gave rise to quarrels, acts of violence committed by one party were avenged with frightful cruelty by the other, whole tribes were massacred, and colonies disappeared never more to be heard of, notwithstanding the most searching investigations. But with all this violence and barbarity there were instances of better feeling between the white and the red man. Eager as most of the Europeans were to acquire land and increase in wealth, no matter at what cost to the uncivilised Indians, there were others who had higher objects in view. They sought to raise the Indians to a level with themselves by teaching them all the arts of civilised life, and especially by imparting to them the blessings of a pure and holy religion.

One of the earliest of the labourers in this noble field of enterprise was Alexander Whittaker, whose active exertions in preaching to the Indians on the frontier of Virginia procured for him the honourable and well-earned title of "The Apostle of Virginia." Another of this devoted band was Mayhew, "that young New England scholar," as he has been styled, who sailed to England with a view to excite the zeal of his countrymen in the good cause, but was unhappily lost with the vessel in which he sailed. Such, however, was the influence of his example, that his father, though seventy years of age, undertook to continue his labours, and preached and instructed the Indians with great success till he had passed the advanced age of fourscore. As a striking proof of the success of his efforts, it may be mentioned, that though the Indians were twenty times more numerous than the whites in Massachusetts, they abstained from all attempt to injure them, and lived in firm friendship with them. Villages of "praying Indians" were established; and at the University of Cambridge an Indian obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

But a still more remarkable instance of missionary zeal was afforded by John Eliot, "the apostle of the Indians," who began to preach in the year 1646. We cannot do better than quote what Bancroft says of this excellent man:—"His benevolence almost amounted to genius. An Indian grammar was a pledge of his earnestness: the pledge was redeemed by his preparing and publishing a translation of the whole Bible into Massachusetts dialect. His actions, his thoughts, his desires, all were the hues of disinterested love. Eliot mixed with the Indians; he spoke to them of God, and of the soul, and explained the virtues of self-denial. He became their lawgiver. He taught the women to spin, the men to dig the ground. He established for them simple forms of government; and, in spite of menaces from their priests and chieftains, he successfully imparted to them his own religious faith. Groups of Indians used to gather round him, as round a father; and, now that their minds were awakened to reflection, often perplexed him with their questions."

THE ORNITHORHYNCHUS, OR DUCK-BILLED ANIMAL, AND THE ECHIDNA, OR SPINY ANT-EATER.

At the opposite extremity of the globe, separated from this country by many thousand miles of sea, is an immense continent, which, although its discovery can scarcely be dated two centuries back, is now the home of a vast number of our countrymen. Blest with a temperate and almost European climate, the cultivated plants and domestic animals of Europe thrive here as well as in their natural home, and the emigrant may surround himself in his new abode with all those familiar objects which met his eye in the country from which he has been driven by necessity or the love of change. But although the climate of Australia appears so eminently favourable to the existence of these inhabitants of distant lands, the natural productions of this extraordinary land and its adjacent islands are in most cases widely different from those of the rest of the world. The mammalia, or beasts, of Australia in particular, exhibit this difference in a most striking manner. With the exception of a few rats and bats, and of the native dog, or dingo, which very probably was introduced at some distant period, nearly all the animals of this class found in this region, possess a singular character—that of bringing their young into the world in an exceedingly imperfect state, and receiving them after birth in a pouch, where they adhere to the teats of the mother until their development is sufficiently advanced to render them independent. The animals which exhibit this peculiarity are called marsupial animals by naturalists (from the Latin word *marsupium*, a pouch); with the exception of the opossums of America, and a few other creatures found in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, they are now confined to Australia, although in earlier periods of the earth's history, similar animals existed even in our own country.

We have said that *nearly* all the native Australian mammalia present the curious character just mentioned; for the two extraordinary creatures which we now bring before the notice of the reader do not exhibit it, although their near alliance with the truly marsupial animals is indicated in many ways, and especially by the presence of two short bones, imbedded in the muscles of the belly, which in the latter serve to support the pouch, but still exist in the ornithorhynchus and echidna, although these possess no such protection for their young. But they are distinguished from the marsupials and from all other mammalia by a still greater singularity of structure. Like birds and reptiles, they have but a single opening for the intestines and excreting organs, and this, coupled with the beak-like covering of the snout and some other peculiarities, has induced many to regard them as intermediate links between the three higher classes of vertebrate animals.

When the duck-billed animal (*Ornithorhynchus paradoxus*) was first brought to Europe, the learned were inclined to entertain an opinion that some wag had been endeavouring to make them the victims of a sort of practical joke; and certainly its singular conformation was far from rendering such an idea incredible. Its body, clothed with soft fur, has some resemblance to a small otter; its tail is almost a miniature copy of that of the beaver; whilst the curious flat bill with which its head is adorned might readily be set down as that of some unknown species of duck. But this explanation was still attended with the trifling difficulty, that no one could point out the animals from which the ornithorhynchus might have been compounded; so that, supposing it to be a zoological forgery, it must have been made up of at least two or three creatures with which naturalists were unacquainted. The arrival of more specimens, however, soon put the matter beyond a doubt, and the title of this anomalous creature to rank as a genuine animal has never since been disputed.

The general appearance of the ornithorhynchus will be well understood from our engraving. Its colour is a darkish brown above, whitish beneath; the bill and the webs of the feet are blackish. The fore feet are very curious, the webs with which they are furnished being so large as to project beyond the extremities of the toes, and the hind legs in the male are armed with a strong spur, which is perforated, and communicates at the base with a glandular organ, a structure which gives some support to the statements of the natives of Australia, that the wounds inflicted by these weapons are poisonous.

The habits of this animal, as might be inferred from its appearance, are strictly aquatic. Amongst the settlers in Australia and Van Diemen's Land they are known as "water moles," but their numbers appear to be decreasing rapidly in the more populous parts of the colonies. They are exceedingly shy, and the greatest caution is required in watching their actions, as the slightest noise causes them to disappear instantly. The banks of the streams inhabited by them are excavated in every direction by their burrows, which are often of considerable length, extending sometimes as much as fifty feet, although rarely exceeding thirty-five. The creature appears to dig through the earth with almost as much facility as the European mole, for M. Verreaux, to whom naturalists are indebted for much interesting information about this animal, states that he saw one excavate a burrow upwards of two feet long, in a hard gravelly soil, in less than two minutes. To these burrows the animal retreats to enjoy his food, which consists of aquatic insects, larvæ, and small mollusca, captured in the water and stowed away in a pair of cheek pouches with which it is furnished, until a sufficient quantity is collected to make a satisfactory meal. In feeding, the ornithorhynchus skims the surface of the mud and water with a quick movement of the mandibles, very much in the manner of a duck when engaged in the same interesting occupation. They not unfrequently leave the water and climb the trees which grow in its neighbourhood, on the branches of which small parties of them may be found lying coiled up, like dogs in their ordinary sleeping attitude.

The aborigines of New Holland, influenced by the duck-like bill of this animal, maintain that it produces its young from eggs; but this opinion is quite destitute of foundation, although the young when born are undoubtedly in a very imperfect state. They are quite destitute of fur and totally blind; the bill is very soft and the tongue projects to the front of the mouth, suiting the little creature to its milk diet. The mode of suckling, if such a term may be applied to the process, is exceedingly curious. According to M. Verreaux, the milk is emitted into the water by the female from the mammary glands, which open by a simple slit on each side of the belly; it then rises to the surface of the water, where it floats, and the young animal sucks it in from this situation. In captivity, some young animals, kept for several weeks by Mr. Bennett, were very playful, and fed readily upon "bread soaked in water, chopped egg, and meat minced very small;" so that in these days of rapid voyages, we may yet hope to see the ornithorhynchus added to the interesting collection of animals in the Zoological Gardens.

The echidna, or spiny ant-eater (*Echidna hystrix*), is an animal nearly allied to the ornithorhynchus, and inhabiting the same countries. It is a small creature of very singular appearance, somewhat resembling a hedgehog with a bird's bill attached to its snout. The entire upper part of the body is covered with sharp spines, the lower portions with bristly hair, and the tail, which is very short, is armed with perpendicular spines. The snout is very curious; at first sight it resembles the bill of a bird, but on examination, the mouth is found to be very small and situated quite at the tip, not leaving more than sufficient room for the protrusion of the worm-like tongue, with which it is said to collect the insects on which it feeds in the same way as the ant-eater. Like the ornithorhynchus, the male echidna has a strong spine on each hinder leg; but neither the fore nor hind feet are webbed, and the animal is not aquatic in its habits. It burrows in the ground with great ease; its food is said to consist of ants and other insects; when alarmed or irritated, it rolls itself up into a ball like a hedgehog, and presents the points of its spines to the assailant. But little appears to be known of its habits in a state of nature; but we have an interesting [illegible] from the pen of Professor Owen, of the behaviour of one which was living in the Zoological Society's menagerie in the year [illegible]. From this we give a few extracts:—"The animal,

when received at the gardens," says Professor Owen, "was active, and apparently in sound health. It was placed in a large but shallow box, with a deep layer of sand on one-half the bottom; the top covered with close cross-bars. The animal manifested more vivacity than might have been expected from a quadruped which, in until it had assured itself that the same hard impenetrable bottom everywhere opposed its progress downwards. The animal then began to explore every fissure and cranny, poking its long and slender nose into each crevice and hole, and through the interspaces of the cross-bars above. To reach these, it had to raise itself

THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS (ORNITHORHYNCHUS PARADOXUS).

the proportions of its limbs to its body, as well as in its internal organisation, makes the nearest approach, after the ornithorhynchus, to the reptilia. In the act of walking, which was a kind of waddling gait, the body was alternately bent from one side to the other, the belly was lifted entirely off the ground, and the legs, upright, and often overbalanced itself, falling on its back, and recovering its legs by performing a summerset. I watched these attempts of the animal to escape for more than an hour; and it was not until it had got experience of the strength of its prison, that the echidna began to notice the food which had been placed there.

THE SPINY ANT-EATER (ECHIDNA HYSTRIX).

although not so perpendicular as in higher mammalia, were less bent outwards than in lizards . . . It commenced an active exploration of its prison soon after it was lodged: the first instinctive action was to seek its ordinary shelter in the earth, and it turned up the sand rapidly by throwing it aside with strong strokes of its powerful fossorial paws, and repeating the act in many places, This consisted of a saucer of bread and milk and some meal-worms. The milk was sucked, or rather licked in by rapid protrusion and retraction of the long red cylindrical tongue. The tongue came more than once in contact with the larvæ, which were sometimes rolled over by it, but no attempt was made to swallow them."

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

It is a common remark, and one borne out by experience, that genius is not hereditary on the father's side. We rarely find both father and son highly distinguished, at least in the same department. But, like all other general rules, this has its exceptions. If the second William Pitt was inferior to the Great Commoner in oratorical power, in commanding force of character, and in statesmanlike breadth of view, he was still a man of great eminence, and probably exerted even a more powerful and lasting influence over the destinies of the country than his illustrious father. Again, though George Stephenson, who conferred incalculable benefits upon his species, and an immortality upon himself, by originating the great railway system, was a most remarkable instance of how much may be accomplished by heaven-born genius in spite of deficient education, it may be questioned whether his son Robert, who, besides being equally gifted by nature, has enjoyed the advantage of a superior scientific education, will not leave behind him more stupendous monuments of engineering skill. Another striking exception to the above rule is supplied by the two Herschels, both of whom have won lasting renown by their astronomical investigations and discoveries. And what renders their case still more remarkable is, that another member of the same family, Miss Caroline Herschel, the sister of the father, is entitled to a share of the honour which encircles the name, having not merely assisted in their observations and computations, but herself discovered a comet.

It is much to be regretted that so few particulars are known with respect to the life of Sir William Herschel; for not only do his distinguished astronomical discoveries give an interest to everything connected with him, but his history—at least the early part of it—was in itself more full of incident than is commonly the case with men of scientific or literary pursuits. Like Handel, the great musical composer, he was a German by birth, and an Englishman by adoption. He was born at Hanover, November 15, 1738. His father, who was a musician, brought him up, with four other sons, to that profession, giving them all a good general education. Having been placed in the band of the Hanoverian regiment of guards at the age of fourteen, he came over with them to England somewhere about the year 1757, or 1759. According to other accounts he

SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

[illegible] here alone. The place where he first settled was Durham, whence he removed to Halifax. Here he remained for several years as organist and teacher of music, at the same time devoting his leisure hours to the study of languages. A variety of apocryphal stories are told of this part of his career, some of which are certainly incorrect.

It was not till about the year 1766, when he was organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath, that Herschel began to direct his attention to that noble science which he afterwards cultivated with so much success. His knowledge of mathematics was very considerable, and his skill in applying it sufficed to demonstrate that he might have won the highest distinction in that department of science, if he had confined himself to it. With this preliminary advantage he commenced the study of astronomy under very favourable circumstances. Before long he began to feel the want of a better telescope than he possessed or could purchase. Here was a difficulty which, to an ordinary mind, would have appeared insuperable. It is at such turning-points as these that the true character of a man appears. The commonplace person, who lives only according to a prescribed routine, and has no resources within himself for trying emergencies, no sooner encounters an obstacle than his heart fails him, and he foregoes the object of his pursuit almost without a struggle. Not so the man of genius. To him difficulties are but incentives to pleasurable exertion. It matters not how unexpected or how unprecedented to him they may be, he is never at a loss for some means of overcoming them. Such was the case with Herschel at this juncture. Not being able to purchase, or in any other way procure, a telescope of the size and power he wanted, he determined to make one. As may be supposed, his first attempts were not successful; but, nevertheless, he still persisted in them, undaunted by repeated failures, till at length he succeeded in constructing a Newtonian reflecting telescope of five feet focal length.

Nor was Herschel long in turning to account the resources which he had acquired by his constructive skill and industry. He applied himself diligently to a careful observation of the heavenly bodies, and the study of all the phenomena which throw light upon their constitution, movements, and laws. The results of his observations were communicated in his papers of "Philosophical Transactions," one of the earliest of which contained an announcement of his having discovered what was then supposed to be a comet, but was soon ascertained to be a new planet. The discovery took place between ten and eleven o'clock on the evening of March 13, 1781. While observing some stars in the constellation Gemini, Herschel noticed one that appeared larger than the rest, and, on examining it with greater magnifying power, he soon found its position with relation to the other stars was changed, which proved that it was in motion. It is remarkable that the planet had been repeatedly observed, and its position recorded as a fixed star by various astronomers, one of whom, Lemonnier, could not have failed to discover that it was a planet, if he had but brought into one view all his observations of the same object. In a spirit of misguided loyalty—or, as many would say, unworthy flattery—Herschel proposed to call the planet Georgium Sidus, or the Georgian Star, in honour of George the Third, who was then King. But astronomers, who have other objects in view than the gratification of royal vanity, could hardly be expected to accede to such a title; still less could foreigners consent to pay such homage to a sovereign who had no claim upon their allegiance. Laplace, the celebrated French astronomer, with a praiseworthy desire to honour the discoverer, proposed that the planet should bear his name; and many acted upon his suggestion. But even this did not meet with general acceptance; and after some discussion, the name of Uranus, by which the planet is now known, was proposed by Bode and fixed upon as most appropriate.

The next discovery of Herschel took place in the early part of the year 1787, when he established the existence of two satellites of Uranus, and made an approximation to the time of their revolu[illegible]. Ten years later he discovered the four other satellites of this [illegible]. He had great difficulty in discerning them, and they have never been seen since, whence some have been inclined to [illegible] their existence; but there appears to be no sufficient [illegible] doubt on the subject.

[illegible]ect of Herschel's discovery of Uranus, was to bring him at once into public notice. His fame spread all over the continent, and he was appointed private astronomer to George III., with a salary of £400 a-year. He now removed first to Datchet, and afterwards to Slough, where he pursued his researches with unremitting ardour and great success. He married a widow named Mrs. Pitt, who was the mother of Sir John Herschel, the present worthy inheritor of the illustrious name. Of his private life after this time little can be said, because little is known on good authority. So scanty is the information respecting it, that even the dates of his knighthood, and receiving the degree of Doctor of Laws at Oxford, cannot be ascertained. But what we do know is, that for a long series of years, from 1780 to 1821, he communicated to the Philosophical Society a great number of papers upon the subject of his astronomical studies, thus showing that to the very last he retained his ardour in the pursuit of truth; for on the 23rd of August, 1822, death brought his labours to a close, when he had nearly completed his eighty-fourth year.

It is beyond our province to give any detailed account of the discoveries of this great astronomer; but the bare fact that his various contributions to our knowledge of the solar system increased the number of heavenly bodies in it by one-half, shows how well-founded is his claim to universal admiration. Besides Uranus with its six satellites, and the two satellites of Saturn, he discovered the rotation of Saturn's ring, measured the rotation of Saturn and Venus, and by many observations and well-founded reasonings contributed largely to the advance of modern astronomy. Indeed it may safely be asserted, that to no one are we so deeply indebted for what we know of the solar system. But his discoveries were not confined to the solar system. It was he who first opened our eyes to the infinite vastness of the universe, by showing that our system is only one of a countless number of others, which extend throughout the boundless regions of space, not only far beyond mortal ken, but even beyond the most daring flights of human imagination. His discovery, in 1803, that many objects which looked like single stars, and had hitherto been taken to be such even by astronomers, were, in fact, pairs of stars revolving round each other, was the first step to more just conceptions than had previously prevailed upon this subject; and his grand speculations upon the milky way, nebulæ, etc., contributed still further to this desirable result. Imperfect as is this sketch of what Sir William Herschel accomplished, it may be sufficient to show that he made many valuable additions to our astronomical knowledge; and when we reflect how important a bearing this knowledge has upon various practical arts—especially that of navigation and all that depends upon it—we see how great a benefactor he was to mankind, and how worthy he is to occupy an honourable place in the grateful recollections of posterity.

AMBOYNA, OR THE ISLAND OF DEW.

The Isle of Dew, as the Dutch call the chief of the Moluccas, is little known to the world. Though only occupying a space of thirteen geographical miles, it has 30,000 inhabitants. It presents a very varied aspect. It rises from the sea towards a centre, with a gradual but broken slope dipping into valleys, casting up clusters of hills, or expanding into little table-lands. Some of the hills present a very pleasing appearance, green and verdant to the summit, while some have only woods at the base. English and Dutch travellers vie with each other in their descriptions of this capital of the Spice Islands. Temminck talks of an atmosphere laden with the soft odour of aromatic plants and flowers, and of rich plains shaded by sago and cocoa-palms. The prospect he declares to be enchanting in its beauty. Ver Huell is more enthusiastic than his comrade in description. The flowers of the island fill the air with fragrance. According to him, it is a perfect Eden, where a Sybarite might dwell in ease and luxury and voluptuousness all the days of his life. Some parts, however, are barren, but others are luxuriantly fertile. Here the nutmeg and the clove grow in rich perfection, and bring riches to the Dutch of more sure return than silver and gold-mines.

In addition to the spices, the island produces woods affording fragrant essences and oils with medicinal virtues, exquisite woods

for cabinet-work, from which slabs for tables five or six feet in diameter are cut, one of which, of rare beauty, we have ourselves seen. Coffee, indigo, cotton, and pepper grow, but are neglected, as is cinnamon. But the island is almost wholly destitute of the necessaries of life. The Dutch have always kept down ordinary agriculture, and forced the people to depend on their commerce for support. Rice is a great article of food, and this is supplied by Java, Celebes, and Bengal. Yams grow in great abundance, and are an extensively-used article of food. But the best resource of the islanders is the sago, or Papua bread. This is the pith of a palm, the humblest, the nipa excepted, of its tribe. It furnishes the principal food of the people, its delicate flour being baked into cakes. This is its native country—that is, in the region between Borneo on the one side, and New Guinea on the other. The quantity of pith from a single tree is immense, often as much as 600 pounds. The refuse left in heaps produces excellent mushrooms. The epicures of Molucca even eat certain white worms generated in the same refuse.

One palm-tree on this island produces a poison, used to poison water, in the early days of the Dutch, by the natives. They now make an intoxicating drink from it. The betel nut, tobacco, and the wild banana, are also found. It is singular that all these things are consumed on the spot, while the spices are utterly neglected. They send all away, without ever using them at all themselves. Teak is a tree much used, as also ginger.

Deer and hogs are the chief animals, the island being poor in quadrupeds. But birds swarm in the forests, in every variety of plumage—purple, bright blue, gold, green, and gaudy crimson. The edible birds'-nests are found here and exported to China with tressang, sharks'-fins, and small parcels of gold. To the same country they also send birds of Paradise (variously called Birds of God, Birds of the Sun, and King Birds). There is also a trade in feathers.

The people are of middle size, military in their character, very impetuous, but easily appeased. They were represented by the Dutch, who behaved to them with savage cruelty, as a ferocious race without any merciful ideas. They are now, however, a quiet race. They must have been a simple people when discovered, as they boiled their food in a hollow bamboo. They now use iron pans from China.

The island is celebrated in the history of Indian colonisation as the scene of a fearful execution by the Dutch of Captain Towerson and nine other Englishmen, nine Japanese and one Portuguese, known as the Massacre of Amboyna.

RELIGION AND ARTS OF THE ASSYRIANS.

It has been remarked in a former article on Nineveh,* that the character of the Assyrians was eminently religious, though their veneration was falsely directed, and took a superstitious and debasing form. There are some lofty conceptions, however, in their sculptured embodiments of the power and majesty of God; and something of the religious philosophy of the Chaldeans and Egyptians must have been known to their priests. But in speaking of them as a people, it is their public worship and the popular creed that we must notice, rather than the abstractions which the priesthood conserved for their own order. In all countries, the sun appears to have been the earliest object of religious adoration; but, except among the Persians, popular ignorance and superstition personified this glorious symbol of divine power and beneficence, and hence Baal, or Belus, Crishna, Osiris, Apollo, etc. Baal was the supreme divinity of the Assyrians and Babylonians, and probably of the Phœnicians also, and as such is represented on a cylinder of green feldspar found by Mr. Layard at Kouyunjik, and supposed by him to have been the signet or amulet of Sennacherib.

On many of the Assyrian bas-reliefs, and other antique remains of the same country and period, an object is represented called a sacred tree, one of the forms of which is represented in the annexed engraving (p. 92). On the cylinder in question, the flowers or fruit of the tree are in the form of an acorn, and the king stands on one side, and a figure, described as a eunuch, on the other. The king holds up his right hand in an attitude of adoration, and in his left is the sacrificial mace. Above the sacred tree is the figure of Baal, the body of the god in a circle, the symbol of eternity, above which are the three heads of Baal (an unusual mode of representing that deity), while from the sides spread the wings, and from below the tail and legs of a dove, typical of Mylitta, the Assyrian Venus. Among the sculptures excavated at Nimroud were several figures of Dagon, the fish-god of the Phœnicians, from which we learn that, in accordance with that intercommunity of worship which prevailed universally among the polytheistic nations of antiquity, the Assyrians imported into their pantheon some of the gods of the neighbouring nations. Among the twelve gods of the Assyrians, enumerated in a long inscription at the same place, are Asshur, probably a deified hero, and Ishtar, supposed to be the personification of the moon.

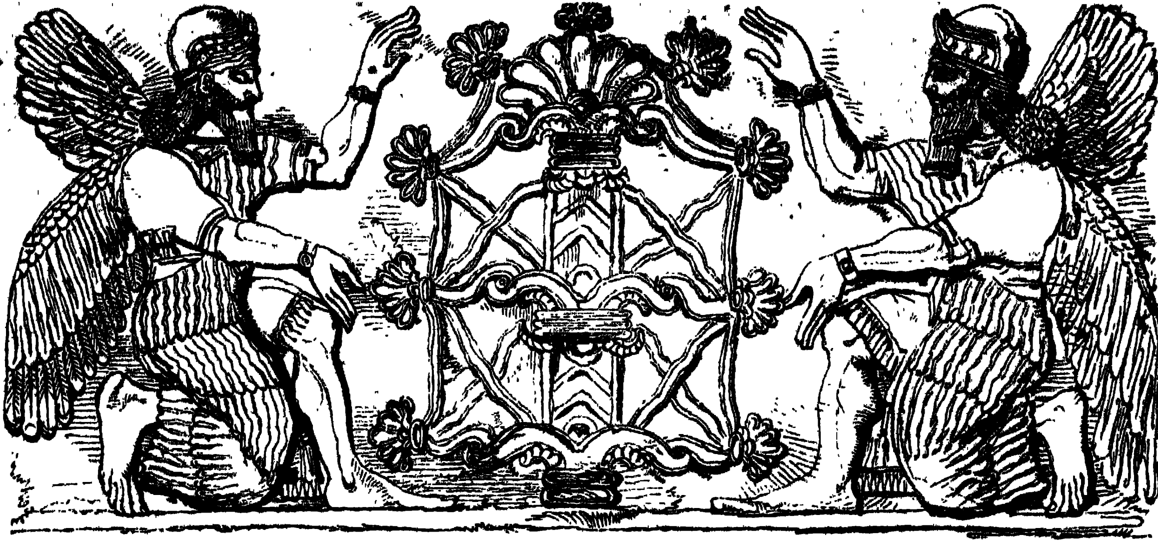
The predominant religious element, in the character of the Assyrians, is seen in the designs traced upon their domestic utensils, engraved upon their seals and amulets, and sculptured on the walls of the palaces of their kings. Of the eleven devices of the impressions of seals found at Kouyunjik, seven appear to be connected with the mythology and religious worship of the country. Several of the bronze plates and dishes discovered at Nimroud are of similar character, and on some of them are represented deities of Egyptian origin, though evidently designed and executed by Assyrian artists. These remains of the mechanical ingenuity and artistic powers of the Assyrians, while they evince the extent to which the feeling of religion, mingled with the every-day concerns of life among them, are also valuable for the glimpses they afford us of their domestic economy. They were dug out of a chamber of the north-west palace at Nimroud, which Mr. Layard conjectures has been the repository of the royal arms and sacrificial vessels; but which Colonel Rawlinson (who discovered, in an adjoining chamber, an alabaster vase, which appeared to have contained preserved fruit) is of opinion was the royal kitchen. The walls were of common sun-dried bricks, such as are used throughout Asiatic Turkey and Persia for ordinary purposes at the present day, except about three feet from the floor, where large burnt bricks had been used. In one corner was a well, with a raised mouth of brickwork three feet high; it was filled up with rubbish, but on being emptied to the depth of sixty feet, brackish water was found. In clearing out the rubbish which filled up the chamber, two copper caldrons were found, about three feet deep, and two feet and a half in diameter; these were filled with a number of small bronze bells, several bronze plates, dishes, and cups, hundreds of ivory and mother-of-pearl buttons and studs, and various small articles in bronze and copper, the use of which is not very clear. The studs and buttons and some metal rosettes appear to have been used in the trappings of the Assyrian cavalry horses, and also of those attached to chariots.

Beneath the caldrons a number of bronze feet of lions and bulls were found, which probably had been the feet of tripods for supporting vases and bowls. Two other caldrons contained several plates and dishes, a wine-strainer of elegant form, and the handle of a vase, all of bronze. Of eight other caldrons and jars, some of which had been crushed flat by the falling in of the upper part of the building, one contained bones and ashes; the rest were empty. Behind the caldrons was a heap of bronze cups, bowls, and dishes, of various shapes and sizes, lying one above another, without order.

Some of the bronze vessels thus discovered are plain, but many are elaborately ornamented with figures of animals, etc., either embossed or engraved. About 150 of them are now in the British Museum. The metal of which they are composed has been found to contain one part of tin to ten of copper, which are the relative

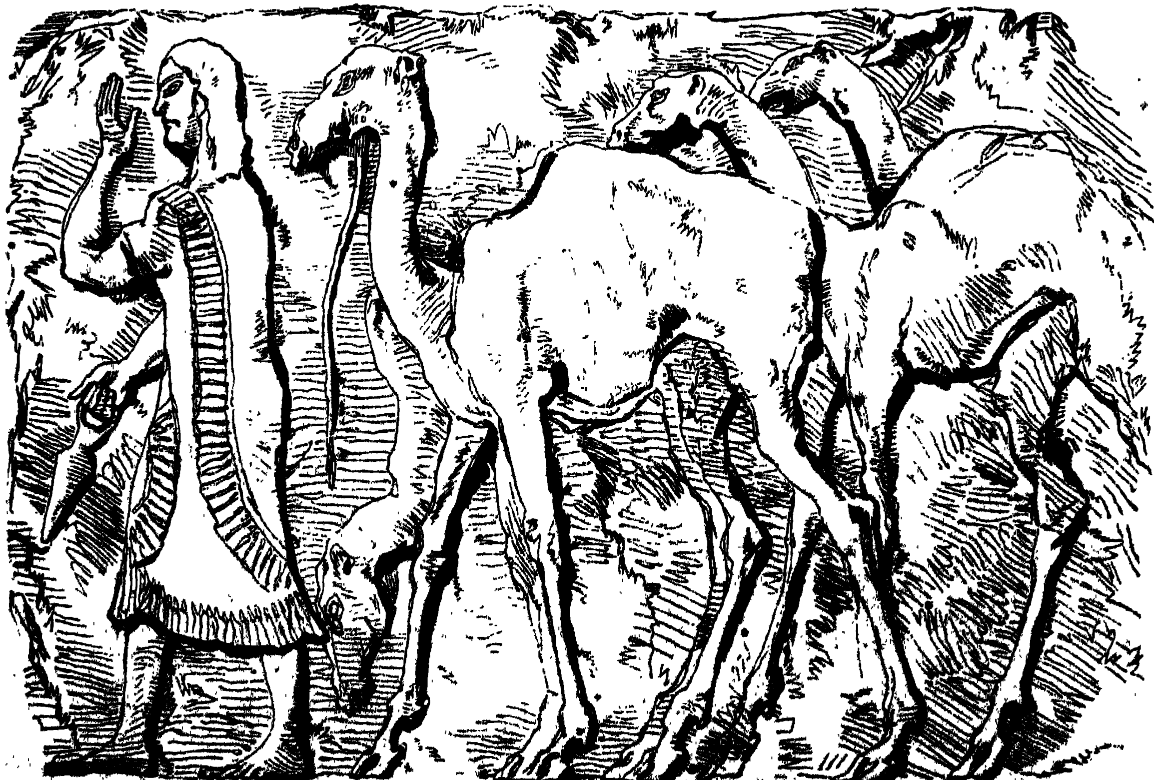
* Illustrated Exhibitor and Magazine of Art, vol. i. p. 154.

proportions used in the composition of bronze at the present day. The bells, however, have fourteen per cent. of tin, which shows that the Assyrians had made considerable advance in metallurgy, and understood the effect produced by increasing the proportion of



WINGED FIGURES BY A SACRED TREE.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

that metal. By the decomposition of the metal, the effect of time and damp, the surface of these vessels was covered with a green coat of a crystalline nature, which has been removed since the vessels have been placed in the Museum. An alabaster jar, a lens

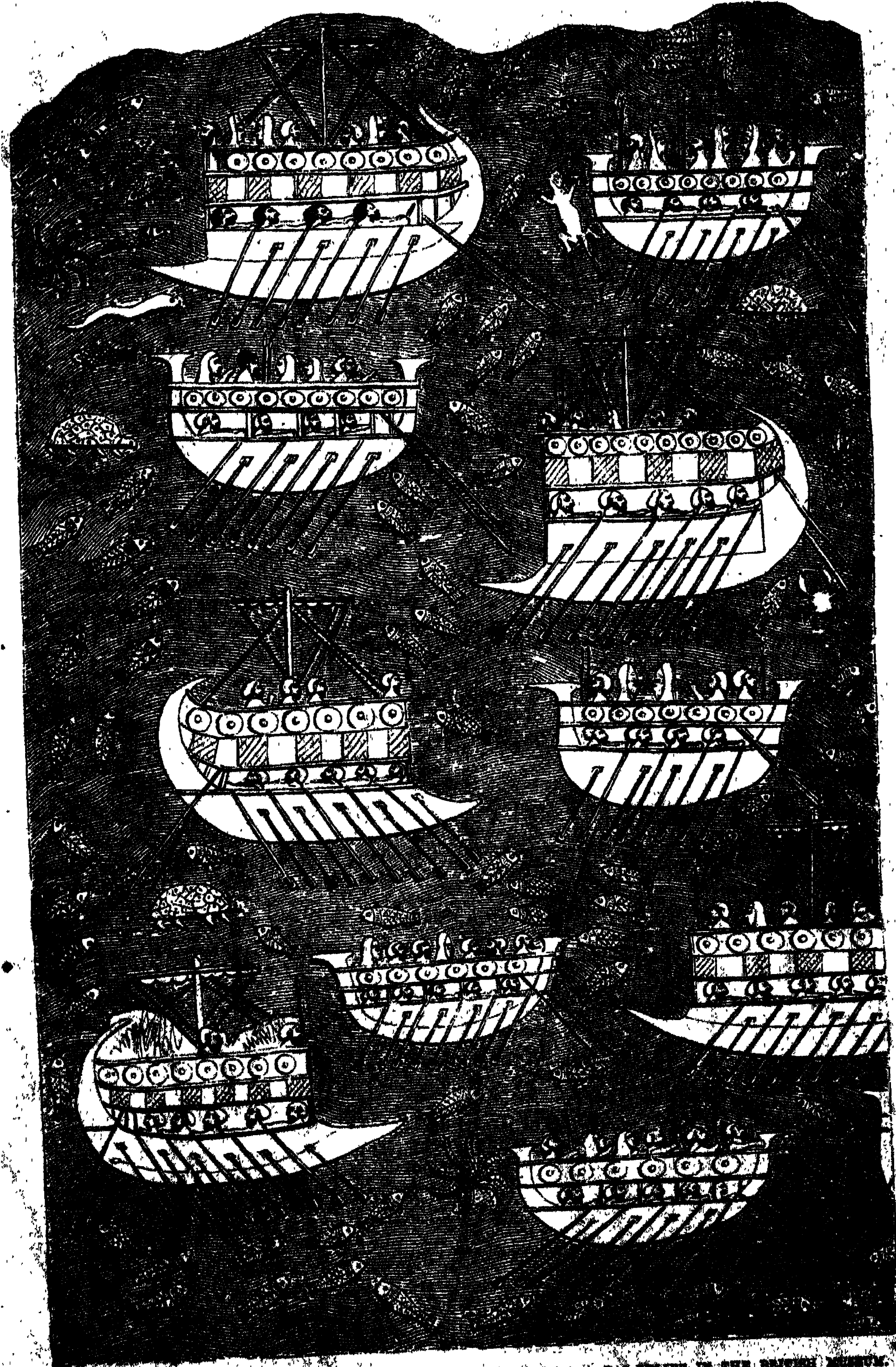


A WOMAN WITH CAMELS.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

of rock-crystal, and two glass bowls, were also found in this interesting apartment, showing that the Assyrians were not only acquainted with the manufacture of glass, but also with the properties of the burning-glass.

Some of the bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, now in the British Museum, exhibit the progress which the Assyrians had made in ship-building. As their vessels were constructed only for the navigation of the Tigris, they were of small size, but in their lofty prows may be traced a considerable resemblance to the galleys of the ancient Greeks. In the accompanying engraving (p. 93) two kinds of vessels are represented—boats and ships with a single mast and yard—but both have a double bank of oars. The water appears to be well stocked with fish, which are swimming in every direction, while at the bottom, as we must suppose, the crab and the turtle crawl, and the star-fish agitates its arms in search of prey. A small kind of crocodile, and an animal of eel-like form, are also represented.

Another of these bas-reliefs portrays a battle in a marsh in Southern Mesopotamia, in which wicker-boats are used, precisely similar to those of the Afaij Arabs of the present day. In a similar scene, the Assyrians are bringing their captives ashore, one of the boats being towed by a man swimming on an inflated skin. The boats of the Arabs of the Afaij are thus described by Mr. Layard:—"They were of various sizes. In the bottom of some, eight or ten persons sat crouched on their hams; in others, only one or two. Men standing at the head and stern, with long bamboo poles of great lightness, guided and impelled them. The largest were built of teakwood, but the others consisted simply of a very narrow framework of rushes covered with bitumen, resembling, probably, 'the vessels of bulrushes' mentioned by Isaiah (xviii. 2). They skimmed over the surface of the water with great rapidity. . . . This singular scene recalled vividly to my mind the sculptures at Kouyunjik representing the Assyrian wars in marshes of the same nature, and probably formed by the waters of the same river. The streams through the reeds, and the boats of rushes, are faithfully



THE ENEMIES OF THE ASSYRIANS ESCAPING IN THEIR SHIPS.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

delineated in the bas-reliefs, showing how little the barbarous inhabitants of these great swamps have changed after the lapse of nearly three thousand years."

The bas-relief which has been reproduced in our second illustration represents a woman, barefooted, carrying some vessel in her hand, followed by four camels. The foremost of the animals has a halter depending from his head; and all the figures are executed with considerable fidelity and spirit. The glimpses which we obtain into the every-day life of the Assyrians by means of these bas-reliefs reveal customs and modes that have been perpetuated to the present day; but in all the higher arts the glory of the land has departed. Mounds of earth cover the palaces of Sennacherib and Sardanapalus, and where their banners flaunted in the sunlight as they led their thousands forth to battle, the traveller now beholds only the tents of the wandering Arabs.

HEALTH OF TOWNS.

That it is healthier to live in the country than in large towns, is a plain matter of fact which experience renders familiar to all. But it is only within a comparatively short period that any attempt has been made to investigate the causes of this effect; though without such an investigation it is obviously impossible to devise any means at all likely to be effectual in improving the health of towns. If we would arrive at an intelligent view of the subject, we must carefully consider the phenomena which are engendered in the course of years by the impregnation of the soil of cities with substances which are deposited there in the shape of refuse, or gradually accumulate from various sources. Everything that comes into contact with man partakes more or less of the character of clothing, and is similarly affected by the action of those causes which are in constant operation wherever men are collected together. Clothes, as we all know, require to be frequently washed and changed; and if we cannot cleanse and renew the soil upon which we tread, and the emanations from which are constantly rising about us, we ought at least to endeavour to maintain its natural purity as far as lies in our power.

Let the soil be impregnated with organic matter of various kinds; let it receive water enough to moisten it, but not enough to cleanse it; let this water be charged with a solution of sulphate of lime, which, by its combination with the organic substances buried in the soil, will give rise to the most mephitic and poisonous gases; let the ventilation which might have carried off these deleterious emanations be impeded; let light, which facilitates the slow combustion of organic substances, be prevented from often reaching the ground; and we have combined all the conditions necessary to render the soil a pest-house of infection, a dreadful swamp under the show of splendour, whence silently go forth day and night the treacherous agents of so many diseases, which are in reality nothing but the natural and necessary results of this concealed corruption. Such, it cannot be denied, are the conditions to which culpable neglect too often gives rise in large towns, even in this enlightened age. Much has been said of late years about the health of towns, and something has been done towards its promotion; but those whose personal observation has made them best acquainted with the subject, are the loudest in their demands for further improvement.

The usual causes of the accumulation of those substances which tend to render the soil of large towns prejudicial to health, are, the necessity we are under of using organic substances for food, and the various consequences of that use, the employment of these substances in manufactures, the domestic animals which live among us, and the human corpses which were formerly—and are sometimes even now, if the statements in the public press are to be believed—buried in the heart of towns, and, wasting away by decomposition, after a number of years form a large mass of putrid matter. In towns lighted by gas—that is to say, in all towns of any extent—there is an additional cause of infection, and one which, if not counteracted, may become, in time, productive of immense mischief. This is the development of vapours which, after being carried along with the gas in the pipes, issue through the escapes and spread in the earth, giving it a fetid smell that betrays itself when there is any digging for repairs, make trees wither and perish by poisoning the roots, and taint the water in wells.

It is obvious from the above remarks, that the means of preventing the soil from getting into an unhealthy state must consist mainly in endeavouring to diminish, as much as possible, the quantity of organic substances which penetrate into the earth. The most customary and simple plan is, to pave the streets with stone. Independently of the advantages of this plan on the score of convenience for traffic, and the prevention of the formation of ruts and puddles, it evidently diminishes the permeable portion of the soil, since it is only through the interstices between the stones that anything can reach the earth beneath.

Among other means of accomplishing this important object, the following deserve special mention. There should be numerous water-plugs frequently, if not constantly, open, so as to pour into the gutters a body of water sufficient to carry off all the filth from the houses before it has time to sink into the soil. Sewers and drains should be plentifully laid down and kept thoroughly water-tight. To prevent the dispersion of the vapours and fluids engendered by the gas, some recommend that the gas-pipes should be placed inside the sewers. It is alleged that such an arrangement would render the repair of escapes more convenient, but on this point there is some room for a difference of opinion. Cemeteries should be placed not merely quite out of the town, but also below its level; for if the water which runs through the soil finds its way by subterranean imbibition to the soil of the town, it is evident that the evil, against which we are anxious to guard, will be secretly gaining ground. Every species of manufacture which gives out much organic matter ought to be removed to a distance from the town, or carried on close to a stream of water, powerful enough to carry off everything of this sort at once. Lastly, the strictest vigilance should be exercised over all gardens, markets, and other places where organic substances are likely to accumulate.

But, besides resorting to such preventive measures as the above, it is of the greatest importance to employ suitable means for counteracting the infection which already exists in the soil. It is a fact, to which we can no longer shut our eyes, that in almost all our considerable towns the soil is more or less infected. This fact was prominently brought before the public mind with regard to London, in a recent report, drawn up with great ability by Mr. Simon, the medical officer to the City Board of Health. Unfortunately, it is not so easy, in the present state of our knowledge, to discover a remedy for the evil as to state how it might have been avoided. In this, as in other cases, prevention is better than cure.

The first step should be to let the oxygen of the atmosphere have free circulation wherever there are organic materials capable of becoming injurious to health by decomposition. It is well known that oxygen, especially when aided by the influence of light, has a tendency to convert organic matter into water, carbonic acid, and nitrogen, by a slow combustion, which, from the moderation of its action, involves no sort of danger. Thus, oxygen is a powerful agent, which destroys the sources of infection whenever it is brought into contact with them. Besides, the air, by penetrating freely into every hole and corner, has a tendency to dry the earth, the streets, and the walls of the houses. Hence, not only ought the streets to be of sufficient width, but the yards at the back of the houses should be large enough to admit the fresh air to that side as well as the other, for if this is not the case the work of purification is only half done.

The next means to be employed consists in the use of wells, a means which has never yet received a fair trial, but which, with proper management, is capable of being turned to good account. A single experiment by a skilful engineer may suffice to demonstrate this. Having sunk a well in an old farm-yard, the soil of which had been long impregnated with the manure to a considerable depth, he could not get any water from the well at all fit to drink, though the water of another well, situated at a little distance above this, was excellent. However, by dint of working the well, and using the water from it for purposes of cultivation, he at last succeeded in completely changing its condition. The water gradually lost its colour and its smell, till in the course of a few years it

became quite fit to drink. It is evident that, in this case, the well performed the part of an emunctory. It served to wash the body of the soil by means of the water which was drawn down to it, dissolving and bringing with it the animal substances through which it passed. This action is naturally very slow, and depends upon the quantity of rain-water imbibed by the earth, and flowing down to the interior of the well; but it cannot be denied that, in general, when there are many wells in a town, they contribute to the gradual purification of the soil, especially if, at the same time, the preventive measures above indicated be adopted. But here an important observation suggests itself with regard to paving, and that is, that the paving, which in some degree prevents the soil on which towns are built from being penetrated with infectious matter, in the same degree prevents it from being cleansed by the rain which falls upon it, and would otherwise sink into it. This was remarked by the sagacious Franklin, who, in his will, observed that the soil of towns being paved and covered with houses, the rain is carried off, instead of penetrating the earth and renewing and purifying the springs; in consequence of which the water from the wells becomes worse every day, till in old towns it is not fit to drink. He therefore recommended the municipal authorities of Philadelphia to have water conveyed thither from Wissahicken Creek by means of pipes. There is evidently no other means of remedying the evil than to have pure water laid on from without; but at the same time it is desirable not to abandon the use of wells wherever they can be sunk, because of their valuable action as emunctories, when the subterranean water that gradually accumulates in them is occasionally exhausted.

A third resource, and one which is likely to be more effectual than any other, consists in the raising of plantations near the town. As an eminent engineer observes, if the utility of trees in preventing the impoverishment of sloping ground, and mitigating the evil effects of violent or continuous rain, is undeniable, they must be no less serviceable in constantly counteracting the unhealthiness produced, or on the point of being produced, in populous towns, by organic matter and the excessive dampness of the soil. The roots of the trees, by spreading out in all directions within the soil, relieve it of the moisture, charged with organic and saline materials, that it has imbibed. At the same time the more distant portions of the roots, by virtue of the law of capillary attraction, give back to the earth a portion of the water with which they are overcharged; and thus, if the trees are sufficiently numerous and suitably arranged, a subterranean circulation is established. Hence we have here self-acting emunctories, far more efficient than wells, because they can be multiplied to a greater extent. It has been ascertained by experiment that a sunflower, placed in a glazed flower-pot covered with a sheet of lead, so as merely to let the stem come through, will evaporate as much as twenty-eight pints of water in the course of only twelve hours. What, then, must have been the quantity if the experiment had been made upon a tree? At the same time that the water is thus drawn off, it is purified. The pure liquid is diffused through the atmosphere, and contributes to freshen and improve the air. The salts and organic substances are absorbed by the roots, and serve as nourishment to the tree; so that, by this happy combination, the very deleterious substances themselves are employed to sustain the agents destined to counteract them. But in proportion to the efficacy of this measure in promoting the health and improving the aspect of towns, is the necessity of careful consideration with regard to the number and arrangement of the trees in different quarters, the choice of such as are suitable for their respective positions, and the steps to be taken in order that the roots, as they extend, may meet with sufficient nourishment without ever passing through beds impregnated with substances that are deleterious, or deprived of the oxygen of the atmosphere. Unless these precautions are adopted, the success of the method must be greatly impaired, if not altogether nullified, because the plantations cannot thrive.

We have yet much to learn on this subject, but when the public mind is more fully alive to its importance, it is to be hoped no method will be left untried which has any chance of proving effectual. Surely if anything were needed to convince even the most obtuse and inert of the urgent necessity of prompt and vigorous measures of some sort, the recent outbreak of that dreadful pestilence which is now making such fearful havoc in almost every portion of the globe, is more than sufficient for the purpose. A matter of this sort should neither be left entirely in the hands of official authorities, nor be altogether beyond their control. There must be a co-operation between private individuals and public bodies.

THE REPUBLIC OF CHILI.

Though much has been written at various times about the New World, comparatively little is known of that portion of it extending from Peru to Patagonia, upon which nature has so profusely lavished her bounties, that it has been called the garden of South America. The approach to this beautiful and fertile country is fraught with much difficulty and danger; the wide desert of Atacama on the north, and the lofty Cordilleras on the east, presenting formidable natural barriers to travellers, who generally pursue the precipitous mountain route, rather than cross the sandy waste of the desert.

Soon after the conquest of Peru, the fame of the mineral treasures of Chili having reached Pizarro, he persuaded his companion and rival, Diego de Almagro, to undertake the command of an expedition to attempt its conquest. In the year 1535, Almagro and his followers set forth, but in crossing the Andes, the fatigue and cold to which they were exposed proved fatal to a large portion of his army. They were at first well received by the natives, but having penetrated as far as Coquimbo, they met with much opposition, and a battle ensued, in which the Spaniards were victorious; but so dearly bought was the victory that Almagro had no wish, in the then weakened state of his forces, to hazard another engagement with these warlike tribes, and hearing of a disturbance in Peru, he decided on returning.

In the year 1540, Pizarro resolved to renew the attempt to subjugate Chili, and appointed his quarter-master, Pedro de Valdivia, to the command of this second expedition. He, profiting by the misfortunes of Almagro, reached Chili without experiencing any loss, but on his arrival was attacked on all sides. In spite of the valorous opposition of the Chilian tribes, the Spanish invaders succeeded in penetrating as far as the province of Mapocho, now called Santiago, where Valdivia laid the foundations of the capital of Chili.

The conquerors were much harassed on all sides by the neighbouring tribes, and several battles were fought, in which the slaughter on both sides was very great. The wearied and discouraged soldiers formed a conspiracy to murder their general, that they might be enabled to return to Peru; but Almagro having discovered their base design, caused the leaders of the plot to be put to death, and, to divert the thoughts and satisfy the cupidity of his soldiers, sent a detachment of them to the gold mines of Quillota. This plan fully succeeded, for when they beheld the vast riches of this region, all desire to return was gone.

From this time the Spaniards gradually extended their conquests, until their territory reached its present limits. Besides the narrow strip of land between the desert of Atacama and the river Biobio, they gained possession of the port of Valdivia, the Archipelago of Chiloe, and the island of Juan Fernandez.

Perhaps the most formidable enemies of the Spaniards were the Araucanians, a fine warlike race of people, inhabiting the beautiful tract of land lying between the rivers Biobio and Valdivia. They entertained an ardent love for their country and for freedom, and boldly resisted the hostile attacks of the Spanish invaders, who founded several towns in Araucania, which were repeatedly taken and destroyed by this brave people, who still retain their territory.

Since the liberation of Chili, which took place in the year 1817, an independent, republican government has been maintained, with little interruption, under a chief magistrate, called a supreme director. During the year 1826, a congress was convened, which

framed a constitution for the republic, which now forms the basis of the government. The independence of this country has been acknowledged by the United States and Great Britain. The republic of Chili is divided into nineteen provinces. The principal towns are Santiago, founded in 1541, by Don Pedro de Valdivia, and situated upon a plain extending the whole length of Chili; Valparaiso, the most important seaport of the republic, stretching nearly a mile along the shore, some of the houses being irregularly scattered over the hills, which rise abruptly behind the town; and Conception, on the river Biobio, possessing one of the most commodious harbours in the world. Coquimbo and Copiapo have also good harbours; and Valdivia, which is situated on a river of the same name, can boast one of the finest on the coast, but has no cultivated country round to give it importance.

"The climate of Spanish Chili," says Robertson, in his "History of America," "is the most delicious of the New World, and is hardly equalled by that of any region on the face of the earth. Though bordering on the torrid zone, it never feels the extremity of heat, being screened on the east by the Andes, and refreshed from the west by cooling sea-breezes. The temperature of the air is so mild and equable, that the Spaniards give it the preference to that of the southern provinces in their native country. The fertility of the soil corresponds with the benignity of the climate, and is wonderfully accommodated to European productions. The most valuable of these, corn, wine, and oil, abound in Chili as if they had been native to the country." The wheat is remarkably fine, and is said sometimes to yield a hundred-fold. The potato is indigenous to the soil; it grows wild in the fields, but only produces a small root of a bitterish taste.

The numerous rivers of Chili, fed by the melting snow from the mountains, flow with the rapidity of torrents, and are therefore seldom navigable, but irrigate the valleys, rendering them the most fertile in the world.

This beautiful country has been much convulsed by earthquakes at various times. Great convulsions are rare, but a year seldom passes without some slight shocks being felt, which, on account of their frequent occurrence, excite little attention. There are fourteen volcanic mountains, in a constant state of eruption, situated in that part of the Andes belonging to Chili, and many others discharge smoke at intervals. On account of their position in the centre of the range of mountains, the lava and ashes which are ejected do not reach beyond their limits.

The wealth of this productive country is not confined to the surface; the bowels of the earth yield unbounded treasures. Valuable mines of gold, silver, copper, and lead, have been discovered in various parts, as well as those containing tin and quicksilver. Much attention is paid to the gold-mines, which are very numerous and rich; the sands of almost every stream contain some portion of this precious metal. "Almost all the precipitous and broken ground," says Fraser, "contains gold in greater or less quantities; the surface of the earth in which it is found is generally of a reddish colour, and soft to the touch."

The silver-mines are found in the highest and coldest parts of the Andes. Many of them, though rich in ore, have been abandoned on account of the difficulty and expense of working them in this unfavourable situation. The copper-mines, which are generally situated near the coast, are very productive.

A CHILIAN MINER.

Antimony and fossil-salt, as well as sal-ammoniac and saltpetre, are found in great abundance in Chili. Pit-coal is also very plentiful. But it is impossible, in our limited space, to enumerate the products of this rich country, which, unlike many mineral districts, has a luxuriant vegetation.

We now proceed to introduce to our reader the subject of our engraving. The miner of Chili is bold, enterprising, and prodigal—so accustomed to the sight of the precious metals, that he learns to disregard them, and attaches but little value to money. As a class, the miners are extravagant in their habits, passionately addicted to gaming, in which pursuit they pass most of their leisure hours, and shockingly intemperate. They generally die in the greatest distress—cut off in their prime by the effects of their unhealthy mode of life and the deleterious gases which they inhale in the mines.

In the fact, also, that no rude school experience disturbed the imaginings of his youth, we may find a source both of Bulwer's peculiar strength and weakness. He was placed at several private schools, never at a public one; and then finished his education by means of private tutors, and afterwards at Cambridge. Whilst at that university he carried off the prize poem on Sculpture.

In 1826, Bulwer (for we must call him by the name by which he is endeared to the public) published his first literary effort, which is in verse, under the title of "Weeds and Wild Flowers," a collection of fugitive verse. To this succeeded "O'Neil the Rebel" (1827); and in this year also, "Falkland," his next work, was published anonymously. But this was only playing at authorship; it was not till the year 1828 that "Pelham" was published, and Bulwer sprang at once into a recognised author.

We take it that there are few people in the reading world who have not read "Pelham." The success of that novel was brilliant, and the reading public were absolutely thronging to the bookshops to read it. It was in the good old days of circulating libraries, before cheap reading had put a limit to their business, and when three volumes were the only books in vogue. "Pelham" was so well read, that some of the librarians must have made a small fortune out of that book alone. The reasons of its success were various. The hero was a dandy, a handsome man, and a *petit maître*; he was—

"Such a duck, such a darling, such a jewel of a man!"

and from Sir Harry Wildair to Don Juan, such characters are universally admired by the weak. Secondly, the book was so faulty, yet so full of talent, that it made an excellent book to "cut up," to use the language of the critics, or to praise. Thirdly, and this was perhaps the greatest secret in those lord-hunting days, it portrayed, or professed to portray, the manners of high life. Lord Byron had declared, that the reason novelists did not succeed in descriptions of fashionable life was, because there was little to describe; but his *dictum* did not satisfy the craving after such descriptions. In these, it was acknowledged, Bulwer had succeeded:—

> "*Haut ton* finds her privacy broken;
> We trace all her ins and her outs,
> By the very small talk that is spoken
> by very great people at routs.
> At Tenby Miss Jinks asks the loan of
> *The book* from the inn-keeper's wife,
> And reads till she dreams she is one of
> The leaders of elegant life."

But beyond these, "Pelham" was a first-rate book of its class. The hero was something more than a coxcomb; he was a scholar, and the book had altogether an air of learning and philosophy, which was greatly enhanced by the quotations from all sorts of authors, learned and unlearned, sacred and profane, which the author put at the heads of his chapters. The critics declared, that "The Adventures of a Gentleman," the second title of "Pelham," were nothing more nor less than the adventures of Mr. Bulwer himself; and we recollect well that one of them, criticising the book in the "slashing" style in which critics proceeded in those days, made various incursions into the every-day life of the author himself, and found s[illegible] fault with hi[illegible] da[illegible] *cleaned* [illegible] "Fie!" said he; "is this the exquisite Pelham, this the dandy who holds learned dissertations upon dress, cookery, and the fine arts; who rivals Brummel in the number of white neckcloths which he wears? Fie! he in cleaned gloves! Pah! they smell abominably of turpentine!"

We only quote the above to show the style of criticism which was then thought smart and fine writing. Critics were then not masters of the art; and the ridicule of Pope upon John Dennis had driven serious and honest critical learning out of the field. The man who could get the most point and ill-nature into his article was thought the best critic, and paid accordingly. People never thought of giving an opinion on a book; the business of the critic was to make a smart article out of it; and to this kind of criticism were the artistic efforts of Bulwer subjected.

His next works earned for him the title of the prose Byron, and the title is not misapplied; and declared him, for the time at least, a devotee of the "bilious school" of literature. They were "The Disowned," published in the year 1828; "Devereux," 1829; and "Paul Clifford," 1830. Of these, all being well received, "Devereux" gained, and perhaps deserved, the highest praise. "We move," says "The Edinburgh Review," in 1832, "in this story, among the great; but it is the great of other times—Bolingbroke, Louis, Orleans. . . . No under-current of persiflage or epicurean indifference checks the flow of that mournful enthusiasm which refreshes its pictures of life with living waters; its eloquent pages seem consecrated to the memory of love, honour, religion, and undeviating faith." This is indeed high praise; but "Paul Clifford," a work of higher artistic merit and of much greater power, got upon all sides nearly as much blame. To say that it deserves the blame it had, and even more, would not be too much: it introduced to modern times the style which the great and wise Fielding had, in his days, so well laughed out of fashion. If Paul Clifford had been only admirable and excellent when repentant, it would have been far different. But it was otherwise. The reader, by the art of the novelist, was made to sympathise with the highwayman whilst absolutely in the saddle, and with his pistol to the ear of his victim! Then there was also the philosophic Tomlinson, his companion, who had his mouth full of maxims *à la* Rochefoucauld, and who always, in a sentimental way, varnished over the ill deeds of the gang; and besides him a numerous set of thieves, who loved Mr. Clifford as their captain, and talked elegant slang, and robbed with an infinite gusto. Of course this was produced on the stage; of course, also, the representative of Paul Clifford, in sticking plaster boots and laced coat, fired off his pistol and bade defiance to the laws of the country with impunity. The very town rang with it; it was villany brought to a successful issue. Juveniles applauded from the gallery; their ideas of *meum* and *tuum* were quite confounded; and a highwayman became, in their minds, synonymous with a hero and fine gentleman.

The better the thing was done, the more blameable was Bulwer. In this we hold he perfectly succeeded; to us there is a certain *gout* and artistic excellence in "Paul Clifford," which he has never surpassed.

"The Siamese Twins," the natural production of our author's satire—and Bulwer is by no means an inferior satirist—was an intermittent production between his novels. He has ever been breaking out into poetry; and of the works he has given us in verse, this was the least successful.

Next to this came—as if in spite and defiance of the critics—a work which plunged him more deeply into literary immorality, and in which he gave a romantic glow not only to theft, but to murder committed in the perpetration of that theft. We allude to "Eugene Aram." No reader of the "Newgate Calendar" is unaware that a man of that romantic name did exist during the last century; that he was a man of some learning—a schoolmaster; and that he murdered an associate in a brutal manner, merely to get his money; that he was hanged for the crime, and that he made an ineffectual defence. Upon this slender foundation, by glossing over the bad and supplying the good, Bulwer created an affecting romance. Young ladies who despised their tradesmen, butchers, or shoemakers, let their tears flow for a murderer, who was tricked out in false sentiment. But the very success of the work—the sympathy which one human heart gave to the morbid feelings of another—was a triumph to the artist, and was all the dearer to the author because it was false. It was an exhibition of power and skill which pleased him then, but which he has long since grown out of; perhaps natural to a young man, but as blameable as it is weak and immoral.

To all this it may be answered, that Bulwer was not a man of genius, for men of genius seldom sin against true morality of taste, but that he was a consummate artist, working upon human hearts with words and ideas, and sporting with his work.

About the year 1831, Mr. Bulwer undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," which, under the conduct of Campbell, had arrived at some reputation. In this he published the "Student," a series of papers, some of them excellent, some of them very weak and conceited. In 1833, appeared "England and the English," followed by the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," and that by "The Last Days of Pompeii," a most masterly and interesting work, full also of scholarship, but followed by one equal if not superior to it, viz.,

"Rienzi," which one critic has declared to be the "most complete, high-toned, and energetic of all the author's works."

It was perhaps too much to expect of Bulwer to keep to high tone and morality for two successive novels: and consequently, "Ernest Maltravers," his next production, and its successor, "Alice, or the Mystery," showed him in a retrograde movement towards the Byronic school, with a moral, savage and melancholy, in the triumph of the wicked and the affliction of the virtuous. His next work was "Athens: its Rise and Fall," a work which showed much learning and great taste. Passing over his plays, which we shall have again to refer to, we come to "Night and Morning," published in 1840, one of the most charming and natural of his works; next "Zanoni," "Eva, or the Ill-omened Marriage," "Leila, or the Siege of Grenada," and "Calderon the Courtier;" and amongst his latest are "The Last of the Barons," "Lucretia, or the Children of Night," "Harold," a learned novel, illustrating the Saxon period of our history, a period too little known; and his two last, and, in many respects, his most artistic and mellowed works, "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," published in "Blackwood's Magazine."

The limits of this article will now oblige us to consider Bulwer as a dramatist and as a poet. Shallow critics, because he has attempted many varieties of writing, and has succeeded in them, have called him a versatile author. He is no such thing. No sooner did he publish anonymously, and in a totally different walk of literature, than he was recognised. "The New Timon," his best and most manly poem, was at once attributed to him. It was in 1837 that this work was issued, purposely without his name; but, as he himself says: "My identity with the author of these poems has been so generally insisted upon, that I have no choice between the indiscretion of frank avowal and the effrontery of flat denial." This, of course, does not show versatility; and not only was his disguise purposely, but it was well assumed. His teachings had, in many novels, been declared to have been the reverse of Christian; but, in "The New Timon," he absolutely wrote upon the deepest mysteries of our Holy Faith, upon election and grace, and reads a lecture, and a beautiful one too, upon the necessity of faith.

> "Therefore the godlike Comforter's decree -
> 'His sins be loosened who has faith in me;'
> Therefore he shuns the cavils of the wise
> And made no schools the thresholds of the skies:
> Therefore he taught no Pharisee to preach
> His word -- the simple let the simple teach.
> Upon the infant on his knee he smiled,
> And said to Wisdom, 'Be once more a child!'"

Of his "Prince Arthur," a fine poem, but throughout without one burst of genius, although it abounds in fine passages, we can here say nothing.

Bulwer's first play, "The Duchess de la Vallière," acted at Covent Garden in 1837, was a failure. But he was not daunted by that, although, on the production of his next play, "The Lady of Lyons," his name was for some time kept a profound secret. From various causes, the success of this piece was tremendous. It is still acted every night in at least three theatres throughout England. The sum it must have brought to him, had he been paid for every performance, must have been immense; yet the unsuccessful play was much purer, better, and wiser, than the successful one. In the latter, a ranting, envious, and vainglorious young man, whose mouth is ever full of the loudest praises of himself, marries a young and beautiful girl, by assuming another's character. The upstart braggadocio is elevated into a hero, and apologises in an indirect way for his deceit by a turgid sentence:

> "He who feels repentance for the past
> Must woo the angel Virtue in the future."

A sentiment true enough; but the dramatist had forgotten, that by his rascality and deception Claude Melnotte had been placed in a higher and better social position than he could have gained by a quiet Christian virtue.

Next came "Richelieu," then "The Sea Captain," and "Money;" and lastly, written for the benefit of, and presented to, the Guild of Literature and Art, the comedy of "Not so Bad as we Seem," in which some of the first *littérateurs* of the day acted. "Richelieu" and "Money," both excellent plays, full of smartness and repartee, and irreproachable in construction and plot - the great secret in Bulwer--are the best and most successful of these plays.

Of his parliamentary career we shall say little; for it is not by his political opinions that he is known, although it was, we believe, by his support of the Whigs that he earned his baronetcy in 1838. His politics were always liberal, and however much of the fine gentleman he may have been in his writings, his sympathies were ever with the people. His speeches in Parliament were not listened to with the attention he may have expected, partly because he had not the "ear of the house," and partly because of his delivery. Latterly, Sir Bulwer Lytton has turned to the policy of territorial lords, and during the Protectionist fever, wrote some clever letters to "John Bull" on the *vexata questio* of Free Trade.

Such has been the career of this extraordinary man, the mere list of whose works is something prodigious; and we must recollect that he himself worked his way to eminence, entirely by his own efforts, through failure and ridicule. With him the first step was frequently a false one; but he again pursued the journey, and reached the goal. He has practised writing as an art, and has illustrated that virtue which one of his critics discovers to be the end of his teaching, patience. He also shows us, as he told us but lately in a speech at a mechanics' institute, what continuous application can do. He "only works three hours a-day -- from ten in the morning till one --seldom later. The evenings, when alone, are devoted to reading--scarcely ever to writing." What an amount of labour has been performed in those three hours! He writes, we are told, very rapidly, averaging about twenty pages a day of novel print. Let us add to these few facts, that the novelist is a disciple of Priessnitz, and has himself been restored to health by the water cure, upon which he has published a pamphlet.

The most recent affair in which Sir Edward has been before the public, is in the establishment of a "Guild of Literature and Art," in conjunction with Mr. Dickens; and even more lately his works have been brought into a more extended circulation by a cheap re-issue of his volumes in a series published by Messrs. Routledge, those booksellers giving him twenty thousand pounds for the right of printing and publishing them during ten years. The following figures will show that the speculation has been a good one, and will also be an index to the estimation in which his novels are held; the publishers having sold of

Pelham	35,000
Paul Clifford	27,000
Eugene Aram	27,000
Rienzi	23,000
Pompeii	23,000
Pilgrims of the Rhine	18,000
Last of the Barons	18,000
Ernest Maltravers	18,000

We must recollect, however, that the latter portion of the series have not had sufficient time to circulate in, and that also the novelty of the attempt in the first gave them an impulse which the others wanted.

Such is Bulwer, a great author, but not the greatest we have had. His latter novels are the best--experience, wisdom, Christian kindness, and that softness of heart and thought which age brings to good men, having wrought upon him much; and also, let us add, he has owed something to the example of a less productive but far greater author, William Makepeace Thackeray. Thus, his "Caxtons," written soon after the appearance of "Vanity Fair," is, in our opinion, the best and most genial of all Bulwer's works.

That he is no higher in one particular branch of writing than others, may, perhaps, be the result of that which the world calls versatility. He has, as we have shown, tried many styles of writing, and in each has been successful. In every branch he has achieved a triumph, and has been the lion of the season. This has done him more harm than good; and we may, perhaps, apply the sentence in Reade's "Peg Woffington" to this great author, as a warning to all smaller ones.

"We suspect that to those who would rise in life, even strong versatility is very doubtful good; and weak versatility ruination."

MONACO.

MONACO, the capital of the little principality of the same name, which is under the protection of the king of Sardinia, is a small town on a point of rock stretching into the sea, nine miles north-east of Nice. The population does not exceed 1,200; and, though it is strongly fortified, it cannot be regarded as a place of any strength, since it is commanded by the neighbouring hills. The first of our two views, which is taken from a distant point, will make this apparent to the reader. The town is walled, and the castle overlooks the isthmus that connects the rock on which the town stands with the mainland. The environs are picturesque and agreeable, the terraces being planted with pines, cypresses, and plane-trees, and a multitude of aloes, cactuses, and other tropical plants, that give them quite an African aspect. Some elegant villas, with beautiful gardens, and groves of orange and citron trees, are also in the neighbourhood.

DISTANT VIEW OF MONACO.

The castle is evidently ancient, and has been erected at different periods, buildings of modern construction having been raised upon the old Gothic walls. The gate, surmounted by the arms of the principality, and the Saracenic carvings of the battlements, are the only portions worthy of remark. The castle was formerly the residence of the sovereigns of Monaco; but the present representative of the dignity of the Grimaldis resides constantly in Paris, drawing from his little principality of fifty-two square miles, and a population of 7,000 persons, an annual revenue of £5,000, chiefly derived from the orange and lemon groves of his beautiful territory.

Monaco claims to be one of the most ancient towns in Italy, and the reigning family to be one of the oldest dynasties. The first of the Grimaldis who figures in the page of history is Giballino Grimaldi, who, towards the close of the tenth century, assisted William of Marseilles in expelling the Saracens from these coasts, and obtained, in return for this service, a grant of land and considerable privileges. The town, having been laid in ruins by the barbarous invaders, was rebuilt in 1215. "On the sixth of June," says the chronicler, Oggerius Panis, "Fulco de Castello, accompanied by several of the principal citizens, went, with three galleys, and other vessels carrying timber, lime, and implements of iron; and on the tenth of June he commenced building the castle; and before they returned to their dwellings they built four towers." The gift of the place to the Genoese, by the Emperor Henry VI., was made twenty-four years before; but from various circumstances, and especially the rivalry of Nice, the republic was disinclined at that time to make use of it; it was sometimes in the hands of the Ghibellines, and sometimes in those of the Guelphs. In 1328 the Grimaldis, who sided with the last, and had already exercised their power for a time at Monaco, were definitely installed in their possessions.

Under their government, the town increased rapidly; they made it an asylum for the brigands, pirates, and bankrupts of all the neighbouring countries; and this heterogeneous assemblage of adventurers grew as formidable as their predecessors, the Saracens. Defended by their rocks, they attacked the vessels of every state, even those of the Pope and the republic of Venice. "They made the citadel of Monaco," says the chronicler, Uberti Polieta, "a receptacle for outlaws, debtors, and criminals, who desolated by their predatory incursions all the coasts of Liguria." In 1357 the possessions of the Grimaldis were increased by the addition of the neighbouring towns of Mentone and Roquebrune; the former being the largest in the principality, having a population at the present day of 3,000 inhabitants.

Until near the middle of the seventeenth century, Monaco enjoyed the protection of the Spanish monarchs; but, in 1641, a secret treaty, concluded with Henry II., the reigning prince, substituted the protectorate of France for that of Spain, and the Spaniards were driven out of the town. This settlement continued till the French revolution, when, in 1792, the three communes composing the principality were constituted a republic, reproducing on a diminutive scale the constitution which had been proclaimed in France. The representatives of the people, assembled to deliberate on the destinies of the infant republic at the Port d'Hercule, and agreed upon an address, to be presented to the National Convention, praying to be received into the bosom of the French republic. The Convention, by a decree of the 15th of February, 1793, thus

responded to their prayer :—"The late principality of Monaco is united to the territory of the republic, and made part of the department of the Maritime Alps."

When the allied sovereigns met after the battle of Waterloo, to parcel out Europe among them, transferring peoples from one master to another, as if they were droves of cattle, the prince of Monaco was restored to his power and possessions, the protectorate of the latter being taken from France and given to the king of Sardinia. Under the protection of the Holy Alliance, the prince made a solemn entrance into his capital; but, as before stated, he has since then continued to reside habitually in Paris, having become a French proprietor, and been made a peer of France by Louis XVIII., with the title of the Duke of Valentinois. The new arrangement of things was far from being regarded with approbation by the people, who regretted the French, and had to admit a Piedmontese garrison, while they were heavily taxed to support an absentee prince, between whom and themselves there existed no sympathy whatever. The consequence of this dissatisfaction was, that when the news of the French revolution of February, 1848, reached Monaco, the inhabitants of Mentone and Roquebrune rose in insurrection, and proclaimed their independence. Monaco did not participate in this outbreak, and even assumed a threatening attitude towards the insurgents. These dissensions, and the prudence of the Piedmontese authorities, led to the restoration of tranquillity, which has not since been disturbed.

The scenery along the coast of the little principality is extremely beautiful, the southern slopes of the Maritime Alps coming down close to the water, and often terminating in bold points of rock. Here and there, between the hills, are narrow openings into the interior; and the voyager has scarcely passed Monaco, in sailing down from Nizza, when Mentone is seen, its white walls backed by the groves of olive and lemon trees, which are protected from the northerly and easterly winds by the high mountains behind. Nothing can be more delightful than sailing along this part of the Italian coast on a fine day, the dark green of the trees contrasting beautifull with the white houses and the deep blue sky.

NEARER VIEW OF MONACO.

THE BRIBE OF THE ROMANOFF.

BY SILVERPEN.

RUSSIAN officialism is Argus-eyed. In the Post-office this vision has an almost fabulous efficiency—it reads, where honest men would be blind!

Miss Ida Temple, or, as she is more commonly called, Mademoiselle Ida, the English governess at the boyard's, the Mareschal Romanoff, has had no letters or English papers for many weeks. Official report says, there has been no post; but the fact is, that even Argus-vision may be overtasked; and till the secret police have done their work of inspection, mademoiselle may not have her letters. It is not suspected that she is a traitor to the Czar, but the great Mareschal Romanoff does not wish to lose her brilliant services, for the sake of his young daughter Olga, but more for his own. He might do so, if mademoiselle knew that England and France had declared war against Russia; that an English fleet was already cruising in the Baltic; or that the hour was not, perhaps, far off when Cronstadt would be bombarded.

The letters have been at length looked over and carefully re-sealed —there is an art even in the basest duty—and the bearded *employé*, attended by one of the high police, disguised as a common soldier of the imperial guard, takes his way to the palace of the mareschal, in the splendid Newski-street, at no great distance.

The letters are carried in to the mareschal; the disguised police official follows, for he has something to impart. It is morning: the mareschal, who holds a high official position about the person of the Emperor, is looking over some despatches just brought from the winter-palace by an aide-de-camp; and he and the *employé* are alone.

"Well, what news?" It is customary in Russia to make inferiors sensible of their inferiority.

"The post-office interpreter says, that there is no mention of English politics in the letters just handed to your excellency, but that one from Lieutenant —" Here the official hesitates, refers to his notes of the transaction, but finds the English name difficult to pronounce.

"Eliot," suggests his excellency, who, like many Russians of the aristocratic class, speaks English with considerable fluency.

"That a letter from this Lieutenant Eliot has been sent for Mademoiselle Ida to her father's parsonage," continues the official, when he has most humbly thanked the mareschal for his suggestion of the name; "and that it came enclosed in one from the captain of his ship—the 'Amphion,' now in the Baltic."

"Ah!" A look of chagrin passes across the face of the illustrious boyard. This signifies much to the official, who proceeds to put an ordinary question—"Am I to understand your excellency that further letters are to be wholly suppressed?"

"No; but carefully examined, Molko;" for such is the *employé's* name. "There are particular reasons for carefulness in this

respect. Now go." The mareschal, as he speaks, takes some silver roubles from a purse on the table, pushes them towards the *employé*, and then haughtily waves his hand as a sign for him to go.

Once alone, the mareschal rises; he walks up and down the most English-like apartment, and stays occasionally to lean his arm upon the costly chimney-slab above the open fire-place. As he thus stands, a side-door gently opens, and a very young girl, not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, comes quickly in, and, crossing to the bright hearth, twines her arms about the thoughtful man's neck. The caress is gladly received, gladly returned, and she is locked in the embrace she has sought. She is very fair and lovely, though so young, and the eyes which look down upon her are full of pride and love.

"I am glad you are come, Olga; for I wanted you. There is an English post in, and letters for mademoiselle. You can mention this, and send your *bonne* Ninette for them. I presume that mademoiselle will be pleased."

"Oh! rejoiced, papa; mademoiselle pines much about her English home, though she does not say so. These letters will make this quite a bright day; for now the thaw is over, we shall take a drive. We have much to see and do, and many calls to make."

"Upon whom, Olga? Upon no English, I hope."

"I scarcely know, papa" - and the fair young creature runs over a list of the Russian nobility; "but if we go to the houses of any of the English, it will only be to the British chaplain's or the embassy."

"But the English minister is gone; and so is Mr. Moston, the rich English merchant."

"Where, papa? It is three months since mademoiselle, on account of her illness, left the palace, and she will have news enough to learn. But tell me - why have these English left St. Petersburg?"

"My pearl must not ask secrets," replies the mareschal, as he affects to pinch his darling's ear, but kisses her brow instead. "There, take mademoiselle her letters, and say nothing about this matter; only see she visits no English, and is not over-fatigued; and stay—the day is cold enough—I hope she'll wear the silver furs I sent her on your *fête* day. Will she, do you think?"

"Yes, papa; I heard her say she would."

"Now go."

These last words, trifling as they are, have removed a weight off the mareschal's heart; he smiles, resumes his seat and his duties of Russian statesmanship—such as they are.

The room in which Olga seeks her beloved mademoiselle is a sort of boudoir or study, for it has all the appliances and luxury of both. A portion of the early lessons are over, yet some still remain; and Miss Temple sits looking over a German exercise, when a sweet face rests upon her shoulder, and a young voice cries:

"Guess what I bring?"

Miss Temple changes colour.

"Oh! English letters, I hope!" And, laying down her pen, she clasps and raises her hands. There is supplication in this action, but more in the expression of her face.

Olga lays down the letters, and retires to a seat opposite, where she resumes her studies, that she may the earlier conclude them; though she occasionally glances off her books to see if her beloved friend is pleased with the news contained in her letters. Her face gives few signs beyond that of eager interest till she comes to the close of the one she has opened first, when a shade of disappointment crosses it, and she sighs heavily. Olga is by her side in an instant, and questions her tenderly as to whether there be ill news.

"None, dearest. My father is well; dame Graham, his housekeeper, is as fat and as good-tempered as ever; the dogs, and garden, and parish folks, thriving. No, nothing but a trivial disappointment about a letter I have long expected, and which ought to have been sent on. Now let us see what other correspondents say." And turning off the subject, she reads the rest of the letters. This is soon accomplished, for their importance is but trifling. The lessons are then resumed and ended, and mademoiselle and Olga retire to their several apartments to dress for their morning's drive.

When they meet again, the dress of each is plain, though rich; but Olga misses in an instant the silver furs which the mareschal had sent for purposely to Siberia, and which mademoiselle had promised to wear.

"No, dear," is the reply to the question; "I prefer my English shawl: the day is not very cold, and to wear it reminds me of home. Such trifles amount to much in a foreign land." Olga is vexed, because her papa will question her, and will be angry when he hears the truth.

A splendid droschki, with silver bells, awaits them in the court-yard, and they drive to the park of the beautiful Michailov Palace, where they have an *entrée*, making calls by the way at several stately residences. It is a mild spring day, the great thaw of the Neva is over, and the power of the sun already betokens the near approach of the hot Russian summer.

Passing on their return through a wide street, thronged with pedestrians of many nations, Miss Temple recognises, in a young man vastly bearded and muffled up, as though for the purpose of disguise, a German clerk in the employ of her friend the English merchant. He seems to shun the recognition of passers-by; but mademoiselle, bidding the driver of the droschki stop, addresses him, and makes inquiry after Mr. Moston and his family.

"They have left St. Petersburg, and that suddenly," is the rapid answer.

"Why?"

"Do you not know what every body else knows?"

"No."

The young man, with a perfect consciousness that the driver is an accredited spy—for what Russian menial is not?—says rapidly in Italian—he has hitherto spoken in French—"WAR!"

Mademoiselle clasps her hands, and turns as pale as death.

"Yes; war is declared between the Western Powers and Russia - indeed, may be said to have commenced. I dare not stay to say any more, for I am lingering here on sufferance, or rather in disguise, to take care of some of Mr. Moston's business affairs." He makes a slight salute, and dives into the crowd.

"Drive to the chaplain's of the English embassy," is the order given to the driver.

"The distance is considerable, mademoiselle," replies the driver; "and I had his excellency's orders to avoid the houses of the English; but if——"

Venality is here suggested, and the hint is taken; a rouble is slipped into his hand, and Miss Temple and Olga reach the chaplain's house in an adjacent suburb. There are visible signs of removal; Russian serfs and English servants are packing books and furniture; and the chaplain, a venerable, noble man, himself superintends their hasty services. Miss Temple is announced, and he meets her in the study.

"You are following his excellency, Mr. ——," are Miss Temple's first words.

"No; I am sending away my precious books, and less precious goods, for safety's sake. But I remain; I have leave to do so. Many English will cleave to the country, come what may - human interests are selfish things; but *I* must forget these, and remember human souls."

"Your's is a noble plea - the only one for lack of patriotism."

"Yes, Miss Temple, I am like the Puritan of old, who, when told to descend from his pulpit by command of the king, replied magnificently: 'I go on; for I obey a higher—the King of kings.' So I shall continue to baptize, to preach, and to celebrate marriage, though my heart will be with our dear country."

"As mine is, Mr. —— ; and this is why I have come, though with a spy on the droschki - to ask news—to ask if—" Here she hesitates.

The chaplain knows something of her history, he has heard it from Mr. Moston; and smilingly takes a small paper from his pocket, which he hands to her.

"This, I think, Miss Temple, will give you every information; I procured it at the cost of four roubles this morning, as my English papers had the usual pumice-stone erasures. I may add, that Sir Charles Napier, and a magnificent fleet, are in the Baltic; the rest you will find here."

Her eye glances rapidly down the paper; it seeks what it finds;

but finding it nerves her still more earnestly for her great task. She, too, must leave Russia; before it was a duty—now it is a higher one. She accordingly talks the matter over briefly with her good friend the chaplain. He promises to visit the port, to see what ships sail west, to procure her a disguise with the friendly aid of a Servian shipwright and his wife, who have a daughter in the mareschal's family, and to whom Miss Temple has been most kind—and generally to plan her escape, and let her know the ensuing evening, whilst she is at the opera with Olga, what has been effected.

"There will be some trials in parting, I think, Miss Temple," says her good friend as she rises to withdraw. "These Romanoffs have spread round you an almost incredible luxury, the mareschal especially."

"I should welcome this last," replies Miss Temple, austerely, "and regret it, if only for gratitude's sake, if I was not conscious—painfully conscious—that an ultimately base purpose has suggested much of it. This is a truth to which I have been painfully, though slowly, awakening."

"I think with you, Ida Temple," says the chaplain, earnestly; "these Russians think that even our noblest women are to be bought by their bribes and gold. So go, for your country's sake, for your woman's sake, and, best of all, for God's sake. In this country, baseness seems to be the inheritance of men in high places."

"I shall have one regret," weeps Ida; "it will be to part with my beloved Olga, my darling child."

"That you must overcome. When a cause is that of one's country and one's God, even natural claims prove light, much more adopted ones. Go—let me admonish you."

She promises; bids her friend adieu; joins Olga in the droschki, and they return to the Romanoff palace.

That night there is one of those brilliant assemblies at the Romanoff palace for which St. Petersburg is so celebrated. The highest nobility attend it, even princes of the royal blood; and music forms a part of the evening's entertainment. Gifted by nature with extraordinary musical ability, Olga, though yet a girl, is a brilliant player on both the pianoforte and harp, and sings with great effect and richer promise. She owes all this capability, beyond the part nature has bestowed, to Ida's tuition, who, herself a splendid musician, has been trained in the finest German school of music. Olga on this night excels herself, as does Mademoiselle Ida. The mareschal is proud on the one hand and enchanted on the other; nor is his enchantment lessened by the reserve of his daughter's lovely governess. Some natures are conquered by pride, as others by humility. On one excuse or another he detains her in the music saloon till the guests are gone; he then asks her to remain, as he wishes to speak to her; but pleading the lateness of the hour and her duty to his daughter, she retires.

The morning comes: a message reaches mademoiselle, that the mareschal wishes to speak to her, and that alone. As she, too, wishes to speak to him, she descends to his morning room. The doors are double, and the mareschal sees that they are closed. But his words hang heavy on his lips, as he looks upon the calm, pure face of this lovely woman. As he is thus abashed, his visitor can say what she has to say first.

Declining the seat proffered to her, she says gently: "I wished to see your excellency, as I have a resolution to impart. Your excellency did not inform me that war was declared between this country and mine. As I have learnt that such is the case, I have but one duty to perform—that is, to return to England."

"You really cannot be in earnest, mademoiselle; political circumstances can have no relation to private ones," says the mareschal, in hasty and unconcealed anger. "Your attendance is really necessary to Olga, and you cannot be spared at present." Her meaning has been wilfully mistaken.

"I do not mean leave of absence, my lord, but withdrawal finally and fully. I most sincerely love your gifted and beautiful child, I eminently respect your excellency and your excellency's illustrious family, I am grateful to the full for all the beneficent acts you have showered upon me; but it would be baseness in me to eat the bread of those hostile to my country, and who seek to shed its blood. My lord, there is a deeper and far more intimate relation between private and public morality than you suspect."

"There may be—I do not care. But these are dangerous opinions, though I've long suspected your entertaining them; they are the natural fruit of the hated country which——"

"Stay, your excellency," is the proud interruption: "recollect *I* am an Englishwoman."

"I regret you are, for some reasons, though not for others. But let this pass. You cannot be surely mad enough to leave Olga. If so, is her love no temptation?"

"It would be, under almost any other circumstances—for I love her with a mother's love—under the present it cannot. I think I have now said all I have to say. I shall leave St. Petersburg and your excellency's family at the earliest date. I will now withdraw."

She rises to go, but is restrained by an iron gripe. The Romanoff has *more* to say to her: she trembles like an aspen-leaf.

Russian-like, he thinks that his bribe will prove effectual *now*. He paces up and down before her for some few minutes—then he stays. His voice and manner are changed.

"Can nothing else bribe you, mademoiselle, to make a further home in our cold country? I have long wished to make a change in certain circumstances—of late more particularly. I wish further luxury to be yours—more consideration; it is my wish, as well as in my power, to effect both desires." He stays, looks at her, lays his hand confidentially upon her shoulder, and says more softly:

"What I mean, mademoiselle—dear Ida—is, that our hitherto friendship be of a still more intimate kind; it would be a source of the intensest happiness to me."

That pure, unmoved face looks steadily into his, as it asks: "Your excellency means that our relationship should be that of a Circassian slave, bought for her beauty in the slave-market of Constantinople, and her master?"

The Romanoff thinks that the bribe has lured his purposed victim, as he answers: "Not exactly, beloved Ida. The Circassian is usually but one of a sisterhood; *you* would reign alone, and be, moreover, an intellectual companion. For political reasons, I shall never marry again; but you would be my wife in all but rank and name—a trifling difference in a love like our own."

"My lord," she answers proudly, "your opinion of me is indeed different from what I hoped it was; for, if purity cannot tempt me, corruption will not. For the future, have more respect for those you place about the footsteps of your child. It is time, indeed, that I should fly."

She eludes the cowardly attempt to restrain her, hastens to the double doors, fortunately opens them, and is gone.

MILITARY WATCH-TOWERS IN THE CRIMEA.

Both the climate and the soil of the Crimea are remarkably varied—so much so, indeed, that a description which might be perfectly true of one part, would require to be directly reversed in order to become applicable to another. The fact is, the peninsula consists of two distinct portions, which are separated from each other by the river Salghir flowing from west to east. The northern portion is almost wholly composed of extensive plains, which, though bare of trees, are not deficient in rich pasture, except where marshes and salt-lakes are found. Some of these salt-lakes, which are very numerous towards the sea-coast, are fifteen or twenty miles round. Throughout the northern part of the Crimea the climate is decidedly unhealthy, being oppressively hot in summer, and bitterly cold, as well as damp, in winter.

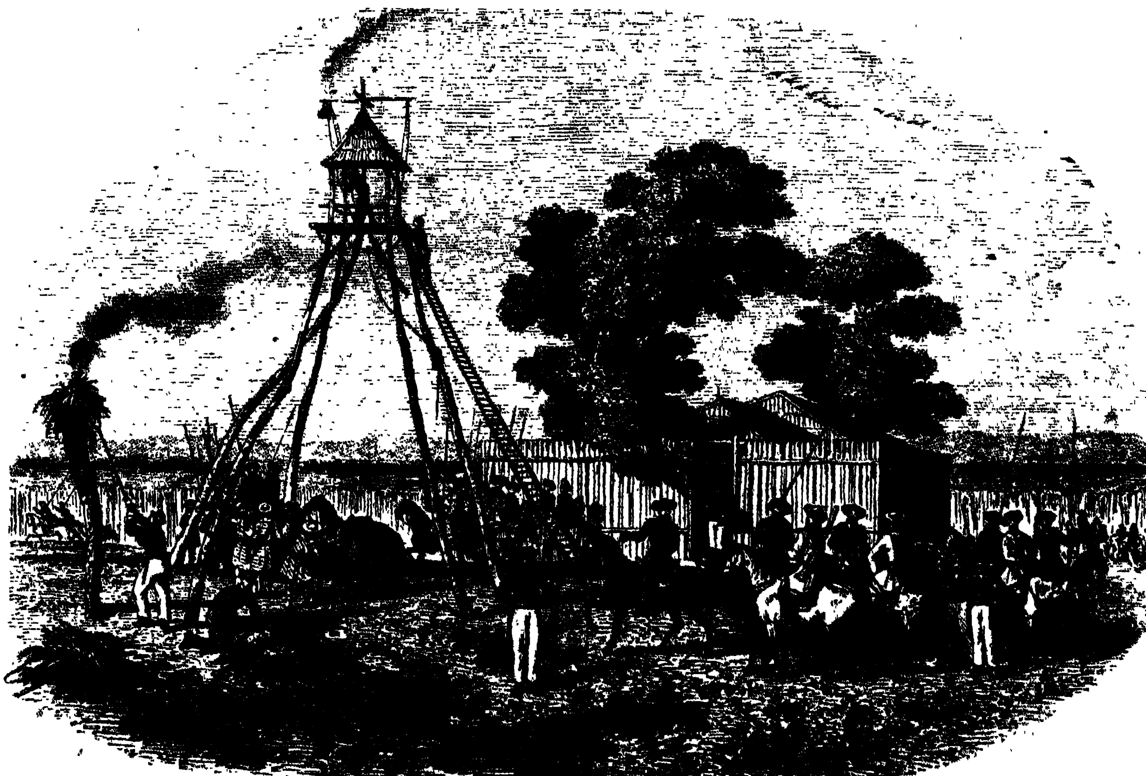
On the contrary, in the south—particularly in the valleys and on the mountain slopes—a delicious mild temperature prevails, and fruits of all kinds are produced in rich abundance. Among the productions of this region may be mentioned, corn, hemp, flax, tobacco, olives, vines, mulberries, pomegranates, figs, and oranges. Dr. Clarke gives the following description of a district in the south of the Crimea:—"If there exist a terrestrial paradise, it is to be found in the district intervening between Kutchukoy and Sudak, on the south coast of the Crimea. Protected by encircling alps

from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and of situation. Continual streams of crystal water pour down from the mountains upon their gardens, where every species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor poisonous reptiles, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blessed territory." This bears pretty evident marks of being tinged with the hues of the writer's glowing fancy, though in some respects confirmed by the testimony of other travellers. However true it may be of the particular district in question, there is certainly no other part of the Crimea so highly favoured; for at certain periods of the year reptiles of various kinds infest even the south, the air is far from salubrious, and fevers are pretty prevalent.

The most important place in the Crimea—at least in relation to other countries—is Sebastopol, a very formidable stronghold of Russian power. Highly favoured by nature with a spacious harbour and a commanding position, it has been very strongly fortified on scientific principles with an array of ramparts, bastions, batteries, and curtains, which are well calculated to strike terror into the heart of the bravest commander of a powerful fleet and numerous army. Nor can we reasonably wonder—however much we may regret—that so much hesitation should have been exhibited with regard to venturing upon an attack on this chief source of that domineering influence which Russia has been long exercising and extending over the Black Sea. With such a home for a powerful navy, she may bid defiance to every attempt to rob her of her supremacy in this part of the world. But if once it be wrested from her grasp, she will have lost the right arm of her strength, an effectual check will be put upon her aggression, and there will be some hope for the cause of peace, freedom, and civilisation.

At the present time, when warlike operations against the Crimea are much talked of, our readers may be glad to have a representation of one of the military watch-towers established there. The construction of these watch-towers is very simple. A wooden platform or trellis, four or five feet square, sometimes, but not always, surrounded by a sort of balustrade, is raised a height of thirty or forty feet from the ground, and supported upon four stakes or trunks of trees. In many cases there is no ladder like that in our engraving, but, as a substitute, pieces of wood are fastened crosswise, at intervals, to two of the supporting stakes. The Cossacks, who are keeping guard on the watch-towers to observe the movements of the enemy, set fire to a faggot of wood attached to a crossbeam above, whenever they think it necessary to give a signal. It is scarcely possible to form an adequate idea of the patient endurance exhibited by these sentinels. In spite of the severest cold, they remain whole days and nights on these watch-towers, exposed to the rain, snow, and wind, immoveable and erect as statues, with their faces turned towards the quarter pointed out, never suffering themselves to be diverted for a moment from their duty by what is going on behind them.

Ker Porter, in his work on "Travels in Georgia," has given a view of a watch-tower which he saw near Mozdock, in the Valley of Robbers, facing the Caucasus. Another traveller, Robert Lyall, gives a drawing of one which he saw on the Kouban, and states, that from the top of the watch-tower at Petrovskoye he was shown a marsh full of reeds, where about a thousand Circassians were said to have been drowned in October, 1821. The engraving which accompanies these remarks is taken from a drawing of one of the watch-towers ranged at regular intervals along the military line by the river Kouban, which forms the boundary between Russia and the tribes west of the Caucasus. "These posts of observation," says the artist, "are merely a kind of watch-towers raised on four props to a height of fifty feet above the ground. Two Cossacks are on guard there day and night. On the slightest movement of the enemy in the vast plain of rushes by which the river is bordered, a signal fire is lighted and hoisted to the top of the watch-tower. If the danger is more than usually imminent, they set fire to an enormous torch of straw and tar. At this signal, which is repeated from post to post along the line, the whole force take arms, and almost in an instant five or six hundred men are assembled at the point which is threatened. These military posts, each of which generally has a dozen men, are placed very near each other, particularly in dangerous passes, and at regular intervals small forts are raised with batteries and several pieces of cannon."



A WATCH-TOWER IN THE CRIMEA.

THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.

THE AMERICAN SPARROW-HAWK.

At the head of the interesting class of birds—induced, no doubt, by the usual tendency of mankind to honour those who are pre-eminently endowed with the faculty of destructiveness—most naturalists have placed the rapacious tribes, which wage continual war upon all

their less powerful neighbours. It is true that, in these latter days, when old prejudices are gradually passing away, some naturalists have cast them from their high estate to make room for other perhaps not more worthy occupants; but in the popular mind the eagle is still the "king of birds;" and when viewing his majestic form, his piercing eye, and strong and lofty flight, bearing in mind at the same time the terrific weapons with which he is armed, it is not easy to imagine any more expressive emblem of those qualities for which men were and are still raised above their fellows.

The rapacious birds are characterised especially by the form of the beak, the upper mandible being considerably longer than the lower and hooked at the end, forming a most formidable instrument for tearing the flesh from the bones of their prey. The legs and feet, too, are very powerful, and the strong sharp claws partaking of the form of the beak, are adapted for seizing their victim with a deadly grasp. They are remarkable also for their great length of wing and strong and rapid flight—qualities in which, as probably in courage, the eagle is excelled by many of his smaller relatives, the falcons.

The males of these birds are generally much smaller than the females, and often differ from them considerably in colouring; their plumage also changes greatly with age, the young birds often appearing in a dress very different from that which they are ultimately to wear, and as the mature plumage is generally attained by degrees, the birds sometimes exhibit such multifarious characters in the different phases of their existence, as to have given rise to the establishment of half-a-dozen species in place of one.

One of the handsomest of the smaller hawks is that of which our engraving (p. 105) contains four representations—the American sparrow-hawk (*Falco sparverius*). This elegant little bird inhabits almost every part of the United States, but is especially plentiful in the northern portions. The female is about eleven inches long, and twenty-three in expanse of wing; the male is about an inch and a half shorter, and measures two inches less from tip to tip. The head is of a bluish ash colour, with the crown reddish; round the head is a whitish border, in which are seven black spots; the back is reddish bay, barred with black; the under side of the body yellowish white streaked with brown; the quill feathers of the wings are black, spotted with white. The tail feathers are reddish bay, with a broad black band near the end, and beyond this a yellowish white tip; the two outer tail feathers are white. The beak is of a light blue colour, tipped with black; the cere and legs are yellow, and the claws blue-black. Such are the general colours of both sexes of this handsome bird, which differ nevertheless in several minor particulars which space forbids our pointing out.

The American sparrow-hawk builds its nest in a hollow tree; it chooses a hole pretty high up, where some large bough has been broken off. The female is said to lay four or five eggs of a light brownish yellow colour spotted with a darker tint. Wilson, the American ornithologist, who devoted his life to the study of the birds of his adopted country, has left us a most animated account of this little hawk. He says: "It flies rather irregularly, occasionally suspending itself in the air, hovering over a particular spot for a minute or two, and then shooting off in another direction. It perches on the top of a dead tree or pole, in the middle of a field or meadow, and, as it alights, shuts its long wings so suddenly, that they seem instantly to disappear; it sits here in an almost perpendicular position, sometimes for an hour at a time, frequently jerking its tail, and reconnoitring the ground below, in every direction, for mice, lizards, etc. It approaches the farm-house, —particularly in the morning—skulking about the barn-yard for mice or young chickens. It frequently plunges into a thicket after small birds, as if by random; but always with a particular and generally with a fatal aim. One day I observed a bird of this species perched on the highest top of a poplar, on the skirts of the wood, and was in the act of raising my gun to my eye, when he swept down with the rapidity of an arrow into a thicket of briars, about thirty yards off, where I shot him dead, and, on coming up, found a small field-sparrow quivering in his grasp. Both our aims had been taken at the same instant, and, unfortunately for him, both were fatal. It is particularly fond of watching along hedge-rows and in orchards, where small birds usually resort. When grasshoppers are plenty, they form a considerable part of its food." The remainder of its sustenance is made up of small snakes, lizards, mice, and birds, and it rarely eats anything that it has not killed for itself, and even this is occasionally rejected, if out of condition. In illustration of this, Wilson relates the following anecdote:—"One morning, a gentleman observed one of these hawks dart down on the ground and seize a mouse, which he carried to a fence-post, where, after examining it for some time, he left it, and, a little while after, pounced upon another mouse, which he instantly carried off to his nest, in the hollow of a tree hard by. The gentleman, anxious to know why the hawk had rejected the first mouse, went up to it, and found it to be almost covered with lice, and greatly emaciated! Here was not only delicacy of taste, but sound and prudent reasoning—If I carry this to my nest, thought he, it will fill it with vermin, and hardly be worth eating." The voracity of this hawk may be imagined from the circumstance, also related by the great American ornithologist, that in the stomach of one of these birds, he found the greater part of the body of an American robin (*Turdus migratorius*), "including the unbroken feet and claws"; though the robin actually measures within half an inch as long as the sparrow-hawk."

The blue jay (*Garrulus cristatus*), a very common bird throughout the United States, is one of the greatest enemies of the sparrow-hawk—at least as far as most vociferous attacks with the tongue may be regarded as signs of enmity. Like all his congeners, he has the greatest facility in imitating sounds; and, when disposed for a little quiet fun, can mimic the notes of other birds with such exactness as to deceive the most practised ear. He appears to be particularly fond of teasing the sparrow-hawk with his garrulous nonsense, "imitating his cry wherever he sees him, and squealing out as if caught; this soon brings a number of his own tribe around him, who all join in the frolic, darting about the hawk, and feigning the cries of a bird sorely wounded, and already under the clutches of its devourer; while others lie concealed in bushes, ready to second the attack. But this ludicrous farce often terminates tragically. The hawk, singling out one of the most insolent and provoking, sweeps upon him in an unguarded moment, and offers him up a sacrifice to his hunger and resentment. In an instant the tune is changed; all their buffoonery vanishes, and loud and incessant screams proclaim their disaster."

A much smaller bird than the jay, however, is able singly to drive this depredator from his haunts, at least during the breeding season, when affection for his mate and young prompts him to exert all his powers and dare every danger to save them from the destroyer. This is the king-bird or tyrant-flycatcher (*Muscicapa tyrannus*), a bird of passage in the United States, whose dauntless courage makes even the eagle fly from his attacks.

NEW ENGLAND IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.

It seems to be a law of the human mind, that the feeling of loyalty and the desire of conserving old institutions diminishes as the distance is increased between the individual and the land of his ancestry. A new soil, whereon all the faculties of man have full scope for their development, fosters that love of freedom which is inherent in human nature, and distance from the seat of power suggests ideas of independence.

The law to which we have alluded showed itself in operation in the American colonies of Great Britain at a very early period. The vessel that conveyed to America the intelligence of the restoration of monarchy in England, bore from the vengeance of Charles II. two of the judges who had signed the warrant for the execution of his father—Whalley and Goffe. Endicot, the governor of Massachusetts, received them with kindly hospitality; and before the royal order for their arrest reached Boston, the fugitives were enabled to escape to New Haven. The authorities of the Bay State,

being required to execute the warrant, published a proclamation against them; but no one betrayed them, or made any attempt to accomplish the royal purpose. *Dixwell, another of Charles's judges, joined them shortly afterwards, and, in spite of all the efforts to apprehend them, they passed the remainder of their days in America.*

It was not until nearly twelve months after the receipt of the news of the restoration that Charles was publicly proclaimed in New England, and then all demonstrations of joy were strictly prohibited. The restrictions which the English government had placed upon their commerce had aroused a feeling of indignation among the colonists, and the General Court had drawn up a declaration of rights, which evinces their boldness and the advanced state of development which their political ideas had already attained. They claimed a degree of liberty which left the crown but small prerogative, though not more than had already been conferred, by royal charter, upon the colonists of Connecticut and Rhode Island. But his baffled intentions of revenge probably rankled in the mind of Charles II., for he refused the same rights to Massachusetts, and a struggle immediately commenced between the colonists and the government at home.

A remonstrance was drawn up for presentation to the king; but some of the sturdy democrats thought this unnecessary, arguing, that their compact was to pay a certain amount to the king, and that all notice of him beyond that was only by way of civility. The remonstrance was received unfavourably, and Massachusetts was ordered to send Bellingham, the governor, Hawthorne, an influential magistrate, and three other gentlemen, to England, to answer the charges made against the colony. The General Court assembled to deliberate upon the measures to be adopted; and, after fortifying themselves with prayers and psalms, they decided upon refusing to comply with the royal mandate. The colonists triumphed; England was then engaged in war with Holland, and in no condition to reduce them to obedience. The Navigation Act became a dead letter; not a single custom-house was erected, and the port of Boston, enjoying all the benefits of unrestricted commerce, became the most prosperous on the shores of the Atlantic.

The charters conferred by the king upon the colonists of Connecticut and Rhode Island have already been mentioned. The results were such as gladden the heart of the philanthropist to contemplate. Free and self-governed, enjoying all of independence but the name, the population of Connecticut doubled in twenty years, and such a degree of material prosperity and social happiness was attained as had never been known before. "To describe its condition," says Bancroft, "is but to enumerate the blessings of self-government by a community of farmers, who have leisure to reflect, who cherish education, and who have neither a nobility nor a populace." Contemporary writers speak of it as realising the Homeric fable of the Age of Gold. So great was the general prosperity, and the sense of morality, that locks and bolts were unknown; the richest of the colonists had no other fastening to their doors than a simple latch. We again quote Bancroft. "There were neither rich nor poor in the land, but all had enough. There was venison on the hills, abundant fish in the rivers, and sugar was gathered from the maple of the forest. The soil was originally justly divided, or held faithfully in trust for the public and for new comers. Happiness was enjoyed unconsciously; like sound health, it was the condition of a pure and simple life. There was for a long time hardly a lawyer in the land. The husbandman who held his own plough, and fed his own cattle, was the great man of the age; nor was any one superior to the matron, who, with her busy daughters, kept the hum of the wheel incessantly alive, spinning and weaving every article of dress. Fashion was confined within narrow limits; and pride, which aimed at no grander equipage than a pillion, exulted only in the common splendour of the blue and white linen gown with sleeves reaching to the elbow, and the snow-white flaxen apron, which, primly starched and ironed, was worn on public days by every woman of the land. The time of sowing and the time of reaping marked the progress of the year; and the plain dress of the working day and the more trim attire of the Sabbath, the progress of the week.

"Every family was taught to look up to God as the fountain of all good. Yet life was not sombre; the spirit of frolic mingled with innocence; religion itself assumed a garb of gaiety, and the annual thanksgiving was as joyous as it was sincere. Frugality *was the rule of life, both private and public. Half a century after the concession of the charter, the annual expenses of government did not exceed eight hundred pounds.*

"Education was always regarded as an object of deepest concern, and common schools existed from the first. A small college was early established, and Yale owes its birth to ten worthy fathers, who in 1700 assembled at Brandford, and each one laying a few volumes on a table, said, 'I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony.'

"Political education was a natural consequence of the constitution. Every inhabitant was a citizen, and every citizen, irrespective of wealth, condition, or any other circumstance, was possessed of the franchise. When, therefore, the progress of society and of events furnished a wider field of action than mere local politics afforded, the public mind was found equal to its circumstances; emerging then from the quiet of its origin into scenes where a new political world was to be created, the sagacity which had regulated the affairs of the village gained admiration in the field and the council."

The constitution of Rhode Island was as liberal as that of Connecticut. George Baxter, of whom nothing more is known, arrived with it on the 24th of November, 1663, and was received with a solemn joy, worthy of men who fear God, love their fellows, and respect themselves. Our second illustration represents Baxter holding up the charter to the gaze of the immense concourse of people that was assembled on the shore to receive it. The scene is thus described by Bancroft in his history:—"The letters of the agent were opened, and read with good delivery and attention; then the charter was taken forth from the precious box that held it, and was read by Baxter in the audience and view of all the people; and the letters, with his Majesty's royal stamp and broad seal, with much becoming gravity, were held up on high, and presented to the perfect view of the people." Perfect liberty of conscience was secured by this charter, and Rhode Island, like Connecticut, became, in the words of the pious John Haynes, "a refuge and receptacle for all sorts of consciences." The constitution of Maryland, while disregarding the minor distinctions of sect, required subscription to the faith of the Gospel; but that of Rhode Island was based on the broad and beautiful principle of universal brotherhood, and excluded no man, whatever his belief, from the rights of citizenship.

New Hampshire was at this period a portion of the state of Massachusetts, and shared in its prosperity and happiness; but in 1679, the English government, which had neither forgiven nor forgotten the obstinate resistance of the sturdy colonists of the Bay, separated New Hampshire from its jurisdiction, and erected it into a royal province, the president and council of which were to be appointed by the crown. The change was unwelcome to the people; and the discontent with which they viewed it was increased by the attempts of one Mason to enforce a claim to the lands of the province, a claim which had long laid dormant, but which was now revived with the concurrence and support of the English government. Mason deputed as his agent a needy adventurer named Cranfield, who arrived in the province with a mortgage on all the lands for twenty-one years, and the appointment of governor conferred upon him by the home government. He calculated upon realising a splendid fortune, as, by an arrangement between Mason and the government, one-fifth of all quit-rents had been allotted to him as his salary; but in this anticipation he was greatly disappointed. The colonists opposed a steady and determined resistance to all his measures. Associations were formed for the purpose of hindering the collection of the taxes which he imposed. The sheriff and his officers were forcibly expelled wherever they presented themselves to distrain upon the goods and chattels of the inhabitants; and in one place he was seized, and having his arms bound behind him, and a halter about his neck, was in that ignominious manner conducted out of the province.

The contumacy of Massachusetts was yet to be punished. In 1678 the royal arms were put up in the court-house, the oath of allegiance was required, and now efforts were made to enforce the provisions of the Navigation Act. The General Court, fearing for its charter, but still desirous of maintaining the right of self-

government, gave validity to that measure by an act of its own. The king was exasperated rather than mollified by this step, and was more determined than ever to annul the charter. A deputation to avert his anger was unsuccessful. The entire population that we shall be exposed to great sufferings. Better suffer than sin. It is better to trust the God of our fathers than to put confidence in princes. If we suffer because we dare not comply with the wills of men against the will of God, we suffer in a good cause,

EJECTMENT OF THE SHERIFF BY THE POPULACE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

GEORGE BAXTER HOLDING UP THE CHARTER TO THE INHABITANTS OF RHODE ISLAND.

was roused and agitated; the General Court deliberated a whole fortnight as to whether the king's forbearance should be purchased by explicit submission to his will. The majority were still firm. "The civil liberties of New England," said they, "are part of our inheritance; shall we give that inheritance away? It is objected and shall be accounted martyrs in the next generation and at the great day." This view of the matter was accepted and persisted in; and on the 2nd of July, 1685, the act for annulling the charter arrived in Boston, where it was received with all the signs of mourning and woe.

JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The people of Japan appear to be, when left free to themselves, of a very jovial and merry character, capable of strong feelings and kindly emotions. They suffer from the evils of a despotic form of government and from a defective system of education. They are very fond of out-door amusements, show, and glitter, and are easily pleased, like children, with tingling bells and gew-gaws. In their dress they show their characteristic disposition.

JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

A great procession in Japan on a festival day, when the people expect some of their favourite amusements, is of itself a showy and striking affair. First the crowd—and we draw our information partly from an eye-witness now resident in Java, whose unpublished letters contain very curious details—comes rushing up at a very early hour, and, as usual in all military countries, from Great France to Little Nippon, is kept back by the soldiery. These in-

JAPANESE FENCERS.

dividuals, however, necessarily vary much in costume, according to the country. In Japan the soldiers of the imperial guard are clothed in white vestments, with head-pieces varnished with black wax, and armed with two scimitars and a pike. These guards, on a grand field-day, keep the centre of the road, which is strewed with white sand, clear for the coaches and horses and palanquins. Meanwhile scaffoldings arise on all sides for the sight-seers.

The first sign of the show, on a recent visit from the Ziogoon to the Mikado, was the running about of servants with presents in square lackered chests. Then came sedans of white wood about a fathom high, painted and inlaid with copper, in which were the ladies of honour to the Dagra, or Ziogoon. Then came twenty-one sedans more, covered with black wood gilded, all full of ladies; then twenty-seven more containing nobles; the whole with gilded doors and windows.

Following these might be seen a crowd of twenty-four nobles on horseback, with small black waxed caps, with a little black plume; wide-coated sleeves, and pantaloons somewhat in our fashion, of satin of various colours, embroidered with gold. They looked grand indeed, says Cramer, with their golden scimitars, their quivers and bows, fastened by needle-worked scarfs, with long-tasselled fringes hanging over each horse's side. They wore black boots, like Wellington boots, with golden stripes. The horses were very handsome creatures, with golden and waxed saddles, the seat being silver and gold, or made of tiger skins, their manes plaited with silk, silver, and ribbons of gold. They wore also a kind of net-work over the breast and hind-quarters, of crimson silk full of tufts, and on their foreheads a golden horn. To deaden the sound of their steps, their shoes were of interwoven silk. Each horse was led by two grooms, while two great umbrellas, made of fine linen, covered with red cloth, with a silk fringe about them, being carried before, served to cover each horse, which was further attended by eight pages or servants, all in white liveries.

Next came three rich coaches, drawn by black bulls, covered by red silk nets, and led by four grooms in white livery. These vehicles are said to have been eighteen feet high, twelve long, and six wide, like our advertising vans, and adorned with waxen figures and gold. They had three windows on each side, and two before, which were hung with red curtains. The entrance was behind by steps, ascending with turrets on each side, the windows beneath shaded with black wax, the tires of the wheels gilded, the spokes neatly turned and inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl.

In these huge vehicles were the wives of the great man. The pages who waited on them were in white and very numerous, each carrying a gilded footstool and a pair of slippers. Besides their suite of pages, a train of ladies followed them in twenty-three sedans, made of white wood and plated with copper, each having an umbrella, two pages, and four stout men to carry them.

Then came horsemen, slaves, pages, and pikemen; then presents of two gilded scimitars, all but the blade of massive gold, a curious firelock, a sun-dial, two stately golden candlesticks, two large pillars of ebony, three square polished tables of the same wood, the corners tipped with gold, three dirks, two mighty chargers of massive gold, and a pair of wax slippers, all carried by men of rank.

Then, says the narrator of this particular scene, there came two magnificent carriages exceeding all the former in riches, all gold, in which sat Sadofsew-minamo Tonofiudelanda, the Ziogoon, and the heir apparent, Oeudefsen-minamo Tonoynamijiteamma. Eighty noblemen walked two-and-two before this pair of coaches, with scimitars and pikes, and eight men with ebony staves and steel *bâtons* to clear the way. After this came a confused and splendid mass of noblemen, inferior wives, and sedans full of men and women; and then "fifty-four disguised like masquerades, being the Mikado's musicians, playing on several instruments, as pipes, tabors, cymbals, bells, and some strung instruments unknown to us."

On such days as these the Japanese enjoy unusual amusements. The racecourse is then open, the theatre plays. At Ohosaka, the travellers say, the theatre is superior to what it is elsewhere, one is described as very large, containing, besides the pit, three tiers of boxes. The decorations, scenery, and dresses are said to be in good taste; but others declare that it is occasionally difficult for a stranger to comprehend the decorations on account of the extraordinary manner of placing the lines on the paintings. This is owing to the total absence of perspective.

The plays are usually founded on natural history or tradition, and the subjects are the feats, exploits, and lives of ancient Japanese heroes and gods. Many are devoted to enforcing moral precepts. The general tendency is said to be good, but Fischer modifies this observation in a way quite characteristic of the race. "In their heroic dramas the thirst for revenge shines pre-eminent as a natural characteristic, but always in union with a lofty courage. I saw a theatrical representation of one of the punishments by torture, which was astoundingly cruel."

Declamation is the great delight of the audience. The more the actor rants and raves, the more he delights, which is not an especial characteristic of Japan. But a greater merit still is to take many parts and play them well. There is little illusion, as the performers pass through the pit on their way to the stage. There are no actresses. In this the Japanese imitate antiquity. The female parts are played by boys. This arises from the fact that the Japanese, holding the profession in very low estimation, will not allow women to degrade themselves to it. A play in three acts is not represented all at once, but an act of another is played between, so that the spectators who have come for one particular piece can go out between whiles and smoke, drink sakee, and attend to business. The ladies remain with servants and change their dresses several times during the performance.

Dancing and music, we have already said, are favourite amusements. Mummers and mountebanks frequent the streets, with tumblers, conjurors, and jugglers, and are very popular. The beggars are merry vagabonds. They exhibit odd touches of humour. A band of halt, lame, and blind will solicit alms in doleful strains; and the next moment, throwing off all disguise, leap about and chant merrily, as if under the idea that mirth is a more likely mood in which a man will give than melancholy.

In the great world the young ladies find delight, at their social meetings, in every description of fine work, the fabrication of pretty boxes, artificial flowers, the painting of fans, birds, and animals, pocket-books, purses, plaiting thread for hair-dress, all for the favourite use of giving presents. These employments while away the winter evenings. In the spring, on the other hand, they participate with eagerness in all kinds of out-door amusements. Of these the choicest are afforded by the pleasure-boats, which, adorned with the utmost cost and beauty, cover their lakes and rivers. In the enjoyment of society and music, they glide in these vessels from noon till late at night, realising the words of Thomas Moore:

> "Oh, best of delights, as it everywhere is,
> To be near the lov'd one! What a rapture is his,
> Who, by moonlight and music, thus idly may glide
> O'er the Lake of Cashmeer, with that one by his side."

The climate in the summer makes this amusement peculiarly delicious.

The women of Japan are very superior to the men. The mingle in low and debasing pleasures, the women occupy their time in refined society and more harmless occupations. Even the Japanese gentleman is polished in his manners, but the ladies are exquisitely so. James Drummon said (we are assured by Macfarlane):—"they have a natural grace which cannot be described. The Japanese are the most fascinating, elegant ladies that I ever saw in any country in the world." This is high praise, but it appears not undeserved.

The feast of lamps is one of the great amusements of the people. It was a festival instituted out of respect to the dead, but it has departed somewhat from its origin in modern times. It appears to be a very showy and brilliant affair.

Wrestling, however, is a general popular institution. It is delighted in by high and low. It has been the favourite pleasure of all warlike and semi-barbarous nations. It was in use among the Greeks from the earliest ages. Homer gives a long description of a match between Ajax and Ulysses, the prize being a tripod of the value of twelve oxen. The Romans followed the example of

the Greeks, and made it one of the sports of every class and time. In England, in the early times, when physical strength was the greatest merit a man could have, it was common. A ram was a very ordinary prize. Chaucer says of the miller:

"At wrestling he would have away the ram."

In the old poem of "A Lytel Geste of Robyn Hode," prizes greater value are mentioned, such as a white bull, a horse wi saddle and bridle, a pipe of wine, etc. The Londoners, who in the olden time were a noisy, quarrelsome set, were great wrestlers. Matthew Paris tells us of a great wrestling match on the sixth of Henry II. In Stowe's time it was very popular. At present the amusement is almost unknown, being left to more barbarous times and countries.

In Japan the amusement is very popular. In general the combatants struggle within a ring, such as that given in our first engraving, but at other times they wrestle wherever they can find a convenient place. They are very tough in their way of struggling, and many accidents happen. In some instances the object is to drag the adversary out of the ring; in others, to tie his hands and render him helpless. When it is a public display, several couples are always waiting to go into the circle in turns. The interest which the Japanese take in these trials of strength and skill is something like that of the ancient Greeks in the Olympic and Isthmian games. Among those who train themselves for the conflicts, great muscular power and suppleness of limb are required, and they resort to every possible means for their attainment. It is common for those who desire to become very expert in the art of wrestling to get their companions to bend back their limbs in constrained attitudes, and thus leave the wrestler for hours and hours together, and indeed, in some instances, even to dislocate and reset any particular limb, in order to procure the greatest laxity and suppleness at the conflict. At ordinary wrestling-matches, bundles of manilla, tied up in lengths of about two feet each, are laid around upon the ground in the form of a ring. If the wrestler is crowded out of the ring, thrown within the ring, or falls upon any portion of it, or disturbs any portion of it with his foot, he is considered vanquished, and another steps forward to take his place. The judge who decides points of dispute in wrestling-matches, steps into the ring previously to the encounter. The wrestlers stand back to back, and the judge fastens the cord to the elbow of one and the knee of the other. Sundry evolutions are then ordered by the judge, calculated to bring the greatest strain upon the limbs of the wrestlers. If either of the wrestlers falters under this exercise, frequently painful, he is excluded from the ring, the other is declared victor, and a new contestant ordered forward.

But the best-contested wrestling-matches are those which take place before the high officials and court grandees. These are usually contests between the best wrestlers of the empire, and are conducted in a tent in the gardens of the palace of the Kobo, in a retired manner. The prizes are munificent, and the attainment of one confers a rank upon the winner much envied by the lower classes, besides a pension from government during his natural life. There is in this instance an outer enclosure besides the inner ring, and disgrace does not finally attach until the defeated one is ejected from the outer enclosure. But, when thrown out from the inner ring, the victor has the privilege, if he can do so quickly enough, to lift the fallen wrestler bodily and eject him. When fallen within the inner ring, this privilege is denied. Upon one side of the ring the outer enclosure is omitted. This is the side towards the raised seats of the dignitaries; and upon this side neither of the disputants is allowed to step over, without forfeiture to both of the right to continue the contest. Upon each post of the enclosure surrounding the ring is tied a blanket, for the purpose of shielding the wrestlers, if pitched with force against them. A species of vinegar, mixed with water, is kept in two pails close by the ring, with which the nostrils and mouths of the disputants are occasionally washed.

Not unfrequently wrestling almost assumes the nature of a mortal combat, by its intensity and fierceness. Every nerve is strung to the highest pitch; every muscle strained to its utmost tension; the eyes protrude, the breath grows short, and the whole anatomy of the figure appears marked on the outside of the body, so distinctly do the swelling muscles develop themselves to the spectator. Almost frantic efforts are made by each wrestler to lift his opponent by the girdle bodily, in which position he can be easily carried from the ring. By mere strength alone this can be easily accomplished, but the wary antagonist is always careful to prevent it. But a fixed period is allowed for each contest, therefore the wrestlers must proceed with some dispatch, yet must proceed cautiously as well. These trials of strength are said to be intensely exciting, and a source of as much bantering and betting among the Japanese, as cock-fighting in Cuba, bull-baiting in Spain, or horse-racing in England.

THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

This grotto, though known to the ancients, appears to have afterwards been forgotten for a long series of years. In 1673, however, it was visited with a kind of solemnity by Nointel, ambassador from the king of France to the Sublime Porte. The people of the island also ventured to descend at this time; and he was accompanied by two clever designers, and three or four masons, provided with the necessary implements for detaching and removing the more heavy of the spars. Most of the spars were forwarded to M. Baudelot, of the Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Medals; and one of the most remarkable of them now figures in the rich collection of the Museum of Natural History, at Paris. Forty years later, the grotto was more minutely explored by the celebrated botanist, Tournefort, who gave an account of his visit in his "Relation d'un Voyage du Levant," published in 1717. In our own times the grotto has recovered all its ancient celebrity, and receives an increased number of visitors every year.

Antiparos, the island which contains this remarkable natural curiosity, is situated opposite Paros, in the Grecian Archipelago. The grotto is a mile and a half from the sea, in view of the isles of Nio, Sikino, and Policandro. A cavern first offers itself to your notice, with a descent of about thirty wide steps; the passage is divided into two by natural pillars of stalactite, and over the largest of these, which resembles a tower attached to the roof of the cavern, there is an ancient inscription, very much defaced, containing several names, which the islanders believe to be those of the conspirators who aimed at the life of Alexander the Great, and who, after the failure of their criminal project, took refuge in this place as one of security. Amongst these names, that of Antipater is the only one that favours this tradition. Diodorus Siculus does indeed relate that several historians had accused Antipater of the death of Alexander. The monarch had left Antipater regent in Europe, when he departed for the conquest of Persia; but that minister, irritated by the manner in which Olympias had injured him with his master, was suspected of having endeavoured to get the king poisoned by his son, one of the royal cup-bearers. Diodorus remarks that Antipater did not preserve any portion of his authority after the death of Alexander; but nothing explains why he concealed himself in this island.

When the grotto was visited by Tournefort, he was unable to read a portion of the inscription; but an inhabitant possessed a copy, taken before it was defaced, which the learned traveller thus translates:—"Under the magistracy of Crito, there came to this spot—Menander, Socarmes, Menecrates, Antipater, Ippomedon, Aristeas, Phileas, Gorgus, Diogenes, Philocrates, Onesimus."

Perhaps these names are simply those of citizens of the isle who, in the time of Crito, were the first who descended into and explored the grotto. Near this inscription is a cavity, in which is a square marble slab, which does not appear to be very ancient, as the figure of a cross is traced on it, indicating that it is not older

than the Christian era. On the left, and at the base of a rock, is another Greek inscription, but much more worn than even the preceding.

Between the two pillars on the right, is a gentle declivity, separated from the centre of the cavern by a low wall; in this place some one has engraved on the rocky wall some words, which indicate the period at which the grotto was visited by Nointel. The bottom of the cavern is reached by a more rude declivity; and here the passage becomes so dark, that the visitor cannot proceed without torches. The descent is aided by a rope attached to one of the stalactite pillars, a measure of precaution rendered necessary by the steep and rugged nature of the declivity. At the bottom of this precipice another is reached, still more frightful, and so slippery that the further descent has to be made by means of a ladder. "In this manner," says Clarke the traveller, "we reached the spacious chamber of this truly enchanted grotto. The roof, the floor, the sides of a whole series of magnificent caverns, are entirely invested with a dazzling incrustation, as white as snow. Columns, some of which were seventy-five feet in length, pended in fine icicle forms above our heads; fortunately, some of them are so far above the reach of the numerous travellers who, during many ages, have visited this place, that no one has been able to injure or remove them. Others extend from the roof to the floor, with diameters equal to the mast of a first-rate ship of the line. The last chamber into which we descended surprised us more by the grandeur of its exhibition than any other. Probably there are other chambers yet unexplored."

Nointel and his party remained three entire days in the grotto, which was brilliantly illuminated, and celebrated high mass there on Christmas-day, using as an altar the pyramidal stalagmite which is seen in the centre of the illustration. This remarkable object is twenty-four feet high, and must have presented a splendid spectacle when glittering in the light of the numerous tapers which illuminated the grotto. With this flood of light reflected from the thousand glittering points rising from the floor or depending from the vaulted roof, and the strains of sacred music echoing through the stalactite chambers, the scene must have been more than usually imposing.

THE GROTTO OF ANTIPAROS.

At the bottom of the cavern which serves as the vestibule of this magnificent grotto, we find another small chamber, called the cave of Antipater, into which the visitor enters through a square aperture. This chamber is covered entirely with glittering stalactites and stalagmites, which look like large crystals of the purest white marble, and are supposed by geologists to be formed by the filtration of water through the limestone, of which the entire island is composed. Tournefort, however, thought that he had here found conclusive proofs of his singular theory of the vegetation of stone. The top of the hill from the side of which the passages leading to the grotto are entered, is paved, as it were, with transparent crystallisations of the lozenge form.

ORNAMENTAL TOBACCO BOX.

As ornamentation is one of the departments included in the plan of THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, we cannot do wrong in calling the attention of our readers to the beautiful specimen of ornamental work which adorns this page. It is a snuff-box executed by Avisseau, the celebrated enamel worker at Tours, an artist who is described by one of his countrymen as a second Bernard Palissy. No greater honour could be conferred upon him than to give him this distinguished title, but the specimen of his workmanship here exhibited goes far to prove that it is not at all more than he fairly deserves. It is one of his most recent *chefs-d'œuvre*, and is rendered by our artist with great fidelity and perfection. The reader might be puzzled to know what it was, if he had not the assistance of the title. From that, however, he will learn that it is nominally a tobacco box or pot, though of course hardly likely to be really employed as such. Indeed we can easily imagine that, to many of our readers—especially those of the gentler sex—it would seem a shameful profanation to apply it to any "such base uses." Be that as it may, there can be no question that it is a beautiful work of art—at once a gem and a picture rich, but not overloaded with decoration, elegant, and finished. It represents the hollow trunk of an old tree amid a mass of rocks, and twined around with ferns and climbing plants. An adder, coiled about it, is on the watch for a frog upon the lid. Lizards crawl about here and there, showing their heads from the various crevices. On the right and left hand are two stone tablets, one of which contains a drawing of a peasant of Brittany smoking his pipe, and the other the arms of Tourraine and Brittany. Inside the lid there is the following inscription, "A M. PITRE-CHEVALIER, AVISSEAU PÈRE ET FILS, 1851." This inscription, with the tablets, explains the nature and object of the beautiful production. It symbolises the union of Tourraine and Brittany, literature and art; Avisseau being an artist of Tourraine, and M. Chevalier, to whom it was presented, a distinguished author, who has written a work upon the history of Ancient and Modern Brittany.

AN ORNAMENTAL TOBACCO BOX.

PEERS AND M.P.s,

OR,

LORDS AND COMMONS.

PARLIAMENTARY ORATORS AND ORATORY.

THE Marquis of Lansdowne is rarely heard in the house now; but, in the Commons, which he entered as Lord Henry Petty, his first speech raised great expectations of his subsequent career, and some were so enthusiastic in their praise as to deem him worthy to rival the oratorical fame of Pitt. His speech on the charges of embezzlement, brought against Lord Melville, was highly applauded at the time. He said:—"Let it be remembered how the persons were situated who were thus connected together: Mr. Mark Scott, the broker, confidentially employed by Mr. Trotter, the paymaster; Mr. Trotter, the paymaster, confidentially employed by Lord Melville; and Lord Melville confidently employed by the public. He had heard of Jacobin combinations and of other combinations, but it would be difficult to imagine any combination more detrimental to the public than that of these three persons, who touched the cabinet on the one side and the stocks on the other. What changes of fortune, what convulsions in finance, was it not capable of effecting! He trusted that the event of that night would show that, whatever difference of opinion might exist, if indeed there did exist any, on the principles of government or on the application of those principles to public measures, yet when such questions as these came to be determined—whether the law should or should not be observed; whether the public expenditure should be watched or should pass unexamined or uncontrolled—there was to be found but one voice, one opinion, and one cause; the cause of men of all descriptions, who pretended to any sort of principle, in opposition to those who either did not profess any, or, what was as dangerous if not as bad, who thought none essential to the honour, the safety, and the existence of the country." The Duke of Newcastle is young, and has yet to win fame, but he has much in his favour. He possesses a great power of fluent oratory, and whenever he addresses the house, is listened to with attention and respect. Lord Clarendon has been the hero of many a party contest. He cannot take his stand amongst the first orators of the day. His rank in political life has, undoubtedly, been acquired by his abilities. The fact that he rose from being a Customs' commissioner to be viceroy of Ireland and secretary for foreign affairs, as a late writer in the Athenæum remarked, is proof of his secretarial energy and talent in a department of the state. As a debater he wants practice and physical power. His voice is not loud enough for the stormy combats of the senate. He often hesitates, and his nervous temperament gives him a flurried manner which detracts from the weight of his argument. Yet he has great insinuation and address. Eminent as are his talents, even his admirers would scarcely say that he has the *vivida vis animi* of Lord John Russell or Lord Palmerston. He wants massiveness and muscularity of intellect. The Duke of Argyle, the youngest member of the cabinet, is perhaps one of the most fluent men in it. You are not long in the Lords before you are aware of his presence. His red face and small juvenile figure attract you at once. He took his seat in that assembly on his father's death in 1847, and in May of the following year, he delivered his first speech on the motion for the second reading of the bill for admitting Jews to Parliament. His speech made a great impression on the house, presenting as it did a defence of the measure on religious rather than political grounds. He commenced by disclaiming all sympathy with certain theories that had been put forth that Christianity had nothing to do with making the laws of a country. He showed in a strain of clear argument, enforced by an easy, flowing, and natural eloquence, that Christianity lay at the root of all that was just and right and true; and that the nation which systematically ex[illegible] Christianity from its laws, must end in speedy ruin. [illegible]e same time he could not agree with the opponents of the m[illegible]e, that Christianity consisted in a mere set of forms and [illegible], compliance with which should secure and retain exclu[illegible] to the legislature. On the contrary, he maintained that Christianity would be best manifested by abolishing all invidious distinction which excluded any citizen from obtaining the offices and honours of the state, and by maintaining the right of the constituencies of the empire to their free choice of whatever representatives they pleased to select. The speech was received with great favour in the house, and the duke was at once hailed as one of the most promising ornaments of which the senate could boast. Like another nobleman who confers honour on his order—the Earl of Carlisle—the duke lectures to mechanics' institutions, and lectures well.

But, after all, the real orators in the house are not in the cabinet, but out of it; and they live upon their reputations, and are satisfied, as well they may be, with the pleasures of memory. Foremost amongst them is the Earl of Derby, the *tutamen et decus* of one of the most powerful parties in the state. But as with all true orators, it was in the lower house that his laurels were won. His first speech of any importance was that against Mr. Hume's motion on the temporalities of the Irish Church. That speech helped him to the honourable title he has so long worn as "the very Rupert of debate." One of the most remarkable feats he ever accomplished was his delivery, during one of the Irish debates, of Hotspur's address to his uncles, at the close of a great debate, and when the house was eager for a division. His rating the Whigs with their truckling to O'Connell was terrible when it came couched in the language of England's dramatist:—

> "But shall it be that you—that set the crown
> Upon the head of this forgetful man,
> And for his sake wear the detested blot
> Of murderous subordination—shall it be
> That you a world of curses undergo;
> Being the agents, or base second means,
> The cords—the ladder—or the hangman rather?
> Oh, pardon me! that I descend so low
> To show the line and the predicament
> Wherein you range under this subtle king.
> Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
> Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
> That men of your nobility and power
> Did 'gage them both in an unjust behalf,
> As both of you, God pardon it! have done,
> To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
> And plant this thorn, this canker, Bolingbroke?
> And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
> That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
> By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
> No, yet time serves wherein you may redeem
> Your banished honours, and restore yourselves
> Into the good thoughts of this world again
> Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt
> Of this proud king, who studies day and night
> To answer all the debt he owes to you
> Even with the bloody payment of your deaths."

The effect Lord Stanley—for that was the earl's title then—produced by this extract was startling. It required no ordinary degree of courage to deliver a quotation so long and so dangerous to a crowded house at a late hour. The sensation created was appalling from the extraordinary power of emphasis thrown into the delivery. No actor could have given the passage with more startling effect. It has been remarked, that to a nobleman of talent it is a disadvantage to commence life in the House of Peers. It is but rarely that the debates are conducted there on a scale large enough to justify those flights of eloquence which, successful in a crowded assembly, seem almost ridiculous before a couple of score of languid peers. The Earl of Derby had the advantage of entering public life in the lower house, and at a time, too, when party feeling was high. His contest with O'Connell was personal and passionate in the extreme. The latter held him up to the indignation of the Irish as the scorpion Stanley, and the former repaid the Irish agitator with terrible invective, equally vehement, and far more polished than his own. In the upper house, the debates would be dead dull, were it not for the earl's appearance on the scene. Lyndhurst is a masterly orator; but he belongs to the past. You can hardly recognise, in the now shrunken form, a man formerly deemed one of the most powerful intellects of our age. It

matters not that such as Lyndhurst vanish. The House of Lords is not the place for oratory. The first orators of the day may get there; but once there, they give themselves no trouble about oratorical display. Indeed, from the independent members you have no chance of a good speech, unless Lord Ellenborough is on his legs. His lordship reminds one of the once popular orator, Henry Brougham. There was a time when you could never enter the House of Lords without seeing that grotesque figure and hearing that powerful tongue; and some of his most splendid speeches have been delivered there. Yet it is undeniably true, that it was in the Commons Brougham won his name and fame. Few of our readers can recollect him then, when, in the meridian of his powers, he found in Canning a fitting foe. The men of those times tell us, we shall never witness such intellectual gladiatorship again. As it would be impossible to give an idea of Brougham's eloquence, we shall close this chapter by abridging a graphic description, published some years since in "Modern Babylon." The writer was in the house on one of the occasions to which we have referred. He tells us of the crowded state of the house, of all eyes being turned in one direction, and how, amidst universal expectation, Henry Brougham rose to reply and attack. He says: -

"After this bustle of preparation, and amid the breathless silence which follows it, Henry Brougham takes a slow and hesitating pace towards the table, where he stands crouched together, his shoulders pulled up, his head bent forward, and his upper lip and nostril agitated by a tremulous motion, as though he were afraid to utter even a single sentence. His first sentences, or rather the first members of his sentence—for you soon find that with him a sentence is more extended both in form and substance than the whole oration of other men—come forth cold and irresolute, and withal so wide of the question that you are unable to perceive how they shall be bent so as to bear on it. When, however, a sufficient number of these propositions have been enunciated—and the enunciation is always such as to carry the demonstration with it—it moves on towards the conclusion, firm as the Macedonian phalanx, and irresistible as a bayonet charge of the mountaineers of the North. One position being thus carried with the appearance of weakness and want of resolution, but with a reality of power and of determination which make themselves to be felt in the certainty with which it commands your assent, the orator rises upon it both in body and in mind, and wins a second by a more bold and brief attack. To a second succeeds a third, to a third a fourth, and so on, till the whole principles and the whole philosophy of the question have acknowledged their conqueror—till every man in the house who has ears to hear and a heart to understand, be as irresistibly convinced of the abstract truth as he is of his own existence." The writer continues: "When, as already mentioned, he has laid the foundation in the utmost extent of philosophy and the profoundest depth of reason—when he has returned to it again, applying the rule and the plummet to see that the erection is orderly, and feeling with the touch of a giant to ascertain that it is secure—when he has bound the understandings of the house and the spectators in cords of argument which they are equally indisposed and unable to break—he vaults upon the subdued bases, rises in figure and in tone, calls forth the passions from their inmost recesses, overtops and shakes the gaping members and the echoing house. That voice, which was at first so low, now assumes the deafening roar and the determined swell of the ocean; that form, which at the beginning seemed to be sinking under its own weight, now looks as if it were nerved with steel, strung with brass, and immortal and unchangeable as the truths which in his calmer mood he uttered; that countenance, which ofttime bore the hue and the coldness of stone, is now animated at every point and beaming in every feature, as though the mighty utterance were all inadequate to the mightier spirit within; and those eyes, which when he began turned their blue and tranquil disks on you, as if supplicating your forbearance and your pardon, now shoot forth their meteor fires, till every one upon whom they beam be kindled into admiration, and men of all parties wish in their hearts that Brougham were one of us." We must curtail the description, though it cut us to the quick to do so, so accurate is the picture of Brougham in his palmy days. The writer speaks then of the whisper in which Brougham speaks. "It is the signal that he is putting on his whole armour, and about to grasp the mightiest of his weapons." If you looked, "you would perceive some small man quivering and twittering, as little birds do when within charming distance of rattle snakes, conscious of danger, yet deprived of even the means of self-protection, and courting destruction with the most piteous and frantic imbecility; you would perceive a slender antagonist clutching the back of the bench with quivering talons, lest the coming tempest should sweep him away; or you would see the portly and appropriate figure of the representative of the quorum of some fat county, delving both his fists into the cushion, fully resolved that, if a man of his weight should be blown out of the house, he would yet secure his seat by carrying it along with him. It comes: the words which were so low and muttered, become so loud that the speaker absolutely drowns the cheering of his own party; and after he has peeled some hapless offender to the bone, and tossed about his mangled remains through all the modes and forms of speech, the body of the orator, being subdued and beaten down by the energy of his own mind—an energy which you can neither help feeling nor succeed in describing—sinks down, panting, exhausted, almost a lifeless corpse."

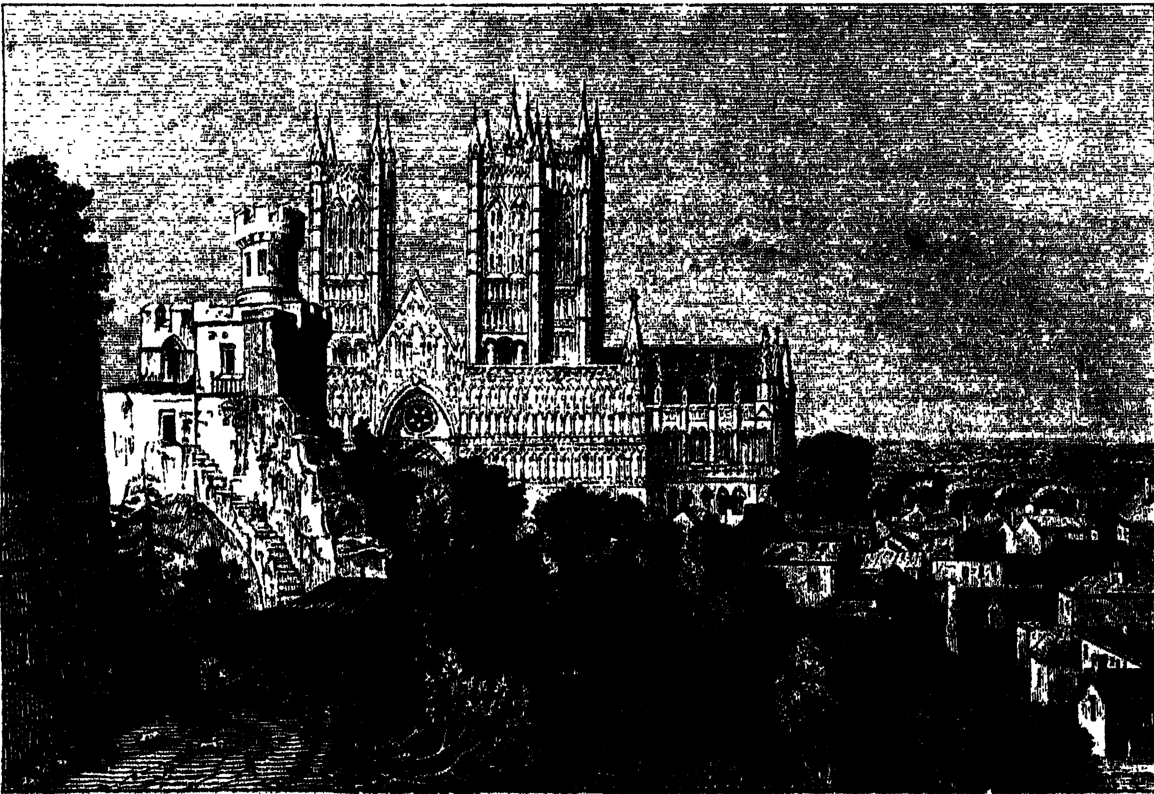
We have now nearly concluded our parliamentary survey. We have seen the changes and wonders wrought by time in the constitution, practice, and influence of the two Houses of Parliament. Once, all power was in the crown—then again, the barons were omnipotent—then came the great fact which Whigs drink at their dinners as a standing toast "The People, the source of all political power!" So long as England remains great—till the melancholy vision of Macaulay be realised, and the traveller from New Zealand shall stand on the broken arches of Westminster Bridge and view the ivied ruins of St. Paul's—the power of parliament must be paramount in our midst. As the source of legislation, as the great motive power of government, as the final court of appeal, it must ever live; its future annals may have in them less of excitement, party warfare may be toned down, men's passions may grow calmer, elsewhere talent may seek the distinction hitherto to be found on the floor of St. Stephen's alone; side-by-side with parliament may exist a press of greater power, of higher aim, of more comprehensive views; still it will live, rich in past glories and present good, answering the necessities of the time, translating into legal acts the spirit of the age. Every year its duties will be simpler—every year the people will rise superior to their representatives, unless humanity be a failure and progress an idle dream.

What splendid memories cluster round the old house! "By the table in that chapel, afterwards stained with Percival's blood, the brow of the boldest warrior has turned pale as he stood up to receive the thanks of the house, and with trembling voice stammered forth his gratitude. Blake, and Albemarle, and Schomberg, Marlborough, and a greater even than that proud captain, the hero of a hundred fights, the Duke of Wellington, have there drunk in the pealing applause which heralded Westminster Abbey. At that bar the proudest of England's peers have bent the head to deprecate the Commons' vengeance; the governors of millions—the ministers of state—have there bowed the knee, and in their impeachment confessed the grandeur of the great national inquest. There the noblest sons of genius—Bacon, and Newton, and Wren, Addison, Gibson, and Mitford—have sat mute, but 'not inglorious.' There Oglethorpe taught the lesson of humanity in inspecting our prisons, and Meredith and Romilly pleaded against capital punishments, that criminals still were men. Those walls have rung with the shout of triumph as the slave-trade went down in its iniquity. Peals of laughter have awakened the echoes of that chamber to generations of wits—Martin and Coventry, Charles Townshend, and Sheridan, and Canning. The hollow murmurs of sympathy have there rung back the funeral tribute to the elder and younger Pitt, to Grenville and Horner, to that eloquent orator, conspicuous among his countrymen, Grattan, who, in his dying hour, there poured forth his soul. What exhilarating cheers—the only rewards to St. John for those lost orations which have perished for ever—have there rewarded the oratory of Pitt and Fox."

The new house can have no such glory. Our fathers have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. The seed has been sown—for the future nothing is left but to gather in the harvest.

LINCOLN.

THE magnificent cathedral of Lincoln is, next to that of York, the most stupendous, as well as the most beautiful, monument of Gothic architecture in England, and stands on a hill, overlooking the town, and commanding a very extensive view, comprising the scenery of five or six counties. Its length from east to west is 530 feet, and its breadth 227 feet. The doorway and two of the three towers date from the eleventh century, and justify the opinion of those antiquaries who attribute the foundation of the one to William the Conqueror, and of the others to his son William Rufus. It was afterwards rebuilt by Henry II., and dedicated to the Virgin. The most remarkable portions of this immense edifice are the choir and the chapel of the Virgin. The great bell, celebrated by the name of Tom of Lincoln, was long famous for its deep and resonant tone, which was heard at a great distance. In 1827 it by some means got cracked, and in 1834 it was broken in pieces. It was refounded, and replaced in the central tower the year following. Its diameter in the widest part is eighteen feet and it contains five tons and a half of metal. The weight of the old bell was only four tons and a half. The difficulty of swinging the enormous clapper is the reason why the bell is used only on rare occasions. Before the Reformation, the cathedral of Lincoln was one of the richest in the kingdom, but Henry VIII. appropriated the greatest part of its treasures, and during the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, the sumptuous tombs were mutilated, and this splendid religious edifice was used as a barrack by the soldiers of Cromwell.



THE CITY OF LINCOLN.

The cathedral is not the only remarkable monument in Lincoln; the ruins of the castle erected by William the Conqueror, and the Newport gate, attract the attention of visitors, and prove the antiquity of the city. The latter is an imposing structure of Roman architecture, ten feet thick, and sixteen feet wide in the archway. When the country was under Roman domination, the district in which Lincoln is situated was inhabited by the Coritani, a warlike tribe of savages, who painted their bodies with blue pigment extracted from the woad plant, and wore rings of iron on their arms. Their towns were mere collections of huts, defended by ramparts of earth and the trunks of trees placed with the branches outward. To defend themselves from the incursions of these barbarians, the Roman masters of the country surrounded the city with walls, and formed the Foss-dyke, a canal about ten miles in length, connecting the waters of the Witham with those of the Trent, and thus forming a complete internal navigation between the Wash and the Humber. Henry I. cleared out the Foss-dyke, and improved the navigation; and it is still used as a canal from Lincoln to the Trent. The city derives its name from occupying the site of the Roman military station called Lindum, and stands on the line of the great Roman road called Ermine-street. The fortifications were increased and improved by the Saxons, and at the time of the Domesday survey Lincoln was one of the richest and most populous cities in the kingdom.

The ruins of the bishop's palace, which was demolished during the civil war, stand a little to the south of the cathedral, and comprise a fine hall, a gateway, and part of the kitchen. In the neighbourhood of these ruins is a modern building, which the bishop occupies during his stay in the city. Besides a great number of monasteries and nunneries, and other religious edifices, Lincoln formerly contained upwards of fifty churches, of which only eleven remain, exclusive of the cathedral, and most of these are small and much dilapidated. One of these, St. Peter at Gowths, is an old conventual church, and has a lofty square tower of Norman architecture. Some remains of the old castle are still standing on the hill, westward from the cathedral, and the site of the other portions is occupied by the county gaol and court-house, erected from the designs of Smirke. The gaol is constructed on the plan recommended by the philanthropist Howard, but is said to be too small for the purpose of classification. The Guildhall (an ancient Gothic edifice), the market-house, the assembly-room, and the theatre, are the only other public buildings. But if there is nothing remarkable in the modern edifices of Lincoln, the deficiency is amply made up by the number of ancient remains, of which few towns in England contain so many.

THE OLD ENGLISH HALL.

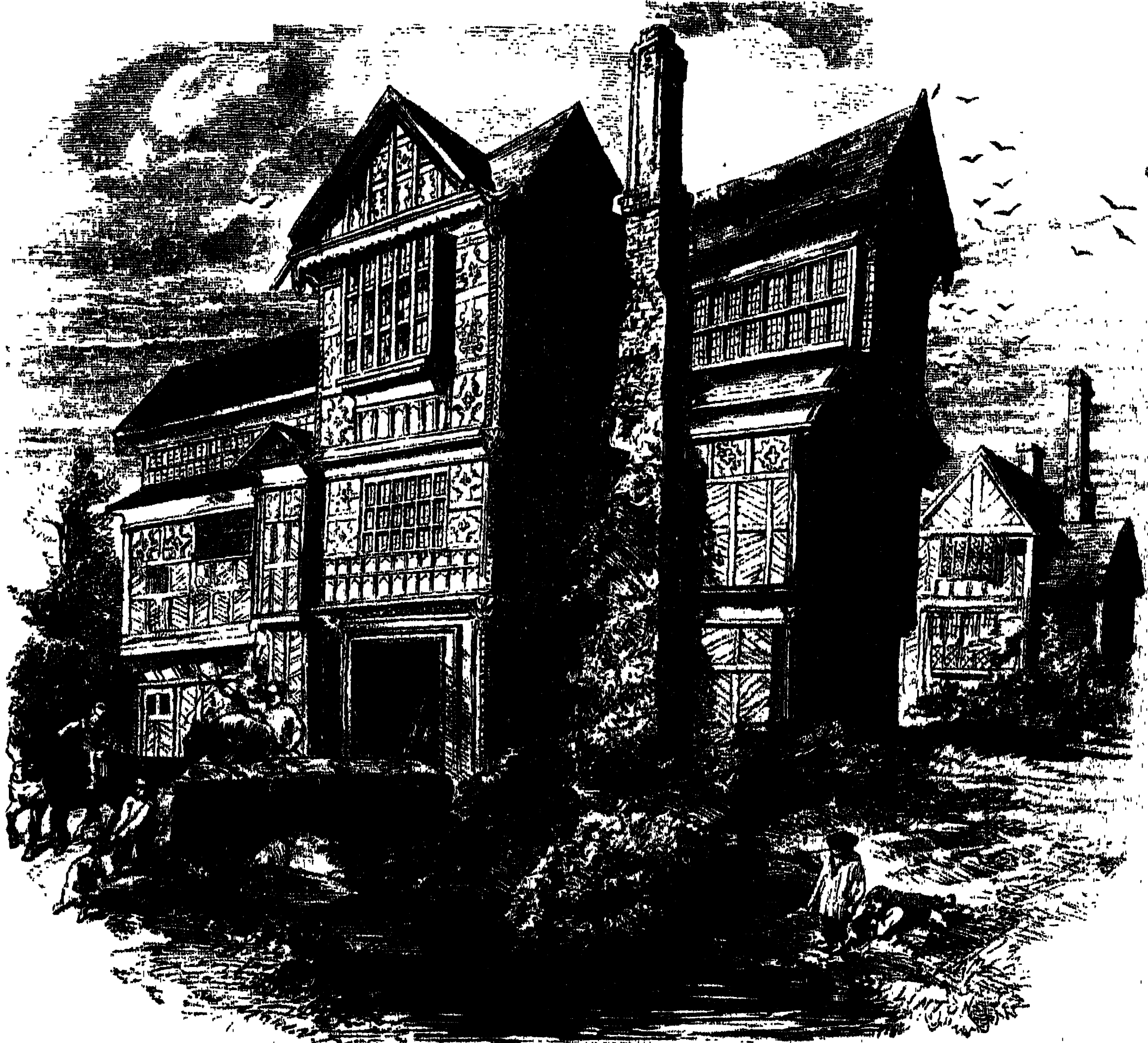
DURING the period when the nobles of England were engaged in the civil wars occasioned by the disputed right of succession between the houses of York and Lancaster, or vied with each other in the number of retainers which they supported, and the extravagance of their living, the merchants of London, by persevering industry and a steady increase of commerce, became a rich, and consequently an influential portion of the community.

John Thornbull could scarcely be termed a merchant. He had started in life with a sum of money not equal in value to twenty pounds of the present coinage. With this capital he furnished a stall in the Cheape, for the sale of woollen caps and hose. John was a man of thrift. He rose early and retired late; he never lost a customer, whose patronage could be secured by attention, civility, or persuasion; his own garments were usually cast off by the most respectable of his customers, before he appropriated them to his own use; and ere he laid them by, it would not have been by any means an easy matter to decide on their original colour. His diet was exceedingly simple, and it is doubtful if, during the whole course of his life, he was a dozen times within the walls of a tavern.

When John Thornbull died, he bequeathed a respectable inheritance to his son, who, having considerably enlarged the business of his late father, became in reality a merchant, and first assumed the honorary title of Master. Fortune favoured most of his schemes, and, though he did not practise such rigid economy as his parent, he became one of the richest men in the city.

The successor to Master John attained the civic rank of alderman, purchased an estate, and was called Squire Thornbull; for which he is falsely considered by his descendants to have been the founder of a very ancient family.

It is hardly necessary to inform the reader that, previously to the time of the first Tudor, land was held only by feudal tenure. The sovereign granted estates to his vassals, subject to certain conditions, as the reward of military service. Henry VII., however, resolved to weaken the power of the nobles, whose force, when united, had often proved so detrimental to the interests of the crown, and even fatal to the life of the sovereign. Moreover, as he knew the plodding traders of London had large stores of gold in their dusty chambers, and being a keen-sighted man, he resolved that a portion of it should be transmitted to his own coffers. With this view, he invited the lord mayor and the principal citizens to pay a visit of state to Westminster Hall, to witness the games given in honour of the queen on Twelfth-night. On this memorable occasion, Alderman Thornbull was one of the party, but—what is of far greater importance—he was privately introduced to his Majesty, and given to understand that a certain officer of the royal household would be ready on the morrow to draw up a deed, by which an estate, lately ceded to the crown by confiscation, might become the freehold property of Alderman Thornbull and his heirs for ever.

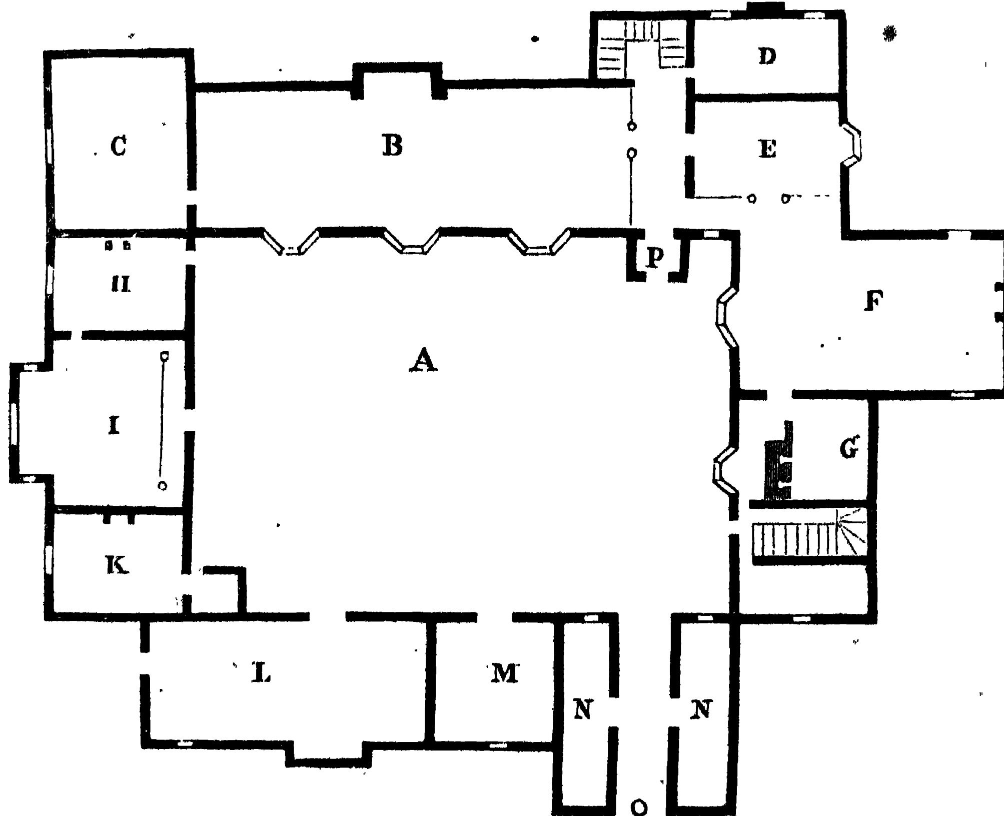


WOODLANDS HALL.

Thus did the king enrich himself, at the expense of the ancient nobility, and create a new class of aristocracy, whose power was

far less dangerous to the interest of the throne: and thus did the grandson of a pedlar become the first of that famous community of "Landed Gentry," whose rank and influence have long since obliterated the distinction, once so clearly marked, between the nobility and the people. The first business of Squire Thornbull, upon becoming a landed proprietor, was to erect a hall upon his estate, of such extent as became the dignity of his new sphere. The situation which he selected was sheltered from the northern blasts by a range of hills, whilst gentle slopes of luxuriant woodlands on the east and west stretched far away into the opening valley. A noble river slowly wound its way along the plain, forming, with the surrounding objects, a scene of remarkable beauty and grandeur, of which the inmates of the hall might command a perfect view.

The building itself enclosed a quadrangular court-yard, was surrounded by a moat, and approached by a drawbridge. A covered gateway in the southern range of the building, which in time of danger could be entirely closed, was the only entrance to the court, as will be seen by a glance at the ground plan, was occupied by various domestic offices. The frame-work of the whole building was of oak; numerous beams and joists being fastened together by means of cross-bolts, and the interstices filled up with lath and plaster. Externally there was no appearance of order; the roof was of various heights, and the upper apartments invariably overhung the lower. Gables formed the principal architectural feature, and the windows extended across the whole range of apartments. In the interior, the great hall was, of course, the principal part of the mansion. Its walls were lined with oak wainscot, and the floor was strewed with rushes. The principal articles of furniture were the oak dining-table, forty feet in length, with benches to match. Within a fire-place, almost as spacious as a modern parlour, a huge pile of wood was constantly burning on the hearth. During the winter season, the doors were covered with loose arras, which the imperfect workmanship of the joiners rendered absolutely necessary to the comfort of the inmates. The buttery, divided from the kitchen only by means of a panelled screen, was furnished with a dining service of highly-polished pewter, and a large quantity of wooden platters and trenchers for ordinary use. Here the visitor always found a plentiful supply of substantial fare; and, during the proper season, a dish of trout or a haunch of venison was never wanting. The cellar was stored with ale and cider only; the family stock of wines being more safely deposited in the lady's own room. Such was Squire Thornbull's residence at the Woodlands.

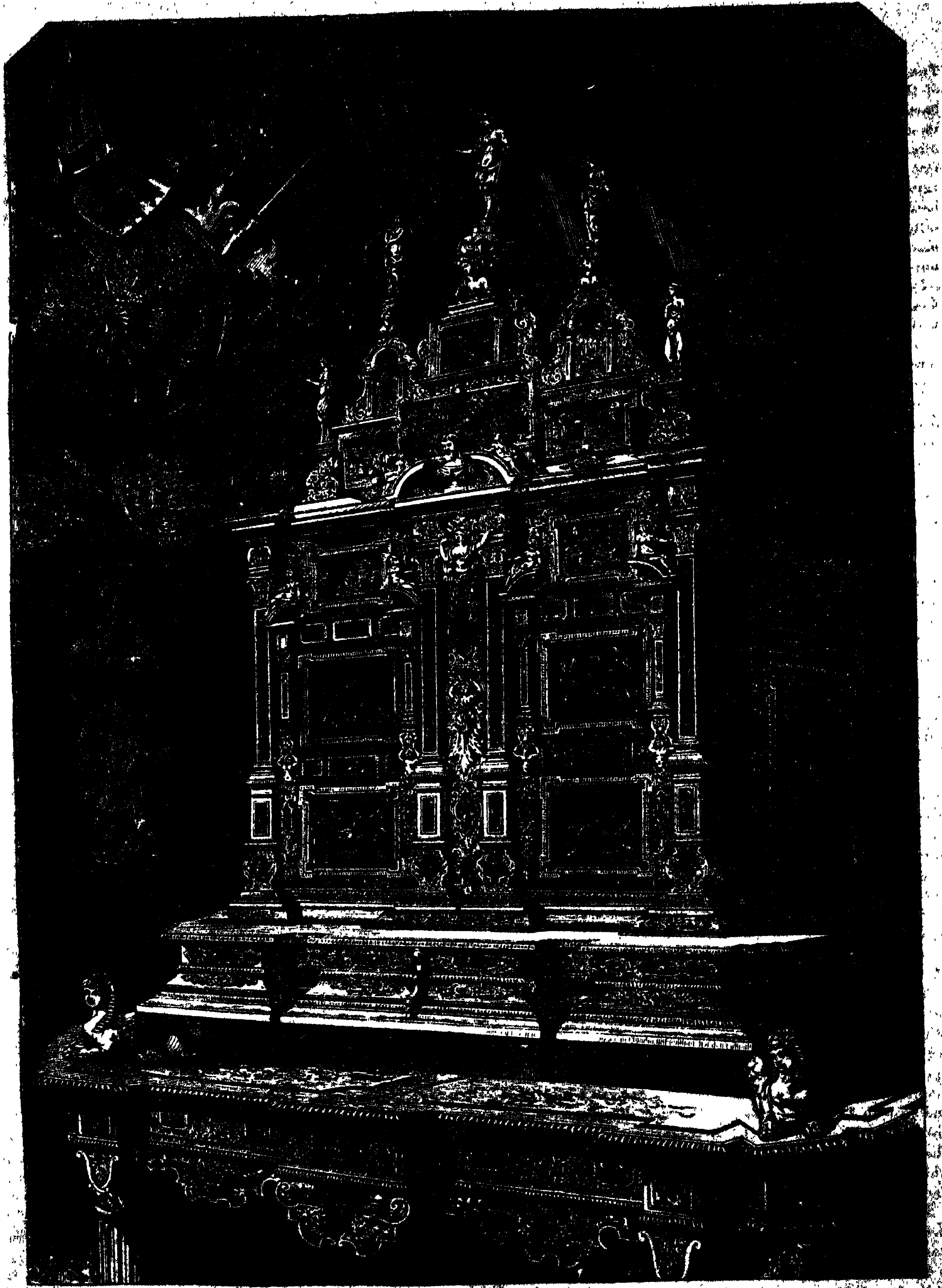


PLAN OF WOODLANDS HALL.

A. Court-yard. B. Great Hall. C. Bed-room. D. Cellar. E. Buttery. F. Kitchen. G. Bakehouse. H. Chaplain's Room. I. Chapel. K. Steward's Room. L. Barn. M. Dairy. N. Stables. O. Entrance to the Court-yard. P. Hall Porch.

The ceiling of this passage was machicolated, or pierced with holes like a cullender, so that persons in the room above might, in the time of siege, pour hot water, oil, or melted tallow on the heads of the assailants below. Exactly opposite, in the northern range of the building, was the principal entrance, which led to a spacious lobby communicating with the great hall, the buttery, and the cellar. Over the two latter apartments was "my lady's chamber," which occupied a middle station between the upper and lower stories, and resembled in appearance a housekeeper's room in a modern mansion. From this apartment Dame Thornbull could look into the kitchen, which stood on the eastern side of the court, by means of a half door, such as are sometimes still seen in old shops; and thus she could watch the domestic arrangements of the household, scold her maids, and be satisfied that everything went on in proper order. In the western range was the family chapel, with apartments for the priest and steward. The remaining side,

When, however, he had established himself as a country gentleman, it must be confessed that he soon felt somewhat disappointed with his new sphere of life. In London, he had been a member of an influential corporation, daily associated with men of his own rank, and frequently dined in the presence of distinguished guests at the Guildhall. But at the Woodlands, he enjoyed no more society than a modern emigrant might expect in the back woods of a rising colony. For country sports he had neither taste



FLORENTINE MOSAIC WORK.

FLORENTINE MOSAIC WORK.

The city of Florence, which, with Rome and Venice, was long one of the most distinguished seats of Italian art, is remarkable for having produced a beautiful kind of ornamental work which bears its name. It is a species of mosaic in costly materials, based upon directly opposite principles to those recognised by ancient artists. One of the chief of these consists of an intelligent selection of the various shades of colour presented by agates, jaspers, and other hard stones, cut into forms adapted to a settled plan, and artistically arranged with a view to one predominant effect. This ingenious combination produces a kind of painting, in which the varied hues of these beautiful productions are employed to imitate the true colours of nature, as well as the effects of light and shade. Leaves, flowers, butterflies, birds, and even varied landscapes, are cut out with the chisel and polished with the file. The artist contrives to give them the richness of tone which is found in nature, and at the same time the harmony of that great model by bringing together objects which there usually appear together.

In the churches of Florence masterpieces of this kind of work may be seen, either decorating altars or forming part of the architecture of these edifices. The palaces and museums of Europe also contain specimens, more or less remarkable, of this work applied to the ornamentation of furniture of various kinds. The most ancient Florentine mosaic work is plane, like that which the artists of antiquity produced with small cubes of various colours, and which those of modern Rome imitate; but in later times the Florentines sought to give some kind of relief to their mosaic pictures, by inlaying upon the surface hard stones and other costly materials, which they modelled after nature, at one time to represent a fruit, at another a leaf, and at another a flower. Fine pearls, and even diamonds, also found a place in these bas-reliefs. At the present day there are artists in France who produce works of this class.

In the Museum of Cluny there is a remarkable specimen of Florentine art at the commencement of the seventeenth century, of which an engraving is given on the opposite page. It is a rich cabinet, partly covered with mosaic work representing landscapes, birds, fruits, and butterflies. Small bas-reliefs in precious materials are mingled with the lively colours of the mosaic, and form a magnificent *ensemble* by means of the variety of framing in lapis-lazuli, cornelian, and silver. Numerous figures, seated or standing, caryatides in silver, give a brilliant effect to the whole, and present a luxuriant richness of materials, which can be but imperfectly represented in any drawing or engraving. The upper portion, which exhibits a beautiful contour in its forms, is, like the body of the work, enriched with mosaics and bas-reliefs surrounding carved work and projecting ornaments in silver and gilt bronze. Five statuettes in gilt bronze surmount the whole, giving it somewhat the form of an elegant pyramid.

This piece of furniture, supported by four sphinxes, rests upon a table enriched with squares of jasper, covered with inlaid mother-of-pearl, and having for supports four columns, the capitals of which are adorned with beautiful carving and gilding. The cabinet opens in front by the separation of the two doors, which meet in the middle, and the inner sides of which are decorated with landscapes and birds in Florentine mosaic. The interior compartments, which are divided into recesses and drawers, underwent great changes about the time of Louis XV. Most of the Florentine mosaics, which ought to have been here, have been replaced by miniatures in the style of the eighteenth century.

This valuable article of furniture was first removed to Poland, and afterwards to France, under the empire of Napoleon I. It now stands, as we have already stated, in the Museum of Cluny, a town in France, formerly more celebrated than at present for an abbey of the Benedictine order, founded in A.D. 910 by William I., duke of Aquitaine and count of Auvergne. In the course of about three centuries from its foundation, the establishment had become extensive enough to accommodate within its walls Pope Innocent IV., twelve cardinals, three archbishops, and other ecclesiastical dignitaries, besides St. Louis, the king of France, with his three sons, the queen mother, and a host of attendant lords and ladies, amounting altogether to four hundred.

THE BRIBE OF ROMANOFF.—II.

BY SILVERPEN.

That day Olga wonders why her beloved mademoiselle is so pale and silent, but gains no information. There are topics concerning fathers that daughters may not learn.

Olga, though so young, is an *habitué* of the opera, and prepares to go this evening, accompanied, as usual, by Miss Temple. The latter hastens her toilet, for an attendant informs her that his excellency's daughter awaits her in a certain room; she descends, enters, the door is heavily closed—she is again alone with the mareschal. The light is but imperfect, but she can see that passion has passed like a tempest over his soul.

"Ida," he says firmly, yet with a show of sincerity as well as a respect which seems genuine, "I love you still more profoundly for what passed this morning; forget it—do—be my WIFE!—the wife of the proud mareschal, *if you wish*. I must have you at any risk, come what may; I have loved you too long and profoundly to be gainsayed. Come, it is settled—let there be the peace of love between us." His manner is all entreaty, all respect; he is subdued to the humility of a child.

"My lord," is the firm, unhesitating answer, "under no circumstances can any tie exist between us, even under the sanction of the proposal with which you have just honoured me. I love another man, and I am an Englishwoman."

It is wonderful to see the change a few words can effect; no greater than this was ever instantly begot. It is like the change said to take place in Eastern seas: one instant the waves lie in a summer's calm, the next heave as in a winter's tempest. There is no mistake now to what race this man belongs—the ruthless eye, the clenched lips, the freezing words, are true to the pictures De Custine, Golovin, and others, have given to the world.

"Go!" says that iron voice; "this is Russia, not England. Go! *I* am unmoved from my purpose; what love cannot effect power shall. Go!—but you will not escape me."

Perhaps not, for despotism, as I have said, is Argus-eyed; but purity can be strategic as well as baseness, and eternal justice attends the first.

Unattended, except by Prince Romanoff, the grandfather of Olga, and the usual retinue of servants, mademoiselle and her beloved charge pass on to the opera. Good angels are propitious. Here, round the stalks of a bouquet delivered to her by a pretended servant, are full instructions from the excellent chaplain of the embassy. Miss Temple contrives to conceal the paper, and bears it safely home. In this she reads, as soon as her attendants are dismissed for the night, that Nova, the Servian shipwright's daughter, and an assistant in the palace kitchen, will be ready to assist in her escape, as well as be prepared with a dress; that Golovitz, one of the grooms of the chamber, will let her pass, as will also Karl, the porter; and that outside the palace walls the shipwright will await her, whose wife she must affect to be.

Losing no time, but changing her dress for the one she finds ready in an appointed place, securing her jewellery and money carefully about her person, packing up in the smallest possible compass such few articles as she will need, Miss Temple awaits the appointed signal from Nova. Sitting down, she writes a brief letter to the mareschal and a longer one to her beloved Olga, entreating the latter to bear her in recollection, to write to her, and, if ever opportunity admit, to visit her in England. She then takes this last letter into Olga's chamber, kisses her sleeping face, and retires with a hushed step and sorrowing heart. All the rest of her property Ida has to abandon; but she hopes that, with Olga to plead for her, the mareschal, when his anger is less, will be just enough to let it be packed and sent to England.

At the given time, she escapes from the palace without observation, and joins the good shipwright. Her dress is that of a peasant woman, and she passes through the street unrecognised, though keenly regarded by several of the police on duty. The palace lies at a considerable distance from the port, but the latter is at length

reached in safety. The ship by which she is to sail is laden with corn, and bound to Carlscrona; but it has yet to lift its anchor and make some other preparations. As it would never do to run the risk of applying for a passport, arrangements have to be made that mademoiselle lie concealed in the corn till Cronstadt be passed, and whilst these are effected she rests in the shipwright's little wooden house, and refreshes herself with food.

At length all is ready; she takes leave of these kind though humble friends, who, in spite of poverty, have shown themselves superior to Russian venality, and going on board the little ship, is hidden in the hold amidst corn that has been embrowned upon the plains of Finland. The captain, a stalwart Finn, though somewhat lethargic, is honest, and his ship takes its course to the Baltic. But it has not been long under weigh before he sees a sail in pursuit, and its purpose being suspected, the fugitive Englishwoman is still more closely hidden; for punishment will be his and his ship's crew's, if found conniving at the escape of one marked out for official vengeance. The captain's surmise is correct; his ship is overtaken by a swift government corvette, is boarded, and is strictly examined; but the Englishwoman's hiding-place escapes detection, and the ship is permitted to pass, with an official document, which will secure it freedom from a second inspection in the port of Cronstadt. But too wary to be lulled asleep, the captain bids the fugitive keep still hidden till they are out in the Baltic—a wise precaution, as, in spite of the charm of the official pass, there is a second search, though with result like the preceding.

At length, out amongst the sun-wasted icebergs of the Baltic, the poor lady may come forth for rest and air. She has suffered immensely from sickness and intense anxiety; but the quiet of the captain's little cabin, which he generously gives up to her unconditional use, in conjunction with pure air and the power to take food, soon restores her.

Trammelled by adverse winds and the low pitching waves of the inland sea, the corn-laden vessel makes but slow progress towards Carlscrona. On the tenth day the captain descries sail a-head; and towards night they are borne down upon by a ship wearing the English ensign. The Finnish captain and his Russian sailors have no means of resistance, and none wisely is attempted. Their ship is boarded—captured; but otherwise they meet with that generous treatment habitual to Englishmen when conquerors.

It is now that Miss Temple meets her countrymen—tells the tale of her escape from St. Petersburg—and receives in return the most noble offers of protection. It is sufficient that she is an Englishwoman—an educated Englishwoman—an Englishwoman with youth and beauty. But whither would she go? The fleet has left the Sound; but a corvette going thither would land her in Copenhagen, where she would get ship to England. As it often is, one important question is answered by another.

"Is the Amphion with the fleet?"

"Yes."

"How far a-head?"

"Not many leagues. The prize will be taken thither."

"Let me go there with it. I have a friend on board the Amphion who will best advise me. It is Lieutenant Eliot."

The boarding officer bows. Lieutenant Eliot is a friend of his. Every facility shall be afforded her.

A haze springs up; and some four-and-twenty hours elapse before the fleet is neared, or the prize towed into it, amidst deafening cheers. The captain of the boarding-ship proceeds at once to make report to the admiral; his second lieutenant gaining leave at the same time, puts off with a crew of sailors for the Amphion. He is the bearer of no long message—simply a name. It is broad morning; and the bulwarks of the Amphion can be distinctly seen from the Russian vessel. In no length of time the lieutenant re-enters his boat, in company with another officer, as appears by his gold-banded cap which glitters in the sun. As though the sailors knew their errand, they row gallantly across the pitching waves, and bring the two officers to the Russian ship's side. The one rapidly ascends—is met on the gangway by one who has fled from despotic Russia for his and his country's sake. The recognition is mutual, the joy profound, though too intense for one to bear; the woman falls senseless in the lover's arms. Human nature is the [illegible] no difference, the world round. Finnish sluggishness is aroused, and Russian boorishness interested. She is borne down to the cabin: once there, she soon recovers.

There is little time for lovers' words or lovers' dalliance: time is as brief as duty is stern. As concisely as he can, Lieutenant Eliot says what he has to say. He proposes, if permission be granted, as there is a chaplain with the fleet, that they be married; as a matter of safety and future good. They must be separated immediately after; that is no matter; for the corvette that will bear her to Copenhagen sails that night; but the brave and the true can yield to the necessity of duty when time austerely needs.

"Under the sanction of my name, your position—even through the brief transit to Copenhagen—will be more satisfactory. Once there, it will lead to an official care for your further safety and your passage to England. If I fall, it will not only secure you a permanent provision, as well as add to it what property is mine—but to bear it even for its own sake will not, perhaps, be he weakest or least tender argument."

Thus the lover pleads; nor, happily, in vain. In a few minutes after this decision, the officers' boat is again occupied; this time by a lady, in addition to the seamen and their officer, and it shoots off from the side of the Russian brig amidst the cheers of its rough-limbed crew. They are sorry to part with their beautiful guest; it is a trouble on far more accounts than the fact that they are prisoners of the enemy.

The Amphion is reached; and all on board are astonished that an English lady should have formed part of the Russian prize. But she is treated with great honour, and a chief cabin is at once assigned to her brief use. After retiring to consult with his captain, Lieutenant Eliot again quits the ship in the officers' gig, and is rowed to that of the admiral. He soon returns; this time not in his own gig, but in that of the admiral, who is on board, by the sign of the flying pennon. There is another stranger—a grave, elderly man, of clerical aspect.

No time is or can be lost. The gig, reaching the ship, the admiral descends to say a few brief words to the English lady; then he ascends with her to the chief deck; the fleet's chaplain has on his gown—has his open book; the lieutenant of the Amphion and the English lady are ranged on either hand; the admiral stands to give her away; and so, amidst the listening silence of the mighty crew—amidst bristling cannon, and howitzer, and pyramids of cannon-balls—amidst all the stern appliances of slaughter and conquest—amidst the low catch of the sounding waves, with the glory of the sun trailing its golden length across the waves—with God above—with stern brave hearts around, the seaman and the unbribed with Russian gold are made one. Human cheers, that carry their echoes across the sea, give the Amen of the celebration.

After taking some refreshment, the young wife has to bid a weeping farewell to her husband; the admiral's gig awaits her, for this is a time for only the austerer human duties.

In half-an-hour more she is on board the corvette; in an hour it has set sail, and the fleet, in the haze of evening, is lost to sight.

For two days Ida Eliot is in Copenhagen, under the kind care of the consul and his wife.

As soon as she is sufficiently recovered from the effects of fatigue and anxiety, she sets out for her home amidst the hills of northern England, where a beloved father waits to grow glad in her return.

Here now she waits the issues of peace and war—issues pregnant with the fate of man—issues which she and others must leave to God and his never-failing justice. Amongst other things [illegible] may there be the return of that beloved husband!

I am no advocate of war—it is inimical to civilisation—retrogrades the advance of Christian religion and Christian morals; yet imperfect as is human civilisation, there seem to be seasons when it is the only power that can crush the armies of rulers and give liberty to nations. This present time is one. May He who sits enthroned in justice give victory to the allied forces, and make them givers of a blessed and a crowning peace to all who fear or suffer under the fellest despotism that ever crushed men formed in the image of their Maker!

THE KORAN.

In order to understand this remarkable book, which for more than twelve centuries has been the code of law for many millions of the human race, and to estimate its influence upon the character of those who acknowledge it as the repository of religious truth, it is necessary to be acquainted with the circumstances under which it was produced. In the latter part of the sixth century, religion had almost disappeared in the thick gloom of ignorance and superstition. This was particularly the case in Arabia, where the descendants of Ishmael were idolaters, worshipping hideous images, with rites as senseless as they were barbarous, including even human sacrifices. The tribe of the Kendites buried female children alive, and by other obscure clans they were sacrificed upon their altars. The morality of such a people must have been very low, as, indeed, we know it to have been; for slavery and polygamy were recognised institutions; and some authors have accused them even of cannibalism. They do not appear to have had any notion of the immortality of the soul and of a future state; for the supposed transformation of the dead into owls, which haunted their graves, can scarcely be regarded as such.

The foreigners settled in Arabia were very numerous. Some families of fire-worshippers were scattered along the Persian Gulf, and in the south were the Sabeans, descendants of colonists from India, and image-worshippers. The Jews had emigrated to Arabia in great numbers after the destruction of Jerusalem, but the purity of their religion was lost amid the fanciful legends of the Talmud. Christianity had been established in several parts of Arabia, but so obscured was it with the worship of images and relics, and the wild and incredible legends of the saints, that it was little better than paganism. The sects into which the Christians were divided regarded each other with the most rancorous hatred; and, instead of cultivating the truth, frittered their mental energies away in discussing the questions of the digestion of the sacramental bread, and the number of angels who could stand on the point of a needle. The Collyridians deified the mother of Jesus, and made her the third person in the Trinity; and the Manichæans and Marcionites rejected the doctrine of the resurrection, taught the transmigration of the souls of evil-doers, and mingled with this spurious Christianity the Persian allegory of Ormusd and Ahrimanes, or the conflict of the principles of good and evil.

To illuminate this gross spiritual darkness—whether among polytheists, Jews, or Christians—to extirpate the worship of images, and lead men back to the knowledge of the one True God, the author of the Koran conceived to be his especial mission. Hence he repeatedly declares, that there is but one God, eternal and omnipotent, to whom alone obedience and adoration are due; that all idolatry is sinful, and displeasing to God; that the soul is immortal; and that, at the resurrection and the final judgment, every one shall receive the reward of his good deeds or the punishment of his evil ones. To this day, the muezzin's call to prayers is the declaration that Allah is great, and there is no other god but him; and wherever the Moslems have established their power, the objects of idolatrous worship—whether from pagans or Christians—have been cast down. Indeed, his followers have carried their hostility to idolatry so far as to abstain, not only from the pictorial representation of the Deity, but from portraying the human form, because we are told in the book of Genesis that God made man in His own image. It was not until the accession of the present Sultan that the rigour of this abstinence was departed from, Abdul Medjid having sent his portrait, set in diamonds, as a present to Queen Victoria. But when the Greek churches fell into the power of the conquering Moslems, the representations of saints and martyrs on their walls were made to disappear beneath a coat of limewash.

Wishing to operate upon the entire religious world—dreaming, perhaps, of a universal pontificate—Mohammed addressed himself to the Jews and Christians, as well as to the idolaters; and the Koran contains abundant evidence of a wish to reconcile doctrinal differences, and make the Bible harmonise with the new dispensation. He was particularly desirous to make proselytes among the Jews, and frequently appeals to the Old Testament for collateral evidence of the truth of his divine mission. With both the Bible and the Talmud he was well acquainted; for, during his journeys into Syria, previously to the proclamation of his mission as the chief and last prophet of Allah, he is said to have conversed familiarly on religious subjects with several Jews and Christians of learning and repute, among whom Abulfeda particularly mentions a famous rabbi, Abdollah Ibn Salaam, and Waraka, the nephew of his wife Khadijah, who, after deserting both the native polytheism and the Jewish creed, had embraced Christianity, and was well acquainted with both the Old and New Testaments. In order to conciliate the Jews, he directed his first disciples to pray with their faces towards Jerusalem; but when he found his advances rejected with contempt, and his pretensions derided, he instructed them to make their pious genuflexions towards Mecca.

Mohammed admitted the divine inspiration of the Old Testament, but accused the Jews of having falsified certain passages which did not agree well with his own pretensions. According to the views of divine revelation promulgated in the Koran, the will of God had been made known in succession by Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, and Jesus—their respective missions rising in importance as the altered circumstances of society required a fuller revelation. Thus the authority of Abraham is greater than that of Noah, and so on in regular gradation; but Abraham was the special prototype of a true believer. "The patriarch," he says, in the second chapter of the Koran, "was neither a Jew nor a Christian, for he believed in the unity of God: he was a religious Moslem, and the friend of God; for Islamism is nothing more than the faith of Abraham." Islamism signifies entire dependance on God; and this high order of faith, which was so remarkably exemplified by Abraham, is the leading characteristic of the Moslem faith. But it was Ishmael—the father of the Arab race—who, according to the Koran, was the beloved son of the patriarch, and the chosen of God for the sacrifice; and from him Mohammed claimed descent in a direct line.

As Moses was a greater prophet, and promulgated a fuller revelation of the divine will than Abraham, so was Jesus a prophet of a higher order than Moses, and the Christian dispensation a more complete one than the Jewish. "Jesus Christ, the son of Mary, was truly the apostle of God," says the Koran; "and his words which he conveyed unto Mary, and a spirit proceeding from him, honourable in this world and in the world to come; and one of those who approach near to the presence of God. Yet Jesus was a mere mortal, and not the Son of God; his enemies conspired against his life, but a phantom was substituted for him on the cross, while he was translated to heaven." The heresies of the Eastern churches led Mohammed to charge the Christians with tritheism; and he seems to have expected their conversion, regarding the unity of God a purer doctrine than that which they held. During his lifetime they were treated with clemency and moderation, their persons and property protected, and their worship tolerated; and this wise and humane course—so different from his treatment of the Arabian pagans—was strictly in accordance with the precepts of the Koran, which says that "the prophet is nothing but a teacher and admonisher of the people, who shall not be governed by violence; the believers shall leave those who do not believe to the punishment of God, for he is the only arbiter, and will reward every one as he deserves."

Having thus briefly pointed out the extent to which Judaism and Christianity enter into the composition of Islamism, it is now necessary to notice those doctrines which are peculiar to the Moslem dispensation. As the last of the series of prophets and teachers, Mohammed takes precedence of Jesus; he is the seal of the prophecies; and with him the divine missions have ceased. The Koran is, therefore, the last revelation of God's will to man, confirming and verifying the Old and New Testaments, and setting forth the means by which salvation is to be obtained under the new dispensation. Faith and works are both necessary to insure admission into the highest heaven; but there are inferior degrees of blessedness, which may be reached by all who believe in God and have lived a life of virtue and benevolence. For idolaters there is

no hope; their portion is the lowest pit of Jehanum—the Moslem hell. Wicked Jews and Christians, dying impenitent, are condemned to portions of the burning pit where the heat is a degree less intolerable; and Mohammedans, of the same class, receive a little more favour as the reward of their faith. The heaven of the Moslems is eminently sensual—a paradise of odoriferous groves and pellucid streams, where the faithful enjoy the society of the dark-eyed Houris—celestial females, whose more than earthly beauty is described in the Koran in the most glowing language.

The practical duties enjoined in the Koran are: prayers at five appointed times each day, the face of the worshipper being turned towards Mecca; frequent ablutions, Mohammed well understanding the near relation of physical and moral purity; attendance at divine service in the mosques every Friday; fasting during the month of Ramadan; alms, to which the fortieth part of each person's income must be devoted; and a pilgrimage to Mecca, if possible, once in the course of a person's life. Good works are much dwelt upon; without them, prayer and fasting, though they may advance the worshipper to the portals of paradise, will not obtain him admission. Circumcision was an Arabian custom, which Mohammed retained, probably because it was also practised by the Jews. Polygamy had existed in the East from time immemorial; the prophet merely regulated it, restricting the number of wives which a Moslem may legally have to four. Murder, adultery, perjury, and false witness, are enumerated in the Koran as deadly sins; and usury, gaming, and the use of wine and pork, are prohibited in strict terms. Creditors are also forbidden to imprison their debtors or make slaves of them.

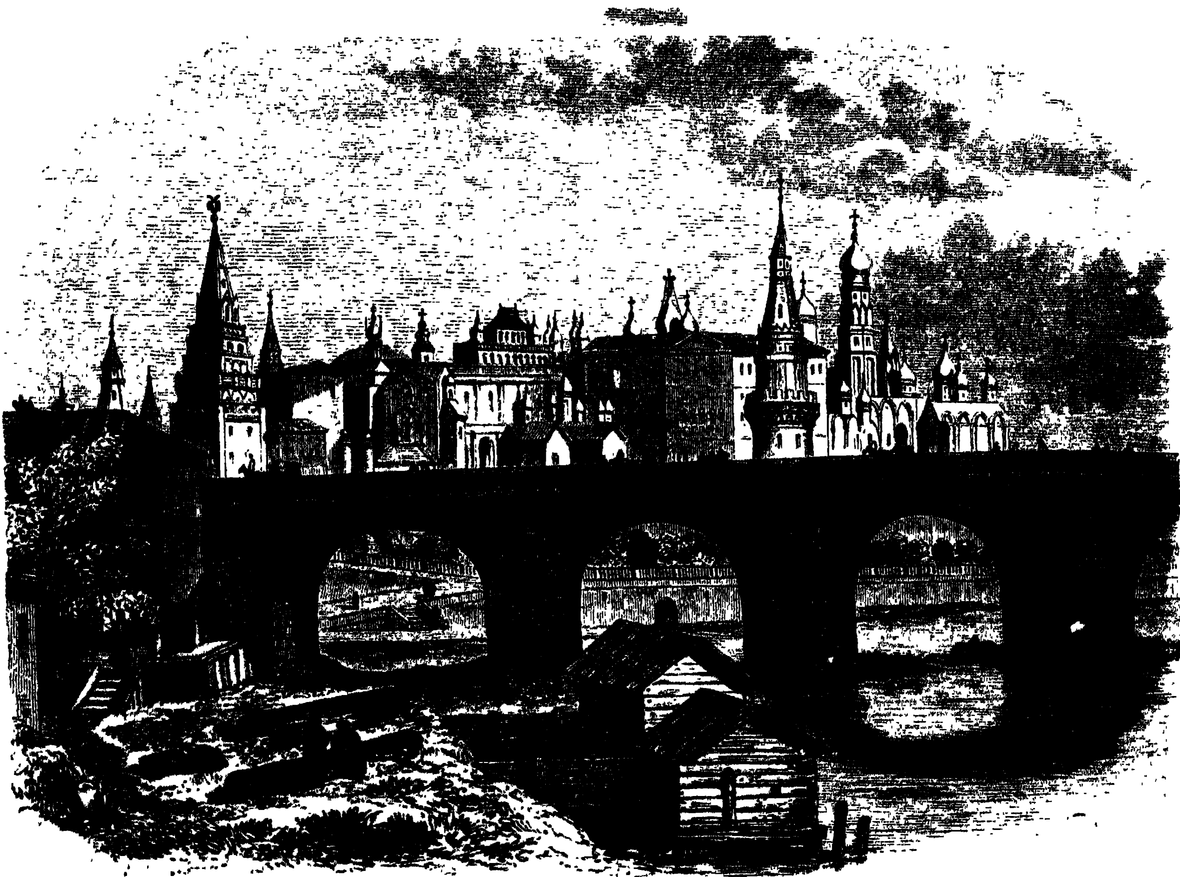
We have now to examine the influence of these doctrines and precepts on the character of the people among whom they have for centuries been received. Looking at its effects from the lofty point of view occupied by the Christian and the friend of social progress, the mission of Mohammed appears to be accomplished, and the system which he founded to have done all the good that it can do. It has outlived the time when it had a great purpose to serve, and now only exists as a protest against idolatry. The fatalism which so strongly pervades the Moslem theology, and the strictness with which the powers and duties of the Sultan are prescribed by the Koran, form an insuperable barrier to the attainment of a high degree of civilisation and the development of free institutions. Absolute predestination leads directly to individual apathy and social stagnation. The recognition of the precepts of the Koran as the only foundation of Moslem law, though it has in many instances given a check to oppression by the restrictions which it imposes on the exercise of arbitrary power, has now become an evil by fettering rulers in their efforts to promote the advance of civilisation and effect desirable reforms. This is the great difficulty which Mahmoud had to contend with, and which now clogs the progressive tendencies of his son. Reform and infidelity are synonymous terms with conservative Mohammedans, and a reforming Sultan runs the risk of being dethroned as an apostate from the faith of Islam.

READING THE KORAN.

Without a change in the national faith, the progress of the Mohammedan nations must be very slow, leaving them always very far behind those of Western Europe. Whether a religious reformation is possible, would be an interesting subject for investigation. To external influences they have hitherto been inaccessible, and the experience of our missionaries seems to show that the first change must come from within; that some point must be found in the Moslem creed itself whereon to plant the lever of progress. Islamism is not without its sects; the Shiites, one of the two great divisions, reject the traditions, and are more tolerant and liberal than the Sunnites, or orthodox believers. Among these it is possible that some Moslem Luther may arise to reform the Mohammedan church, and give a new reading to the Koran; after which it would be more susceptible to the influence of Christianity.

MOSCOW.

Moscow, the holy city of Russia, and ancient capital of her czars, is one of the most considerable cities in Europe; for, though its population is less than that of St. Petersburg, its superficial extent is much greater. Its circumference is generally stated at twenty-five and a half English miles; but a large portion of this space is occupied by gardens, parks, promenades, and open fields for military exercises and fairs. The gardens belonging to the mansions of the aristocracy are very beautiful, and laid out with much taste; in summer, these and the parks and the public gardens add much to the pleasantness of the city, but in winter their aspect is cheerless in the extreme. Moscow presents a fine and somewhat oriental appearance from a little distance, especially in the summer, when the gilded cupolas of the numerous churches are relieved by the masses of green trees among which they rise. The cupolas are of a bulbous form, like those of the Pavilion at Brighton, and are covered with tin, which, when not gilded, is painted green; it is the form of these cupolas, and the numerous towers and minarets, which give the city its peculiar appearance.



THE CITY OF MOSCOW.

The tremendous conflagration of 1812, with the subsequent renovation and improvement of the city, has so altered its appearance, that the descriptions published previously to that epoch are no longer correct. "The extraordinary mixture and contrast of magnificent palaces and petty huts, so often noticed by foreigners," says Dr. Lyall, "though still occurring in a few places, no longer strikes the eye as formerly; Moscow is daily losing its Asiatic features, and assuming the appearance of the capitals of Western Europe. Happily for the lover of venerable antiquity, the Kremlin, which suffered comparatively little, notwithstanding the attempts of the French to blow it up, retains unimpaired its ancient irregularity and grandeur."

The Kremlin, the ancient palace and citadel of the Russian emperors, gives its name to the central quarter of the city, which is surrounded by immense stone walls, with battlements, towers, and gates. Besides the old and new palaces, this quarter contains the imperial museum, the arsenal, the treasury, the palace of the patriarch, and thirty-two churches. The old palace was built in 1567, but only a portion remains, which the present emperor has had completely repaired and re-decorated, and furnished in the style of the period when it was first erected. The new palace was first built in 1743; and having been destroyed in the great conflagration of 1812, it was rebuilt four years later by the Emperor Alexander. This building, however, was pulled down by order of Nicholas, who has had a new palace of remarkable extent and magnificence built opposite the old palace, which is to be incorporated with it. The treasury, which is attached to the Vosnesenskoi Convent, contains the crowns, sceptres, arms, and drinking vessels, of the grand dukes and emperors, the value of which is said to exceed that of the collection in the Jewel Office of the Tower of London. In the church of the same convent a great number of empresses and grand duchesses are interred. The principal churches of the Kremlin quarter are that of the Assumption, where the emperors are crowned and anointed, esteemed the most splendid in Moscow; St. Michael's, which contains the tombs of the grand dukes and czars from the time when Moscow became the capital of the empire till the death of Peter the Great; that of the Annunciation, which is considered by some to excel all the rest in architectural beauty, though smaller than the preceding; and that of the Transfiguration, remarkable only for its antiquity, having been built in 1328. After the palaces and churches, the most striking object in the Kremlin quarter is the Ivanovskaya belfry, at the bottom of

which is the great bell, said to be the largest in the world, containing the enormous quantity of 360,000 lbs. of metal. This tower was destroyed by an explosion in 1812, but has been rebuilt in the same style, and is much admired for its height and architectural beauty.

The Khitai-gorod, also surrounded by a wall, with towers and gates, is the trading quarter of Moscow, and contains the bazaars and principal shops, besides linen, cotton, and woollen manufactories, iron and brass foundries, distilleries, paper mills, etc., most of which are under the superintendence of foreigners, chiefly English, Germans, and French. The chief public buildings in this quarter are the municipal hall, a very handsome edifice, and the printing-office of the holy synod, which contains thirty presses for printing theological works in Sclavonian, and educational books in Greek, Latin, French, and German, for the schools under the control of the synod. In the Khitai-gorod is the monument erected by order of the Emperor Alexander in honour of Minin and Pogarski, who delivered Russia from foreign domination in the seventeenth century, and placed Michael Romanoff, the first monarch of the reigning dynasty, on the throne. It consists of bronze statues of the two patriots, fourteen feet high, on a pedestal of red granite, adorned with bas-reliefs, and was executed by Martos, an eminent Russian artist.

The Beloi-gorod, the third great division of the city, surrounds the Kremlin and the Khitai-gorod, except on the south, on which side the river Moskwa flows; and contains the principal public offices, the university, the governor's palace, a number of churches and monasteries, and the palaces of many of the nobility, who make Moscow their winter residence. None of the public offices are remarkable for architectural beauty; but the palace of the governor is a magnificent edifice, and occupies a fine elevated situation. The palace of General Apraxin exceeds in length every other private edifice in Moscow; but that of Pashkoff is considered the finest specimen of architecture. Surrounding the three quarters described, and extending to the opposite side of the river, is the Zemlianoi-gorod, containing the depôts of the commissariat and the imperial distilleries, the Imperial Philanthropic Society, the Medico-Chirurgical Academy, which has a good anatomical museum, and a fine collection of stuffed animals, fossils, and minerals; and the church and monastery of St. Anne, a handsome Gothic edifice, with a very splendid interior. This quarter was formerly surrounded by a rampart of earth, which no longer exists, the space being now planted with trees, so as to form a promenade entirely round the city, like the Boulevards of Paris.

The suburbs of Moscow form an irregular polygon, completely surrounding the Zemlianoi-gorod, on both sides of the Moskwa. Some parts consist of streets and lanes, in which superb mansions alternate with wretched hovels, while others are like villages, separated from each other by market-gardens, meadows, and even corn-fields. In the suburbs are the noble hospital, founded at the end of the last century by Prince Galitzin, and named after him; the extensive and magnificent hospital, in the Grecian style of architecture, founded in 1810 by Count Sheremetoff; the military hospital, founded by Peter the Great; the splendid barracks, built for a palace by Catherine II., and converted to its present purpose by the Emperor Paul; and a number of churches and monasteries, some of which are worthy the attention of travellers. The asparagus, grown in the suburban gardens, is celebrated all over Russia for its size and superior flavour.

The manufactures of Moscow have made considerable progress during the last fifty years. In 1808, the number of large manufactories of linen, woollen, cotton, silk, and leather goods, hats, paper, porcelain, and earthenware in the province, most of them in the capital, was 394, which, in 1830, had increased to 730. It is also a place of great trade, and, indeed, may be called the centre of the inland trade of the empire, as St. Petersburg is of the maritime trade. The annual value of the imports is estimated at five millions of roubles, or about £750,000. The population of Moscow is stated in the most recent accounts at 360,000.

The amusements of Moscow are not numerous. The principal theatre is a vast edifice, but very inferior, both in internal decoration and the character of the performances, to the imperial theatre at St. Petersburg. A tenth of the proceeds is appropriated to the support of the Foundling Hospital, founded by Catherine II. in the year 1762. Concerts are given occasionally, but the chief resort of the aristocracy in the winter is the Assembly Rooms, where balls are given every Tuesday evening, from October to May, in a fine saloon, with an alcoved ceiling, supported by a colonnade of Corinthian pillars, of white scagliola. Only members of the nobility have the *entrée,* the annual subscription being for gentlemen fifty roubles, married ladies twenty-five roubles, and unmarried ladies ten roubles. Fêtes are sometimes given at the Prunia Gardens, with music, and an illumination at night. For the humbler classes, there are low places of amusement, where the entertainments consist of singing and dancing, the performers being generally of the gipsy race.

According to Russian tradition, Moscow derives its name from Meshech, the son of Japheth, and grandson of the antediluvian patriarch, Noah, who settled on the spot shortly after the deluge. Until within a comparatively recent period, this idea was countenanced by the best biblical commentators; and a Jewish rabbi, about half a century ago, made this application of the passage:—"Woe is me, that I sojourn in Meshech!" In consequence of this, it is said that the prayer for the emperor, which, up to that period, had been read in the synagogue, has been omitted, except when some Christian, supposed to be acquainted with Hebrew, has happened to be present. According to more reliable accounts, the city was founded by the Grand Duke George in 1147, and enlarged and improved by his son Andrew. It did not become the capital, however, until 1328, when the Grand Duke Ivan transferred the seat of government from Vladimir to the rising city of the Moskwa. At this time, however, and long afterwards, the city did not extend beyond the Kremlin quarter, which became as much an object of veneration to the Muscovites as Mecca to the followers of Mahommed. The capital has always been regarded with this mingled admiration and reverence: "Who can resist God and the great Novgorod?" was a common saying when that city was the capital; and when the seat of government was transferred to Kief, that place was regarded as "the holy city," and the "mother of all the Russian cities." Hence Moscow has also been called "The Holy City," and more familiarly, "Mother Moscow," or sometimes "Stone Moscow," because the principal buildings are of that material, which is rarely the case in Russia, where, except in the large towns, even the churches are built of wood.

The history of Moscow embraces the usual series of fires, pestilences, famines, and tumults, common to most of the great cities of Europe. In the reign of Boris it was desolated by a famine so severe, that the inhabitants were reduced to cannibalism; and no city, except Constantinople, has been so often devastated by fire. These have been mainly owing, as in the case of the Turkish capital, to the general use of wood in the construction of dwelling-houses, great numbers of which are still built of that material. The tremendous conflagration of 1812, the effects of which have been already noticed, constitutes an important epoch in the history of Moscow, and is so used by the inhabitants in their calculations. With the importance of that event the Russians are so fully impressed, that the 25th of December has been made a day of thanksgiving for "the deliverance of the Church and the Russian empire from the invasion of the French and twenty other nations who came with them."

Out of Russia, the belief is general that the conflagration, which destroyed two-thirds of the city, was the work of the Russians themselves, and that it was ordered by Count Rostopschin, the governor of Moscow, in order to deprive the invaders of winter quarters, and compel them to retreat in that inclement season. The disastrous consequences to the French are too well known to need relating here; and it is absurd to suppose that they would have destroyed a city, upon their possession of which all their hopes of success depended. But in Russia the belief is general that the destruction of the city was the work of the invaders; and much indignation is manifested on the expression of a contrary opinion. That it is still attributed to the French is probably owing to the fact, that Alexander charged them with it at the time as a means of exciting the passions of the army and people against them; and to avow the truth now would be hardly decent. Count Rostopschin would never acknowledge that he was the author of the fire, and published a pamphlet in 1823, in which he positively

denies that it was the result of his orders. The truth, however, must be known to many of the upper classes, though policy has dictated its concealment; and, indeed, there are allusions in the works of Russian authors which leave little room for doubt. Karamzin, the historian and poet, has a tolerably plain avowal of the fact in a poem which has been thus translated by Dr. Bowring, in his "Russian Anthology:"—

"Proud city! Sovereign Mother thou
Of all Sclavonian cities now;
Work of seven ages!—beauty once
And glory were around thee spread;
Toil-gathered riches blessed thy sons,
And splendid temples crowned thy head;
Our monarchs in thy bosom lie,
With sainted dust that cannot die.

Farewell! farewell! Thy children's hands
Have seized the all-destroying brands,
To whelm in ashes all thy pride.
Blaze! blaze! thy guilt in flames be lost,
And heaven and earth be satisfied
With thee, the nation's holocaust!
The foe of peace shall find in thee
The ruined tomb of victory."

SEALS.

With the exception of the whales and their allies, the seals, perhaps, at first sight exhibit a greater departure from our ordinary idea of *beasts* than any other mammalia. Although still undoubtedly quadrupeds, their legs are so completely inclosed within the skin of the body, that nothing but the feet project, and of these, the toes are united by skin, so as to form fins or paddles, adapted almost solely for the propulsion of the animal through the water. The position of the hind legs, too, is very singular: they are turned completely backwards, so as to form a sort of broad double-tail fin, very similar, both in appearance and action, to the tail fin of the whale. But in these, as in the fore feet, all the parts existing in the most perfect quadrupeds are to be recognised; whilst the tail of the whale is really a fin, and has nothing whatever to do with the hinder extremities. As might be supposed from the form of the limbs, the seals are by no means at home on dry land; when out of the water they flounder about in rather an awkward manner, by a wriggling action of the belly assisted by the fore paws. But in the water the fish-like form of their bodies and their powerful paddles render them very active; and in this, their native element, they swim and dive with great rapidity, in pursuit of the fishes and other marine animals which constitute their general food.

The common seal (*Phoca vitulina*), which is found in most seas, but is especially plentiful on the Arctic coasts, is of a yellowish-gray colour, usually covered with dusky or blackish spots. Its usual length is about three feet, but it sometimes measures as much as five or six. It has a rounded head, somewhat resembling that of a dog, whence it has obtained the name of "the sea-dog." The eyes are very large, soft, and black, giving it a most intelligent expression of countenance; it has no external ears, but the orifices are furnished with a valve, which the animal can close when under water, so as to prevent the ingress of that fluid. These animals are common on some parts of the British coast, but on the coast of Greenland they exist in innumerable herds, in spite of the destructive warfare that has been waged against them for ages, both by the native Esquimaux and by Europeans. To the latter the *seal-fishery*, as it is termed, furnishes only two products, oil and fur; but so indispensable is the seal to the very existence of the Greenlander, that it has been said that the sea is his field and the seal-fishery his harvest. The skin of the seal, when deprived of the long and rather coarse hair which forms its outer coat, furnishes a soft downy fur of a light brown or fawn colour, which was formerly in considerable repute in England for making caps, great-coat collars, waistcoats, slippers, and similar articles of winter comfort; but it provides the Greenlander with the whole of his clothing; and to a people who depend so much on a seafaring life for their subsistence, its capability of resisting water is not one of its least desirable qualities. The oil which is used in Europe only for burning in lamps, not merely serves this purpose amongst the Esquimaux of Greenland, but is also employed by them for heating their winter dwellings, and, strange as it may appear to European tastes, it likewise forms one of their favourite beverages. Mr. M'Culloch, however, in speaking of the oil, says, that "when extracted before putrefaction has commenced, it is beautifully transparent, free from smell, and not unpleasant in its taste."

But every part of the seal is of importance to these people. The skin not only furnishes them with the warm clothing so necessary in their climate, but provides their boats and tents with a waterproof covering, and when tanned forms a strong and serviceable leather for their shoes. The intestines are used to form windows, curtains for the front of their tents, summer clothing, shirts, and a number of other articles; the sinews furnish them with threads to sew them together; the bones are used as tools and for the heads of spears; and the flesh forms their most important article of food. This is said to be far more palatable than that of the whale, and the fried liver is said by Scoresby to be esteemed even by Europeans "as an agreeable dish."

In fine weather the seals are very fond of basking in the sun; and vast herds of them are often seen thus engaged upon the field-ice. In these situations, which are called "seal meadows," the hunters endeavour to surprise them while sleeping, so as to intercept their attempted retreat into the water, to which, as an asylum, they always direct their course when alarmed. They are generally destroyed by knocking them on the nose with clubs, a single blow being sufficient to dispatch them. The European seal-fishery has been carried on almost entirely by ships sent out every spring from Hamburg and Bremen; and some of these have captured as many as four or five thousand in one voyage. The whalers, also, frequently take to sealing, probably to make up for bad success in their regular occupation.

In their character seals exhibit many amiable points. They are affectionate to their young; and the latter, in return, are said to be most dutifully obedient to their parents; and the males fight valorously in defence of their wives and families. In confinement, especially when taken young, they are easily tamed, and then exhibit much of the attachment of a dog for their master.

There are many other species of seals, all inhabiting the seas of different parts of the world, but delighting principally in the coasts of the Arctic and Antarctic regions. Some, indeed, are found in hotter climates; and one, the Monk Seal (*Phoca monachus*), represented in our illustration, is tolerably numerous in the Mediterranean. It bears a considerable resemblance in form to the common seal; but the toes of the hind feet are destitute of claws, and the animal sometimes attains a length of from ten to twelve feet. This seal is often carried about the continent of Europe in shows, and some extraordinary accounts are given of its docility; thus it has been said to pronounce words; and Aldrovand describes a specimen, probably of this species, which had been taught to utter a cry of pleasure whenever the name of a Christian prince was mentioned, but to remain perfectly still when the Grand Turk, then the terror of Europe, was named.

The largest of the northern species is the Morse or Walrus (*Trichechus rosmarus*), which is sometimes as much as twenty feet in length, and as thick in the body as an ox. The most striking peculiarity of this animal consists in a pair of formidable tusks, which hang down from the angles of the upper jaw, and are of great service to him in raising his unwieldy body out of the water, when he wishes to rest upon the ice or rocks of his Arctic abode. The walrus appears to feed, at all events in part, upon seaweeds; and a specimen, which lived for some time at St. Petersburg, was nourished on a sort of vegetable broth, of which carrots and other succulent roots formed an important part. The tusks of this animal furnish excellent ivory; and the subcutaneous fat or blubber yields a large quantity of oil; but the qualities of the meat are not so well ascertained, some voyagers describing it as excellent eating, when the prejudice arising from its dark colour had been overcome, while others have declared it to be so bad that even the dogs reject it with disgust. The walrus, which is also called the

Sea-horse, occasionally wanders to a considerable distance from its accustomed haunts; and, according to Dr. Fleming, a specimen was shot in December, 1817, on the coast of Harris, in the Hebrides.

One of the southern seals, called the Fur Seal, *par excellence* (*Arctocephalus Falklandicus*), furnishes by far the greater portion

THE MONK SEAL (PHOCA MONACHUS).

of the article known in Europe as seal's-skin. This species was formerly very common on the shores of the islands of the Southern Ocean, especially about the Falkland Islands, from which its name is derived. But in the course of a year or two, the avarice of Europeans destroyed as many as three hundred and twenty thousand of these animals; thus defeating its own object: for the massacre was so indiscriminate—the mothers being killed before the young were able to shift for themselves—that the animals became nearly extinct.

Of the other species inhabiting the Southern Ocean, several attain a considerable size. One of the most singular is the Leonine Seal or Sea Elephant (*Morunga elephantina*), the male of which has a curious appendage to the nose, resembling a proboscis, of about a foot in length. This seal, which lives in large herds on the shores of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, is often five-and-twenty or thirty feet long; and as its fat furnishes a large quantity of most excellent oil, its pursuit has become of great importance.

FRANCOIS ARAGO.

FRANCOIS DOMINIQUE ARAGO, the eminent astronomer, was born on the *26th February, 1786, at Estagel,* at the foot of the Pyrennees. His father was a small proprietor, owning some vineyards and olive groves in that commune, the proceeds of which scarcely sufficed to maintain his numerous family. But removing to Perpignan at the Revolution, he distinguished himself by his public spirit, and was enabled to place his son in a good school at

Toulouse. The youth had already given evidence of superior abilities, and on presenting himself as a candidate for pupilage at the Polytechnic School, his first answer so astonished the examiner that he sent him to Paris at once, with a complimentary recommendation. At the Polytechnic he made rapid progress in his studies, and gave the first public evidence of his republican tendencies by refusing to subscribe his adhesion to the constitution of the empire.

On leaving the Polytechnic, he received an appointment at the observatory of Paris, and was shortly afterwards associated with M. Biot, in the operation of measuring an arc of the meridian in Spain. The operation was one of toil and difficulty, for he had to travel on foot through the mountains which divide the provinces of Valencia and Catalonia from that of Arragon; but youth and a robust constitution enabled him to surmount every obstacle. While engaged in his measurements, war commenced between France and Spain, and the mountaineers, whose ignorance incapacitated them from appreciating young Arago's scientific labours, attempted to seize him, alleging that he made fires in the mountains to direct the movements of the French troops. He found means, however, to reach the coast in disguise, but being unable to get away, he retraced his steps, and placed himself under the protection of the

authorities, who put him in prison for safety, but not till he had been wounded and narrowly escaped death at the hands of a furious mob. By the connivance of the captain-general of the province, he escaped from prison after a brief incarceration, and embarked in a fishing-boat for Algiers, where he hoped to find a vessel bound for Marseilles. In this hope he was not disappointed, and was within sight of that port, when the vessel in which he had embarked was captured by a Spanish privateer and taken into Rosas. The authorities there seem to have desired some pretext for confiscating the vessel, and confined Arago in a dark and dirty cell, alleging that he was a refugee Spaniard; for the vessel in which he had embarked was an Algerine one, in which the Dey had sent two lions as presents for the emperor. One of these had died on the voyage, and Arago found means to forward a letter to the Dey, informing him of the seizure of the vessel, and that the animal in question had been starved by the Spaniards. The Dey was terribly enraged, and addressed an angry letter to the Spanish government, demanding compensation for the seizure of the vessel, and threatening war in the case of refusal. This led to the surrender of the ship and the liberation of Arago, who proceeded on his voyage in her; but the crew were incompetent to the navigation, and losing their reckoning, landed him at Bougie, on the Algerian coast. From thence he travelled on foot to Algiers, disguised as an Arab, and on his arrival found the Dey dead, and the city in an uproar, occasioned by a conflict between two claimants to the succession. One of these was killed, and his victorious rival demanded payment from France of a pretended debt, imprisoning as a guarantee every Frenchman in Algeria.

After enduring many hardships, Arago obtained his liberation; and having narrowly escaped capture by a British cruiser, at length reached Marseilles. He immediately repaired to Paris, where he was elected a member of the Institute. Now commenced his long and glorious career of scientific discovery. To mention all that he has done in this way would far exceed our limits. His determination of the diameters of planets, afterwards adopted by Laplace; the discovery of coloured polarisation, and that of magnetism by rotation, which gained for him the Copley medal of the Royal Society, would alone suffice to place him in the first rank among the scientific geniuses of the age. In a few years he became a member of every great scientific society in Europe. He visited England, and received the honorary citizenship of Edinburgh and Glasgow; and in his own country he won the esteem and respect of all classes, and of men of all shades of political belief. His lectures on astronomy were invariably attended by crowded audiences; and the *éloges* which, after his elevation to the post of secretary to the Academy of Sciences, it became his duty to compose on the decease of any of its members, were superior to any that had appeared before.

The political opinions of which the eminent academician had given evidence in his youth underwent no modification in mature years, though he never took so active a part in politics as his brother Etienne. His sympathies were always with the people: and when the revolution of 1830 broke out, and the streets of Paris were red with blood, he went to Marshal Marmont, with whom he was on intimate terms, and besought him to seize the opportunity of redeeming his reputation from the stains of 1814, by resigning the command of the army, and thus staying the further effusion of blood. The marshal was deeply affected, but seemed to feel that such a step would subject him to the stigma of a double treason; his position was a painful one, he said, but he must do his duty to the king. Arago left his presence with regret; but the firmness of the marshal only retarded, without preventing, the downfall of the elder branch of the Bourbon dynasty. In the elections which followed the revolution, Arago was chosen to represent the department of the Pyrénées Orientales in the Chamber of Deputies, and joined the party of the extreme left, that of the ultra-liberals and republicans.

Two years later, when the barricades were again raised by the Parisians, he was one of those leaders of the opposition who assembled at the house of Lafitte, and, believing the insurrection triumphant, appointed a deputation to wait upon Louis Philippe, to dictate to him the terms on which he would be allowed to retain the sovereignty of France. But by the time the deputation reached the royal presence, the insurgents had been driven back upon the Faubourg St. Antoine; and they judged it prudent to confine their mission to urging upon the king the policy of making some concessions to the people, and extending his clemency to those who had risen against his government. The insurrection being suppressed, and no hope remaining of a speedy subversion of the monarchy, Arago turned his attention to the best means of conserving the freedom which still existed, and, in conjunction with Lafayette, Armand Carrel, Garnier-Pages, Armand Marrast, Cormenin, and others of the republican party, established the Association for the Defence of the Liberty of the Press.

Though his republican opinions and his connexion with the men we have named rendered him ineligible for office under Louis Philippe in a political capacity, his reputation as an astronomer and mathematician was so high that he received the appointment of chief of the Royal Observatory at Paris, which he retained till his death. The active part which he took in politics during the latter years of the reign of Louis Philippe did not diminish the ardour of his scientific pursuits; and the distinction which the Paris Observatory has gained in the annals of astronomical science was mainly owing to his genius and assiduity. Among the subjects upon which his powerful intellect threw additional light at this time was the scintillation of the stars, which he ascribes to the circumstance of their rays passing through atmospheric strata having various degrees of heat, density, and humidity, and combining in the focus of the telescopic lens, where they produce images of varying colour and intensity.

During the session of 1847, a union of the various sections of the left was effected on the question of a reform of the electoral law. Thiers and Dupin, unable any longer to endure their exclusion from office, tendered their support to Odillon-Barrot, who had long been known as an advocate for an extension of the suffrage, and who readily accepted the aid of such distinguished converts. Arago cordially joined and promoted the fusion, as he would have done any measure which tended to further the greater end which he and his party had in view. The nation received the project with unbounded enthusiasm; but, in the agitation which then commenced, the republican leaders kept in the background, permitting Odillon-Barrot, Thiers, and Dupin, to receive all the honour of the movement, while they secretly prepared the people for the struggle which they saw impending.

The result proved the soundness of their judgment, as well as the hold which they had upon the public mind. When the republicans were armed and successful, when every street had its barricade, and the blood of the people crimsoned the pavement, it was too late to talk either of a reformed ministry or a regency. The republic was established with the assistance of Odillon-Barrot and his colleagues, but very much to their disappointment and regret. The prominent part which the venerable academician had taken in politics for so many years, and the steadiness and consistency with which he had voted with the ultra-liberal party, obtained his nomination as a member of the provisional government, and the ministry of marine was assigned him. He had now an opportunity of assisting in the application of the principles for which he had contended from his youth, and he succeeded in obtaining for the republic the adhesion of the whole of the marine service. During the brief administration of the provisional government, he discharged the duties of his office with honesty and ability; and when the republic merged in the empire, he retired from the arena of political strife, and applied himself with undiminished ardour to those scientific pursuits, which had already obtained him such high and honourable celebrity.

When all persons holding appointments under the imperial government were required to take the oath of allegiance to Napoleon III., Arago remained true to his principles, and refused. The emperor paid him the high but deserved compliment of dispensing with the oath, at the same time allowing him to retain his appointment at the Observatory. Having lived nearly sixty-eight years, seen the first republic and the first empire, the restored monarchy, the second republic, and the restored empire, and enjoyed the friendship of the most distinguished men of the day, the illustrious astronomer died on the 2nd of October, 1853, regretted by all who knew his worth or admired his g

AN ADVENTURE ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.

An American schooner not long since sailed from New York to the west coast of Africa with salt buffalo on board to exchange for ivory, which was to be taken to St. Helena for sale. Having landed, one evening, near Delagoa Bay, they wished to set sail on the following morning, but such was the violence of the sea and contrary winds that they could not possibly get out. In this trying position the captain and the second steersman resolved to go to Delagoa Bay by land and get more men, as all the sailors, with the exception of two or three, were attacked with fever. The undertaking was a venturesome one, even to rashness, considering the danger of falling a prey to fever or the treachery of the natives. They took no weapons with them, thinking it of no use to burden themselves with them, and accomplished a journey of from twenty to five-and-twenty miles without any inconvenience. At length, however, they were joined by three natives, one of whom retired after a while on the pretence of fetching water, while the other two kindled a fire and began to roast some kind of corn, which they offered to the Americans. Meanwhile the one who had gone away came back with seven other natives.

The captain, anxious to save time, determined to proceed on his journey, though the sun was only just going down. To relieve themselves of the burden of their bundle of clothes, they entrusted it to the natives who followed. When they came to the foot of a steep hill, which afforded a fine prospect over a picturesque valley, they halted for the night and lighted a large fire. As might be expected, the curiosity, if not traitorous intentions, of the natives prompted them to look into the bundle to see what it contained. This the captain would not endure, and such was his violent indignation that a quarrel ensued, which was just what the natives wanted. Their object might have been easily conjectured when one of the three went professedly to fetch water and came back with seven comrades. Although a natural dread of the whites restrained them from open attack till night came on, their wild passions now suddenly burst forth with tremendous fury. They rose as one man, collected together in a body, and hurled their spears at the two unfortunate whites. The captain advanced boldly to meet them. Soon, however, having received several wounds, he was compelled to seek safety in flight. Exhausted by loss of blood, he was almost immediately overtaken and struck to the earth—to all appearance dead, though it is not certain that he really was so.

The steersman, who had turned aside when the first spear was hurled, was pierced by two in the right arm, and hit near the right eye. Yet he snatched up a spear and hurled it with dreadful violence at those who were standing nearest, two of whom immediately fell dead. But against such a disparity of numbers it was impossible for the most desperate courage to prevail, and he was at last struck down by a blow on the head from a club. As he lay in a state of perfect unconsciousness and without the slightest motion, they naturally thought he was dead. They dragged him to the fire, as he afterwards found, and stripped him of all his clothes, inflicting various injuries upon his person. When he came to himself again, he found he was lying naked upon the sand in a state of such utter exhaustion that he could neither speak nor move. By degrees his strength began to return, and he was able to look round at intervals without being noticed by the natives. At length he was horrified to see the body of the poor captain, which was lying near the fire, while some of the natives were engaged in cutting long strips from the fleshy parts of the body, and others were roasting them at the fire—all expressing by their looks a greediness to partake.

It is scarcely possible to conceive of a more horrible situation than that of the unfortunate wounded man. As if his own sufferings and fears were not enough, he had to bear in addition the distress and disgust of seeing his poor comrade, whose fate was even worse than his own, thus brutally mangled by cannibals. If he gave the least sign of the life which still lingered in him, he was sure to be instantly despatched by a more effectual blow of a club than the last. On the other hand, if he remained motionless and apparently lifeless, it was but too probable that as soon as they had partially satisfied the cravings of their unnatural appetite with the flesh of the ill-fated captain, they would lay murderous hands upon him to finish their horrid meal. The very thought of what he must have endured all this time is enough to make one shudder. There he lay, as minute after minute passed by without bringing any prospect of escape, in speechless agitation, an involuntary witness of the most revolting barbarity.

At last, after the wretches had gorged themselves till they could eat no more, they lay down overpowered with drowsiness, and soon fell fast asleep. The poor steersman no sooner observed this, than he made a desperate attempt to rouse himself from his deathlike dreamy state, that he might avoid his apparently inevitable fate by flight; but how, or where he could flee, he had not the least idea. He tried to get up, but could not stand; still less could he walk. Every time he made the attempt he fell down from sheer exhaustion and debility. All he could do was to crawl along upon his hands and knees to some bushes that were near, and there hide himself. Happily, he managed to accomplish this without disturbing the slumbers of any of the inhuman monsters who were snoring away most lustily. In this retreat he lay in a state of utter helplessness the whole of the night, trembling every moment lest he should fall a prey to wild beasts, even if he escaped the fury of the natives, which seemed scarcely possible, and dreading the still more horrible death from starvation if he survived the other two dangers. But scarcely had the morning light arrived, when the savages, having now slept off their last night's gluttony, woke up, and looking round, quickly perceived that their prey was no longer within sight. They at once commenced a diligent search, and discovered the poor fellow in his place of concealment. He made signs to them for some water to drink, but not only was this denied him, but he was plainly given to understand that they looked forward with delight to the gratification of feasting upon his flesh in the evening, and they showed him a rough table upon which they intended to butcher him after an approved method of their own. They then left him to himself to dwell upon his miserable fate. Afterwards, when he cried with moans for a draught of wat r, they brought him something to eat instead, and forced him to swallow it in spite of all his efforts to resist. As may be conjectured, it was positively a part of the poor captain's body which was left from last night's meal.

When the shades of evening began to come on, the unhappy creature, who was by this time somewhat recovered from his wounds, made a second desperate effort to escape. He could now walk, and slowly and cautiously he pursued his way with a security which nothing but courage and despair could impart. The darkness of the night favoured his design, and sometimes stooping down among the bushes of the wood, and sometimes rep·sing in the open air when it was too dark for him to be seen, he gradually gained fresh strength to continue his course with an alacrity which increased with every step, as the prospect of deliverance became more and more distinct. At length he found he was getting near the shore, off which his companions were waiting his return. Forgetting his fatigues, and for a moment unconscious of his weakness and his wounds, he quickened his pace, and was soon safely out of reach of the murderous wretches who had pursued him for a considerable distance. His companions at once took him on board the schooner in a state of complete exhaustion, from which it seemed scarcely possible for him ever to recover. Happily, however, rest of body and peace of mind, together with the unremitting attention of his mates, at last restored him to his usual health.

During his short absence the fever had raged frightfully on board. Many of his comrades had fallen a prey to its ravages, others were still in a dangerous state, and even those who were recovering were too feeble to be of much service in managing the vessel. After a time the first steersman and two other sailors went in a boat along the coast to Delagoa Bay, to see if they could meet with any friendly assistance. Happily their little expedition was attended with success. They found a Portuguese vessel, in company with which they all sailed away as soon as the wind had become more favourable, and the violence of the waves had sufficiently abated to allow of their departure.

For the above particulars of an actual occurrence, we are indebted to the steersman, who afterwards served on board an English vessel, and made a voyage round the world.

FIELD SPORTS OF ASSYRIA.

The excavation of the ancient cities of Nineveh, Babylon, and Khorsabad, has presented us with glimpses of the every-day life of their former inhabitants, their amusements, their religious rites, and their domestic customs, which would have remained lost to us had the accumulated sand and rubbish of ages continued to cover their ruins. In baring to the daylight and the curious eye of the visitor the long-buried towns of Pompeii and Herculaneum, we come upon the villas, the temples, and the theatres of the luxurious patricians of Rome, and acquire a knowledge of their manners and customs which renders intelligible many an otherwise obscure passage in Ovid, or Horace, or Juvenal; but in exploring the ruins of Nineveh, we survey the monuments of periods, in comparison with which that of the towns buried by the lava of Vesuvius is modern. We stand on the site of the oldest city in the world, dating from the epoch of Nimrod, the "mighty hunter," and walk through the chambers of the palace which Sennacherib raised and Sardanapalus destroyed.

and on a slab found in the same mound were sculptured a hind and fawn, and a wild sow with her young ones among tall reeds.

Other indications of the nature of the chase in that remote epoch were afforded by the designs traced on the bronze and iron utensils discovered in the excavations of Nimroud. Among these was a bronze plate, the rim embossed with figures of greyhounds pursuing a hare, and the centre representing encounters between men and lions. Another bore figures of stags, wild goats, bears, and leopards, with a rim of trees and deer. A third had figures of deer, hares, and lions, represented upon it. A large bowl has a hunting-scene represented in bold relief on its sides. The hunter stands in a chariot drawn by two horses, and driven by a charioteer, and turning round, discharges an arrow at a lion, which is already wounded; while another hunter pierces the animal with a spear. Above the second hunter a hawk is hovering. All these animals are still denizens of the woods and plains bordering the Tigris, though probably in diminished numbers. Speaking of the patches

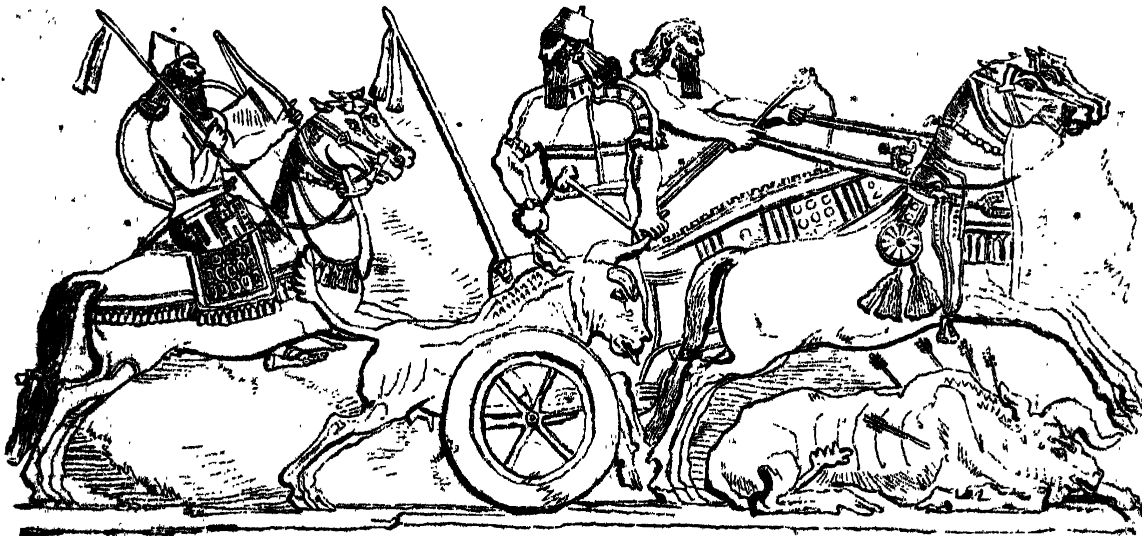
ASSYRIAN CHASE IN THE FOREST.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Notwithstanding the thousands of years that have glided down the resistless stream of time into the ocean of eternity since the palaces of Nineveh and Khorsabad were raised, the sculptures on their walls afford as much information on Assyrian life and manners at that remote epoch, as the vessels and ornaments, found at Pompeii and Herculaneum, do of the days of Pliny. In the present article we propose to notice the field sports of the Assyrians, as illustrated by the bas-reliefs now in the British Museum. In clearing away some rubbish at Khorsabad, one of Mr. Layard's overseers discovered two bas-reliefs sculptured in black stone. On one of these slabs, from a restoration of which the above engraving is taken, a fowler is represented discharging an arrow at a bird on the wing, apparently a partridge, or perhaps a wild pigeon. Behind the sportsman are two others; one carrying a bow and arrows, the other a hare in his hand, and a gazelle over his shoulder. Among the seals, also, which Mr. Layard discovered at Kouyunjik, was one representing a horseman in pursuit of a stag;

of bush which form green oases in the arid plain of Sinjar, Mr. Layard says: "Among them lurked game of various kinds. Troops of gazelles sprang from the low cover, and bounded over the plain. The greyhounds coursed hares; the horsemen followed a wild boar of enormous size, and nearly white from age; and the doctor, who was the sportsman of the party, shot a bustard, with beautiful speckled plumage and a ruff of long feathers round its neck. This bird was larger than the common small bustard, but apparently of the same species. Other bustards, besides many birds of the plover kind, rose from these tufts, which seemed to afford food and shelter to a variety of living creatures." The lion, too, is not uncommon in the jungles of the Khabour, and the Bedouins frequently find their cubs in the spring. The footprints of these animals were also discovered by Mr. Layard and his party about the mound of Niffer; and in the jungles bordering on the Tigris, leopards, hyenas, jackals, deer, antelopes, and wild boars are frequently met with.

The chase of the more formidable animals, as the lion and the wild bull, appears to have been pursued in chariots, as that of the tiger is in India on the backs of elephants. One of the bas-reliefs from Kouyunjik, now in the British Museum, and engraved below, represents a hunting scene very similar to that of the lion already described, but the object of the chase in this instance is the wild bull. The chariot is driven by a charioteer, and drawn by two horses; the hunter holds by the horns a wounded bull, who is plunging over the wheels, and his spear is fixed in a socket made in the back of the chariot to receive it. A horseman, leading another horse, and carrying a spear in his right hand, is riding behind, and the hunter in the chariot is looking back towards him, as if invoking his assistance. Another bull, pierced with several arrows, and apparently in the agonies of death, is lying upon the ground, under the feet of the chariot-horses.

Probably the chase of the lion and wild bull was reserved for the kings and chief men, similar reservations having existed in most countries, while passing through what may be called the hunting stage in the history of society. As the animals of the chase became scarce, the idea of their domestication would suggest itself, and society would gradually pass into the pastoral stage. In the arid plains of south-western Asia, the adoption of the new mode of obtaining subsistence would necessitate a wandering life, such as the Arabs and Turcomans have continued to lead to the present day; but, in time, fertile spots would be found where agriculture could be pursued, and there villages would spring up, to become cities as the population increased, and the mechanical arts began to be acquired and practised. Still, as in all semi-barbarous communities war and the chase are the only honourable occupations, the laws of the hunting epoch would be preserved, and enforced with the more strictness in proportion as the objects of royal and princely sport became scarce. The lion and the wild bull, from the character of savage majesty associated with them, would be regarded as appertaining to the amusements of royalty, while any one would be allowed to chase the deer, the gazelle, or the wild goat.



ASSYRIANS HUNTING THE WILD BULL.—FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

NOTHING, observes Disraeli, is more singular than the various success of men in the House of Commons. Fellows who have been the oracles of coteries from their birth; who have gone through the regular process of gold medals, senior wranglerships, and double-firsts; who have nightly sat down amid tumultuous cheering in debating societies, and can harangue with an unruffled forehead and unfaltering voice from one end of a dinner-table to the other; who on all occasions have something to say, and can speak with fluency on what they know nothing about, no sooner rise in the house than their spell deserts them. All their effrontery vanishes. Commonplace ideas are rendered more uninteresting by commonplace delivery; and keenly alive as even boobies are in these sacred walls to the ridiculous, no one appears more thoroughly aware of his unexpected and astounding deficiencies than the orator himself. He regains his seat, hot and hard, sultry and stiff, with a burning cheek and icy hand, suppressing his breath, lest it should give evidence of an existence of which he is ashamed, and clenching his fist, that the pressure may secretly convince him that he has not as completely annihilated his stupid body as his false reputation. On the other hand, persons whom the women have long deplored, and the men long pitied, as having no manner; who blush when you speak to them, and blunder when they speak to you, suddenly jump up in the house with a self-confidence which is only equalled by their consummate ability.

Another thing very remarkable in the House of Commons is the decline of oratory there. It is common to talk of the decline of oratory. We are all of us apt to look at the men and times of earlier days as more grand and spirit-stirring than our own. It is true, as Campbell sings,

> "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;"

but still the fact is clear, that men do not talk of the orators of our times as our fathers talked of the orators of theirs. One reason may be, that oratory—the power of making a neat and appropriate speech—is much more common than it was. The average debating power is greater, and therefore particular stars shine less. But we are inclined to believe that the standard of excellence in the old House of Commons was higher than it has been since it has become reformed. The speeches of Chatham, Pitt, Sheridan, Fox, Grey, Plunkett, and the earlier speeches of Brougham, were delivered to an assembly, the *élite* of whom were the choice spirits of the age. The greater part of the members of those parliaments were men to whom politics were a profession—with too many a trade. A man could not then so readily ride into office on the shoulders of the multitude. To sway the House of Commons was then much more essential than it is now. A great proportion of the members were undergoing their training for parliamentary speaking, to whom a rigid observation of those who were to form their models was a part of their duty, as being a part of their political education. The majority of the remainder were men of education and long political experience, grown old in the habit of weighing the relative value of

different speakers. Another reason may also be given for the change. Mr. Francis, in his "Orators of the Age," says: "Another and a more influential cause of the altered tone of contemporary eloquence is the altered character of the House of Commons. The extension of the elective principle, which dates from the Reform Bill, has much augmented the numbers and increased the importance of a class of members for whom orators half a century ago would have entertained the most profound contempt—the *bonâ fide* representatives of borough constituencies. Public men find it necessary to conciliate them, and a particular style of speaking has grown into favour in consequence. Parliamentary orators now find it necessary to do something more than merely display their own talents. The commercial, calculating spirit of the *bourgeoisie*—though these borough-members will very likely reject the term—jeers at fine speaking. It comes to transact business, not to be amused; for that it has the theatre, or the last new novel. It has railway bills, local government bills, and free-trade dogmas to uphold or oppose; and its time is too precious to be wasted on prepared perorations or magnificent exordiums. It requires something practical, prefers figures of arithmetic to figures of rhetoric, and pounds, shillings, and pence to poetry. Still, however, there are some excellent debaters in the house. A few of them we will briefly refer to here.

Lord John Russell, of course, stands first on our list. Though the son of a duke, he is a man of decided views, of extensive information, and of high knowledge of parliamentary warfare. To gain his position has been the labour of his life. As he tells us in "Don Carlos:"—

> "It was my aim,
> And I obtained it; not for empty glory;
> For as I rooted out the weeds of passion,
> One still remained, and grew till its tall plant
> Struck root in every fibre of my heart:
> It was ambition—not the mean desire
> Of rank or title, but great glorious sway
> O'er multitudes of minds."

Yet Lord John has much to contend with. His outward form is frail and weakly; his countenance sicklied over with the effects of ill health and solitary communing; his figure shrunk below the ordinary dimensions of humanity; his general air that of a meditative invalid. But within that feeble body is a spirit that knows not how to cower, an undaunted heart, an aspiring soul. His voice is weak, his accent mincing with affectation, his elocution broken, stammering, and uncertain, save in a few lucky moments, when his tongue seems unloosed, when he becomes logical, eloquent, and terse. Then is his right hand convulsively clenched, his head proudly thrown back, the outline of his face becomes rigid, and his dwarfed figure expands as if he were a giant. Lord John is sometimes very happy, as when, in his letter to the electors of Stroud, he declared that "the whisper of a faction shall not prevail against the voice of a nation;" or when, in answer to Sir Francis Burdett, who charged him with the cant of patriotism, he told the baronet there was also such a thing as the *recant* of patriotism. One of Lord John's most celebrated speeches is that known as the Aladdin Lamp Speech, delivered by his lordship in 1819, and which Sir Robert Peel read to the house during the debate on the Reform Bill, in 1831. "Old Sarum," said Lord John, "existed when Somers and the great men of the revolution established our government. Rutland sent as many members as Yorkshire, when Hampden lost his life in defence of the constitution. If we should change the principles of our constitution, we should commit the folly of the servant in the story of Aladdin, who was deceived by the cry of 'New lamps for old!' Our lamp is covered with dust and rubbish, but it has a magical power; it has raised up a smiling land, not bestrode with overgrown palaces, but covered with modest dwellings, every one of which contains a freeman enjoying equal protection with the proudest subject in the land. It has called into life all the busy creations of commercial prosperity. Nor, when men were wanted to defend and illustrate their country, have such men been deficient. When the fate of the nation depended on the line of policy which she should adopt, there were orators of the highest degree placing in the strongest light the arguments for peace or war. When we decided upon war, we had nerves to gain us laurels in the field, and wield our thunders on the sea. When again we returned to peace—the questions of internal policy, of education of the poor, of criminal law, found men ready to devote the most splendid of abilities to the well-being of the community. And shall we change an instrument, that has produced effects so wonderful, for a burnished and tinsel toy of modern manufacture! No; small as the remaining treasure of the constitution is, I cannot consent to throw it into the wheel for the chance of obtaining a prize in the lottery of revolution." Amongst leaders of the Commons, Lord John has been signally successful. The post is one of prodigious difficulty. Its duties must be discharged in the face of a watchful opposition. It demands readiness in debate, and resolution in confronting adversaries. There must be courtesy, and good temper, and firmness. Character is indispensable, as Lord John wrote with significancy: "It is the habit of party in England to ask the alliance of a man of genius, but to follow the guidance of a man of character." "It is a curious fact," observes a writer in "The Athenæum," "that a Dutchman has never yet led the British House of Commons. Only two Scotchmen, the Earls of Bute and Aberdeen, have been prime ministers of England. Two Irishmen, Castlereagh and Canning, have led the Commons; and amongst prime ministers Ireland counts three—the first Marquis of Lansdowne, the Duke of Wellington, and Mr. Canning. As successful leaders, Sir Robert Walpole and the younger Pitt are unrivalled in the duration of their power."

Lord Palmerston stands next in our list. In office under ten administrations, he is indeed the hero of a hundred fights. As a great member of parliament, his political power is very formidable. He is one of those of whom it is truly said: "On his policy Europe has two opinions; on his energy and eloquence the world has but one." Mr. Francis, who has painted a better portrait of him than any one else, says: "The dexterity with which he fences at the case opposed to him, touching its vulnerable points with his sarcastic venom, or triumphing in the power with which he can make a feint of argument answer all the purposes of a real home thrust, is only equalled by his corresponding watchfulness and agility in parrying the thrusts of an opponent, guarding himself from his attack, or skipping about to avoid being hit. Lord Palmerston, besides all these practised arts, has also great plausibility, can work himself up admirably to a sham enthusiasm for liberal principles, and can do it so well that it really requires considerable experience and observation to enable one to detect the difference between his clever imitation and reality. He is almost unsurpassed in the art with which he can manage an argument with a show of fairness and reason, while only carrying it and his admirers far enough to serve the purpose of a party in the debate. He seldom commits himself so far as to be laid open to even the most practised debaters. They may ridicule him upon his excessive official vanity and imperviousness to criticism on that score; but they can hardly discover a flaw in the particular case which it suits him for the time being to make out. On the other hand, he possesses himself considerable power of ridicule; and when he finds the argument of his opponent unanswerable, or that it can only be answered by alliance with some principle that might be turned against himself, he is a great adept at getting rid of it by a side-wind of absurd allusion." Lord Palmerston's most remarkable speeches have been on the Catholic question in 1829, on Spanish affairs in 1837, and in the Pacifico debate, when he defended the whole course of his foreign policy with extraordinary ability. His manner on this occasion lost its tone of jauntiness and levity, his occasional haw-hawing passed, and for nearly five hours he poured forth a stream of political argument—

> "Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

A conservative member, walking home that night, said to a literary member of parliament: "I have heard Canning and Plunkett and Brougham in their best days, and I never heard anything to beat that speech." Sir Robert Peel's testimony, delivered in his last and ever-memorable speech, could not be surpassed. When alluding to it, he said: "We are all proud of the man who made it." During the whole time, the attention of a crowded house was maintained unflagging. The details of his policy, which in other hands would have been dull and uninteresting, served with him as the vehicle of lofty sentiment, of brilliant repartee, of broad and irresistible

humour. It was universally admitted to be one of the greatest triumphs of parliamentary eloquence in our age.

William Ewart Gladstone is, perhaps, the most successful man in the house, and is another instance of what oratory can accomplish in the British Senate. Mr. Gladstone took his seat in the first reformed parliament, which met in the spring of 1833, as member for Newark, and took his place on the Conservative benches, under the leadership of Sir Robert Peel. He entered public life deeply and conscientiously attached to the then great conservative parties of the day—the conservatives in politics and the conservatives in theology. But Sir Robert Peel, who had an eye for talent, saw the young member possessed the requisites of a first-rate parliamentary debater, and in 1834 appointed him a Lord of the Treasury—an office usually considered as the first step in official life. In his twenty-sixth year he had succeeded in establishing for himself a commanding position in the house. After the great chiefs of the party—after Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Stanley, and Sir James Graham—there was no conservative orator that could command more attention—no one, the announcement of whose name would more quickly empty Bell-alley, or the smoking-room, or the library, and fill the benches of the house with eager listeners—than Mr. Gladstone. His voice is clear and musical; his expression ready and fluent; his patience and resources—as evinced during the tedious progress of his budget—inexhaustible. There is a stateliness and flow in his periods which is seldom heard within the walls of St. Stephen's. He is sure, also, to take the question out of the beaten path of debate—to present it in some new and unexpected light—and to invest it, without any trace of pedantry, with historical and classical allusions, rich and rare. The author of the "British Chronicle" says of Mr. Gladstone: "It is impossible to listen to him without admiring the beauty of his language—the stately march of his measured tones—and the perfect mastery he possesses of our language, and which never allows him to be at a loss for a word. His chief defect is an occasional obscurity of meaning, arising from the subtle and penetrating intellect of the man, which seems constantly suggesting doubts and modifications of the principle he is advancing; so that there seems to be carried on at the same time throughout his speech, not only the main proposition he is concerned to prove, but, in addition, a sort of under-current of thought, which insensibly modifies its sharpness and blunts its edge. It ought to be added, however, that his later speeches have been singularly free from this defect; that he has shown himself more of the practical statesman and less of the schoolman. As a model of eloquence, he is undoubtedly, next to Macaulay, the most finished orator in the House of Commons."

Sir James Graham has exercised more influence than most men in the House of Commons. Big and burly—with a large body and a large head—he seems a power in himself. Mr. Roebuck, in an unfriendly criticism, thus describes him:—"To a clear and logical understanding he added great industry; and all his expositions were distinguished by an exceedingly neat and appropriate diction; a subdued and grave sarcasm lent interest to his argumentations; and while an accurate arrangement made his statements clear and effective, a sedate and collected manner gave weight and a certain sort of dignity to his discourse. As an administrator he shone afterwards without a rival among his Whig associates, and seemed by his abilities destined soon to lead his friends amid the stormy conflicts of party warfare. The result has not hitherto justified this last anticipation. Timid and fastidious, he needs the robust hardihood of mind requisite for a political chief. As a second, none can surpass him in usefulness and ability. The responsibilities of a chief, however, seem to oppress his courage and paralyse the power of his intellect. To the reputation of an orator he has no claim. He is, nevertheless, an admirable speaker, and ready and effective in debate; but that inspiration which passion gives, he never knew, and, unmoved himself, he is unable to win his way to the hearts of others. His speaking, indeed, is almost without a fault; simple, clear, grave, often earnest; it always wins attention, because always deserving it. He, nevertheless, leaves his hearer unmoved; and is more apt, by his own cold demeanour, to repel and offend his audience, than by his lucid arrangement and accurate argumentation, to convince and lead them." While parliament meets, you may see him as Mr. Francis so graphically describes him: "He looks like some red-tape minister of the Tadpole school, or some pompous placeman conceited of his acres. But, by-and-by, you learn to separate the more fixed habit of the features from the odd expression of the countenance, till you see that the superciliousness is real, though exaggerated by the physical peculiarity. There are no traces of ill-nature in his face; but, on the other hand, there is nothing to encourage. Meanwhile, he has seated himself, placed his red box on the table before him, stretched himself out to his full length, and awaits, with arms folded and hat slouched over his face, the questioning to which he knows he will be subjected at this particular hour, from half-past four to half-past five."

Such are the orators of the cabinet. Sir W. Molesworth, now he is in office, rarely speaks. Sir Charles Wood has not yet attained the rank of much more than a second-rate debater; and Messrs. Cardwell and Herbert are fluent, and nothing more. Undoubtedly, apart from the cabinet and their supporters, the first place is due to the late ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has won for himself his present position by his oratory alone. When you enter the house, you see on your right—fronting Her Majesty's Ministers in general and Lord John Russell in particular—a Jewish-looking individual, generally particularly well-dressed, with a waistcoat which renders him the observed of all observers. You are looking at the leader of what was once the great Protectionist party, whose battles he has fought—whose councils he has guided—whose chiefs at one time he placed upon the Treasury benches. Up in the gallery no one is watched so anxiously as he. Lord Palmerston is the next-best-stared-at man in the house, and then the diminutive Lord John. But all like to look at the man whose talents exalted him to the leadership of the proudest aristocracy on the face of the earth. So far as the opposition are concerned, the debate generally languishes till Disraeli rises to speak. His custom is to sit motionless as a mummy, all night, with his chin buried in his bosom, and his hands in his pockets, except when he takes them out to bite or to examine the state of his nails—a nervous action which he seems unconsciously to perform. His speeches are fine displays. His celebrated speeches on his budget, when, alone and single-handed, he bravely combated his parliamentary opponents, were pre-eminently such. But that part of them which is generally the best is the personal; as when he taunted Roebuck with his "Sadler's Wells sarcasm" and "melodramatic malignity," or charged Sir Robert Peel with catching the Whigs bathing and stealing their clothes. Disraeli's speeches will not be read as Burke's are read. They are happy—telling—eminently adapted for the party purposes of the passing hour—clever—sophistical; but not widely-reasoned, to last when the exigencies of the hour have passed away. Yet Disraeli's first speech was a failure. His subsequent success has, however, proved him to be a true prophet: "A time will come when you shall hear me," said the discomfited Disraeli, as he sat down blushing and confused, after his maiden speech had been greeted with universal laughter; and time has proved him correct. He has a fine rich voice, which you can hear in every part of the house; and he has an unrivalled power of mixing up business details with general principles and with a happy variety of graceful phrases. There is a daring, saucy look in his face, which at once excites your interest. He is not a large man; but he looks well put together, with his head in the right place. But he never seems in earnest, or to have a great principle, or to extend his views beyond party objects; yet he is an admirable actor, and blends together the necessary business talk with the ornamental and personal as no other man in the house can. Generally he looks glum, and sits by himself—"a thing apart; amongst them but not of them." At times, however, he looks more cheerful. On that memorable December morning, when he was ousted from place and power—when the prize, the labour of a life, was rudely torn from the hand that had but just grasped it—the ex-Chancellor came out of the lobby gay and fresh as if the majority had been with him, not against him. There was an unwonted liveliness in his step and sparkle in his eye; but the excitement of the contest was hardly over. The reaction had not yet commenced. The swell of the storm was still there;—still rang in his ears the thunders of applause—audible to us in the lobby—which greeted his daring retorts and audacious personalities.

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1789.

It is a strange thing to call up the appearance of an old city, to think, amid the ruins of the Colosseum, of the imperial glory of the world's mistress; to picture to ourselves what London was in the golden days when the Roses fought, and "every knight was true as his sword, and every lady fair as the dawn;" and strange to walk the crowded Boulevards of Paris on some high holiday, and think of what wonderful changes have occurred since grim walls occupied their site and were named Boulevards.

The pencil of M. Saint Aubin has furnished some very interesting sketches of the aspect which old Paris bore, and from one of his designs our engraving is taken. The picture is full of life and animation, and the utmost attention has been bestowed on the details of the drawing; so that the costume, the decorations, the employments, the houses, the trees, everything, from the rough garb of the water-carrier to the gorgeously bedizened figures, made glorious with hoop and stomacher, of my ladies proudly walking with the cocked-hat nobles, and looking as if the water-carrier, and the market-woman, and the carter, and the rest, were made of other clay than themselves—all indicate the spirit of the times. they fear is a revolution in costume; and one of those titled beaux, brilliant in scarlet and gold lace, whispers to the belle upon his arm that the flood-gates of society are in danger, for M. —— has actually come to court in shoe-strings instead of buckles!

If those gay groups are thinking at all of the murmurs of the people—murmurs very soft and far away, like the murmuring in a sea-shell—they take courage in referring to the days of old, and calling to mind the masterly statesmanship of Louis Quatorze. They think of him who said, "I am the State;" and when the ambassadors of foreign countries begged to know who was prime minister, said, "I am my own prime minister;" and thinking of him, and how he always hushed popular murmurs with the strong hand—made stronger by an iron glove—they take courage.

But the murmuring people look further back than the days of Louis XIV. They think of the good King Henry, and how the effort of that prince's life was the good of his subjects, and the wish of his heart that every peasant might have a fowl in the pot on Sundays; and if ever comparisons were odious, they are odious there. Henry IV. and Louis XIV! Recent events have set the

THE BOULEVARDS OF PARIS IN 1789.—FROM A PAINTING BY M. ST. AUBIN.

There is something in the picture peculiar to those buckram days in the stiff, formal look of the scene, and still more so in the gay groups that throng the avenue and lounge at the tables. There they are, those butterfly flutterers, basking in the sunshine of their high and privileged condition. They have no fear of the coming storm; they see no cloud, as a man's hand, to darken their horizon; they are forgetful that the flood of light upon them is that of a setting sun—blood-red. They have heard, perhaps, that the people are complaining; that the people—a many-headed monster—are crying aloud for bread—only bread; that poverty and utter destitution have set the people thinking about whether the things that are, are the things that should be; whether the right is all on the side of might; and whether it would not be possible to break down a few barriers that separate high and low, titled and untitled, and effect thereby a change for the better. They, who are flaunting in all their gaiety and splendour, whose cabs and carriages and quiet sedans have brought them hither, and are waiting for them now—they suspect no evil; they rest in perfect security. The only sort of revolution people thinking of Liberty. They have heard the strain borne from the other side of the Atlantic, and are beginning to learn the tune. Though overawed by bayonets, they dare not sing it loudly—as yet.

But things are ripe for a change. The sun will soon be set, and the red glow of its declining glory pass away; then night will come—black night, and with it nightmare-horrors. The murmuring in the sea-shell is growing louder and louder, and will soon swell into a roar, a shout of angry defiance and long pent-up fury, which shall echo from every side of Paris, be heard all over Europe, and plunge the world in war.

Sport away, Messieurs, while the day endures, display your peacock plumes, and feast and rejoice while the light lasts—night is coming!

Previous to the Revolution, the Promenade of the Boulevards exhibited the clear distinction of rank, and the better and commoner sort of people—the delf and the porcelain—walked on different parts of the road. After the Revolution things were changed, and my lord's broadcloth brushed the blouse of the mechanic.

THE WOMEN OF SPAIN.

All who have travelled in Spain concur in admiring the beauty of the women; and we were once in company with a gentleman, who pronounced those of Barcelona to be the most superbly beautiful, whether in face or figure, that he had ever beheld. Those of Alicant, represented in the annexed engraving, are scarcely inferior; and the loveliness of the Andalusian women has long been the theme of admiration among travellers. In form, the Spanish women seldom exceed the middle height, and are often below it; but they are admirably moulded, and all their movements are characterised by a mingled voluptuousness and grace which is as

COSTUME OF THE WOMEN OF XIXONA AND ALICANT.

attractive as it is inimitable. Their hair is generally dark, often black, worn in smooth bands in front, and plaited or twisted and tied with ribbons behind. The tint of their complexion varies in different parts of the country; in Navarre and Biscay fair complexions are not at all uncommon, but in the South the usual tint is a clear light brown, sometimes inclining to olive. Their eyes are invariably full, bright, and expressive, generally dark-brown or black; but whatever the attraction these may possess for foreigners from a more northern latitude, they are less admired in Spain than blue eyes, perhaps because the latter are rarer there; for, as a stanza of a song popular in the southern provinces says:

> "Black eyes and brown
> You may every day see;
> But blue, like my love's,
> The gods made for me."

Spanish women invariably dress in a becoming and picturesque manner, though the latter quality is exhibited in the highest degree among the peasantry, the costume of the higher classes, particularly in Madrid, being more susceptible to the influences from Paris. In manners, their listlessness contrasts strongly with the vivacity of their fair neighbours on the other side of the Pyrenees; devotion and love-making occupy much of their time, and in both the senses are concerned more than the heart. The *siesta* in the afternoon, and the promenade in the evening, are indulged in by all. *Tertulias*, or evening parties, are very frequent in the towns; but the theatre is not so much patronised as in France and Italy. Music and dancing are, next to bull-fights, their favourite amusements; the guitar is in universal use, and all classes are passionately fond of dancing. The bolero and the fandango are the chief national dances, and the graceful movements of the former are much admired; the other is rather of a licentious character, and is

seldom seen in what is called good society, though Spain is not a country in which the standard of morality is very high.

But the bull-fights are the most popular amusement of the Spaniards, whether men or women; and no mode of displaying gallantry is so much approved, especially among women of inferior condition, as *treating* to a bull-fight. There they go, in their holiday attire, and none applaud more energetically the courage of the bull or the dexterity of his tormentors. It is, in fact, the national pastime, and seems a passion with them; but that its indulgence has an injurious effect on the national character, obliterating respect for human life and preventing the development of a more refined taste, no one can doubt. It is to the Spaniards what the brutal sports of the amphitheatre were to the ancient Romans, and the moral and social effects are much the same.

SELF-DENIAL;
OR,
PASSAGES OF A LIFE.
BY A WAYFARER.

I.

I ALWAYS thought our village the prettiest spot on earth. There was the house of the rector, buried in foliage and surrounded by grounds kept with scrupulous care, and yet half wild with their growths of trees, with the tiny stream that flowed behind the kitchen-garden, and the little pond, where we as children used to float our boats and fish. It was an ancient house, too, with memories of the past clinging to it with as much tenacity as the ivy that clothed its aged walls. It had been the scene of tragedies, that were darkly whispered still, but which had occurred when the Parliamentarians and Royalists of past times held our village in turns.

The talk of Pemberton-Lee was, however, now of much more positive things—of the railway which was to come near soon—of the new houses being erected on the London road—of the age and prospects of its inhabitants—and, doubtless, on the occasion to which I am about to refer—of my own humble self.

It was scarcely dawn of day, when a window of the rectory was cautiously raised and a head protruded. It was the head of a youth about nineteen, not unintelligent, I believe, but much sunburnt, as if its owner were fond of rambling in the fields in sunny places, and utterly careless of his complexion. This youth looked around observantly, and then cast a bundle on the greensward. Next came a double-knotted sheet, which served as a rope-ladder, and the youth was down.

I had fled from my father's house, and was alone in the world, with nothing but a few clothes and little more than a shilling in my pocket.

We had had a conversation the night before about my future destiny. My father had wished one thing, I another. He had insisted; I had resisted, and raised my voice in passion. With a sternness which was his characteristic, and that made me quail at the moment, he had ordered me to bed. I had obeyed, as far as going to my room constituted obedience; but I had not even undressed. I heard him come to my door and listen about an hour later, and I thought I even heard a sob; but however this may be, I steeled my heart against every soft emotion, and buried my head in my hands.

At dawn of day I fled.

I had received a careful, even a polished education; and my father had given me the choice of the church, physic, or the law. I chose the army, to which my father had a most unconquerable aversion. I had an equal dislike to those professions offered to me; and thus it was we quarrelled. He painted the profession of arms in such odious colours that my anger got the better of my reason.

"At all events, it is better than the drudgery of physic and law, or the trade of religion!" I said, in a voice that raised the echoes of the house.

There was a look on my father's face that made me feel sorry for my coarse language; but I had no time to manifest my grief; for, with words stern and cold, he ordered me to bed.

But of what is past let me speak no more. I have made my choice. I have resolved to do battle with the world, and I have commenced the strife, for I am on the highway to London, and alone. I had made up my mind to walk. It is true I could have travelled outside the coach easily, on the strength of my father's name; but I did not think this honest. I was wilful and obstinate; but I was proud in the right way also. I had selected my path; it was my business to find the means of subsistence for the future.

I walked slowly down a lane that led behind the house where I had been born, and where dwelt my parents, my sister, and a younger brother. I turned to gaze upon one window round which the honeysuckle crept; and as my eyes fell upon it, they were moistened;—for there, ignorant of all that was passing, slept my mother. Then an impulse came over me to turn back, and yield. But I pictured a cold smile on my father's face, and I turned firmly away and walked rapidly down the green lane—scene of many of my happiest hours of study and innocence.

I had avoided the village, because I feared the questions which might be put to me. Somebody would be surely up, and I should, I thought, betray myself. I lost nothing, I knew, by taking this cross lane. It only took me to another part of the great road that led to London. Like all outcasts, I rushed at once towards the great modern Babylon, which attracts and lures, with unexampled success, so many from the green fields and quiet nooks of England.

It was about an hour after sunrise when I halted, and sat down by the road-side. I had with me a good hunch of bread and cheese, and I was near a little brook that rattled clear and soft over the well-worn stones. I was rather faint, and tried to eat. I confess that I burst out crying. It was very weak; but I verily do believe that the thought of the neat breakfast-parlour, the warm coffee, the hissing urn, the fresh eggs, and delicious bread which usually formed our morning repast, had an influence over me which I was ashamed to acknowledge to myself.

If we honestly review our characters and inclinations, we shall often find that trifles have an influence over our acts and proceedings which, in general, we are too proud to acknowledge; for myself, could I have crept back unseen to my room at that moment, I think I should have done so; have breakfasted, begged my father's pardon, and become saw-bones, lawyer, or clergyman, just as he had decided. But I feared ridicule above all; and at that moment an occurrence took place which somewhat diverted my thoughts.

I was eating my hard crust and drinking water out of a broken glass, when I heard footsteps, and, raising my head, saw approaching me a youth about my own age—short, red-haired, merry-looking, a stick in his hand, a bundle on his back—to all appearance, by his clothes, a mechanic on tramp for work.

"Good morning," said he cavalierly. I suppose, having seen my slender provender, he allowed himself the more liberty of speech.

"Good morning," I replied, rather surlily.

"Going my way?" he continued with perfect good humour, at the same time sitting down on the opposite side of the little brook, which escaped across the road under a neat little wooden bridge.

"I am going to London," I said again surlily.

"Are you?" he resumed. "Then you've got a very bad taste in shoes. Those light things will never take you to London, and that suit of clothes will be spoilt with dust. What trade are you, mate?"

"I have no trade," I said fiercely. "I am going to London because it pleases me to go; and I have my own reasons for being dressed as I am."

With these words I rose, and snatching up my bundle, hurried away without once looking behind. I soon, however, heard my questioner, after indulging in a hearty laugh, come whistling up behind me. I, however, paid no attention to him, but trudged on wrapped in my own thoughts, which were not of the most agreeable kind.

I felt an oppression and sinking at the heart which was of the most painful character. I could have sobbed and cried as I went, but kept down my rising emotions, because I was on a high-road, with people constantly passing, and also because every hour or so I came to a village, once to a town. I did not stop in any of them; the more because my persevering friend of the morning kept close behind me, never speaking, not even coming near me, but whistling

in a happy and merry way that was peculiarly annoying. About one o'clock he hailed me.

"Aren't you *going to eat?*" he said in his rough way. "This is the last house for ten miles to come."

I made no reply, but raising my head, saw before me a house of refreshment for the poorer class of travellers. I went in, for I was really hungry, and I dined with an appetite which I had rarely known before, not having often walked so many miles without halting. When I had paid for my dinner, I was penniless. I could not conceal the look of blank surprise which suffused my face when I made this discovery; I felt it, and I hurriedly rose and left the house.

"You won't do to travel," said my tormentor following me, and this time coming close up to my side; "if you spend many one-and-sevenpences for meat and bread and ale, you'll soon come to your last shilling."

"I have spent my last penny," replied I, turning round and facing him with a dogged manner that reminded me of my school-days; "but what is that to you? I ask you for nothing; leave me then in peace."

"Young gentleman," he said gently, touching his cap at the same time, "I see you aren't used to the road, and I only want to be civil. How are you going to travel six days without money?"

"I really do not know," I said, seating myself on a green bank, and yielding to the painful reflections evoked by this simple question.

"I expect you don't. You are green, I can see. But look at me—I'm only a boy; I've travelled three years. I work my way—you can't. Now you haven't started for pleasure, else you'd have money; you can't get your living, I can see; so you've run away from home. Never mind, Jack Prentice doesn't care; and if you want to go to London, why he's the lad to tell you how."

"Mr. Prentice," said I, without any of the pride and haughtiness I had hitherto assumed, "you are quite a stranger to me; but your manner seems kind. I shall be very happy to follow your advice."

"Do you value that watch and chain much?" he asked quickly.

"They are a present from my mother," I faltered.

"Then of course you do value them—very good. Well then, young gentleman, I won't advise you to sell them. But take my advice—borrow some money, and leave them as security. You can go to London comfortably, and get your watch again when you like."

I stared at him. I had not taken lessons in the ups and downs, and miseries of life, and I, as yet, knew nothing of the system he alluded to. My ignorance and surprise could have been seen in my face. But he left me no time for reflection.

"Well! worse and worse—you never heard of *that* before? I thought everybody had. I've been for father and pledged his trousers, when he used to drink in bed—he don't drink in bed now, so somehow he's lost the habit of pawning. But it's useful, too, sometimes. It's useful to you now. So the first town we come to, that's L——, we'll do it."

He rose, and led the way, and I no longer hesitated to accompany him. I was brought, for the first time, into rude contact with the world. I began to see its asperities and difficulties, and I was thankful for a guide, however humble. I found him a droll, humorous, experienced lad. He was a tailor, and had with him all the needful materials for mending. He had his regular beat, and at the present season was on his way to London, where he even thought of settling.

His father had a large family, which he had originally brought up exceedingly well; but having taken to drinking, they had all got dispersed. One or two had done badly, and one or two (witness Jack) appeared getting on in the world. Jack had recently been down to visit his father, and found things much changed. Old Prentice had become a sober man, and was so comfortable in his home, that his son Jack was quite delighted. He told me some odd stories of his life which amused me very much, and made the journey seem not half so wearisome.

We soon reached L——, where, by some process which at the time I was at a loss to understand, I became possessed of £3, leaving my watch as security for the loan. I can't say I felt much confidence in ever seeing it again. But I was utterly helpless without the money, and made the sacrifice. It was a painful one, but the alternative was also bad. I took off the guard, which was of braided hair, and placed it next my heart.

I thought, as I went along, of the many thousands who, like myself, had started from the quiet of the country in search of fortune. I almost shuddered as I remembered poor Oliver Goldsmith. I had no pretension to his talents, and I recollected his battle of life. There were many others whose names floated across my brain, and I felt sad. I had not the slightest conception of what I could do. I had a vague idea of trying to write for the press. I had read too much not to know how difficult it is for a mere tyro to succeed when so many men of experience and of talent are out of employment at times. Still, I intended to try.

Jack Prentice often asked me what I meant to do when I should have reached London. I did not think proper to reveal to him my hopes and flights of fancy. I said I did not know. The young workman smiled and shook his head. He had decidedly a very bad opinion of my prospects, to say nothing of my common sense. Still he stuck to me, gave me advice, and was both useful and agreeable to me on the road.

When we reached Kew we parted. He had business there for a day or two. He gave me his address in London, and I promised to see him soon. We shook hands heartily, and I went on my way. The road has become familiar to me since, but then it was all new. I was much struck by the noise, by the traffic, by the houses that increased as I went, that became continuous streets, a town, a wilderness, until, stunned, overwhelmed, and almost fainting, I reached Hyde-park Corner. Quite overcome by the novelty of all around me, I flew towards some green I saw to my left, and lay down upon the grass.

Nobody noticed me. That was what struck me with most force at first. Had I entered a hamlet, village, or small town, and fallen fainting on the green, I should have had many hands held out to raise me up. I thought the Londoners selfish, hard-hearted, and brutish. I made a mistake. The men of the great city are no worse than others. But the rapid and complex life of large towns is such that men must attend to their own business; while imposture is so rife, and wretchedness so common, that a tall lad in shabby genteel clothes, covered with dust and carrying a bundle, could not hope to arrest the notice of foot-passengers or riders.

After a few minutes, I rose and penetrated timidly into the great street which led deep into the heart of the city. I no longer walked—I strolled and gaped. The crowd, the palaces, the noise, the movement, overwhelmed me. I believe no intelligence, however great, has failed to feel crushed for a moment at the first contact with a great city.

But I was exhausted and hungry, and I did not know where to go. Suddenly an idea, luminous and rapid as a lightning flash, came across my aching brain. My friend, Charles Ogilvy, was in London, reading for the bar. We corresponded occasionally—indeed, very seldom—but we did write a long letter at times; and the last time he dated his letter from a street leading out of the Strand.

I saw a policeman, and asked him the way to the Strand. I was in it. I had walked right to it without knowing it. I slowly continued on my way, looking at all the names I saw written up. Suddenly my eye lighted upon the right one, and, at the same moment, I recollected the number. It was 13, —— street.

I felt a load of care, sorrow, and misery taken off my shoulders as I knocked, very gently, at the door.

"What may you please to want?" said a shrill Irish voice from the area.

"Is Mr. Charles Ogilvy at home?" I asked, in rather a timid, nervous tone.

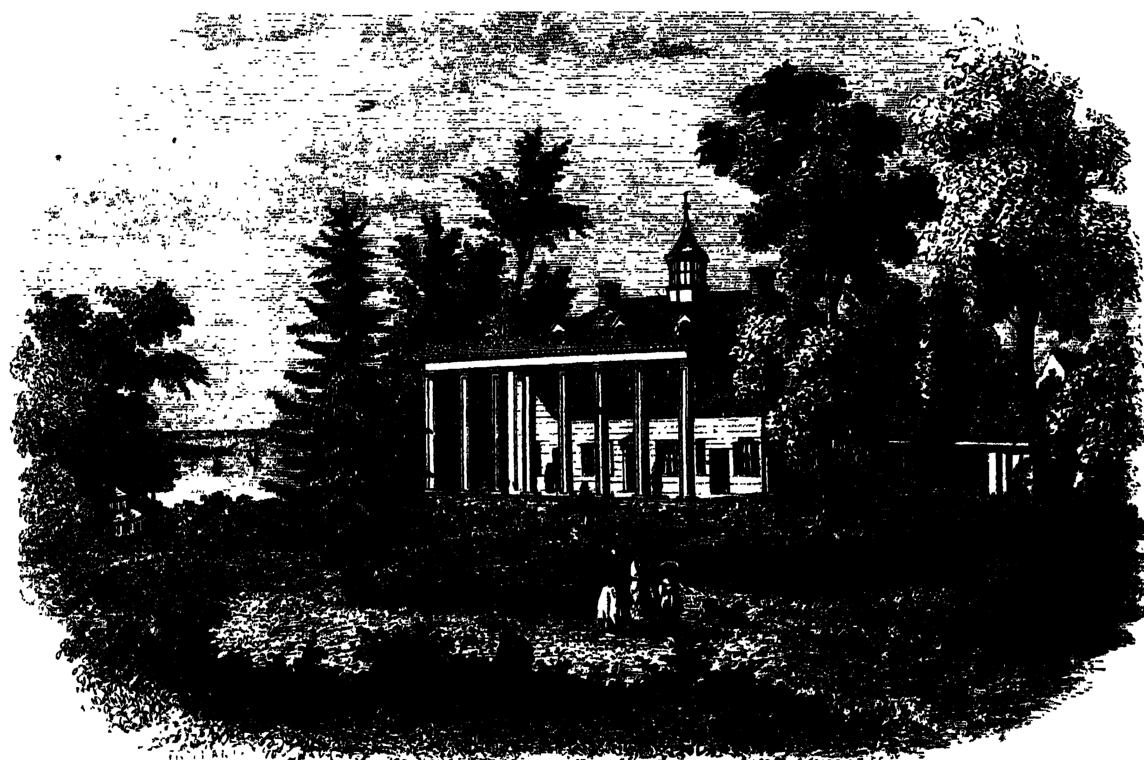
The girl bobbed down and disappeared with a startled cry, it appeared to me, quite astonished at any one asking for Mr. Ogilvy; and then I heard a movement in the passage, and the door was opened by a very pretty, but somewhat slovenly, young person, who begged me to walk in, not without a smile at my appearance. I repeated my question, and was told in a very sweet voice to go to the top of the house, and knock at the door which faced the stairs.

GENERAL WASHINGTON.

This distinguished patriot was descended from an ancient English family which quitted this country in 1657, and settled on the banks of the Potomac, in Virginia. His father, who possessed considerable property in that state and Maryland, divided it at his death in 1743 among his six sons, of whom George, the subject of our memoir, was the third. He was born on the 22nd of February, 1732, and consequently was only eleven years of age when death deprived him of his father. He received his education at one of the common schools of the province, but the course of instruction did not include any of the ancient or modern languages, though he seems to have attained to a considerable degree of proficiency in trigonometry and land-surveying. He was a diligent scholar, and at the same time took an active part in the sports of his schoolfellows, among whom the amiability of his disposition rendered him a general favourite. After leaving school, which he did in his sixteenth year, he applied himself to the study of mathematics; and while passing the winter at Mount Vernon, then the residence of his brother Lawrence, he attracted the notice of Lord Fairfax, who employed him in surveying some extensive property on the banks of the southern branch of the Potomac. The ability which he displayed in the performance of this task led to his appointment as public surveyor, and the next three years were passed among the wilds of the Alleghany mountains, the hardships of exploring in the wilderness being relieved by surveying at intervals the settled districts in the valleys.

At the expiration of this period, the frontiers were threatened by the Indian tribes, and war with France was looming on the horizon. To meet the possible danger, Virginia was divided into military districts, and Washington was appointed to the command of one of them, with the rank of major. He entered upon his new duties with zeal and energy, applying himself indefatigably to the study of military exercises and tactics, and the promotion of discipline. In 1754 he was appointed second in command of the Virginian militia, and on the 27th of May in that year he made his first essay in arms, encountering and defeating a French force under Colonel Jumonville, who fell in the engagement. Shortly afterwards, the chief command devolved upon him by the death of Colonel Fry, and he intrenched himself at the Great Meadows, expecting that a larger force would be sent against him as soon as the defeat of Jumonville became known. In this anticipation he was not deceived, but the strong force in which the French advanced obliged him to retreat, an operation which he performed so ably as to receive the thanks of the provincial legislature.

In 1755, he accompanied General Braddock on the ill-starred expedition which terminated in the death of that brave but rash officer. In marching through a forest they were suddenly assailed, flank and rear, by volleys of rifle-balls from unseen foes; officers and men were paralysed, Braddock was shot dead, and Washington with difficulty led the decimated band out of the ambuscade. Their assailants were the Indians in alliance with the French, who, having been informed of Braddock's march, had posted themselves behind the trees and in the thickets to receive him. After this defeat, Washington retired to Mount Vernon, which had devolved to him by the death of his brother Lawrence, in 1752, and the subsequent decease of Lawrence's daughter. The patrimonial mansion was an unpretending edifice of brick and wood, with a colonnade in front, supporting an open balcony, and pleasantly situated on an eminence near the Potomac. There he practised, on a large scale, the munificent hospitality characteristic of the southern planters, with the most reputable of whom he cultivated an intimate acquaintance. He was fond of the chase, and in this amusement and the supervision and improvement of his property he passed most of his time. In 1758 he resigned his commission as commander of the Virginian militia, and was elected a member of the provincial legislature, the sittings of which he regularly attended, though he seldom spoke.



MOUNT VERNON—WASHINGTON'S RESIDENCE.

At the commencement of the following year he entered the connubial state with Mrs. Custis, a young widow with two children, upon whom two-thirds of her extensive property were settled, she

holding the remainder in her own right. Washington's own estates were now of considerable extent and value; for, in addition to Mount Vernon, he held large tracts, of which he had obtained grants from the government. As he was his own surveyor, steward, and lawyer, the management of his wife's property and that of her children, in addition to his own, occupied much of his time; but he still attended the sessions of the legislature with the same regularity as before, and found leisure for the rational enjoyment of life and the amenities of society.

Fifteen years had been passed tranquilly and usefully, when the political horizon was clouded by the disputes between the American colonies and the parent state. Washington saw the impending struggle with regret, for he was far from being either an agitator by nature or a democrat by principle. In England he would probably have been a moderate Whig; that he was a republican was the result of a combination of circumstances peculiar to a colony. In fact, when the Americans had defeated the armies of the mother-country and declared their independence, no other form of government was practicable. Washington, then, was a republican from circumstances, a pure and ardent patriot, but not to be confounded with the republicans on principle, with whom democracy is a faith. He embraced republicanism as a necessity rather than as a choice.

THE TOMBS OF WASHINGTON AND HIS WIFE AT MOUNT VERNON.

It is unnecessary to recapitulate here all the engagements in which Washington acted a brilliant part during the memorable war of independence. He was appointed to the chief command of the American forces in the summer of 1775, and resigned his commission into the hands of the president of congress at the close of 1783. By his exertions and achievements America had been freed, and henceforth was to take her place, and no mean one, among the nations of the earth. Between the period when he sheathed the sword that had liberated his country and that of his installation in the president's chair, there was an interval of five years, during which he resided at Mount Vernon. It is pleasant to contemplate the retirement of great men, and curious to note how the heroes of the sword occupy the leisure afforded them by peace. Washington was not one to suffer this period to pass idly, and without results beneficial to his family and his country. He improved his estates, promoted schemes of internal navigation, gave his countenance and assistance to plans for the advancement of education and the civilisation of the Indians, entertained the planters of Virginia with a hospitality more profuse than ever, and, amid all these multifarious occupations, found time to give his attention to the constitution that was being prepared for the young republic. He represented Virginia in the Constituent Convention, and in February, 1789, was elected first president of the United States.

His journey from Mount Vernon to New York, which was then the seat of government, was a continued triumph—so much and so generally was he beloved and respected. He supported the dignity of the presidential office in a manner as free from ostentation as possible, and realised the ancient ideal of a sage and legislator more fully than any other modern has done either before or since. His industry and application, and the methodical habits he had acquired in his youth, enabled him to get through a great amount of business, so that he was really the head of the government. Tuesday was his reception day, when he was accessible to all; the rest of the week was devoted to the business of the republic. He never received company on Sunday; but regularly attended divine worship, and passed the remainder of the day in the privacy of the domestic circle.

In his inaugural address to congress, in January, 1790, he recommended the legislature to provide without delay for the public defence; to devise an effective system for the support of the national credit; to encourage agriculture, commerce, and manufactures; to promote science and literature; and to establish a uniform system of currency, weights, and measures. The funding of the domestic debt of the nation, proposed by Hamilton, secretary to the treasury, was adopted; and the measure received the decided approbation of Washington. This measure first brought into collision the two parties in the state, which had been insensibly formed during the discussion of the constitution. These were the Federalists, led by Hamilton and Adams; and the Democrats, headed by Jefferson. Washington, while inclining to the former,

endeavoured to reconcile the two parties, but naturally without success. Wisely refraining from identifying himself with either, he preserved the esteem of both; and when the time approached for him to surrender his trust to congress, Jefferson and Hamilton joined in the general wish that he would allow himself to be re-elected. He did not disappoint the desire of the nation, and resumed the duties of his high office for another term of four years.

The distance between the two great parties in the state continued to increase; and notwithstanding the position of dignified neutrality and independence which Washington usually maintained, he did not pass through his second presidency without evincing his real sympathy with the party of Hamilton and Adams in a manner which drew upon him the attacks of the democrats. The first occasion was when he expressed himself strongly against the democratic societies, which seem to have inspired him with groundless alarm; the second was the treaty which he initiated with Great Britain in 1795, and which was ultimately acknowledged by those to whom it gave offence, to have been justified by the exigency of the occasion. Men who occupy the high places in a state, invariably make some enemies; and it is a circumstance that speaks highly for Washington's benevolence and judgment that he made so few, and none whose enmity survived the occasion that called it forth.

In December, 1796, he delivered his last address to congress, recommending the gradual increase of the navy, a provision for the encouragement of agriculture and manufactures, and the establishment of a national university and a military academy. He remained in the capital until the installation of his successor, Adams, at which ceremony he was present as a spectator; and then he retired to Mount Vernon, there to pass the brief remainder of his days. He died on the 14th of December, 1799, leaving behind him the reputation of an honest man, a pure patriot, a brave warrior, and an enlightened statesman; and was buried in the unpretending tomb represented in our second engraving, situated on a gentle eminence between his house at Mount Vernon and the river Potomac.

The character of this distinguished man can never be better drawn than by his countryman and contemporary, Jefferson, who, though opposed to him in politics, has done him ample justice. He says:—"His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Bacon, Newton, or Locke; and, as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder. It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern. Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence, never acting until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt; but when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was the most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man." Posterity has confirmed this unprejudiced judgment, and so long as uprightness of character and genuine patriotism are held in esteem among men, the name of Washington will be venerated.

OCCASIONAL LEAVES FROM OLD BOOKS.

What with black letter, quaint spelling, and odd wording, most old books are beyond the reach of the ordinary reading class, even when their expense and rarity are not such as to exclude from them all who have not access to great national libraries. And yet there is much in old black-letter books which is indeed well worthy of being remembered. Those who have travelled over the whole republic of letters could tell us of many more curiosities of literature than even Mr. Disraeli ever has recorded. We purpose, then, to perform this journey occasionally with our readers, and to introduce them to the lore which is locked up in dark places.

One of the favourite forms in which old writers clothed their ideas was romance, which Bishop Percy attributes, with Mallet, to the ancient Scalds, who "believed in the existence of giants and dwarfs, entertained opinions not unlike the more modern notions of fairies, were strongly possessed with the belief of spells and enchantments, and were fond of inventing combats with dragons and monsters." He, however, cannot be accepted here as a correct authority; for Eastern literature teems with fiction, and Solomon, by wide-world consent, was long before enthroned sovereign of the genii and lord of the talisman.

Among the most applauded productions of the middle ages was the "Gesta Romanorum." It was a kind of book of fables, written by the monks. It is compiled from old Latin chronicles of Roman, or, as Watton and Douce say, of German invention. It is made up of oriental, legendary, and classical fables, and many a great author has taken his plot from it. Gower, Chaucer, Lydgate and Occlive, owed much to it. It is said to have been written by one Petrus Berchovius; but all the learned disputes on the subject have failed in proving anything authentic on this point.

It is interesting to know that out of this book Shakspeare took the plot of his "King Lear," and of the "Merchant of Venice," and Schiller of his "Fridolin." The peculiar style and manner of the work may be gathered by a few extracts.

OF HONOURING PARENTS.

In the reign of the emperor Dorotheus, a decree was passed that children should support their parents. There was at that time, in the kingdom, a certain soldier, who had espoused a very fair and virtuous woman, by whom he had a son. It happened that the soldier went upon a journey, was made prisoner, and very rigidly confined. Immediately he wrote to his wife and son for ransom. The intelligence communicated great uneasiness to the former, who wept so bitterly that she became blind. Whereupon the son said to his mother: "I will hasten to my father, and release him from prison." The mother answered: "Thou shalt not go, for thou art my only son, even the half of my soul, and it may happen to thee as it has done to him. Hadst thou rather ransom thy absent parent than protect her who is with thee, and presses thee to her affectionate arms? Is not the possession of one thing better than the expectation of two? Thou art my son as well as thy father's, and I am present while he is absent. I conclude, therefore, that you ought by no means to forsake me, though to redeem your father." The son very properly answered: "Although I am thy son, yet he is my father. He is abroad and surrounded by the merciless; but thou art at home, protected and cherished by loving friends. He is a captive, but thou art free—blind, indeed—but he perhaps sees not the light of heaven, and pours forth unheeded groans in the gloom of a loathsome dungeon, oppressed with chains, with wounds and misery. Therefore it is my determination to go to him and redeem him." The son did so, and every one applauded and honoured him for the indefatigable industry with which he achieved his father's liberation.

It will be seen that these tales are sufficiently simple, and very much in the style of fables. The following is another specimen of a more complete character. It has been worked out in more than one modern novel.

THE KING'S SON-IN-LAW.

In the reign of the emperor Conrad, there lived a certain count, called Leopold, who, for some cause fearing the indignation of his master, fled with his wife into the woods, and concealed himself in a miserable hovel. By chance the emperor hunted there, and being carried away by the heat of the chase, lost himself in the woods and was benighted. Wandering about in various directions, he came at length to the cottage where the count dwelt, and requested shelter. His hostess prepared him a meal, and the same night was born unto her a son. While the emperor slept, a voice broke upon his ear, which seemed to say, "Take, take, take." He immediately arose, and, with considerable alarm, said to himself, "What can that voice mean, 'Take! take! take!' What can I take?" He reflected on the singularity of this for a short space and then fell asleep. But a second time the voice addressed him, crying out, "Restore, restore, restore." He awoke in very great sorrow. "What is all this?" thought he. "First I was to 'Take, take, take;' and there is nothing for me to take. True, now, the same voice exclaimed, 'Restore! restore! restore!' and what can I restore, when I have taken nothing?" Unable to explain the mystery, he again slept; and the third time the voice spoke. "Fly! fly! fly!" it said; "for a child is born who shall

become thy son-in-law." These words created great perplexity in the emperor; and getting up very early in the morning he sought out two of his squires, and said, "Go, force that child away from its mother; cleave it in twain, and bring its heart to me." The squires obeyed, and snatched away the boy as it hung at its mother's breast. But, observing its very great beauty, they were moved to compassion, and placed it upon the branch of a tree, to secure it from the wild beasts; and then killing a hare, they conveyed its heart to the emperor. Soon after this, a duke, travelling in the forest, passed by, and hearing the cry of an infant, searched about, and discovering it, placed it, unknown to any one, in the folds of his garment. Having no child himself, he conveyed it to his wife, and bade her nourish it as her own. The lady, pleased to execute so charitable an office, became much attached to the little foundling, whom she called Henry. The boy grew up, handsome in person, and extremely eloquent; so that he became a general favourite. Now the emperor, remarking the extraordinary quickness of the youth, desired his foster-father to send him to court, where he resided a length of time. But the great estimation in which he was held by all ranks of people caused the emperor to repent of what he had done, and to fear lest he should aspire to the throne, or probably be the same, whom as a child he had commanded the squire to destroy. Wishing to secure himself from every possible turn of fortune, he wrote a letter with his own hand to the queen to the following purport:—"I command you, on pain of death, as soon as this letter reaches you, to put the young man to death." When it was finished, he went by some accident into the Chapel Royal, and seating himself on a bench, fell asleep. The letter had been enclosed in a purse, which hung loosely from his girdle; and a certain priest of the place, impelled by an ungovernable curiosity, opened the purse and read the purposed wickedness. Filled with horror and indignation, he cunningly erased the passage commanding the youth's death, and wrote instead, "give him our daughter in marriage." The writing was conveyed to the queen, who, finding the emperor's signature, and the impression of the royal signet, called together the princes of the empire, and celebrated their nuptials with great pomp. When this was communicated to the emperor, who had quitted the palace, as well to give better opportunity for effecting his atrocious design, as to remove the stigma of its execution from himself, he was greatly afflicted; but when he heard the whole chain of miraculous interposition, he saw that he must resign himself to the dispensation of God. And therefore, sending for the young man, he confirmed his marriage, and appointed him to his kingdom.

THE ZEBRA.

Over the boundless plains and amongst the rocky mountains of Southern Africa, roam vast herds of two species of animals very nearly allied to the horse and ass, but distinguished at once from these by the beautiful striped markings of their skins. In their external form and internal structure, in the arrangement of their teeth, and single toes terminated by an undivided hoof, they agree very closely with the domestic animals above-mentioned, and form with these and one or two other species a small order of mammalia, called, from the structure of their feet, *Solidungula*. Like all the other hoofed mammalia, they are herbivorous, and feed together in herds, sometimes even mingling with some of the other inhabitants of their grazing grounds.

One species, the common zebra (*Equus zebra*), the first described by naturalists, and probably the first known to Europeans, is found in all parts of South Africa as far south as the Cape, but always in the mountainous districts; the other species, called Burchell's zebra (*Equus Burchellii*), in honour of Dr. Burchell, who first pointed out the distinctions between the two animals, inhabits the plains, and is said never to be found to the south of the Orange river.

The former species, represented in our illustration (p. 144), is a little smaller in size than the ass. The ground colour of its body and limbs is white, with numerous glossy black stripes running from the back towards the belly, which, however, is of a pure white; the legs, in like manner, are covered with rings; the face is striped longitudinally with black; and the black bands of the neck being continued into the upright mane, cause that to be similarly variegated with black and white; the tail is shaped like that of the ass, and the tuft at its extremity is black.

These animals inhabit the wildest and most sequestered spots amongst the mountains, where their pursuit is a matter of no little difficulty; but even here, they do not rely solely upon the nature of their fastnesses for security, for whilst the herd is feeding upon its mountain pasture, a sentinel, posted upon some elevated spot, is ready to give the alarm the moment he suspects the approach of any danger, when the whole herd, with ears erect and tails in perpetual motion, dash off at once to some place of still greater safety.

The zebra has long been considered quite untameable, and this appears to be especially the case with respect to the mountain species. In captivity, he exhibits very little docility, and appears to retain a longing for the free air of his native hills, which renders him impatient of confinement, sullen, and often fierce. Mr. Blyth, however, informs us, that Ducrow, some years since, broke in some individuals of this species, but the severe treatment necessary to effect this object completely destroyed all the spirit and liveliness which add so much grace to the creatures' appearance, and rendered them as meek and quiet as common donkeys. The zebra of the plains appears to be a much more docile animal, and it seems not improbable that this species might, in course of time, even become domesticated, although the attempts hitherto made in this direction have not been very successful.

This species, which is about equal to the ass in size, is, if anything, even more elegant in its appearance than the mountain zebra. The ground colour of its body is a delicate yellowish brown, becoming white upon the belly and limbs; the back, neck, head, and haunches, are covered, as in the species already described, with broad, black and deep brown stripes; but the whole of the legs, from the knees and shoulders downwards, are usually quite destitute of any such markings. In its general form, this species bears a closer resemblance to the horse than to the ass, the mountain zebra exhibiting a greater affinity to the latter animal.

Major Harris, in his "Tame and Wild Animals of South Africa," speaking of Burchell's zebra, says that it possesses "much of the graceful symmetry of the horse, with great bone and muscular power, united to easy and stylish action: thus, combining comeliness of figure with solidity of form, this species, if subjugated and domesticated, would assuredly make the best pony in the world. Although it admits of being tamed to a certain extent with considerable facility—a half-domesticated specimen, with a jockey on its brindled back, being occasionally exposed in Cape Town for sale—it has hitherto contrived to evade the yoke of servitude."

In a state of nature, according to Major Harris, who had many opportunities of studying the habits of these charming creatures, "the voice of this freeborn son of the desert has no analogy to the discordant braying of the ass, but consists of a shrill, abrupt neigh, which may be likened to the barking of a dog, as heard by a passer-by from the interior of a house. The senses of sight, hearing, and smell are extremely delicate; the slightest noise or motion, no less than the appearance of any object that is unfamiliar, at once rivets their gaze, and causes them to stop and listen with the utmost attention; any taint in the air equally attracting their olfactory organs. Instinct having taught these beautiful animals that in union consists their strength, they combine in a compact body when menaced by an attack either from man or beast; and if overtaken by the foe, they unite for mutual defence, with their heads together in a close circular band, presenting their heels to the enemy, and dealing out kicks in equal force and abundance. Beset on all sides, or partially crippled, they rear on their hinder legs, fly at the adversary with jaws distended, and use both teeth and heels with the greatest freedom."

A third species, nearly allied to the zebras, also inhabits the

same part of the world. It is rather smaller than the zebra; the fore part of its body is of a brownish colour, banded with white; the hinder quarters paler, or grayish, with very indistinct stripes and spots; down the back runs a black line, bordered on each side with white; the belly, legs, and tail are whitish. This, which is called the Quagga (*Equus quagga*), appears to be the most docile

THE ZEBRA (EQUUS ZEBRA).

of the zebra-like animals of South Africa; it is said to be occasionally broken-in and employed as a beast of draught in the Cape colony. Like the zebras, however, it is very courageous in defending itself from its enemies, fighting boldly with feet and teeth, and even sometimes compelling the hyæna to beat a retreat.

The flesh of all these animals is frequently eaten by hunters and other sojourners in the wilderness, some of the natives of South Africa regarding that of the quagga as preferable to any other. The Rev. Henry Methuen states that quagga-steaks are exceedingly good, although the appearance of the meat—which is coarse and marbled with yellow fat—is rather against it.

In confinement, the zebra has frequently produced mules both with the horse and the ass; but these, although still presenting distinct traces of stripes, are by no means so elegant in appearance as their African parent. They appear, however, to be more docile in their nature; and some of our readers will no doubt recollect a mule of this description which used, a few years ago, to be driven as the leader of the Zoological Society's tandem.

ALLINGTON CASTLE.

This venerable ruin is romantically situated on the west bank of the river Medway, at the distance of a mile from the town of Maidstone. It is of great antiquity, a castle having occupied its site so early as the Anglo-Saxon era; but this edifice, called Medway Castle, was razed to the ground by the Danes, in one of their incursions into this part of the country. The estate was possessed subsequently by

ALLINGTON CASTLE.

Ulnoth, fourth son of Godwin, the powerful Earl of Kent; and after the Norman Conquest, became part of the domain of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. On the disgrace of that prelate, it was transferred by the Conqueror to his kinsman, the Earl of Warren, who rebuilt the castle, and from whose possession it passed into that of Lord Fitzhughes. By the union of the daughter and heiress of that nobleman with Sir Giles Allington it once more changed owners and from this family both the castle and the parish received their name.

In the beginning of the reign of Henry III., when, as appears by the Tower records, there was an exact survey taken of all the castles in England, and a return made of the names of the proprietors or governors, one Columbaris was found in possession of the castle and lord of the manor annexed to it; but in the latter part of that reign it came into the possession of Sir Stephen Penchester, who is supposed to have acquired it by purchase from one Osbert. It is probable that about this time it had very much fallen into decay, or else that it was merely a small building, not considerable enough to be termed a castle; for the Patent Rolls show that Penchester, who was then Constable of Dover Castle and Lord Warden of the

Cinque Ports, received the royal licence, in the eighth year of the reign of Edward I., to erect a castle there, and to fortify and embattle it. Sir Stephen dying without male issue, it became, by marriage with one of his daughters, the property of Stephen Cobham, in whose family it remained for several generations. In the beginning of the reign of Edward IV., we find the estate in the possession of the Brent family, by whom it was sold to Sir Henry Wyatt, who had been privy-councillor to Edward IV., but afterwards attached himself to the rising fortunes of Henry Tudor, for which he was imprisoned in the Tower by Richard III., and treated with great severity. He owed his liberation, and perhaps his life, to the issue of the battle of Bosworth; and being placed by Henry VII. in a situation of trust and emolument, was soon enabled to purchase Allington, of which he received possession in 1493.

His son, Sir Thomas Wyatt, a literary character of some celebrity, was born in this castle in the year 1503, and received his education in St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated at seventeen years of age. He appears to have married within a year or two afterwards, the object of his choice being a daughter of Lord Cobham. Introduced at court by his father, he was appointed a gentleman of the royal bedchamber, received the honour of knighthood, and was afterwards nominated sheriff of Kent. He was a man of handsome person and fascinating manners, an accomplished courtier and a profound politician, a skilful musician and a poet, besides speaking French, Italian, and Spanish with fluency, and being an adept in all the sports and exercises then in vogue. These qualifications rendered him a great favourite with Henry, who sent him on an embassy to the court of Charles V., and to his diplomacy is ascribed the unfavourable reception which that monarch accorded Cardinal Pole.

His father dying in 1538, he solicited his recall, in order to attend to his affairs, and in the following year, took up his abode at Allington Castle, which he put in a state of complete repair, and re-decorated in a very magnificent manner. Though much of his life was passed amid the gaieties and intrigues of courts, he seems to have seized with delight every opportunity of retiring to Allington, that he might indulge in study and contemplation, moralise on the felicities of retirement, and attack the vanities and vices of a court with the honest indignation of an independent philosopher, and the freedom and pleasantry of Horace. His retirement was soon disturbed by a summons from the king to join the Emperor of Germany at Blois, and attend him in his progress through France and Flanders. On his return to England, he was arrested on charges preferred against him some time before by Bishop Bonner, but was acquitted, and received from the king a grant of land in Lambeth, and the post of High Steward of the Royal Manor of Maidstone.

This narrow escape, however, seems to have warned him of the prudence of withdrawing from public life; for though Henry appeared convinced of his loyalty, he knew that he had lost favour with him by advocating the policy of supporting the Protestant princes of the Empire, and that Cromwell's fall, which he saw approaching, would probably involve his own. He therefore passed the remainder of his days at Allington, where, as he informs us in a poetical epistle to one of his friends, he used to hunt and hawk when the season permitted, shoot with the bow in the depth of winter, and when the weather debarred him from these sports, read in his study or compose verses. His poems may be divided into two classes—amatory and satirical; of the former, the most polished is the one beginning, "Blame not my lute;" his satires are chiefly remarkable as containing the original, or at any rate the earliest, English version of the "Town and Country Mice." From this peaceful retirement he was called to attend the king, and in his eagerness to display his loyalty and zeal, he over-heated himself in the journey, and was seized with a fever, which terminated his existence.

His only son, commonly called Sir Thomas Wyatt the younger, to distinguish him from the father, was a wild and reckless young man, who was imprisoned for breaking the windows of the citizens of London with stones shot from a crossbow at night, in which disreputable frolic he was assisted by the Earl of Surrey; and seduced the daughter of Sir Edward Darnell, though he had been married, when only sixteen years of age, to the daughter of Sir William Hawke. He alienated the estate of Tarrant in Dorsetshire, in favour of the offspring of this illicit connexion, soon after his succession to the property. After his release from the Tower, he raised a body of men at his own expense, and distinguished himself at the siege of Landrecies. This led to an appointment under Surrey, then Governor of Boulogne, which he held until the place was given up to the French in 1550. During the latter part of the reign of Edward VI. he lived chiefly at Allington, occupied with the sports of the field; but when the Duke of Suffolk raised his insurrection against Queen Mary, he was induced to take the command of the Kentish rebels, with whom he gained some considerable advantages over the loyalists. Advancing on the metropolis, he failed in an attempt to surprise the city, and was taken prisoner. His courage forsook him on being confined in the Tower, and he made a confession, implicating Elizabeth and several of his friends. He was tried and convicted, and executed on Tower-hill, on the 11th of April, 1554; by which the castle and manor of Allington, with the advowson of the church, became forfeited to the crown.

Queen Elizabeth, in the eleventh year of her reign, gave a lease of the estate to John Astley, master of the jewel-office; and on his death granted it in tail to his son and heir, Sir John Astley, to hold by knight's service, at the rental of £100 2s. 7d. per year. Dying in 1639, he bequeathed the manor and castle of Allington, with other estates in the neighbourhood, to his kinsman, Sir Jacob Astley, who distinguished himself by his courage and military skill in the early part of the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, for which services he was created by that monarch Baron Astley of Reading, in Berkshire. He died in 1651, and the title became extinct on the death of his grandson, the third baron, in 1688; but the castle, manor, and advowson devolved to Sir Jacob Astley, of Melton, who was descended from Thomas, the elder brother of the first Baron Astley. In 1720 they were sold by Sir Jacob, with other estates in Kent, to Sir Robert Marsham, father of the first Lord Romney, in the possession of whose family they long remained.

Allington Castle consists of two courts, one within the other, the outer being surrounded by a moat, and there are still some indications of the magnificence it boasted in the time of Sir Thomas Wyatt. Grose, in his "Antiquities of England," states that in 1760, when the view in that work was taken, the castle was in a very dilapidated condition, and the towers used as out-buildings to a farmhouse, which Hasted, the historian of Kent, supposes to have been built with the ruins of the mansion erected in the vicinity of the castle by Sir Henry Wyatt. There was formerly a park adjoining to the castle, but it was disparked soon after the attainder of Sir Henry, by which the estate became forfeited to the crown. Seventeen or eighteen years ago the old buildings underwent considerable repairs, and they are still used as farm-offices, one of the courts being used as a straw-yard for cattle.

PEERS AND M.P.'S.

Next in importance in oratory, far superior to Disraeli, is Babington Macaulay. Like Disraeli, Macaulay is also an exception to one general system, which is always and essentially aristocratic. Nature has not been bountiful to Macaulay. She never intended him for an orator; there is little of form or comeliness in him. He is short and thick; seemingly more like an alderman than the *beau ideal* of an Edinburgh reviewer. His speeches are like Burke's, splendid essays, and will be read for many a coming age. They are thoroughly prepared, and display the utmost polish and research. They are listened to with delight, but fail in their effect. Macaulay's voice is harsh and bad, and his delivery is exceedingly rapid. He plunges at once into his subject, and never stops till his speech is done and he has no more to say. His speeches depend for their popularity solely upon their merits—upon the splendour of their language—the correctness of their argumentation—the variety of the historical illustrations with which they abound. They owe nothing to manner, in which Macaulay is remarkably deficient. Yet he has spoken to some purpose. His speeches have helped him to fame and to power; and when it is known that he is to speak, the house is crowded in every part; and the lobbies and the smoking-room are deserted for a time. He speaks but seldom now. Sickness, long-continued, has told

upon his frame, and has given him the appearance of premature old age. Yet his voice is still as potent a spell as ever. And when he rises, immediately behind the Treasury benches, and addresses the house, you see by the expression of the faces of the occupants of those benches, that ministers deem that in the member for Edinburgh they have still a tower of strength. In the very last session, Macaulay did what is very rare—decided the fate of a nation by his speech. It was generally thought that the majority for government, on the debate as to the Master of the Rolls retaining his seat in that house, was obtained solely by the brilliant speech of Macaulay; at any rate, that the majority was so large, is attributable lone to him. This is a rare fact in oratory. It is seldom a speaker in the British Senate attempts to convince any one, or succeeds in the attempt. Of the great orators - of the men who make speeches—posterity will care to read Macaulay as the best in the house; and we much question whether his voice will be heard much longer within its walls.

Descending to a lower scale of oratory, we come to Richard Cobden, the quondam hero of the Anti-corn-law League, and now the apostle of Peace. Cobden's appearance is anything but aristocratic. He is a man of middle size and middle age—with a considerable amount of shrewdness in his face—but, judged externally, by no means a formidable foe. He is the direct antipodes of Babington Macaulay. Cobden makes no show of learning, or of oratory—quite the reverse. His is that eloquence which Sir Robert Peel happily styled as unadorned. Its characteristics are appropriateness and clearness. When Cobden rises, there is generally some indecision exhibited; he hums and haws occasionally—he frequently repeats himself. But as he proceeds, his manner becomes firmer and his voice louder. No man in the house goes more directly to the subject. If there be a point, he hits it at once. If there be a difficulty, he grapples with it immediately. His speech is an animated conversation; he seems to hold you by some invisible button—to meet the difficulties as they rise in your mind, and to quell them at once. So admirable is his power in this respect, that we remember well in the infancy of the League, when free-trade was not so popular as it is now, Cobden went down to an agricultural constituency—right in the very heart of the enemy's camp—and so delighted all, that we were told by a farmer present, that if he had held up a white sheet of paper before the audience, and asserted it to be black, and asked them to do the same, they would have done so at once. Cobden is a remarkable illustration of the fairness of the House of Commons. When he first entered there, there was great prejudice against him. He was considered an agitator and a demagogue; but now, no man is listened to with more attention and respect. The truth is, the house is a good judge of character, and will always honour a sincere man who makes a good business speech in a business-like way, and Cobden never attempts anything more. He is pre-eminently a practical debater, and is precisely the man for the House of Commons. Next to business-like speakers, the house affects genteel joking; hence it is, Tom Duncombe and Lord Palmerston are such favourites. Hence it is, Henry Drummond and even Colonel Sibthorpe gain so readily the ear of the house. The house cares little for declamation—it would rather be without it; it considers it a waste of time. Figures of arithmetic are far more popular there than figures of speech. The latter are for schoolboys and youth in its teens—the former are for men. Business is one thing, and rhetoric another. Disraeli began his career as a rhetorician and failed. He wisely altered his plans. He learnt to keep accounts—to talk prose—to understand business; and he has been already Chancellor of the Exchequer, and for all that we wish he may be so again.

Our notice of parliamentary oratory as it is would be incomplete were we to omit the name of Bright. Hotspur told his uncles of the perfumed and emasculated fop who came to him amid the terrors of the battle-field, and told him, that were it not for the cannons, he would have been a soldier himself. To this class of mortals Bright does in no degree belong. If he had not been a Quaker, as Lord Bentinck told him, he would have been a prize-fighter—a more pugnacious man does not exist in the house. It may always be said of him, that

"His soul's in arms and eager for the fray!"

Like Cobden, he belongs to the Manchester school; but he is stronger, with a stouter frame, and a broader chest, and a more confident bearing than the member for the East Riding. At the same time there is not the easy good-nature which Cobden appears to possess. Their speeches are much of the same character—they are essentially business speeches; but Bright's are harder, bolder, more antagonistic than Cobden's. Bright is a much more powerful man; when he speaks he seems to boil over with fury, to bear down all opposition, to tear everything that stands in his way to shreds and tatters. Entering the house amidst great prejudice, disliked as a Quaker, as a free-trader, as a cotton-spinner, as almost a Chartist, despised by the fine country gentlemen, who exclaim—

> "Let learning, laws, and commerce die,
> But give us back our old nobility,"

Bright has now come to be one of the most powerful men in the house. His speeches last session, on the India Bill, raised his character considerably in universal estimation. They displayed in a most favourable light his knowledge, his industry, and his talent. They lifted him out of the character of a class-advocate into that of a statesman; and, perhaps, were the most powerful speeches delivered that session. Men speak of Bright very differently to what they did: and whatever may be men's opinions as to his politics, all now confess that he is one of the most powerful and readiest debaters in the house.

Going late into the house, William Johnson Fox—the Norwich weaver-boy of the League, the Publicola of the *Dispatch*—has, however, maintained the reputation which his brilliant oratorical powers had won for him before he was returned M.P. for Oldham. Joseph Hume, the oldest member of the house, and apparently the youngest man in it, never was an orator, and never will be; yet no man speaks more often, and, on the whole, no man is better heard. Mr. Edward Miall has won a position out of doors as an orator, but he has not done much in it. Such men as Sir J. Packington, Fitzroy Kelly, Sir Benjamin Hall, Lord Dudley Stuart, are useful, able men; ready debaters, fluent on their legs; but they are not the men whose words live after them, or whose speeches our children's children will care to read.

Our task is at length complete. We have exhausted our subject. Our country has been styled—

"A land of ancient precedent,"

and, therefore, have we gone back to the first rude beginnings of what we have now come so completely to understand and admire. At times there is a danger of underrating the service done to us by our Peers and M.P.'s. Familiarity breeds contempt, and at times we are near losing our hereditary reverence for representative institutions. In the easy, lounging way into which the house gets after sitting a few months, it is difficult to see anything heroic. It is not easy to remember what Parliament has done, or to realise what, in an emergency, it may yet do. Smith speaking to empty benches; Fitznoodle fast asleep in the gallery; Verisopht talking small beer in the lobby, do not give the stranger a high idea of representative wisdom; and, after all, it is true that the house can never be what it has been. Time works wonders. There is a destiny that shapes our ends. In the past, of what a noble display has the house been the theatre. No future can ever rival that. So long as England remains great, till the melancholy vision of Macaulay be realised, and the traveller from New Zealand shall stand on the broken arches of Westminster Bridge and view the hoary ruins of St. Paul's, undoubtedly the power of Parliament must be paramount in our midst. As the source of legislation, as the great motive power of government, as the final court of appeal, it must ever live; but party-warfare has toned down; the wall of partition has been taken away. The line of demarcation is fainter. Men have become more philosophical and less passionate. Outside the house, genius and talent can now find the distinction which, hitherto, was to be found in parliament alone; and we shall never see what our forefathers saw—rival factions plunging the country almost into civil war; the lame, the halt, the blind, brought down to vote; the livelong night consumed in listening to the passionate appeals of an oratory long departed from our midst. Side by side with Parliament has grown a power we term the fourth estate—a power of greater weight and more comprehensive view.

FELIX MANBY.

"COME on! come on, all!" cried a merry-looking boy in the play-ground of a suburban academy. "A basket and a letter for Felix Manby! Here, Felix! here is a letter from your aunt, and a basket of beautiful fruit."

Felix came running up, his countenance radiant with delight, and opening the letter, began to read:—"My dear Felix,"—

"Manby is well-named," said one of his schoolfellows, who had a happy facility in quoting passages from the Latin authors, and a knack of punning upon them. "Felix is a name of good omen; and the appellation shows that the old lady is pleased with him, and for that reason sends him this basket of fruit. *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.*"

"Silence, Charley!" cried another boy. "Let us hear the letter."

"My dear Felix," resumed the happy recipient of the billet and the present which accompanied it, "I am happy to apprise you that Mr. Westwood's report of your conduct and progress has given me so much pleasure, that I have sent you a basket of fruit to mark my sense of your endeavours. Continue to merit the same encomiums, and I will continue the same encouragements."

"Bravo!" cried his schoolfellows. "See what a basket of encouragements! Look at the peaches and the pears, the plums and the grapes! You can spare some, Felix: be a good fellow, and divide them."

And the joyous troop of boys surrounded the happy owner of the fruit, shouting in the exuberance of their glee, clapping their hands, and plying him with cajoleries. The vanity of Felix was gratified by the temporary importance which the possession of such a basket of fruit invested him with in the eyes of his fellow-pupils, and waving them from him with an air of majesty, he removed the vine-leaves which covered the fruit, and began to dispense his favours. He felt himself a king for the moment, and consulted his preferences and indulged his caprices in regal style. To one he gave a delicious peach, to another a juicy pear, to the punning Latinist a fine bunch of grapes, accompanying each gift with some observation, sometimes jocular, sometimes sarcastic. All were so intent upon obtaining a portion of the contents of the basket that no notice was taken of his caprices; and when he threw a bunch of grapes in Charley's face, the young pedant quietly wiped his face, murmuring, as he ate the grapes, a quotation from Horace: "*Impavidum ferient ruinæ.*" Even the applause with which the rude act was greeted by his thoughtless playmates pleased him, and he continued the distribution of the fruit, each gift eliciting renewed flatteries.

"*Date lilia!*" said Charley, stretching forth his hands, when he had eaten the grapes; and when Felix responded to his appeal by throwing a pear, which struck him on the breast, he replied, in the sublime words of the wife of Pætus, "*Pæte, non dolet!*"

FELIX IN PROSPERITY.

It was only when the basket was nearly empty that the sudden popularity of Felix Manby began to diminish. Then, murmurs against his partiality rose among those who had been less favoured than others; and those who had shared most largely the contents of the basket, but who conceived themselves injured by the humours which he had allowed himself, declared that his impertinence was insufferable. Charley kicked over the empty basket, repeating solemnly, "*Finis coronat opus.*"

Felix was thus made to expiate his vanity and presumption. Each insult that he received was only a retaliation. "The sugar with which we sweeten injuries leaves a bitter taste in the mouth," says a Chinese proverb; and these humiliations taught the boy—

though the lesson was a rude one—that there is a difference between prodigality and true generosity. But the first feeling which they produced was only resentment at what he regarded as the ingratitude of his schoolfellows, whom he reproached in no measured terms; his anger, however, produced only a laugh, and Charley chanted the first line of the Iliad, which alludes to the wrath of Achilles, to the air of "Rule Britannia."

About a week after this incident, just as the boys had commenced their sports in the playground, another basket and another letter were brought, both addressed, as before, to Felix Manby. The boys gathered round him, and with an air of anticipated triumph, he broke the seal, and read as follows:—

"The basket of fruit which I now send was intended for you; but as I was about to send it off, I received a note of complaint from Mr. Westwood, who is dissatisfied with your late behaviour. In consequence of this communication, I desire that the fruit may be divided among your schoolfellows, without including you in the distribution."

Felix turned pale and red alternately, and the billet dropped from his hands; but the announcement was received by his schoolfellows with gleeful shouts and clapping of hands. The basket was opened, and two stewards were elected by universal suffrage, who were charged with the duty of making an equitable distribution of its contents. Some of the more generous of the boys turned with a look of compassion towards Felix, who was seated on a bench, with his back to them, shedding tears of mortification, and proposed that he should be included in the division; but the majority appealed to the letter, insisting that the injunction to exclude him was positive, and ought to be adhered to. The stewards had no alternative but to abide by this decision, and carry out the lesson which Manby's aunt was anxious that he should receive.

"In fact," said Charley, who could not resist the temptation of a Latin pleasantry, "Felix is, like the Tityrus of Virgil, *recubans sub tegmine fagi.*"

When, however, all the rest had retired, each with his portion of fruit, regarding Felix as they passed him with a look of indifference or of mockery, Charley remained on the spot. He slowly approached the mortified and humiliated boy, and placed his hand upon his shoulder.

"Come," said he, in a low voice, "hear what Ovid says."

"Ah, would you mock me?" cried Felix, angrily.

"No," replied the Latinist; "but I would have you be a philosopher. So long as your good aunt called you her dear Felix, and sent you fruit, you were courted; when she cooled towards you, and sent you nothing, you were abandoned; it is the way of the world, my dear fellow, and proves the truth of those beautiful lines—

FELIX IN ADVERSITY.

'Donec eris *felix*, multos numerabis amicos;
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.'"

Felix shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't bring your Latin puns to me," said he, sullenly.

"Perhaps you would like this better," returned Charley, offering him a part of his own share of the fruit, which Felix accepted with a bad grace. "Eat it, and profit by the lesson. In this world, Manby, it is necessary to use our prosperity so as to retain the friendship which we may need in adversity. He who would meet kindness and forbearance, must show them towards others. *Par pari refertur*, says Phædrus. There is a delicacy in giving which enhances the value of the gift, and there is a manner which deprives it of half its worth, and obliterates the sentiment of gratitude."

This lesson was not lost upon Felix, and his future conduct, shaped by his remembrance of it, brought him a degree of real happiness which proved the appropriateness of his name, as his punning friend had pointed out.

RUSSIAN FORTS IN CIRCASSIA.

THE progress and aggression of Russia have never been displayed in more marked colours than in the attempts made by that power to subdue the brave tribes of the Caucasus; those hardy mountaineers who, with their chief, Schamyl, have been indistinctly heard of for so many years, and who now, from peculiar circumstances, have come so prominently before us. The efforts of Russia to extend her territory have been for half a century unceasing. She has gone on working her way, despite mountains, hills, rivers, and valleys, and yet has been checked on her onward course, close to the frontiers of Persia, by the unceasing energy and courage of the Circassian tribes. Of late years, however, she was beginning to make much more impression, and the presence of fortified towns and forts, in the possession of Russian troops, seemed to ensure the ultimate conquest of the country.

The untiring general, who so long has kept the forces of the Czar at bay, did so by the exercise of the virtues of patience and self-denial. He never lost hope in the future destinies of his country, and even appeared to prefer death in battle to submission to the dead level of Muscovite civilisation, to the rule of "that good man the emperor," as the Rev. John Overton Choules calls him. Schamyl has, during the long contest of years past, proved himself a general and a statesman. Dr. Frederick Wagner says: "The organisation of the Circassian army is a masterpiece of acutely-meditated precision, for it is constituted in a way calculated and designed to render possible the utmost strictness of discipline, without damping the natural warlike feelings of his subjects. Every naib keeps 300 horsemen at the disposition of the state, and the conscription is so conducted that out of every ten families one horseman is drawn, and that family is free during life from all taxes, while the other nine have to furnish his outfit and sustenance. This is the standing army."

Schamyl has taken a lesson from the customs of other nations besides his own: "In his military arrangements he has so far imitated the Russians as to institute orders, marks of honour, and distinctions of rank. The leaders of a hundred men who signalise themselves in action, receive round silver medals, bearing appropriate poetical inscriptions; the leaders of three hundred men receive three-cornered medals; and those of five hundred, silver epaulets. Before 1842, sabres of honour, to be worn on the right side, were the only marks of distinction distributed. Now the leaders of a thousand men receive the rank of captain, and those of a larger number are generals.

It is this general and this people the Russians have sought to subdue, and to effect this purpose the more effectually, they have erected forts at different places. These forts are very interesting features in the scenery of the war, and we proceed to notice some of them.

Gagri was one fort. It stood at the entrance of a vast gorge, down which came rushing a mountain-stream, and from the peculiarity of its position it was the most healthy of all the Russian forts. The hills, which fall away into a steep slope down to the sea, are at the bottom clothed with magnificent foliage, here and there broken into wide, open, grassy spaces, which give the whole a park-like appearance; and these, says a British officer, writing in May, "are now decked in all the beauty of spring." Half-way up the mountains the trees were more bare, and a short distance above that they had no foliage at all. The following picturesque description of the scene is worthy of preservation. We see promise in such narratives of a deeply-interesting series of books, likely to extend our geographical knowledge when the war is over. "Then the species change from elm or oak to pine and larch, which at first runs up with a mixture of other foliage, and lights up the other trees beautifully, and afterwards in a thick black fringe have all the top to themselves. Mountains such as these occupy either side of the gorge, their tops a mixture of black pine and snow. Towering beyond, in the centre of the whole view, are huge peaks of unbroken and perpetual snow; the whole is a glorious combination of summer and winter—beauty and grandeur. The fort is a square, with bastions at the angles, and there is a block-house at some distance from it up the valley, to command the passage."

Near this is the town of Pafori, and the coast of Imerilia, a country inhabited by Christians of the Greek church, favourable to Russia. Their chief is bought at the price of 25,000 dollars, paid annually. "Some people," says a recent traveller, "theorise that local scenery influences the minds of those who dwell amidst it. These people, then, should be the noblest on the face of the earth. The mountains have retired from the water's edge, and between them and the sea is a plain some miles across, upon which the trees and verdure are luxuriantly beautiful. Smoke arises here and there, as if agriculturalists were at work; and distant houses of wood are bathed in the brightest sunlight. This is summer: winter approaches half-way up the mountains, its boundary again marked by firs and pines and stray snow-patches in the ravines; again there is a splendid black forest of firs, many miles in length, along the mountains; above this, fir-tops are seen struggling through the snow; above is winter, indeed, in all its dreariness and fierceness. The immense quantity of snow is perfectly dazzling. It lies in one thick, unbroken mass, extending high up into the heavens, except where abrupt precipices and rocks will not allow it to remain on their perpendicular surfaces; and peak upon peak, as fantastic as the most insane artist could desire, follow in rapid succession. A Russian monastery was seen embowered in trees; one monk alone had taken up his quarters there, as it had not been finished. It is now deserted. The circular green top, crowned by a gold cross, has a pretty effect."

Advancing towards Suchum-Kaleh, there is a fine view of snow and rock. The former, on the far-off mountains, appears to come down to the very base; but though ice and snow can be seen on all sides, the weather below is very hot. The scene is very picturesque. The snow-piles and drifts are partially lit up by the sun; elsewhere they are concealed by clouds. It is very difficult at times to define the limits of sky and hill, for they seem to melt into one another. One giant peak of porphyry, with a vast mass of perpendicular towards the sea, towers over the glaciers and snow-filled valleys.

A bay, of handsome proportions, forms the entrance to Suchum-Kaleh. In a part of it there are seventy fathoms of water. The place is very beautiful. Passing voyagers can smell the odours of delicious flowers wafted from the shore. Here the Russians and the Georgians lived together on terms of the greatest amity. It is a very populous district. Houses, homesteads, farms, are scattered all around. It has a red-hot shot battery on one flank, and the old Genoese castle on the other. This is surrounded by a strong wall, of great thickness and extent. Between these is a long street, with shops and houses of wood and stone. A spacious road leads to the country. It has walls on either side covered with trees, and behind them are cottages covered with roses and jessamine. There are botanical gardens in this place with whole hedges of roses. The place altogether seems to have been one which the Russians must have left with regret.

Beyond Suchum-Kaleh are the highest peaks of the Caucasus, which here runs inland. The highest peak is 8,000 feet, and forms one of the most splendid snow landscapes in the world. The next post of importance is Redout-Kaleh, which the Russians almost wholly destroyed previously to abandoning it. A personal observer says: "The place is entirely destroyed. Nothing remains of the main part of the town, but black beams strewed around. In the centre stand isolated the stone steps which formed the approach to the church. The chimneys and ovens of the houses alone mark their site, all the rest having been of wood. Apparently a handsome street had run parallel with the river; but its houses must have been very unhealthy, as both on the north and south sides stretches a marshy country, covered with brushwood and large lilies. The glass of the houses was seen in fused lumps; pottery strewed the ground; and occasionally were found cats and rats, from their position burnt to death in the act of running away."

This is a picture of war rather dark and desolate in its suggestions. There are several other stations, however, which have been recently visited. There is Wilhelminsky, occupying a beautiful position on a fertile slope, with excellent defences, beneath which the cliffs fall abruptly into the sea, with valleys between at intervals, filled by luxuriant foliage. The next little station, of Lazaroff, is picturesquely situated in the very centre of some

delightful scenery. This stood—for it is now destroyed, except the outer walls—in the centre of a little level clearing at the entrance of a vast gorge. On each side, and far away in the distance, over hill and dale, may be seen islands of trees in full foliage; and *behind, closing up the gorge, is a lofty snow-and-pine-clad mountain.* Several mountain-streams meet and collect near Lazaroff, and in these will now be seen Turkish and Circassian trading-boats. Indeed, should the Allied Powers secure the independence of Circassia, this country might easily now be opened up to civilisation and commerce. The nation has confidence in us, which, if we do not abuse, may make of it a useful ally.

The next station is Golorinsky, and then Point Bardan. This the Russians had hitherto failed in capturing, and hence, being the only Circassian outport, it was the place whence the young ladies of Circassia were started to be eligibly settled in the harems of Stamboul. We will, previously to making any remark on this point, quote an extract from an intelligent officer's letter, to which we shall afterwards reply:—"As soon as we were landed, we were surrounded by a crowd of Circassians, who immediately led me by a path from the shore, through woods, brambles, and ditches, to a long field, surrounded by woods, among which several wooden dwellings showed their roofs. This was a beautiful spot, and the ground beneath us a mass of daisies and buttercups. A Circassian made me mount his horse. Crossing a stream, I gave it up again, and prepared, with a guide, to scale one of the mountain heights. We had a heavy pull up this hill, on a narrow pathway covered with briers and brambles. On our way we met two Circassian young ladies, rather moon-faced, but with beautiful complexions and pleasant expression. Our Circassian friend called to them to cover their faces—we had a dragoman with us—an order which they showed their good sense by neglecting. At the top we had a most noble view—a complete panorama of rich wood, overtopped with snow; several villages were dotted among the woods and upon the mountain sides, the dwellings being all of wood. We descended by another mountain-path to the sea; here we took another stroll, and entered the wood. We had been advised not to straggle far, as the Circassians of the mountains were ignorant of our arrival, and might take us for Russians. In the wood we met with a fine-looking old gentleman, mounted and proceeding slowly; with him were two Circassian girls—the daughters, as it appeared. Not knowing what to make of us, he drew his sword, or rather long knife, and looked fierce; but on nearing us, and seeing we were unarmed, returned it again, and was quite happy when he knew us to be 'Inghealeez.' Then his daughters came forward, and shook hands with all. One was about twelve years old, the other fourteen; the latter with a fair skin, blue eyes, and light hair, and, we were told by the old gentleman, ready and happy to become a portion of the personal effects of any of us for 10,000 piastres (£30)."

This is an error which, from our knowledge of the East, and from the concurrent testimony of all travellers, we beg to correct. The Russians have industriously circulated the report that Circassia is a wholesale slave district, to excuse their own marauding. But no Christian would be allowed to buy a Circassian girl. The system of finding wives for the Turks is carried on in Circassia, but the young girls enter the harem as the legitimate wives of the Stamboulites, not as the slaves. They somewhat resemble our young ladies going out to India on matrimonial expeditions. It is right that our friends the Circassians should not be confounded with mere ordinary slavedealers, or we should have to look upon them with considerable suspicion, and very properly. The officer above quoted did not understand the language, and hence the error. He continues:—"These Circassian girls look forward to this, as being settled in life; and going to Stamboul is a fulfilment of their best wishes and desires, just as a young lady in London makes an 'eligible' match. Our little friend with the blue eyes looked at us earnestly, in confirmation of papa's words, and made some of our party a present of shells she had just picked up, which she pantomimed would bear a fine polish. But a Circassian girl here and at Stamboul are two very different beings. At home she wanders about in plain and rough dress, only dreaming of the gold and decoration that may some day fall to her lot at Stamboul. They are generally educated in Turkish young lady-like accomplishments, music, etc., and imbibe by degrees the artificial life they must lead henceforth. No Turk can marry, unless he provide his wife or wives with all manner of ornaments and luxury, and hence a decrease in the population which would greatly gratify Mr. Malthus. As the Turks of the lower orders die at Stamboul, their place is mostly filled by fresh importations from Asia. A French officer told me that boats had arrived to export a freight of the same nature as the little blue-eyed girl I have told you of; each ship would hold 200 of them. On descending the mountain we saw a number of Circassian women looking from the brushwood at the ships; directly we appeared they dipped among the brushwood like so many specimens of 'Jack in the box.' I cannot account for such excessive delicacy on their part, except, perhaps, by their being the wives of some of the warriors on the beach, who perhaps were very jealous fellows."

ROYAL TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

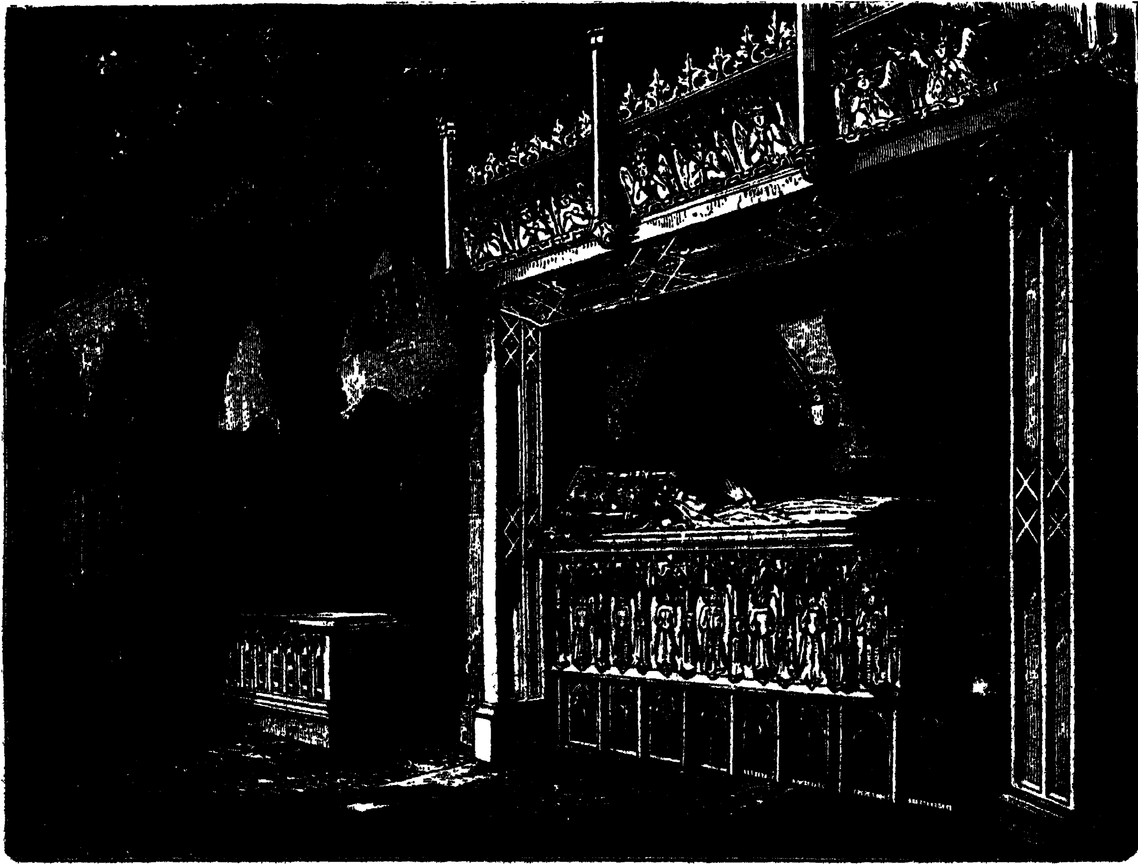
In walking through the old Gothic abbey of St. Peter, and surveying the tombs of departed kings and queens, the spectator cannot fail to observe the similarity which they bear to each other. There is little variety in the reliefs which ornament them, and the statues are always executed in a stiff and formal style, and laid flat on their backs, with their hands either crossed over the breast or joined in prayer. Previously to the accession of the Stuarts, most of the kings and queens of England were interred in Westminster Abbey, and their tombs are useful as records of the progress made in the ornamental arts during the period between its foundation and the death of Elizabeth.

The chapel of the founder, Edward the Confessor, is full of ancient remains, of which the chief is his own tomb, nearly in the middle. The original work, though very much dilapidated, is a curious monument of antiquity; but the wooden superstructure is of a later date and in a different style. This Anglo-Saxon saint and king was originally interred before the high altar; but on the erection of the shrine by Henry III., his remains were transferred to their present resting-place with much pomp and splendour. In the same chapel, a huge, rudely-shaped coffin, composed of large slabs of Purbeck stone, contains the remains of Edward I., which were exposed in 1774 by a deputation from the Society of Antiquaries. The royal corpse was found in a state of tolerable preservation, clad in two robes, one of gold and silver tissue, the other of crimson velvet; each shrunken hand held a sceptre, and a regal crown glittered on the head. The corpse measured six feet two inches. The monument of his queen, Eleanor of Castile, whose conjugal virtues tradition has so pleasingly recorded, is of gray Petworth stone, covered with a table of gilt copper, on which the statue of the queen lies in the usual recumbent position. It is a creditable performance for the age, and the amiability of the original is well expressed in the sweetness of the countenance.

The lofty and somewhat imposing tomb of Henry III. is very similar, in materials and style of workmanship, to that of Edward the Confessor. The brass statue of the monarch, which lies upon the brazen table of the tomb, is the first specimen of casting executed in this country; both the statue and the table are richly gilt, but the gilding is concealed by a thick coat of indurated dust. The king is clad in a long mantle, reaching to the feet, and there is a dignified simplicity in its folds which has led to the supposition that Cavalini, the Italian artist who executed the tomb, may have also designed the statue, and perhaps superintended the casting. The tomb of Henry V. stands in an arched recess beneath the chantry, between two octagonal towers, ornamented with statues and tracery work. The helmet which he wore at the *battle of Agincourt* surmounts a wooden bar between these towers, on the sides of which hang his war-saddle and shield.

All these tombs and statues are much decayed and defaced, and

executed in a uniform style of stiff formality. Towards the close of the fifteenth century, a better style began to prevail, and though the statues were still laid on their backs, in rigid and ungraceful postures, an improvement is perceptible in the chiselling of the countenances, the folds of the drapery, and the ornamental accessories. The superb tomb of Henry VII., in the chapel called after that monarch, is a specimen of this improved style; it is the work of an Italian, however—Pietro Torrigiano, a fellow-student of Michael Angelo, whose nose he is said to have broken in a dispute respecting their comparative proficiency in the arts. The pedestal is of black marble, but the figures and pilasters are of gilt copper. The statues of Henry and his queen lie upon the tomb, side by side, with their hands raised in the attitude of prayer. Simplicity is the characteristic of the design, and there is an extremely natural expression in the countenances of the royal pair. The screen which surrounds the tomb is the work of English artists,



A TOMB IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

and is a most elaborate specimen of open-work founding in brass and copper in the pointed style of decoration. There is an octagonal tower at each angle, and an arched doorway, surmounted by a shield of arms, on each side. A projecting cornice and a parapet [illegible] the upper part, and on the transverse plates at the sides, between the two divisions into which the upright compartments are divided, is a long inscription to the memory of the monarch whose remains repose beneath.

The later royal monuments are not superior to this, and by some are thought scarcely equal to it. That of Queen Elizabeth exhibits a considerable deviation from the designs of the sepulchral monuments of the preceding age; but the custom of representing the deceased lying stiffly on the tomb, face upward, is slavishly adhered to. An open arcade, with a richly-ornamented entablature, rises upon a large altar-tomb of marble, upon which lies the statue of the queen, painted and gilded in a style of gaudy and meretricious magnificence. Each side of the arcade is supported upon four marble pillars, of the Corinthian order. The cost of this sumptuous monument was £965, exclusive of the materials. The design was furnished by John de Critz, who also executed the painting and gilding. The monument of Queen Mary, of Scotland, is in better taste, and the statue of the beautiful, erring, and unfortunate queen, in white marble, has an air of delicacy which creates a far more pleasing impression than the glaring splendour lavished upon the tomb of her enemy.

We cannot more appropriately conclude this notice of the royal tombs, than with the reflections of Washington Irving, in reference to his own survey of them. "What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres, but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion? It is indeed the empire of death;—his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past, and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection, and will in turn be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history becomes as a tale that is told, and his very monument a ruin."

RAFFAELLE AND MICHAEL ANGELO.

In the gallery of the Luxembourg palace, in Paris, is the magnificent picture by Horace Vernet, here engraved, representing one of the most memorable episodes of the quarrel between those master-geniuses of their period—Raffaelle and Michael Angelo Buonarotti. The responsibility of a quarrel so much to be deplored is said to rest with those artists of inferior genius, who, jealous of the reputation of Raffaelle, and the favour in which he stood with talent; and the universal esteem which he enjoyed, with the celebrity which he immediately acquired as a painter, excited the envy of the Roman artists—the gifted Buonarotti being no exception. A rivalry sprang up between the two great painters, which increased with the fame of Raffaelle. "Michael Angelo," says Lanzi, "disdaining any secondary honours, came to the combat, as it were, attended by his shield-bearer; for he made drawings in his grand

RAFFAELLE AND MICHAEL ANGELO AT THE VATICAN.

the pontiffs, Julius II. and Leo X., availed themselves of every opportunity of fanning the flame of rivalry between the two great masters into enmity.

Raffaelle had already acquired considerable celebrity at Florence, when he was summoned to Rome by the first-named pope to decorate the walls and ceilings of the Vatican. Arrived in the Eternal City, his attractive person and engaging manners obtained him the favour of the most illustrious men of the day, whether in rank or

style, and then gave them to F. Sebastiano, the scholar of Giorgione, to execute; and by these means he hoped that Raffaelle would never be able to rival his productions either in design or colour. Raffaelle stood alone; but aimed at producing works with a degree of perfection beyond the united efforts of Michael Angelo and Sebastian del Piombo, combining in himself a fertile imagination, ideal beauty founded on a correct imitation of the Greek style, grace, ease, amenity, and a universality of genius in every depart-

ment of the art. The noble determination of triumphing in such a powerful contest animated him night and day, and allowed him no respite. It also excited him to surpass both his rivals and himself in every new work. The subjects, too, chosen for these chambers, aided him, as they were in a great measure new, or required to be treated in a novel manner. They did not profess to represent bacchanalian or vulgar scenes, but the exalted symbols of science; the sacred functions of religion; military actions, which contributed to establish the peace of the world; important events of former days, under which were typified the reigns of the pontiffs Julius and Leo X.; the latter the most powerful protector, and one of the most accomplished judges of art. More favourable circumstances could not have transpired to stimulate a noble mind."

The excellence of Michael Angelo, as a painter, is chiefly in vigour of design; in composition and colouring he was far surpassed by his rival. It occurred to him, as Lanzi has stated, that if he supplied the design, and Sebastian del Piombo executed the picture, Raffaelle would be unable to compete with them. In this manner was produced, in fresco, a "Transfiguration," in the chapel of St. Peter in Montorio. Raffaelle, being subsequently employed to paint a picture for Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII., in his accustomed spirit of emulation, chose the same subject. "This is a picture," says Mengs, "which combines more excellences than any of the previous works of Raffaelle. The expression in it is more exalted and more refined, the *chiaroscuro* more correct, the perspective better understood, the pencilling finer; and there is a greater variety in the drapery, more grace in the heads, and more grandeur in the style." The heads are considered the most perfect he ever painted, and the colouring is extolled as eminently beautiful.

Sebastian del Piombo, being engaged by the cardinal to paint a companion-picture to that of Raffa-lle at the same time, chose for his subject the "Raising of Lazarus," the design of which was made for him by Michael Angelo. The two pictures, when finished, were exhibited to the public; Sebastian produced a very fine painting,* which has been very much admired, but the palm of superiority was awarded to the magnificent picture of Raffaelle. It was during this period of rivalry that the meeting took place between the rival painters, the memory of which has been preserved by Horace Vernet in the picture from which our engrav ng is taken. Michael Angelo was passing through a court of the Vatican, when he encountered Raffaelle in the midst of a group of his pupils. "You have a suite as numerous as a general," he observed, in a tone which betrayed his envy, as he passed on. "And you," responded his rival, "go about alone, like the hangman." Bu narotti is descending the stairs, carrying before him his portfolio and brushes, a plaster cast and a sword; he looks back, with a glance of hatred and envy, towards his rival, whose handsome features wear an expression of calm disdain. A little apart from the group of students are several peasants, who come to serve them as models; the young woman in the centre, with a brunette complexion, downcast eyes, bare feet, and a naked child in her lap, is evidently a study for the Madonnas which the painters of Italy have produced in such numbers.

THE MEETING AT BOULOGNE.

LETTER FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

I CAN recollect nothing, since the great Field of the Cloth of Gold, to resemble the very grand affair we have had at Boulogne. My partiality for that old place as an autumn residence is well known; and as I arrived before such royal and imperial honours were decided on, I obtained lodgings at a reasonable rate. Most of those who came to see the pageant will tell a different story. Where they managed to put all the people, I really cannot say, unless they packed them on shelves. I fancied all England was coming; and what with the visits from friends, the awful cannonading and fighting, and the dust and general noise, I do not know when I shall be myself again. I had taken the trouble to go over with a friend, who is very learned in history, to the site of the old camp at Boulogne, right away to Honvault and Wimereux, where so many thousands collected to capture old England, which only three days ago I actually saw shining far away with its white cliffs in the distance. I could say something pretty about the rainbow of liberty stretching from these heights to Dover cliffs; but then, as, according to the *Moniteur*, the emperor said nothing of the kind, I may as well drop the metaphor.

We learnt, I assure you with some surprise, that Prince Albert was coming. I will own that I was very incredulous on the point, even until the 2nd. I walked down with my boy towards the port to see the steamer come in. The well-informed said the Guards were on board, who were to be Prince Albert's escort. Well, the steamer came in, but no guards were to be seen. This made me smile. My triumph, however, was short-lived; for in a few minutes another steamer arrived, and on board this were a small party of five Life-guardsmen and two Blues, in charge of twenty fine horses belonging to Prince Albert. There were a great many French soldi rs in the crowd; and no sooner were our men on shore, saddling their horses as coolly as in the barrack-yard, than the Gauls rushed up and insisted on drinking with them. You see they knew the way to an Englishman's heart. The women of Boulogne were much struck by the English soldiers, who certainly were very fine fellows. They will be lions for the rest of their days, and will talk to thousands with pride of their visit to Boulogne and the reception they met with there.

On Sunday we were surprised by the arrival of the king of the Belgians, who, however, only stayed a few hours, leaving the same evening. Next day came the king of Portugal and his suite, so that we had nothing but saluting and powder-burning all day. Boulogne never had such a harvest. The emperor drove out wearing the grand cordon of Portugal, while the king wore the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour. It is generally believed that these two royal visits would have been much protracted, but for a question of etiquette. The emperor wished to pay almost exclusive attention to Prince Albert; but the two others being crowned heads, they would necessarily have had precedence over a king-consort, which, under the circumstances, the emperor would not allow.

Tuesday, the 5th of September, was really a glorious day. Overhead shone a bright and cloudless sky, illumined by a sun such as has done so much good to the harvest; the sea was not so placid as the waters of Leman's lake, but still was not rough. A fresh breeze braced the nerves of the masses, and all Boulogne was on foot—visitors and sight-seers to see, tradesmen and others to prepare for the golden harvest. A gay and delighted crowd, with a great preponderance of ladies, collected on the pier between seven and nine—some in straw hats, some with parasols, some with umbrellas, and not a few with telescopes. Meanwhile, in the town, busy preparations were making. Right away from the Hotel Brighton, round the railway station, all along the busy quay to the landing-place, there were flags and gaily-ornamented poles in great profusion—quite a change from the usual fishy and ill-favoured appearance of Boulogne streets.

It was a little after nine when the paddle-boxes of the "Victoria and Albert" came in sight, and the excitement of the masses began to know no bounds. The English were particularly moved from their usual phlegm and equilibrium. They thought their personal honour at stake that the display should go off well. A pilot was seen to go out in the gig of the captain of the fort, and then the squadron became visible to the naked eye. They approached at a very good speed. The French by this time were down in great numbers; hitherto the pier had been almost wholly tenanted by English. When the joint flags of England and France could be distinguished on the "Black Eagle" and "Vivid," and "Victoria and Albert," the cheering was immense. A burst of cannon at the same moment announced that the emperor had started to meet the representative of the royal family of England. He came in a carriage accompanied by the British ambassador, the foreign minister, and the minister of war.

The fine new body of the "Hundred Guards," which formed the escort, excited much attention. Their uniform is rich, especially with helmet and cuirass, though in undress they look too much in the style of Soulouque's guards. They have sky-blue frocks, gold

* The "Raising of Lazarus" was formerly in the collection of the Duke of Orleans; it was p rchased by the late Mr. Angerstein for two thousand guineas, and is now in the National Gallery.

lace; red trousers, gold stripe; cocked hat; a waist fit for a girl; and sword. They are truly a pretorian guard, and their personal devotion is secured by their pay being double that of any other troops, while they are better fed, mounted, and cared for. They are the picked men of France. For myself, I prefer the *carabiniers*. The other military corps who turned out were of the very best regiments.

The emperor, as usual, wore a full suit of uniform, of no particular rank, with a profusion of stars and orders, which he has collected during his eventful life. He was surrounded by a staff very much resembling that of the emperor at Austerlitz, only more brilliant, as far as gold and lace could make them so. There was a body of civilians, too—the mayor and corporation of Boulogne, some of them once warm partisans of another Louis, now no more.

His majesty had resolved to be the first at the rendezvous; and so he was. Seven minutes elapsed between his arrival at the landing and the coming up of Prince Albert—seven minutes spent in apparently very lively conversation; for the staff laughed loudly and often. But now up came the royal yacht, and the prince, with the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Seaton by his side, was recognised by the English, than whom no people are more learned in public men. A lusty English cheer, in which my Henry joined, made my head ache. It was taken up by the French, who are becoming great proficients in bawling; and at twenty three minutes past ten the vessel was moored. The emperor and prince had already raised their hats and bowed. The prince now came ashore in a quick, almost anxious, manner, and advancing, raised his hat again; the emperor did the same, and then they shook hands.

Cannon roared, "God save the Queen!" burst from French bands, the vessels in the port were all manned, the crowd grew denser every minute, ladies in splendid dresses poured down in greater numbers than ever, and England and France seemed one. All felt, as I did, doubtless, that the present war was a fine thing for the emperor. To us the alliance is politically of vast importance, but to the Queen personally it is of no moment. To Louis Napoleon it is a kind of legitimisation. It has buried the past in oblivion, and raised the character of the empire.

The same afternoon began the sight-seeing and military parading for Prince Albert. He started for the camp at Honvault about four, escorted by his seven English soldiers, whose appearance excited immense interest—quite a sensation, in fact. The general reception by the French troops was very enthusiastic. There is no denying it, the French are in their element. They are at war; and the army is, to a man, eager for the fray. If the emperor wanted volunteers, I do believe the whole army would turn out. Nothing is thought of but battles and sieges. Louis Napoleon might, just now, lop off even the semblance of a constitution he has given the people, and not any murmurs would arise. I was never so convinced of the military character of the French nation before.

The camp commences at Honvault on the plateau above Boulogne. It is a kind of mud or clay city—a long line of huts, each containing twelve men. They are pretty comfortable. The kitchens are apart, and built of stone. It presents a very curious panorama to the eye, especially when the soldiers are lounging about in easy undress. High mass is performed every Sunday; and, weather permitting, there is dancing the same evening. The English crowd up to see the fun. A *café*, billiard tables, and cards afford amusement to the officers, who also walk of an evening over to the town, when their manœuvres do not require their getting out before daybreak the next morning.

The view from Honvault is striking. Away for six miles along the coast, by Wimereux and Ambleteuse, the white tents of the soldiers can be seen. It is a very remarkable congregation of soldiery, and reminds one of the days when a similar army was collected by another Napoleon, at the same place, for quite another purpose. The change of feeling since 1848 has been immense. From my knowledge of France, I must say that it has all taken place since then. Under Louis-Philippe the feeling was hostile in the extreme.

A great deal has been said about a banquet, a toast proposed by Louis Napoleon, and a speech made. The words have been given in the most authoritative manner; and one writer says: "I am able to give you some details of the banquet at the Hotel Brighton." Where he got his details from I know not; but the whole is imaginary. No toast was proposed, and no speeches made. It was also said that Louis Napoleon took off his grand cordon of the Legion of Honour, and handed it to Prince Albert. This could not be, as Prince Albert has had the cordon some years already.

Wednesday was spent in military inspections, and on Thursday our beautiful yacht came in for a share of the honours. It was visited in the afternoon by the emperor, who went over it minutely and took refreshments in the splendid cabin. He much admired our tars, and certainly had a very good specimen before him, for they appeared to be about the best men in our navy for appearance. The yacht was visited by many others after the departure of the royal party.

A ball was announced in a large open place with trees, famous for festivals of the kind, called Tintelleries. It is an oblong space, railed in. The English were invited *en masse*. The illuminations were good, but an unlucky shower of rain kept a great many away. English and French national airs were played at intervals all the evening, and on each occasion excited immense applause. All this is very theatrical, and a great deal of it mere lip enthusiasm, but still there is much genuine feeling at bottom. The tremendous vows of friendship made between strange Englishmen and stray Frenchmen, lasted, even in their memories, only the evening; but the alliance of the two nations will not soon be forgotten.

I know nothing of military affairs, but Henry went on horseback to the great review, or battle, on Friday, and brought back a most enthusiastic report. It was like going to the Derby. Carriages, carts, horses, donkeys, and donkey-carts were all to be seen making for Marquise—celebrated for its legs of mutton—at an early hour. This was the head-quarters of the imperial army. Louis Napoleon commanded here in person. The sanguinary invaders, who were supposed to have landed at Calais, were led by General Schramm. The affair began on Friday morning. Henry says: "Having bivouacked at Marquise, the enemy showed themselves at early dawn. The emperor's right wing extended to Hoodiquent; his left to Lequent. At half-past seven the armies were *en presence*, and the roar of artillery commenced on both sides. I now began to understand what a battle was. A battery of heavy field-guns opened on Schramm. The Imperialists made a charge, supported by the whole right wing. A terrible engagement, as far as noise, dust, and confusion, made it so, now ensued, which ended in the retreat of Schramm—*comme de juste*.

"Shramm, however, tried it again. At Inglevent he endeavoured to make up for the misfortune of the morning. A cannonading, beating everything I could have imagined, now ensued. At this moment I saw the emperor and the prince. They were gazing at the scene. The emperor's steed pawed the ground like an old war-horse, and was evidently warmed and delighted. I must say, the emperor himself joined with boyish fervour in the scene, just like his uncle in the battle of Brienne. Prince Albert, too, was quite enlivened by the novel spectacle, while I never saw any set of men more excited than our guardsmen. They were all in their element, which, when we add, that one had been in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, will be understood.

"Some fine cavalry charges here took place, which appeared to decide the battle, for Schramm again retreated, and retired to Cæsar's camp at Wissart."

There was to have been a great deal more of all this, but in my opinion there was quite enough. The military display lasted many days longer, but Prince Albert left the same evening. The sea was now, indeed, as calm as an inland water, with a silvery moon, making night beautiful. The crowd was immense, and cheered the prince lustily. The emperor escorted him to the quay, and saw him on board, when the yacht weighed anchor and departed, sending up a magnificent display of rockets.

The military manœuvres were to end with the capture of the city of Boulogne, but this idea was abandoned for the present. The army was to have marched up from St. Omer and besieged and captured the city. An inspection of the army took place on the 14th. The force may be imagined when I mention that thirty-two squadrons of cavalry defiled. It was the finest military spectacle I ever beheld in my life.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

In former volumes* we gave numerous illustrations of Irish scenery, chiefly from the pencil, no less accurate than fanciful, of Mr. James Mahony, of Cork, a fellow-townsman and schoolfellow of Maclise, and one whose native genius, like that of the great painter just named, has been disciplined and matured by study of the best continental masters, in Italy and elsewhere. The appearance of those sketches in our pages was the means, we believe, of attracting to the sister country a considerable number of visitors who might not otherwise have gone thither; and we are happy to think that the majority found the reality of the scenes more attractive than our description, or even Mr. Mahony's delineation, had led them to suppose. During the present year he has opened up a vast extent of new ground, richer, if possible, than what he had before depicted; and with his aid we purpose taking a rapid and cursory view of the more recent beauties he discloses. We shall begin with that delightful region of the south lying between Cork and Killarney; or rather that first and briefer portion of the route which the new line of railway between Cork and Bandon has valley, through which winds the Curraheg road, thus avoiding much of the bleak and uninteresting track of the old mail-coach road in the western environs of the city, and reaches the Waterfall Station, six miles from Cork. From this point a magnificent view of the "beautiful city" and suburbs of Cork is obtained, and the distant mountains of Dunmanway, Kerry, and Kilworth are seen to great advantage. About a mile further on we reach the antiquated ruin of Mourne Abbey, adjoining which is to be seen the ruins of a Danish fort; here the highest point of the railway is reached, and we descend through a tunnel half a mile in length, arriving at the Ballinhassig Station, ten miles from Cork. From this point omnibuses in connexion with the company ply to and from the town of Kinsale, nine miles distant. Winding along the deep valley of the Owenbeg we arrive at the Upton Station, fifteen miles from Cork. Emerging from the deep cutting at Rockfort, where a vein of silver ore was discovered during the progress of the works, we now approach the most beautiful scenic attractions along the railway, namely, the Brinny and Bandon Valleys, at which

CORN EXCHANGE, CORK AND BANDON RAILWAY TERMINUS, AND RIVER EXCURSION BOAT. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

rendered accessible to travellers, instead of the old route either through Mallow, or by way of Dunmanway, Bantry, and Glengariff.* Our opening sketch speaks for itself, and represents a party proceeding down the beauteous river Lee—a subject we introduce here for the purpose of acquainting the intending tourist that he may vary his trip in the district alluded to by a water excursion, which, for the brief time it takes and the small sum it costs, is probably without compare in the United Kingdom, as it presents the opportunity not only of becoming acquainted with one of the most lovely rivers in the world, but also of visiting the most attractive points of interest within Cork harbour, viz., Passage, Monkstown, Haulbowline Island, and Queenstown. The sketch represents one of these excursion parties embarking on board the steamer on arrival of the train at Cork.

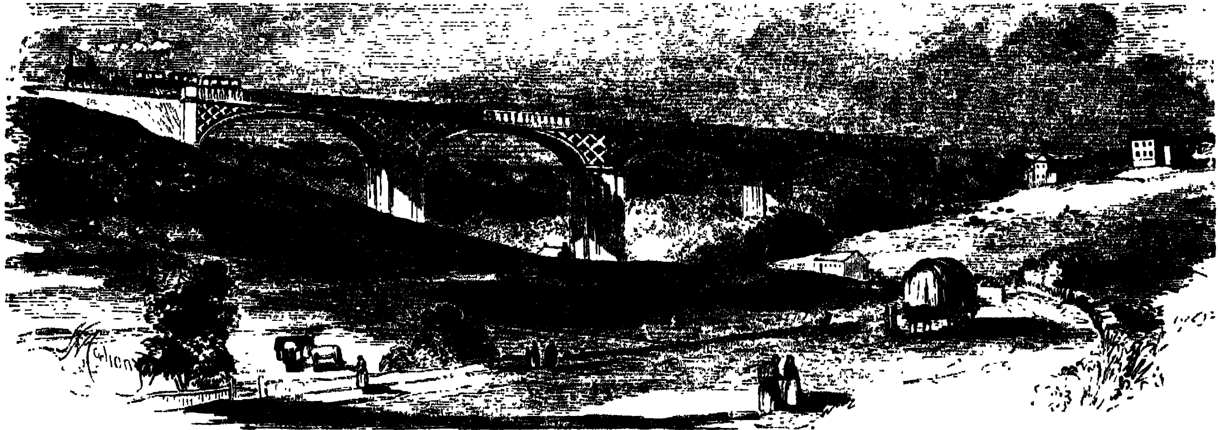
Soon after leaving the Cork terminus, the train passes over the Chetwynd Viaduct, nobly raised on arches of 100 feet high, and 120 feet wide, spanning the deep glen that widens into the broad

point the rivers bearing those respective names unite, close to the picturesque ruins of Dundaniel Castle. Here, indeed, the lover of the picturesque may enjoy a delightful ramble through this rugged, yet luxuriantly-planted glen, which forms part of the extensive property of the Duke of Devonshire, about one mile distant from the pretty little town of Innoshannon. Diverging from the Brinny Valley, the train enters the Bandon Valley through a tunnel 170 yards in length, and crosses the river of the same name, over a handsome bridge, constructed of timber and iron, to the Innoshannon Station, eighteen miles from Cork, and two from Bandon. The scenery from this station to Bandon is indeed charming; the railway runs parallel with the river, which is sinuous in its course, the hills on each side of the vale being high and steep, and planted to their summit with varied and stately timber, while the numerous villas and gardens with which the whole is interspersed add to the beauty of the picture. Having passed through this "happy valley," we arrive at the terminus, twenty miles distant from Cork, at the "pleasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood," as Spencer called , one of the argest, best built, and most respectably inhabited

* Vol. i. pp. 226, 284, 327 and 356; vol. ii. pp. 12, 67, and 152

district towns in the country. The river before alluded to flows through it, and is spanned by a bridge. It was represented for a short time, previously to the passing of the Reform Bill, by Lord John Russell. The western environs are singularly beautiful, and open to the public (Sundays excepted), and great numbers of the Cork residents avail themselves of this permission, owing to the facility afforded by the opening of the railway.

The town of Bandon possesses several large breweries and distil-



THE CHETWYND VIADUCT, ON THE CORK AND BANDON RAILWAY. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

MEETING OF THE WATERS, DUNDANIEL CASTLE, A SKETCH IN THE BRINNY VALLEY ON THE BANDON RIVER. DRAWN BY MAHONY.

hat immediate vicinity derives no small portion of its attractions from the demesne of Castle Bernard, the princely seat of the Earl of Bandon, Lord-Lieutenant of the county, and father of Viscount Bernard, member of Parliament for the borough. The conservatories, gardens, and the demesne grounds are most kindly thrown

leries, a newly-built church celebrated for its architectural beauty, and an excellent hotel, named after the principal proprietor of the town, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. There are regular weekly and monthly fairs held, which are becoming very important and extensive. Here also the first movement was made towards the in-

troduction of the growth of flax into the south of Ireland, and there is little doubt that ere long the produce of this important article in the South will compete in honourable rivalry with the sister North, the trial crops having yielded very handsome profits.

An Act of Parliament has been obtained for extending the railway from Bandon to Bantry, with branches to Clonakilty and Skibbereen, which will materially facilitate the tourist in his movements, and open up an extent of valuable country, the mineral, fishing, and agricultural resources of which it is impossible to estimate; while at the same time little doubt exists of the line being eventually extended to the important harbour of Crookhaven, the nearest south-westerly point to the American continent, and where every probability exists of a transatlantic packet station and a depôt for embarking and disembarking passengers, mails, etc. between the Old and New Worlds, in addition to the telegraph communication, being permanently established. Of this we shall give a sketch and some particulars on a future occasion.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

In the old cathedral city of Norwich—famed at Christmas for its splendid turkeys and tempting sausages in those days of glorious extravagance when George III. was king, threading his way along the intricate streets with which it abounds, might be seen a figure whose oddity of appearance would at once attract the eye. Possibly a few roguish school-boys, with the want of true insight into character incident to that age, might be seen following in his wake. From them the stranger might learn that the individual before him was known by the *soubriquet* of Old Horn-Button Jack. With a countenance much resembling the portraits of Erasmus, with gray hair hanging about his shoulders, with his hat drawn over his eyes, and his hands behind him, as if in deep meditation, he would be sure to excite the attention of the observer; especially when we add that this little bandy-legged individual arrayed his outer man in a short green jacket, a broad hat, large shoes, and short worsted stockings; and well might the observer stare, for in John Fransham he saw no ordinary man.

Norwich has the honour of his birth, which important event took place about the year 1740. At an early age he exhibited marks of genius, and appears to have been destined for the church. Unfortunately the want of funds compelled him to relinquish that idea and betake himself to a far different occupation. At Wyndham he was apprenticed to a cooper; three weeks, however, of this drudgery sickened him of trade. He was, consequently, compelled to do something for a livelihood. Amongst other things he wrote sermons and offered them to clergymen, some of whom, struck with the singularity of the application, with the peculiarity of his appearance, and his extent of knowledge, offered him what he conceived to be the worth of his productions—more than that he would never take.

But our hero found it difficult to procure a living by his pen, and his father having urged him to betake himelf to some regular employment, stating that he could not continue to find him clothing, and gently hinting that the shoemaker's bill was more than the parental exchequer could meet, Fransham found himself in a bit of a dilemma. Could he whose soul had been attuned to celestial philosophy descend from his mount of inspiration and spend his life and powers in the dull routine of mechanic trade? Most certainly not. At the same time, honest John was compelled to admit that a want of money, in this depraved world of ours, is a most serious ill. It was evident that, to live and yet gratify his literary taste, he must live more simply than he had yet done. Fransham accordingly recollected that shoes were not absolutely necessary to his existence, much less to his literary progress. After reflection, therefore, he resolved to discard from his dress both shoes and stockings. This resolution, to which he adhered for three years, was, however, productive of some inconveniences. With some other eccentricities he betrayed, it induced his father to suspect that his intellect was affected. That a young man should walk about the streets without stockings, was a phenomenon which could not be accounted for by his parent and neighbours on any other supposition. They could not place themselves in his situation. They could not imagine it possible that, merely to gratify an ardent thirst for knowledge, a youth would deviate so widely from the established attire. To walk without shoes and stockings—though the constant custom on the other side the Irish Channel—was considered insanity, and his father obtained medical advice on so delicate a subject. The doctor's advice was that he should live low and not be contradicted, to neither of which conditions did Fransham junior make any very strong opposition.

Some time after this he became clerk in an attorney's office; but law did not consort well with the pursuit of knowledge, and he gave it up. After this he put himself under the instruction of a weaver named Wright, with whom he remained two years. His instructor was a man after his own heart. Wright, Fransham used to say, was one who "could discourse well on the nature and fitness of things. He possessed a finely philosophical spirit, and a soul well purified from vulgar errors." Fransham placed his loom not only in the same room, but also in such a position that while at work they faced each other, by which means they could talk together, and thus weave a mingled yarn of philosophy and wool. The death of Wright again unsettled Fransham, and he started for Scotland, with a view to study at one or other of the universities there. He embarked for North Shields, with the intention of walking the rest of the way. Meeting, however, at Newcastle, with a regiment known as the Old Buffs, he enlisted for a soldier; but was soon discharged the service, as being too bandy-legged. Finding his pecuniary resources too much diminished to accomplish his proposed object, he walked back to Norwich, which place he at length reached, with only three half-pence and a plaid which he had bought on the way. Upon his return, he contrived to live as a tutor and writer for attorneys and authors. He then formed an intimacy with a veterinary surgeon. Fransham rode home the horses after they were shod; and, whilst the iron was heating, he and his friends used to be employed in Latin exercises and mathematical problems, worked upon a slate hung against the forge. His hatred of all cruelty to animals soon, however, excited the animosity of his companions, who took their revenge by throwing the hot horse-shoes about the shop, by which Fransham's naked feet were several times severely burnt.

About 1771 he lost a kind friend in a Mr. Chute, whose instructor he had been. This rendered his scanty income more scanty still. Finding that it was not equal to his expenditure, and reflecting that it might be less, Fransham resolved, by way of being prepared for the worst, to try with how little he could live. He therefore purchased daily a farthing's-worth of potatoes, and likewise having laid out the same amount in salt—which was then a far more costly luxury than now—he reserved one potato every day from those he purchased, as a compensation for the salt he eat with the remainder; nor would he buy any more salt till he had saved his farthing's-worth of potatoes. He thus contrived to exist for a farthing a day. That he might also be prepared for the most abject poverty, he resolved to try the effect of sleeping in the open air. A severe cold, caught in consequence, effectually prevented his repeating the experiment again. His amusements were singular; one of them was playing with cup and ball, a toy called the bilbo catch, which he learnt to use with such dexterity as to be able to catch the ball upon the small or spiked end two hundred times. As he never could get beyond this number, he was infinitely distressed. "What cause," he would ask, "can be assigned for my not being able to succeed beyond this number of times? It seems, from the almost infinite efforts which I have made, and made in vain, that this number constitutes a fixed and determinate limit, since I never can exceed it. Is there anything in the formation of my muscles which prevents the possibility of my holding the toy sufficiently steady to succeed after a certain number of times? Is there anything in the constitution of my mind that prevents me from continuing the requisite fixed attention to the subject?" These were questions, alas! to which poor honest Fransham never could get a satisfactory reply.

We have called him honest, for such most undoubtedly he was, as the following anecdote will prove. He had purchased at a book-stall of some poor old woman, a small edition of one of the classics for two shillings. On showing this book to a literary friend, he was informed that, from its scarcity, it was fairly worth seven shillings. "Do you think so?" said Fransham. "I am certainly

CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.

THE CHURCH OF ST. PANTALEON, AT TROYES.

This church, which stands in the western part of the town of Troyes, in the department of the Aube, was consecrated to St. Pantaléon, in honour of Pope Urban IV., who was the son of a poor shoemaker in this town, named Jacques Pantaléon. St. Pantaléon, we may remark, suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia, in the reign of the emperor Galerius, about the year 305. The church dedicated to him is an edifice of small dimensions, constructed in the Renaissance style, on the ground occupied in more ancient times by an oratory. A Latin inscription, fitted into one of the pillars, records that it was erected in 1527. The front gateway, however, is of no more ancient date than the middle of the eighteenth century.

St. Pantaléon's is a succursal church—what in England we call a chapel of ease. The walls of the nave and the chapels are ornamented with a great number of sculptures and paintings. The twelve pillars which sustain the arches are ornamented with statues of the saints, twenty-one in number, under richly-carved canopies. The countenances of all the figures have an expression of pleasing *naïveté*. The cause of there being an odd number of these statues, while that of the pillars, in front of which they are placed in two rows, is even, is, that the place of one of them is filled by the pulpit, as will be seen by the engraving. The execution of these statues is generally attributed to an artist named François Gentil, who also sculptured the group of St. Joachim and St Anne, which is seen in the chapel on the right of the altar. The first chapel on the right of the nave, called Calvary, contains several groups in the same style, among which may be distinguished: a figure of the Virgin, called the Mother of Pity, which is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Gentil; Pilate showing Christ to the Jews, and the Virgin supported by the Magdalen and St. John, sometimes described as the "Three Maries." The altar-screen of the chapel is decorated with a group of figures, three feet high, representing St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, occupied, the former in cutting a piece of leather, the latter in sewing the sole of a shoe, while two soldiers are about to seize them. Calm resignation is admirably expressed in the countenances of the two saints, and forms a striking contrast to the fierce joy depicted in those of the barbarous soldiers. The costumes are those of the reign of Henry II., an anachronism very frequently committed by the artists of the middle ages. The arcades of the nave and the choir are adorned with six pictures by Carré, the pupil of Le Brun, representing the principal events in the life of St. Pantaléon; and two by Herluison, which represent the Nativity and the Entombment of Christ.

All the churches of Troyes have painted windows. Those of St. Pantaléon are painted in black and white only, but in a good style of decoration: the subjects of these compositions are taken from the lives of the prophet Daniel and Jesus Christ. They were executed in the sixteenth century by Macadie and Lutereau. The columns of the screen before the principal altar are also worthy of notice.

The other religious edifices of Troyes are: the cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter; the parish churches of St. John and the Magdalen; and four succursal churches—those of St. Nicholas, St. Renny, St. Urban, and St. Nisier. The cathedral is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, but the exterior is much less handsome than the interior, the pavement of the choir and the beautifully painted windows being generally admired. The same remark will apply to the other churches of Troyes; that of St. John has a shrine finely sculptured by Girardon, and a good painting of the "Baptism of Christ," by Mignard; and in the church of St. Renny is a bronze figure of Christ by Girardon, which is considered one of that artist's finest works.

A VISIT TO HASLAR HOSPITAL, NEAR PORTSMOUTH.

We paid a visit the other day to Haslar Hospital. This fine building, which is situated upon the Gosport side of Portsmouth Harbour, near Blockhouse Fort, was first projected in the year 1742, and was sixteen years in completing. It is devoted to the reception of invalid and wounded seamen and marines, and the officers of each service, with a separate space set apart for lunatic patients. The building stands four stories high, and consists of a main body 576 feet long, and two wings 533 feet each. It contains 114 roomy wards, each capable of accommodating twenty patients; and we were informed that, in the time of war, there have been as many as 1,[illegible]0 patients at one time in the hospital. Enclosed within the walls of the establishment is an airing-ground for convalescent patients, measuring thirty-three acres, pleasantly laid out with walks, grass-plots, flower-beds, etc., and a small chapel, in which divine service is performed by a clergyman, who resides in the hospital.

By the courtesy of a gentleman connected with the establishment we were conducted over some of the lunatic wards. A painful sight—but, withal, interesting and instructive. It was a sight, too, not unaccompanied with a sort of melancholy pleasure, to witness how much care and kindness had done to recompense these poor creatures for their heavy loss—the heaviest, perhaps, of all —the loss of reason. All seemed happy. Groups of old weather-beaten sailors were everywhere to be seen recounting past scenes of perils on the deep, which in all probability had never been encountered, save in the visions of "the heat-oppressed brain" of the narrator. Here was a man who had formerly been a "boatswain." He was still indulged by being allowed to carry his official whistle, and shrilly did he "pipe all hands a-hoy!" doubtless imagining himself still upon the deck, far out at sea.

One man approached us, in whose calm, pensive face, browned though it was with tropical sunshine, there seemed something so peaceful that we could not think him mad. Laying his hand upon our arm, he looked eagerly into our face, and said in a hurried whisper: "You have seen her?" We knew not what to answer him; but the friend who accompanied us came to the rescue. "Yes," he replied, "we saw her yesterday." "Well," exclaimed the lunatic, his eyes fairly flaming with excitement, "has she not written?" Our friend shook his head. "No, no; she dare not write—she knows they stop all her letters," was the rejoinder, in a sad desponding tone. Then hastily looking up again, and *darting* his eyes around (we can find no other word to express the lightning-like rapidity of the motion), the poor fellow lowered his voice to a scarcely audible whisper. "But she will come to me?" "Yes." Another change from anxiety to ecstasy. "Yes; she will—I knew it! When?" "To-morrow," said our friend. "To-morrow! to-morrow! to-morrow!" he cried, with increased vehemence at every repetition of the word, until at last he fairly screamed "to-morrow!" and ran exultingly away. When he had gone, our friend informed us, that he fancied some great lady was in love with him, and every one he saw, he thought a messenger from her. And so for years had he been alternating between despair and happiness, when he thought first of her letters being stopped—and then, that she would come—and every day he felt she would come—"to-morrow." Poor fellow! the falsehoods of our friend were blissful truths to him. He knew that "she" was coming, and was happy. How cruel would the cold, stern truth have been, which told him "she" had no existence, and could never come. Truly, in cases such as this, there is a falsehood better far than truth. We went on through another of the wards, where we found a man sitting at a table, drawing pictures of ships—or, rather, of a ship—for every one he drew—and they were many—was the exact counterpart of every other. Whatever the size of the picture, there was exactly the same deep blue waves, with exactly the same quantity of white foam upon each, washing exactly the same pea-green coast, upon exactly the same spot on which stood exactly the same vermilion-coloured cottage. While, in the ship itself, every line of the complicated rigging was identically the same in every picture. And all these lines (so strongly was his one ship impressed upon the artist's brain) were perfectly correct. Not a rope in the whole ship was wrongly placed, nor was there one omitted; but all were carried out to such minute detail, that were it required to give a diagram illustrative of the uses of the various ropes on board a ship, perhaps no better one could possibly be had than this poor madman's drawing. At the same time, all the rest of the picture was as unlike anything on earth as it is possible to conceive. The bright-red cottage stood at an angle of

about forty-five degrees out from the pea-green shore, while this shore in its turn stood up perpendicular to the horizon, and the waves which washed the beach were rushing tumultuously up an amazingly steep hill. These drawings the artist sold to any visitors that happened to notice him; and there were few who passed him without laying out sixpence or a shilling in his strange productions. But what struck us most was that he had, in his odd wandering ideas, conceived the notion of *printing!* Whether he had ever seen the art practised, or whether it was a passing thought, which, flitting with other madman's fancies through his brain, had been arrested there by his one darling thought of painting ships, we know not. We are inclined to think, by the way in which he spoke of it, that the latter was the case; and that, in the retirement of Haslar Hospital, this poor old lunatic had (as far as any previous knowledge of his own was concerned) absolutely invented printing! We had stopped to watch him painting, and had purchased one of his very largest productions for the sum of one-and-sixpence. He had fixed prices for his pictures, and he seemed to estimate their value entirely by the number of square inches contained in them—much in the same way, by-the-by, as exhibitors of certain panoramas advertise them as covering so many thousand square yards of canvas. While we were standing watching him, he suddenly looked up from his work, exclaiming, "Do you live *outside?*" We did not understand the question, and he saw it; so he explained: "I mean," he said, "they don't keep you in here—do they?" We assured him they did not. "Then," said he, "I will tell you how you can make a deal of money. I would do it myself if I were *outside*, but I can't in here. Look now," he continued, taking in each hand a copy of the ship, the coast, and the cottage. I get sixpence for this size, and a shilling for this. It takes me a long while to do them. But if I were *outside*, I could *make a stamp the same as the picture*, and then put the paint on the stamp, and squeeze it on the paper so." And he pressed down an imaginary stamp upon the paper lying before him, with all his force. "I could do them very quick then, sir—couldn't I? Now, if I was *outside* like you, sir, I would do it." We thanked the poor fellow for the hint, and promised we would make a stamp at once and set about it; and then walked on, leaving the inventor of this great art still compelled to resort to the old process of hand-labour, simply because he was not *outside*.

We left the lunatic wards, after engaging in conversation with several other patients—some of whom assured us they were kings and princes; others were sorry to say they had no grog to offer us; and no end of them sent messages by us to be delivered in towns and villages of which we had never even heard the names. Promising everything, acquiescing in everything, and purchasing everything—for there were other producers besides our friend with the ships; one man spending his whole time in making stuffed balls, another in making black dolls (!), which were made and dressed in a style that would be the envy of any nursery in England—passing amongst all the varied songs, whistles, orations, dances, and other sounds and sights around us, the doors of the lunatic wards at last closed behind us.

We then proceeded to the Museum. This is a well-arranged and tolerably extensive collection of skeletons of human beings, mammalia, birds, fishes, reptiles, serpents, and other species; stuffed and preserved fishes; some stuffed animals, and a very good collection of birds; some strange-looking weapons—axes, knives, etc.—from various savage tribes; a Chinese shield, made of wicker-work—a curious material to ward off a blow, but bearing upon it a painting of a hideous face, to frighten the foes away; a few fossils; Captain Cook's speaking-trumpet, and some other relics; and various articles which our space will not allow us to point out. Altogether the Museum is an interesting collection; it has been formed principally by donations from naval officers and others, who "go down unto the sea in ships," and bring from foreign climes their varied curiosities.

However, it is time we left Haslar, and proceeded back to the town of Portsmouth. To do this, we go to Gosport, which is close by, and then cross the harbour by means of a mode of conveyance which is, we doubt not, new to many of our readers. This is the Floating Bridge. Though called a bridge, it might with equal, if not greater propriety, be called a steam-boat, for though without either paddles or screw to work it, it is still a floating vessel, and propelled by steam. It consists of a large vessel made of wrought iron, about one hundred feet in length, by sixty in breadth. It plies between Portsmouth and Gosport four times in the hour, and is capable, if necessary, of accommodating from twenty to thirty carriages, and about five hundred passengers at each journey. The manner in which it works is somewhat singular. Two very large chains are stretched right across the harbour from one beach to the other, the chains sinking to the bottom when not in use, so as not to interfere with the passage of vessels over them. Within the body of the Floating Bridge are two steam-engines of sixteen-horse power each; these engines give motion to two large wheels, the circumferences of which are grooved so as to receive the large chains of which we have spoken. These chains passing over the wheels, it follows that, as the wheels revolve (the ends of the chains being fixed), the bridge itself must be drawn towards this fixed point, in the same manner as a man standing in a boat and pulling a rope, the other end of which is fixed to the shore, causes his boat to approach the shore. The chain is thus lifted out of the water as the bridge goes on, and after passing over the wheel, is allowed to sink again behind the bridge.

Arrived at Portsmouth, we disembark at "The Point," close by the Quebec Hotel—an excellent house, by the way, for the visitor to Portsmouth to take up his abode in—and then proceeding up through the town, we turn up on to Southsea Common for half-an-hour's walk before dinner. Southsea Common is a large, a very large open tract of land, one side of it being washed by the sea, the other bounded by handsome terraces and buildings forming the town of Southsea, the fashionable suburb of Portsmouth. The bathing at Southsea is said to be equal, if not superior, to any in England. A handsome carriage-drive and promenade, close by the water's edge, along the whole length of the common, and affording a beautiful view of Spithead and the opposite shores of the Isle of Wight, has recently been constructed by public subscription, aided by a grant from the Treasury of £387 10s. It is called the Clarence Esplanade; it consists of a fine carriage-road forty feet wide, and a foot-path of twelve feet, and is upwards of a mile in length.

At the end of the Esplanade nearest to the town have been erected two statues. Inscriptions affixed to these inform us that they are placed there "in honour of Horatio, Viscount Nelson, K.B., hero of the Nile and Trafalgar," and "in honour of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, K.G., statesman, hero, conqueror." In honour! Heaven save the mark! What is the fatal destiny which hangs over every British hero? How is it that so few escape having their effigies stuck up in such form, that once a-year at least, upon the 5th of November, any little boy in the kingdom would be completely justified in seizing them, and burning them for "Guys?" Poor Nelson! his celebrated exclamation, "England expects every man to do his duty," strikes reproachfully upon the heart when we behold his sculptured caricature. So long has England been "expecting," and yet no man has as yet done his duty by removing this. However, Wellington, poor man! is, perhaps, even worse. His statue baffles description, as does Nelson's also. Suffice it to say, the "statesman, hero, conqueror" has legs whose gigantic proportions, compared with the rest of his body, might well be supposed to typify the firm stand he always took against the enemies of his country; though why these tremendous limbs should be encased in Jack-in-the-water boots, which by no means fit him, or why he should be made to stand there all day upon some cannon-balls, which must be a very uncomfortable, not to say unsafe footing, we cannot discover. As to Nelson, he leans upon an anchor of most uselessly-diminutive size, especially when compared with the immense coil of cable to which it is attached. The intention of this strange want of proportion, we must say, puzzled us likewise; the only thing we can think of is, that the artist, conscious of the beauties of his work, was anxious to give the statue "rope enough," in hopes that the old proverb would be carried out. However, there he still stands, in an attitude which strongly suggests the idea of the hero of the Nile being about to do a little juggling with a telescope which he is balancing in his hand. These two statues, we are informed by the inscriptions, were pre-

sented to the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of Portsmouth by Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, in 1850.

From Southsea Common the fleet at Spithead forms a very pretty object in the landscape. A new regulation has recently been introduced with regard to ships coming into port. Formerly the ships were "paid off," and the crews sent ashore, their pockets full of money and their heads full of anticipated "sprees" on shore; and then, after having squandered all their wages and ruined their health by a continued course of debauchery, they were left helpless, friendless, to seek another ship or starve. Now, however, instead of being paid off and discharged, a fortnight's leave is given them to go ashore, and six months' wages kept back, both as a security for their returning to the ship, and as a fund for them to fall back upon when all the rest is gone. Some of the sailors like this alteration; but we fear the majority—reckless fellows as they nearly all are—have a very different idea. One man we spoke to seemed to think it a great hardship to be compelled to go back to the same ship again. He said: "You see, sir, after a three years' cruise or so with the same shipmates, we knows too much of one another." A true sailor's longing for change! Another improvement—a far greater one, perhaps, than this—is the establishment of a Sailors' Home at Portsmouth, where they can live while on shore at a most reasonable rate, and have all their money and clothes taken care of for them, instead of their being driven to the frightful dens of infamy where so many of them, until now, passed all their time as long as a single shilling remained in their possession. This Home was established a few years back by charitable donations, and has been found to work admirably.

But to return to Southsea Common. One of the most general sights to be seen here is the exercising of the different regiments stationed in the town, who go through the various military manœuvres on the common, accompanied by their full bands, some of which play very beautifully. Another sight, of a very different kind, but one not without its interest to the thinking mind, is also frequently to be seen here. We allude to the gangs of convicts who are employed in improving, levelling, and draining the common. We never see these wretched outcasts of society, led out in gangs like horses or oxen, no longer free agents, but taken to work whether they will or not—labouring, not to obtain a future good, but to extenuate a by-gone wrong committed;—we say we never see a gang of convicts, without an irresistible desire springing up within us to try to fathom the mind that lies below the fixed, sullen look that every face wears—to think what each man's feelings are. One pair of eyes meets ours, and is instantly cast down; we think we see almost a blush rise to the convict's face. He is a young man, and we feel that man may yet perhaps be reclaimed. He passes, and a second comes, whose fierce frowning brow speaks plainly of defiance: every man's hand is against him—his hand shall be against every man. He hates society; for he has wronged it, and society has punished him. Another we fancy a mere animal; he does not care. He gets his food and lodging—he got no more by stealing: what matters where he is? He doesn't care for people staring; let 'em stare—they don't hurt him. These, and a score more varieties, we are sure we have detected. But enough. Portsmouth is a great receptacle for convicts, several hulks being situated in the harbour. These, however, are now nearly empty, a new convict prison having recently been erected in the town, capable of containing a thousand convicts. To this prison convicts are now sent, instead of to the hulks. A large number of them are employed in the Dock-yard, the Gun-wharf, and other public places, attended, wherever they go, by sentinels with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, thus rendering escape impossible.

But we will leave the convicts to their labour, and pay a visit to one of the establishments we have just mentioned—the Gun-wharf. The Dock-yard would require an article to itself. The Gun-wharf, as its name implies, is a vast storehouse for artillery. From this place the guns are shipped off to all the vessels as they require them; and here, when ships are laid up in ordinary, their guns are brought and stored away until again required. Wherever the visitor turns his head, long rows of cannon, of all conceivable shapes and sizes, are arranged side by side, presenting a singular appearance as they gradually diminish in perspective. Immense pyramids of cannon-balls, shells, etc., piled upon each other, are to be seen ranged around, some of the piles containing upwards of 20,000 balls. The shots used in the naval service, to be seen at this establishment, are of all sizes, varying from 3lb., which is the smallest, to 96lb., the largest. Then there are Turkish cannon-balls (taken in battle), made of solid granite; Chinese shot of different kinds; French, Spanish, and Portuguese cannon; and various descriptions of guns and shot from other countries. But, perhaps, the most interesting object (not a pleasing one, for the whole atmosphere of the place seems redolent of slaughter) is the Small Armoury. Here are shown all the varied instruments employed by civilised humanity to knock each other's brains out, cut each other's throats, or blow each other into atoms by means of "villanous saltpetre." It is a distressing thought how much ingenuity has been displayed in the invention of instruments of destruction. Well, well, standing here, surrounded on every side by muskets, swords, and bayonets, it is not for us just now to moralise on war. An evil we know it to be—a hideous, unmitigated evil: whether a necessary one or not—that is the question. We will leave it unanswered for the present, and only say that, if it ever should come near our shores, here is ample preparation for it.

MOZART.

This eminent composer, one of the greatest musical geniuses of the last century, was born at Saltzburg, in the kingdom of Bavaria, on the 17th of January, 1756. His father was sub-director of the chapel of the Archbishop of Saltzburg, who in those days was also a temporal prince of the empire. In the intervals of leisure afforded him by the duties of his office, he gave lessons on the violin, and taught the rules of musical composition to a select number of pupils. He was also the author of a work on the violin, which was held in much esteem in his day, and may still be referred to with advantage by students of the divine art. The musical taste and talent of the father were transmitted to the son, who, before he had attained his third year, evinced his aptitude for music by the delight which he took in the lessons on the harpsichord, which his sister, four years his senior, received from their father. His great pleasure was to find *thirds* on this instrument; and, when he succeeded, he expressed his joy in the most exuberant glee.

The sensitiveness which is the almost invariable accompaniment of genius, and which was very acute in the case of Mozart, was manifested at a very early age. "Do you love me?" was a question he frequently put to those about him, as soon as he began to talk; and, when ironically answered in the negative, tears filled his eyes immediately. The ardour with which he applied himself to the acquisition of the elements of knowledge, and the interest which he took in his studies, were extraordinary for his age. "While learning the elements of arithmetic," says one of his biographers, "the tables, the chairs, even the walls, bore in chalk the marks of his calculations. And it may not be irrelevant to state, what we believe has never yet appeared in print, that his talent for the science of numbers was only inferior to that for music: had he not been distinguished by genius of a higher order, it is probable that his calculating powers would have been sufficiently remarkable to bring him into general notice."

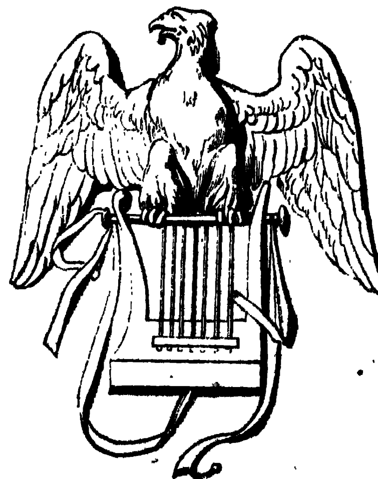
The powers of application and memory were possessed by the child in a remarkable degree. The easy minuets and simple lessons which his father taught him at four years old, more to amuse him than with belief in his ability to master them, were each learnt in about half an hour. Soon after he had attained his sixth year, he astonished his father by composing a concerto for the harpsichord, methodically and correctly written; this was shown to several professors of the art, who pronounced the most favourable opinions, their only objection being that it contained too many difficult passages. He afterwards composed some short

pieces of music, which his father noted down; and it is to be regretted that none of these early productions have been preserved. The encomiums which these compositions elicited determined the elder Mozart to cultivate the musical talent of his son, and also to introduce him as a prodigy at the courts of the German princes. He first took him to Munich, and the favourable reception he met with there from the elector of Bavaria encouraged him to proceed from thence to Vienna, where the wonderful child performed before

BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALTZBURG.

the emperor Francis I., who was as much delighted with his vivacity as amazed by his proficiency in music.

In the year 1763, the family made an extensive European tour, and passed several months in Paris, where the child-musician performed on the organ in the chapel-royal, before the king of France and all the court, and gave several public concerts, which were well attended. From Paris the Mozarts proceeded, in the following year, to London, where they remained until the summer of 1765. Here also he exhibited his talent before the royal family, "and



BAS-RELIEFS OF THE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALTZBURG.

underwent," says the biographer quoted before, "more severe trials than any to which he had been before exposed, through which he passed in a most triumphant manner." During this residence in the British metropolis, he composed and published six sonatas, which he received permission to dedicate to Queen Charlotte. "Of Mozart's infant attempts at music," says Dr. Burney, "I was unable to discover the traces from the conversation of his father, who, though an intelligent man, whose education and knowledge of the world did not seem confined to music, confessed himself unable to describe the progressive improvements of his son during the first stages of infancy. However, at eight years of age, I was frequently convinced of his great knowledge in composition by his writings; and that his invention, taste, modulation, and execution, in extemporary playing, were such as few professors are possessed of at forty years of age."

On taking their leave of the British public, the family returned to the continent; and while staying shortly afterwards at the Hague, six more sonatas were published. From the court of the Stadtholder the party proceeded to Paris, where the patronage young Mozart's talents received induced them to make a long stay. In 1768 they returned to Saltzburg, where Mozart, by desire of the emperor Joseph II., composed his first entire opera, "La Finta Semplice," which was highly commended by Metastasio, and also by Hasse, who was then in the zenith of his reputation. It was never publicly performed, however, and is now unknown; the modern standard of criticism cannot, therefore, be applied to it, but, in all probability, whatever merit it possessed was only of a relative character. He was only thirteen years of age at the time, and nearly twelve years elapsed before he produced an opera which has survived his period.

In the following year the Archbishop of Saltzburg appointed him director of his concerts; but shortly afterwards he accompanied his father to Italy, where he added largely to the laurels he had already won. The pope was so much pleased with him that he conferred on him the order of the Golden Spur; and while in Rome he gave a remarkable proof of his large concentrativeness and powers of

by noting down the whole of the famous "Miserere" of Allegri, after hearing it performed in the pontifical chapel. At Bologna he was introduced to the celebrated Martini, who expressed the warmest admiration of his talents; and he was elected a member of the Accademia Filarmonica. His second opera, "Mitridate," was written at Milan in 1770, and performed twenty nights consecutively in the opera-house of that city. "Lucio Silla," produced three years later, had twenty successive representations; but neither of these operas has been reproduced in more recent times. Two masses for the chapel of the elector of Bavaria, an opera buffa, "La Finta Giardiniera," and some other works, were also produced in 1773. In 1775 he composed the cantata, "Il Re Pastore" for the archduke Maximilian of Austria, and in the course of the four succeeding years he produced several other works, none of which, however, though highly admired at the time, obtained the celebrity so deservedly acquired by his subsequent productions.

BRONZE STATUE OF MOZART, AT SALTZBURG.—BY SCHWANTHALER.

In 1779 Mozart rested from his wanderings, and settled in Vienna. He had now attained his twenty-fourth year, and contrary to what has been usually observed of juvenile prodigies, his genius shone the brighter as it became more mature. The society of Vienna was very agreeable to him, and he had not resided there long when he became attached to Mademoiselle Constance Weber, a young actress of talent

and celebrity, who combined personal attractions of the highest order with the most enchanting amiability of disposition. Finding his attentions received in a manner flattering to his hopes, he made her a proposal of marriage, which was courteously declined by the young lady's parents, on the ground that his reputation was not then sufficiently established. Animated by the hope of obtaining the hand of the fascinating actress, Mozart directed all his powers to the production of a work which should surpass all his former efforts. He composed the opera of "Idomeneo," a work which he always regarded as his best, and the first in which he displayed those masterly powers that distinguish his later productions. There are parts of great originality and grandeur, but some of the airs are too much in the style of that period, which has since become obsolete; and on the whole, it is inferior to those masterpieces of operatic composition which he produced a few years later. His own estimation of it may have been considerably influenced by the circumstances under which it was composed.

When this opera was produced, the principal character was personated by Mademoiselle Weber, who was as much interested in its success as the author, and may be supposed to have exerted her talents to the utmost. The success of this work added so much to Mozart's reputation, that the parents of the young lady made no more objections, and his genius was rewarded by receiving her hand in marriage. The union was a most happy one, the young actress proving an affectionate and warm-hearted wife, and a zealous and useful counsellor.

Mozart's next operatic production was "Die Entführung aus dem Serail" *(L'Enlèvement du Sérail)*. It was at a rehearsal of this opera that Joseph II. said to the composer, "My dear Mozart, this is too fine for our ears; it has too many notes." "I beg your majesty's pardon," returned Mozart, whom consciousness of genius had imbued with considerable independence of mind; "there are precisely as many notes as are necessary, and no more." The emperor made no rejoinder, but was evidently disconcerted by the reply; however, on the first public performance of the opera he applauded it in the most rapturous manner. "Le Nozze di Figaro," the *libretto* of which was abridged from the comedy of Beaumarchais, and which, at the present day, is one of the most popular of Mozart's productions, was brought out, by desire of the emperor, in 1786; and in the same year he produced a short opera called "Schauspiel Direktor," a work very inferior, and now scarcely known.

In the following year the *chef-d'œuvre* of this eminent composer, his celebrated opera of "Don Giovanni," the *libretto* of which was admirably made up from several dramas on the same subject, was produced at the Italian opera-house at Prague. "I have written this opera to please myself and my friends," said Mozart, who was conscious of its being a production of no ordinary merit, and above the comprehension of the bulk of the public. Indeed, though it created a great sensation at Prague, it was not appreciated when produced in Vienna, nor even in Paris, thirty years later. The honour of according it the reception it merited among the capitals of Europe, was reserved for London, where it was not produced till 1817, when it was put on the stage of the Italian opera in the most spirited and liberal manner. The enterprise of the lessee was rewarded by a degree of success which had attended no previous speculation; the profits amounted to no less than ten thousand pounds, and its production was regarded as constituting an epoch in our musical history. The comic opera, "Così fan tutte," was produced in 1790; "Die Zauberflöte," a still popular opera, in the following year, the strange *libretto* being furnished by M. Schickaneder, the proprietor of a theatre in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where it was first performed. "La Clemenza di Tito" was brought out the same year, on the occasion of the coronation of Leopold II.

Of the symphonies, quintets, quartets, sonatas, masses, and numerous smaller vocal pieces of Mozart, we have not space for even an enumeration. His additions to Handel's "Messiah" would alone suffice to earn him a niche in the temple of fame, so refined and correct is the taste which dictated them, and so complete is the manner in which he has identified himself with the genius of the great composer. They were made for the Baron von Swieten, and the oratorio has since seldom, if ever, been performed without them.

Men of exalted genius are seldom blessed with that robustness of constitution which marks men of inferior powers. The man of learning may attain a vigorous old age, but the man of genius does so very seldom indeed. It is a remarkable fact, that many of these delicate and sensitive natures have dropped off at thirty-six: Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats, are cases in point. Mozart was strikingly handsome, but he was small and slight in form, and fragile in constitution. His health began to decline a few years after his marriage, and the tender devotion of Madame Mozart was then shown in the patient and unwearied manner in which she nursed and watched over him. Though his imaginative powers remained in full vigour to the last, his health continued to decline; but his end was undoubtedly accelerated by an attack of a fever which prevailed in Vienna in the latter part of 1792, under which he sank on the 5th of December, in the thirty-sixth year of his age.

The last and most sublime composition of Mozart was his "Requiem," which he may be said to have composed on his death-bed. Concerning the origin of this famous mass, a strange story was told at the time of his death, and has been often repeated. It is said that, some years before that event, a stranger presented himself to Mozart, and, refusing to reveal his name, commissioned him to compose a funeral mass. Mozart undertook the commission; but as time passed on, and he saw no more of the mysterious stranger, he did not execute it, and at length ceased to think of it. A short time before his death, it is said that the unknown appeared to him again as he was setting out for Prague, and reminded him of the undertaking. Mozart again promised to execute the work, and on his return to Vienna he applied himself to the task. The rapid decline of his health warning him of his approaching death, he became impressed with the conviction that the stranger was a visitant from the world of spirits, and that he was composing the "Requiem" for his own funeral. The manner in which this idea wrought upon his imagination contributed to the sublimity of the work, which was scarcely finished when he died, some minor details being subsequently filled up by his pupil, Süssmayer. Such is the story, for which we cannot vouch; probably there is some truth in it, embellished from the imaginations of those by whom it has been related.

Had Mozart lived a year longer, he would have made a second visit to England, having made an agreement with the enterprising Salomon to write symphonies for his concerts, and superintend their performance in person. He left two sons, one of whom adopted his father's profession, but without having inherited his genius; the other was many years in the civil service of Austria.

The statue of Mozart, represented in our engraving, was cast in bronze at Munich by the inspector-royal Stiegelmayer, from the model made by the sculptor Schwanthaler, and inaugurated at Saltzburg, the birthplace of the composer, on the 5th of September, 1842. The homage to his genius was tardy; but we have shown that his finest productions were not fully appreciated until some years after his death. Moreover, for nearly a quarter of a century after his death, the whole of Germany was the scene of desolating warfare, in the turmoil of which music was only cultivated so far as it could be made subservient to patriotism, and the claims of its departed masters were forgotten. The *fête* of the inauguration was a splendid and imposing one, worthy of the man thus honoured. The occasion had drawn to Saltzburg a great number of foreigners—princes and princesses, counts and countesses, composers, authors, and musicians—admirers of the genius of Mozart; and the musical academies of Naples, Rome, Florence, Milan, Venice, Vienna, Prague, Berlin, Munich, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Warsaw, were each represented by some of their professors. More than fifty thousand persons were present. When the statue was uncovered, a salvo of twenty pieces of artillery was fired, all the bells in the city rang out a joyous peal, and an orchestra of six hundred performers filled the air with sweet sounds. At night, two thousand persons, professors and amateurs, assembled at the foot of the monument, which was illuminated by Bengal fires, and sang a hymn written for the occasion by Count Ladislaus de Serker, and set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm. On the following day, at noon, two thousand eight hundred amateurs executed the "Requiem" of Mozart on the same spot.

ORIGIN AND INAUGURATION OF THE FRENCH LEGION OF HONOUR.

NAPOLEON I. was as yet only First Consul, and was residing at the chateau of Malmaison with Josephine, while his victories were preparing for him the imperial crown, and his architects were restoring the palace at St. Cloud. One Monday evening in the month of February, 1802, the conqueror of Marengo reached Malmaison at about six o'clock. Dinner was soon on the table, and after dinner the company separated into two circles. Madame Bonaparte retired to the drawing-room with the ladies and several gentlemen, among whom was M. De Ségur, a veteran colonel of the dragoons of Noailles, at that time a senator, and afterwards master of the ceremonies, one of the most agreeable men of his day. The First Consul withdrew to the council hall, as it was called, with Monge, the Inspector of the Ecole Polytechnique, General Duroc, Didelot, Councillor of State, Denon, Director of the Museum, and Arnault, the tragic poet. They all stood before Bonaparte, and he conversed with them standing, as was his custom. In the course of the conversation, he said to Monge:—"I did not see you at the Tuileries yesterday, at the grand reception of the ambassadors."

The inspector excused himself, on the score of his numerous engagements.

"I know your industry," replied the consul; "but you lost a magnificent spectacle. All the representatives of the Powers were there, adorned with ribands and crosses of the different orders of the world. How did you like it, Denon?"

"It was a glorious sight. Nothing sets off a man so much as those brilliant colours and enamelled crosses."

"That is only an artist's prejudice," said the republican Monge; "these decorations are mere playthings."

"Playthings, if you choose to call them so," said Bonaparte; "but mankind admire and like them. They are in their eyes real proofs of greatness. Let us fairly consider the point. Distinctions please all men; such has always been their character. Do you know by what means Louis XIV. managed to make head against all Europe? It was the cross of St. Louis."

The First Consul went on to develop and illustrate this thought that ability and perfection of detail, which his exalted genius thorough knowledge of history rendered easy to him.

"Well, we must re-establish the cross of St. Louis," said Monge ironically, he having been a member of the commission which had abolished it in 1793.

Bonaparte said nothing in reply, but gave him a very significant look, at the same time no doubt saying to himself—"Instead of re-establishing an old one, I will establish a new one, and you shall be the first to be admitted to it." He then proposed that they should join the ladies, which they did.

Having now mooted the point, he waited two months without saying anything more about it. At the end of that time, in a council at which, besides the three consuls, several distinguished politicians were present, he again insisted on the importance of decorations, and announced his intention to create an order like those which existed in Europe. Cambacérès and Regnaud strongly supported him, the latter refuting the objections of the republicans by saying that the most democratic states had recognised such institutions. On the 4th of May, Rœderer read to the Council of State the proposal for instituting the Legion of Honour. Bonaparte explained the reasons and objects of the proposal in an extemporaneous address which ended with these words:—"The Legion of Honour will be the commencement of the reorganisation of France." This amounted to a declaration that the work of reorganisation was as yet unaccomplished, and that the Legion of Honour would be the key-stone of the arch that was wanted to give it stability. General Matthew Dumas desired that the decoration might be exclusively military; but the conqueror of Marengo replied by insisting upon the importance of political, intellectual, and moral excellence with a degree of impressive force that silenced all objections. At the next meeting of the council he was still more eloquent and decisive. Yet the proposition narrowly escaped being adjourned. It was, however, adopted by the Tribunate and Legislative Body in due course. Two years were to elapse before the complete organisation of the order, at the expiration of which period it was hoped the finances of the state would be in a position to endow it with an ample income. During these two years the opponents of the plan had free scope for their objections and remarks. "Wait a little," said Bonaparte; "those who sneer at it to-day, will eagerly solicit it to-morrow. It will become the object of ambition to all Europe." Moreau, Madame De Stael, and others, were liberal of their sarcasm, and some had to undergo the penalty of exile for their freedom of speech.

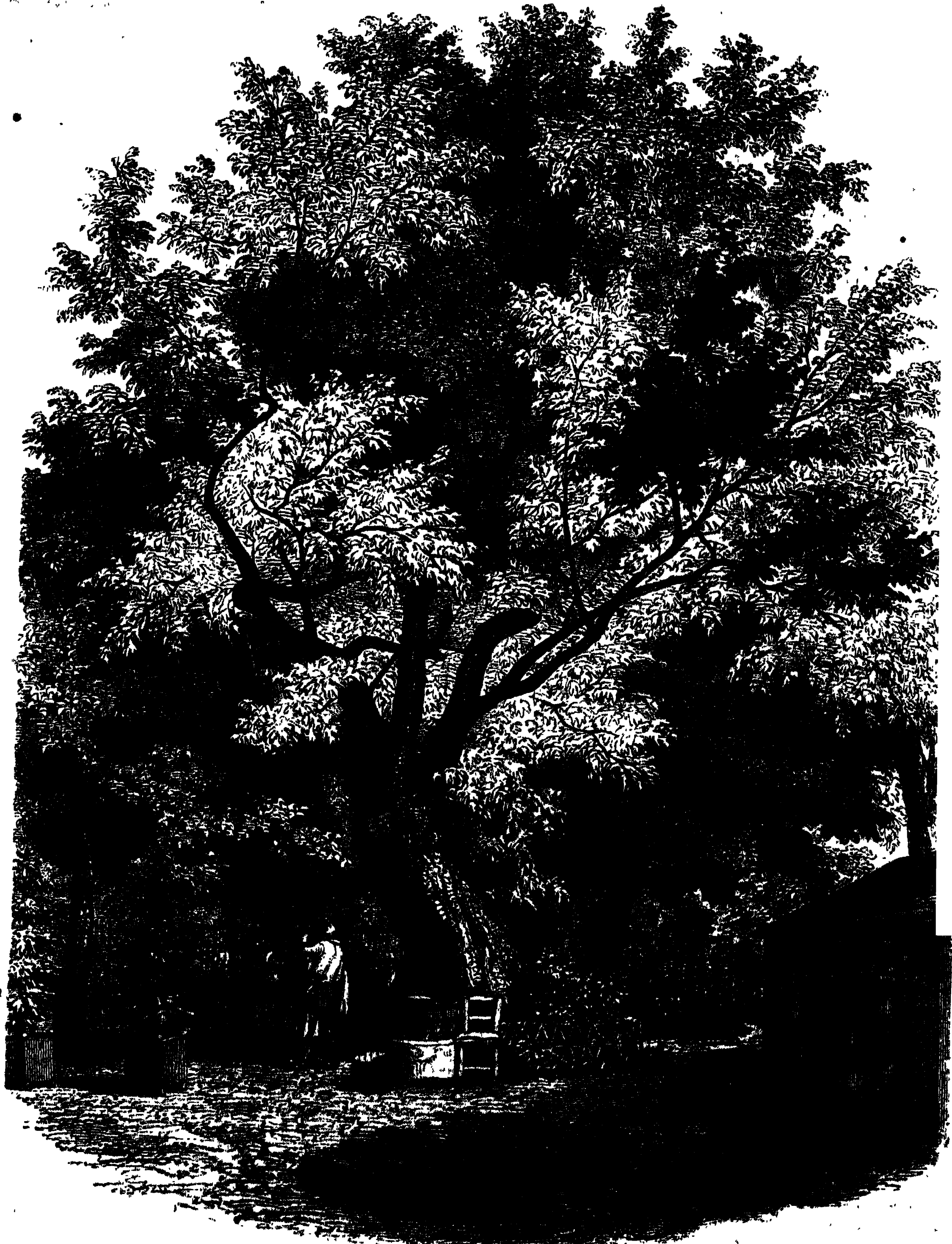
At length the day arrived. Bonaparte was now no longer First Consul, but emperor and the master of the world. On the 14th of July, 1804, at the very hour when the old constitution had fallen with the walls of the Bastille, fifteen years before, the new one rose with the Legion of Honour. As the 14th fell on a Saturday, the ceremony was put off to the next day. It took place in the Chapel of the Invalides, where the ashes of the emperor now rest. After a grand review, the emperor arrived on horseback at the Invalides, coming through an innumerable crowd of eager observers. He ascended the throne in the choir. In a gallery opposite were the Empress Josephine and her daughter Hortense, who was afterwards married to Louis Bonaparte. Besides these, there were eighteen marshals of the empire, only four being away on the field of battle. After mass had been performed by Cardinal Caprara, and the gospel read, M. de Lacépède, of the Institute, the Grand Chancellor of the Order, rose from his seat. Napoleon had resolved to honour intellect by placing him at the head of the Legion of Honour. Lacépède pronounced the inaugural discourse, and called over the names of the grand officers, who took the oath required by the statutes before the throne. Then the emperor delivered a speech such as none but he could deliver, and, reading the oath to the legionaries, asked them in a loud voice whether they would take it. All, with one voice, answered in the affirmative. Two large basins were brought, one of gold, containing the gold crosses for the officers, and the other of silver, containing the silver crosses for the simple members. The symbols and the device were the same for both classes: a number of standards collected together, the effigy of Napoleon, and the words "Honour and Country," borrowed from the old monarchy. M. de Ségur, Grand Master of the Ceremonies, took a cross of each metal, and gave them to M. de Talleyrand Perigord, Grand Chamberlain; he passed them to Louis Bonaparte, Constable of the Empire, who placed them on the breast of Napoleon. At this moment, three rounds of applause re-echoed through the building. Then the distribution commenced. First came the members of the Institute, comprising all the most distinguished philosophers, literary men, and artists of the day, and headed by Monge, the very man who had previously ridiculed honorary distinctions as mere playthings. After these, the military officers of high rank received the new decorations at the hands of the emperor. A *Te Deum*, by Lesueur, followed the distribution of the crosses; and in the evening there was a concert at the Tuileries, a general illumination of the city, and a grand display of fireworks on the Pont Neuf.

But the army not having been able to be present at the Invalides, Napoleon went to them at Boulogne, where a second *fête*, equal in splendour to the first, was celebrated. On the 16th of August, at 10 o'clock in the morning, the emperor, in the simple uniform of the light horse, appeared in the camp on horseback, and took his seat in the bronze chair by Dagobert, which is still to be seen at the Museum of Sovereigns. From this elevated position he commanded a view of the harbour, the two camps, the batteries, the harbour of Vimeux, and the coasts of England. Salvos of artillery thundered forth, and the crosses were placed in helmets and cuirasses. At the sound of eighteen hundred drums, sixty thousand men began to march, and the legionaries, leaving their ranks, came one after the other to receive the cross from the hand of the emperor.

Such was the origin, and such the inauguration, of the Legion of Honour, an institution which no doubt contributed to the restoration of order, and is still attended with important advantages. The want of some such honorary distinction—suitable for political, literary, scientific, and artistic eminence, as well as military and naval exploits—has long been felt in this country, and was painfully evident at the close of the Great Exhibition, when the Royal Commissioners found it impossible to mark their sense of the value of services rendered by certain parties, in a way at once appropriate and acceptable.

THE ROBIN ACACIA.

Among the arboreal antiquities of the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, is a venerable acacia, the first that was ever brought to Europe. This acacia, known to botanists by the name of *Robinia pseudo-acacia*, was planted where it now grows by Vespasian Robin, son of gardens at that period. The following is the inscription on the label attached to this interesting memorial of the first establishment of the gardens :—"*Robinia pseudo-acacia* (North America). First acacia grown in Europe; planted by Vespasian Robin in 1635."



THE ROBIN ACACIA (ROBINIA PSEUDO-ACACIA).

John Robin, who obtained it from North America, the tree having been previously unknown in Europe. The planting of the tree was coincident with the definitive institution of the Royal Garden by an edict of Louis XIII., which was registered in parliament in May, 1635; and it is now the only survivor of the trees planted in the

It was Linnæus who gave the genus *Robinia* the name under which the species composing it are known to all botanists of the present day, and which recalls the numerous services rendered to botany and gardening by John Robin, the celebrated author of the "Jardin du Roi Henri IV."

THE WILD BOAR.

FROM the testimony of Fitz-Stephen, a monk of the time of Henry the Second, it appears that the wild boar was an inhabitant of the forest which in his day covered the whole northern part of the county of Middlesex, approaching within a few miles of the gates of London. But the forest has disappeared long since (the tract of wooded country known as Enfield Chase is supposed to be the only vestige now remaining of it), and with it the game which no doubt afforded the nobles of those days many an opportunity of indulging in their favourite amusement of the chase. Of the wild animals enumerated by Fitz-Stephen as denizens of the forest of Middlesex, "stags, bucks, boars, and wild bulls," the two last are not now to be met with in any part of the British Islands, if we except the few so-called wild bulls carefully preserved in Chillingham Park. The wild boar, like his enemy the wolf, has long been totally extinct in this country; for we are informed by Pennant, that though Charles the First endeavoured to introduce the breed by turning some into the New Forest in Hampshire, they were destroyed during the civil wars. The occurrence of the wild boar in different parts of England is, however, proved by the laws made for his protection. Thus the laws of Howel the Good, Prince of Wales in the

THE WILD BOAR.

tenth century, permitted his grand huntsman to chase this animal from the middle of November to the beginning of December; and William the Conqueror, whose memory should be held in the highest reverence by all preserving squires, took the wild boar, with the stag and the roebuck, under his especial protection, enacting that any one found guilty of destroying one of these animals should be punished with the loss of his eyes. Barbarous as this certainly is, the modern penalty for killing a pheasant or a hare is scarcely less hurtful to the individual, and decidedly more prejudicial to society.

On the continent of Europe, however, the case is very different: the wild boar still finds a home in the forests even of France and Germany, and his pursuit is still one of the most exciting sports of those countries. His formidable weapons render the chase of the wild boar rather a dangerous occupation both for the huntsman and his dogs; and the former is not unfrequently compelled by the boldness of his charge, which has obtained for him in Germany the appellation of "knight of the forest," to take refuge in the branches of the nearest tree.

The canine teeth of the boar, which grow to a considerable length in old animals, must be reckoned amongst the most dangerous weapons to be met with in the animal world. The upper canines spring from a singular projection of the sides of the upper jaw, and, instead of taking a downward direction, as in most animals, grow upwards on each side of the snout. The lower canines follow the same direction, and are applied to the sides of the upper pair; so that, by the constant friction of their surfaces, both pairs of teeth are worn to a sharp edge, and kept constantly in the best possible condition for inflicting a severe wound. This apparatus is applied with great force by a slight upward movement of the powerful head and neck of the animal when within reach of his foe; and when the boar is at bay, he will often, by taking a single step forwards, lay the foremost of the dogs dead at his feet. These weapons arrive at their full perfection when the animal is about three years old, and, before this period, they are said always to remain in the company of the old ones for protection. As the boar increases in age, his teeth gradually become more curved in their form, so that the points are no longer available, and the weapons become far less formidable; and a boar of five or six years old is said to be by no means so dangerous as one of from three to five years.

In their native forests, these animals collect into flocks, and, when danger threatens, the well-armed boars press forward to face the enemy, often forming a circle, in the centre of which the females and young are placed, and in this position they defy the attacks of their foe. The domestic hog is observed to retain the same habit; and a curious instance of the exercise of this instinct, by some of the half-wild hogs of Jamaica, is given by Mr. Gosse, in his interesting book upon the natural history of that island. The account is from the pen of Mr. Hill, of Spanish Town. He says: "The best display of woodland instinct that I have witnessed was recently exhibited in some young pigs of the blue breed, brought from the commons and forest-runs of a mountain-farm, and domiciled in town. Three of these country pigs, a boar and two sows, had taken up with a black pig and some four young followers, evidently town-born and bred. In tramping home, after feeding out, for the night, some of the town dogs, of a good enough quality of the hound and terrier breed, set upon them. Instantly the country hogs turned round, and coolly taking up their position in the angle of a wall, put the black pig and four young ones within the corner in their rear, and threw themselves before them. . . . . The dogs that came upon them, being reinforced by a troop from the several yards round about, became a pack of twelve or fourteen in an instant. Among these were some five small curs. The three blue pigs were undaunted. They stood their ground with their faces to their enemies, and though the dogs beset them with a determination to fight in earnest, they successfully kept off their assailants. The curs barked, and grabbed at them between the legs of the larger dogs; the larger dogs rushed at them six in a line together. The young boar, with well-developed tusks, stood in the centre, and stepping every now and then one pace forward, made his upward rips at the dogs, and effectively struck them without receiving a single touch himself."

By means of his strong cartilaginous snout, the boar can readily turn up the ground in search of roots, and he also uses it in forming a hollow for his sleeping-place. This he lines with grass and dead leaves; and this habitation, if we may credit every statement we hear, sometimes presents a picture of connubial comfort such as can hardly be credited in swinish life. It is said that when the boar has lain himself down for his night's repose, his partner covers him over carefully with litter, and then creeping in under the same shelter, the happy pair sleep cozily until morning. In some cases, several of them form a common sleeping-place, in which they lie with their heads all directed towards the centre.

The wild boar is of a black or blackish-gray colour, and is thickly covered with stiff bristles. In the pine forests of Germany these, by continual rubbing against the stems of the trees, become so completely agglutinated together with resinous matter as to form a sort of shield, which is said to be hard enough to resist a bullet. In his form, the wild boar generally differs from his domesticated relatives only in being more gaunt and meagre, but his strength and ferocity are much greater. His flesh is in the best condition from October to the end of the year; and it is during this period that he is hunted. He is usually pursued with dogs; and as a well-tusked boar seldom exhibits any great fear of his enemies, but flies slowly, often turning round to threaten his assailants, the dogs employed in hunting him require more strength and courage than fineness of scent; in fact, independently of the danger to which they would be exposed, good hounds would soon be entirely spoilt for any other description of hunting if employed in this sport.

Wild swine occur in all parts of the earth; but the species appear to be different in different localities. The Indian wild boar appears to be a distinct species from the European, although very similar in habits and appearance; and the African species are distinguished by a singular bony protuberance on each cheek, which may be seen very distinctly in the fine boar of the Camaroon Warthog (*Potamochœrus penicillatus*), now in the Gardens of the Zoological Society in the Regent's Park.

The wild hogs of America, like the wild horses and cattle of that continent, owe their origin to individuals of the domesticated European breeds, which have escaped from servitude, and resumed, with the independent forest life, most of the habits of their Europ[ean] ancestors. They are plentiful in the larger islands of the W[est] Indian Archipelago, and an interesting account of their habits will be found in Mr. Gosse's "Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica," from which we have already quoted.

THE EDDA.

About the year 1100, a native of Iceland, named Sœmund Sigfuson, animated by a zealous desire to preserve the mythological, heroic, and didactic poems which had been thus far handed down by oral tradition, made that collection of them which is known as the Edda. Most of these Runic poems are believed to have originated in the period between the commencement of the sixth and the close of the eighth century; and the original language and rhyme were scrupulously preserved by the collector. The verses are short, in lines of six and eight syllables, and the style of all of them is rude and concise. The predominant subjects are the amours and rivalries of the gods; but the exploits of the heroes of ancient Germany and Scandinavia are also recounted, and held up to admiration. There exist two ancient manuscripts of this work, one of which is preserved at Copenhagen, and the other at Upsal.

About a century later, the Icelandic chronicler, Snorro Sturleson, composed a prose Edda, in which the Runic myths were accompanied by a commentary relating the historical facts connected with them, explained the allegories, and developed the dogmas. To this work, so valuable to the elucidation of the Scandinavian mythology and traditions, are appended the Sagas, or biographies of celebrated warriors, composed at different epochs, and full of curious details of the marvellous adventures of the hardy and daring pirates of the North.

The subject of the first poem in the Edda of Sigfuson is "The Vision of Vala," an inspired priestess, who relates, in vigorous and stirring rhymes, the creation of the universe, and the [illegible] manner of its destruction and renewal. It is interesting to trace

the resemblance which exists between this Runic cosmogeny and those of Hesiod and Zoroaster, as set forth in the Theogonia and the Zendavesta, and between all these and the Genesis of Moses. In the beginning, we are informed, there existed only chaos, typified by the giant Ymer: the gods created the earth, and seeing that it was sterile and desolate, spread over it the starry firmament, placing the sun in the centre, to shine above the mountains and warm the earth into verdure. Then they made Ask and Embla, the parents of the human race, and assembled in the plain of Ida to forge the metals, and fabricate therefrom implements for their use. We have also the allegory of the tree of life, above whose spreading branches a luminous cloud continually hung; and the appearance of the Nornes, three august virgins, the Fates of the Runic mythology, whose names are Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda.

A race of dwarfs appear on the scene, whose chiefs are Modsognir and Durin, the representatives of the active and passive principles in nature. These pigmies are the genii of the winds, the torrents, the cascades, the clouds, and the glaciers; they are also the forces which give verdure to the foliage of the forest and the herbage of the plain, and to the flowers their colour and perfume. The Greek imagination did not more completely people the earth and ocean with supernatural forms.

The peace of the infant world is broken by the murder of Balder, son of Odin, by his brother Hoder, whose sad fate causes the earth to mourn, and Freya (the moon) to withdraw her light. Vali avenges the death of Balder; and Lok, the evil genius of the world, the tempter to the crime, is bound upon a bed of fire. There, in the realms of torment, a dark flood rolls its fetid waters, to which are consigned perjurers, murderers, and adulterers. There the dog Garm howls frightful discord, and the untamed wolf Freki rattles his chain. But in the gardens of the blessed, the sound of the harp is heard, the woods are melodious with the song of birds, and the heroes are awakened by Fialar, the cock of the shining plumage, to their daily banquet and mimic fight.

The earth becomes filled with corruption and bloodshed; the brother falls by the hand of a brother; hostile armies crimson with blood the green of earth's carpet; cruelty and impurity are universally practised. Signs are seen which portend the end of the world: the branches of the tree of life are strangely agitated, and the luminous cloud disappears. The Iotes, the enemies of the gods, take courage; Lok is on their side, and with them comes the wolf Freki and the black dragon Nidhogre. Swords of fire are their weapons. The mountains tremble, and the genii of the earth retire into the recesses of their sacred caverns. After a terrific battle, the gods are overcome by the giants; and then comes the triumph of evil and the destruction of the world. The lights of the firmament are extinguished, the earth sinks beneath the waves of the stormy ocean, and darkness and silence reign supreme over all. This state of things does not, however, continue always: a new earth rises from the sea, the heavenly bodies again shine forth from the darkness, the gods return to life, and the reign of peace and virtue commences, under the laws of Forsete, the god of justice, and son of Balder.

The religious system of the Scandinavian nations of antiquity is abundantly displayed in the various ballads of the poetic Edda which follow the remarkable Vision of Vala. In the song or poem of Vafthrudner we have a trial of knowledge between Odin and a giant, each striving to give the best explanation of the marvels of creation. The song of Grimner is a description of the twelve celestial abodes. In that of Alvis a wise dwarf enumerates to Thor the various orders of beings, in the language of the gods and the Iotes, the dwarfs and mankind; the enumeration is supposed to typify the different nations that succeeded each other on the Scandinavian soil. These are followed by three poems on the exploits of Thor, two on the death of Balder, one on the amours of Freya, and two on the genealogy of the kings. The series is closed by the remarkable poem called the Banquet of Egir, the deity who presides over the ocean, in which Lok, who is the impersonation of irony and malice, rallies the assembled gods, and holds up to ridicule the sacred mysteries.

From these ancient Runic poems has been gathered all that is known of the Scandinavian mythology, which may be thus summed up. An invisible and eternal spirit, called Alfader, the universal parent, ruled from the beginning the principles which, in combination, produced the world. A pestilential vapour, first condensed by the cold of Nefelheim (the North Pole) into an enormous mass of ice, was afterwards thawed by the heat of Muspelheim (the South Pole), and became the giant Ymer, who, during a profound sleep, gave birth to Hrymur, the demon of frost and progenitor of the Iotes, and Surtur, the demon of fire. One of the gigantic race of the Iotes, named Bor, by his marriage with the gianters Belsta, became the father of Odin (life), Henir (light), and Loder (heat), who attacked Ymer and destroyed him. His dismembered body produced the elements: his flesh became the earth, his blood the water, his bones the mountains, his hair the plants, his brains the clouds, and his eyes the celestial luminaries. In the centre of the earth rose Ygdrasil, the tree of life, whose topmost boughs reached the heavens.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

Resuming our rambles at the point from which we took leave of the reader in our last article, namely, at Crookhaven, we now present him with a sketch of that most picturesquely situated little town, the focus, or at least the future focus, of what promises to be the scene of vast mining industrial enterprise in this part of Ireland, as it would have been long before this, but for untoward circumstances, now happily fast passing away, which have hitherto retarded the prosperity of the interesting portion of the empire we are at present speaking of.

Reverting again to the main road, on the way to Killarney, and between Crookstown and Gougane Barra, we come to the spot indicated in the first of the annexed smaller illustrations.

Inchigeela is about twenty-four miles distant from Bandon, possessing a church, parsonage, chapel, police-barrack, an inn, and several neat whitewashed houses. Here we again obtain a view of the river Lee, which runs close by the village. After quitting Inchigeela, a short and pretty drive brings us in sight of the Lakes, about three miles in length. Here the Lee expands itself into a broad sheet of water, and three continuous lakes present in their entire course a diversified series of the most animated scenery, dotted with little islands. The road along the side of the lakes is very beautiful, and winds round the northern margin of the shore, from which point the best view is Gougane.

Quitting the northern shore of the lake, we follow the course of the Lee, and enter a lonely valley, encompassed with mountains, and after a few miles' ride arrive at the village of Ballingeary, or "the Place of the Wilderness," thirty miles distant from Bandon, and within four miles of the source of the river Lee. A spacious chapel, a national school-house, a road-side inn, and some few houses, constitute the village, from the bridge of which is seen a wild moory glen through which flows the Ballingeary stream, winding down the valley, and emptying itself noiselessly into the Lee. A rude and ancient church stands upon an eminence, about a mile up the glen, and several antiquated buildings are observable in the vicinity. A few miles further on we approach Gougane, through a narrow road, situated at the base of a steep mountain, presenting the appearance of a craggy wilderness, and arrive at the head of Keimaneigh Pass, within a short mile of the Holy Lake of Gougane Barra, situated at the bottom of a circular chain of mountains, wild in the aspect of its surrounding scenery; but the tourist can form no conception of the scene of lovely loneliness till he contemplates it within its perfect amphitheatre of rugged hills. A short curve in the pathway at once displays the whole scene to view; and a more complete picture of wild desolation or majestic mountain grandeur it is impossible to conceive. The small island, whence its sacredness, is nearly midway in the lake; and on the island are a group of graceful ash trees, and the ruins of a chapel, the hermitage of Saint Finnibar of the Silver Locks, before he

journeyed to found his great church at Cork. The well here was supposed to be consecrated; and there was a great bi-annual pilgrimage of peasants, who had faith in the power of the water to

CROOKHAVEN HARBOUR.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

cure all diseases, both of man and beast. The lake of Gougane covers five hundred acres. Its waters are generally placid, and in their still depths the giant hills around are reflected. Proceeding

INCHIGEELA CASTLE, ON THE ROAD TO BANTRY BY GOUGANE BARRA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

along a causeway, we are brought to the little verdant islet, where numerous small fountains gush out in tiny streams, the source of the "silver Lee."

Should the tourist have an opportunity, we would advise him to ascend the top of the mountain which overlooks the Lake of Gougane, and which is accessible, although with much toil and difficulty, in the summer season. The summit is a mass of black rock, in the form of a druid's altar, from which a magnificent view of Bantry Bay is obtained; the Killarney, Glengariff, and Berehaven mountains are also seen to great advantage; while underneath, the Pass of Keimaneigh, and the surrounding scenery of Gougane, form a glorious landscape. Returning from this lonely

[illegible], we re-enter the main road; and a hearty luncheon having been disposed of at the refreshment-room provided there, and a change of horses effected, we start again, and soon arrive at the celebrated Pass of Keimaneigh, thirty-four miles from Bandon. Mr. John Windele, in his "South of Ireland," speaking of Keimaneigh Pass,

LAKES OF INCHIGEELA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

observes: "Nothing in mountain scenery of glen, or dell, or defile, can well equal this gloomy pass. The separation of the mountain ground at either side is only just sufficient to afford room for a road of moderate breadth, with a rugged channel at one side for the water, which, in the winter season, rushes down from the high grounds, and meeting here, hastens onward to pay the first tribute

PASS OF KEIMANEIGH.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

offered to the Lee. A romantic or creative imagination would here find a grand and extensive field for the exercise of its powers; every turn of the road brings us to some new appearance of the abrupt and shattered walls, which at either side rise up darkling to a great height, and the mind is continually occupied with the quick succession and change of objects so interesting, resolving and comparing realities, sometimes giving form and substance to airy nothings."

On arriving at the end of the pass, a beautiful view of Bantry Bay opens before us; and presently we approach the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. Wending our way round the head of this splendid harbour by an excellent and picturesque road, we enter the enchanting valley of Glengariff, fifty-three miles from Bandon.

It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic, Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside for once his captiousness, exclaims—"Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean or the Baltic, English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be. The best view of this exquisite scene—the charm of a soft climate enhancing every other—is obtained from the height of the hilly road leading to Killarney, and at the

foot of which is a pretty cottage, preferred as a residence for many years by Lord Bantry to the stately mansion at Bantry. The summit of this hill, which is in fact within a private demesne, may be attained if the tourist will make up his mind for a fatiguing walk; but the result will amply reward him."

Not long since there existed at Glengariff only a single hotel, and even that was an indifferent one. But now that her most gracious Majesty's visit has made an Irish tour the fashion, visitors will find in the very centre of the fairy solitudes of this "rugged glen" (for such is the literal translation of "Glengariff"), not an ill-furnished and uninviting wayside *posada*, but a splendid caravansary on the most comprehensive and elaborate metropolitan scale, charges excepted; for in this respect, Mr. Roche, the landlord, is fortunately not ambitious of rivalling the Babylonian Bonifaces; and the same may with truth be said of his diligent and well-catering neighbour, the proprietor of Eccles' most admirable hotel. By boat Glengariff is seen to the fullest advantage. Having taken a general view of the delightful amphitheatre surrounding Roche's Hotel, we proceed to Cromwell's Bridge, passing Garnish and Brandy Islands, and enter the limpid waters of the Glengariff river.

SELF-DENIAL; OR, PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

II.

The place was a regular London lodging-house, and not of a very high character. There were several bell-handles outside, and inside there was no carpet on the stairs, while all had a dingy appearance that spoke of poor owners and poor lodgers. I was surprised. I had expected to find Charles almost in affluence, and had been half ashamed to present myself before him. I feared to excite his pity, and my pride revolted at the very thought. Now I knew not what to think.

I knocked. A quiet, almost timid voice bade me enter. I opened the door and found myself in a garret. It was very scantily furnished. There was a bed of very unpromising appearance, a rickety chest of drawers, a small table covered with books near the window, at which sat a tall, pale, almost cadaverous-looking youth.

"Ogilvy," said I hurriedly, "can this be you?"

"Ted," he replied, rising, and a faint blush crossing his handsome face, "I may ask you the same question—jolly Edward Markham, dust-worn and weary, why"—

"Charles," I cried, shaking his hand heartily "I have run away from home. Let me sit down."

"Run away from home!" he cried, almost with a shriek. "Edward, my dear boy, you must be mad!"

"Hush," I replied; "hear my story first. But I am hungry and thirsty."

A burning blush suffused his features, and he covered his face with his hands. I heard him sob. I was alarmed, though the true reason did not strike me.

"Charles, what is the matter?" I cried, seizing his hand; "speak to me. Are you ill?"

"Edward," he replied, in a faint and choking voice, "I am a wretch. You come to me hungry and thirsty, and I cannot even offer you a crust of bread. *I have not taken food for two days.*"

I thrust my hand into my pocket and pulled out a sovereign, with which I was about frantically to leave the room.

"Stop," said Charles, firmly; "I cannot be exposed here. Listen to me quietly. I have been out to dinner both to-day and yesterday, at least so they think. I would die rather than they should suspect, especially Edith. Let me manage. I will order tea, and request that cold meat may be provided, as you have come off a long journey. Don't be alarmed. An hour more or less will do me no harm."

In his quiet, gentle way, he took the sovereign from me and rang his bell. I thought it was answered with an alacrity which was scarcely to be expected under the circumstances. The young person who had opened the door appeared, as if by magic, and asked if we wanted anything.

"My dear Miss Ellis," said Charles, gently rising with a respect and tenderness of manner which struck me more afterwards than at the moment, "this is a schoolfellow and friend; he has just come off a long journey, and is very hungry. If you will be kind enough to let him have some tea and ham and eggs, or something, I should feel very much obliged."

As he finished, he held the sovereign out to the young person, who looked extremely surprised and then blushed violently.

"Tea, ham and eggs for two, I suppose," she said in a half-timid, half-cheerful tone.

"Edith," said a shrill voice from below, "what are you doing all this time up stairs, there? Johnny has fallen down, and first floor want their tea."

"Johnny must pick himself up, and first floor must wait for their tea," replied the young lady, rather pertly. I speak of the impressions of the moment. Charles meanwhile stammered out something about having just dined, to which Miss Edith paid no attention.

"Is she not an angel?" he said, when she left the room.

"Very charming person, but slovenly in her dress," I said, but unfortunately before she had quite shut the door. Poor Edith! I had no intention to hurt her feelings.

"My dear Edward," exclaimed Charles, "that girl's a perfect slave. Her father and mother have no pity on her. They presume on her good nature, and though she is far above them, yet has to do half the work of the house. They are not bad people, but they are poor and unhappy. The husband drinks, and the wife scolds. But now, Edward, for your story." I told it in a few brief words, and then asked for his.

"You are in a very false and difficult position, my dear Edward," he said; "but mine is worse at present. You know that my mother has been left a widow, with two girls and one son. To give that son an education, my mother has gone to Wales to live. Out of £200 a-year she allows me £80: it is enough for a student. I have been six months in London. I had the £80 in a lump. I spent it madly, wickedly, in the first four months; since then I have starved. I owe two months' rent, and six weeks' breakfasts and teas—on these meals I lived for that time. That is refused me now; and but for Edith I should be expelled. She has stood my friend, and when the father—a gentleman when he likes—wished to turn me out, indignantly remonstrated. They have now agreed, after inquiry, to wait six months for their rent—three shillings a-week. But living is another question: for six months I shall not have a penny."

I listened with perfect awe; I could not restrain a shudder. I saw before me a dark and gloomy vista. For some minutes I was silent.

"Could you not get five pounds of your mother?" I said timidly.

"No; it would tell the truth. I would rather die than expose my weakness. I must work; I am promised some copying. Half the day I must study—half the day slave for a law stationer."

"But, Charles, I have another sovereign," I said, producing it. "I could sleep capitally close against the wall. Take it."

"Edward," exclaimed my old schoolfellow, taking my hand, "for the present I accept your offer; it will enable me to do a heavy job of copying; that finished, I can pay you. But let me decide the fate of this coin. We had better pay Mrs. Ellis four weeks' rent; otherwise she may object to your sleeping here."

"Just as you like," said I; "and now, Charles, I am installe here, and must work for my living. You know my hand: you continue your studies—I will do the copying."

After some hesitation, he consented. It was lucky he did; his hand was totally unfit for the work, while mine was admirably suited. I was so delighted at this arrangement that I became quite jovial. Suddenly I rose.

"Bravo!" I said, opening the door—I had while talking brushed my clothes and hair, and otherwise adorned my person—"here comes the tea."

Miss Ellis entered, preceding the Irish girl, who carried the tray. I almost started as I noticed how neat, almost elegant, was her appearance. I had caught her hard at work. She smiled, I thought, maliciously, and I then guessed that my observation had been overheard. I had no time, however, to think much of the matter, so eager was I to attack the smoking viands.

The cloth was laid, the tea was placed on the table, the tempting

food was ready, a couple of plates and knives and forks were on each side, ready for appetites as ravenous as those of any of Homer's heroes; and yet Miss Ellis did not go. She allowed the girl to retire before she said a word.

"Here is your change, Mr. Ogilvy," she began. "Shall I make tea for you—you men are so very helpless?" she continued, with a smile of such exceeding sweetness I was quite angry with myself.

Charles stammered and blushed, and handed a chair, which Miss Ellis took, and began quietly to pour out the tea. Luckily for Ogilvy, it was necessary for him to eat slowly, so that the nature of his appetite was not apparent. I kept assisting him to more, however, and could see a change come visibly over his face. There crept a faint colour over his pallid countenance, his eyes looked less wildly bright, and when the warm and genial tea followed, he seemed an altered being. His voice became more natural, his spirits rose buoyant and glad, and he talked with extreme animation.

I noticed the difference between us before half an hour. He was poetical in his conversation; his sentences flowed from the heart, as from a well-digested book. There was a brilliant flood of eloquence about him, but at times he was a little mystical. I was more ordinary in my talk, told a good story, made Miss Ellis laugh, and was always plain and comprehensible. Miss Edith said little, but listened attentively. She gave her undivided attention to the one speaking. At last we spoke of business. Then the young lady was indeed eloquent. She accepted me as a lodger without hesitation, and undertook, with the twelve shillings in her hand, to secure the consent of her parents.

And thus it was I became an inmate of the house in —— street, Strand. The work came in the next day, and I sat down to it with energy and courage. I was delighted to be able to do something useful. We lived, after the famous tea, which was a well-remembered date, most economically. We bought a few necessaries, and nothing more. All our meals were taken at home, and, as no one but Miss Edith ever came to our room, the secret of our poverty was pretty well concealed.

For a month I contrived, through Ogilvy, to earn ten shillings a week, and then the supply of writing stopped, and in a few days we were reduced to our last shilling. We spent it in oatmeal and made porridge. I was now at work on a tale intended for a popular periodical. Charles approved of it. I read it him page by page as it was written, and he believed it certain of acceptance. I sent it with the usual polite note, and intimated my intention of calling for a reply. I did so at the end of a week. The editor was out of town.

I wandered slowly along the Strand after my visit to —— street, and scarcely durst go home. I knew not what to do. Charles had gone out, I believe having bent his proud spirit to ask a favour of an acquaintance. If he failed, our position was desperate. At last, however, becoming faint and exhausted, I went home. The door was opened by Mrs. Ellis, once a pretty woman, sadly altered by care and trouble. She left the door half open and went away muttering something. I closed the door behind me and walked up stairs. Charles was at home, and I saw by his face that something extraordinary had happened.

"Edward," he exclaimed, "I have a letter from your mother."

"My mother," I faltered.

"She writes to me, begging for news. She is sure I must have heard of you. Your father is very angry, but *she sends you five pounds!*"

I sank on a chair. She would never have done that without my father's consent. I almost felt angry, but soon recovered myself. I then bade Charles write and say he had seen me, that I was at work, hoped all were well, and promised to see them when my position was more defined and settled. Charles shook his head and agreed.

"I hoped you would relent and go home," he said; "so I kept some other news back. I called on S——, but had not courage to ask him for money; so I spoke of you. S—— edits a paper of no great circulation or influence. They have no books sent to them for review. But they must have criticisms. If you like to get a new book or two from the library, S—— will give you ten shillings a-week for a couple of columns."

I accepted readily, and rang the bell. Miss Edith appeared as usual. I begged her to let us have dinner at home for once, and to give her mother one pound. The kind-hearted girl smiled, and at that moment Charles stammered out something about a ticket for Drury-lane, if we liked to go. I am sure he would have given the five pounds that constituted our worldly wealth, to have gone himself with her. At least I knew so since, but he was so diffident, and at the same time so generous, he could not say so. We accordingly accepted, and Edith having gained her mother's consent, the more readily that the one pound was an unexpected pleasure, we started. My costume was not very brilliant, but my young friend appeared not to know the fact. She herself was as charming as innocence, youth, and beauty could make her. I have not the slightest recollection of what we saw. I only know that we talked much and pleasantly, that Edith was delightful, full of spirits and animation, and showed a singular good sense, which quite warmed me into admiration.

I felt it, I was certain of it; that night, as I lay down upon my pillow, I knew that I was in love with Edith Ellis, and that I would sacrifice everything to win her for my wife. And yet, though the discovery came upon me like an electric shock, I kept it to myself. I did not say a word about it to Charles. I was necessarily timid over this my first love affair. But, dear Charles, my friend and benefactor, was there no dim suspicion of the truth, to keep my lips so still?

Next day I began my new editorial duties. I was not very well "up" in my subject, but I borrowed a weekly review of high character, and studied its columns with assiduity. I had received too good an education not to write correctly, and thus began my career as an author. I gave satisfaction, and supplying an occasional article had my salary raised to fifteen shillings a-week. This continued for about two months, when an event occurred of immense importance to me. I was in the habit, the first week in every month, of going to a coffee-house, and there perusing the magazines; after which I served up to the readers of the "Weekly Slasher," a couple of columns of comment. Imagine my surprise and delight when, turning over the pages of the "———— Magazine," I found my own tale in print.

A young mother gazing on her first child, a penniless vagabond coming into a rich estate, a reprieved criminal, have all their own peculiar sensations; but the young author who sees himself in print for the first time, is elated beyond all power of description. Pride, surprise, a long and brilliant future, fame, a rosy dream of rapture, fill his heart. He would fain rush upon a stranger, show him the awful page, and cry, in tones of exultation, "That is *mine*—*my* article—my tale!" I thought everybody was looking at me in the coffee-house, and I could not remain there. I rushed out, bought a ——— magazine, and flew home. I was in a state of mind bordering on madness.

Charles was not at home, but Edith was setting the room to-rights. I know not what possessed me—I kissed that angelic girl. Miss Ellis pushed me away, half angry, half laughing. She saw that something had happened. I showed her the tale; it had my name to it. Have I not said, "What mighty causes spring from trifles!"

"Miss Edith," said I boldly, "I am certain to succeed now. I have an opening; the thin end of the wedge is in. I may now speak frankly. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have only, by-the-by, the home of a poor and struggling author to offer you. But nothing can stop me. If you, dearest Edith, will cheer my path with your bright smile, I shall shrink from no labour, no amount of work—I must prosper. Say, Edith, will you be mine?"

She made no reply. I fell on my knees; I talked nonsense—I talked sensibly; I was cool—I was calm: still no reply. I became incoherent.

"Edward," said she, sobbing, "you are an excellent young man, industrious, and full of self-denial. When you can give me a home, and Charles is comfortable, I will be your wife."

Before I had time to reply, I caught sight of Charles Ogilvy. He was leaning against the door-post; his face was deadly pale; his eyes were wild. We started like two guilty creatures.

"And have I nursed a serpent in my bosom?" he said, in a tone of agony and reproach I never shall forget.

PAPIER MACHE CHAIR.

Our French neighbours claim the honour of being the original inventors of the papier maché. In Paris the manufacture of the article is carried on very extensively; but far beyond the articles produced at Paris—articles both of utility and ornament—stand those of our own Birmingham manufacturers.

The old method of manufacturing papier maché is as follows —The paper for use is gray in colour, but similar in texture to ordinary blotting paper. Prior to using it, the paper is well saturated with flour and glue mixed with water, in about equal proportions, and is then laid on the mould of the article intended to be produced. These moulds are of iron, brass, or copper. The mould, coated with the first layer of paper, is then dried for twelve hours. A careful smoothing by a file follows, after which another deposit of paper is made. The processes of drying and smoothing are successively repeated with each additional layer of paper, until the article assumes the required strength and thickness. When the newly-formed article is taken from the mould, the several parts are planed, filed, and trimmed, so as to be quite correct and level. The process of stoving then follows; after which the varnish is laid on, and brought to a smooth, hard, brilliant surface. The article is then coated with several layers of shell-lac varnish, coloured, which, after being hardened, are scraped quite level. The different varnishings and smoothings are carried on for a period varying from twelve to eighteen days, according to the purpose for which the article is required. The exquisite surface is produced by manual polishing with rotten stone and oil; but the finish is obtained by the process of handling alone.

PAPIER MACHE CHAIR.

Various alterations and improvements have been made from time to time in the manufacture of papier maché; and sometimes the paper is reduced to pulp, cast into the form required, and then rendered compact and solid.

The specimen which we present is of a chair in papier maché; the grace and elegance of the design deserve especial attention.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

In the last year of the fifteenth century, in the city of Florence, was born one of the most talented and skilful artists in metal which that or any subsequent age has produced. We allude to Benvenuto Cellini, the son of a citizen of the Florentine republic, who was himself an admirable carver in ivory, a maker of musical instruments, and a good musician. So much was he attached to music, that he both to leave Florence. Benvenuto repaired to Siena, where he worked for some months with a goldsmith named Castoro; and afterwards went to Bologna, where he got employment from a Jew, and earned a great deal of money, as he tells us himself in his autobiography. Six months afterwards he obtained permission to return to Florence, but having an altercation with his father, he once

STATUE OF PERSEUS, AND OTHER WORKS OF CELLINI.

neglected his avocation, and would have made Benvenuto a flute-player; but the youth manifested an early taste for the art of design, and at the age of fifteen placed himself, contrary to his father's wish, with a goldsmith named Sandro.

He had already become a skilful workman, when an affray in which he and his brother, a youth of fourteen, who was in the military school of Giovanni de Medici, were engaged, compelled them more left home, and proceeded to Pisa. There he made great progress in the goldsmith's art, and remained nearly a year, at the expiration of which he returned to Florence, and was laid up two months with fever. Having recovered his health, he worked under Sandro again, and made the acquaintance of Torrigiano, the designer of Henry VII.'s chapel, in Westminster Abbey, who offered him employment, but he was unwilling to leave Italy. "At this time,

says he, "I produced a piece of basso-relievo in silver, about as big as the hand of a little child; it served for the clasp of a man's belt, clasps of that size being then in use. Upon it was carved a group of foliages, made in the antique taste, with several figures of youths and other beautiful grotesques. This piece of work I made in the shop of a person named Francisco Salimbeni; and, upon its coming under the inspection of the Goldsmith's Company, I acquired the reputation of the most expert young man in the trade."

In his nineteenth year he again left home privately, accompanied by a youth of his own age, and proceeded to Rome, where he obtained employment under a goldsmith named Firenzuola, immediately after his arrival in the city. At the expiration of two years, he returned to Florence, at the request of his father, and again worked under Salimbeni, with whom he gained a genteel subsistence, taking great pains to become perfect in his art. It is evident from his actions and his own admissions, that Cellini was a man of a very hot temper, vain of his acquirements, and of a restless disposition. In doing honour to the skill of the artist, we must not conceal the failings of the man. He had at this time a quarrel with a young man named Guasconti, whom he stunned with a blow of his fist, and was sentenced by the Council of Eight to give four bushels of meal to a community of poor monks. Irritated more than ever, he made a furious attack on Guasconti and his relations, slightly wounded the former with a dagger, and with difficulty made his escape from the city, in the disguise of a friar.

He proceeded to Rome, where he at first worked for a goldsmith named Santi, but having gained a high reputation for talent and skill by setting some valuable diamonds for a lady, and making a large silver vase for the Bishop of Salamanca, he established himself in business, and was patronised by Pope Clement and several of the cardinals. He passed his leisure in making drawings after Raffaelle and Michael Angelo, and also of the antiquities of the city; and during the prevalence of the plague in Rome, he passed much of his time in shooting wild pigeons among the ruins of the Coliseum and the Forum, and sometimes made excursions into the country.

After the disappearance of the plague, he seems to have lived a rather gay and dissolute kind of life, and the candour with which he records his immoralities shows how lax were the morals and manners of the age.

When Rome was menaced by the Imperialists in 1527, Cellini raised a band of fifty men for the defence of the city, and went with three of them to the Campo Santo, where the Duke of Bourbon was leading the enemy to the assault. He thus relates the incident which has made his name famous in history:—"Levelling my arquebuse where I saw the thickest crowd of the enemy, I discharged it with a deliberate aim at a person who seemed to be lifted above the rest; but the mist prevented me from distinguishing whether he was on horseback or on foot. Then, turning suddenly about to Alessandro and Cecchino, I bade them fire off their pieces, and showed them how to escape every shot of the besiegers. Having accordingly fired twice for the enemy's once, I cautiously approached the walls, and perceived that there was an extraordinary confusion among the assailants, occasioned by our having shot the Duke of Bourbon; he was, as I understood afterwards, that chief personage whom I saw raised above the rest." Cellini and his brave companions regained the walls with some difficulty; and the former, having reached the ramparts of St. Angelo, found the gunners deserting their posts; "which vexed me to such a degree," he says, "that I took one of the matches, and getting some people to assist me, I directed the fire of the artillery where I saw occasion, and killed a considerable number of the enemy." The Imperialists were now entering the city, through which they spread terror and desolation. Cellini defended the castle by his own exertions until the evening, when Santa Croce was appointed to the command by Pope Clement, and posted him with five guns on the highest part of the fortress.

The castle was besieged from the 6th of May to the 5th of June, [illegible] which time slaughter and desolation, with every frightful [illegible] devastated the city. During all this time, Cellini [illegible] a harassing fire on the Imperialists, and contributed [illegible] the prolongation of the siege. When submission became [illegible] few days afterwards the castle was surrendered, and the artist returned to Florence. Though he succeeded in compromising with the magistrates the affair which had caused him to fly from his native city, he remained there only a short time, and then set out for Mantua. There he only remained four months, during which time he made a silver ornament for the duke and a signet ring for Cardinal Gonzaga. His restlessness led him to return to Florence, where his father had died of the plague during his absence; and in that city he now resided some time, and was much employed by the Florentine aristocracy in setting jewels. At this time he made the acquaintance of Michael Angelo, of whom he speaks in terms of the highest praise.

Being informed that Pope Clement was desirous of employing him, Cellini again repaired to Rome, where he received a commission for a button for the pontifical cope; and executed it so much to the pope's satisfaction, that, besides being liberally remunerated, he was appointed to the lucrative post of stamp-master to the mint. His brother Francesco was killed about this time in an affray near Rome; and the incident affords a picture of the lawlessness of the times, and the ease with which crimes were compromised by those who had money or influence to protect them. Cellini ascertained the name of the soldier by whom his brother had been shot, and attacking him in the street, wounded him in two places, and left him for dead. Yet no judicial inquiry was made, and Cellini, after concealing himself for a few days, showed himself at the Vatican again without being rebuked, and went about his accustomed avocations.

In 1531 Cellini was appointed one of the papal mace-bearers, an office which he held four years, and which added above two hundred crowns to his annual income. His holiness had prom[illegible] him more lucrative preferment, but was often displeased by Celli[illegible] proud and independent bearing; and when the seal-office was vacant, he conferred it on Sebastian del Piombo, the eminent painter. Partly through annoyance at this preference, it seems, and partly on account of some rough treatment he experienced from Cardinal Salviati, whom the pope had appointed his legate during a visit he made in 1532 to Bologna, Cellini delayed finishing a gold chalice, for which he had made a beautiful design. The warmth with which the pope reprimanded him on his return still further irritated the artist, and the chalice remained unfinished, Cellini declaring that he could not proceed without more gold, and his holiness refusing to supply him with it. At this time a goldsmith named Tobbia, who had been condemned to death for coining, was reprieved by Cardinal Salviati, and recommended by him to the pope, who gave him a commission which Cellini had expected himself. Shortly afterwards, in consequence of the calumnies of a rival artist, Cellini was deprived of his office of stamp-master to the mint, and ordered to send the unfinished chalice to the papal palace. This, however, he firmly refused to do, alleging that it was his own property, and all that his holiness could demand of him was five hundred crowns which he had received on account. The pope endeavoured to frighten him, by first ordering his arrest, and afterwards requiring him to pay the five hundred crowns immediately; but, finding that threats had no effect upon the artist's unbending nature, and that the money was forthcoming, he was obliged to be content with ordering him to finish the chalice as soon as he could.

The impetuosity of Cellini's temper led him into an act, soon afterwards, which compelled him to seek safety in flight, as on a former occasion. In the course of an altercation between an ingenious workman whom he had taken into partnership, and a notary named Benedetto, the latter applied an abusive epithet to Cellini, who threw a stone at him, which, striking him on the head, caused such an effusion of blood that the bystanders thought him killed. Pompeo, the jeweller who had before calumniated Cellini, happening to pass, saw what had taken place, and, hurrying to the palace, informed the pope that Cellini had slain Tobbia, the goldsmith. His holiness, in a great rage, ordered him to be arrested and hanged on the spot; but while the papal guards were looking for him, he was already on his way to Naples.

Pope Clement no sooner discovered that he had been misinformed, [illegible] [Cel]lini to Rome, took him into favour again, and [illegible] [ex]ecute two medals, for which the artist had

already furnished the designs. Just as they were completed, however, his holiness died, and was succeeded by Paul III. This misfortune was followed by a fatal adventure, which we will let Cellini tell in his own words. He had learnt that Pompeo had employed some Neapolitan bravos to assassinate him, and on the evening of the adventure to which we allude, Pompeo had publicly insulted him. "Pompeo," says he, "entered an apothecary's shop, at the corner of the Chiavesa, about some business, and stayed there some time; I was told that he had boasted of having bullied me; but it turned out a fatal adventure to him. Just as I arrived at that quarter, he was coming out of the shop, and his bravos, having made an opening, formed a circle round him. I thereupon clapped my hand to a sharp dagger, and having forced my way through the file of ruffians, laid hold of him by the throat so quickly, and with such presence of mind, that not one of his friends could defend him. I pulled him towards me, to give him a blow in front, but he turned his face about through excess of terror, so that I wounded him exactly under the ear: and upon repeating my blow he fell down dead."

We have in what followed another curious illustration of the state of society in Italy at that period. Cardinal Cornaro sent sixty soldiers to protect the homicide, who tells us that more than an equal number of young gentlemen added themselves to the escort; and the pope gave him a safe conduct to continue in Rome until he could be pardoned. Finding, however, that his life was not safe, through the enmity of Pompeo's relatives and friends, he proceeded to Florence, and from thence set out for Venice. He was engaged in two brawls at Ferrara, and the vindictiveness of his character was displayed when he stopped at Choggia, on his return to Florence, [illegible]e, receiving an affront from his host, he cut up four beds in the [illegible], and decamped. Referring to these exploits, he says: "My fellow-traveller thought I had been a bad companion to him, because I had shown some resentment, and defended myself against those who would have used us ill; while I looked upon him in a worse light, for neglecting to assist me upon those occasions: let the impartial reader determine who was in the right."

On his return to Florence, he was appointed master of the mint by Duke Alessandro de Medici, who made him a present of a curious gun; but on receiving a promise of pardon from Pope Paul III., and an invitation to enter his service again, he returned to Rome. On the occasion of the visit of the emperor Charles V., he made a magnificent crucifix of gold, and a book-cover of the same rich material, chased and gemmed, which were presented by the pope to the emperor and empress. Charles made Cellini a present of five hundred crowns, and the artist was employed to set the valuable diamond which the emperor had given to the pontiff. Under the impression that he had been ill-remunerated for those works, Cellini resolved to leave Italy, and made a journey to France hoping to obtain employment from Francis I. He had an interview with that monarch at Fontainebleau, but, owing to the campaign which was then about to be commenced, it led to nothing, beyond obtaining for the artist the patronage of Cardinal d'Este.

He therefore returned immediately to Rome, and on his arrival there was accused of having robbed the castle of St. Angelo of a great treasure, when the city was sacked by the Imperial troops. He was arrested, and confined in the castle, where he underwent an examination before the governor of Rome and other magistrates. The king of France interposed in his behalf, but the Pope declared he would keep him in confinement all his life; and, finding there was no other help for it, Cellini resolved to make his escape. This he accomplished by forcing open the door of his cell, and lowering himself into the yard by means of the sheets off his bed, cut into strips, which were then knotted together. He had two other walls to pass by the same means, and in descending the second he fell, and broke his right leg, besides receiving other injuries. In this condition he was seen by a servant of Cardinal Cornaro, who, on being informed of the circumstance, had him taken into his palace, and attended by an eminent surgeon. The cardinal then went to the Pope to intercede for Cellini's pardon, and by a promise of clemency was induced to give him up; upon which he was again committed to the castle of St. Angelo, and treated with the utmost severity. After enduring much suffering and hardship, his liberation was obtained by the intercession of Cardinal d'Este, with whom he journeyed to Paris, having received an invitation from Francis I. On the way he had an altercation with the postmaster of Camollia, whom he shot dead with his carbine, which, according to his own account, was discharged by accident. At Ferrara he met with a very gracious reception from the duke; but a misunderstanding arose between him and the duke's servants, attended with many unpleasant circumstances; and, resuming his journey, he at length arrived safely at Fontainebleau, where the French monarch was then residing. Madame d'Etampes was present when Cellini waited on Francis, and having knelt down and kissed his knee, displayed the cup and basin of gold, richly chased, which his friend the cardinal had caused him to execute for presentation to the king. He accompanied Francis during a tour in Dauphiné; but he was anxious to be employed, and at length the king empowered the cardinal to make arrangements with him. The terms offered were so inconsiderable, however, that, in a moment of disgust, he set out upon a pilgrimage to Jerusalem.

The cardinal was so fearful of drawing the king's displeasure upon himself, that he sent a messenger in pursuit of Cellini, who returned to Fontainebleau, where Francis assigned him seven hundred crowns per annum, the same salary as had been received by Leonardo da Vinci, with five hundred for the expenses of his journey, a house in Paris, and an annual allowance of a hundred crowns for each of the two assistants the artist had brought with him from Italy. This munificence put him in high spirits; and he began to work immediately upon twelve high candlesticks of silver, which were to represent heathen deities. He took several journeymen into his employment, but was constantly changing them, probably through his hot and overbearing temper. Besides the candlesticks, he executed at this time a gold salt-cellar of exquisite workmanship, a silver flagon, and a bronze head of Julius Cæsar, from an antique model. Francis visited him several times, praising his workmanship, and conversing with him with much affability; but he had the misfortune to displease the royal favourite, Madame d'Etampes, by neglecting to submit his designs to her inspection, and she became his enemy. He intended to present her with a silver vase, in the hope of mollifying her; but she kept him waiting so long when he waited upon her with it, that he left the house in anger and disgust, and presented the vase to the Cardinal of Lorraine.

Shortly afterwards he involved himself in a law-suit with a person whom he had ejected from a tenement which formed part of the premises assigned him by the king, and complains bitterly in his memoirs of the chicanery of French courts of justice and the use of false witnesses. Finding the suit going against him, he gave way to the natural impetuosity of his temper, and attacking both the plaintiff and his attorney in the street, wounded them so severely that they abandoned the suit through fear of his vengeance. "For this and every other success," says he, "I returned thanks to the Supreme Being, and began to conceive hopes that I should be for some time unmolested."

His next vexation was a quarrel with a fellow-countryman and brother artist, named Primaticcio, who had undertaken, at the instigation of Madame d'Etampes, to execute some of Cellini's designs. He had some trouble in getting his salary, the blame of which he throws upon Cardinal d'Este; and the enmity of Madame d'Etampes still pursued him. She obtained leave from the king for a perfumer to take possession of a tennis-court within the premises of Cellini, who offered resistance, and obliged the man to remove. She used every means to prejudice the king against him; and on the occasion represented in our third illustration (p. 349), she accompanied Francis to the artist's house, where the monarch reprimanded him for having engaged in so many works, while he had only completed one of the twelve silver candlesticks, for which alone he had given him a commission. Cellini knelt down, and kissing his mantle, excused himself in the best manner he could, and requested permission to return to Italy. This the king refused, but made the artist rise, and expressed himself satisfied with what he had done, and much pleased with the design he had made for the gates of the palace of Fontainebleau.

Unable to obtain the regular payment of his salary, and [illegible]

[illegible] by Madame d'Etampes and his rivals, Cellini at length made up his mind to quit France, and returned to Florence, where he was graciously received by Cosmo de' Medici, the grand duke. After some delay, a house to live in and a salary of 200 crowns per year were assigned him, and he immediately made the model for his admirable statue of Perseus (p. 345), which he afterwards cast in bronze. He relates that he met with great difficulty in carrying on the work, through the jealousy of the sculptor Bandinello; and at one time a conspiracy was formed to charge him with a horrible crime, which induced him to leave Florence for a time, and take

CELLINI IN HIS STUDIO.

up his residence in Venice, where he passed most of his time in the society of the painter Titian and the sculptor and architect Sansovino.

After a short stay he returned to Florence. The Perseus proceeded slowly, owing to various difficulties which were thrown in his way; and he complained to the duke, which for a time had the desired effect. He made some small silver vases, and set some jewels for the duchess, who wished to occupy him entirely in that kind of work; but he was so desirous to prove himself the equal of Bandinello in sculpture, that he chose to complete the statue of Perseus first. In this he at length succeeded; and, in order to prove that he could work in marble as well as in metal, he commenced statues of Apollo, Hyacinthus, and Narcissus, which, however, he does not appear to have ever finished. He also executed a bronze bust of Altoviti, a merchant of Rome; and, while on a visit to that city to obtain payment, in which he was unsuccessful, he renewed his acquaintance with the celebrated Michael Angelo.

On his return to Florence from this visit, he experienced a cold reception from the duke, who had been prejudiced against him by his steward; and scarcely had he recovered the duke's favour when he lost that of the duchess, for whom, with a lamentable want of principle, he represented an inferior string of pearls to the duke as being of great value, the duchess having set her mind on the ornament, and promised him two hundred crowns for the service. The duke possessed sufficient knowledge of pearls to know that Cellini was endeavouring to deceive him; and on being accused he confessed the whole affair, and thus rendered the duchess his [illegible] enemy. The breach was widened by his refusing to [illegible] placing the bronze figures intended to ornament the [illegible] statue of Perseus in her own apartment, and the artist [illegible]

regretted having left France. The Perseus was at length set up in the great square, and elicited universal admiration. The pleasure which this afforded him was embittered by disputes with the duke about the remuneration he was to receive for the statue and his ornaments; and though his demand of ten thousand ducats was reduced by arbitration to three thousand five hundred gold crowns, the sum was paid him by small instalments, and a balance of five hundred was never liquidated.

The next great work of Cellini was a figure of Christ in white marble, upon a crucifix of black marble, which was greatly admired, and which he originally intended to have placed above his own tomb; but receiving an offer of fifteen hundred crowns for it from the duchess, he was induced to part with it, and it was placed in the Palazzo Pitti. It is now in the church of the Escurial, at Madrid, having been presented to Philip II. by the grand duke Francesco I.

About the year 1560, Cellini married a female who was in his service at the time of casting the Perseus, and whom he mentions as the kindest and most prudent of women. She had nursed him with great care during a long and dangerous illness, which he attributes to poison given him by the wife of a farmer, of whom he had purchased a life-interest in a farm, and he had made a vow to marry her if he recovered. By her he had six children, two of whom died in their infancy. His autobiography terminates in 1562, when he was sixty-two years of age, and he does not appear to have been engaged in any work of much importance afterwards.

On the 16th of March, 1563, Cellini had the melancholy honour of being deputed to attend the obsequies of his friend, the illustrious Michael Angelo Buonarotti. The sculptor Ammanati was associated with him in this honour, while the painters of Florence were represented on the solemn occasion by Giorgio Vasari and Agnolo di Cosimo, called Bronzino.

Previously to his marriage, Cellini had adopted one Antonio Sputasenni, the son of a man of profligate character, whose wife had served the artist as a model for his Medusa, and other female figures. The father being sentenced to imprisonment, his wife, with her infant, applied for assistance to Cellini, who not only maintained Sputasenni during his incarceration, but supported his family likewise; and at length adopted the child, intending, as he had then no son of his own, to make him a skilful artist. But the boy turned out so idle, intractable, and stupid, that Cellini could do nothing with him, and he became a friar.

CELLINI ON HIS KNEES BEFORE FRANCIS I.

After Cellini's marriage, Sputasenni, who had long resided at Pisa, came to Florence, and, contrary to the artist's desire, took the youth away with him. Cellini, upon this, having then a son of his own, renounced all further connexion with the Sputasenni family, and considered himself discharged from all further responsibility with regard to the son. But, in 1570, Sputasenni commenced an action against Cellini, to compel him to provide for the young man, and to secure for him a share of Cellini's property after his decease. It seems that Cellini allowed judgment to issue by default; for a sentence was given against him, which was annulled

however, upon petition to the duke, setting forth the real circumstances of the case.

The autobiography of the artist may be regarded as his latest production. He began to write them towards the end of the year 1558, and the greater part of them seems to have been submitted to the inspection of his friend Varchi, one of the Florentine literati, in less than six months afterwards. The manuscript, now in the Laurentian library at Florence, consists of 519 folio pages, numbered only in part, with a rough cover of parchment, and tied with bands of the same material. On the cover is written, "The book of Andrea de' Lorenzo Cavalcanti;" and on the first page, "This most precious book was ever held in the highest esteem by the good and, to me, always dear. Signor Andrea Cavalcanti, my father, who would permit no one to copy it; resisting even the repeated solicitations made to him by his most serene and reverend highness the Prince Cardinal Leopold of Tuscany, etc., because—

Lone in its happy realms one Phœnix dwells,
L[illegible] to itself, parent and offspring both,—
S[illegible] the world is prized: rare worth is loth
To court applause; what's each one's rankly smells."

On the back of this is written, in Cellini's own hand, a memorandum respecting the manuscript, and a sonnet on his life. The autobiography commences on the second folio, and appears by the memorandum to have been written by the son of Signor de Goro Vestri, as dictated by Cellini, as far as page 160. Then come three pages and a half in an unknown hand; the remainder being in the writing of Cellini himself. At the end are five blank pages, except the first, on which are the words, "I afterwards went to Pisa."

That this is the original manuscript which Cellini sent to Varchi for his revision, there seems no reason to doubt; for his handwriting appears in several places. Cavalcanti made a gift of the work to his friend Redi; and at the commencement of the present century it was found in a bookseller's shop in Florence, and subsequently bequeathed, with other MSS., to the Laurentian library.

Horace Walpole regarded the autobiography of Cellini as "more amusing than any novel;" and the Italian literati have carried their admiration of it to the highest pitch, describing it as the most entertaining book in the whole compass of their national literature. His intimacy with the great Italian painters and sculptors, and his intercourse with the king of France and the emperor, with the popes and the Medici, military commanders and dignified ecclesiastics, afforded him opportunities of making the most interesting observations; and, as a picture of society at the period in which he lived, the work is invaluable.

He died on the 15th of February, 1570, and was buried, by his own direction, in the chapter-house of the Nunziata, with a grand funeral ceremony, which was attended by all the members of the Academy of Drawing. Besides his life, he wrote a treatise on goldsmiths' work, and several poems, which, however, are not above mediocrity.

SELF-DENIAL; OR, PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

III.

For a moment I felt all the shame and mortification of one detected in some disgraceful crime. I stood, wishing myself annihilated, while Edith sank into a chair. There was a moment of dead silence of silence quite painful. I felt it could not last, and I was anxious to break it myself. Charles prevented me.

"Ever since I have been in this house, six months before you came here, Edward, I loved this girl. For her it is I have had courage, for her it is I have striven; and now that I come the herald of somewhat better news, I find my hope dashed to the ground."

"Mr. Ogilvy," said Edith, rising, and though suffused with blushes, speaking in a firm and resolute tone, "I never had the least suspicion of this."

"Then why were you my friend, why did you defend me against your mother, and keep me here though I was a pauper? 'Twas pity—pity for the poor starving student. Ha! ha! 'Tis mighty pleasant and consoling!"

"Mr. Ogilvy," again said the dear girl—her face showing all the pain she felt—"I always respected you as a friend. If I induced my mother to let your rent run on—it was because I knew you would honourably pay her. There was no occasion for pity."

"Edith," said Charles, taking her hand, and bursting into tears, "you are an angel. The past cannot be recalled. I should not have been the timid fool I have."

"I assure you, Mr. Ogilvy—I never thought—I never suspected—"

"And why should you?" resumed he, with one of his old laughs. "Dumb courtships, I see, my dear Edward, will not do. But come, let us sit down and talk the matter over. You have settled the matter in a rapid way I never should have dreamt of. No excuses, no apologies. It is I who beg your pardon for my violence. But you see, Edward, for the dream of a whole year to vanish in one moment was, to say the least, trying. It is over now. You are a brave, good couple; may you be happy!"

"Generous and good always!" I cried.

"A truce to compliments. What I want to know is, how this came about. I suppose you have had some good news to elate you, eh?"

I told him the exact truth.

"I am very glad to hear it," he said, when I had finished—"very glad. Now for my news. My mother has had a legacy left her, quite unexpectedly. She has sent me fifty pounds of it. Now, young people, I am for marrying at once. Mr. Edward here, has about a pound a-week, he is clever, he has an opening, he will make his way. I suppose all you will want will be a couple of rooms. I will furnish them, and the author must pay when he can."

I would not hear of such a sacrifice. But Charles insisted so gravely and so earnestly, that we gave way; and then came the great question of the parents. I felt sick at heart as I reflected that I could not communicate with my father and mother. To this marriage I felt they would never give their consent. I was not sorry, therefore, to be spared the pain of being refused.

"I will undertake Mrs. Ellis," said Charles, smiling. "I am going to pay her in advance until Christmas. That will give me weight, I can tell you. Are you engaged this afternoon, Edith?"

"No," said the young girl, blushing.

"Here is a ticket to see the Panorama of London," he continued. "Go and get ready, and ask Mrs. Ellis to have her receipt ready up to Christmas."

Edith, glad to find herself free, escaped with the utmost rapidity. We were alone.

"Edward," said my earnest friend, "I love you more than ever. It was a bitter discovery to make; but she is a noble girl, and she has chosen well. Now, Edward, take my advice. Begin very humbly. The career of a literary man is one of the most difficult. It is a rough and tortuous one; and yet it has its pleasures and advantages. You will succeed, if you are not in a hurry."

"But already am I falling into debt, my dear Charles," I replied.

"There is no such thing as debt between real friends. You will do for me what I have done for you, when you can. Recollect that I shall be always to be found; and as you love me, Edward, never borrow half-a-crown of an acquaintance. Most men will lend: but a half-crown borrowed inconsiderately has cost many a man months of idleness. You cannot deny yourself to a man to whom you owe money. There is much truth in what Shakspeare makes old Polonius say to his son, Laertes:—

'Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.'"

"You speak warmly, Charles," I said.

"I speak from experience. Debt is the curse of the idle and improvident—a mill-stone about the neck of many a struggling sufferer, who has to pay all his life long the penalty of his youthful folly and extravagance."

"You don't think of yourself, Charles," I said; "your whole thoughts are on us. You will remain here?"

"Certainly. I shall continue to reside with your mother-in-law, who is a very excellent woman at heart, Edward. She is a lady born and bred; but letting lodgings would, I think, have spoilt even the best of us. Nobody should start in it but those who have had experience in childhood. To be continually on the watch for money, suspicious and exacting, often to be deceived, is terrible work."

"And Ellis himself?" I asked.

"He has been an officer and, I believe, a gentleman. He was shelved on half-pay, I fear from too great liking for the bottle. He was in a drinking regiment, and learnt the habit. He's not, mind you, a regular drunkard, but he wastes a small income at the tavern. He fancies himself at the mess-table. Besides, the house is all let but the kitchen, and the poor man is half driven out."

I looked very grave at this description. It was to many of the loose habits unfortunately contracted by too many on entering the army at an early age that my father had objected. He had painted the fatal weakness of young men in giving way in a manner that I thought exaggerated.

"Edward," he had said in conclusion, "my ambition is to see my son a good man and a Christian; therefore it is that I prefer a profession where there is less temptation."

All this made little or no impression on me at the time, but now the words rose in judgment against me. Here I saw a practical proof of the possibility of what my father feared. I knew that it was wrong to condemn a whole body for the faults of a few; still I could not deny that my father was right to keep me out of temptation.

Edith returned shortly, dressed in a plain white frock that became her much. She was rosy with blushes, and, as I thought, never had looked so beautiful. It was little then to be wondered at, that all regrets vanished as I descended the stairs with my dear little affianced wife.

It is hard to say which is the happiest day of our lives, when there are really so very many that are happy. But I believe we are generally right when we select that on which we first knew of the gentle affection of a woman, as at all events one of the happiest. It is one of those dates we never forget, and to look back upon it is always pleasant in the most arid and gloomy hour of existence.

I do not believe either of us saw much of the sight we went to see. For my part I recollected nothing about it the same evening. We wandered about, her arm leaning on mine, sometimes talking of the future, but oftener silent, unless when we joined to sing the praises of our friend and benefactor. At last we remembered that it was time to return.

Edith turned a little pale, and I could tell that her heart was beating violently as we came up to the door of No. 13. I cheered her up as well as I could, though, to say the truth, I did feel a little like a soldier going into his first engagement. But it was my duty to support and cheer her. I therefore assumed the virtue which of all others I had not at that moment.

"Courage, dearest," said I, with a very poor attempt at a confident smile. "All will be well. Charles is a good friend. I fear nothing."

He himself opened the door.

"All goes well," he exclaimed, as his eyes beamed with delight.

I pressed his hand, but could not find words. He said no more himself, but opened the door of the front parlour, at that moment unlet, and we were ushered into the presence of the parents. The father was a handsome man of about forty-seven, with a countenance which I appeared to have seen before. He was a little shabby, and a little flurried, but he was quite sober, though there was a bottle of brandy before him.

Mrs. Ellis was a little round, good-tempered woman, with, however, a look of care on her countenance, which was in part explained by her battle with the world. The poor woman had seven children, of whom Edith was the eldest. It was in order to keep them, and provide them with schooling, that Mrs. Ellis let lodgings.

"I am proud, sir, to make your acquaintance," said the ex-captain, in a voice that would have been musical, had it not been husky from drink. "Mr. Ogilvy has apprised us of the honour you desire to confer upon us."

"Rather abrupt," thought I. But I supposed the captain had not improved his perceptions in the parlour of the "Lamb."

"George," exclaimed Mrs. Ellis, reproachfully, "this gentleman has come to take a quiet cup of tea with us."

"No, madam," I began. "I am very glad Mr. Ellis has put me at my ease. It is with a view to request the inestimable favour of becoming a member of your family, that I have claimed the honour—the—the——"

"Sit down," said Charles, with a laugh; "it's all settled. I have talked Mr. and Mrs. Ellis over, and all they require is, that you should make their child happy. I have given you an immense character—you have got to keep up to it!"

"You are both very young," put in Mrs. Ellis, so gently, so tenderly, I could not believe it was the same person who spoke so shrilly on the stairs to noisy lodgers and crying children; "and yet, if you have industry and courage, it is perhaps best so. Mr. Ogilvy talks of a month hence. You are very soon then to leave me, Edith."

"I never said I would marry in a month," began Edith, looking quite frightened.

"But," said Charles, rather gravely, "as a favour to me——"

Edith bowed her head, rosy with blushes—half smiles, half tears—and made no reply.

"I think it necessary," I began, as a sudden thought struck me, "to explain, that having run away from home, for private reasons, I have come to London under a feigned name. My real appellation is Edward Mildmay."

The husband and wife glanced at each other with a strange look, which, however, did not prevent my continuing:

"And I am the eldest son of the Reverend Edward Mildmay. At my mother's death, I am entitled to three hundred a-year."

There was a profound silence for a moment, and then Mr. and Mrs. Ellis left the room, taking Charles with them. Edith and I were left alone. The abruptness of her parents certainly surprised the dear girl, but I left her little time to think. My tongue was loosened at last, and I gave it full swing. I repeated a dozen times the same thing. I painted our happy little home. I built a thousand castles in the air, and so drew her attention by my words that she forgot all else.

Presently, after quite an hour's absence, they came back.

"Edward," said Charles, gravely, "Mr. and Mrs. Ellis consider it necessary to reciprocate your confidence. If Edith becomes your wife, it must be as Miss Farnham. Family reasons, principally pride about lodging letting, have induced them to take an assumed name. But Edith must, like yourself, be married in her real one."

I listened with considerable surprise, a faint glimmering of some strange fancy coming over me as I heard the words; but as Charles gave no further explanation, I did not give utterance to my thoughts, but sat down at the invitation of my new friends to tea. Edith made it, and blushed a good deal, too, at her father's sly looks. He joked her in the most quiet way possible about her matronly look at the tea-table; wondered what the world was come to, when children of sixteen thought of marriage, and kept the poor girl in a state of half-pleased, half-vexed confusion.

Charles, in one of his rambles, had found a quiet floor in a cottage at the foot of Hampstead Hill. I was quite sure he had looked at it with a view to taking it for himself and the same dear girl, who now was to be mine. But I never even hinted at anything of the kind. The poor fellow had so innocently believed the absorbing one idea of his soul was well known, that he had taken Edith's many kindnesses as acceptance of his suit.

I saw a deep blush suffuse his face, as Mrs. Brown asked when the wedding was to be. I turned away, not to hear his reply. I knew, however, that he had taken the lodging; and next time we went to see it, it was neatly, though plainly furnished.

I received £6 for my article, and I drew £5 from my paper, on account of extra articles. With this I paid the expenses of the wedding, and began housekeeping with my rent paid for a quarter in advance, my little home neatly furnished, and four sovereigns in my wife's little purse.

I was a married man, with another now dependent on my exertions.

ENAMEL PAINTING.

The engraving which we now present to our readers, is taken from a beautiful specimen of enamel preserved in the Museum of the Louvre. It is a large rectangular plate, containing an oval medallion about twenty inches in length and sixteen in breadth. It is the work of the celebrated Bernard Palissy, and represents the destruction of the Israelites by fiery flying serpents. The flesh of the various figures introduced is of white enamel; the vestments are coloured either brown or green. The figure that lies upon the

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ISRAELITES BY THE FIERY SERPENTS.—FROM AN ENAMEL BY BERNARD PALISSY.

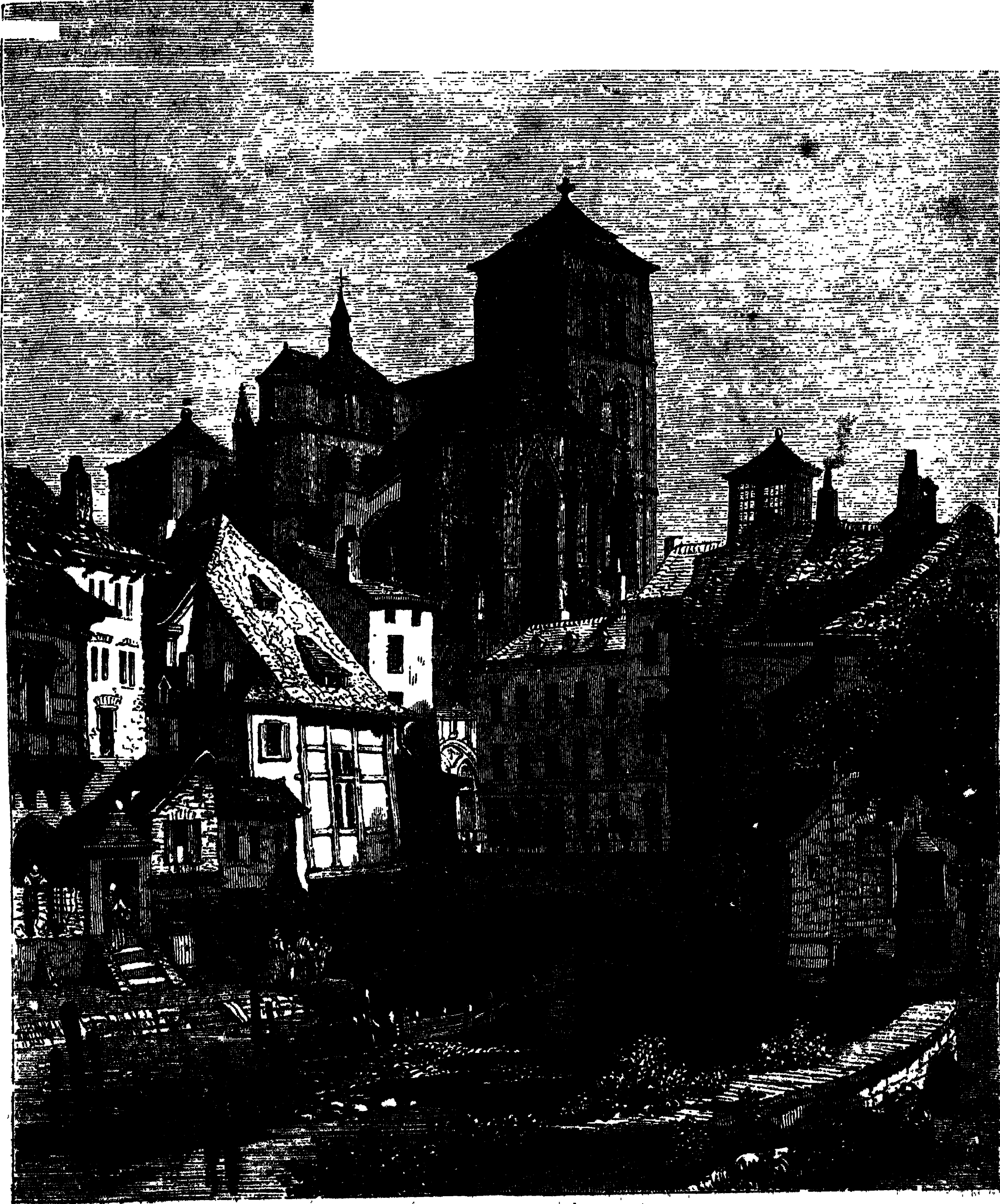
earth in the very front of the design, and whose form is half covered by a robe, is particularly well executed. The garment, which is yellow, contrasting well with the other tones of the colouring. The vestments of the female figure near the trees is blue. The whole composition is contained within an ornamental border; it is decorated with a variety of devices in yellow, here and there enriched with a fantastic head in yellow bistre. At the corners of the enamel are represented full-length figures playing on various musical instruments—one with a species of bass-viol, another with a guitar, a third with a lute, and a fourth with a pipe or flute. The figures in the lower corners of the piece are separated by a long medallion of an oval form. The variety of colours introduced presents a very pleasing appearance to the eye. The ground-work of the plate is blue. The reverse is not in enamel. The frame is of carved oak.

The style of the composition, and the general beauty both of the colouring and execution, render this work of the great Palissy particularly interesting; but, apart from the merit of the work itself, the fact of its being the production of the potter would be enough to render it valuable. The story of the life of "poor Master Bernard of the Tuileries" is full of interest and instruction. The struggle of the good man to perfect his art, the troubles he endured to complete his experiments, and the sorrows which came upon Master Bernard for conscience sake, that sent him to the Bastile, and were nigh dragging him from thence to meet the flames;—all these things have made Master Palissy a hero—a hero of the right kind.

THE TOWN OF HUY.

Huy, a town of Belgium, in the province of Liege, stands on the shores of the little river Hoyoux, from which it derives its name. The position of the town is remarkably picturesque, and the hills around are clothed with luxuriant vines. The quaint old houses, picture not easily surpassed for beauty, and not readily forgotten when once seen.

The chroniclers of the middle ages, and writers of modern times as well, claim for the town of Huy a good old age; it was founded,



THE TOWN OF HUY, IN BELGIUM.

the heavy roofs, the casement windows, the small bridge with its light railing, the little stream, so clear and still, the trees and creeping plants that have overgrown the rustic wall, and, towering above everything else, the church of Notre Dame—a noble building that has stood there for more than seven centuries—present a

so they say, in the first century of the Christian era, but for this assertion they appear to have no very conclusive evidence; however, that it was known in the seventh century, there can be no doubt at all. It was a great place in the days of Charles the Simple, and the most important town in the Bishopric of Liege. But long ago

its glory has departed. Before the year 1795 it contained fourteen parishes, one collegiate church, two abbeys, and seventeen convents; now the number of parishes is reduced to five, and the population is estimated at eight thousand."

In the Church of the Crusaders is the tomb of Peter the Hermit, but the Church of Notre Dame is the principal ecclesiastical edifice. The castle, built upon a rock, commands the city and the river Meuse, which divides the town into two parts and is spanned by a stone bridge of seven arches. This castle is of very ancient origin, but a great part of the first building was destroyed by Henry II. of France.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

Along with our Saxon ancestors there came into England some of the strangest notions and oddest fancies that we can well conceive. Albion had, without doubt, plenty of wild, unearthly stories when her sons ranged the forest, before those forests echoed to the tramp of the Roman legions. And no doubt from the City of the Seven Hills there came new superstitions, more wild and terrible than the woad-coloured savages had ever heard of before. Druidical serpent-eggs, and the rest of the mistletoe mysteries, were followed by the nymphs of the fountains, at the very sight of whom sane men were driven mad. But with the Saxons came an entirely new class of superstitions, some of them full of horror, some light and cheerful, some terrible as was ever giant-goblin story to a child's fancy; others beautiful and gay as the fairies that slept in the bell-flowers and floated on the zephyr. The chief part of the fancies, however, being those we are about to mention here, were connected with the most ordinary affairs of life, and invested every little circumstance with a peculiar and awful meaning. They beset the daily life of every man, woman and child in the country; and many of them are still preserved amongst us. Of course these things are now slighted, and, except he be a very unlettered peasant indeed, a man does not turn back in dismay at the sight of three magpies; but once these things were received as positively true, and were regarded with as much certainty as we might count on a tide or a change of the moon.

Imagine a man believing that all these little circumstances—the falling of a stone, the ticking of a death-watch, a tingling in the ear, a shivering sensation in the back, or any other similar trivial occurrence—really betokened some good or evil fortune, what a strange sort of a life he must lead!

A stork settles on a gable of his house. Welcome. To kill the bird would be open sacrilege, for the stork is a harbinger of happiness. He receives the visit with a feeling of delight, and hails it as a promise of good luck. When he goes out, a strange dog follows him: here again is another sign of prosperous fortune. A strange dog never follows any person without good luck speedily coming on the favoured one. Welcome to the dog. When night sets in, the man looks up on the shining points in the heavens, the jewels of the night, and notices a shooting star. Good luck again. He forms a wish before the star has disappeared, and the wish is certain to be gratified. Moreover, our friend is lucky altogether: he was born with a caul, and this is certain to render him remarkably fortunate, besides having the extraordinary effect of preserving anybody who buys it from a watery grave. People now-a-days are short of faith, and prefer life-preservers of another sort—such, for instance, as cork jackets. But our lucky friend, besides being born with a caul, having a stork on his house, a strange dog at his heels, and wishing himself good fortune as a shooting star flits over the face of the heavens, has found, unawares, some four-leaved clover, and on this account, as well as all the rest, is entitled to the best of luck all his life along. Fortunately, too, he has been seated, inadvertently, between a married couple at a dinner table, and this ensures a

> "Home, and in the cup of life
> That honey drop, a pleasing wife"

and at no distant date—within the twelvemonth, as sure as the zodiac.

But our friend suffers from rheumatism. What is he to do? Go to the doctor?—nothing of the sort. Let him steal a potato, or, if he objects to steal one, let him beg, but on no account buy, one. If he prefers a chesnut to a potato, a chesnut will answer just as well. As long as he retains either in his possession, he is a safe man. Still accidents may happen, and sitting next his dearest friend, our lucky man lets fall some grains of salt upon the table. Spilling salt betokens a strife between the person who spills it and the person next to whom he sits. What is our friend to do in order to avert the omen? He must lift up carefully, very carefully, not leaving a single grain, the salt that is spilt, with his knife, and throw it over his shoulder. Nothing else will avert disaster. But what if he upsets the salt-cellar altogether? This signifies a shipwreck, and our friend may look out for squalls; there is fine weather now, but a storm is brewing, and the gallant little "Triton," with a goodly cargo, will meet with accident—no doubt of that.

While our friend is thinking of these things, and trembling for his "Triton," bound to the bottom as sure as ever scuttled ship was doomed, he feels a tingling in his ear. This satisfies him that some are talking about him. But what can they be saying? Are they telling up his good deeds, numbering his excellent qualities, writing up his virtues—like tombstone grief; or are they pointing out his weaknesses, condemning his vices, ridiculing his absurdities, and writing him down an ass? Which ear is it tingles? The right: then are his excellencies exalted. A tingling in the right ear is always a good omen. But, unfortunately, it is in the left—there is no mistake about it; the most subtle casuist cannot make left right, and right left. The talker talks with no respect of persons; he condemns our friend as a scoundrel, whispers all the idle gossip of the town, tells all the prattle—such prattle as people love to hear, though it be foul and dirty, and black as ink. All the stories that our friend would have kept secret are blazing forth, and he knows very well that the circle of listeners,

> "Whatever they hear are sure to spread
> East and west and north and south,
> Like the ball which, according to Captain Z.,
> Went in at his ear and came out at his mouth."

When the left ear tingles, people talk ill of us; if it be so, some people's left ears must never leave off tingling. But what is to be done? Charm for charm. Our friend must bite his little finger; the evil speaker's tongue will be in the same predicament. Don't spare the little finger.

Our friend has been relating a remarkable story, the visitors have been all listening anxiously. "Is it true, is he quite satisfied of its authenticity?" Quite. Up stands our friend, when his chair falls backward, and falls on the ground with a crash. There is an audible titter. Our friend colours "ruddier than the cherry." What does it mean? The falling of a chair is a sure sign that the person who sat in it has been guilty of untruth. Our friend is about to present a very choice knife to a fair acquaintance, but he knows very well that it may sever their friendship for ever. To give cold steel, scissors or knives, separates friendship between even the dearest friends. Therefore, some money, no matter how small a piece, must be paid—duly paid—and the affair be regarded as a purchase. Salt, also, must not be given; it must be bought, else unthought-of calamity is sure to follow. Our friend has plucked a water lily, that spread its broad leaves and white and yellow cups upon the water. No harm is done by this; but he has unfortunately slipped and fallen while he had it in his hand. What will be the result? Perhaps a bruise or two; nothing of the sort—but he will now be subject to fits. Moreover, he happens to have cut his finger rather deeply, and the manner which he takes to cure the wound is as simple as it is remarkable. He anoints the knife with oil, puts it into a drawer, and allows it to remain there for some days. Sympathetically the cut is cured. Our friend, likewise, entertains the notion that if he goes under a ladder he stands the chance of being hanged; that the consequence of such an imprudent act will in all probability be a long cord and a short shrift. Then, being once or twice detected talking to himself—like a modern Prince of Denmark—he is confirmed in the idea for to soliloquise is the sure precursor of a violent death. And as our friend occasionally feels a cold shivering sensation in his back,

he begins to understand that his time is near, and that somebody is walking over his grave.

Such are a few of the odd fancies which our Saxon forefathers left us as an heir-loom. Signs and omens, such as ancient Romans might have gathered from the flight of birds, and ancient Britons from the writhings of a sacrificial victim, our Saxon ancestors detected in every trifling circumstance of daily life. Such fan- still retained in Holland and in Germany, and here, in England, are not forgotten. It seems strange, indeed, that at any time such

"Trifles light as air"

should have affected the mind of man, but that they have done so is beyond all dispute, and such folk lore forms an extensive chapter in the delusions of the olden time.

EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Much controversy has taken place among men of science as to the physical character of the ancient Egyptians. It may be thought that of a people so ancient abundant testimony would be found in the works of the Greek travellers and historians, but the difficulty has been created by the conflicting statements of those writers, rather than by their silence on the subject. Volney maintains that they were negroes, and founds his opinion on passages in the works of Herodotus, Æschylus, and Lucian. Ammianus Marcellinus says they were, for the most part, of a brownish colour; and in an old Egyptian document in the Berlin Museum, in which the contracting parties are described by their external appearance, one is called black or dark brown (the word may be rendered either way), and the other yellow or honey-coloured. Dr. Prichard infers from these accounts, that the ancient Egyptians were a dark-coloured people, and that, at the same time, great varieties of colour existed among them, as is the case with the modern Hindoos and Abyssinians.

Denon gives the following description, founded upon a personal examination of Egyptian statues, busts, and bas-reliefs: "Full, but delicate and voluptuous forms; countenances sedate and placid; round and soft features; with eyes long, almond-shaped, half-shut, and languishing, and turned up at the outer angles, as if habitually fatigued by the light and heat of the sun; cheeks round; thick lips, full and prominent; mouths large, but cheerful and smiling; complexions dark, ruddy, and coppery; and the whole aspect displaying, as one of the most graphic delineators among modern travellers has observed, the genuine African character, of which the negro is the exaggerated and extreme representation."

The figures which illustrate this article afford some specimens of the characters exhibited by Egyptian sculptures. The originals are in the Egyptian Gallery in the Louvre. Fig. 1 represents two unknown personages, probably husband and wife, as may be indicated by the figure of a child between them. There is nothing to indicate that these figures represent deities, royal personages, or indeed any persons of distinction; probably the man held some civil employment under the Pharoahs.

Fig. 2 is a statue in black granite, without a head, of which it has been deprived by accident. It was found on the site of the ancient Sais, and is considered a fine specimen of ancient Egyptian art. The attitude and the execution are superior to the majority of Egyptian statues; and we may here remark that the sculptors of ancient Egypt represented upright figures less often than those which are seated. There is an inscription on this statue, from which we learn that it represents Horus, the son of Psammeticus, and a military chief.

The ancient Egyptian artists sometimes represented men kneeling before a kind of altar on which their deities were represented in relief. We give two examples of this kind of sculpture. Fig. 3 is a statuette in stone, of heavy workmanship, representing a high functionary, called in the inscription, "Basilicus Grammatus, chief of the cavalry of the lord of two worlds, and guardian of the royal legs," kneeling before an altar, in a niche of which is a figure in relief of the god Osiris. Fig. 4 is a kneeling figure in black granite, supporting before him a sort of bench, on which three divinities are seated. The inscription on the upright slab at the back of the kneeling figure intimates that it is that of Ensapor, the son of Auwrer, who, among other titles, is called, "Chief of the gates of the meridional country."

Fig. 5 represents an individual called in the hieroglyphic inscription, Sepa, a prophet and priest of the white bull. The prophets were not in the first rank of the sacerdotal class, but took rank after the arch-prophets and the grand-priests attached to the worship of deified kings. This statue, which is regarded as one of the most precious *morceaux* of the Louvre collection, is in calcareous stone, and appears to have been executed in the earliest period of Egyptian art. The position is simple, and the style of execution rude. The head is round, the shoulders rather high; the body presents an appearance of strength; the articulation of the knees is robust. The somewhat remarkable head-dress is painted black, and a green band is drawn under the eyes.

Fig. 6 is a representation of a bas-relief in calcareous stone from the tomb of Seti I., founder of the nineteenth dynasty, and a famous warrior, who succeeded to the throne towards the end of the sixth century before the Christian era. The figures are those of Seti and the goddess Hathor, supposed by Champollion to have been the Egyptian Venus, but more probably another name for Isis. Though both figures are in profile, the eyes, as was usual with the ancient artists, are represented full. The king has a youthful appearance; he wears a kind of scarf, the fringe of which is ornamented with two serpents, and sandals terminating in a point. His head-dress is adorned in front with a serpent, and he wears bracelets on his wrists, and a collar of four rows about his neck. His right hand holds the left hand of the goddess, and his left receives the collar which she holds out to him. The head-dress of the goddess is of great richness, and is surmounted by a solar disc between two cow's horns, from which a serpent hangs. She wears a collar of similar form to the king's. Her arms are bare, and adorned with bracelets and armlets; her feet are also bare, and ornamented with anklets. Her robe fits very closely to her form, and is curiously ornamented with lozenges and inscribed characters in alternate rows; the latter may be thus translated:—"Establisher of justice! we accord to thee many years, and power like that of the sun. Offspring of the sun! friend of the gods! Seti, the friend of Phthas! live for ever! Lord of two worlds, establisher of justice, we give thee many years and thousands of panegyrics. Beloved offspring of the sun! lord of diadems! Seti, the friend of Phthas, eternal as the sun! lord of two worlds, beloved by Hathor, inhabit always the land of peace and truth."

Phthas means one by whom events are decreed, and was used by the ancient Egyptians to designate the power or principle by which the universe was originated and presided over. Sometimes it was called Cneph, denoting a good genius; and it was represented symbolically by the figure of a serpent with its tail in its mouth—an emblem of eternity.

Figure 7 is a fragment of a bas-relief in calcareous stone, representing a funeral scene. The mother of the deceased lifts her hand to her head, with grief expressed in her countenance, perhaps to cover her hair with dust, according to ancient usage. A priest chants the funeral hymn, and behind him three persons utter exclamations of grief, or repeat the chorus of the hymn. In another compartment aquatic birds and plants are represented, and Charon's boat conveys the defunct across the sable waters of the lake of death. In a representation of a funeral on a tomb from the ruins of Thebes, the figures of the deceased and his sister are seated under a canopy, before a table covered with offerings; a priest pronounces their eulogy, and proclaims their right to be admitted into the realms of the blessed.

If we may form an idea of the complexion of the ancient Egyptians from the paintings found in their temples and tombs, the colouring of their statues and bas-reliefs, and of the sycamore cases in which their mummies are found enclosed, we must come to the conclusion that they were of a reddish-brown colour, like the existing Foulah and Kaffir tribes. The male figures are invariably painted with this colour, and the female figures sometimes of a lighter shade of the same colour, and sometimes yellow or yellowish-

FIG. 1.—EGYPTIAN FIGURES (UNKNOWN)

FIG. 3.—FIGURE BEFORE AN ALTAR (BASILICUS GRANNATUS).

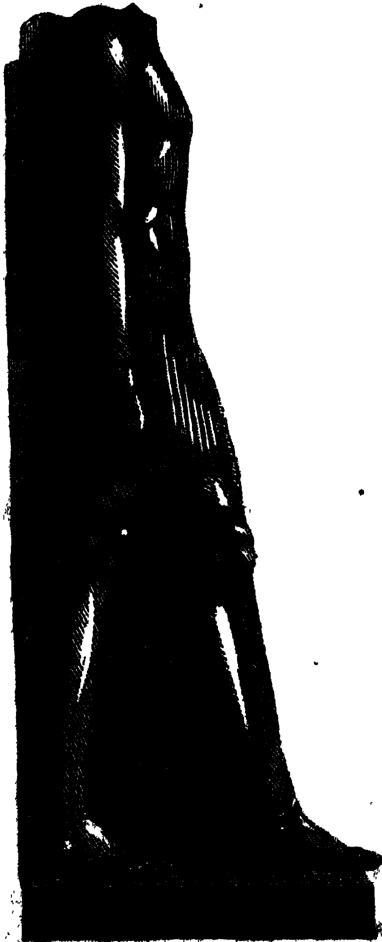


FIG. 4.—KNEELING FIGURE (ENSANOR).

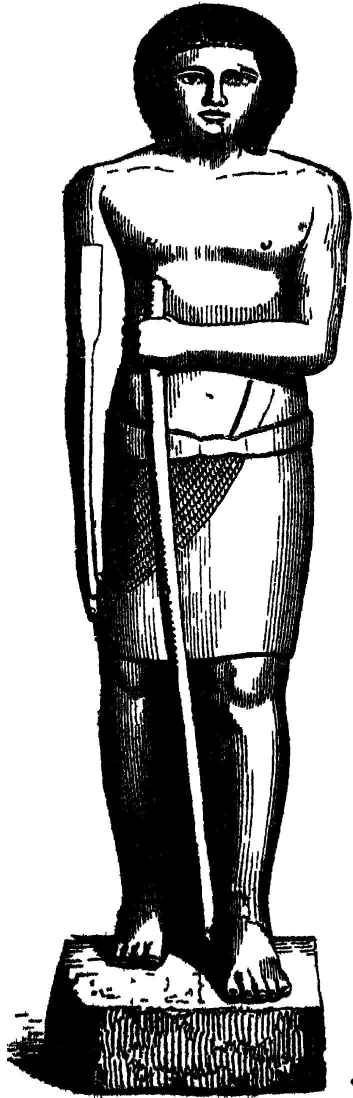


FIG. 5.—STATUE OF SEPA

FIG 6—BAS RELIEF FROM THE TOMB OF SETI I.

FIG. 7.—BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING A FUNERAL SCENE.

brown. "This red colour," says Dr. Prichard, "is evidently intended to represent the complexion of the people, and is not put on in the want of a lighter paint, or flesh colour; for when the limbs or bodies are represented as seen through a thin veil, the tint used resembles the complexion of Europeans. The same shade might have been generally adopted if a darker one had not been preferred, as more truly representing the national complexion of the Egyptian race."

The Copts, who are well known to be the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, have yellowish-brown complexions, and features which bear considerable resemblance to those of mulattoes; and Denon says he was struck with the resemblance of the Copts to the old Egyptian sculptures. Mr. Ledyard, whose testimony is the more valuable as he had no theory to support, says: "I suspect the Copts to have been the origin of the negro race; the nose and lips correspond with those of the negro. The hair, wherever I can see it among the people here, is curled, not like that of the negroes, but like the mulattoes." This description agrees with those of Volney, Larry, and Pagnet; and the preservation of their language shows that the Coptic race has undergone very little change since the days of the Pharaohs.

CELEBRATED SPRINGS.

Springs are interesting objects, whether we regard them as entering into the composition of picturesque scenery, in which character they appeal to the eye of the artist and the lover of the beautiful in nature, or as associated with classical and modern poetry, or with the bygone events chronicled by the historians of the olden time. Whether gushing forth from the rock, and sparkling in the sunlight as their waters fall into their natural basin—or murmuring in the seclusion of some deep glen, half concealed by feathery ferns—or rising in the arid desert, to slake the thirst of the camel and his tawny rider, to whom the palm which invariably grows beside it affords a welcome shade—a spring is one of the most beautiful objects in nature. No wonder, then, that the active and poetic imagination of the old Greeks placed the springs of their country under the guardianship of the Naïads, and that their feeling of the beautiful led them to believe that the nymphs were grieved and displeased by the pollution of the sparkling waters which the gods had placed under their protection. What reader of classical literature has not heard of the fountain to which Ulysses was directed to go, to find his herdsman, when he returned to his native country? This fountain,

"Where Arethusa's sable waters glide,"

is about six miles in the interior of the island, the road leading to it ascending all the way. The water is continually percolating through the superincumbent rock at the top of a ravine, and falls into a small basin. The sides of the ravine are covered with evergreens and odoriferous shrubs, and before the spring stands a broken and crumbling arch, through which may be seen the blue waters of the Ægean sea. The summit of the rock, above the spring, commands an extensive and beautiful view of the islands and distant mountains of Greece. The goat-herds of the islands quench their thirst at this spring, which flows as brightly now as in the days of Homer, three thousand years ago.

Dodwell, who visited this spot, describes its waters as clear and good, trickling gently from a small cave in the rock, which is covered with a smooth and downy moss. It has formed a pool four feet deep, against which a modern wall is built, to check its overflowing. After oozing through an orifice in the wall, it falls into a wooden trough, placed there for cattle. In the winter it overflows, and finds its way, in a thin stream, through the glen to the sea. The French had possession of Ithaca in 1798, and the rocks of the Arethusan fountains are covered with republican inscriptions.

Who also has not heard of the Castalian spring on Mount Parnassus, in which the priestess of Delphos laved her limbs, and from which she was supposed to derive her inspiration? Of the former magnificence of the city and temple which in ancient times occupied this site not a vestige can now be discovered; but Parnassus still rears its rocky summit to the sky, and the Castalian spring

"The shrine hath shrunk! but thou—unchanged art thou!
Mount of the voice and vision, robed with dreams!
Unchanged, and rushing through the radiant air,
With thy dark waving pines, and flashing streams,
And all thy founts of song! Their bright course seems
With inspiration yet; and each dim haze,
Or golden cloud, which floats around thee, seems
As with its mantle veiling from our gaze
The mysteries of the past, the gods of elder days!"

A small shallow basin on the margin of the rill is pointed out as the bath of the Pythoness, which is fed by the cascade descending through a cleft of Parnassus, as the snow on its summit is dissolved. This probably accounts for the extreme coldness of the water. The poetic expression, "Castalian dew," refers to the spray of the cascade. In accordance with the common practice of erecting edifices for Christian worship on the spots consecrated by the traditions and myths of the elder creed, a chapel, dedicated to St. John, now rises by the side of the Castalian spring, the picturesqueness of which is further increased by a large fig-tree, which produces an agreeable shade, and a profusion of flowering shrubs and trailing or pendant ivy.

In the desert of Northern Arabia may still be observed some of the springs at which the Israelites halted in their long and toilsome journey from Egypt to Palestine, still shaded by a few palms, and objects of contention to the wild tribes who wander from oasis to oasis with their flocks and herds. Sometimes the water is bitter and brackish; and we read in the Mosaic narrative, that "when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters, for they were bitter." The juice of a plant, however, rendered them palatable. There is reason for supposing the spot mentioned to be the spring Hawârah, a small basin of brackish and rather bitter water, near which Dr. Robinson found several bushes of a low-growing, thorny plant, producing red berries of an acid flavour, which are found a corrective to the unpleasant qualities of the water. "And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm-trees." This spot has been identified with Wady Gharandel, a slight depression in the wide desert, with a copious spring in the bottom, producing a small rivulet, and surrounded by date-palms, tamarisks, and acacias. Though twelve wells cannot be traced at present, the circumstance does not militate against the identification of Elim with Wady Gharandel, as wells are frequently filled up by the drifting of the sand.

In the upper part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat is a spring dedicated to the Virgin, the waters of which flow through a subterranean channel cut in the solid rock into the Pool of Siloam, an artificial reservoir, fifty-three feet long by eighteen broad. From thence the water is led off to irrigate the gardens and orchards in the valley. The waters of this spring exhibit the remarkable phenomenon of flowing at intervals, in a manner analogous to the flux and reflux of the tides of the ocean. Jerome first called attention to the circumstance, towards the close of the fourth century; but most modern travellers have discredited the story. Among the inhabitants of Jerusalem, however, the belief in the ebb and flow of the water is universal; and Dr. Robinson was enabled, a few years ago, to verify it by his own observations.

"As we were preparing to measure the basin of the upper fountain," says he, "and explore the passage leading from it, my companion was standing on the lower step, with one foot on it, and the other on a loose stone lying in the basin. All at once he perceived the water running into his shoe; and, supposing the stone had rolled, he withdrew his foot to the step, which, however, was also covered with water. This instantly excited our curiosity; and we now perceived the water rapidly bubbling up from under the lower step. In less than five minutes it had risen in the basin nearly or quite a foot, and we could hear it gurgling off through the interior passage. In ten minutes more it had ceased to flow, and the water in the basin was again reduced to its former level. Thrusting my staff in under the lower step, whence the water appeared to come, I found that there was here a large hollow space; but no further examination could be made without removing the steps. Meanwhile, a woman of [illegible] came to wash at the fountain. She was accustomed to frequent the place

every day; and from her we learnt that the flowing of the water occurs at irregular intervals—sometimes two or three times a day, and sometimes, in summer, once in two or three days. She said, she had seen the fountain dry, and men and flocks, dependent upon it, gathered around and suffering from thirst; when all at once the water would begin to boil up from under the steps, and (as she said) from the bottom in the interior part, and flow off in a copious stream.

The Pool of Siloam may therefore be classed among ebbing and flowing wells, of which some examples are found in England, though the phenomenon does not appear to have any regular periodicity.

THE MALAYAN SUN-BEAR.

(HELARCTOS MALAYANUS.)

NOT many years have elapsed since the appearance of a dancing bear, with the indispensable accompaniment of a monkey, was by no means an uncommon occurrence in the streets of London. But the march of progress has introduced new police acts, and before these many of the sights and sounds familiar to our childhood have either wholly disappeared, or become very unfrequent. None appear to have succumbed more completely to the strong hand of the law than our shaggy friend, Bruin. Punch occasionally gets an audience together at the corner of some side street, where the old jokes appear to have lost none of their piquancy; the Fantoccini, with its wonderful dancing skeleton that falls to pieces, and throws its head up to the top of the stage in such a surprising manner, is still to be seen now and then in our thoroughfares; the monkeys even have held their ground to a certain extent, but the bear and the camel, the most wonderful of our early street reminiscences, appear to have departed for ever.

Our children can only make the acquaintance of these animals in menageries and zoological gardens; but here we have abundance of evidence that the ursine race has not lost one particle of its popularity—the bear-pit is always surrounded by a delighted troop of youngsters, watching with the greatest interest the uncouth movements of the shaggy brutes, which often look like a burlesque upon human actions, and enticing them up to their uncomfortable position at the top of the pole by the irresistible temptation of half a bun. But if the rising generation have some just cause for regret that their street opportunities of picking up a knowledge of natural history are somewhat curtailed, this disadvantage is certainly more than compensated for by the facilities afforded by the zoological gardens of the present day. Here, instead of the wandering showman with his scanty troop of animals, they may visit a magnificent collection of the rarest and most interesting creatures from all quarters of the globe; and for a guide in their inspection, instead of the "History of Three Hundred Animals," which was almost the only attainable zoological reading of our younger days, there are innumerable handbooks, of various degrees of excellence, which furnish the reader with the most recent information on the natural history of the animal creation.

The common bear of Europe (*Ursus arctos*), like all his relatives in the northern regions of the earth, is clothed, as is well known, with a thick coat of long, shaggy hair, which serves to protect him from the severe cold to which he is so frequently exposed. But the bears inhabiting the countries lying between the tropics are usually destitute of this shaggy covering, and present a sleek and comfortable appearance, which contrasts favourably with the rough exterior of our northern species. This is, however, by no means universally the case, for some of the bears from hot climates are as shaggy as their northern brethren, but these appear generally to inhabit mountainous districts, where they are exposed to considerable cold.

Of the short-haired bears of the Eastern Archipelago, for which Dr. Horsfield has proposed the formation of a genus, which he calls *Helarctos*, or sun-bear, from its tropical habitation, two species are known. One of these, the Malayan sun-bear (*Helarctos Malayanus*), was first described by Sir Stamford Raffles, in the year 1821; and a specimen of it appears to have been brought to England about two years previously. This bear is found in the peninsula of Malacca, in the kingdom of Pegu, and in the islands of Java and Sumatra. It is called *bruang* by the Malays, a name which has a singular resemblance to our English *bruin*. The second species, the Bornean sun-bear (*Helarctos euryspilus*), considered by some zoologists as a mere variety of the Malayan bear, is found in the great island of Borneo, and was described by Dr. Horsfield in 1825, from a specimen then living in the Royal Menagerie in the Tower of London, of the habits of which he gives a most interesting account. Both these species present a very striking similarity in form and colouring; both are of a deep glossy black, with the muzzle yellowish brown, and both have a large pale mark on the chest; but this in the Malayan bear is of a white colour, and usually takes the form of an irregular crescent, whilst in the Bornean species it is almost square and of deep orange colour.

From the nothern bear, and especially from the great white bear of the arctic regions (*Thalassarctos maritimus*), which appears in its structure as in its habitation to present the greatest contrast with these tropical species, the Malayan and Bornean bears are especially distinguished by the great breadth of the skull, the portion occupied by the brain being almost globular, whilst in the northern species it is more oblong. In their manners and disposition, also, these animals contrast most favourably with their polar relative, and in a less degree with the intervening species. Dr. Horsfield has drawn a pleasing parallel between the two extremes. "The polar bear," he says, "lives in the most distant regions of the north, near the ocean, among ice and tempests. Its food is exclusively of an animal nature, and is supplied by fishes, seals, and the carcases of whales. It passes more than half the year in a torpid state, and when it awakes exhibits an unconquerable ferocity of disposition. Although repeatedly taken in a young state, no individual has ever been even partially domesticated. The voyages to the northern regions abound with accounts of its courage and fierceness. It has often been found a dangerous and destructive enemy to man. The *Helarctos*, on the contrary, inhabits the most delightful and fertile regions of the globe. The range both of the Malayan and Bornean species appears to be limited to within a few degrees of the equator, and it is therefore with propriety designated as the equinoctial bear. Its food is almost exclusively vegetable, and it is often attracted to the society of man, by its fondness for the young protruding summits of the cocoa-nut trees. It appears therefore, not unfrequently at the villages, and has in many instances been taken and made to submit to the confinements of a domestic life." It is to be observed, however, that the bears, although belonging to the order of carnivorous animals, generally subsist to a great extent upon vegetables, and that the polar bear is perhaps the only species confined exclusively to a flesh diet. The fondness of these animals for honey is proverbial, and the tropical species are not only endowed with the same taste, but appear to have many opportunities for indulging it. Several species of wild bees inhabit those favoured regions, and the bears will climb the highest trees with great agility in search of the sweet stores laid up by those industrious creatures, in devouring which their tongues, which are long, slender and flexible, appear to be of great service to them.

One remarkable peculiarity of these bears consists in the loose fleshy structure of the upper lip, which is capable of being protruded in the form of a short proboscis. When any article of food is held a little way beyond his reach, the animal will frequently extend this, as if to seize it, expanding his nostrils and moving his nose at the same time, in a manner which, as Dr. Horsfield observes, is very ludicrous. In this respect, however, the Malayan and Bornean bears are greatly surpassed by a species from the continent of India, called the Juggler's bear (*Prochilus labiatus*), from its being carried about for exhibition by the Indian jugglers. In its general structure this species very closely resembles its insular relatives, but still presents sufficient differences to have caused the formation of a separate genus for its reception, to which, from the great extensibility of the lips, the name of *Prochilus* has been given. Unlike the sun-bears, this

animal is covered with long shaggy hair, so that he bears a considerable resemblance, in external appearance, to the common European bear. This animal, on its first arrival in Europe, was the subject of a most absurd blunder. A specimen was exhibited in England, in the year 1790, when it was examined by Pennant, and the other authorities in zoological matters in those days. The specimen had lost its front teeth, probably, as Baron Cuvier supposes, from age, and these gentlemen, struck with the circumstance, chose to overrule all its other characters, and immediately pronounced the animal to be a new species of sloth (in which the incisors are naturally deficient), which they described as the Ursine or Five-toed sloth (*Bradypus ursinus or pentadactylus*). Shaw even goes so far as to tell his readers that "it is not otherwise related to the bear, than by its size and habit, or mere exterior outline;" and in accordance with the dictum of that distinguished compiler, the animal appeared for some years as a sloth in all works on natural history; and in that delectable compilation, "The History of Three Hundred Animals," it figures under the more mysterious appellation of the "Anonymous Animal." Subsequent researches, however, showed that the absence of the front teeth in the first specimen was entirely an accidental circumstance, and that the creature was a genuine bear.

In captivity, all these tropical bears appear to be of a mild and often playful disposition. The Bornean bear in the Tower exhibited, according to Dr. Horsfield, a great consciousness of the kind [illegible] it received from its keeper. "On seeing him," says the Doctor, "it often places itself in a variety of attitudes, to court his attention and caresses, extending its nose and anterior feet, or suddenly turning round, exposing the back, and waiting for several minutes in this attitude, with the head placed on the ground. It delights in being patted and rubbed, and even allows strangers to do so; but it violently resents abuse and ill-treatment, and, having been irritated, refuses to be courted while the offending person remains in sight." A bear does not seem likely to prove a very amiable domestic pet; but Sir Stamford Raffles' account of the behaviour of a tame specimen of the Malayan species which lived for about two years in his possession, may go a long way towards removing our objections to such an inmate. "He was brought up in the nursery with the children; and when admitted to my table, as was frequently the case, gave proof of his taste by refusing to eat any fruit but mangosteens, or to drink any wine but champagne. The only time I ever knew him to be out of humour was when no champagne was forthcoming. He was naturally of a playful disposition, and it was never found necessary to chain or chastise him. It was usual for this bear, the cat, the dog, and a small blue mountain-bird, or Lory of New Holland, to mess together and eat out of the same dish. His favourite playfellow was the dog, whose teasing and worrying was always borne and returned with the utmost good humour and playfulness. As he grew up he became a very powerful animal, and in his rambles in the garden, he would lay hold of the largest plantains, the stems of which he could scarcely embrace, and tear them up by the roots." With these qualities—omitting, perhaps, the last-mentioned—we might almost expect the sun-bears to become fashionable pets; but their size, unfortunately, is rather against them. They measure some three or four feet in length, and when standing upon the hind legs, which they can do with ease, reach to a height of five or six feet. The natives of the [illegible] which they inhabit apply them to a more useful purpose, employing their skins in the formation of articles of dress. Their claws, also, which are very long, are frequently strung together into necklaces by these people, or attached to their clothes and weapons by way of ornament.

THE MALAYAN SUN-BEAR (HELARCTOS MALAYANUS).

THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER.

Alexandre Mavrocordato, whom political exigencies have again placed at the head of the Greek administration, was born at Constantinople, on the 15th of February, 1791, and is consequently in his sixty-fourth year. He is descended, in a direct line, from the Alexandre Mavrocordato who acquired some renown both in politics and the sciences towards the close of the seventeenth century, and received the title of count from the emperor Leopold II. for his co-operation in the deliverance of Vienna, when it was besieged by the grand vizier, Kara Mustapha, in 1683. Nicholas, son of Count Mavrocordato, was made hospodar of Moldavia in 1709, in the place of the native prince, Rakovitza, and of Wallachia in 1716.

The education of Alexandre Mavrocordato was carefully attended to by his father, who was grand interpreter to the Ottoman Porte, and intended him for the diplomatic service. He pursued his association formed with that view. When, at the close of [illegible], Caradja abruptly quitted the principality, and was replaced by Alexandre Soutzo, Mavrocordato also left Bucharest, and after travelling over a considerable portion of Europe, fixed his residence at Pisa. There he was joined by Argyropoulo, the Archbishop Ignatius, and several other Greeks of distinction, all actuated by the same desire of liberating their country from the Ottoman yoke.

During his residence at Pisa, he received from the Emperor Alexander, whom he had met in Bessarabia in 1818, an advantageous offer of employment in the Russian service, which his ardour in the cause of his country's independence led him to decline. Alexandre Ipsilanti, the chief of the Hetairists, proposed an invasion of Moldavia, encouraged probably by hopes of support from Russia; but Mavrocordato conceived an unfavourable opinion

ALEXANDRE MAVROCORDATO, THE GREEK PRIME MINISTER.

of the enterprise, and refused to take any part in it. In his opinion, an insurrection would have no chance of success, either on the banks of the Danube or at Constantinople, and he recommended a descent on the coast of the Morea. His advice was followed. On the 10th of July, 1821, a Greek vessel, under Russian colours, entered the port of Marseilles, having on board Mavrocordato and his companions, and a quantity of arms and ammunition, destined for the cause of Greek independence. There they were joined by a number of their compatriots from the universities of France and Germany, and fifty French and Piedmontese sympathisers, mostly in the military services of their respective countries.

Eight days afterwards the vessel sailed for the Morea, and on leaving the port the national flag was substituted for that of Russia, amid the roar of a salute and enthusiastic cries of "Liberty for

ever!" On [illegible] of August the patriots disembarked at Missolonghi, about six weeks after the arrival of Demetrius Ipsilanti in the Peloponnesus. It is needless to enter here into the particulars of the war. The patriots were successful in expelling the Turks from the Morea, and on the 1st of January, 1822, Mavrocordato, who had been elected president of the executive council of the Greek nation, signed the famous proclamation of the National Assembly of Epidaurus. The constitution which provisionally regulated the organisation of Greece had just been promulgated. But differences of opinion were beginning at this time to distract the councils of the great chiefs, and Mavrocordato shortly afterwards resigned his authority, rather than divide the insurgent forces, which Colocotroni would certainly have done, but for this patriotic self-denial.

In July of the same year Mavrocordato met Lord Byron, for the first time, at Missolonghi. The political ability of Mavrocordato was not unknown to the noble poet, who generously offered a large sum of money for the equipment of the Greek fleet, on the condition that he should resume the direction of affairs. The friendship which thus sprang up between these two distinguished men was terminated shortly afterwards by the death of the poet, for whom the National Assembly decreed a general mourning. After the heroic defence of Sphacteria in 1825, Mavrocordato retired into private life, but he continued to correspond with the Philhellenic committees, and to keep up relations with the government.

Under the arbitrary government of Count Capo d'Istrias he for some time kept aloof from public affairs; but when he thought he could serve his country by doing so, he accepted an important mission to the island of Candia, and organised, in concert with Toumbazis, the increasing fleet of the infant state. During the minority of King Otho, and under the Bavarian regency, he held for short periods the ministry of finance and the presidency of the council, and afterwards received, under the colour of a voluntary retreat from office, the appointment of minister of legation to the court of Munich. He was subsequently accredited in the same capacity to the court of London; and when Otho, in July, 1840, found the difficulties of government thickening around him, he was sent for to form an administration. He took this opportunity to represent to his majesty the necessity of removing the Germans who filled all the offices of state, establishing the political institutions of the country on a sound basis, introducing certain desirable reforms into the administration, and giving the people some guarantee that their rights would be respected. Finding that his views did not agree with those of the king, he tendered his resignation. His immense popularity followed him in his retirement. This abnegation of office, when he could not hold it without a sacrifice of principle, commands our admiration, more especially as he was without fortune, having consecrated all his patrimony to the liberation of his country. The government offered him a pension of 7,200 drachmas, as a mark of their appreciation of the services he had rendered the nation; and his refusal, based on the scruples he felt at becoming a burden upon the people, increased the esteem in which his disinterested patriotism caused him to be held by all classes of his countrymen.

Two years afterwards, the revolution of the 15th of September, 1843, broke out, and compelled the king to convoke a National Assembly, for the purpose of framing a constitution. Mavrocordato was at that time Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople. Recalled to Athens by the revolution, and elected representative of Missolonghi, he presided for six months, with remarkable talent and dignity, over the most stormy assembly that had ever been convened in Greece. After the promulgation of the constitution, he was induced to accept office; but he did so with some reluctance, well knowing how precarious his tenure of power would be. In fact, the minorities, vanquished in the Assembly, soon coalesced against his administration, and offered a furious opposition to all his measures. In consequence of this factious opposition, he resigned his functions as president of the council, and resumed his place in the chamber, to which he was called by five electoral colleges. He now became the leader of the opposition, and resisted the arbitrary measures of Coletti to the utmost of his power; but in 1848, fearing an anarchical reaction, as a consequence of the political excitement of the period, he abandoned his opposition to the government, though without giving it his support. At the close of 1850, however, he accepted the appointment of minister of legation at Paris, but without any sacrifice of his opinions on the internal policy of the kingdom. The events of which Greece has lately been the scene, and particularly the temporary occupation of the Piræus by an Anglo-French division, have awakened King Otho to a more just appreciation than hitherto of the conditions on which he holds his throne; and the fact of his again placing Mavrocordato at the head of the government seems to indicate an intention to make his future policy more in accordance with the wants and wishes of the people.

THE YOUTH OF GOETHE.

The great German poet and thinker, whose name appears at the head of our present article, makes in his autobiography the remark which must have occurred to very many persons before him—that "when we desire to recall what befel us in the earliest period of youth, it often happens that we confound what we have heard from others with that which we really possess from our own direct experience." There is great truth in this. Few men can look back and tell when they began to remember, what they know themselves of their own knowledge, and what has been told to them.

We fancy that Goethe is himself in the category of those who record much from the narratives of others, which they fancy they recollect from their own experience. He gives us a minute description of his house—the house in which he was born—and tells gravely, in the style of Rousseau, of little peccadilloes, which are almost too trivial to be worthy of record. But the world had made Goethe unconsciously vain; and he really felt that it was important to the world to know how, when scarcely more than a baby, he amused certain grave old men by smashing a basket full of crockery just bought; and how he was curious about the name of his street—"The Stag-ditch;" and didn't like to go to bed in the dark, and so on. The apology for all this certainly is, the *naïve* style in which the childish adventures are told.

The event which, probably of all others, had an influence on the tone of the boy's mind, was his old grandmother's having a puppet-show exhibited to the children. We can fancy the impression made by the mimic drama on a boy who was naturally of a romantic disposition. The little stage was given over to him, and became his constant amusement and occupation, until a great change in the family induced other impressions. They lived in a queer old house, with every story projecting over the other; and when the grandmother died, their father determined to rebuild it. He tried to do this while the children were in it, until the water came into their very bed-rooms, and then he reluctantly allowed them to go to school.

The hero of this narrative now began to make acquaintance with his native town, to wander on the bridge over the Maine—it was in Frankfort-on-the-Maine—to get ferried over the river, and to watch the market-boats arriving. He used to avoid the market itself, and "always flew away from the meat-stalls, narrow and disgusting as they were, in perfect horror."

Frankfort is a quaint old town, with historic memories—its Hasengasse, its fortresses within the walls, its Nuremberg court, its Comportella, Braangels, and other strongholds, turned to the peaceful purposes of trade. There were gates, and towers, and walls, and bridges, and ramparts, and moats—remains of a past long since dead, but which affected the boy's mind with reverence for the antique, which he further studied closely in the cuts of Grave on the "Siege of Frankfort." Then he would lose himself in the lower vault-like halls of the old council-house.

"We obtained an entrance, too, into the large, very simple session-room of the council," says the old man writing his Boy-memories. "The walls, as well as the arched ceiling, were white, though wainscoted to a certain height, and the whole was without a trace of painting, or any carved work; only high up on the middle wall might be read this brief description:—

'One man's word is no man's word,
Justice needs that both be heard.'

"After the most ancient fashion, benches were ranged around the wainscoting, and raised one step above the floor, for the [illegible]

dation of the members of the assembly. This readily suggested to us why the order of rank in our senate was distributed by benches. To the left of the door, in the opposite corner, sat the Schöffen; in the corner itself, the Schultheiss, who alone had a small table before him; those of the second bench sat in the space to the left, as far as the wall to where the windows were; while along the windows ran the third bench, occupied by the craftsmen. In the midst of the hall stood a table for the registrar."

Here he listened to the audiences and legends of Charlemagne, and heard that Maximilian would be the last German emperor; and then he wandered round the cathedral, and there heard stories of coronations, and all the long train of splendours connected with them. After this came the fairs twice a-year, with all the old customs—customs that dated from the middle ages—to which the Germans, with their quaint love of antiquity, clung tenaciously, and still cling. One may be cited as a specimen of all the rest. The city of Worms brought an old felt hat to signify some tenure or other, which hat being always redeemed, again figured in the ceremonies of centuries. The boy used to be very proud when to the old Schultheiss, his grandfather, the traders did homage of pepper. Then came festivities and rejoicings outside the city. On the right shore of the Maine, going down, about half an hour's walk from the gate, there rises a sulphur-spring, neatly enclosed, and surrounded by aged lindens. Not far from it stands the *Good People's Court*, formerly a hospital. On the commons around, the herds of cattle from the neighbourhood were collected on a certain day of the year; and the herdsmen, together with their sweethearts, celebrated a rural festival, with dancing and singing, and all sorts of pleasure and clownishness. On the other side of the city lay a similar but larger common, likewise graced with a spring, and still finer lindens.

But the new house was finished at last, despite delays, and was light and roomy and bright; and then began the delight of arranging it. The first thing which Goethe notices is the books, Dutch editions of the Latin classics, all in quarto, and the Italian poets, and travels; but, doubtless, the pictures that hung on the walls were much more noticed by him at the time. His father followed the principle that it was best to employ living artists. He said he was sure that pictures could be produced in any coming year, of just as excellent quality as in years passed. He would remark that many old pictures owed their excellence to their being dark and brown, in the eyes of amateurs; but he protested, says Goethe, in quite a Sterne-like sentence, that he had no fear that the new pictures would not also turn black in time; though whether they were likely to gain anything by this, he was not so positive.

Doubtless the gradual filling of the house with pictures influenced the youthful mind of the future poet. Early associations are all but irresistible, when they are pleasant; and all that awakens art love must be so.

There came, on the first of November, 1755, a fearful rumour over the earth. Lisbon had been destroyed by an earthquake, one of the most terrible in the history of the world. Sixty thousand people were killed. Alarm spread to the uttermost confines of civilisation. The end of the world was said to be at hand. Goethe was alarmed for the first time, and his religious ideas were puzzled between the alarmists and the hopeful. A fearful storm immediately after, which broke all the glass in the house, made a serious impression, which did not depart for some time.

Meanwhile the boy studied very hard, and learnt Latin, followed the usual course of instruction, and began to rhyme. There were, he complains, no children's books in those days. Boys had no resource but to pore over the "Orbis Pictus" of Amos Comenius, and the "Acerva Philologica." At last he got "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Island of Falsenberg," and Anson's "Voyage Round the World." A little later he fell upon fairy tales, which the future poet devoured with avidity. Illness intervened, and the father, unfortunately, in times of convalescence, tried to make him fetch up lost time, which overstrained his mind.

After one of his illnesses, Goethe made an acquaintance which was to him important. He first became acquainted with Homer in a prose translation, which may be found in the seventh part of Herr von Loen's new collection of the most remarkable travels, under the title of "Homer's Description of the Conquest of the Kingdom of Troy," ornamented with copper-plates in the theatrical French style.

His religious education was peculiar, or rather, was no education at all. He picked up stray notions on all sides, and thought himself a regular high-priest, building himself an altar, of which, however, he afterwards no doubt made more than really was due to the circumstance.

Then the war broke out which had so much influence on his life. He was seven years old. His family was divided. His father leaned towards Prussia. Other relatives took the other side. Quarrels, discord, and discontent, entered the quiet homes of the pacific citizens. The old Sunday-evening meetings were broken up. The nearest relatives could not meet in the street without quarrelling. The boy sided with the king of Prussia, and was horrified, when he dined with his grandfather and grandmother, to hear his hero slandered. These events acted on his mind with very great force, and awoke sentiments and feelings which never died. One was a general distrust of public opinion on every point. Goethe was in many things essentially a doubter.

About this time he began his career as a fictionist, by the children's tale of "The New Paris," which, with all its affected simplicity, owes much to the polish of after days. He dwells at great length on his youthful struggles.

The society of men of talent and learning, which was brought together by his father, doubtless had its influence on the dawning mind of the young German. He dwells with pleasure on John Michael von Loen, curiously on the Senkerbergs; but an author who came to him in his books, Klopstock, made most impression. His "Messiah" was almost learnt by heart.

But now came the French and billeted themselves in the town, and one Count Thorane was sent to their house. What a misfortune for a Prussian thus to entertain one of the opposite party! The father was miserable. The Frenchman was polite, artistic, a man of taste; but he was a Frenchman. This outweighed every consideration. He employed all the same artists as the old man; but it was in vain. The boy, however, was happy. He watched the artists at work for the count, he learnt French, he went to the French plays, and fell in love by way of a change.

Now came Good Friday, 1759, and a terrible battle at the gates of the city, in which, to the great delight of the mother, the French were victorious. The father was miserable; he insulted the French officer, who ordered him under arrest, and then let him go. A right good honest fellow was this Count Thorane. A thick-headed citizen, having a complaint to make one day, called him "Excellency," with a bow. The count returned the "excellency" and the bow. The astonished citizen, thinking he had not been humble enough, said "Your highness." "Sir," said the count gravely, "we will go no further, or we shall come to 'majesty.'"

The father allowed his son to frequent the theatre, because he advanced so rapidly in French. At last the count went away, and Goethe learnt music and English and Hebrew, and began to study theology and biblical history with great earnestness. Physical education was not neglected. Goethe learnt to fence and ride on horseback. The mode of teaching riding disgusted him, though he at last became a daring and fearless rider.

He tells, with great earnestness, how at this time he was present at the burning of a book, a French comic novel. "The packages exploded in the fire, and were raked asunder by an oven fork, to be brought in closer contact with the flames. It was not long before the kindled sheets were wafted about in the air, and the crowd caught at them with eagerness. Nor could we rest until we had hunted up a copy; while not a few managed likewise to procure the forbidden pleasure. Nay, if it had been done to give the author publicity, he could not himself have made a more effectual provision."

Goethe shows his knowledge of human nature, for, the novel being against religion and morals, he does not give its name; as, if he had, it would have been continually in demand, because it had been read by Goethe. Here properly ends the early childhood of Goethe, whose life, it will be seen, begins very much as the life of a literary man should—amidst learning and art, and surrounded by historic associations.

THE COLONISATION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

It has been observed that truth is a plant which thrives best in the soil of persecution. Imprison the preacher of a new creed, and his followers increase tenfold. Burn a book, and you make a fortune for its publisher and a reputation for its author. Opposition excites a man's combativeness into action, and often causes him to go further than he intended. The quiet thinker is converted into the propagandist by the necessity of defending himself and vindicating his opinions.

The inefficacy of force in matters of conscience was well exemplified in the case of the celebrated. William Penn, whose name is better known in connexion with the propagation of Quakerism, than even that of its founder, George Fox. Imbibing the doctrines of the new sect while a youth of sixteen, at the university of Oxford, he was fined for non-conformity, and afterwards expelled the college. His father, Admiral Penn, who was high in the favour of Charles II. and the Duke of York, and anxious for his advancement at court, was deeply offended with him; and finding remonstrances and arguments ineffectual to wean his son from his new opinions, he inflicted personal chastisement upon him, and turned him out of the house. Awakening, however, to a sense of either the impolicy or the injustice of this treatment, he provided him shortly afterwards with the means of passing two years in France and Italy; and on his return sent him to Ireland to manage his property there—a step which proves that he had confidence in his judgment and steadiness, for the future founder of Pennsylvania was then only in his twenty-second year. While at Cork, he attended a meeting of the Society of Friends, when the preacher, Thomas Lee, with whom he had become acquainted at Oxford, delivered so impressive a discourse on faith and spiritual-mindedness, that he became still more imbued with their doctrines.

Admiral Penn immediately sent for him to London, and again remonstrated and threatened, but without effect; ending, as before, with turning him out of doors. He now began to preach and write in support of his religious opinions, and his zeal in a short time [illegible] him to be imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained [illegible] seven months. On his liberation, his father once more received him into favour, and he again repaired to Ireland to superintend the family estates, remaining there about twelve months. He returned to London just as the Conventicle Act had been passed, and the Friends expelled from their meeting-house. He had not been long in the metropolis when he was arrested on the charge of preaching to "a riotous and seditious assembly"—that is, an open-air gathering of the Friends—and committed to Newgate. He defended himself on his trial with great ability, and though the judge directed the jury to convict him, they had the honesty and courage to return a verdict of acquittal. The bench fined the jury, and ordered them to be imprisoned until the fines were paid; but the Court of Common Pleas pronounced the proceeding illegal and quashed it.

Admiral Penn died shortly afterwards, perfectly reconciled to his son, to whom he left a considerable estate; but he had scarcely succeeded to it, when he was again committed to Newgate for six months for preaching. On his liberation, he married the daughter of Sir William Springett, and the next five years were spent in the calm and felicity of rural retirement. In 1677, Penn made a sort of religious tour through Holland and Germany, accompanied by the other two chiefs of the new sect, Fox and Barclay; and on his return to England exerted himself, though vainly, to procure the repeal of the acts under which his brethren were persecuted and oppressed, and the admission of their affirmation in the place of an oath.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

He now began to look for a land in which he and his co-religionists might live in peace and security, unvexed by Exchequer prosecutions and the scoffs of the worldly-minded. America was then the haven in which all who were persecuted for conscience-sake sought refuge and rest. A sum of £16,000 was due to him from the crown, on account of money advanced by his father for the use of the navy; and Penn petitioned for a grant of a tract of land on the west bank of the Delaware, to him and his heirs for ever, in consideration of his claim. Charles gave a ready assent to this arrangement, and the Duke of York ceded an adjoining tract, lower down the Delaware, in addition. The royal patent was dated March the 4th, 1681, constituting Penn absolute proprietor and governor of the province, which received from Charles, in honour of

the founder and his father, the name of Pennsylvania. Liberal terms of settlement were offered to those who wished to emigrate, and a friendly intercourse was opened with the Indian chiefs by letters and presents; for Penn's clear perception of the requirements of justice showed him that Charles Stuart had no right to dispose of the lands in the possession of the natives, and he resolved to purchase them.

A settlement had been made by the Swedes on the shores of Chesapeake Bay, in 1627, which, after being some time in the possession of the Dutch, had been ceded in 1664 to England. Several other small settlements were scattered along both sides of the bay. Three vessels sailed with emigrants, chiefly Quakers, as soon as the preliminary arrangements could be effected; and Penn followed in the autumn of 1682, leaving his wife and children in England. The voyage across the wide Atlantic was made in safety; and his first act was to assemble the colonists and the Indians under an immense elm near the spot where Philadelphia was afterwards founded, and arrange the treaty according to which he became proprietor of the territory, by what he rightly considered a better title than could be conferred by King Charles. The date of this treaty has not been preserved; but the event is one of which the Quakers should be proud, and the memory of which should be treasured. Voltaire observes that it was the only treaty unratified by an oath, and the only one the provisions of which were not violated. For seventy years, or as long as the Quakers retained the administration of the affairs of the province, the friendship thus cemented between the colonists and the Indians remained uninterrupted.

The constitution which Penn had drawn up before leaving England was submitted to a general assembly of the colonists at Chester, in December, 1682, and received their approval and confirmation. So largely did it breathe the spirit of civil and religious liberty, and so humane and equitable were the laws founded upon it, that thousands were attracted to the new colony from most parts of Europe, but chiefly from Germany, descendants from natives of which country now constitute a fourth of the whole population of Pennsylvania. There were also many from Holland. No less than fifty vessels arrived with emigrants during the two years following Penn's arrival in the country. All of them settled in the south-eastern part of the province, along the banks of the Delaware, and on the undulating plains which stretch towards the Blue Mountains, leaving the country between the mountains and the valley of the Ohio in the possession of the Indians. The Swedes had already built a church at the confluence of the Schuylkill with the Delaware; and Penn thought the situation such a pleasant one, that it was determined to build there Philadelphia—the City of Brotherly Love. Eighty houses were built in the course of 1683, and in two years the population amounted to 2,500. In three years it had made greater progress than New York in half century.

In the summer of 1684, Penn returned to England, leaving the great seal in the hands of his friend Lloyd, one of the principal Quakers of the colony, and the executive power in those of a committee of the council. On board the vessel in which he sailed he wrote a farewell address to his brethren. "My love and my life are to you and with you," he said, "and no water can quench it, nor distance bring it to an end. I have been with you, cared over you, and served you with unfeigned love; and you are beloved of me and dear to me beyond utterance. I bless you in the name and power of the Lord; and may God bless you with his righteousness, peace, and plenty, all the land over. You are come to a quiet land, and liberty and authority are in your hands. Rule for Him under whom the princes of this world will one day esteem it their honour to govern. And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin settlement of this province, my soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayst stand in the day of trial, and that thy children may be blessed."

PENN TAKING LEAVE OF THE COLONISTS.

A dispute which had arisen between himself and Lord Baltimore, the founder of Maryland, on the boundaries of their respective provinces, was referred to the Committee of Trade and Plantations on his arrival in England, and decided in his favour. He remained in England fifteen years, during which time he was four times arrested on charges of disaffection to the government of William III., arising out of his intimacy with the deposed monarch, James II., but always succeeded in vindicating himself before the council. In 1692 he was deprived of the government of Pennsylvania, which was annexed to that of New York; but it was restored to him two years afterwards. His wife died during this sojourn in England, and he married the daughter of a Bristol merchant named Callowhill.

Poverty retarded his return to Pennsylvania, which did not take place till 1699, when he was accompanied by his wife and children. He had not been more than eighteen months in America, when an attempt of the home government to convert the proprietary governments into royal ones recalled him to England. The bill was abandoned, through the exertions of Penn and his friends, and the accession of Queen Anne restored him to favour at court. Before his departure from Pennsylvania, which he was never to revisit again, the constitution of the province underwent a revision, and continued in this improved form as long as the proprietary government lasted. The legislative power was vested in the governor and assembly, the latter being elected annually, and the people had the power of appointing sheriffs and coroners. "And now," says Bancroft, "having divested himself and his successors of any power to injure, he had founded a democracy. By the necessities of the case, he remained the feudal sovereign; for only as such could he grant or have maintained the charter of colonial liberties. But time and the people would remove the inconsistency. Having thus given freedom and popular power to his provinces, no strifes remaining but strifes about property, happily for himself, he departed from the young country of his affections."

Pennsylvania does not appear to have been to its founder the source of pleasurable contemplation which he anticipated in the early days of its settlement. His liberality was met with selfishness; and the latter part of his life was embittered by disputes with the colonists about property—a state of things which, though much to be deplored, seems a natural result of the anomalies of the constitution. Feudality and democracy were brought into unnatural union, and hence incessant antagonism and discontent. His attempts to obtain the sanctity of marriage, the advantages of education, and the rights and comforts of domestic life for the negroes, were defeated; and his philanthropic wishes for the conversion and civilisation of the Indians were equally ineffectual. His liberality was abused, and he was compelled to mortgage the province, which he steadily refused to sell to the crown, because he knew such a proceeding would undo all the good he had been enabled to do. The proprietorship remained with his descendants till the Revolution, when they disposed of their claims to the federal government for £100,000.

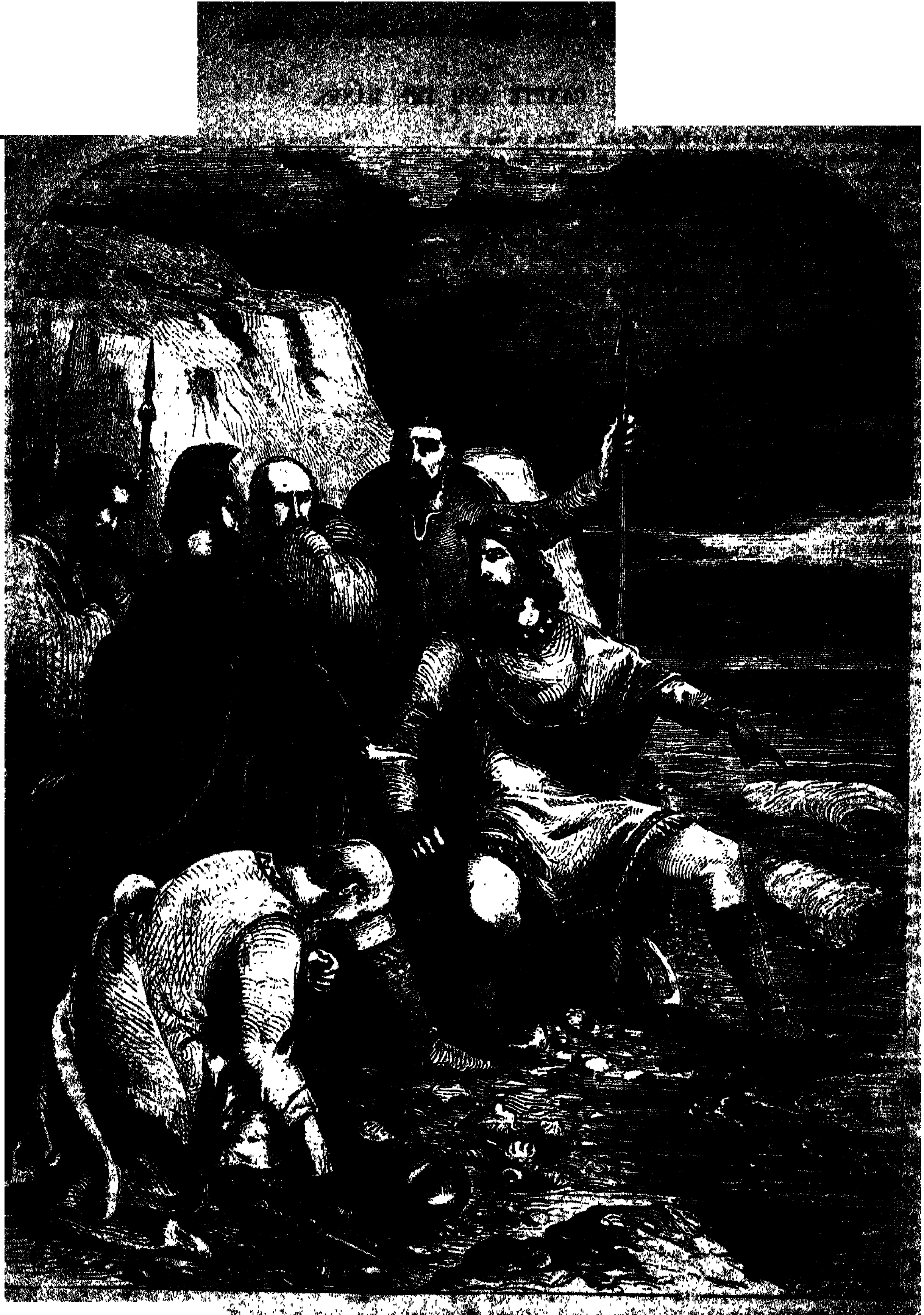
It is one of those anomalies of human nature for which it is difficult to account, that Penn, with all his acknowledged virtues and ennobling qualities, should not have perceived the sin and injustice of slavery, and its antagonism to the spirit of the Gospel. It is true, he tried to ameliorate the condition of the slave; but he continued to hold slaves when his benevolent intentions had been defeated. But in this he was not singular, even among the Quakers, for they all did the same, except those from Germany, who held with George Fox, that it was unlawful for those who had the light of the Gospel to guide them, to hold their fellow-creatures in slavery. Thousands of professing Christians—including even ministers—hold slaves at the present day, so much does self-interest blind men to the requirements of religion and justice; but that Penn should have done so is a contradiction to every other trait in his character.

THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

Within the last few years, and more particularly within the last twelve months, the explorations of European and American travellers—some with scientific, others with commercial object—have thrown a flood of light upon the geography and resources of the hitherto almost unknown region watered by the Amazon and its tributaries. By referring to a good map of South America, the reader will perceive that this river is the largest in the world, having its sources among the snow-capped Andes, and discharging the immense volume of water into the Atlantic, nearly under the equator. Its entire length exceeds 3,000 miles, and the volume of water which it pours every second through the Narrow of Obydos is [illegible] at 550,000 cubic feet. It has its source in the Lake of [illegible] situated 14,000 feet above the sea-level, among the snowy peaks of the Andes; and from thence it flows for 120 miles through a ravine, in some places rushing like a mill-stream, and in others roaring and foaming as it tumbles over piles of rocks, above which soars the condor—the great vulture of these mountain solitudes. Near Huary the ravine opens, and the river flows more quietly through a wooded valley for a distance of 380 miles. Its course is then interrupted by rapids, and it flows eastward for 180 miles, with such force and rapidity that the Indian dares not venture even in his light canoe upon its foaming waters. Leaving the mountain region by the rapids of Manseriche, seven miles long, it now receives in succession, from the pathless wilds beyond its northern bank, the rivers Morona, Pastaça, and Tigre, of which very little is known; while on the south it receives the waters of the Huallaga, made known to us by the recently-published work of Lieutenant Herndon, of the United States' navy, who has lately descended it from Tinga-Maria, the head of canoe navigation, to its junction with the present stream, four miles below the village of Lagana. The Huallaga flows through a fertile plain, watered by numerous rivulets, and dotted with villages; the climate, moreover, is healthy, there are no musquitoes or sand-flies, and the Indian tribes are friendly—advantages which induce Mr. Herndon to recommend it as the most eligible portion of the valley of the Amazon for European or North American colonisation. Cotton, coffee, sugar, and cocoa are produced abundantly—indigo grows wild—and cinnamon, storax, and gums abound in the woods, and may be procured from the Indians at prices almost nominal.

Most of the towns and villages of the extensive regions watered by the Amazon and its tributaries are situated on the rivers, and very little is known of the greater portion of the interior, much of which is a dense forest, rendered almost impenetrable by prickly creepers, and trodden only by hostile Indians and beasts of prey. Snakes and lizards are numerous—birds of gorgeous plumage hover above the gigantic trees or nestle in their foliage—huge black monkeys swing themselves from branch to branch—and at night the forest is resonant with the growlings of the puma and the jaguar. The Indians who dwell near the settlements of the whites are milder in their manners than those of the woods, profess a degraded and superstitious kind of Christianity, engrafted upon pagan ideas and customs by the zeal of the Jesuits, and wear cotton drawers, or a piece of cotton folded round the middle; but the forest-dwelling tribes keep aloof from the settlements, hold negroes in abhorrence, have no other religion than a species of Fetichism, and go entirely naked, both men and women. M. Alphonse de Lincourt, who ascended the Tapajos (one of the tributary rivers) a few years since, describes the hostile tribes who inhabit the extensive forests which stretch far away on both sides as being painted and tattooed, and wearing caps of parrots' feathers, and collars and bracelets of beads, shells, and jaguars' teeth.

Next in succession to the Huallaga, but on the opposite side, is the Napo, which, after a course of 700 miles from the north, falls into the Amazon a little below the village of Aran. The Iça is next reached, which has a similar length; and then comes the Yapurà, flowing 900 miles from its source to its mouth, or rather mouths, for it has four, the two most distant of which are more than 200 miles apart. Both these rivers flow into the Amazon from the north. On the south it receives successively, after Nanta is passed, the Ucayali (which flows through forest solitudes producing sarsaparilla of the finest quality in great abundance), the Yavari, the Jutal, the Jurna, the Teffé, the Coavy, and the Purus, the plains and valleys traversed by which yet remain unexplored. In its course through the plain included between the mouths of these rivers the Amazon increases in width from half a mile to two miles, and between the mouth of the Madeira (its most considerable tributary, having a course of nearly 2,000 miles) and Obydos it reaches three miles. The Madeira flows through a beautiful valley, clothed with verdure, and abounding in scenery the most striking and picturesque. Of this river we shall probably soon know more through the exploration of Lieutenant Gibbon, who was sent out by the United States' government at the same time with Lieutenant Herndon, and started to descend the Madeira while his fellow traveller was paddling down the Huallaga. They expected to meet at some point on the Amazon, but Mr. Herndon reached Pará without having seen or heard of his brother officer from the time they parted.



KING CANUTE REBUKING HIS COURTIERS.

CANUTE AND THE DANES.

There is something grand and awful in the sea. Watch it when it lies all calm and still like molten gold in the red rays of the setting sun, when on its peaceful bosom a silver sail may here and there be seen, and as its waters break in gentle music on the sands, and there is not a cloud in the sky as the twilight comes and deepens into night; when there is scarcely a breath of wind astir; when there is nothing to break the prospect, and the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky, meet together in the distance,—watch it under such circumstances as these, and a peaceful solemnity comes over the soul, for the spirit of God seems to move on the face of the deep. But watch it when the storm is raging—when the wild winds are careering over the depths, shrieking among the sails and cordage of the tempest-tost vessel—when waves roll mountain-high, and like a straw the ship is cast now into a valley of waters, now carried on a mighty wave to meet the clouds, and buried once again in what seems a fathomless abyss—when the lightning blazes from the sky, and exhibits for a moment the surging waters as they rise and fall, and rise and fall again, up to the heavens, down to the depths, the soul melted because of trouble,—a bleak, desolate prospect, as if the world were at an end and chaos come again;—and then the peaceful solemnity is changed into awe at the presence of Him who commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind and lifteth up the waves of the sea.

In all its calm, still beauty—in all the majesty of its wrath—the sea is a spectacle of wonder, and calls forth the highest admiration; when a fair wind is blowing, and the good ship rides well; when the tempest is raging and the vessel rolls and plunges in the trough of waters, or even when the dead-calm comes on—such as the "Ancient Mariner" describes—

> "Day after day, day after day
> We stuck; nor breath nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean"—

it is still the same.

To be the masters of the sea, to rule the waves, to win honour and glory and renown upon the bosom of the deep, has been the boast of men in all ages. In the seventeenth century, Selden gravely asserted that the English had an hereditary uninterrupted right to the sovereignty of the seas, "conveyed to them from their earliest ancestors in trust for their latest posterity." And England indeed has, from very early days, been famous for the maritime character of her people. Her rugged shores, begirt by the waters—

> "Compassed by the inviolate sea"—

have given strength to the natural bent of the islanders. Some, indeed, have supposed that her first inhabitants were adventurous seamen, who, weary of the dull, tame shore, braved the perils of the ocean to discover a new land.

But there were men who boasted of their power over the sea—who gloried in it as their own peculiar element—before Britain had attained for herself any very great name in history, when her bygone glory was lost in the empurpled dawn of mythical tradition, and not to be found in the broad noon-day of fact; when her people, by Roman spears and Saxon lances, had been driven to the hills for a refuge and a home. Then other nations lorded it over the ocean depths. These were called the Sea-kings, and rejoiced in the name. They were known as Danes or Normans, according as they came from the islands of the Baltic or the coast of Norway; were descended from the same primitive race as the Anglo-Saxons and the Franks, speaking a language intelligible to both nations. But this early [illegible] exercised no beneficent influence over the [illegible] treated both Franks and Saxons. The con-[illegible] nations of the south to Christianity broke [illegible] them and the Teutons of the north. [illegible] remained faithful to the divinities of [illegible] tribute to Necco, the God of the Sea; [illegible] of [illegible] and believed that the [illegible] soul of the [illegible] to the Val-[illegible]

> "Exalted on the noblest seat
> Where the deathless heroes meet;
> They immortal draughts should quaff,
> And in the pangs of death should laugh."

Franks or Gauls, Longobards and Latins, became hateful to the men of Odin. Their wars against them partook of a religious character. They shed the blood of a priest with pleasure, were particularly gratified by pillaging churches, and littering their horses by the altars; and when their frightful work was done, returned, saying: "We have sung the mass of lances, it began at dawn of day and lasted until night."

These Sea-kings—elected by their followers in old Germanic fashion—were faithfully followed and zealously obeyed. The chief was always the bravest of the brave—Kongakong—king of kings; he could govern a vessel as a skilful rider guides a horse; he could throw three javelins to the mast-head and catch them alternately in his hand; he could run across the oars while they were in motion; and his boast was, that he never slept beneath a raftered roof, or drained the bowl at a sheltered hearth. The Danes laughed at the winds and the waves; "the force of the storm," they said, "is a help to the arm of our rowers; the hurricane carries us whither we would go."

So the Danes became the terror of Europe. Before they approached, say the old chroniclers, the stars fought in their courses, and there were signs in the heavens above and omens in the earth beneath. Whirlwinds swept over the land and tore up forest trees like saplings in a giant's hand; thunders loud and terrible shook the rocks, the wild waves rose with unwonted violence, fiery dragons flew in the air and settled on lofty mountain heights. Meanwhile the Danes, as their old songs express it, "kept on the track of the swans;" and the Vikings, fanatical in faith and cruel in war, came down upon the coasts of England. With what result one of their old bards tells us; their leader sang it as he died:—

"We smote with our swords on that day, when I saw hundreds of enemies stretched on the sands beneath an English headland; dew-drops of blood fell off our swords; our arrows sang in the wind, when they sought the helmets of our foes. It was sweeter to me than the smile of woman.

"We smote with our swords on that day. I struck down the youth so proud of his flowing hair, who all the day long pined after the maidens beautiful and fair. What fate so fit for the brave as to be the first to fall in battle. He who ne'er received a wound, leads a dull life. Let us make man an enemy that we may resist him in the play of combats.

"We smote with our swords on that day. But men are the slaves of fate. We must be obedient to the will of our [illegible]. I thought not to meet death from the hand of Ella when I sped to my prow of planks across the wide foam of waters, and gave a feast to the flesh-devouring fishes. Yet I laugh with delight at the thought of what is reserved for me in the halls of Odin.

"We smote with our swords on that day. Did the sons of Aslanga know the anguish I endure; did they know that the venomous fangs of snakes that twine about me are covering me with their bites, they would shudder, and would fly to the [illegible]; for the mother I leave with them gave them [illegible]. A viper is tearing open my breast and gnawing at my heart, but I hope that the javelin of my son shall soon pierce the breast of Ella.

"We smote with our swords in fifty and one battles. I doubt if among men there was ever a king more famous than I am. From my boyhood I have shed blood. I have longed for such a death as this. Goddesses sent from Odin call me. I am going to drink at the banquet of the gods. The hours of my life are fast ebbing, but I smile under the hand of death."

Such songs as this very graphically express the character of the Danes. But however great and powerful they might be on land, however they might smite with their swords on solid ground, [illegible] was their [illegible]. Not till the days of Alfred did [illegible] [illegible] but in him they had their [illegible]

This great monarch resolved to meet the enemy on the sea. Skilful himself in maritime affairs, he directed his attention to the improvement of his navy, and by inventing ships of an entirely new construction, he gained infinite advantages over a people continually practised in naval armaments. The spirit of this man survived in some degree in his successors, and not so easy as of old did the Sea kings find it to stretch hundreds of their enemies beneath an English headland. But the Saxon race degenerated, the country was torn asunder by civil war, the ships rotted in the harbours. The Danes gradually regained their old position, they once more asserted their ascendancy on the ocean. "No sooner did Sweyn, king of Denmark," says the author of "The Naval History of Great Britain," "find himself superior at sea than he set up a title to the kingdom, which the Saxons were no longer able to resist. This is an early and strong proof, that this island is only safe while it remains the first maritime power; hence the importance of keeping up our navy is too manifest to be denied; and we may be convinced, that as our freedom flows only from our constitution, so both must be defended by our fleets."

When the Danes established their supremacy in England, much of their bloodthirsty spirit passed away, identical as it was with the faith of Odin, and they became Christians. Knut, or Canute, who succeeded his father, offered up no sacrifice to Norns, as he looked over the wide ocean that swept around his island home: he came with no magical standard, no mysterious raven to flap or droop its wings as victory or defeat attended on his arms; but he came imbued with the religion of the time, renowned for virtue in peace and for valour in war. By degrees he exhibited great humanity of disposition, he entertained views of government as exalted as his age and his position could lead us to expect: he even evinced a spirit of impartiality in regard both to English and Danes. Without diminishing the very heavy tribute imposed upon the kingdom on the conquest of it by the Danes, he expended a portion of those revenues in a payment of compensations to some of his own countrymen on their consenting to return to Denmark, thus rendering less prominent the division of the inhabitants of England into two races inimical to each other, and possessing unequal privileges. Of all the Danish warriors who had accompanied him, he retained only a body of chosen men, amounting to a few thousands, for his body guard; this corps was named *Thingamanna*, or retainers of the palace. The son of an apostate from Christianity, he made himself appear a zealous Christian, rebuilding the churches which his father and he himself had burned, and munificently endowing the abbeys and monasteries. Desirous of flattering the national spirit of the Anglo Saxons, he erected a chapel over the place of sepulture of Edmund, king of East Anglia, who, during the preceding century and a half, had been venerated as a martyr for the faith and for patriotic zeal for his kingdom; besides which the same motive actuated Canute to erect at Canterbury a monument to Archbishop Elfeg, a victim, like king Edmund, to Danish cruelty. He wished to have the saint's remains transported thither, which had been entombed in London; but the inhabitants of that city having refused to be dispossessed of them, the Danish monarch suddenly, in the performance even of an act of piety, resumed the manner of a pirate and a conqueror. He carried off, in military style, the coffin, which was borne betwixt two lines of soldiers, having their swords drawn, to the Thames side, and embarked on board a ship of war, of which the prow was decorated with an enormous figure head of a dragon.

At the time when England was divided into independent sovereignties, several of the Anglo Saxon kings, particularly those of Wessex and of Mercia, sent occasional contributions to the Church of Rome. The object of such gifts, purely gratuitous, was to secure a better reception for English pilgrims resorting to Rome, to provide pecuniary supplies to such of them as arrived in distress in that city, to pay for maintaining a school for youths from England sent thither for instruction, and towards supplying the lamps constantly burning at the sepulchres of St. Peter and St. Paul. The payment of these Rents—called in Anglo Saxon *Romanscot* and Rome-penny, or Rent—was more or less regular according to the degree of zeal of kings and people; and was entirely suspended in [illegible] country on the occurrence of the Danish invasions. Wishing to repair as far as possible the wrong which his country-men had done to the church, and to surpass in his munificence any of the Anglo Saxon kings, Canute re-established the institution of a rent for Rome on a greater scale, and subjected all England to a perpetual tribute, which was denominated *St Peter's pence*. This impost, rated at a penny of the money of that age on each inhabited house, was, thenceforward, to be annually levied, according to the expression used in the royal ordinances, "To the praise and glory of God the king, on the feast day of the chief of the Apostles."*

So the courage, the wisdom, and the piety of Canute became proverbial. He was the hero of his age, the saint of his time. His love for the ocean did not decrease. He knew it had been for ages gone the empire of his forefathers and the scene of their triumphs; and he knew that it was still his strength and his defence. Everywhere was the ocean the proud defender of

> "The jewel set in the silver sea."

And the courtiers knew it too, and knew that to the king the wide-stretching sea was as the face of a friend. But the courtiers of that age were not skilled in the art of adulation. The censor spoke with bated breath: there were no spots on the sun of the royal firmament; the one eyed princes were always painted in profile; if royalty had vices, they were compensated by its graces; it was sacrilege to criticise defects, "rank blasphemy" to talk about the sins and follies of royalty: the king was king everywhere and king over everything; the language of flattery was only to fall on the royal tympanum; wholesale praise, undiscriminating eulogy, stereotyped glorifications took the place of honest truthful speaking. But the thing was overdone: praises such as these were about as worthy as the old Eastern salutation, "O king, live for ever!"

Canute was a shrewd far seeing man. The glittering praises of the courtiers were not all gold. They in admiration of his great [illegible] and grandeur declared that all things were possible to him: that the sea knew its master, and would bow to his will. They talked to Canute not to him who scourged the ocean when it destroyed his bridge of boats; and Canute had no stomach for such fare. He ordered a chair to be brought, and seated himself on the sea-shore when the tide was rising. As the waters approached, he said, in a commanding tone: "Thou sea art under my dominion, and the land which I sit upon is mine; I charge thee, approach no further, nor dare to wet the feet of thy sovereign."

> "Merrily sprang the foaming spray
> To the sovereign's feet, it melted away,
> And the waters deeper grew;
> They tumbled and roared around his seat,
> They reached his knees, 'twas time to retreat,
> And Canute looked round his courtiers to greet—
> Ah! where were the courtiers true?"

As the sea advanced the courtiers retreated, and now the monarch turned upon them and observed, that every creature in the universe is feeble and impotent, and that power alone resides with One Being, in whose hands are the elements of nature, and who can say to the ocean: "Thus far shalt thou go and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

From this period Canute would never wear his crown, but ordered it to be placed on the head of a crucifix, in the cathedral church of Winchester.

The story has been told over and over again. It is one of those circumstances, real or fictitious, which stand out prominently from a great man's history. Like Alexander weeping for other worlds to conquer, like Nero playing the lute and singing of Troy's destruction as the flames consumed the Roman capital, like Alfred, disguised as a harper, entering the Danish camp, or in the shepherd's cottage forgetting to turn the cakes, and getting rated for his idleness, like James of Scotland going about as a beggarman to find out the real opinion of his subjects; or like Czar Peter in Deptford Dockyard, with a timber for a throne and an adze for a sceptre;—so this anecdote of Canute rebuking his courtiers is, perhaps, more familiar than the far more important events of his reign.

The story is told by Henry of Huntingdon.

* Thierry's History of the Norman Conquest.

THE WAHABEES.

THE Arab tribes known by the name of Wahabees occupy all the province of Nedjid, or central Arabia, a vast region almost unknown to Europeans, before the war undertaken by Mehemet Ali, for the subjugation of this people, whom a French writer has called the Protestants of Islamism. Many of the desert tribes are now united under this name, the principal, that of which the founder of the sect was the sheikh, being composed of the direct descendants of the Carmathites, a body of intrepid and warlike sectarians, who, in the same deserts, and animated by the same spirit, became, under the Abasside caliphs, the scourge of Islam and the terror of Arabia.

The corruptions of the Mahommedan religion, shown in the veneration of saints and the reception of traditions, the gross immorality which marked the lives of many Mussulmans and the tyranny and luxury of the pashas, induced Abdul Wahab, the sheikh of a powerful Bedouin tribe, to attempt a reformation. He had studied theology in the schools of Bussorah, and during a subsequent residence at Damascus he inveighed with such spirit and energy against the corruptions of Islamism, that he found himself in danger from the fanaticism of the Sunnite or orthodox Moslems, and fled to Mosul. After some time, he returned to his native deserts, and propagated his views with such earnestness that his followers soon formed a numerous body. He forbade the invocation of Mahommed and the saints, ordered their tombs to be destroyed, and declared the Koran to be the sole source of religious knowledge. He forbade his followers the use of wine, opium, and tobacco, abolished the use of the rosary in prayer, and inveighed with stern and rude eloquence against the abominations which exist among the Turks.

The Bedouins, among whom corruption had made less progress than among the Turks and the town-dwelling Arabs, needed little urging to enrol themselves under his standard, and Abdul Wahab and Mahommed ibn Saood, a powerful sheikh, who was one of his earliest converts, soon became the spiritual and temporal chiefs of all Nedjid. The former died in 1787, and was succeeded in authority by his son, under whom the Wahabees extended their power over the greater part of Arabia, and became a source of great uneasiness to the government at Constantinople. In 1797 the pasha of Bagdad led an army against them, but was compelled to retreat; his own province was then overrun by the victorious Wahabees, who took the town of Imam Hussein, and plundered its famous temple of the treasures deposited there by the pious munificence of the Ottoman sultans and the shahs of Persia. In 1801 another Turkish army invaded Nedjid, but was completely routed by the Wahabees, who next marched against Mecca, which they took in 1803, having previously captured the towns of Tayef and Kenfodah. The splendid mosque, to the decoration and enrichment of which every Moslem prince had contributed for centuries, was plundered of its treasures and rich furniture, and the tombs of the saints were despoiled and destroyed. In the following year they took Medina, where they rifled and destroyed the tomb of Mahommed.

The consternation and pious horror which seized the orthodox Moslems when they heard that the Kaaba was in the hands of unbelievers, and the tomb of the prophet destroyed, may be conceived. It was as if John Ronge, with an army of reformers, had taken Rome, cast down all the statues of the saints, and seated himself in the chair of St. Peter. Abdul Aziz, the son of Wahab, was murdered by a Persian fanatic in 1803, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Saood, who forbade the public prayers to be said in the name of the sultan, who, from that moment, ceased, in the eyes of the people, to be the visible head of Islam. The pilgrimages to Mecca ceased for six years, during which Saood established his authority over the whole of Arabia, with the exception of the districts under the rule of the Imaum of Muscat, in whom he found a powerful opponent. In 1809 the Wahabees turned their arms northward, overran Syria, and made an alliance with Yusuf, the [illegible] pasha of Bagdad. The Porte now became seriously alarmed, and, in terror for its existence, invoked the aid of Mehemet Ali, the pasha of Egypt.

Preparations were immediately commenced for the invasion of Arabia, and towards the end of 1811, an Egyptian army, commanded by Tusun Bey, the second son of the pasha, then only eighteen years of age, was disembarked on the eastern shores of the Red Sea. The invaders suffered a defeat, but in 1812 they captured Medina, mainly through the daring courage of Thomas Keith, a Scotch renegade, known as Ibrahim Aga, who led the storming party which carried the outworks. Mecca was taken by the Egyptians in 1813, and in the following year Saood died, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Abdallah. In 1815 the invaders were defeated at Zebran, but they obtained a signal victory shortly afterwards at Bissel. Peace was then concluded, on conditions unfavourable to the Wahabees, but in the following year hostilities were recommenced, and Arabia was again invaded by an Egyptian army under the command of Ibrahim Pacha. After an obstinate resistance the Wahabees retreated to Deraiyeh, where they were besieged in 1818. After a defence of several months Abdallah surrendered at discretion, and he and several of his family were sent to Constantinople, where they were exposed to the gaze of the populace for three days, and then suffered death by decapitation.

The greater part of Arabia now fell under the dominion of Mehemet Ali; but though the power of the Wahabees was broken, they were not quite conquered. Some of their chiefs in the south-eastern parts of Nedjid refused submission, and, on the approach of the Egyptians, retired into the arid and desolate region south of that province. They were still powerful enough to give considerable uneasiness to Mehemet Ali in 1827, and they are believed to have considerably supported the resistance which he encountered in the province of Yemen in 18[illegible]. [illegible] years later they began to show such dangerous symptoms of rebellion, that Mehemet Ali thought it necessary to send an army into Nedjid to coerce them; but just as they were at length reduced to submission, the pasha recalled his troops to send them into Syria, where his rule was disputed by the Porte. The result of the campaign was the loss of Syria, and he would have been deprived of Arabia also, but for the difficulties which the Turkish government knew it would have to encounter in dealing with the Wahabees. The loss of political power does not seem to have weakened their enthusiasm or repressed their energies, and it is not at all improbable that they are destined to yet play an important part in the affairs of the East.

Though the ascendancy of the Wahabees might for a time throw back the advancing civilisation of Turkey, there can be no doubt that the spread of their principles would be conducive to the morality of the country, and hasten the triumph of Christianity. The fundamental doctrine of their belief is the rejection of all worship except that of the Supreme Being. They refuse Mahommed the character of a prophet, and deny that the Koran is the revealed will of God, only adhering to its precepts because they believe them to be superior to those of any other book. Their mosques have neither cupolas nor minarets, and are entirely destitute of interior decorations. They hold the orthodox sectaries of the prophet heretics, and display more intolerance towards them than towards Christians or Jews. Veneration for the memory of departed sheikhs and imaums is idolatry in their eyes, and as far as their power extended, they destroyed their tombs, that they might again be made places of resort for prayer. Islamism is, among them, divested of its traditions and all extraneous doctrines, reduced to pure deism.

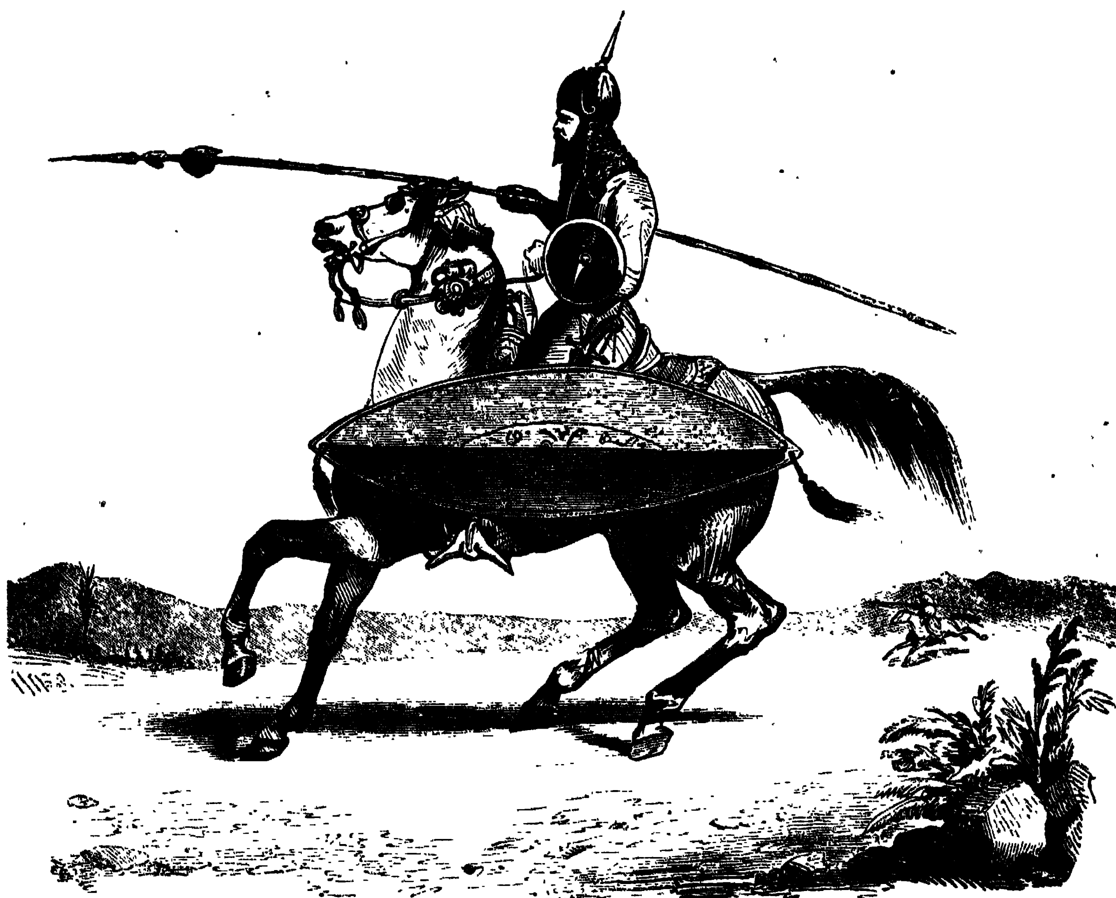
Their manners and customs are as simple as their worship; perfect equality reigns among them, and the only distinction is that which separates the sheikh from his people. The system of government established by the founder of the sect was strictly conformable to the political prescriptions of the Koran, and much resembled that of the early caliphs. The chief authority was in the hands of the sheikh; he was their leader in war, and their chief judge in time of peace. The oulemas of Deraiyeh formed a council for religious and civil affairs, and in time of war the subordinate chiefs assembled there to concert the plan of the campaign. Except two or three hundred men, who formed the body-guard of the sheikh, no standing army was maintained; but the untamed warriors of the desert flocked to their standard with alacrity whenever it was displayed. One-fifth of the booty acquired in war constituted the prin[illegible]

source of revenue, the remaining four-fifths being divided among the soldiers.

Trade and agriculture were protected, and the repugnance of the Bedouins to the latter seems to have been overcome among the Wahabees. They have cultivated the mechanical arts, also, and their linen and cotton fabrics, and even their manufactures of leather and iron, are not inferior to any produced in Arabia. In general, the frugality of the Wahabees is extreme; they live chiefly on barley-meal cakes, dates, and fish, sometimes, though rarely, substituting rice for the former, and mutton for the latter. It is only on the coast, moreover, that fish can be procured. Like all the Orientals, they take their meals seated on the ground, with their legs crossed under them, all the family sitting round the dish, and helping themselves with their fingers. Their chief beverages are milk and water; opium and tobacco, so universally used among other Moslems, whether Sunnites or Shiites, they never touch.

outer garments are of finer texture and brighter colours, their caps are adorned with long tassels, and their sandals are ornamented with figures cut out of leather of various colours. In time of war, the Wahabees wear a girdle, covered with ornaments of tin or silver, in which is carried a curved poniard, that they use with terrible effect in close encounters with the enemy. The leather bags in which they carry their ammunition are always ornamented with tin and coral. When bullets are scarce among them, they use round pebbles instead, wrapping them up in leather to make them fit the barrels of their muskets and pistols; and the wounds inflicted by these projectiles are more dangerous than those made by a leaden bullet.

The Wahabees usually fight on foot or on the backs of dromedaries; the sheikhs alone appear on horseback. Each dromedary carries two soldiers, one of whom is the active warrior, the other guiding the dromedary and loading the weapons of his companion.



A WAHABEE SHEIKH.

Their powers of endurance and extreme frugality were remarked in all the campaigns of the Turks and Egyptians against them; each man carried a supply of barley-meal on the back of his dromedary or horse, and when pressed by hunger, mixed a small quantity with water, and made a meal of it without any other preparation. Accustomed to endure all kinds of privations in their native deserts, they were able to pass several days entirely without food.

The costume of the Wahabees is very simple, and nearly the same as that of the Arabs of the environs of Mecca. It consists of a full shirt of yellowish linen, which covers nearly all the body, and over which they wear a garment of woollen. Their head-dress is a coloured cap, tied round with a string of camel's hair, or a circle of wood, ornamented with pieces of tin or mother-of-pearl. The sheikhs display a little more luxury in their vestments, but are interdicted from wearing silk or ornaments of gold, which are prohibited by the Koran. Their shirts are embroidered, their

Their chief strength, however, is in infantry, the dromedary riders being seldom brought into action, but reserved for pursuing the enemy when put to flight, and for sudden attacks and plundering excursions.

The sheikhs, when equipped for war, wear a helmet surmounted with a steel spike, and having chain-mail falling from behind to protect the neck and shoulders; and are armed with a long and heavy two-edged sword of native manufacture, or a sabre of Turkish manufacture, a small buckler on the left arm, and a curved poniard in their girdle. Their saddles are ornamented with glass and coral beads, and with ostrich plumes, and are well adapted, by their form, to render their seat firm, so that they seem fixed to them. Their stirrups are usually simple rings of iron, and sometimes consist only of a cord of camel's hair. Two large rhomboidal shields, attached on each side to the flanks of their horses, protect them from the thrusts of lances and the strokes of sabres and poniards.

DRESDEN.

This beautiful city, sometimes called the German Florence, is situated in the centre of the wine district of Saxony, and occupies the finest portion of the fertile valley of the Elbe. It is divided into the Old and New Towns, connected by two bridges, the former lying on the right or south bank of the river, and the latter on the left bank. The elder of the two bridges is 1,420 feet long, and built of stone, with sixteen arches; the balustrades are of iron, and the central pier is adorned with a bronze crucifix, and an inscription commemorative of the destruction of a portion of the bridge by Marshal Davoust during the retreat of the French army in 1813, and its restoration by the Emperor Alexander, of Russia. The other bridge, over which is carried the railway from Leipsic to Prague, was constructed in 1850. The fortifications were demolished by order of Napoleon in 1810, which has greatly improved stones, curiosities, and objects of *vertu*. The picture gallery contains the finest collection in Germany, including many of the best works of Correggio, Titian, Carlo Dolce, Paul Veronese, Annibal Caracci, Guido, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Claude, etc. In the apartments beneath the gallery is a fine collection of plaster casts of the most celebrated ancient and modern sculptures, made under the direction of Mengs. Augustus II. intended to build a new palace, but completed only a portion, which is now appropriated to the armoury, containing a collection second only to that at Vienna, a zoological and mineralogical museum, and a gallery of fine engravings, to the number of at least 200,000. The grand opera house adjoins one of the wings of this fine pile of buildings, and is capable of accommodating 8,000 persons. The churches most worthy of notice in this part of the city are that of Our Lady,

the city, the ground which they covered having been converted into public walks and gardens, which constitute one of the most frequented promenades of the inhabitants.

The streets of the Old Town are narrow, and the houses have a heavy appearance, often inclining considerably towards the street. Here, however, are the principal public edifices, including the royal palace, the palace of the princes, the far-famed picture-gallery, the grand opera-house, the palace of Prince Maximilian, the mint, the arsenal, the house of assembly, the town-hall, and the new post-office. The royal palace is externally a heavy and ancient-looking building, having been erected in an age when strength and security were regarded as essential characteristics of royal residences. The interior, however, is very splendid, and the state treasury contains a large and valuable collection of precious in the new market, and the Catholic church, which occupies a prominent position between the royal palace and the bridge. The former is a beautiful stone edifice, with a cupola modelled after that of St. Peter's at Rome, and is shown in our engraving on the left of the bridge. The latter, which the reader will perceive near the foot of the bridge, is a large and profusely decorated building in the Italian style, containing a fine altarpiece by Mengs, and a splendid organ, the masterpiece of Silbermann, and celebrated throughout Germany for the sweetness of its tones.

In the New Town the streets are wider, and of more regular architecture, but the public buildings are not so numerous. The railing, represented in the foreground of the above engraving, bounds the beautiful gardens of the Japanese palace, constructed by Augustus II., and now called after its royal founder, the Augus-

seum. The gardens form a delightful promenade for the citizens, and the palace contains a splendid collection of antiquities and sculpture, a cabinet of coins, an extensive library, and the celebrated porcelain cabinet, with sixty thousand of the choicest productions of the potter's art, from the manufactories of Meissen, Sèvres, Italy, China, and Japan, altogether filling eighteen apartments. The gallery of sculpture contains, among other antiques, the torso of Minerva, the head of Niobe, a faun, three female figures from Herculaneum, and a fine series of Etruscan vases. The library contains 250,000 volumes, 100,000 pamphlets, 20,000 maps, and 4,000 manuscripts, including a "Treatise," by Albert Durer, on the proportions of the human body. All these apartments are accessible to the public. In the market-place of the New Town is an equestrian statue of Augustus II., who is represented in the ancient Roman costume, but with the singular addition of a full-bottomed wig. The only other public buildings worthy of notice on this side of the Elbe, are the town-hall, the church of the Holy Trinity, and the residence of the military commandant.

The inhabitants of Dresden are industrious and orderly, and concern themselves very little with politics; but a love of music and the fine arts generally is very highly developed among them. There are five newspapers, but none of them take a prominent or decided part in political agitations. A stroll through the picture-gallery, and afterwards a walk on the Bruhl Terrace, or the beautiful gardens of the Augusteum, are the principal amusements of the people. In the environs of the city are several places to which they resort in fine weather to indulge their love of promenading and dancing—as the Zinkbad, a hotel on the right bank of the Elbe, surrounded by beautiful gardens, and the tastefully-laid out gardens called Findlater's Vineyard, about three miles beyond the New Town. On Sunday afternoons these places are thronged with company, sitting under the trees, refreshing themselves and listening to the music of the excellent bands with which all these places of popular resort are provided. Dancing is a favourite amusement at these gardens, but is not prolonged to such a late hour as it commonly is in this country, as few people in Dresden are out of bed after half-past ten at night. The moderation that is displayed in the pursuit of these enjoyments, and their love of art and appreciation of intellectual pleasures, speak highly for the national character.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, afterwards Lord Collingwood, was born in the town and county of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 26th September, 1750. He was the eldest of three sons. His father, though descended from an ancient and once wealthy Northumberland family, was a man of narrow fortune. The Collingwoods had taken the side of Royalty during the memorable struggle for liberty with Charles the I., and again had taken the side of Legitimacy in the rising for the Stuart cause in 1715. This lost them their estates, and the father of the subject of this memoir with difficulty brought up, educated, and provided for a family of three sons and three daughters. The education which young Cuthbert Collingwood received was obtained under the Rev. Hugh Moises, the head master of the Endowed Grammar School of Newcastle, an establishment at that time in some repute. At this school, from which have issued various men more or less known to the world, he had four school fellows, the two sons of Mr. Scott, a coal-merchant, John and William, who with himself were destined in a few years to reach celebrity and a peerage, though by a path less heroic, and probably less pure, than that of their little playmate. It is a curious instance of the vicissitudes of life, that, in this ancient school of a remote town, should be, at work or at play, within a few yards of each other, the future Lords Collingwood, Eldon, and Stowell. The fortune of Collingwood's parent was, as we have said, not great; and hence, probably, he was early destined for the sea. His uncle by the mother's side, Captain Brathwaite, afterwards Admiral Brathwaite, who was then in active service, readily received his young kinsman; and in 1762, when Collingwood had [illegible] his eleventh year, he was placed with Captain Brathwaite, and began soon after a sailor's life, as a young midshipman. In after days, Collingwood used to describe the pain which this early separation from parents, friends, and home caused him to suffer; for of home, Collingwood through life was enthusiastically fond. The anecdote as he told it, is very characteristic of the feelings of a child so circumstanced. After coming on board, and seeing his captain and relative, he found himself so lonely that he sat down, and cried heartily—thinking of his home and kind parents. The first lieutenant observing this, and being a humane man, took his hand, and cheered him up by affecting to make a little companion of him. This kindness so won upon the heart of the poor boy that, taking the lieutenant down to his berth, he offered him, in gratitude, a large and doubtless nice plum-cake, which his careful mother had deposited in his sea-chest.

Collingwood's first ship was the Shannon, then commanded by his relative Captain Brathwaite. Here he served for some years of his youth; and afterwards sailed with another Northumberland friend, Captain, afterwards Admiral Roddam, of Roddam in that county. The fatal American war, caused by the outrageous cupidity and tyranny of the English aristocracy, now broke out; and in 1774, young Collingwood, now in his twenty-fifth year, was sent to Boston, under Admiral Graves, to assist in carrying on that suicidal, and to England disgraceful and disastrous, conflict. In 1775, he was raised to the rank of lieutenant, and received his commission on the day of the memorable fight at Bunker's Hill, for the troops who fought at which he was employed in the conveyance of stores. In 1776, he was removed to the Hornet sloop; and afterwards to the Lowestoffe. Of this vessel, Nelson was then lieutenant; and the two officers, soon perceiving each other's value, became friends for life. This friendship was highly honourable to both. In some respects no two men could be more different than were Nelson and Collingwood. The latter had nothing of the rash ardour of the former; but was cool, calculating, and prudent to a high degree. Both, however, possessed an unbounded devotion to the service of their country, and a contempt of the corruptions then very prevalent in the navy, which they carried with them through life, but not with equal steadiness. The transactions in the Bay of Naples, many years after this, no doubt prompted by the profligate queen of Naples, and her equally profligate confidante, Lady Hamilton, cast a shade upon the character of Nelson, from which that of his comrade Collingwood is completely free. From those stern rules of honour and honesty, which were his pole-star through the whole of his career, Collingwood never for one instant swerved. He never was subservient to influence or official corruption. He was incapable of a mean action. His sense of honour was what is now termed "romantic." His sense of honesty was unchangeable and impenetrable. He had nothing of the showiness of Nelson, but he had more stability. Common sense, conjoined with a rare intrepidity, was the characteristic of Collingwood. Daring, joined to wonderful tact and splendour of conception, distinguished Nelson. Thus differing, as they did, their life-long friendship was honourable to both.

To Collingwood it was useful in many ways. His great modesty of character made him liable to be overlooked. He had no pretension, and, with superficial men, pretension is everything. Lieutenant Nelson, however, made his worth known to his own patron, Sir P. Parker; and whenever Nelson was advanced Collingwood succeeded him; and thus in early life he gained ground in his profession and kept it, though some of his very virtues stood sadly in his way towards promotion.

After Collingwood joined the Lowestoffe, his promotion was rapid; and he soon became master and commander, first of the Badger and next of the Hinchinbroke, a twenty-eight gun vessel, then on the West Indian station; and whilst on this service, he was made a post-captain. In the year 1780, towards the close of the great American conflict, the Hinchinbroke and her captain were sent on an expedition to Nicaragua. The object seems to have been to try to open a passage by water into the Pacific, through the river *San Juan*, and the *Nicaragua* and *Leon Lake*—precisely the line by which a ship-canal is now projected. The project failed. The ventilation of ships, and the mode of preserving the health of sailors, were then little understood. The result was, that numbers of those who went on this ill-fated adventure died of fever, until, in some cases, hardly a man was left; and the expedition was, as a matter of necessity, abandoned.

From the Hinchinbroke Captain Collingwood was now, in 1780, removed to the Pelican, a small frigate, in which he was, in the midst of a tropical hurricane, wrecked upon some reefs called "the Morant Keys," and with difficulty saved his life and those of his crew. They were compelled to remain upon a sandy island, almost destitute of food, and still more of water, for ten days, until providentially taken off by the Diamond frigate. The American war now found its disastrous conclusion. The United States became an independent union of Federated Republics; and Collingwood, together with his friend Nelson, was employed in the unpleasant duty of stopping the trade between the States and the West India sugar islands of Great Britain, now illegal, but yet clandestinely carried on by the English colonists and their American friends. This difficult service Captain Collingwood executed with a gentlemanly urbanity but strictness of surveillance, that gained him great credit. In this disagreeable task he was ably assisted by his brother, now Captain Wilfrid Collingwood, whom, however, he lost shortly after, a victim to the climate.

About this time Captain Collingwood appears to have corresponded with a young connexion of his own, named Lane, who was about entering the navy. These letters are strongly characteristic of the good sense and correct notions for which this great man was, throughout his whole career, distinguished; as the following extracts will show:—

"I need not say more to you on the subject of sobriety, than to recommend to you the continuance of it as exactly as when you were with me. Were a man as wise as Solomon and as brave as Achilles, he would still be unworthy of trust, if he addicted himself to grog. He may make a drudge; but a respectable officer he can never be, for the doubt must always remain that the capacity which God has given him will be abused by intemperance. Young men are generally introduced to this vice by the company they keep; but do you guard against submitting yourself to be the companion of low, vulgar, dissipated men, and hold it as a maxim that you had better be alone than in low company. You don't find pigeons associate with hawks, nor lambs with bears; it is as unnatural for a good man to be the companion of blackguards. Read let me charge you to read. Study books that treat of your profession and of history . . . Remember, Lane, before you are five and twenty, you must establish a character that will serve you all your life. November 9th, 1787."

In this strain of sensible and high morality did Collingwood, himself still in the morning of life, write to his young friend. We shall afterwards see in what strain he wrote to his own children, when full of honours and at the head of his profession.

From 1786 to 1790, he was not on active service; and, of course, went down to Northumberland, to make himself acquainted with the branches of his own family to whom he was yet a stranger. During his sojourn in the neighbourhood of Newcastle—probably the happiest portion of his life—he became acquainted with Miss Sarah Blackett, daughter of John Erasmus Blackett, Esq., of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whom he afterwards married, and to whom he was devotedly attached through life. The marriage took place in 1790, and his wife, in due time, bore him two daughters; Sarah, born in May, 1792; and Mary Patience, born in 1793. This state of peaceful content, so congenial to the well-regulated mind of Collingwood, was not, however, fated to last. In 1789, the French Revolution began by the opening of the States General. As it proceeded the passions of both the royal and democratic parties became more and more inflamed. One excess brought on another. A coalition against France was formed by the continental despots of Prussia and Austria. This led to the death of the unfortunate king; and England having now joined the League, war was proclaimed and Collingwood again in actual service. He was now captain of the Prince, Admiral Bowyer's flag-ship, and in her bore his share in the action of the 1st of June. His fondness for his family is beautifully, because unconsciously, evinced in his letter to his father-in-law, Mr. Blackett, written after the conflict. He thus expresses himself: "We cruised, like disappointed people, looking for what they could not find, *until the morning of little Sarah's birth-day*, between eight and nine, when the French fleet of twenty-five sail of the line was discovered to windward." With the enemy in sight and on the verge of a bloody conflict, he dwells on his little daughter's birth-day. The details of this memorable battle are known to all readers of history. That Collingwood did his duty nobly is beyond all doubt. Yet here the singular modesty and humility of his character seem to have stood in his way. He was not named in the despatch of the admiral, Lord Howe, nor did he receive the medal given for this victory until 1797. This omission astonished the whole fleet, as Collingwood's valour and skill were conspicuous; but it was afterwards amply atoned for. That he was deeply hurt on this occasion, he has put on record; but for that hurt he caused a balsam to be afterwards applied, which was potent to heal.

It would be useless to go into the details of the various services in which Collingwood was busily engaged, between the period of this victory and the equally memorable action, under Jervis, off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th February, 1797. Suffice it to say that, on this occasion, he commanded the Excellent, line-of-battle ship, and in activity and intrepidity was second only perhaps to his friend Nelson, who in this action commanded the Captain. On this last occasion, it is evident from all the narratives of the battle that the united intrepidity, devotion, and skill of Collingwood really caused the surrender of three of the prizes, if not four, although he only took possession of one formally. He first compelled the Salvador del Mondo, of 112 guns, to strike; but passing on to the next, the Spaniards again hoisted their colours, until attacked a second time by a succeeding vessel. He then took the San Isidro, seventy-four, and left her in charge of the Lively frigate. He next fell on board the San Nicholas of eighty, and the San Joseph of 112 guns, and silenced their fire, but left them to be boarded and taken by Nelson, whose ship they had terribly shattered. He lastly attacked and engaged for upwards of an hour the Santissima Trinidada, a huge four-decker of 132 guns; but though he was assisted at last by other ships, this enormous ship escaped them all, being reserved for another fate. And now came Collingwood's triumph, and the *amende honorable* for the most unmerited and unworthy slight which he experienced after his services on the 1st of June. When the admiral—now Lord St. Vincent—informed Captain Collingwood that he was to receive one of the medals which were distributed after this victory, he refused to take it unless that of the 1st of June accompanied it. He at once avowed that he had been unjustly treated, and that he would not appear to ratify injury by receiving a medal now, whilst the other was withheld. "That is precisely the answer I expected from you, Collingwood," was the reply of Lord St. Vincent. Both medals were immediately sent, together with an apologetic letter from Earl Spencer, at that time at the head of the Admiralty.

We must reserve the conclusion of the gallant admiral's biography for a future occasion.

THE MERCHANT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

The rise of commerce in Europe dates from the time of the Crusades. The vessels which conveyed the soldiers of the Cross to the shores of Syria, and the greater part of their military stores and provisions, were furnished by the Italian republics; and the towns on those coasts which were temporarily in the hands of the Christians became the emporiums of Italian commerce. The products of the sultry East, which have since become the materials of a lucrative and extensive commerce, were thus first introduced into Europe; and while the princes of the North had the floors of their palaces strewn with rushes, the merchants of Italy trod the soft carpets of Turkey.

The application of Gioia's discovery of the polarity of the magnet to navigation, and the opening of the ocean route to India by Vasco di Gama, in the fifteenth century, transferred the commerce of Europe from the hands of the Italians to those of the Portuguese. The discovery of America opened a new world to

commercial enterprise, the benefits of which were shared by the English and French, while the countrymen of Pizarro and Cortez were absorbed in the search for gold.

At the commencement of the eighteenth century, the great commercial powers of Europe were Britain, France, Holland, and Spain. The war of the French Revolution established the naval superiority of Britain, and gave such an immense impetus to our foreign trade, that our manufactures and the produce of our colonies now find their way to all parts of the globe. Of the merchants of the early part of the last century we have some interesting glimpses in Scott's "Rob Roy," in the elder Osbaldistone, his honest old clerk Tresham, and worthy Bailie Nicol Jarvie. Perhaps, as a class, the character of British merchants for probity, intelligence, and generosity was never better maintained than at that period. Heads of commercial houses were anxious to transmit the reputation they had acquired to their sons, as an heritage of honour. Death caused no interruption in their affairs; the business of the firm continued to be conducted on the same principles, and generally under the same name; so that the old maxim, that "the king never dies," and the proclamation of the French heralds, "The king is dead! Long live the king!" was as applicable to them as to more exalted personages.

The relations between the merchant, who was almost always a shipowner, and the crews of his ships, were much more durable than at the present day. Generally the sailors continued all their lives in the service of the same firm, and very often this relation was continued through two or three generations, the sons serving the same employers as their fathers and grandfathers. Partaking, under certain conditions, of the benefits of each voyage, they regarded the affairs of the firm they served as their own, and while acting with exemplary fidelity and honesty, often contrived to save sufficient money to engage in trade on their own account, or secured an ample provision for their declining years. The master, generally honoured with the title of captain, was a sort of middleman between the merchant and the crew; and in the picture which we have engraved the artist has represented one of this class arranging the preliminaries of a voyage with the owner. The costume of the merchant and his clerk indicate the middle of the last century; the captain's is such as was worn at that period by the mariners of Dieppe and Flushing. His attitude is free and independent, as characteristic of his class; and he holds in his right hand the pocket-book from which he has taken the charter-party which the merchant is perusing.

THE MERCHANT OF THE LAST CENTURY.

THE HARE AND THE RABBIT.

We presume that most of our readers are aware that the hare—when first caught and afterwards cooked in accordance with the well-known receipt of the celebrated Mrs. Glasse—constitutes a highly-esteemed article of food; and, taking this for granted, we shall not trouble ourselves with the consideration of the dietetical properties of the animal, although doubtless much might be written upon the precise degree of putrefaction at which its flesh acquires the finest flavour, the superiority of one mode of cooking over the other, or the origin of the custom of eating currant-jelly with it as a condiment. With reference to this important branch of the subject we may observe, however, that although the hare was as great a favourite with the ancient Romans as with the epicures of the present day, so much so, in fact, that Martial terms it "inter quadrupedes gloria prima," with some other nations of antiquity it was a forbidden food; the prohibition in the Jewish law is well known, and our own Druidical ancestors even considered the use of hare's flesh an act of impiety. The Koran also prohibits the followers of Mahomet from eating the flesh of this animal.

HARES AND RABBITS.

The appearance of the hare must also be pretty well known to our readers; but many of them are perhaps not so well acquainted with its natural history; and as this presents much that is interesting, we shall confine ourselves as far as possible to a sketch of its habits.

The Hare (*Lepus timidus*), with its well-known congener the

Rabbit (*Lepus cuniculus*), belongs to the same order of quadrupeds as the rat and the squirrel,—an order distinguished by having a pair of strong chisel-shaped cutting-teeth in the front of each jaw, by means of which they are enabled to gnaw with facility into hard substances, such as wood, bark, etc.; from this peculiarity they are termed *Rodentia*, or gnawing animals. The construction of these teeth, and the provision for their constant maintenance in an effective condition, is very curious; the front of the tooth is covered with a thin coating of very hard enamel, so that the cutting-edge is kept sharp by the continual wearing away of the softer parts; and as this would in course of time gradually wear them down to useless stumps, they are furnished, instead of roots like those of other teeth, with a permanent pulp, which keeps the teeth continually growing, so as to make up for the wearing of the upper extremity. This circumstance is sometimes productive of a singular deformity, for if one of the teeth happens to be broken off, the corresponding one in the other jaw, having nothing to check its growth, goes on increasing in length, until so far from being of service to the animal it must become a positive nuisance to him, and in some cases may even cause him to starve to death. It is with these teeth that the hares often strip the bark from young trees—a proceeding which is by no means regarded with favour by the proprietors of plantations. In fact, like most game animals, hares are a great pest to the farmers in their neighbourhood, their fondness for succulent vegetable food leading them to make frequent incursions upon the young crops, to which they often do immense damage; and as they are completely nocturnal in their habits, it is by no means easy to prevent their depredations.

Fortunately for the husbandman, the numbers of these animals, whose great fecundity would otherwise soon render them one of the farmer's greatest enemies, are continually kept in check by their numerous natural foes. The numbers destroyed by men are certainly very great, but the human epicure is not the only carnivorous animal endowed with a taste for hare's flesh; all our wild carnivora, from the fox downwards, appear to be equally fond of it; almost any dog will pursue a hare as soon as he sees it, although his success in the chase is rarely commensurate with his zeal. The domestic cat is not unfrequently a successful poacher; and birds of prey, and even snakes, often drive the hare from its resting place. Surrounded in this manner with inveterate enemies—seeing a foe in almost every animal it meets—the hare, as might be expected, is an excessively timid animal, and every part of its organisation is peculiarly adapted to enable it to perceive and avoid the dangers which environ it on every side. Its ears are very long, and adapted, like the tubes used by deaf persons, to collect and convey to the internal ear the very slightest sounds; the eye is large and prominent, giving the animal a great range of vision; and it is a popular belief that it always sleeps with the eyes open. It is singular that the same practice has also been attributed to the lion, probably with equal justice in both cases. There can be no doubt, however, that the hare is a very watchful animal; during the day it sleeps in its form, and only ventures forth when the shades of evening seem to promise it security. Then the hares come out of their resting-places and gambol about in the most sportive manner; but the slightest sound, the rustle of the wind in the bushes, or the fall of a leaf, is sufficient to interrupt their sport and scatter the whole troop in every direction.

When actual danger approaches, the hare flies with a swiftness which has become proverbial, always endeavouring to make for some rising ground, as its long and powerful hind legs give it a great advantage in running up hill. The instincts with which it is endowed then come into play; it endeavours by continual turnings and doublings to throw its pursuers off the scent, and sometimes, when hard pressed, it has been known to turn another hare out of its form. If water comes in its way, it will plunge in and swim across; sometimes it will run up one side of a hedge and down the other, and instances are related of a hare completely throwing out the dogs by getting on the top of a cut hedge, and running along for a considerable distance in this elevated position.

Notwithstanding this apparent league of all carnivorous animals, biped and quadruped, against the life of "puss," the continuance of the species is amply provided for by its prolific nature. They generally produce three or four young at a time, and breed several times in the course of the year, so that, but for these numerous checks upon their increase, the country would speedily be overrun by these animals.

The fur of the hare, with that of the rabbit, was formerly much employed in the manufacture of *beaver* hats. Linnæus tells us, that the hare being a favourite animal with the fleas, the inhabitants of Dalecarlia make a sort of cloth of the hair, which attracts the fleas, and thus saves the wearer from the attacks of those troublesome insects. We fear that the fleas would soon find out their mistake, and that the protection afforded by this hare-cloth would not be very lasting.

In confinement, the hare exhibits many entertaining and amiable qualities, loses much of its timidity, and adopts as playfellows animals that would have been looked upon as sworn enemies in a state of nature. Cowper's account of his tame hares must be familiar to most of our readers, and although many will, perhaps, be inclined to laugh at the poet's attachment to his pets, few, we think, will read his description of their habits and the variety of character displayed by them without pleasure.

In its general structure and many of its habits the rabbit closely resembles the hare. Its enemies are equally numerous, and its timidity perhaps almost as great, although as it is not endowed with the same swiftness of foot as the hare, it rarely exhibits this in the same manner. To make up for its want of speed to fly from its enemies, the rabbit burrows in the earth, and disappears into its holes with the quickness of thought the moment it suspects the approach of danger. Like the hare, the rabbit feeds principally at night, remaining during the day in its burrows, which are often of great extent, and inhabited by an immense number of these creatures. This peculiarity in the habits of these animals enables their breeding to be carried on as a branch of rural industry, and, as both their flesh and skins are consumed to an enormous extent in most countries of Europe, a good rabbit-warren is by no means an unprofitable concern. Immense numbers of rabbit skins are imported into this country from the continent, to be worked up into cheap furs, and a considerable exportation of them also takes place, especially to China, where they are in great request. The particular skins preferred by the Chinese are those denominated "silver gray," and these will fetch from two to three shillings a piece in the home market.

It is generally supposed that the native country of the rabbit is Spain, and that the species has been introduced into this country. They are now, however, completely naturalised both here and in most parts of Europe, although they are said not to thrive in the cold northern countries.

THE SECRET TRIBUNALS OF WESTPHALIA.

No period in the history of Germany presents such a picture of social anarchy, of the operation of the law of might in all its uncontrolled fulness of power, as the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The landed nobility were the universal disturbers of social order and the most reckless violaters of the moral law; from the Rhine to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Alps, they set the written laws of the empire at defiance, filled their castles with banditti, and, according to the testimony of Arnold of Lubeck, each followed the bent of his inclination. When a social evil becomes no longer endurable, circumstances invariably arise to counteract it, often such as at other times would be an evil in itself. The crimes of the barons led to the establishment of the Vehm-gerichte (holy tribunals), which the genius of Goethe and Scott has invested with so many circumstances of mystery and awe.

These remarkable tribunals had their origin in Westphalia, where the first traces of their operations are discovered in the latter part of the thirteenth century; but they soon existed all over Germany. Owing to the secrecy which surrounded them, and the awe with which they were regarded, for death was the penalty of revealing their secrets or becoming surreptitiously possessed of them, their history is involved in obscurity. The first writers who mention them—Henry of Heworden, a Dominican monk of the fourteenth century, and Æneas Sylvius, secretary to the emperor Frederick III.—ascribe their institution to Charlemagne; but Eginhart, the secretary and biographer of that monarch, and all other contem-

porary writers, say nothing of this circumstance, and there is no evidence whatever to support such an opinion. It is true that this opinion was always prevalent, for the members of the Vehm-gerichte were assiduous in disseminating it, to add importance to the institution and their decisions; but the most probable hypothesis is, that they owed their origin to a little band of bold and honest men, determined to put a period to the licentiousness and tyranny of the feudal nobility, and the outrages of the banditti with whom they were often leagued.

In dramas and romances, the black-robed judges of the Vehm tribunals have been represented as meeting, at the solemn hour of midnight, in the dungeon of some baronial castle, where, by the red light of flickering torches, revenge usurped the place of justice. But, in reality, the equity of their proceedings formed a striking contrast to those of the ordinary tribunals, and for almost a century they were the only check upon crime and oppression. The powerful baron who exercised jurisdiction over his own domains, and the knight who had at his disposal a hundred robbers in the nearest wood, could afford to treat with contempt and defiance the decisions of the ordinary tribunals; but the secret organisation of the Vehm-gerichte, their widely-extended ramifications, and the number and fidelity of their emissaries, were not so lightly to be set at nought. Their castles and their armed retainers might enable them to resist successfully the execution of the ordinary laws, but no strength of walls or depth of moat could protect them against the sworn servitors of the Vehm tribunal dwelling unsuspected beneath the same roof.

No one was allowed to become a member of the Vehm-gerichte who was a foreigner, a serf, illegitimately born, under the ban of excommunication or outlawry, or a member of any religious order. The ceremony of initiation was a very solemn one; the oath of secrecy and adherence was administered, and the signs were communicated by which the initiated recognised each other. The clergy, women and children, Jews and heathens (as some of the natives of Prussia still were), were exempted by the regulations of the Vehm tribunals from their jurisdiction. When an offender had been denounced to the Vehm judges, and did not appear to the citation served upon him, he was outlawed, and every one of the initiated —one hundred thousand in number, according to Æneas Sylvius—was empowered to take him, alive or dead. The chances of escape, in such a case, were small indeed; and brief was the period which usually intervened between the issue of the ban and the appearance of the offender before the dread tribunal.

The Vehm-gerichte had three methods of procedure—the summary, the secret, and the open. The summary course was only followed when an offender was caught in the act of commission, or in endeavouring to escape; and then only when three of the initiated happened to be present. Such cases, it must be evident, could very rarely occur: but when they did, the daggers of the initiated were the instruments of execution. The secret process was only adopted when the crime was of more than ordinary atrocity, and there was a fear of the offender's escape; the tribunal was then summoned in haste, and on proof of the crime being given, sentence of death was passed, and communicated to all the initiated, thousands of whom were immediately on the offender's trail. The more usual method was to cite the offender to appear before the tribunal of the district in which he resided, failing in which a fine of thirty shillings, a much larger sum in that day than at present, was recorded against him; if he did not appear to the second summons, the fine was doubled; and if the third was equally unsuccessful, the offender was outlawed. The plea of unavoidable absence was always admitted, the impediments recognised by the Vehm laws being sickness, imprisonment, pilgrimage, the public service, lawful absence from the country, and unavoidable delay upon the way to the tribunal.

In romances and dramas the Vehm tribunals are always represented as being held in gloomy vaults, but in reality only one instance is recorded of a Vehm tribunal being held underground, which was at Heinburg; and in the majority of cases they were held in the open air, in imitation of the pagan Germans, as described by Tacitus. It is probable that they generally met in the glades of forests, where they would be secure from observation; but it is recorded that at Dortmund the tribunal was held in the market-place, at [illegible] in the churchyard, and at Arensburg in an orchard. No one was allowed to wear armour or carry arms in the tribunal, and the rules of the association required that the tribunal-lord, who was always of the rank of nobility, and the assessors, who formed the jury, should be sober and free from anger. The judge, or tribunal-lord, sat at the head of a table, on which were placed a halter and a naked sword, and on his right and left stood the clerks, the assessors, and as many of the initiated as chose to be present, all bare-headed. The accusation having been read, witnesses were called in support of it, and the accused had the privilege of calling whom he chose for his vindication. The assessors appear to have decided by a majority of voices, and if the sentence was a capital one, the offender was hanged upon the spot, and his name, crime, and sentence recorded in what was called the "Blood Book." If he was one of the initiated, he was hanged seven feet higher than usual, as being the greater criminal. If the accused had not surrendered, all the initiated were set in pursuit of him, and when taken he was hanged on the nearest tree, without further ceremony or delay.

At the commencement of the fifteenth century, the jurisdiction of the Vehm tribunals extended over all Germany. But, like all similar institutions, they at length became corrupted, and were made subservient to private interests and passions. Various attempts were made in the sixteenth century to reform them, but without success; and having outlived the social state in which they had their rise, they became an evil and a nuisance. The civil reforms of the Emperor Maximilian did much to render them obsolete; and though they were never formally abolished, they gradually sank into insignificance and desuetude, and towards the end of the sixteenth century became a thing of the past. Their power and influence were at their zenith at the commencement of the fifteenth century; the middle period of their history, when the Emperor Rupert ordered the decisions which declared and defined the privileges of the emperor with respect to these tribunals to be collected; and this is the earliest accredited source from which a knowledge of the Vehm laws and methods of procedure can be derived.

The power and influence which the Vehm courts possessed in the fifteenth century is proved by the citation of powerful nobles, and even sovereign princes. In 1410, the Rhinegrave was summoned before the secret tribunal of Nordernau; in 1148, the Elector Palatine was cited to appear before a Vehm court, and with difficulty escaped condemnation; and in 1454, the Duke of Saxony was compelled to appear and defend himself before the tribunal of Limburg. The Duke of Bavaria also was cited to appear before the tribunal of Waldeck, on the charge of depriving one Gaspar of the office of chief huntsman, which was hereditary in his family; of having destroyed his castle of Torringen, beaten his servants, and seized his hounds; and with having robbed the said Gaspar's wife of her jewels and other property. The duke appealed to the Emperor Sigismund, who declined to interfere; and finding it necessary to answer the charge, he had recourse to the artful expedient of causing himself to be initiated in some other Vehm court, and thereby acquiring the privileges of membership, which obtained him more lenient treatment than he would otherwise have received.

Towards the close of the fifteenth century, we find the Vehm tribunals rising superior to the prejudices of the age, and boldly supporting the cause of a man accused of sorcery against the highest powers of the empire. The accused was a citizen of Görlitz, named Weller, and a member of the Vehm society; for the crime alleged against him he was expelled from the town, and his property confiscated. Having vainly appealed to the chancellor of the empire and to the pope, Weller resolved to bring the matter before a Vehm tribunal, and the magistrates of Görlitz were cited to appear before that of Brackel. Görlitz having been exempted from foreign jurisdiction by the emperors, the magistrates appealed to the King of Bohemia, who attempted to mediate; but his interference was disregarded, and the burgomaster and town-council, failing to appear before the tribunal, were outlawed. The diet of Bohemia and the Landgrave of Hesse both offered their mediation, but the Vehm-gerichte would hear of nothing but the reversal of Weller's sentence. The emperor finally interfered for the protection of Görlitz, and Weller died in 1502, without obtaining his property, but in [illegible] full compensation was made to his heirs.

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

That portion of Ireland lying to the south and on either hand of the point at which our last article concluded having been described and illustrated in previous numbers of this periodical, we have now to invite the reader to commence with us a rapid glance at some of the more remarkable features of what may be called the Shannon district, beginning with the central point of tourist departure for such exploration, namely, Athlone, an important trading town and military station, on the Shannon, which here separates Leinster and Connaught, and the counties of Westmeath

BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

[F]RANCISCAN CONVENT, GALWAY.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

and Roscommon. The castle is of great antiquity, but in perfect repair, strengthened with additional fortifications, some very recent. Once Athlone was the chief pass from Leinster to Connaught; and, soon after the settlement of the Anglo-Normans, became one of their strongholds. Of the ancient walls portions remain; and the [illegible]gate, a square tower of Elizabeth's time, was pulled down biped [illegible] years ago. Several relics are still preserved, one being of the species [illegible] residence of General de Ginkell at the siege in generally produce [illegible] bridge of Athlone, which spanned the Shannon at the place of the ancient ford, rendered famous by the desperate encounter upon it between the army of King James, under St. Ruth, and King William's soldiers, under Ginkell, in 1691, was pulled down a few years ago, and replaced by the present graceful structure. The barracks, adjoining the castle, can accommodate 267 artillery, 592 infantry, and 107 horse; and there is an armoury of 15,000 stand of arms. Of numerous monasteries, scarcely any remains exist; probably they were destroyed during some of the many sieges, the most memorable of which occurred in the Revolution, when in ten days Ginkell, in taking a portion of the town which held out for James, expended 12,000 cannon-balls, 600 shells, many tons of stone-shot, and fifty of powder; the loss of the defenders being 1,200. In 1697 the citadel was struck by lightning, when 260 barrels of powder, 10,000 charged hand-grenades, besides other combustibles, exploded, destroying nearly the whole of the town. Besides the church of the Establishment, and several Roman Catholic chapels, Athlone contains Baptists' and Primitive and Wesleyan Methodists' chapels. There are no modern

buildings worthy of particular notice. Immediately above the town, the Shannon expands into Lough Ree, on which a regatta is held in August, the landing-place on one of the islands being

RAILWAY BRIDGE AT ATHLONE.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

RUINS OF ATHENRY, COUNTY GALWAY.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

greatly admired—how deservedly will be seen from the graceful sketch by Mr. Mahony.

One of the main attractions, however, to tourists, especially of a literary turn, in taking the Shannon route to the West, is the opportunity it affords of visiting the scenery of the ever-alluring "Deserted Village;" and we cannot now resist the desire of pre-

SPANISH PLACE, GALWAY.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

LANDING-PLACE AT HARE ISLAND, LOUGH REE, ON THE SHANNON.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

senting the reader with a fac-simile of the birthplace of the poet himself, and exactly as it is at this present moment, for it has been expressly sketched by the artist within the last twelvemonth.

On the direct line to Galway there are few things to arrest us between Athlone and Ballinasloe, except the fine viaduct over the Suck, across which the train passes. Ballinasloe is a town of considerable size, partly in County Roscommon, but chiefly in County Galway, containing some handsome buildings, and remarkable for the great fair held from the 5th to the 9th of October, the largest cattle mart in the kingdom, attended from all parts of Great Britain and the Continent. Garbally, seat of Lord Clancarty, in the immediate vicinity of the town (his lordship is proprietor), is beautifully laid out, and the house contains some fine pictures, and free access is generously granted to both. The ruins of a castle, of great strength in Elizabeth's time, are situated on the Roscommon side of the Suck, and the fosse and several flanking towers remain. Four miles from Ballinasloe is the village of Aughrim, remarkable from the battle on the adjoining fields of Kilcommadan in 1691, between James and William, when the former was totally routed, and St. Ruth, his general, killed. However, the point from which the tourist should start for the scene of this great and decisive conflict is Athlone; and it has been the cause of much wonderment with some that Mr. Creasy did not give this hand-to-hand fight precedence to the battle of Crecy. A part of the ruins of Aughrim Castle can still be traced; and in the village are a church, chapel, and small Methodist meeting-house.

The next object of interest we meet is Kilconnel, a village where a monastery for Franciscan friars was founded about 1460. Nearly the entire shell of this most beautiful structure remains. A little further on we come to Athenry, a village also most remarkable for its ancient buildings, of which the castle, built in the thirteenth century by the De Bermingham family, is the most perfectly preserved. The Dominican Abbey is, perhaps, one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in the whole country.

Besides the castle and its religious houses, the whole town retains a great portion of its wall, and one of its ancient castellated gateways. The former, which is of considerable he[illegible] nd thickness, is defended at intervals by round towers [illegible] strength.

We have now almost accomplished our journey to Gal[illegible] near the seventh mile-post from which we pass the ruined [illegible] le of Derrydonnell; and from about the twenty first, we see Oranmore Castle, built by the great Earl of Clanricarde. The splendid swivel bridge at Lough Athalia, said to be the largest in the world, next arrests attention, when the tourist finds himself before the magnificent railway terminus and hotel of the ancient "city of the tribes," the proverbially Spanish aspect of which will be readily recognised from the two little sketches subjoined, with which we close our pencilings for the present.

SELF-DENIAL;

PASSAGES OF A LIFE.

BY A WAYFARER.

IV.

Seldom did any one begin life with a smaller share of worldly goods, and at the same time richer blessings of hope, health, and a bright future than I did. I certainly did feel a kind of oppression come over me, as I reflected that I had taken this important step without consulting my mother and father; but that was a feeling that weighed on me only when I was alone, and my dear little wife did not leave me often.

I had a good deal of work to do at home. The ——— Magazine used my articles occasionally, and the paper was regular in its payments and its requirements. When tea was cleared away, she would draw up her work-table near to me, or take a book. Sometimes I would read to her. I had much to do, to prepare myself for the career of a literary man. I had to study and read, my stock of knowledge being rather scanty on the whole. I saw at once [illegible] was much to be learnt, and I set to work in earnest to [illegible] my deficiencies.

[illegible] the second Sunday after our marriage. Mr. Ellis, as I at present must call him, was with him. Charles looked very pale and thin. The quiet sacrifice he had made had preyed upon him. He shook me warmly by the hand, and tried to look smiling, but it was too much of an effort. Presently, however, he was better, and when Edith chatted with him, and gave him his tea, and called him dear Charles, he was soon himself again, full of spirits, life, and talk. He made us laugh before he had done, and quizzed my wife because she was so shy of showing her affection for me before company.

Our way of life was humble, because we were poor and knew it. Luckily I fell into no bad habits in those days. My home was everything to me, and no sooner was my work done than I flew home to delight myself in the sunshine of Edith's smile. Things went on tolerably well for about a year. I lived abstemiously, but well enough for my taste. I even saved a little, because I knew it would be wanted.

At the end of our first year of love and happiness I became the father of a boy, and we called him Charles. When I showed the infant to his namesake for the first time, I saw his lip quiver.

"God bless you, child!" he said in a murmuring tone; "as long as I live, you shall never want a father."

His health was much injured by his severe study; and when he knew that all was right, and that Edith and her child were well, he bade us adieu, and went down to spend a month or so, during the long vacation, with his mother and sisters. We saw him depart with regret; but as we believed the journey necessary to his health, we were bound to be glad.

I had concealed from Charles, and I believe I was wrong to do so, that the expenses of this period had for the first time placed me in debt. Ogilvy had restored my mother's watch to me, and already it had gone again to meet the demands made upon me. When Edith went out for her first walk with me, I had scarcely a penny left. I went down to the office that evening and obtained a small advance.

With this in my pocket I began work anew. I had a few good books, and I read hard. I had projected a work on a popular subject, which required, however, reference to many books, and I applied for admission to the British Museum. By the favour of the publisher of my magazine, I obtained it at once, and I made a point of going there three days a-week, collecting materials for my volume, which I firmly relied on selling.

Oh, those were happy days indeed. My dear little wife was so proud and joyous and light-hearted, especially when she could show her infant to he[illegible] other, who, like all grandmothers, we [illegible] uppo[illegible] from Dame Eve down, was in raptures with the child, [illegible] wed — except that its mouth and eyes and nose were different and that it was a boy — that it was the very image of Edith.

About this time I had an offer made me, which, promising an addition of ten or fifteen shillings a-week to my income, I gladly accepted. As few of my readers are among the initiated, I must explain my new duties rather clearly. All the leading Sunday papers copy the police reports from the morning journals, except on Saturday, when, in the competition for news, they pay for the reports to be made for them, thus forestalling the Monday morning publications. Now it appeared that the — —— had had a difference with the man who supplied the copy usually. There was only one reporter at this office, who had a monopoly of all the papers. The ———, however, declined his copy, and I was requested to attend on Saturday and supply the deficiencies.

I went. I found myself in quite a new and changed atmosphere. It was a tainted and unsober one. I associated at once with men of a different character from what I had been used to. To write my report I went to a public-house. I found myself among detectives, witnesses, officers of the court, from whom at this early stage of my career I was obliged to ask information. I wrote my report, and then drank without eating. I took down the copy to the office, but I spent more money than it could bring me in. Yes! I went home that night in a state which alarmed my wife. I must own it. But I was gentle as a lamb. I have heard of men beating and ill-using their wives under such circumstances; but I am thankful to say I was never guilty of such disgraceful brutality.

THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

Is there not a proverb that says a good story cannot be told too often? I thought so. Well, encouraged by that proverb we are about to tell a very old story here.

Once upon a time there lived in beautiful Thessaly a king and queen named Athamas and Nephele. They were blessed with two children, a boy and a girl. After awhile Athamas grew weary of his spouse, put her away, and took another. Kings and emperors since that period have occasionally copied his example—

> "Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
> Men were deceivers ever;
> One foot in sea and one on land,
> To one thing constant never."

On account of their stepmother, poor hapless Nephele trembled for her children, and sought diligently for some means of effecting their escape. Mercury—like a true knight of chivalry, or rather like a truly classical divinity as he was—came to her help, gave her a ram with a golden fleece, on which she placed her darling children, trusting, with all the fond trustfulness of a woman's heart, that the ram would convey them to a place of safety. Off went the ram—his golden fleece glittering in the bright rays of the sun—and took his course towards the east; the boy, however, alone preserved, for, as they crossed the strait which divides Europe from Asia, poor Helle fell into the sea—an accident which needs no other confirmation than the fact of that strait ever afterwards being called the Hellespont. As for the youth Phryxus, he reached the

BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING PHRYXUS AND HELLE ON THE RAM WITH THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

kingdom of Colchis on the eastern shore of the Euxine, was hospitably received by Æetes, the king of the country, sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and gave the skin to his new friend. So the golden fleece was placed in a consecrated grove, and a dragon, which was never known even to wink, kept watch and ward over the precious treasure. "Lies," says the Spanish proverb, "have short legs"—but truths have uncommonly long ones. The story of the golden fleece spread far and wide. People regarded it, some with doubt, some with strong belief, some as a dream of the poets, and some as the subtle enigma of the mystics—it was to them as the lost Atalantis, which puzzled the minds of philosophers in after years. What could any young man of spirit and daring do better to attest his zeal and courage than go in search of this golden treasure—this marvellous fleece? Who can wonder that the

chivalric Jason, Hercules, Theseus, Orpheus, and Nestor, the heroes and demigods of Greece, should flock together, and in adventurous brotherhood take water in the Argo, and with oars propel the vessel—for masts and sails were yet as things unknown—to Colchis? Who can feel surprise that the hero Jason should overcome every difficulty that was thrown in his way? should calm the brazen-footed bulls, whose snort was like the heat of a furnace, should make them gentle as so many "sucking doves," and put the charmed yoke over their necks? Who can wonder that when the dragon's teeth were sown, and a goodly crop of armed men sprang up and rushed on Jason, he should dexterously fling a stone into their midst and set them fighting one another till there was not one left? Who but can readily suppose that with the certainty of chloroform he should send the ever-watchful dragon fast asleep, and seize upon the golden fleece, which had cost him so much trouble? Who can wonder at all this, when they recollect that the beautiful Medea, as potent in sorcery as she was beautiful in appearance, had aided him to gain the triumph? Nobody can wonder at it—not one—nor that Medea fled away with Jason to Thessaly the beautiful.

As to what the story means—it may be, that if stripped of all its glory, and seen in open daylight, this Argonautic expedition was nothing more than a piratical invasion, the rich spoils of which gave rise to the idea of the GOLDEN FLEECE; but, however this may be, certain it is, that a skilful artist has embodied the beautiful old story in as beautiful a bas-relief, of which we here present a spirited engraving.

SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH GEMS.

IT is curious to reflect, when gazing at the brilliant wares in a modern jeweller's shop window, that a time existed when such a display of varied coloured gems, of gold and silver ornaments, instead of conjuring up thoughts of fashion and festivity, of bridal morns, ball-nights and birth-day presents, would probably have aroused a host of perturbed associations, in which sorcery and sickness, poison and the evil-eye, would by turns predominate, and the liveliest fancy have been the choice of periapt or counter-charm.

Then—for every gem had its genii, every precious stone some ocult power—instead of studying fashion or his taste, the purchaser would have had respect to secret tendencies—his hopes, his fears, the terror that came by night, the pestilence that walked abroad at noon-day, and would have bought his jewellery less as an ornament than as a spell.

Chronology throws no light on the birth of this belief in the magical properties of gems; research only deepens the idea of its antiquity, and shows it to have obtained from the earliest periods of human history of which we have any record.

That dusky father of the church, Tertullian, unable to trace the origin of their use, or the discoverer of their presumed medical and mysterious qualities (of at least bestowing the meretricious charm of ornament on the fair wearers of them), boldly advances, not as an hypothesis, but as a fact, that in those days, when there were giants on the earth, and angels visited the daughters of men, these fallen spirits, in order to enhance and preserve the beauty that had captivated them, sought out all secret spells, and brought from mines and caves these glittering talismans for good or evil.

Pliny, referring to the legend of the Roman poets, makes men ignorant of even the existence of precious stones till the writhing hand of Prometheus, bound by an iron band to Caucasus, broke forth a crystal fragment of the rock, which gave the type of the ring, and the gem which afterwards adorned it.

Yet, long before the Roman poets sang the fable of Prometheus, in the days of the swarthy Pharaohs, we find evidence of idolatrous and forbidden superstitions in connexion with jewels. Why else, when Jacob purified his household from all the strange gods that were in their *hands*, did he also bury with them under the oak at Shechem the ear-rings that were in their ears?

It is true that the Israelites had not yet entered Egypt, where the eye of Osiris, the sacred Scarab, and other symbols or images of their gods, partly from religious, partly from superstitious motives, [illegible] they had wandered through the border-lands, and the incident only proves how wide-spread was the belief in these mystic agencies.

A little later there occurs a striking instance in the Hebrew annals of the oracular power attributed to precious stones, in the supernatural evidence of the *Urim and Thummim*, glowing in the gems of the Jewish high-priest's pectoral, divination by means of which is frequently alluded to, and to which appeal was made under various solemn circumstances by kings and great men. Here we probably see the prototype of a belief existing era after era in human history, surviving in this country to comparatively modern times, in the magic crystal of Doctor Dee, and only fading out with the extending light of the liberal sciences, wherewith the soul of man is beautified.

Hereafter we shall come to the presumed virtues of some of the gems employed in adorning the miraculous breast-plate of the Jewish hierophant, and as these reputed properties were believed to be imbibed by the wearer, and to endow him with their secret influences, we may imagine how its resplendent glory, full of solemn associations, of ocult power, and a divine mystery, graven with the names of their tribes, and flashing up to heaven, as it is expressly said, in memorial of them, must have added personal awe to priestly veneration, and have affected the deeply superstitious minds of the Jewish people.

We read that the Egyptians, Persians, Arabs, and Hindoos regarded precious stones "if not as spiritual creations, at least as abodes with which spiritual influences were associated, and gave to each its tutelar spirit or guardian genii. Hence the Arabs wore gems set in Afric gold bound on their arms to defend them from demons, and hence in more recent times the Asiatics had the blades of their scimitars engraved with a text from the Koran, with the figures wrought in gold or silver or in marquetry with small gems."

The Greeks and Romans, in like manner, found a presiding deity for every gem, and thus Proserpine claimed black agate, red Mars the blood-stone, Apollo the sapphire, and Bacchus the purple amethyst.

Gems were regarded as so precious by the Hindoos, that the very gods were accused of stealing them; and Christina in his childhood was said to have purloined one from Prasena. What wonder, therefore, that the exhibition of gems should have entered largely into the pharmacopeia of these mystic periods of human science, or that men should have hoped by contact with them to elicit their supposed healing virtues, or by their simple presence to escape contagion. In a learned treatise on Hindoo medicine, we find gold, silver, diamonds, and pearls playing a very important part in their prescriptions, but it is evident that these costly medicaments were only necessary to the constitutions of rich men, for the sage, after giving a prescription of gems for the diseases of a king, adds another of simples for those of people in general.

It has been suggested, that the primitive use of gems in medicine was probably as much with the view of propitiating the spiritual power associated with them as from any intrinsic healing properties, of their own. The Indians, however, laid great stress upon these properties in disposing of their pearls from the Persian gulf, and diamonds from Golconda; but as nearly all the precious stones were brought from India, commercial policy might have mingled slightly with professional zeal, and have tinctured their representations to other eastern nations, who purchased gems, and used them medicinally, as remotely as the times of the Persian Magi.

The diamond, ruby, sapphire, coloured agates, onyx, crystals, jaspers, and cornelians, as well as the rare opalescent sapphire, with pearly-like reflections that Pliny speaks of, and which partook in itself of all the virtues of the rest, were brought from India. Upper Egypt had, it is said, its mountains of emeralds, the islands of Crete and Candia their sacred agates, and in Lombardy the poplars wept amber, which, though not of *them*, has ever kept in the company of *gems*, and has been used for the same purposes of health and ornament.

Gold, also, though not coming under the head of our subject, is yet so blended with it, that without much irregularity we may be allowed to observe, that it anciently claimed almost as large an amount of superstitious veneration as the gems for which it has always served as the setting. The belief of the ancient fire-worshippers, that gold was the first [illegible] of the sacred

element, no doubt sanctified this metal in every land where the knee was bowed to Baal; hence, it was not only used for molten images, but served to enclose graven ones, and was itself supposed to be endowed with healing qualities, and with a protective power. This alone will account for its appearance in rings, chains, bracelets and earrings at a period when such things were regarded, not as ornaments, but as amulets, and symbols of rank and power; it was with this intention that it figured in the heart-shaped bulla of the Romans, and was suspended, as late as the childish days of Dr. Johnson, in the English coin called an "angel," round the necks of those patients who received the royal touch, the efficacy of which would have been very doubtful if unaccompanied by this sigel of pure gold!

In no one thing, perhaps, is the growth of human nature so distinctly marked as in the enlargement of the reasoning faculties. In those twilight-days of the world's history to which our subject refers, when men sat down like children in the dusk, and spite of the great side-lights slanting on them, frightened themselves with shadows—the powers of the imagination appear to have been in a state of the most intense activity, while the reasoning principles were only partially developed, and the few great heads in possession of them ruled the rest, not in the modern sense of intellectual superiority, but with an iron sceptre, as serfs and slaves. All things, therefore, that tended to enwrap the multitude in the thick darkness of ignorance, to mystify and terrify them, were so many veils between reality and the fables, which bowed them in the veriest slough of superstition, and rendered their numerical and physical strength timid and helpless in the hands of their intelligent tyrants, save as they led the way, in mystic pillars of fire, or clouds of smoke, with gorgeous ceremonies or solemn rites of magic. From the beginning there has been no such engine of power in this world as superstition, and no superstition so fatal to the intellectual and moral growth of mankind as that which hid its malignity, like the spear of Bacchus, with the leaves and flowers of religion. Only the priests of Egypt were allowed to heal the sick; the knowledge of medicine, like all other knowledge, was in their hands; and in order to heighten the effect of their power over mind and body, magic made a part of their religion as well as of the mystery of leechcraft. Even the wandering Arabs, who, it is said, had some skill in the application of plants and minerals to medicine, affected a knowledge of magic in their practice of it; and the same superstitions inoculated the Greeks, and subsequently the Romans.

When we remember the relation in which Greece stood to Egypt, it could scarcely have happened otherwise. Eighteen hundred and fifty-six years B.C., we find Inachus the Phœnician founding Argos. Three hundred years nearer the Christian era, Cecrops had peopled Attica with Egyptians; and in 1493 B.C., Cadmus built Thebes upon the model of the Thebes of Egypt, and introduced, with the alphabet, her gods and superstitions. What wonder, then, that we find the amulets and talismans of the East—the ibis, the scarabæus, and sacred hieroglyphics, engraved on rings, or worn suspended from the neck, or fashioned into necklaces—in constant use amongst the early Grecians? The stones of which these amulets were formed, and on which these images were graven, were always chosen with reference to their own reputed virtues; and the fact that the majority of the fine engravings of antiquity are executed in cornelian, speaks to the lover of such lore of more than the aptitude of the stone for the art of the graver, and exhibits, in the frequency of its use, a pleasing trait of these antique people in their domestic relations, though shaded with the mask of superstition; for it was supposed to appease anger, and make peace and love reign in households that were unhappily the scene of strife and hatred.

The virtues of the scarab, worn as an amulet, were so numerous, that Moufet tells us we should scarcely believe them, if we could not *put faith* in what Pliny says: "Inasmuch as a scarabæus carved on an emerald is a certain remedy against all poisons;" nor is it only efficacious in such cases, but of infinite service worn in a ring, when any one wishes to obtain an audience of a king or a favour from a great man. But Pliny is not talking of the scarab, but of the *emerald*—one of those sea-green emeralds, growing amongst the rocks in that island of Upper Egypt that Plutarch tells us was for ever guarded by serpents, which in Egyptian mythology represent the god Cneph, or good genius, though Christians regard them as the type of Asmodia; and he tells us that one of these precious stones, engraved with an eagle, or the flies named beetles, has not only the qualities Moufet has quoted, but that it also averts hail and bad weather, properties which Ambrosius also affirms of it.

The emerald made a part of the rich merchandise which the Syrians imported to the sea-bound Tyre, and glittered no doubt upon the finger, or in the bracelet, or lay secreted upon the breasts of many a merchant prince and sea captain, as well as amongst the talismans of the landowner—a spell to calm the tempest, and ward off the insect spoilers from the summer fruits and harvest.

Gerard Legh, in his "Accedens of Armory: Imprinted at London, in Flete Strete, within Temple Barre, at the Sign of the Hande and Starre, by Richard Tottle, A.D. 1568," remarks of the emerald (or scriptural smaragde) that "Ecclesiastes, in commendation thereof, maketh the comparison, that as the myrth of music comforteth the spirits, so the *smaragde* comforteth the sight, by which the heart receiveth joy"—a scriptural allusion to the eastern belief that this gem cleared the vision and helped against illusions. It was doubtless with this impression (insisted on when Pliny wrote) that we find the Emperor Nero, at the spectacles and theatres of old Rome, using a large emerald as the frequenters of the opera-house and theatres of our times do their lorgnettes; but the modern use of green glasses, to refresh the optic nerve and assist the sight, proves how much of fact lay hidden in the fable of its virtues. But its effect on the serpent tribe was exactly the reverse; for it was believed in the East, that if a snake or serpent fixed his eyes on the green lustre of this transparent stone, it immediately became blind; when we add to the former as good as proven quality, that it comforted the vital spirits—so wrote the natural historians of the times—increased riches, and made the wearer prevail in play, we think an excellent case has been made out to account for the popularity of the sea-green gem, which shone in the second row upon the breastplate of the Jewish high-priest, and remains to this day one of the most precious in the regalia of kings.

Yet in comparison with the potent diamond, which Pliny prettily thinks should grow nowhere but in a mine of gold, though he owns it is a miracle to find it there, the spells of the emerald become few and insignificant. Not even the wild legends of oriental superstition could have ascribed to this genii-guarded gem more various and mysterious influences than did the western nations of Europe through the long night of intellectual darkness that followed the destruction of the Roman empire, and continued till the dawn of the Reformation.

Precious above all other natural bodies, its value was further enhanced by the spiritual influences imputed to it, and which promised the fortunate possessor immunity from almost every ill that flesh is heir to. It insured the wearer long life, rendered him invincible, and drove away those vain imaginings that set men beside themselves, dispelled vain fears, resisted witchcraft, and tested conjugal fidelity; borne on the *left shoulder*, says Discorides, "it hath virtue against chidings and strifes of enemies," and, better still, made peace in the domestic circle. At its touch, the magnet lost its power of attraction, and diseases, though they had baffled every other mode of treatment, vanished. It was an antidote to poison; though, on the other hand, Paracelsus tells us that the powder of the diamond was so fatal that no remedy could correct its venom! No wonder that the Persian kings wore gems upon their foreheads, when the very possession of them not only conveyed the knowledge of wealth and grandeur, but was supposed to endow the wearer with supernal power! The Storr and Mortimers, and Hunts and Roskilis, of those days must have driven a pretty complex business; physics, astrology, magic, and a knowledge of *icons*, must have entered largely into the *materia* of their tradescraft. The matter, the mounting, the figure—not only for amulets, but the more potent talisman graven at some particular moment of time, and when a certain star was in the ascendant or certain planets in conjunction, and the whole finished with superstitious rites and ceremonies—must have given a mysterious air to their *ateliers*, sombre and fear-brooding as the laboratory of an alchymist of the middle ages.

THE TOWERS OF DUNKIRK AND SARAGOSSA.

The towers represented in the accompanying engravings are assuredly not of the same origin, for they were erected at different epochs, and their architecture is very dis-similar. They are connected, however, by a popular ceremony, which is celebrated in both places—the procession of the giants, which is represented in both illustrations. The sole difference consists in the costume of the effigies which figure as the heroes of the *fête*. At Dunkirk the giants are always three in number, supposed to represent father and sons, and wear helmets and coats of mail; at Saragossa the number is also three, but they wear the turban and flowing robes of the Moslem. These gigantic effigies are formed, in both cases, of wickerwork, and are always carried, at Saragossa as well as at Dunkirk, past the great clock tower.

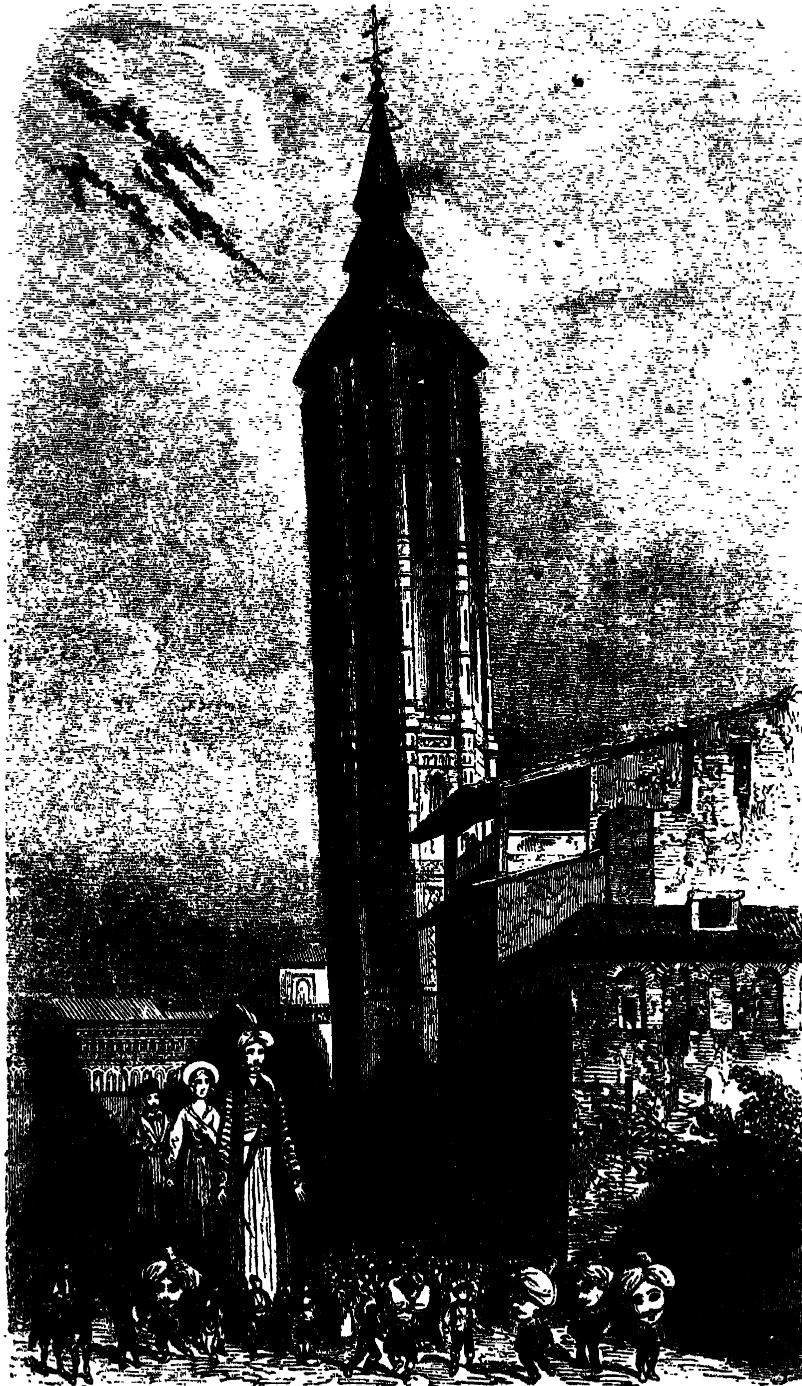
This singular procession seems to be of Spanish origin, and its introduction into Dunkirk probably took place while Flanders was subjected to Spanish domination. At Saragossa it was instituted after the expulsion of the Moors, of which event it appears to be a festival commemoration. A French origin has, however, been claimed for the Dunkirk *fête*, on the ground that a similar ceremony is observed at Douay, which is shown by documentary evidence still in existence to have been instituted in 1580, "in honour of God and all the celestial court, and of Monseigneur St. Morand (the patron saint of Douay), to whom thanks are to be given for the taking and keeping of this town by the French, on the 10th of June." In 1670, however, the day of celebration was changed to the 6th of July, in commemoration of the capture of the town by the troops of Louis XIV. Some historians assert that all the Flemish *fêtes* were introduced by Charles V., who sought by this means to neutralise the dissatisfaction of the people by amusing them.

THE CLOCK TOWER AT DUNKIRK.

The clock tower at Dunkirk was erected previously to 1440, in which year it is recorded that the town possessed only one church, and that the inhabitants, being desirous of obtaining additional accommodation for worship, erected another, using the existing tower for the porch and for containing the clock. This church was destroyed by fire in 1558, but the tower was uninjured. A new

church was built subsequently, but at a little distance from the tower. This church, dedicated to St. Eloi, still exists. On the redemption of Dunkirk by Louis XIV., it was stipulated that all the towers and belfries should be pulled down to the level of the housetops, but the inhabitants of Dunkirk evaded the treaty as regarded the clock tower, by building a little house on it, which served as a temporary landmark to the mariners frequenting the port, whom the treaty had deprived of the beacon which had hitherto been their guide.

It is asserted that on a clear day the towers of Dover Castle can be discerned from the roof of this tower, which was used by the astronomer Cassini for his observations, and served MM. Arago and Biot for the same purpose when they were determining the measurement of the earth.



THE CLOCK TOWER AT SARAGOSSA.

The clock tower of Saragossa is of later origin than that at Dunkirk, having been commenced in 1504, and finished in 1515. It inclines towards the street in a very remarkable manner, reminding the traveller of the singular leaning towers of Pisa and Bologna. The basement is constructed entirely of cut stone, and is perfectly perpendicular; it is the superstructure, which is built with bricks, that overhangs the street, and looks as if it were about to fall into it. The bricks on that side appear as if crushed by the superincumbent mass, and in some places have lost half their thickness. The inhabitants entertain no fear of its fall, for it began to lean towards the street, as it is seen at present, very soon after it was completed, and has not yielded any further since. Indeed, during the siege of the city by the French, in 1809, a shell burst exactly over it, without at all impairing its solidity.

SELF-DENIAL;

V.

When once I was in the street, I sat down upon a distant step and wept. Then I rose and walked along towards town. As I went, I bought a basket. I laid out every farthing I had, in articles of food. I bought meat, bread, tea, sugar, and other necessaries. I purchased a small joint for the next day, and some steak for supper. With all this I sallied home, as proud as if I had really done something very wonderful.

I reached the door, and, as I did so, looked up at my window. I saw a man's shadow on the blind. I almost fell with shame and sorrow. I could have fled and concealed myself for ever from their sight. I knew it must be the noble Charles Ogilvy. All the past flashed before me like a panorama. Would *he* have lowered her and made her suffer in this way? I was quite sure he would not. I felt it was not in his nature.

Never before or since have I felt such humiliation.

But I had repented of my sin, and I was ready to bear the punishment without flinching.

I knocked at the door. Mrs Brown opened it to me.

"Goodness gracious," said she, "what a load!"

"Hush!" I replied, "I don't want her to know. Have you got a fire?"

"A beautiful fire," she replied, in a half timid tone, as if she feared my acts were the freaks of intoxication.

Now, my good Mrs. Brown, I have been neglecting that dear little wife of mine, and making a fool of myself; but never mind, that's all over now. Just come along with me into the kitchen." The girl had left about a month, because we could not pay her.

"Well to be sure" said Mrs. Brown, as I displayed my riches, "this *is* a treat. The fact is, Mr. Mildmay, she has neglected herself lately. When you are not at home she never thinks about cooking."

I almost choked. I knew it was because there was nothing to cook. But on this point I said nothing, satisfied that my wife having kept her secret herself, would be pained indeed if I revealed it.

"Now, Mrs. Brown," said I, for I was rather diffident about appearing upstairs suddenly, myself. "Will you lay the cloth for supper up stairs. There is Mr. Ogilvy with my wife, and there is nothing he likes better than taking a little supper with us."

The old woman was about to move, when I heard Charles Ogilvy come out on the landing.

"I won't stop to-night," he said, with affected carelessness; "as he is out, I will come to-morrow morning. I am anxious to see him after three months of absence.

"I am sure he won't be long," replied my wife, who in reality was overwhelmed with sorrow; "he never stops out—very late."

"But it is late," said Charles, good humouredly, "and I must be off. Good night, Mrs. Mildmay. Good night, baby."

"Good night, Charles," replied Edith, slowly.

"Good night! no such thing," said I popping out of the kitchen. "Don't you smell the steaks? Here am I broiling away like a martyr, to get you a nice hot supper, as our Mary is gone, and you are running away. How do you do, old boy?"

"Why I thought you were out, Edward," said my wife, almost overwhelmed with surprise.

"So I have been out to market to be sure," I replied cheerfully, "I am coming. Only let me wash my hands, and I will join you."

They went into the room where Mrs. Brown was busy laying the cloth, and in a few minutes I followed. I shook Charles heartily by the hand.

"My dear fellow," said I, when we were alone, "you have come here on a very auspicious evening—auspicious, I mean, in comparison with all those of the last three months."

Charles looked bewildered. Edith made signs to me to hold my tongue. But I would not be checked. I was determined to speak the truth, to unburden my conscience to a friend, and thus have support even against myself. I told the whole story, of which Charles had no conception. I watched him narrowly as he listened to me. His lips were compressed once or twice convulsively, and his hands were clenched. He turned pale and red in turns. At last I ceased.

"Edward," he said, warmly, "to say I am not grieved at what has passed would be to assert that which is not true; and I have never soiled my lips with a falsehood. I heard at the —— office that there was something wrong, that you kept rather late hours, and I had a hint about Herbert having your place."

I groaned in reply, but said nothing articulate.

"Never mind," continued Charles, cheerfully, "you only stick to work, and all will be right. They say themselves they will try you another month, so that is all right. Nothing is wanting to place you where you were, but to keep your own excellent resolutions."

From that night I went no more to my old haunts. But I had a rude battle now to carry on against my difficulties. I had very little coming in, while for a week or two I was unable to commence my new work. I persevered, however, and the bright smiles of my wife were my best reward. We contrived as well as we could for some time. I worked very hard; my paper gave me a good deal of work, and I pushed on with my book with increased energy. It was impossible quite to conceal our position from Charles, and, not concealing it, we were compelled to receive assistance from him. We always, however, made light of our difficulties, and, above all, took care to be cheerful and happy. And we were happy. Edith had such a joy in her child that no other cares or sorrow could touch her while the babe was well.

At last my book was finished and I left it with a publisher. That was a proud day too; for it is something to have written a book, especially when one feels that it has been written with care and under the influence of high aspirations. I was now in a very great state of anxiety. I leave it to the imagination of my reader to tell all the dreams that now came to me by day and by night. I could scarcely sleep. I considered that on this work depended my whole future.

At the end of a fortnight I called on Messieurs ———. I sent in my name. I was requested to walk into a very neat, very elegant apartment, where a gentleman asked me to take a chair. He then quietly informed me that he could give me no answer just yet, he was very sorry—"

"I hope you will excuse my anxiety," I said rising, and speaking with some little trepidation, for the man before me was one on whose will depended the fate of my whole future existence. He was a scholar and a gentleman; but he was that awful thing to an author's mind, a publisher.

"Quite natural, my dear sir," said the other blandly; "but we have so many manuscripts on hand just now, that the gentlemen who read for us are quite unable to keep pace with them."

I returned home, like a very weak personage as I was, with a very serious face. I was too young in my profession not to feel overwhelmed with disappointment at the very natural interview I had had with the world-renowned Mr. ——. Edith saw it at once.

"No success, Edward," she said, with a little sigh, for I had promised her so many things—not luxuries, but necessaries. "Well, never mind; you must try some one else."

"But I have no answer of any kind," I said, with a mortified look.

"No news is good news," said the little woman, with a jocund laugh, tossing the baby into my arms; "there nurse that, papa, while I get the dinner."

I took the little one, and as I sat with it in my arms, very unreasonably wished authorship at the bottom of the sea, mused about the philosophy of sweeping a crossing, wondered whether I could get a clerk's place, and, in fact, thought the usual amount of nonsense which a disappointed man will think. In reality I ought to have been very thankful that, with my youth and inexperience, I was able to support a wife at all.

That evening I walked down to the Strand and called on Charles. I told him my day's adventure with a very solemn face. He laughed at me.

"You unreasonable dog, you," he said; "why, if I get a brief in five years after I am called I shall be satisfied."

"But you have an income," I replied.

"Not an income to enable me to fight my way at the bar," said he, with his gentle smile. "I know it well, and I am working hard at short-hand. The gallery is the place for a young and barrister."

"Indeed!" I cried; "have you made up your mind to it?"

SCENES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

The scenes which we have chosen for illustration present America under two very different aspects: in one, asserting liberty—in the other, maintaining loyalty; in the first, denouncing the executive of kingly power—in the second, fighting nobly in defence of monarchy; in the former, speaking with a stern, strong voice, the same hard truths it uttered at Bunker's Hill—and, in the latter, proclaiming the sentiments which were almost universally held till

BACON ADDRESSING THE COUNCIL.

DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

American blood, shed by English soldiery, crimsoned the snow in the streets of Boston.

They are both of them grand subjects, picturing incidents worthy

of the country and the people. We propose, as briefly as may be, to tell the stories that they illustrate.

Who is this, that stands so proudly in the presence of the Governor of Virginia, and compels—veritably compels—him to sign a commission, as truly as Cromwell swept away the Long Parliament, or Napoleon scattered the Council of Elders? It is Nathaniel Bacon, a young man scarcely thirty, who has studied law in London, but who, leaving the old country, has come to the colonies, and is "popularly inclined." He possessed all the qualities which people want in a leader—"a complete man," singularly endowed with a persuasive eloquence and quickness of apprehension.

Virginia—the beautiful land of Sir Walter Raleigh, who first beheld it in all its pristine grandeur—was reduced to sore distress. A fatal change had taken place in the constitution of the state; and, betrayed by one in whom they had almost blindly trusted, the people felt the hard, pressing, crippling tendencies of a foreign policy. They had been free, as free as the elk in the valleys yet untrodden by the foot of man; they had rejoiced in that liberty, and with a brisk trade and increasing affluence had hailed with shouts of joy and blazing bonfires the restoration of King Charles II. But then a change came. The liberty they had loved was to be taken from them; the trade that had been brisk and thriving was stunted by the Navigation Laws; the democratic tendencies which some of their laws exhibited were carefully weeded out, as cockle from among the barley; the executive power was no longer dependent on the will of the people, but on that of a monarch thousands of miles away; and the freedom of religious sentiment clean gone for ever. Canons, liturgy, and catechism took the place of the "old ways," and Virginia found too late that her people had shouted and lighted their bonfires to very little good; that the promises even of a king were not always redeemed; and that old Hebrew wisdom was as true and fresh in the seventeenth century of the Christian era as when Solomon sat on the throne of Israel, and that consequently it would have been far wiser not to have put their trust in princes.

In our enlightened age it seems almost incredible that any man in authority should express himself as follows:—"Thank God, there are no free schools, nor printing; and I hope we shall not have them for these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world; and printing has divulged them and libelled the best of governments. God keep us from both!" So spake, however, the sage Sir William Berkeley, sapient governor of Virginia. Under such rule and authority the people became seriously alarmed; what were the beautiful succession of valleys on the other side of the Blue Mountains, what the rich vegetation of their plains to them, if every means was to be employed to impoverish the subject and enrich the ruler; when, added to all the local and incidental tyranny of such government, the king bestowed one day in a merry humour upon his favourite, the Earl of Arlington, "all the dominion of land and water called Virginia, for the full term of thirty-one years, together with all quit-rents, escheats, the power to grant land, and all other powers of absolute sovereignty!"

The people of Virginia found their alarm to be turning rapidly into discontent, and discontent into a desire to resist the tyranny that so cruelly oppressed them. In the grand old forests, under the shade of night, they met and talked over their grievances. Glimmering, half-red embers, if laid together, get into the brightest white glow. Matters were coming to a crisis. At this time portentous omens were observed—a comet stretched its fiery tail across the black canopy of night—a fearful plague of flies settled on the land—the Indian war, which had slumbered so long, broke out again with tenfold violence; the war-whoop sounded—the signal of death to many a peaceful family; atrocities of the most frightful description were perpetrated; but the governor adopted no measures to put an end to the struggle; he disregarded all the appeals for defence, until, irritated by their wrongs, they determined to help themselves, and looked round for a leader. That leader was found. The hour had come, and the hour brought the man—Nathaniel Bacon stepped forward as the champion of the people.

The governor sternly forbade the people to arm, or to attack the Indians—he had an interest in the beaver trade, and it might have interfered with that; but despite his commands they prepared for the fray, and young Bacon protested that if he was denied a commission, he would march against the Indians with no other commission than his sword. A white man was slain—scalped to the music of the warwhoop—the Red Skins fell upon some of Bacon's personal friends, and slew them with every aggravation of cruelty. He pursued them, and was himself pursued by the troops of the governor. Circumstances, however, prevented an encounter, Bacon was victorious over the Indians, returned in triumph, was elected a member of the council, confessed his error (so they termed it), in taking up arms without a commission, was promised a commission on the Monday—that being Saturday—so that the colony rang with applause, and Bacon was the hero of the hour.

When Monday came there was no commission for the self-made captain. With many idle words and a variety of pretexts, the granting of the commission was deferred from hour to hour, and from day to day. Worn out with such treatment, and suspecting treachery, Bacon withdrew from Jamestown. Writs were issued for his apprehension, and he came, not as a prisoner, not loaded with irons like the unhappy Drummond, but at the head of a considerable army, the sight of which made Governor Berkeley tremble with fear, under his robes of state, and rush forth in a sort of tragic excitement, baring his breast and crying:—

"Here, shoot me! 'Fore God, a fair mark! shoot."

"No, may it please your honour," Bacon answered, "we will not hurt a hair of your head, or of any other man's; we are come for a commission to save our lives from the Indians, which you have so often promised, and now we will have it before we go."

The governor looked hopelessly around; there met his glance on every side the same waving crowd of stern determined faces, the same dense forest of spears, and the shout rang through the air, "We'll have it! we'll have it!" He turned and entered the State House, followed by Bacon, and as the shout of the people still arose, one of the council went to a window and harangued them into quietness, scattering down soft and gentle promises as thick as snow flakes on a wintry day. While this man was speaking to the people, Bacon addressed the council, not confining himself to the Indian disturbances, but condemning the exorbitant taxes, the corruptions of the administration, and mourning over the grievances of the country. The commission was signed, the harbinger of a better legislation, on the 4th of July, 1676, one hundred years to a day before the signing of the final Declaration of Independence.

What followed need be told very briefly. Attempts were made to do away with the force of the commission, and Bacon was branded as a rebel; he and his people swore to defend themselves and the liberties of their country, not only against Governor Berkeley, but against England itself. Sarah Drummond lifted a small stick from the ground and broke it, saying, she feared the power of England no more than a broken straw. The civil war commenced. Jamestown was besieged by Bacon and his forces. Those within were unable to withstand those without. A tyrant is proverbially a coward. Berkeley was the first to fly. Next day Jamestown was in flames, and the ruins of the church tower and one or two gravestones in the churchyard are the only remaining memorials of the place. The revolutionary spirit spread. The fire of enthusiasm caught, and far and near the people turned out against English rule. Bacon was the leader in that tremendous struggle, a prelude to the more tremendous struggle to be made a century later; but in the midst of his triumphs disease attacked him, and he who had faced death on the battle field unscathed, fell beneath the malaria of the Jamestown marshes. There was no one to finish his work; as is generally supposed, the people sank the body of their chief in the majestic waters of the York river, they buried their cause with him, and the rest was blood and murder, and rampant tyranny trampling down all honest zeal with its iron heels.

But now of our second sketch. It is about eighty years later in American history. The French war was the one grand theme in America as well as in England. Virginia was in a state of perpetual alarm, for the Indians had joined with the French, and accomplished fearful and deadly work. Scalping parties advanced to the very centre of Massachusetts, and it became necessary that some earnest effort to repel these attacks should be made at once. The

address which Minister Pitt made to the colonies was cheerfully responded to. In one year Massachusetts advanced a sum of £250,000, and seven thousand men. Individual Boston merchants paid taxes to the amount of £500. Everything was in proportion. Into the details of the war we cannot enter here; the spirit of loyalty exhibited by the Americans, and their prompt and cheerful union with the English troops, is evident enough. There was neither trifling nor delay; stern work was to be done and they did it bravely. One man was conspicuous in that war; his heroic courage and persevering zeal will never be forgotten. This was General Wolfe. The fatigues which he underwent during the campaign brought on a fever, which, for a time, disabled him from action; but when unable to move, he still devised plans of attack and defence. The city to be won was Quebec. It rose in all its majesty and beauty on the north side of the St. Lawrence, as if "its stony strength would laugh a siege to scorn." Its defences were most formidable; and when the English commander approached its walls, they seemed indeed impregnable. But there was one chance of victory if the enemy could be induced to come to open action. Under the darkness of night the English sailed up the St. Lawrence, landed on the Quebec side, and gained the heights at the back of the city. When the morning came they displayed their serried ranks before the foe. There was a frightful battle, and, strangely, both commanders fell. The French general, Montcalm, who behaved with the utmost gallantry, was mortally wounded; and as Wolfe was advancing with his men, he received three wounds, the third—the fatal third—ending his life. When struck, he said to an officer near him, "Support me; do not let my brave fellows see me fall!" They carried him to the rear. As he lay upon the ground in the agonies of death, a shout was raised—"They run, they run!" He raised himself and asked, "Who runs?" "The enemy!" was the reply. "Then," said he, "I die happy!"

"After the battle, General Townsend conducted the English affairs with great discretion. The French, on their part, appear to have yielded at once to the suggestion of their fears. The capitulation of Quebec was signed five days after the battle. Favourable terms were granted to the garrison.

"General Townsend returning to England, General Murray was left in command, with a garrison of five thousand men. The French army retired to Montreal, and M. De Levi, who had succeeded Montcalm, being reinforced by Canadians and Indians, returned the following spring, 1760, with six thousand men to Quebec. General Murray left the fortress, and a second, still more bloody battle was fought on the heights of Abraham. Each army lost about one thousand men, but the French maintained their ground, and the English took refuge within the fortress. Here they were closely invested, until, having received reinforcements, M. De Levi abandoned all hope of regaining possession of Quebec, and returned to Montreal, where Vaudreuil, the governor, assembled all the force of Canada.

"Desirous of completing this great conquest, the northern colonies joyfully contributed their aid, and towards the close of the summer three armies were on their way to Montreal; Amherst, at the head of ten thousand men, together with a thousand Indians of the Six Nations, headed by Sir William Johnson; Murray, with four thousand men from Quebec; and Haviland, at the head of three thousand five hundred men, by way of Champlain. The force which was thus brought against Montreal was irresistible, but it was not needed; for Vaudreuil, the governor, surrendered without a struggle. The British flag floated on the city; and not alone was possession given of Montreal, but of Presque Isles, Detroit, Mackinaw, and all the other posts of western Canada. About four thousand regular troops were to be sent to France, and to the Canadians were guaranteed their property and liberty of worship."

The American colonists throughout this great warfare which dragged the nations to the verge of bankruptcy—fully sustained the claims of England, and fought nobly and successfully for the old country. But in fighting for England they defended America; and while engaged in that warfare learnt the use of arms, turned their land into a military college, and prepared themselves for that tremendous struggle which was yet to come.

THE MYSTERIES OF ELEUSIS.

In breathless silence, so overcome are they by the expectancy of a startling revelation, a number of persons stand, amid profound darkness, in the subterranean hall of the famous temple of Eleusis. They have bathed in the sea, and put on white robes, symbolical of their repentance of all past misdeeds; they have sworn the initiatory oath of secrecy, and now they stand there, a crowd of the noblest and most virtuous men and women from all parts of Greece, awaiting the moment when the veil which the hand of policy has drawn around the objects of the national worship shall be withdrawn, and the truth be declared to them. The philosophers are not there, for their own inquiries and deductions have left them nothing to learn which the hierophants of the Eleusinia can teach; the enslaved helots and the rude and licentious mob are not there, for the rulers of the state fear that they might become dangerous were the shackles of a superstitious faith lifted from their minds. Nor are any notorious evil-doers, or persons suspected of great crimes there; none such are permitted to approach the mysteries, initiation in which constituted at once the baptism and communion of ancient paganism. Even a Roman emperor, at a period, too, when the power of Greece was gone, was refused admission until he had cleared himself by oath of the suspicion of a crime.

Not a sound disturbs the solemn stillness—not a glimmer of light irradiates the Cimmerian gloom. The silence and the darkness create a feeling of awe. All at once lightning flashes athwart the gloom, and thunder rolls heavily through the subterranean chamber. The awe of the assembled aspirants increases to a vague terror. Again the lightning flashes, more vividly than before, and then all is dark again, seeming darker for the momentary illumination. A pause of awe-inspiring silence succeeds and then a faint light is perceptible at the further end of the mystic chamber of initiation. Gradually that faint glimmer increases, until the wall seems a curtain of light, which evidently proceeds from behind it, for only a dim twilight fills the chamber, in which the spectators can scarcely see each other's features. The aspirants are relieved of their fears, but their curiosity is wound up to the highest pitch.

The hierophants now sing one of those hymns attributed to Orpheus, of which only a fragment of one has been preserved. Then is seen that phantasmagorial procession of the fabled deities of the Greek creed which is alluded to by several ancient writers, and as all the *dramatis personæ* of Olympus and Tartarus pass slowly before the wondering spectators, the chant of the hierophants informs them that all the stories of the gods which constitute the vulgar belief are mere inventions of the poets, and proclaims the power and glory of the One True God. A revelation so startling, which demolishes at one blow all that fabric of poetic religion which had been built up in the mind, causes some to look sadder as they wend their way homeward, while others walk with a bolder step and a loftier brow, and smile as they glance towards the marble statues of the gods—now to them marble statues, and nothing more.

It is easy to understand, with this knowledge of what constituted the mysteries of Eleusis, the feelings with which Alcibiades, under the combined influence of wine and excitement, rushed from the banquet of his friends, and roaming through the streets of Athens, struck off the noses of the marble gods. For this he was accused of impiety, for every one was forbidden to reveal the secrets of the Eleusinia, and the old superstitions had to be kept up, as a means of ruling those who were not under the influence of virtue and religion. We can understand, also, why the philosophers were seldom among the initiated. The unity of God and the immortality of the soul, the secret doctrines revealed to the initiated of Eleusis, were those which were taught in the schools of Anaxagoras and Socrates. Nor must we suppose that it was for their theism that the former was banished, and the latter poisoned; the resentments of faction had much to do with the condemnation of both, but the charge of impiety concealed this, at the same time that it rendered the task of crushing them more easy, by arming their enemies with the influence of the priesthood, and the clamour of the ignorant and uninitiated mob.

BUCHAREST AND THE WALLACHIANS.

BUCHAREST is agreeably situated in a wide and fertile plain, on the eastern bank of the Dumbovitza. Its name signifies "the city of enjoyment," but beyond its agreeable situation, it has little claim to such an inviting appellation. Its first appearance creates ideas of beauty and magnificence, which are doomed to speedy disappointment. The towers and domes of sixty churches and the turrets of numerous convents, rising among gardens and promenades shaded by trees, give it an agreeable aspect as the traveller approaches it; but once within its streets the illusion ceases. Wooden cabins rise in the close vicinity of marble palaces, and a heap of ruins is seen next to a splendid hotel; while in some parts there are whole streets of wooden or mud huts, without either pavement or drainage.

The plan of the town is very irregular, as it consists of sixty-seven quarters, which are the property of as many boyards, on whose lands colonies of their serfs have gradually accumulated. The residences of the boyards are spacious, and built of stone. The palace of the hospodar is a large and irregular pile of buildings, used instead of the modern palace, which was destroyed by fire in 1812. This building and the metropolitan church are both situated in the principal square, and in the centre of the town. The principal street, Sogonomokoi, is as crowded and lively in the afternoon as the Boulevards of Paris.

GREEK CHURCH AT BUCHAREST.

The boyards vie with each other in the splendour of their equipages, and frequently ruin themselves by their ostentation and extravagance. The magnificence of their costume, and the rich liveries of their numerous servants, contrast strangely with the rude and simple garb of the working classes, and still more with the slovenly and dirty appearance of the Jewish usurers.

There are sixty churches, none of which have fewer than three steeples or towers, and many no less than six; some even have as many as nine. A coat of brilliant stucco usually covers the fronts, and the roofs, as in Russia, are covered with tin, and painted green. A profusion of statues generally encumbers the peristyle, and the picture of some saint is often placed over the principal entrance. The nave is ornamented with statues and pictures, and separated from the choir by a handsome screen, which serves to conceal the altar, on certain occasions. Our illustration above will give an idea of the more modest of these edifices. There are also a Roman Catholic and a Lutheran church, and a synagogue for the Jews. Seven of the Greek churches, as well as the twenty monasteries, are surrounded by walls. The other principal edifices deserving of notice are, a large bazaar, several hospitals, and the residences of the foreign consuls, among which that of the Austrian consul is the most handsome.

Schools are numerous enough in Bucharest and the neighbourhood but it is only within the last twenty years that education has made much progress. French is taught almost universally, and is the pivot of the national system. The Lyceum for young Greeks is conducted by twelve professors, and the example set by the German portion of the population, mostly skilled operatives from Saxony, has led to the establishment of several other schools. There is also a society of the belles lettres, a public library, and several reading-rooms, supplied with the German and Russian newspapers.

In one respect, Bucharest well deserves the name of "the city o enjoyment." The people are extremely gay, fond of music and dancing, and addicted to sensual pleasures generally. For such tastes and desires there is abundant provision. The city is full of taverns and coffee-houses, nearly every one of which has a room devoted to billiards, bagatelle or cards. Casinos and concert-rooms are as numerous as in Paris, and music is heard at night in every street. There is also a theatre, where French operas, dramas, and vaudevilles are represented by native performers. The saloon is crowded nightly with the beauties of the city, dressed in their gayest attire, and with the rich boyards and gay officers of the army. The white uniforms of the Austrians have now replaced the green jackets of the Russians, but the brilliant throng is as gay and sparkling as ever. The pit presents a curious *mélange* of all the Oriental types, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Bulgarians, etc.

But for observing these various types and national costumes and peculiarities, the traveller will not find a place better adapted than the annual fairs, particularly the great fair of St. Peter, held at Giurgevo, a town on the Danube, opposite Rustshuk. There the picturesque costumes of Wallachia may be seen in the greatest variety. Tall, robust men, with long black hair falling upon their

shoulders from beneath a fez of scarlet or blue cloth, and dark moustaches, hanging down like those of the Tartars; pelisses trimmed with fur, the cloak thrown over the left shoulder, breeches of remarkable amplitude, and high boots: such are the men of the middle class, who can command some of the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. Mixed with these are seen peasants in their broad-rimmed hats, loose jackets and leather girdles, each carrying a staff that will serve for a stout weapon as well as for an assistant on the road; Jew pedlars, meanly dressed and excessively dirty, displaying their wares; and Bulgarian shepherds and herdsmen, clad in sheepskins, and stamped indelibly with an impression of servility and brutish degradation. The costumes of the women are even more picturesque than those of the men. The ladies of Bucharest, particularly among the resident aristocracy, adopt the Parisian fashions, though much less picturesque than the national costume of their countrywomen of the rural districts. This consists of a white veil, which covers the head and falls down behind over the shoulders; a dress full in the body, and coming close to the throat, with loose sleeves, and rather short in the skirt, which is sometimes embroidered a little above the hem; and over this a loose jacket, with sleeves nearly as long as those of the dress. The hair is often ornamented with strings of gilt or mother-of-pearl beads, and falls down behind in two and sometimes three long plaits, which are tied at the end with ribbon. Women of the humbler classes wear a very loose garment, with long, loose sleeves, and over this a petticoat of a darker colour, open down the right side, and confined at the waist with a girdle. The under-garment scarcely reaches the ankles, and about six inches of the skirt is shown below the petticoat. Very often their feet are bare, and their long black hair, instead of being plaited, falls loosely over their shoulders, and waves in the breeze as they walk.

Gipsies, of whom there are said to be 90,000 in Wallachia, also attend this and other fairs in great numbers, some offering wooden bowls and spoons for sale, or telling the fortunes of the credulous; while others attend the lower sort of taverns, or set up booths in the fair, the young women dancing, and the men playing various rude instruments of music. Juggling tricks are also exhibited by some of them, and, indeed, the fair depends very much upon these tawny wanderers for the amusements offered to the people.

It is the opinion of some writers that the Wallachians are descended from the Roman colonists whom the Emperor Trajan sent into Dacia; but this is extremely doubtful, for Vopiscus states that, when Aurelian ceded Dacia to the Goths, he removed the Roman colonists into Mœsia, and there is no trace of such a population in Dacia at any subsequent period. The Byzantine historians, on the other hand, frequently mention a people called Vlachi, who lived chiefly in the country round Mount Pindus; and in the twelfth century a great number of these people, being oppressed by the Greek emperor, left Thrace, and settled north of the Danube. A fresh emigration took place in the thirteenth century, after the extermination of the original inhabitants of Dacia by the Tartars. That the Wallachians are descended from the Vlachi is most probable, especially as the same people are still found in Thrace and the neighbouring provinces. Moreover, there is no trace of the introduction of the Greek religion into Wallachia by missionaries, as was the case in Russia; for the Vlachi were already converted to Christianity, and carried their religion with them.

The basis of the language spoken in Wallachia is Latin, which contributes about half the words, the remainder being derived from the Greek, Albanian, and Sclavonic languages. The alphabet resembles the Russian, and contains forty-two letters; it was invented by Bishop Cyrillus, about the year 870, and is called after his name. Literature, however, is at a very low ebb in Wallachia, though some of the more enlightened boyards have endeavoured to substitute the Roman characters for the Cyrillian, with the view of promoting it. Many ancient chronicles and other works exist in manuscript, and will probably be published when the country is under a better system of administration, and education has made greater progress. There is a newspaper, called "The Wallachian Courier," published at Bucharest, and another in the Wallachian language at Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, called "The Bee." There is little difference between Moldavia and Wallachia, the two provinces having originally been one country, and the people and language are the same. Much ignorance prevails among the bulk of the population, which will take a long time to remove; but considerable progress in civilisation has been made during the last twenty years, and wherever progress is visible, hopes may be entertained of better things to come.

The Austrian occupation of the principalities promises to be as inimical to their progress, and to the well-being of their inhabitants, as was that of the Russians, and only with the return of peace can we hope for very marked signs of progress. War is a sad retarder of civilisation, but its results in this case will probably be beneficial.

FAIR OF ST. PETER, AT GIURGEVO.

LORD COLLINGWOOD.

We now come to another of those traits of character, which, though not of a nature to be widely known, mark the temperament of the great and good man. Lord Collingwood, from his earliest years, held the practice of flogging in great dislike; he would recommend no officer, however skilful, that indulged in severe corporal chastisement. When a commander, he rarely ever practised it; and when compelled, was always seen to suffer inwardly and to be much depressed afterwards. When flogging seemed imperative, he limited the lashes to a few, and always remitted his punishment when he could. Yet so excellent was he deemed as a disciplinarian, that, after the Mutiny of the Nore, several of the most violent mutineers were drafted into the Excellent. "Send them to Collingwood;" Lord St. Vincent used to say, "and he will reform them." Yet this was effected more by kindness than severity of any sort, and often by a minute consideration of the feelings of his men, of which he was very careful. "If you do not know a man's name," he told his officers, "call him 'Sailor,' and not 'You-sir,' and such other appellations: they are offensive and improper." Of the sick, his care was exemplary indeed; even when admiral, he personally visited them, and inquired after their wants and welfare. And thus he came to be reverenced more like a father than a commander, while his command was perfect and complete: for though kind to his seamen, he never permitted himself to unbend too much, and preserved a dignity and an awe about him which went far with some of the spirits with which he had to deal. Such was the example he set his officers, and thus he contrived to dispense with severer methods of discipline. One day his favourite lieutenant, Clavell, being out of humour with some of his men, exclaimed: "I wish I were captain, for your sakes!" The admiral happened to overhear this, and tapping him on the shoulder, said: "Pray, Clavell, what *could* you have done if you had been captain?" "I would have flogged them, sir, preciously well," answered the lieutenant, still in a passion. "No, you would not, Clavell—no, you would not," quietly rejoined the admiral; "I know *you* better." In fact, it was said of him, that his officers were more afraid of him than his ordinary seamen, which in one sense was true; for though his reproofs were gentlemanly and considerate, yet such was the quickness of his eye, that he detected the most trifling disorder or carelessness, and *never omitted to notice them*, however small.

With all this kindness of nature, however, and consideration of those *under* his command, he would brook nothing resembling slight or insult, or wanton disregard of propriety, in those *above* him. On one occasion, when post-captain, he evinced this resolute maintenance of dignity in rather a marked way. When off Cadiz, the Excellent was signalled to close with the admiral's ship; and, in running down, the signal was made five or six times for altering her course—first to one side, then the other—and at last for a lieutenant. Captain Collingwood, who had observed this in silence, ordered *his* boat to be manned, and accompanied his lieutenant. On boarding the admiral's ship, he ordered his lieutenant, when the order was copied, to bring it to him. In the meantime, he walked the quarter-deck with Lord St. Vincent and Sir Robert Calder. When the order was brought he read it aloud, and it turned out to be merely to receive two bags of onions for the use of the sick. "Bless me!" exclaimed Collingwood; "is this the service, my Lord —— ? Is this the service, Sir Robert? Has the Excellent's course been five or six times altered for two bags of onions? Man my boat, sir"—turning to his lieutenant—"and let us get on board again." Nor could all the civilities of Lord St. Vincent detain him to dinner.

Another prominent characteristic of this admirable seaman was his economy of naval stores. Nothing irritated him so much as waste of the nation's resources, and his most severe reproofs were always elicited by any flagrant waste of naval means on the part of inferior commanders. On some such occasion he once broke out:—"That man would exhaust a dockyard, and still want! Do you think such *gentlemen* should go to sea: they certainly [illegible] regard nor fuel for the future necessities of their country." On another he said: "That officer should never sail without a storeship in company. He knows as much seamanship as the king's attorney-general. I wouldn't trust him with a boat in a trout-stream!" Had the navy possessed more Collingwoods, our "national debt," would have been somewhat less bulky than it is.

Collingwood's employment, for some time after this, was of a desultory nature. He was to blockade Cadiz, and to cut off the trade of the Spanish ports. Whilst thus engaged, his friend Nelson achieved the victory "of the Nile," as it is called, though fought in Aboukir Bay. His letter to Sir Horatio, soon to become Lord Nelson, does honour both to his head and heart. He was above the meaner passions; envy or jealousy had no room in his breast. Yet it is evident how strongly he wished to have been present; and, in a familiar letter to Captain Ball, he laments that, whilst they are winning victories that may change the fate of Europe, he is only "watching market-boats and cabbage-carriers off St. Lucars!" In this harassing duty Collingwood was employed till 1801, when that famous coalition against the naval supremacy of Great Britain, at the head of which was the Russian autocrat Paul, was organised. At this period Collingwood was ordered to Plymouth, and here he had the happiness of meeting once more his wife and children, whom he had not seen for some years. The interview was short, for he was again ordered to sea, where he remained until the Peace of Amiens was signed, when he rejoined his beloved wife and family at Morpeth, in Northumberland, now their place of residence. During this period, he took great pains with the education of his daughters; and there exist, in the hands of his relatives now living, various abridgments of particular portions of English history, with remarks by Collingwood, written with great power and terseness, for his daughters' use. He hated all trifling occupations, even for females; and his own spare time was spent in cultivating his garden on the banks of the beautiful river Wansbeck, and in draining and planting his grounds. It is said a brother seaman, who called upon him here, sought him through his garden in vain, until at last he was discovered, with Scott, his gardener, hard at work in the bottom of a deep trench which they were cutting. He, however, read steadily and wrote occasionally, and so well that one of the ministers, with whom he afterwards had to correspond, used to say: "Where did Collingwood get his style? I can't conceive where—but he writes better than any of us."

In 1803, war had been rekindled, and Collingwood's services were soon in requisition. He was ordered to reinforce the squadron of Admiral Cornwallis off Brest. On Nelson's own application, his friend Collingwood was given him as second in a command which only ended with the lives of both. They soon had to engage in that terrible and final conflict off Cape Trafalgar, which will long be remembered. The circumstances of that greatest of naval conflicts are generally known. The share which Collingwood had in it was certainly extraordinary, and his reliance upon the discipline and bravery of his crew must have been complete to induce such a man to run the apparent risk he did. His conduct on the eve of this terrible action is eminently characteristic of the cool courage of the man. Smith, his servant, entering the cabin, found the admiral dressing himself. Collingwood told him to look to leeward, and he would see the French fleet, adding, "We shall soon see more o them." But, continued Smith, the narrator of this scene, "I looked more at the admiral, who was shaving himself with a composure that quite astonished me." Lieutenant Clavell coming down dressed in boots, the admiral remarked to him, "You had better, Clavell, put on silk stockings, as I have done. If one gets a shot in the leg, they are much more manageable for the surgeon." He then went through the decks and encouraged the men, and finally addressed the officers, saying, in conclusion—"Now, gentlemen, we are to do something to-day which the world will talk of hereafter." The result is known to all; but it is a remarkable fact, that Collingwood's flag-ship so much outsailed all the rest, that when he closed with the enemy, the nearest of his followers was a mile astern. It is said that this daring conduct greatly affected the spirits of the enemy; and that, from the first, the French commander despaired of success. There is nothing like this in the naval records even of England. Towards the close of the conflict, Collingwood went on board the Victory to visit his dying Commander-in-Chief: on his reaching the cock-pit, however, Lord Nelson had just expired.

From this time forward until his death, the life of Lord Collingwood was one of harassing anxiety and wearing occupation. He was now Commander-in-Chief of this great fleet; and his correspondence with the ministers and other officials, both of his own and other countries, was varied and incessant; and when to this was added the care of such a force, it was more than any man of his age could long sustain. That Lord Collingwood ardently desired to be suffered to rejoin his family, and to recruit, if possible, his sinking health, is on melancholy record. No successor could, however, be found for such a man and at such a crisis; and he was suffered to die at his post, worn down by labour and confinement on board ship. A few extracts from his correspondence, and anecdotes of his conduct, will best illustrate the plain and practical nobility of his character, his manly contempt for all corruption and frivolity, his devotion to his country, and next to his family, his high morality, and his deep sense of religion, as evinced more in act than word. Lord Collingwood's constant attention to economy in naval stores has already been adverted to; but one proof of it is of a nature so singular that we cannot resist relating it. In the hottest part of the battle off Cape St. Vincent, when closely engaged with the San Isidro, Collingwood was heard to observe to his boatswain, at that time near him, "Bless me, Mr. Peffers, how came we to forget to bend our *old* topsail? They are quite ruining that *new one*. It will never be worth a farthing again!" Of his hate for everything mercenary, the following passage of a letter to Lady Collingwood, written soon after his creation as a peer, affords ample proof, especially when it is recollected that his whole revenue at that moment was not more than £1,100 per annum: "I am afraid the fees for this patent will be large, and will pinch me; but, never mind. Let others solicit pensions: I am an Englishman, and will never ask for money as a favour." On another occasion he writes to his lady in this strain:—"Here are several officers so much in distress, that they cannot get home; but what can I do? The Admiralty will not say a word to me about the prizes, the promotion of officers, or any subject! I never did, nor will I ever do anything but what I think conducive to the public good. I am not ambitious of power or wealth more than I have; nor have I connexions of any kind to sway me from the strict line of duty to the country. I have neither sons nor cousins to promote by any of those tricks which I have ever held in contempt; so that when I err, it will be from the head and not from the heart." To his father-in-law, Mr. Blackett, he thus expresses himself in reference to the pension voted him by parliament: "The pension was most honourable to me, as it flowed voluntarily from his majesty's bounty; but if I had a favour to ask, money would be the last thing I would beg from an impoverished country. I am not a Jew, whose god is gold; nor a Swiss, whose services are to be counted against so much money. I have motives for my conduct, which I would not give in exchange for a hundred pensions." It would be easy to multiply these noble passages twenty-fold; but our limits tell us we must, with whatever difficulty, curb our inclination, and refrain.

We have already given proofs of this amiable and great man's deep love for his family, and his desire to inspire them with sentiments resembling his own. What can be finer than the following remarks addressed to his lady, with reference to the education of his daughters, in the year 1806:—"To inspire them with a love of every thing that is honourable and virtuous, though in rags, and with contempt for vanity in embroidery, is the way to make them the darlings of my heart. They should not only read, but it requires a careful selection of books, nor should they ever have access to two at the same time; but when a subject is begun, it should be finished before anything more is undertaken. How it would enlarge their minds, if they could acquire a sufficient knowledge of mathematics and of astronomy to give them an idea of the beauty and wonders of the creation! I am persuaded that the generality of people, and particularly 'fine ladies,' only adore God because they are told it is proper, and the fashion to go to church. But I would have my girls gain such a knowledge of the works of the creation, that they may have a fixed idea of the nature of that Being who could be the author of such a world."

That Collingwood was truly a philosopher, as well as a hero, the following exquisite passage surely demonstrates. It occurs in a letter to his lady of October 25th, 1806:—"I have written enough about money; and between ourselves, Sarah, I believe there is more plague in it than comfort, and that the limits of our Morpeth garden and the lawn would have afforded us as much happiness as we shall ever have. I have lived long enough in the world to know that human felicity has nothing to do with *exteriors*—then let us cultivate it in our own minds."

When writing to his daughters, he often indulged in a strain of light sarcasm and keen jocularity. He tells his eldest girl: "I think I know the character of a lady pretty nearly from her handwriting. The *dashers* are all impudent, however they may conceal it from themselves or others; and the *scribblers* flatter themselves with the vain hope that as their letter cannot be read, it may be mistaken for *sense!*" With lazy, incompetent officers he had no patience. Of one, he says: "He is living *on* the navy, not serving *in it*. L——, too, is applying to go home. *If he goes, he may stay*. I have no notion of people making the navy's mere convenience for themselves, *as if it were a public establishment for loungers!*"

We now conclude. This great man died at sea on the 7th of March, 1810, of a disease brought on by long confinement and over toil, at the age of fifty-nine, a martyr to his devotion to his country. Posterity will not fail to do him full justice, and recognise him as an example to be admired, studied, and imitated by all who pursue a profession of which his character is one of the greatest ornaments.

THE ORGAN MOUNTAINS.

The Serra dos Orgãos, or Organ Mountains, are a branch of the Serra do Mar, or sea range, which runs parallel to the coast of Brazil, between the Bay of Santos and Cape Frio. The highest summits of this range rise to about 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, and the passes over them to from 2,000 to 2,500 feet; their distance from the coast is scarcely anywhere more than twenty miles, but south of the Bay of Santos, where they begin to be called Serra Cubatão, they recede to sixty or eighty miles from the coast.

In that portion of their course adjacent to the river Macacu these mountains are elevated into a great number of inaccessible peaks, some of them of very singular forms, and the name of the range is derived from a faint resemblance which several of them bear to the pipes of an organ. The highest of these peaks is 3,606 feet above the level of the Atlantic, and its summit has seldom been reached by man, for only the hardy hunter and the enthusiastic naturalist have ventured to climb its craggy and precipitous sides in pursuit of game or in quest of rare specimens of natural history. The picturesque spot represented in our illustration rises in the rear of Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil, and, with some other sites in the range, has been for several years a place of pilgrimage for persons whose health has suffered from the intensity of the tropical heat during the summer months. Europeans, who are especially liable to the enervating influence of the Brazilian climate, find their faculties renewed by a timely removal to the eastern slopes of the Organ Mountains, where, the tropical heat being tempered by the breezes which have blown from the Atlantic, and the atmosphere rarefied by the elevation of the site, they find a climate as agreeable as that of Sicily or Andalusia. According to Dr. Sigaud, physician to his imperial majesty, Don Pedro II., there are nearly always seven or eight degrees of difference between the temperature of Rio Janeiro and that of the Organ Mountains at the height indicated by the houses shown in the illustration. Hail and sleet, which sometimes, though at rather rare intervals, fall in Rio Janeiro, come more frequently in these mountains, but we [illegible] admit the statements of those authors who assert that the [illegible]

of the Organ Mountains are constantly covered with clouds, and that their summits, whitened by the hoar-frost, present a striking contrast to the richly wooded hills of the lower region.

In the Organ Mountains, however, originate those violent storms which sometimes burst over Rio Janeiro; and from thence, also, blows that invigorating wind designated by the Brazilians by the significant name of *vento terral*, which exercises so agreeable an influence upon the hygienic condition of the city.

Favoured by the delightful coolness enjoyed in this portion of the province, Mr. Marsh, an able English horticulturist, has been for several years engaged in acclimatising experiments, and has succeeded even beyond his hopes. The greater part of the fruits and useful vegetables of southern Europe, already naturalised under the happy climate of Minas Geraes, are now produced in equal perfection under the tropical sun of Rio Janeiro. By the judicious application of his horticultural skill and experience, Mr. Marsh has succeeded in producing excellent cherries, and pears and apples very little inferior to those of Europe. The exceptional climate of the Organ Mountains, influenced by the causes we have noticed, has enabled him to place the most delicious fruits of Europe on the tables of the wealthy Brazilians, in competition with the luscious horticultural productions of the tropics. Our strawberries now unite their perfume with that of *aracas* and ruddy *pitanguas*, and the peach takes its place by the side of the yellow and glossy-skinned *caja*, the *mara caja*, the taste of which reminds the partaker of that of the prune, the *gambuca*, which has an agreeable acid flavour and the colour of the apricot, and the *jabuticaba*, which grows abundantly in bunches, and is a most refreshing fruit. It is right to mention here that, sometime before Mr. Marsh began his experiments, a [illegible], the Count de Gestas, had already enriched the fruit [illegible] markets of Rio Janeiro with some of the productions of his own country, and was engaged in further attempts at accli-

[...]NS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

The marvellous riches of nature reserved in the Organ Mountains for the explorations of future botanists, are said to surpass the most glowing conceptions of the imagination. Gardner, the traveller, who, while pursuing his scientific investigations in the Organ Mountains in 1837, was for several months the guest of Mr. Marsh, has painted these beautiful solitudes with the enthusiasm of a lover of nature, and speaks of the region as the "land of promise" of botanists. The whole of Brazil, in fact, is characterised by the same rich exuberance of vegetation. A great part of the interior is overspread with magnificent forests, which have hitherto been trodden only by the jaguar and the native hunter, and in which vegetation prevails in its most wondrous and gigantic forms. Tall palms and arboreal ferns are tangled with rope-vines and other climbers; mahogany and caoutchouc trees support screens of flowering trailers; and everywhere beneath them is a thick undergrowth of aloes, agaves, and prickly creepers, which sometimes render the forests absolutely impassable. "In the interior of the new continent," says Humboldt, "we almost accustomed ourselves to regard man as not being essential to the order of nature. The earth is loaded with plants, and nothing impedes their development. An immense layer of free mould manifests the uninterrupted action of organic powers. The crocodiles are masters of the rivers; the jaguars, peccaries, and monkeys traverse the forests without fear and without danger: there they dwell as in an ancient inheritance. This aspect of animated nature, in which man is nothing, has something in it strange and sad. To this we reconcile ourselves with difficulty on the ocean and amid the sands of Africa; though in these scenes, where nothing recalls to mind our fields, our woods, and our streams, we are less astonished at the vast solitude through which we pass. Here, in a fertile country, adorned with eternal verdure, we seek in vain the traces of the power of man; we seem to be transported into a world altogether

FRENCH ART PRIZES.

In France there has of late years been a good deal said in disparagement of the School of Fine Art and the Roman Academy. Divers opinions have been held as to the utility of the noble creation of Colbert's, and the liberal institutions of Louis XIV. Yet are they well calculated to excite emulation, and their rewards are such as to be thoroughly serviceable to the art-student. Many have slighted, if they have not denied, these advantages; and the result has been most unfavourable to art and artists. To make a pilgrimage to Rome, is the ardent desire that should animate every for that seven-hilled city — viz. the mistress of the world, once in Pagan glory, once again in Catholic Christianity —boasts of possessing the richest treasures, both in painting and in sculpture, which the world has ever seen. But the necessary expense attending a continued residence at Rome involves considerable outlay; and, as it sometimes, alas! too often happens, that the student's means are bounded by very narrow limits, the benefits arising from a sojourn in the Eternal City are denied to all but a favoured few. Nothing can be more appropriate, more in keeping with the aims of true [illegible] than to assist those who need such assistance to acquire that which they could not otherwise obtain.

This is effected by the French Academy by way of prize, and the very same plan is adopted by the Royal Academy of London. A promising student, whose talent is sufficient to entitle him to the prize, receives that which is the greatest of all prizes to him, the means of perfecting himself in his art by the study of those grand masterpieces which have won for their authors immortal names.

Among the painters who have been successful in obtaining prizes this year in France, we may mention M. Renard, whose admirable landscape is deserving of all praise. The grouping of the trees, the distant scene, the calm, still water, and the clear sky, testify the

HECTOR IMPLORING THE GODS FOR HIS SON.—BY CARPEAUX.

A FAWN.—BY CUMERY.

talent of the artist. M. Giacomotti exhibits a very fine composition, representing "Abraham washing the Feet of three Angels." Both of these works have obtained for their authors the grand prize—the first in landscape painting, and the second for figure drawing. The sculptures are also very good. The subjects which we present have gained the first and second prize. The first, "Hector imploring the Gods for his Son" is a very masterly composition, and M. Carpeaux has fairly earned the prize he has obtained. The second, "A Fawn," by M. Cumery, is also deserving of great praise. The accusation [illegible]ly often brought against

this exhibition, that it has failed to answer the end proposed, cannot, at all events this year, be maintained. There has been of late a steady progress, and we trust that still further advancement will be made. The first prize for engraving was obtained by M. Soumey.

THE GRAVES OF BYRON AND MARY CHAWORTH.

The tourist in the midland counties, if he be an admirer of the genius of Byron, as well as a lover of the beautiful in nature, should leave the railway at Derby, and inquire the way to the hamlet of Hucknall, where the noble poet lies interred. The road is over a wide moor, formerly a part of Sherwood Forest, the scene of the exploits of Robin Hood and his "merrie men;" and many a fragment of ballad lore will occur to the tourist's recollection, as he pursues his way through the yellow-blossoming furze, and sees a magnificent oak here and there spreading its branches over the track. The road is very indifferent, and the soil sandy; but on a fine morning in summer no pedestrian excursion can be more delightful. After a walk of seven or eight miles, the tourist reaches a primitive-looking wayside ale-house, which, according to the traditions of the neighbourhood, was a resort of Robin Hood and his stalwart lieutenant, Little John; but the hostelry looks much more modern than the tradition would indicate, and the bold foresters of Sherwood loved to quaff their nut-brown ale under the shade of the venerable trees.

About a mile beyond this lonely little inn, almost the only habitation of man which is seen during the walk, the tourist reaches Annesley Park, the birthplace of Mary Chaworth, whose beauty captivated the heart of the poet in his boyish days. Through the park lies the nearest path to Hucknall; and as the tourist wends his way onward, he will have no difficulty in recognising the scene of "The Dream." There is the "gentle hill," on which the poet and Mary Chaworth met, and which is still

> "Green and of mild declivity, the last,
> As 'twere the cape, of a long ridge of such,
> Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
> But a most living landscape."

But the "trees of circular array" are gone, and the broad branches of the oaks no longer shade the spot where the "youth and maiden" of "The Dream" once stood together, in the sunny time of their youth, ere disappointment and misfortune had clouded the path of either. The scenery of the park, however, is very picturesque, groves of magnificent oaks crowning the surrounding hills, and numbers of deer reclining beneath the shade of the venerable trees in the park, or cropping the verdant herbage.

Hucknall is a mere straggling hamlet, without any other attraction than the poet's tomb, which suffices, however, to draw around it tourists of every civilised nation under the sun. It is approached from the park by a lane, shaded with tall hedges and bending trees, the branches of which, in some places, nearly meet overhead, forming an agreeable shade in the summer; and on reaching the village street, the tourist sees a comfortable-looking inn on one side, and a little distance before him the church. The latter is old and decayed, and everything about it, both within and without, bears the marks of neglect. The vault wherein the poet lies buried is covered with two large slabs of rough stone clumsily fitted together, and the floor of the church, which is of the same material, is broken and irregular. A plain white marble tablet, bearing an inscription to the poet's memory, is fitted into the wall, and surrounded by a black border. It is immediately above the vault, and beneath it are the armorial bearings of the Byron family carved in stone. The remains of the poet's mother lie near him, and opposite to his tomb is a stone bearing a long inscription commemorative of the virtues and services of a Byron who adhered to the fortunes of Charles I., and perished when

> "At Marston, with Rupert 'gainst traitors contending,
> Four brothers bedewed with their blood the bleak field."

The road from Hucknall to Newstead Abbey lies through a wood, and the foliage of oaks and pines forms an arch of verdure overhead for more than a mile. This part of the journey is very pleasant. Several clear streams cross the road, while footpaths lead off at different points into deep shades. At the end of the wood, the road runs over a gentle eminence, and on reaching its top the tourist sees the Gothic ruins of Newstead Abbey rising before him. They stand in a quiet valley, surrounded by green hills, and are partly mantled with ivy, which nearly covers the old chancel window. In one portion of the tastefully laid-out grounds, an oak planted by Byron is shown; and in a deep, shady dell, called the Devil's Wood, there is an old tree on which the poet, when he visited the spot in company with his sister on the evening before he left Newstead for ever, cut the following inscription:—

> BYRON, } Sept. 1814.
> AUGUSTA, }

The bark has partly grown over this interesting record, and some difficulty is now found in deciphering the date. Near this spot is a shady recess, formed by the intertwined branches of the oaks, overhung with ivy, and a sparkling spring called the Holy Well.

In the body of the abbey, among the ruins, are several figures in stone, and a fountain gurgles through an old and quaint piece of sculpture, realising the description of Byron:—

> "Amidst the court a Gothic fountain played,
> Symmetrical, yet decked with carvings quaint,
> Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
> And here perhaps a monster, there a saint.
> The spring gushed through grim mouths of granite made,
> And sparkled into basins, where it spent
> Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
> Like man's vain glories and his vainer troubles."

Should the tourist continue his ramble to the neighbourhood of Nottingham, than which he cannot do better, if he is fond of old English scenery, such as the railways are fast altering, he will find, below that town, on the romantic banks of the Trent, the large estate of the Musters family, whose patrimonial mansion is called Colwick Hall. This place has nothing to do with Byron, but there Mary Chaworth lived and died. The handsome exterior of Mr. Musters won the heart of the blue-eyed Mary, and she became his wife; but her life was blighted by his brutal manners and profligate habits, which rendered him an object of aversion to all the neighbourhood. During the reform riots of 1831, when Nottingham Castle was destroyed by an exasperated mob, the rioters visited Colwick Hall, and set fire to it, but it was not burnt down. Mrs. Musters fled from the house in alarm, and took refuge in a wood on the estate. Fright and exposure brought on an attack of fever, which terminated her existence after a few days' illness. She is buried in Colwick church, where her tomb is frequently visited by tourists.

The church is close to the hall, and is draped with ivy, and overshadowed by trees gray with age. The Trent flows close at hand, sparkling in the sunlight as its clear waters ripple over its pebbly bottom, murmuring the requiem of her who was the object of a great poet's love. She is spoken of in the neighbourhood as a woman of remarkable personal attractions, and of a character forming a bright contrast to that of the man to whom she was unhappily united. That Byron long remembered her with tenderness, is well known; probably he never ceased to do so. What might have been the results of their union, as regards the happiness of both, it is of course impossible to say; but we know the influence which the virtues and more spiritual character of Shelley had over the poet while they were together, and it is pleasing, though vain, to contemplate the far greater influence which such a woman as Mary Chaworth might have had upon a heart so susceptible of softening influences as that of Byron. Poor Byron! A feeling of sadness steals over us as we read his "Dream," and then think of the unhappiness of the "two beings" whom it immortalizes, and who now await the resurrection and the judgment, the one in the cold and dreary church of Hucknall, the other by the banks of the blue and winding Trent.

CERVANTES.

Don Miguel Cervantes Saavedra the author of the immortal romance of "Don Quixote," was born in 1547, at Alcala de Henarez, a town in the province of New Castile. His father, Don Rodrigo, was a poor hidalgo, or noble, one of those who possessed little more than a lance in the arm-rack, an old round shield, a bony and thick-set horse, and a lean greyhound. He had served his country by sea and by land, and talked often and with enthusiasm of his campaigns; but as he well knew the frightful cost of military glory, he sent his son to Madrid, to pursue there the studies necessary to prepare him for the more peaceful honours of the church. Don Miguel, however, after making considerable progress in his studies, renounced the prebends and bishoprics which his family had dreamt of for him, and resolved upon trying his fortune in the thorny paths of literature. In fact, he had made acquaintances among the students of the capital, and become a frequenter of taverns, where his wit and humour were admired, and he was easily converted to the opinion of his associates, that he possessed those qualities in an uncommon degree, and of the highest order. Thus it was that he conceived the idea of becoming a poet, and living upon the productions of his intellect, though he was unconscious at that time of the genius which he really possessed, and which revealed itself at a later period of his life.

Having taken this resolve, as it was necessary for him to eat and drink, he did not allow his pen to remain idle; but instead of making use of his own ideas, he employed those of others, after the example of his poetising companions. During two or three years he continued to produce rhymes resembling all the verse of that period of Spanish literature, mediocre as regards the style, and without any pretensions to originality of ideas. They brought him little else than compliments, that old currency which, worn as it is, always has for young poets the same sound and the same value as new pieces of gold. Always confident in the promises of his muse, but always ignorant of the side on which she called, he published, in 1569, a work on which he expected to establish his future renown as an author. It was a pastoral tale, entitled "Philene," in which he was no more successful than in verse, for it was as insipid, as improbable, and as wearisome as anything of the kind that ever emanated from the press.

Disappointed in the hopes with which he had embarked on a literary career, young Cervantes resolved to try the army. Destitute of all, yet doubting nothing, except the good taste of the Spanish public, full of illusions, loyalty, and courage, he left Madrid one fine morning, and returned to the paternal mansion, where he acquainted his father with his new views and hopes. The good hidalgo, with whom he remained some days, advised him to renounce his project, and seek employment at court. Finding, however, that Don Miguel was little disposed to listen to this advice, the old man saddled his lean Rosinante with a sigh, and gave the animal to the young adventurer. It was, alas! with his blessing, all that he had to give. Miguel mounted, bade his father adieu, and set out for Italy.

What golden dreams he indulged in on the road! He was assuredly now on the track of fortune. Italy was in arms; there was war also in Germany and France. Armies must need officers; the officers would require commanders. What an illimitable vista was opened to his ambition! Alas, for the bright beams of youth, the golden exhalations of the dawn of life! When he arrived in Italy, a truce had just been proclaimed, and the services of Don Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra were not required. It was a sad awakening from his glowing dreams to alight from his horse, and become, like Gil Blas, *valet de chambre* to a bishop, the cardinal Aquaviva; but such, in fact, was the only employment he could obtain.

In the following year, however, the war broke out again, and with more fury than before; and Cervantes threw off the livery of the cardinal, and enrolled himself under the banner of Marco Antonio [illegible] Duke of Palliano, who commanded the troops of the [illegible]. His first campaign was an unfortunate one. [illegible] was sent to the relief of the island of Cyprus, then [illegible] the Turks. The island was taken, the inhabitants were nearly exterminated, and the ship which carried Cervantes and his companions in arms narrowly escaped being captured by the fleet of the victorious Ottomans.

The vessel was then ordered to Lepanto, and in the terrible engagement off that place Cervantes greatly distinguished himself. Unfortunately, he received a shot-wound in his left arm, which crippled that member for the rest of his days. But as he did not need his left hand to hold his sword, this accident did not prevent him from continuing in the service, and he served against the Turks in the Morea until 1575, but without obtaining any solid advantage in return for the almost daily risk of life and limb. The bubble glory was his sole reward.

He now resolved to return to his native country, and embarked on board a galley for that purpose. After all, though he had not become a captain, he had lost the use of his left arm, and this would qualify him to wear his hat jauntily on one side, and raise his voice in the taverns when he talked of battles, and the dangers he had encountered by flood and field.

But, as that admirer of proverbial philosophy, Sancho Panza, was afterwards made to observe, "one misfortune never comes alone;" the galley in which he had embarked was captured by a corsair, and Cervantes, instead of returning to Madrid to tell long-winded stories of his exploits in the Morea, was carried into Algiers, and sold into slavery.

His first master was a Venetian renegade, called Hassan, who had become commander of the militia. This advancement, which had given him an authority of which few persons knew exactly the limits, caused him to be regarded with much fear, a feeling which was not, however, shared by our adventurer. It appears, on the contrary, that Cervantes inspired the renegade with a certain respect which does credit to his mental perception. Don Miguel had expected to be impaled for the feats of valour he had performed in the conflict which occurred before the corsairs became masters of his destiny, and was surprised to find that Hassan did not give him so much as a single blow, or even a hard word. The renegade was contented with exercising over him a surveillance which forbade every hope of escape.

Instead of being disheartened, Cervantes became more daring. Guarded by night and by day, and in a foreign country, escape was almost impossible; but Cervantes made several bold attempts, and even planned an insurrection of the slaves. All his schemes failed, however, and five years were passed in servitude and chains. In 1580 he was ransomed by the Fathers of Mercy, established at Algiers for the purpose of manumitting Christian slaves to the extent of their funds, and obtained a passage to his native country.

When he returned to Spain he was thirty-four years of age. His father was dead, and his cousin had sold the greater part of his little patrimony in order to effect his ransom from slavery. Being destitute of resources, he joined an expedition which was then preparing for the Azores, and was engaged in that and other expeditions four years. On again returning to Spain in 1584, he became enamoured of a young lady of noble birth, but as poor as himself, Donna Catharina Salasar y Palacios de Esquivias; and under the influence of this passion he resumed his pen, and wrote a pastoral tale in prose and verse, entitled "Galatea," in which he has introduced himself and the object of his attachment, as a shepherd and shepherdess, by the names of Elicio and Galatea. He shortly afterwards wedded the lady, and promised himself a life of domestic felicity and literary ease, for he was not yet weary of those illusions which make up the life of the enthusiastic, the disappointment consequent upon whose awakening is always in proportion to the brightness of their anticipations.

Disillusion came as before; his marriage had been, to speak like Sancho Panza once more, the union of hunger and thirst, and did not bring him the happiness he had anticipated. He continued to write, not for pleasure or for fame, but to obtain bread. Pressed, not by his muse, but by hunger and his creditors, he wrote thirty plays, which, he has assured us, were acted at Madrid with great success; but, judging of them by the two which alone have been preserved, we can only credit the assertion by supposing that the Madrilenos of that day were very good-natured or very deficient in

taste. It is certain that his success as a dramatic writer, whether real or pretended, did not prevent him from being very poor; and, in 1588, he solicited and obtained the insignificant office of assistant purveyor to the Indian fleets. He endeavoured to obtain some appointment in America, but without success; and in 1596 the purveyorship was abolished, and he was again thrown upon his own resources.

He appears, for some years subsequently to this period, to have lived a very unsettled and precarious life, wandering with his wife from town to town; sometimes employed in the capacity of agent to various municipalities and wealthy individuals, but always in him as being employed at this time as tithe-collector in the province of La Mancha, and as being arrested by the [illegible] of Argamasilla, and kept some time in prison, where he is supposed to have commenced "Don Quixote." The truthfulness with which he has described the scenery of La Mancha, and the manners and customs of the people, show that he must have passed some time in that province, and give a colour to these suppositions; but Navarrete, who has spared no trouble in investigating the most minute incidents of the life of Cervantes, has demonstrated that the story of his imprisonment rests on no other foundation than a vague tradition.

DON MIGUEL CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

necessitous circumstances. Two burlesque sonnets are all that remain of his literary productions of this period, which, probably, were not numerous. Perhaps we have in these two poems all that he wrote between his cessation from dramatic writing and the appearance of "Don Quixote."

The obscurity of his pursuits at this period is evidenced by the fact that nothing is really known of the manner in which he lived, and in what corner of Spain he concealed his misery, from the time of [illegible], in 1598, till we find him, four years later, living at [illegible]. Some authors, who have supplied from their own [illegible] the gaps in his life's history, have represented

The first part of his renowned romance appeared in 1604, and was dedicated to the Duke of Bejar. Of all the works of Cervantes, "Don Quixote" is the only one worthy of preservation; but this is a masterpiece, and perhaps the most original, the most amusing, and the most profound that exists in any language. Without superior to Molière, Lesage, Shakspeare, and the other painters of humanity whose works we admire, Cervantes [illegible] mankind in a broader point of view. His characters, [illegible] as they are, resemble a greater number than those which we [illegible] the stage or meet with in other novels. Harpagon, [illegible] Lovelace, do not represent varieties of the human [illegible]

numerous as those of which the knight of La Mancha and his trusty squire may be accepted as the types. All the world are not, thank Heaven! misers, hypocrites, or libertines; but who among us does not carry in himself his Don Quixote and his Sancho Panza! Who among us has not combated more than once in his life with windmills? Who among us has not run himself out of breath after that marvellous island which drew Sancho Panza in the footsteps of the cavalier? So much courage wasted, so many sword-thrusts in water, the hope which survives so many deceptions, and those charming conversations of the simple hidalgo with his worldly-minded squire—are not all these typical of what passes in the lives of all of us?

The gradual disenchantment of Cervantes from the illusions of his youth, had revealed to him the strength and scope of his genius. He no longer saw life through a rose-coloured medium, but in its reality. The tales of chivalry which had excited his enthusiasm in his youth now only called up a smile. Chivalry had gone out of Spain with the Moors, and in the rest of Europe only a vague souvenir of its former existence remained. Cervantes demonstrated that the institution was long dead, by resuscitating one of the knights-errant of old, and bringing him into ludicrous juxtaposition with modern manners, institutions, and modes of thought. His first intention was probably to parody the wild and incredible stories which were then current in Spain; but the character of Don Quixote was such a happy conception that he found it difficult to take leave of him; for the first and only time in his life, he was veritably inspired; he had created his hero himself, and found a subject in which he could resume the experience of his own life, his dreams of glory, his dreams of love, and all the rude lessons which [illegible] his illusions. He conducts us through the history of the [illegible] hidalgo, who squanders his substance in running after the [illegible] glory, and gets only hard blows; and introduces to us Sancho Panza, who is common sense by the side of imagination, and who, mounted on his ass, trots behind the knight, like tardy experience, always coming when the evil is done.

These two persons, Don Quixote and Sancho, are inseparable; they are soul and body, sun and shadow. One represents all that is lofty and generous in human nature, the other all that is grovelling and selfish. Give to Don Quixote a little of the hard common sense of his squire, or to Sancho a little of his master's heroism and loyalty, and of the two madmen you will have made a sage. But the elements of the two characters are seldom found in combination; imagination and common sense are qualities which possess little accordancy or power of cohesion. Prudence and experience are the cold currents which temper the generous ardour of enthusiasm and philanthropy, and give the individual the hardness of character which marks the man of the world.

"Don Quixote" made no sensation on its first appearance; it attracted, in fact, scarcely any notice. He continued to live, poor and forgotten, at Valladolid, or, according to some of his biographers, at Toledo, subsisting on the bounty of his patrons, the chief of whom at this time was the Count of Lemos. He was obliged, in order to obtain readers, to publish an anonymous pamphlet, in which he pretended that the work was, under the veil of an allegory, a satire on the reigning monarch, Philip III., and the principal persons about the court. The *ruse* succeeded; the work was read at court, and in a short time the whole of the edition was sold. A second, a third, and a fourth were demanded within the year in which it first appeared; but from two of these, printed at Valencia and Lisbon, it is probable that the author derived no profit. Our second illustration represents Cervantes receiving the welcome intelligence of the success of his stratagem to obtain popularity from his patron, the Count of Lemos. The poor author is sitting upon his bed, perhaps because the state of his wardrobe would not permit him to rise, and has been interrupted in his task of writing the second part of "Don Quixote." His wife stands near the head of

CERVANTES, HIS WIFE, AND THE COUNT OF LEMOS.

the humble couch, and the plumed hat, boarding axe, and stiletto of the hero of Lepanto are suspended against the whitewashed wall as memorials of his military exploits

According to some accounts, Philip III was so much pleased with this work that he wished to see the author, who was introduced to him by the Count of Lemos. Be this as it may, he was shortly after engaged by the Duke of Lerma, that monarch's minister, to write an account of the festivities, bull fights, religious ceremonies, etc., with which the British ambassador, Lord Howard, was entertained at Valladolid in 1605. In the following year he took up his abode in Madrid, and continued to reside there to the end of his life. In 1613, he published a collection of "Exemplary Tales," which are not only interesting and amusing, but have not the least taint of immorality, by which so much of the [illegible] literature of that period is infected. The tales are twelve in number, and [illegible] to the literary reputation of their author. In the following year his [illegible] appeared, a satire on the bad poets of the period [illegible] offended by the publication, and one of whom [illegible] continuation of the adventures of "Don Quixote," full of abuse of the author. The response of Cervantes to this attack was the publication of the second part of "Don Quixote," which [illegible] contrast to the miserable production of his traducer.

The other works of Cervantes are a collection of comedies and interludes, written in the new style of drama [illegible] by Lopez de Vega, published in 1615, but never acted, and a novel, entitled "Persiles and Sigismunda," the last [illegible] of his works, and written in a different style from any of them.

Cervantes died on the same day as Shakspeare, the 23rd of April, 1616, being then in his sixty-ninth year. He was buried without the least display in the convent of the Holy Trinity, at Madrid, in which his daughter Isabella had taken the veil four years previously. Some years afterwards the nuns removed to another convent, and the old one being pulled down, the remains of Cervantes were lost.

His fame spread rapidly throughout Europe, and the universality of his genius is proved by the many languages into which his great work has been translated, and the number of editions it has gone through. With the exception of "Robinson Crusoe," there is no work of fiction, the popularity of which can [illegible] comparison with that of "Don Quixote." In Spain, however, a long period elapsed before the work was so extensively read and appreciated as it has been in other countries. But its popularity has increased rapidly since the commencement of the last century, and within the last few years two monuments have been erected in Madrid to the memory of its author, one, a handsome bronze statue, which stands in the Plaza de las Cortes, on a pedestal of granite, ornamented with bas-reliefs representing subjects taken from "Don Quixote"; the other, the bust of Cervantes in white marble, placed over the door of the house in the Calle de Francos, in which he lived and died.

RELIGIOUS SECTS IN RUSSIA

Though there has never been any [illegible] secession from the established Greek Church, there are in Russia a considerable number of dissenting sects, the members of which are called generally Raskolniks, from the Russian verb *raskolot*, to split. The only considerable schism which we find on record is that which arose out of the emendation of the corrupted text of the Sclavonic version of the Scriptures in the middle of the seventeenth century. During the period of the Tartar domination, which greatly retarded the cultivation of learning, the text of the Scriptures became corrupted by omissions and interpolations, arising generally from the ignorance of those by whom they were transcribed. The propriety of obtaining a correct version was acknowledged on several occasions, and an attempt was made to remedy the evil, in the middle of the sixteenth century, by comparing the version in use with the Greek text [illegible] of the convent of Mount Athos, but he encountered so [illegible] opposition from the ignorant and bigoted clergy of Russia, [illegible] was done until more than a century afterwards. In [illegible] council was assembled at Moscow, presided over by Nicon, the patriarch of that city, which decided unanimously on the propriety of revising the corrupt text of the sacred books. [illegible] decision was approved by the patriarch of Constantinople, and the reigning czar, Alexis Michaelovitch, ordered the version of the Scriptures used by the churches of Greece and the East to be substituted for the corrupted version hitherto in use.

The bishop of Kolomna protested against the alteration as an heretical innovation, and was supported by a number of the inferior clergy, as well as of the lower classes of the people, all of whom were extremely ignorant. The strenuous opposition of the bishop and the schismatic clergy to the introduction of the new liturgy [illegible] the former to be deprived of his dignity, and confined in a monastery, in a remote part of the empire, where he died. His followers [illegible] and increased rapidly, especially in the northern provinces. The consequence was a terrible persecution, during which many of the opponents of the Niconian heresy [illegible] version of the Scriptures was termed, were put to death [illegible] Poland, and others into Bulgaria, where, under the protection of the Porte, they were secure from molestation. Many shut themselves up in their churches and setting fire to them suffered a horrible death, firmly believing that the baptism of fire would suffice to secure their salvation, and that their souls would [illegible] to heaven in the form of doves. [illegible] the fortified monastery of Solovetsk, situated [illegible] in the White Sea, where they defended themselves with the most dauntless courage against the troops sent to [illegible] for seven years. The place [illegible] taken by storm, and the defenders were all either put to the sword [illegible] than the flames by which their stronghold was destroyed.

A great number of the [illegible] generation had [illegible] the hostility of the priests to the new version of the Scriptures, and the severe persecution to which they were subjected in the following reign did not [illegible]. In the beginning of the reign of Peter the Great the [illegible] of their treatment provoked a dangerous tumult in Moscow, which led to a ukase granting toleration to the [illegible], but imposing a tax upon them, and requiring the [illegible] with a beard.

Though the terms Raskolniks, or dissenters, and Starovertzee, which signifies "those of the old faith," are in general applied indiscriminately to all who dissent from the established church of Russia, there are some considerable differences among them, both as regards doctrines, rites, and discipline. They may all be classed under two heads, the Popovshchina, or those who have priests, and the Bespopovshchina, or those who have no priests; the latter division comprehending a great variety of sects having nothing in common except the peculiarity which separates them from the former.

The Popovshchina approach nearest in doctrines and ceremonies to the established church, from which they differ on no essential point, notwithstanding the tenacity with which they adhere to their own notions. They use the old version of the Scriptures, and differ from the church as to the form of the cross. They repeat the "Hallelujah" only twice, instead of three times, adding, "Praised be the Lord," and use two fingers instead of three, in making the sign of the cross. They also differ from the church in beginning the procession from the left instead of the right. Shaving the beard is regarded as a deadly sin, in which opinion they are supported by the declaration of the general synod held at Moscow, in 1551, which denounced having the beard as the "most damnable and criminal of the heresies which are punishable by excommunication." The eating of hares and sausages, likewise prohibited by the synod of Moscow, and the use of tobacco and snuff, are also regarded by them as unlawful. They admit the ordination of the priests of the established church to be valid, although performed by heretical bishops, because it descends in uninterrupted succession from the times of "the true church," viz. before the revision of the Scriptures. They therefore admit among them priests who have been expelled from the established church for misconduct or heresy, without requiring them to be re-ordained.

The most important of the more heterodox sects, or those which have no priests, is that of the Pomoranes, which signifies "the inhabitants of the sea coasts," so called because it originated on the

shores of the White Sea. These maintain that all ordinations of priests of the established church since the time of the patriarch Nicon are invalid; that the administration of religious rites by them is a profanation; and that their churches are the abodes of Anti-Christ, whose reign has already commenced in spirit, though he is himself invisible. As a necessity arising out of the two former articles of their faith, they rebaptize all who join their communion, and also dissolve the marriages of such as have contracted matrimony. The couples thus disunited may be married again by those who officiate as ministers of religion in the sect. They confess one to another, administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper to themselves, and assemble for prayer in private houses. Their ministers are not ordained, and may follow any other vocation when they please, which is not allowed to the priests of the established church. The sacramental bread which they use, is said to be derived from some consecrated loaves saved from the monastery of Solovetzk when it was stormed by the imperial troops, which has been preserved and multiplied by working fragments of it into each successive dough. The bread thus prepared is considered as holy as the original, and every member of the sect is always provided with a crumb of it, that he may be able to administer the sacrament to himself in case of emergency. There are several subdivisions of this sect, the principal of which are the Theodosians and the Philippians, which are named after their respective founders, both of whom had been priests of the established church. The points of difference between them are very trifling, and relate merely to external forms of worship; but they are characterised by the wildest fanaticism, which manifests itself in the frequency of suicides among them, these ignorant and misled people believing that self-murder is pleasing to God, and that by it they obtain admission into heaven.

The Doochobortzee, or "combatants in spirit," first became known as a sect in the reign of the empress Anne, who appointed commissioners to inquire into their tenets. There are many points of resemblance between them and the Quakers and Moravians, and it is very probable that they are a branch of the latter sect. Like them they never take an oath, and are opposed to war. They entertain Unitarian opinions, and admit only the New Testament. They have neither churches nor priests, and in their devotions use only the Lord's Prayer. In the reigns of Catharine II. and Paul they were much persecuted, but bore every oppression with the same resignation as the followers of George Fox. Alexander accorded them toleration, and offered them waste lands in the south of Russia, which they have colonised and cultivated. Their settlements still flourish, and travellers have spoken highly of their industrious and frugal habits, and the simplicity and inoffensiveness of their manners.

The Choovstoenniki, or Sentamentalists, are a sect founded by a monk named Benedict, and very latitudinarian in their doctrines, which incline to deism. There is some confusion in the accounts respecting them, but it seems that they use the unrevised Scriptures and do not require those who join them to be rebaptized. The cause of the difference in the accounts given of them by different writers appears to be, that there are many shades of belief among them, some differing little from the Popovoshcheena, and others being Unitarians.

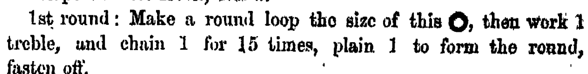
The Capitonian sect was also founded by a monk. Like the Pomoranes, they have no churches, but assemble for prayer and the celebration of their religious rites in private houses. They also dissolve the marriages of those who join them, and are said to live in a state of great licentiousness. They have a peculiar rite, which seems to be performed among them as the administration of the communion. A girl places on her head a sieve filled with raisins, which, after several prayers and prostrations, she distributes among the assembled sectaries.

The Shchelniki, or "chinkmen," form a numerous sect among [illegible] Don, and derive their name from the custom of kneeling, when they pray, before a chink through which a ray of light enters. They reject images, and never go to church, saying that God is omnipresent, and does not dwell in houses built by men. They use the revised version of the Scriptures, in which they differ from every other dissenting sect in the empire.

All the preceding sects are confined, for the most part, to the labouring classes, and seem to be on the increase, which is probably owing, in a great measure, to their zeal for making proselytes. Most of them display much hostility towards the established church, and an equal amount of unity and kindliness of feeling within their respective communions. Although they are no longer persecuted, they are only tolerated; they have no recognised existence, nor are their ministers and priests regarded as such by the government.

CROCHET HAIR-NET.

MATERIALS.—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, No. 12, or Purse-silk, the colour preferred, and Walker's Penelope Crochet Hook, No. 3.



1st round: Make a round loop the size of this O, then work 1 treble, and chain 1 for 15 times, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

2nd: Work 1 treble in the centre of the first 1 chain of last round, chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

3rd: Work 4 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 4 treble in the centre of the next 3 chain of last round, chain 3, miss the next 3 chain of last round, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round. (Chain 3 at the commencement of every round, which you must count as 1 treble, to save the fastening off; and instead of work 4 treble, as described in the first 4 treble of last round, work only 3, and the 3 chain will appear like 1 treble, so as to correspond with all the other 4 treble.)

4th: Work 4 treble at the top of the first 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the same place as before, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

5th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 2 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain as before, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be twice), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

6th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double treble* in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, then chain 1, and work 1 double treble for 5 times more in the same 3 chains as before, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be three times), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

7th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the 1 chain of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the 1 chain of last round (which will be four times more), chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chains of last round (which will be four times), chain 3, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

8th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 double in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 3 times), chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 5 times), chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

9th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 double in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be twice), chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1

* Double treble is worked the same as treble, with this difference: you pass the silk twice over the hook, and work each loop as 1 treble, which makes the stitch double the length of the treble.

treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 6 times), chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

10th: Work 4 treble at the top of the 4 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 double in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 1 double in the next 3 chain of last round, chain 2, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 7 times), chain 3, repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, chain 3 as before.

11th: Work 4 treble at the top of the first 4 treble of last round, work 4 treble at the top of the next 4 treble of last round, then chain 3 and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 8 times), chain 3, repeat round.

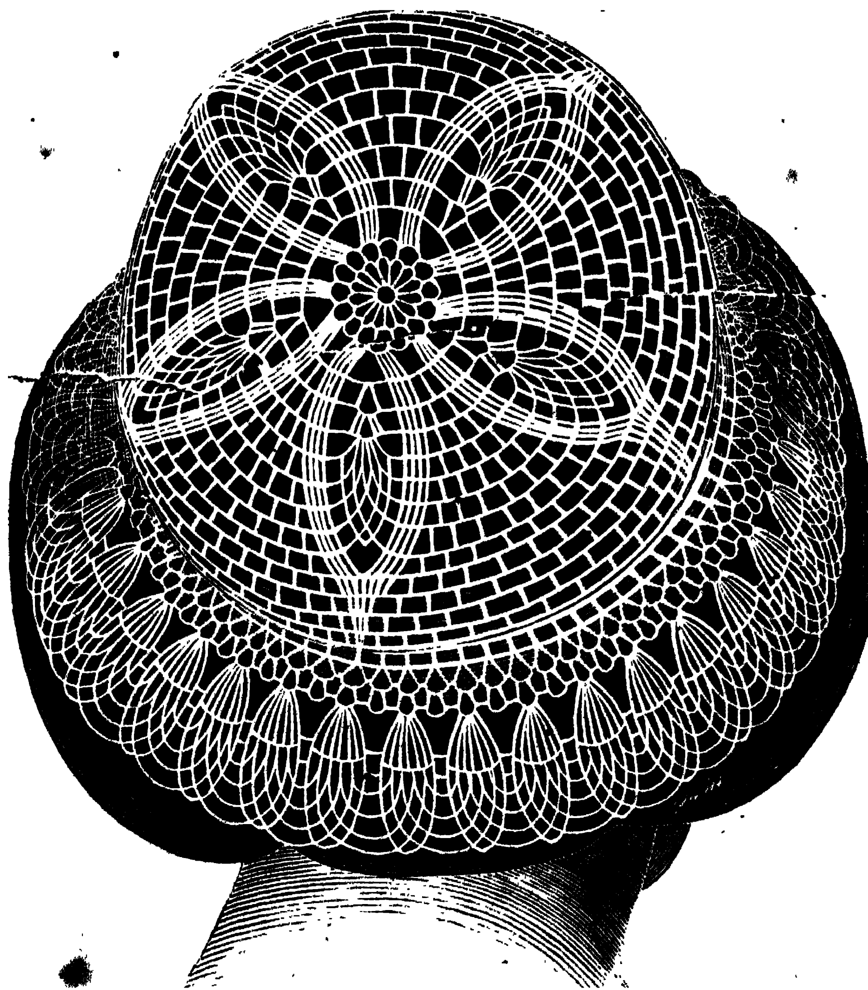
centre of the 3 chain of last round, repeat round, and after [illegible] the 8 round, work the

25th: Work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last [illegible] chain 3, work 1 treble in the same loop as before, repeat [illegible] having two treble at the top of each treble with 3 chain between them.

26th: Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last [illegible] chain 3, work 1 treble in the centre of the same 3 chain [illegible] repeat round.

27th: Work 7 double trebles in the centre of the first 3 [illegible] of last round, chain 3, miss the next 3 chain of last round, [illegible] repeat round.

28th: Work 1 double between the first 2 double treble of [illegible] round, then chain 5, and work 1 double between each double



CROCHET HAIR-NET.

12th: Work 7 treble at the top of the 8 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 9 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

13th: Work 5 treble at the top of the 7 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 10 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

14th: Work 3 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last round, then chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain of last round (which will be 11 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

[illegible]: Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, [illegible] chain 3, and work 1 treble in the centre of each of the 3 chain [illegible] (which will be 12 times), chain 3, and repeat round.

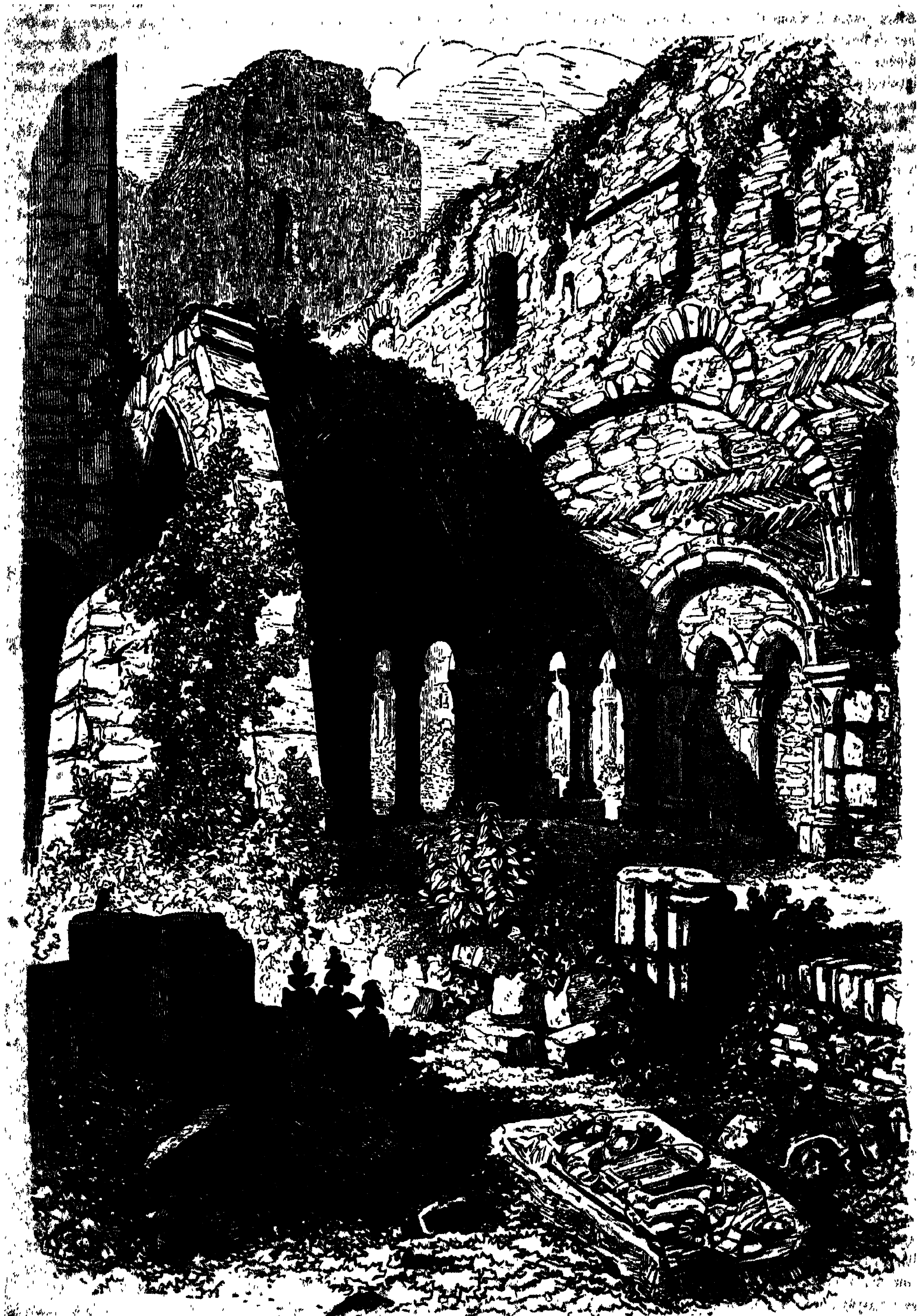
of last round (which will be 5 times more), chain 3, and repeat round.

29th: Work 1 double in the centre of the 5 chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat 4 times more, chain 8, and repeat round.

30th: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat 3 times more, chain 5, and repeat round.

31st: Work 1 double in the centre of the [illegible] chain of last round, chain 5, and repeat twice more, chain 7, and repeat round.

32nd: Work 1 double in the centre of the first 5 chain of last round, chain 5, work 1 double in the centre of the next 5 chain of last round, chain 9, and repeat round, fasten off, run a [illegible] elastic round the twelfth round from the edge, which



THE ABBEY OF ST. BAVON.

THE ABBEY OF ST. BAVON, AND CRYPT OF ST. MARY, AT GHENT

St. Amand, one of the first missionaries of the Christian faith in Flanders, founded, about the year 631, a chapel and a cloister, the former dedicated to St. Mary, and the latter to St. Peter, at the confluence of the rivers Scheldt and Lys, on the site of a fortress or intrenched camp which the old chroniclers call *Castrum Gandavum*. According to some authors, this *castrum* was a work of the Romans, others suppose it to have been constructed by the Normans during one of their earliest incursions into Gaul. Such portions of this fortress as were in good preservation were retained by St. Amand, and served in part for the foundations of his chapel and cloister; they still exist, and distinct traces may be observed of the kind of masonry known as herring-bone work, the chief characteristic of which is, that on each row of stones arranged obliquely from left to right, another row is placed leaning obliquely from right to left.

Allovin Bavon, prince of Hesbaye, having been converted from paganism by St. Amand, retired into the seclusion of the Abbey of St. Peter, and died in the odour of sanctity, in a cell which he had constructed near the cloisters. His beatification took place in 680, under Abbot Wilfred; the proclamation was made by St. Eloy, bishop of Noyon, and on this occasion the dedication of the abbey was changed from St. Peter to St. Bavon. The crypt of St. Mary, according to the most reliable accounts, was constructed in the time of Arnold the Great, count of Flanders, on the site of the chapel erected by St. Amand among the ruins of the *Castrum Gandavum*. This crypt, which is only in part subterranean, appears to have been restored about 1148, at which time it was newly consecrated by Anselm, bishop of Tournay. In it was interred St. Macaire, archbishop of Antioch, who died of the plague in the Abbey of St. Bavon, and was the last victim of the pitiless scourge which desolated Ghent in 1012. In 1177 the body of the archbishop was transferred to the sanctuary, where the holy relics were deposited; and in 1179 it was again removed, and placed in a special chapel, constructed above the lavatory, and consecrated to St. Macaire by Everard, bishop of Tournay.

The remains of the abbey and crypt are considerable; the walls are partly mantled with ivy, and bear evidence of their great antiquity. Shrubs and flowering plants grow profusely among the ruins, and broken columns and sculptured monuments meet the eye at every turn. A picture by Rubens, representing the reception of St. Bavon into the abbey, after having distributed all his worldly goods among the poor, adorns one of the numerous chapels of the cathedral of Ghent, which was originally dedicated to St. John, but took the name of St. Bavon in 1540, when Charles V. caused the collegiate chapter of the Abbey of St. Bavon to be removed to it. The picture was carried off by the French during their occupation of Belgium, but was restored in 1817.

SUPERSTITIONS CONNECTED WITH GEMS.

II.

The vulgar sigils and magic rings, with which the superstition of poverty sought to protect itself, made as distinct a branch of traffic from that of the dealers in precious stones and costly periapts, as exists at the present day between those of the rich goldsmith who supplies the jewelled altar-plate, and the purveyor of waxen saints and wooden rosaries for the use of the Roman Catholic [illegible].

Fragments of agate, amber, cornelian, and jasper, rough and unpolished, or rudely carved into the shape of beetles, animals, eyes, fingers, or other parts of the body, and suspended about the person, or strung into a necklace, served as a charm, and were probably [illegible] bought at the shops of such tradesmen as Eudamus [illegible], or Phertatus (in Antiphanes), who grew rich by [illegible] supposed to possess magic qualities, at the low [illegible] drachma (about tenpence) each.

A jeweller of those antique times must have known more of the [illegible], the secret fears, the prevailing passions or unbreathed [illegible] from their purchases, than a priest [illegible] of his flock through the confessional. Doubtless the veil or lappet of the toga did the same service on some of these occasions as the mask and cloak performed in the conferences of the metallurgists and necromancers with their dupes in later times; but under any circumstances, a wide field was open to them for the knowledge and study of human nature and its varied idiosyncracies.

From the amulet of amber beads to hang about the neck of the heir, as a singular preservation against secret poison or sorcery—for those were times in which changelings crept into cradles, and the glance of an evil eye had power to blight young babes—to the subtle opal, which, Nares tells us, wrapped in a bay-leaf, rendered the wearer invisible, and was such a spell as the midnight assassin, the coward thief, or jealous tyrant, would crave; as well as the black agate or sacred jasper, that went down into the grave to ward off evil spirits from a corpse—our jeweller possessed them all. From the moment, therefore, that the child of a rich man was born, till the gloomy funereal flames closed over his remains in deceased manhood, he became in some sort the client of these dealers in sacred gems and magical or medicated jewellery.

The nurse—for nurses were expected to have a perfect knowledge of amulets, and to know what would best shield their infant charges from the jealousy of treacherous relations, witchcraft, and venomous animals—doubtless recommended a collar of amber or malachite, either of which was supposed to possess a natural virtue to preserve young children. Not that the use of amber necklaces was confined to infancy. The country dames of Lombardy and the adjacent parts wore carcenets of it, partly to adorn themselves, and in some sort for health; for it was said to be of great use in bronchial affections, and had very anciently been esteemed for its medicinal qualities. Great quantities of it were brought to Rome during the reign of Nero, who, having made a sonnet in praise of the hair of Poppea, which he compared to amber, caused it to be more than ever in vogue amongst the ladies of the imperial city, who made use of it as a gem. Callistratus has recorded that necklaces of amber are good against frenzy and fanatical illusions; and our jeweller (if he had not discovered to the contrary) very possibly believed, with Pliny, that it detected false gems.

Pearls are another branch of our subject which were very important to infancy, whenever nature was tardy in providing its sustenance. Outwardly applied, in the shape of a ring, or bracelet, or monile, the usual forms in which the Roman women wore their amulets, they had power to fortify the mother's heart and raise her spirits; and a confection of pearl powder never failed to produce an abundant supply for her offspring.

Engendered, according to the poetical theory of Isidore, of the dews of heaven, pearls were especially dedicated to Venus, to whom, we may remember, after his conquest of our island, Julius Cæsar offered a votive shield emblazoned with British pearls. Both Aristotle and Plato insist on their restorative and [illegible] qualities, and the latter adds that they are food for man, to which old Gerard Legh, whom we have already quoted, gravely [illegible] that this is verified by Josephus, "who sheweth [illegible] Jerusalem was besieged by Titus Vespasian, the Jews [illegible] having nothing to eat but pearles." Probably [illegible] to Venus, pearls were believed to have the gift of [illegible], and were much coveted by the Roman women; [illegible] in England objects of great superstition, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, it is not unlikely that some shadow of this [illegible] with this royal lady's abundant and constant use of them. When we recollect that a place was created at court (that of master of the gloves) to mark her majesty's favour of Dr. Dee, whose magic crystal, there is little doubt, the greatest of the Tudors had many times consulted, and remember also the agate ring which the Lord Chancellor Hatton sent to her, to be worn in her sweet breast against infectious air, we may presume, without much heresy, that a shade of classic superstition blended itself with her majesty's [illegible] partiality for pearls.

[illegible]

[illegible] in them seemed too miraculous for anything short of supernatural agency, and accordingly every description of this stone was esteemed sacred and holy. The Persians supposed that a perfume of it could calm the tempest, and stay the violent streams and rage of rivers; but, in order to insure these effects, it was essential that it should be worn tied with the hairs of a lion's mane.

It is holden for a truth, says Pliny, that only to look upon an [illegible] is very comfortable for the eyes; and in Eastern lands the possession of one must have been as good as a water-gourd to the sun-parched traveller, for we are told that, held in the mouth, it quenched and allayed thirst.

The agate was one of the precious stones of which the Sidrophels formed their seals, which not only averted accidents and cured diseases, but destroyed the power of the evil eye and overcame witchcraft. *Only* such as were marked with a hyæna's skin, Pliny tells us, the magicians could not abide, as they always caused discord in a house. Agates of a simple colour rendered wrestlers who possessed them invincible, and hence, no doubt, formed part of the necklace worn by athletes (according to the Scholiast on Juvenal) to insure them victory; a practice, the tradition of which may be traced in a custom of the middle ages, of which Dugdale tells us—namely, that in all legal single combats it was part of the champion's oath that he carried not about him any herb, spell, or enchantment, by which he might procure the victory.

It is curious, in reference to agate, that at Paris none have a right to trade in it, save wholesale mercers and goldsmiths. Sword-cutlers may sell it, but only when made into handles for *couteaux de chasse*, and ready set; and the same privilege is extended to the cutlers for their knives and forks.

Another stone, which in some degree partook of the virtues of the agate, was the jacinth, or iacinth. Like that, it gave strength, and defended from pestilential air; but it did more—it put away sorrow and increased mirth. Oh! why cannot faith in better things do as much for us? There was another spell also proper to the jacinth, which must have made it the only "real blessing" of the day to mothers and the sick. It promoted sleep; and so thoroughly was this property believed in, that not a century ago apothecaries were supposed to keep a cordial and confection of it in their shops.

The *topaz*, glowing like a bit of imprisoned sunshine, was another talismanic gem of wondrous power, and according to Dioscroides possessed even more sedative qualities than the precious jacinth: it calmed *wrath* as well as *sorrow*, of which this last is so often a consequence; it was good against melancholy, and put away evil thoughts and bad dreams; it helped the bearer against frenzy and sudden death; and for its worthiness, observes our quaint friend, Gerard Legh, was set in the breast-plate of Aaron!

Like the *cornelian*, the *sapphire* should have been a household gem, for it had the lovely property of reconciling people at strife; but it held too high a price in those magnificent porticoes of old Rome, wherein the jewellers and those who dealt in the most precious wares took up their standings, and was more used as a medical than as a domestic talisman; bound to the pulse it abated the heat of fever, helped to drive away melancholy, and stayed the bleeding heart that cometh of anguish.* Hunters probably wore it, just as warriors did the beryl, for while this excited courage even in the timid, and kept the wearers from falling into ambuscades of enemies, the former lightened the body, and preserved the limbs, and being especially hallowed to Apollo, strengthened and preserved the sight. It was also regarded as a remedy against venom and poison, catastrophes which the ancients appear to have been in constant fear of.

The ruby, as an amulet, must have been rather a questionable comfort, for while revelling in many imaginary excellencies, hot blood, troubled sleep, and a temper easily angered, appear to have [illegible] the wearer. It is true that if being "forewarned is being forearmed," he had greatly the advantage of his neighbours, for the gem was said to change colour and become obscured when any [illegible] threatened him, and to recover its brilliancy when the peril [illegible] away.† In times of pestilence, also, the carbuncle or [illegible] much valued in the East, that the people [illegible] [illegible] about them, [illegible] strength, and drove away melancholy. [illegible]

ruby was esteemed a singular preservative against [illegible] and sickness, and trusting to the doctrine of [illegible] many wore them with this intention so late as the period of the great plague in London.

Another gem, famous in ancient time for its presumed power in relation to man, was the sacred amethyst of Bacchanalian memory, whether so called because its fine purple colour resembles the dark grape, or because it gleams in the sun like the hue of wine mixed with water, or from the prevailing supposition that it prevented drunkenness, we know not; but this we know, that it occupied the ninth place on the pectoral of the Jewish high-priest; and that Pliny says of it, that if the name of the sun and moon be graven on it, and so worn about the neck, either hanging therefrom with the hairs of a cynocephalus's head or swallows' feathers, it is a sovereign remedy against charms and poisons.

Rings of its deep violet colour flashed on the fingers of the *bons vivants*, who perhaps shared with *Horace* and the wanton Lyde, the full cups of that cask that bore its date from the consulship of Bibulus, and which *he* broached in honour of the feast of Neptune. Or perchance hung insculped with a Bacchus or Silenus (a secret charm against *its potency*) upon the breasts of those *al fresco* feasters, those fast gentlemen of ancient Rome, who preferred the green sward, under a plane-tree's shade, to the domestic *triclinium*, while some singing girl stood by to entertain them, and a slave cooled their cups of *Ardent Falernian* in the passing stream. Certain it is, that with the classical nations, it was customary for great drinkers to wear an amethyst about the neck as a charm against drunkenness. But this was not the only virtue of the gem; like the emerald it had power over the elements, and averted hail-storms and tempestuous weather, and as it was said 'to cause a man to have good forecast, a quick mind, to remove idle thoughts, and increase the understanding,' it is easy to perceive why it should be supposed a countercharm to an excess, which robs him of them all.

Those were times when people suffering from diseases of the skin wore red jaspers graven with Marsyases, and when merchants and sea-captains felt all the safer with their lives and merchandise for the possession of a Neptune carved in aqua marine! In those days, also, when the Roman matron (thanks to Venus and her pearls) rose up looking fairer and fresher than before, and saw her boy thrive till his amulet of amber-beads was put aside for the *bulla aurea*, at once the sign of his rank and the seal of supernatural protection; when anything had happened to disturb the serenity of her lord the senator's temper, and he returned from the *Forum Romanum* or the Senate, weary, heated, and angry, ready to find fault even with his little son (and what mother could see this and not resent it?), perchance when some good angel—though she would call it her good genius—suggested patience for love and peace sake, instead of uttering the reproaches that rose to her lips, Maria, or Julia, sought the jewel-merchants in the portico *Argentaria*, and after a little inward debate between the virtues of cornelian and the potent sapphire, ordered an agate of Crete (which rendered the wearer eloquent, prudent, amiable, and agreeable), to be forthwith graven with a figure of Harpocrates and set in a ring, so that it might remind her to keep silence, save when the spells of the agate were upon her. Rings so graven were worn by the Roman women when Pliny wrote; and we can fancy that some such gracious myth was involved in the usage.

The sardon, or sardonyx, so frequently mentioned in Scripture,* was another precious stone on the excellence of which great stress was laid by the old naturalists and medical empirics, who sold it as a charm to render men discreet in their valour, "not hasty in battle, but victors!" Isidore affirms that it hath "most pure virtues;" and our heraldic authority, Legh, adds that St. John says of this gem, that the sardonyx shall be the sixth stone of the foundation of the heavenly Jerusalem; "in which citie," he exclaims, "I pray God that I may be pursuivant!"

The opal was another very precious stone [illegible] amulets and talismans; because, partaking of the [illegible] other gem, it was supposed to possess all their virtues; [illegible] this superstition rooted, that we find a Roman [illegible] named [illegible], preferring [illegible] to the [illegible] favourite opal which Mark Antony [illegible] the witch [illegible]

[illegible] spells in the hands of the enchanter; it enabled the wearer to walk safely in the midst of pestilence, and resisted the venom of [illegible] beasts, which, in those days, according to the natural historians and herbalists, must have abounded in cities and towns [illegible] as numerously as in the Asiatic deserts and [illegible]. We find scarcely a page of any old writer on these subjects in which their malignant wounds are not referred to, and charms and [illegible] for the cure of them propounded, till one would imagine deadly serpents common as frogs in the Pontine Marshes, and [illegible] numerous as lizards. In all these fabled virtues of the opal no doubt Noninus was a believer; it is even possible that his credulity went the length of investing it with the property which [illegible] so gravely assumes for it, and imagined that by wrapping it in the leaves of the tree sacred to Apollo, he could conceal himself in what somebody calls the ancientest of all colours ("for darkness was before the light"); and it is not less probable, from the fact of *his* coveting possession of it, and the unscrupulous way in which he avenged his disappointment, that Mark Antony shared in the same folly. But, as we before said, these superstitions were by no means confined to particular countries or times; the fact of their existence is not more curious than the universality of faith in them, which appears to have spread over the remotest parts of the world, and to have existed full-grown at the earliest period of written history.

It followed the same path by which the arts and sciences arrived in Europe; it was, in some sort, the handmaid to that of the lapidary and graver, and led the way to the exquisite handicrafts of the goldsmith and jeweller. The stringing together of bits of precious stones by way of amulet, resulted in the elegant necklace of gems; and the wearing of charms bound on the wrists and arms, in the manufacture of bracelets and armlets, which were first used by the people of Eastern nations to hold these talismans. It is curious that the serpent-form of bracelet, so fashionable in the present day, was the favourite one with the Greek and Roman ladies, not only because this animal was sacred to [illegible], but because rings and bracelets so shaped were regarded as [illegible] against the evil eye.

From the pyramids of Egypt to the cairns and barrows of the early Britons, is a great stride in time and distance; yet in [illegible] we find evidence of the same belief in the properties of precious stones as seals to protect the dead. For this purpose, we find that opaque stones were chiefly used—such as jasper, agate, lapis, hematite, jet, etc.—beads of which, fabricated, it is said, by the Druids, still nestle in the ancient graves of England, and in those of our Anglo-Saxon and Norman ancestors; and subsequently, in the early days of Christianity, we find the same practice continued, in the jewelled gloves and diadems, crosses and crosiers, with which kings and prelates were laid in their gorgeous tombs, as well as in the rings and other ornaments which corpses of a commoner [illegible] grade took with them to the clay. After that, when the received belief of the soul's immortality made men comparatively indifferent to the mouldering habitation it had tenanted, though gems were no longer laid in the grave, to ward off ghouls and vampires, faith in their beneficial efficacy to the living by no means faded. On the contrary, during the middle ages, and for a long time after, we find all the various fabulous attributes we have enumerated transferred from the text of ancient writers to the manuscripts of the monks, and subsequently to the medical treatises of the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts; while the practice of wearing them as charms and amulets, not only to cure diseases and prevent witchcraft, accidents, and sudden death, but also to endow the wearers with amiability, discretion, eloquence, invincibility, etc., was continued.

We wonder how the human mind ever wove from materials so lustrous and beautiful, so thick a tissue of superstitions. Truly Malvolio was not mad but o'er informed with wisdom when he exclaimed, "there is no darkness but ignorance."

TOURING IN IRELAND IN 1854.

Galway, as we have said, is full of interest. Situated upon the finest Atlantic harbour, and connected by rail with all parts of the kingdom, it is destined to assume a proud position among the ports of the British empire. Of its history, before the arrival of the English, little is known. In 1132, the castle was levelled by Conner, king of Munster, and again in 1149. In the thirteenth century it was strengthened by walls and towers, and soon grew to rival Limerick. In 1396 a charter was granted, and a mint established. It continued to flourish till about the close of the sixteenth century, when its trade appears to have died out. There are many points possessing peculiar attraction for the antiquarian, the historian, the politician and the artist. Numberless old buildings to interest the first; historical associations to engage the attention of the second; memorials and passing scenes to set on the *qui vive* the thinking powers of the third; and ever-changing views, at almost every street-end, to rivet the eye of the fourth. Among the few modern buildings, the most conspicuous is Queen's College, and is distinguished, among many other characteristics, by having for its [illegible] the venerable James Hardiman, whose labours in familiarising the reading world with the archæological glories of the noble old town that claims him as one of its worthiest citizens, have justly endeared him to his countrymen in particular, and to the republic of letters generally. From him we learn, curiously enough, what Galway anciently was. Looking out upon the Atlantic, from its harbour, a ship could sail right on for Spain, which supplied the wine the Irish chiefs loved, while Ireland cured pork and butter [illegible] warm climates and the West Indies; and a profitable trade was [illegible] consequence. Strength first offered security to merchants, [illegible] wealth augmented the capacity to protect. [illegible] gates forbade the approach of the "cruel [illegible]" whom the legends on their portals denounced; and [illegible] delighted to record on their tombs the fact of [illegible]," made a history and a prosperity [illegible] found it more convenient to buy the [illegible].

English capital of the province, though more bold, was less fortunate; and its remarkable ruins (some of which have already been sketched in these pages) tell the story of its greatness and its fall, as we have seen; whilst Galway still flourishes, a pleasant town, and a hopeful mart of trade. The impress of Spain is still upon the place, for the houses and the customs are Spanish.

It is, however, as the head-quarters or starting-point of tourists for Connemara and the wild West, that Galway principally offers itself to our notice here. The first district of the picturesque we enter upon after leaving the town is that once romantic and [illegible] remarkable region known as the Martin property, to which Sir Robert Peel, some seven years ago, drew attention in the House of Commons, as presenting an admirable field for commencing the experiment of really improving Ireland through the instrumentality of British capital and skill systematically applied; and from the period of that speech may be dated the commencement of the [illegible] improvements that have since gone on in so striking a [illegible] nowhere more than here, principally with the aid of the [illegible] Society of London,—its president, Lord Chief Justice [illegible] having a portion of the land under his own farming at a place called Barna, which he visited last year, to the great delight of the tenantry, and to the edification of the public, in consequence of his informing speeches delivered at the time. About midway in the territory (for so it might be called, owing to its vast extent) that once belonged to the late eccentric Dick Martin—the member for the County Galway, famous, among other things, for his tenderness towards the brute creation, and his antipathy to all human beings who molested them—was situated the ancient home of the sept of which he was the head.

The most populous town in the neighbourhood of [illegible] Roundstone, a very favourite resort of all [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

preaching of the Christian faith in Ireland. Here are the remains of an oratory and of a venerable church, and here is pointed out what is credibly asserted to be the tomb of the sister of St. Patrick, who followed him from Tours, where her uncle (the celebrated Martin) held all but regal sway, and where his real or supposed miracles caused him to be regarded in his archdiocese in the light of a prophet or apostle. The remote and isolated position of this little island, and also the absence of anything to reward the spoiler for his trouble, are the principal causes to be assigned for these antiquities being allowed to remain in such a state of preservation.

immediately in front of us as we enter. The view from the summit of the bell-tower is very fine, and as we ascend, all doubt is removed as to the place being used for defence as well as monastic seclusion. A fine view is obtained from the tower. Below us, to the left, is the snug and pretty residence of Mr. Lambert, the town of Cong and its busy mills, the wide-expanding Corrib, and the mountains of Mayo, surrounding Lough Mask.

Another focus of much legendary interest is that depicted in the annexed little sketch of the castle situate in Lough Mask, beyond Ballinrobe, in the County of Mayo. The Castle of Mask is placed

BALLYNAHINCH LAKE AND CASTLE. LATE THE MARTIN PROPERTY.

CONG ABBEY, CONNEMARA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

ROUNDSTONE, CONNEMARA.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

LOUGH MASK AND CASTLE.—DRAWN BY MAHONY.

Scarcely inferior in archæological interest, and still more interesting in a public sense, as being infinitely better known to the generality of travellers and readers, is the celebrated Abbey of Cong, one of the most beautiful ruins anywhere to be met with, the sepulchre of kings, and the centre of an infinite deal of Irish celebrity of all sorts—regal, priestly and popular. How the mind is apt to travel back, as we view its mouldering remains, to [illegible] portly abbot and his attendants chanted the [illegible] departed king! The ruined entrance to the [illegible], as are also the two doors or archways

on a bold and projecting promontory, and has the appearance of one of those castellated houses so common in Ireland in the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the residences of the great men of the land had to combine all the conveniences and comforts of a domestic abode with a fortress. These buildings belong to a period long subsequent to the old baronial castles, and furnish a curious illustration of the insecurity of life and property, as also the [illegible] character of the marauders of those times. Tradition [illegible] anything but a truth-teller if the Castle of Mask did not witness dark deeds.

SCENES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY.

The result of the war in which General Wolfe perished, left a vast amount of debt as a heavy weight upon England. By disease and by the sword the American colonies had lost about thirty thousand men, and their debt amounted to four millions of money. England was burdened with a debt of £140,000,000, and found it necessary to keep a standing army in the colonies to preserve the conquests she had won. When the noise of the fight was over, when the last report of cannon had died away, when the dead lay asleep in their graves, and the maimed had returned to their homes, when England and America had time to look at what the glorious victory had cost them, they found it had been a very expensive business, and England—very near the eve of bankruptcy—looked far over the Atlantic waves, and called to her colonial settlers for help.

Now during the war the colonial settlers had been fighting bravely. They had showed that they could handle the musket as well as men in the old country, they had become accustomed to fighting, had begun to have a sort of liking for the trade, and as they will sometimes question great facts of the age, and glorious manifestations of absolute authority, they began to ask how it was that the mother country should assume so vast a superiority. Their [illegible] had been turned into a military college, they knew well enough the power they held in their own hands, they were acquainted with their own resources, and when Englishmen talked of the colonists as children planted by their care, nourished by their indulgence, and protected by their arms, they were apt to retort in the language of their advocate—"They planted by your care! No, your oppression planted them in America. They nourished by your indulgence! No, they grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms! No, these sons of liberty have taken up arms in your defence." The colonists had begun to entertain such sentiments as these, and they were fast spreading. When the Americans came to the shores of the New World they were the greater part of them republicans in feeling and in principle, the divinity that hedged a king [illegible] no [illegible] in their eyes. They had indeed submitted to the rule of him, [illegible] a son might submit to parental authority, but as it at last the independence of manhood. This was their grand point. In early days they had been swathed and bound, but the simple growth of the giant's limbs was fast bursting the bonds, and every movement but more thoroughly proved their strength and ability.

In England it was felt that the colonies were dependent on the mother country, and owed her implicit obedience. America was to be regulated by her laws, taxed by her commodities, restricted in her trade by a British parliament. The Navigation Act declared that, for the benefit of English shipping, no merchandise from the English colonies should be imported into England excepting by English vessels, and for the benefit of English manufacturers prohibited exportation from the colonies, and did not allow articles of domestic manufacture to be carried from one colony to another. It was rendered illegal to fell pitch or pine trees unless in enclosed lands; to erect iron works or to prepare steel; to make hats, where beavers abounded; to have more than two apprentices at one time; while [illegible] rum, and molasses were subjected to exorbitant duties. [illegible] fully to carry out these restrictions, diligent search was made, and "Writs of Assistance," as they were called, were issued to the Custom-house officer to examine the premises of suspected persons, for it was well enough known that the law was in very many cases evaded.

In 1764 Lord Granville proposed a new tax, by way of raising a revenue from his majesty's dominions in America. This was the Stamp Act. All pamphlets, almanacks, newspapers, bonds, notes, leases, policies of insurance, and all other legal papers, were compelled to be drawn on stamped paper, to be purchased only from the king's [illegible] appointed for that purpose. The bill was not to be enforced for one year, in order that the feelings of the American colonists might be ascertained upon the subject, the British parliament, however, giving to the plan its entire approbation.

The colonies received the news very ungraciously, nay, with [illegible] indignation. "If we are not represented," they said, "we are slaves." It was no use attempting to prove to them by cunningly devised pamphlets that obedience was their first duty, and submission their grandest privilege. They sturdily denied the right of parliament to enforce taxation, they spoke out boldly; but King George, described by Charles Townshend as "a very obstinate young man," refused to listen to any appeal; the Stamp Act triumphantly passed both Commons and Lords, and Benjamin Franklin wrote to a friend in Philadelphia, saying, "The sun of liberty is set, you must light up the candles of industry and economy,"—to which he received this most characteristic of replies: "We shall light up torches of another kind!" But against such torches King George and his ministers supposed they had provided, when they made a new clause in the mutiny act, authorising the sending of any number of troops into the colonies, to be provided by the colonies with "quarters, firewood, bedding, drink, soap, and candles."

Cadwallader Colden, a venerable man, eighty years of age, was then governor of New York, and his councillors were men of the highest character in the province. He was a liberal minded man, but duty to his sovereign compelled him to discountenance the proceedings of the people, and his name appears in the records as the enemy of civil freedom. The "Sons of Liberty" were organised at this time throughout the colonies, and gave Colden a great deal of trouble. The newspapers spoke out in a quiet, manly strain;* but as the fatal first of November approached, the day on which the Stamp Act was to come into force, both press and people became more defiant. On the 31st of October, a general meeting of the citizens was held, when two hundred merchants appended their names to resolutions condemnatory of the act, and a committee was appointed to compel James M'Evers, the appointed stamp distributor, to resign his commission. This meeting was held at the King's Arms, now No. 9, Broadway.

The stamps which had arrived on the 23rd of October had been placed for safety in Fort George, which had been strengthened and fortified against an expected attack. The guns of the fort were levelled upon the town, vessels of war prepared for action rode in the harbour, the city presented the appearance of being under siege; but, notwithstanding every preparation, the people assembled in vast multitudes and armed with all kinds of weapons, and carrying upon a pole the obnoxious act, with the inscription, "England's Folly and America's Ruin." They settled down before Fort St. George, and demanded the stamps; this demand was refused, and they then proceeded to acts of open violence. The whole city was stirred. Bearing an effigy of the governor, Colden, the rioters paraded the streets, uttering shouts of defiance. The effigy had a drum upon its back and a label on its breast, and in one hand a stamped paper: the drum was in allusion to the fact that Colden had been a drummer in the army of the Scotch Pretender—a figure of the devil bearing by his side, with a boot in its hand, to indicate the hatred the people felt towards the Earl of Bute. Bearing these effigies before them, the people marched to "the fields," and there made merry by hanging the governor's representative; they then returned to the city, broke into the governor's house, made a bonfire of his coach, destroyed his library, furniture, garden—everything. The excitement became so great, that the authorities at length gave up the stamps to the mayor and corporation, which for the time satisfied the people. Shortly after, some stamps which were brought in a brig were disposed of in a far more summary way. Ten boxes were taken to the ship yard and burnt in a tar barrel. Flags were hoisted half mast high; bells were muffled and rang a funeral peal; the stamp act, with a death's head affixed, was carried through the streets; day after day the greatest excitement prevailed, not in New York alone, but all over the colonies. Public meetings were held under the shadow of "Liberty Tree." Liberty trees sprang up with marvellous rapidity; inflammatory speeches were made, inflammatory sermons preached; the friends of the Stamp Act were hung in effigy, houses were burnt, pro-

* There were then but three newspapers in New York, the *New York Mercury*, the *New York Weekly Gazette*, and the [illegible] *Gazette*.

[illegible] destroyed, the King of [illegible] was styled a tyrant, the [illegible] of patriotism [illegible] by every possible means; and in hot debate Patrick Henry declared, that while "Cæsar had his

that prevailed, and party-spirit ran high. Dr. Franklin was accused of favouring the British government; he was lampooned in caricatures and placards, while his house was menaced with [illegible]

THE STAMP ACT RIOT IN AMERICA.

THE "BOSTON BOYS" THROWING TEA INTO THE HARBOUR.

[illegible] Charles I. his Cromwell, George III. might profit by [illegible] [illegible] other commercial towns, the same excite-

In one of these caricatures he was represented with Satan whispering in his ear, and saying, "Thee shall be agent, Ben, for all my [illegible]," and in another he was described thus:

GENERAL BURGOYNE ADDRESSING THE INDIANS.

GENERAL WASHINGTON ENTERING NEW YORK.

[illegible] Philadelphian paper on the day previous to that on [illegible] to be enforced appeared ornamented with skulls [illegible] and [illegible], surrounded by such in- [illegible] not take place. The affairs of the dead could not be [illegible] seemed as if the [illegible] days of interdicts had come [illegible], and that the [illegible] colonies were under some ecclesiastical ban. [illegible]

England of what had occurred. Some were for withdrawing the obnoxious act, some for enforcing it at the point of the bayonet. Pitt pleaded for the colonies. Lord Camden advocated their cause with great eloquence. "My position," said he, "is this—taxation and representation are inseparable. This position is founded on an eternal law of nature, for whatever is a man's own, is absolutely his own; no man has a right to take it from him without his consent. Whoever attempts to do it, attempts an injury; who ever does it, commits a robbery!"

So the Stamp Act was repealed, and the news was received in America with [illegible] gratitude and loyalty.

But the good news of repeal was very rapidly followed by the bad news of new taxation. [illegible] gratitude was quickly followed by [illegible]. A bill had been brought into the British senate [illegible] tea, glass, paper, etc., imported to the colonies. [illegible] house of legislature [illegible] standing army was formed [illegible] permanent salaries given to those [illegible] independent of the colonial assemblies [illegible] rapid succession [illegible] the Americans [illegible] the papers, in some cases the pulpits [illegible] the proceedings of the English [illegible] sprang up plentifully [illegible] made; the [illegible] bands playing, and [illegible] Sabbath morning [illegible] step by step, the colonies and the mother country were [illegible].

On the very day which saw the first blood shed in the struggle, the day of the Boston Massacre, Lord North, then at the head of the British administration, brought in a bill to remove all objectionable imposts except [illegible] that on tea [illegible]. But all conciliatory measures [illegible] the question the matter had [illegible] from taxes imposed by the British [illegible] colonists. They had resolved to deny British control [illegible] British [illegible] all British importations. The struggle [illegible] in earnest.

The British ministry then permitted the East India Company to export tea to the American colonies free from [illegible], and liable only to a duty of threepence per pound, to be paid by the colonists. So great quantities of tea were shipped off for America. The colonists resolved that it should never be allowed to land.

The people of Providence were among the first to express their disapprobation of this [illegible]. On one occasion, the town crier went through the streets proclaiming that at ten o'clock that night, a bonfire of tea would be made in the market square, requesting all those who possessed any of the objectionable article to bring it on that occasion [illegible]. At the appointed time there was a glow [illegible] "nest of rebels," as the people of Providence were afterwards called, made merry at the burning. Whenever the [illegible] brought, the people resisted its landing [illegible] upon liberty. Sometimes under guard of British [illegible] it was brought on shore and stowed away in warehouse cellars, sometimes in strong forts and other secure places, but it was sure to be discovered, and whenever this was the case there was a redness in the sky, and a glorious bonfire in the street or market. At Philadelphia, the pilots were ordered not to conduct their ships into the river, and so with their cargoes they returned to England. At New York the tea was landed under a strong military guard, but its sale was prohibited. At Charlestown, also, it was landed, but the sale prevented, and so it rotted in damp cellars and was destroyed. But at Boston, the greatest and most serious disturbance took place. [illegible] being consigned to the governor and his friends, it [illegible] some extraordinary measures would be adopted for [illegible] its sale, the people, therefore, resolved upon a most [illegible]. It was on the 11th of December, 1773, [illegible] meeting, the largest perhaps that was ever held [illegible] Old South Meeting, there it was unanimously agreed that the tea should not be landed. The meeting was greatly excited, and as twilight approached a call was made for candles. At that moment, a person disguised like a Mohawk Indian raised the war whoop, which was answered from without, and a cry was raised in the gallery, "Boston Harbour a teapot to-night! Hurrah for Griffin's wharf!" The vessels lay in the Boston Harbour upon that calm, still night, and they were suddenly boarded by a large number of "Boston Boys," disguised as Mohawk Indians, and after a short, sharp, vigorous struggle, the tea was seized upon, the chests staved, and their contents thrown into the sea. Three hundred and thirty-two chests of tea were thus broken and destroyed.

This determined and hastened the catastrophe. When the news reached England, it was resolved "to make such provisions as should secure the just dependence of the colonies, and due obedience to the laws throughout the British dominions." Boston was [illegible]. It was [illegible] to pay for the whole of the tea [illegible] intercourse with the port of Boston was [illegible] landing or shipping of any goods at that place prohibited [illegible] and its dependencies were removed [illegible]. But the people of Salem were not disposed to be the [illegible] of their Boston brethren, all the [illegible] general movement, [illegible] patriotism, liberty, all [illegible] make them rise as one man. The storm which at the first was but as a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, came at last in all its terrible fury, and in that storm the good ship Columbia [illegible] with her English convoy, and hoisted strange colours.

Among those who stood out prominently in the efforts of the British [illegible] the spirit of liberty in the American people, who were both surprised and mortified by the successful [illegible] of the colonists, stands General Burgoyne. Within the [illegible] limits of this article it would be impossible even briefly to [illegible] in which the Old and New [illegible] and in which Burgoyne made himself so [illegible]. One incident in his disastrous campaign [illegible] his [illegible] to the Indians [illegible] Onondagas and Mohawks. The unsuccessful [illegible] address, seeing it was delivered in what was to them [illegible]. They deserted him in [illegible] and went over to the side of the Republicans.

[illegible] Boston. As the war went on, the city [illegible] British troops, and Howe felt almost as secure [illegible] on the shores of Old England. They had no fear of [illegible] had obtained a plentiful supply of provisions, and the winter was tolerably mild, a theatre had been established, balls were held, and a subscription was opened for a masquerade. They had got up a farce called "Boston Blockaded," in which General Washington was represented with an uncouth gait, a large wig, [illegible] sword, and attended by a servant, a country bumpkin, with a rusty firelock. On the 8th of January, 1776, while this piece was performing, a sergeant suddenly entered and exclaimed, "The Yankees are attacking our works on Bunker's Hill!" The audience thought it part of the play, and laughed immoderately, but they were soon undeceived by the voice of the burly Howe shouting "Officers, to your alarm posts!" The Yankees had in truth begun the attack, and the sock and buskin, the domino and the dancing slippers, had to be put off for the habiliments of war. Everybody knows the result of the attack on Boston—how, after a hard siege, it fell, and the "rebel" army marched into their beautiful city, the metropolis of New England, to find it a city of desolation. Our last sketch represents the entry of Washington into New York after the final cessation of the war. He entered the city by the Bowery, the only road at that time, accompanied by his friends and the citizens mostly on horseback. The British troops ere they had departed had "knocked off the cleats and slushed the flag staff," so as to prevent the American colours from being hoisted, but after an hour's hard work, [illegible] sailor boy, with true indomitable yankee courage, particularly distinguished himself, the standard of the States was displayed, and a salute of thirteen rounds was immediately given. Thus America asserted her final triumph.

OTTE[illegible]

[illegible] previous article we described the structure and habits of [illegible] seals, carnivorous mammalia in which every part of the body has been modified to suit them for a strictly aquatic life, and which appear scarcely capable of enjoying their existence in any other situation. The otters seem to form a sort of intermediate stage between these and the terrestrial carnivora, their truly quadruped structure fitting them for passing a good deal of their time upon land without inconvenience, whilst their webbed feet and the general form of their bodies enable them to swim with great facility in search of their food, which consists entirely of fish.

This great adaptation for an aquatic life, coupled no doubt with the peculiar, and we should think not very agreeable, flavour communicated to their flesh by fish diet, gave rise in former days, when zoological information was not quite so generally diffused as at present, to considerable disputes as to whether the otter was a fish or a quadruped; and our old friend Sir John Falstaff, in one of his complimentary speeches to Mrs. Quickly, compares that exemplary old lady to the otter, for, says the fat knight, "she's neither fish nor flesh." We need not refer to the worthy hostess's indignant repudiation of the libel; but the fat knight's comparison shows that in Shakspeare's day the belief in the doubtful nature of the otter was tolerably general. The dispute, however, was of a religious rather than of a scientific nature, and related to the important question, whether or no the otter might be eaten by devout Catholics during Lent. The sages of the church appear to have settled this point in a manner somewhat at variance with modern zoological views, for we find that its flesh was eaten during that period of fasting.

The flesh of the otter does not appear to have been a very favourable article of food at any time, and its destruction was principally regarded as a sport, although sometimes prompted no doubt by the desire of freeing a piece of water from an inhabitant whose [illegible] entailed a considerable loss of fish. As a sport, however, the pursuit of the otter appears to be of a most exciting description. [illegible] Walton, who did not regard hunting in general as by any [illegible] favourite diversion, yet seems to have [illegible] with a particularly favourable eye, and has left us, in his charming pages, a most picturesque description of a chase, at which, we may suppose, he was present. Even in the present day some people keep dogs specially trained to this sport, of which Mr. Bell, in his "History of British Quadrupeds," gives the following animating account. "When the otter is found," says that author, "the scene becomes exceedingly animated. He instantly takes to the water and dives, running a long time underneath it, and rising at a considerable distance from the place at which he dived. Then the anxious watch that is kept for his rising to 'vent,' the steady purpose with which the dogs follow and bait him as he swims, the attempts of the cunning beast to drown his assailants whilst they have fastened on him, the baying of the hounds, the cries of the hunters, and the fierce and dogged resolution with which the poor hopeless quarry holds his pursuers at bay, inflicting severe, sometimes fatal wounds, and holding on with unflinching pertinacity even to the last, must altogether form a scene as animated and exciting as the veriest epicure in hunting could desire."

THE COMMON OTTER (*LUTRA VULGARIS*).

Although a fierce beast in a state of nature, the otter, when taken young, may be easily domesticated, and when thoroughly tamed is said to be almost as good-tempered as a dog. Occasionally the natural propensity of the animal for fishing has been turned to good account, by its being taught to bring the fish which it catches to its owner. Bewick mentions one which brought sometimes as many as eight or ten salmon a day to its master. This use of the otter is, however, very rare in Europe, and seems to be rather a matter of curiosity than anything else; but in some other places these animals appear to be important aids to the fishermen in the pursuit of their vocation. Thus Bishop Heber, in his "Journal," mentions his passing, on the banks of one of the Indian rivers, a row of nine or ten otters of the Indian species [illegible] tethered by straw ropes to bamboo stakes, and [illegible] by no means dispirited by their loss of freedom. "I was told," says the bishop, "that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood [illegible] one or more of these animals, who were [illegible] and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving [illegible] nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their [illegible]

The training of these animals for the latter purpose appears to be attended with some little difficulty The young animals are to be carefully dieted at first with a mixture of fish and bread and milk, the former being gradually diminished, and the latter increased in quantity, until they are brought to live entirely upon bread and milk. They are then taught to fetch and carry like a dog, and when this lesson is learnt, and they have been accustomed, by carrying a stuffed leather fish, to deny themselves the gratification of their instinctive desire, a dead fish is substituted for the [illegible], and the otters are severely punished if they attempt to help themselves to a portion of the tempting morsel; their education is then completed, and they may be taken to the water to seize living fish

Our common otter (*Lutra vulgaris*), which usually inhabits fresh water, often makes its way, especially in winter, to the sea coasts, where it usually [illegible] and its fur acquires a deeper colour. The fur, which is of a small value, is formed of long, hair over a fine, [illegible], beneath which a very fine light [illegible] down. The Russians carry on a great trade in these skins with China; they are [illegible] of giving a golden tint to the [illegible], by which their value in the Chinese market is greatly increased. [illegible] the common otter yield vastly in importance and commercial value to that of the great sea otter (*Enhydra lutris*), which inhabits the western coasts of North America and the opposite shores of the Asiatic continent and islands. This animal weighs from seventy to eighty pounds, whilst the weight of a fine specimen of the common European species rarely exceeds twenty pounds. The hind feet of this animal are more distinctly webbed than those of the common otter, and it swims with great celerity in every position on its back, on its side, and sometimes almost upright in the water. The principal trade in the fur of the sea otter is in the hands of the Russians, who [illegible] quantities from the Kamtschatka, and sell them at enormous prices in the Chinese market.

The common otter (p. 249) usually brings forth four or five young at a birth; these the mother tends with the utmost care and assiduity, leading them early into the water, and teaching them how to avoid danger by diving and hiding themselves among the reeds and bushes which fringe the banks of their native stream. An interesting instance of the care of the mother otter for her progeny was exhibited some years since in the gardens of the Zoological Society. A female in the Society's collection had two young ones, which had already begun to eat fish and accompany their parent into the water. One day, according to the account of Mr. [illegible], the head keeper, when their pond had been emptied for the purpose of cleaning it, and was only about half full of water, the whole family got out of their sleeping places and plunged in. The distance from the surface of the water to the edge of the bank was too great for the young animals to get out without assistance, and "after they had been in the water for some minutes, the mother appeared very anxious to get them out, and made several attempts to reach them from the side of the pond, where she was standing; but this she was not able to do, as they were not within her reach. After making several attempts in this manner without success, she plunged into the water to them, and began to play with one of them for a short time, and put her head close to it, as if she was making it understand what she meant; the next moment she made a spring out of the pond with the young one holding on by the fur at the root of the tail with its teeth. Having safely landed it, she got the other out in the same manner, and she did several times during a quarter of an hour, the young ones, with the characteristic indiscretion of youth, persisting in plunging their affectionate parent by plunging in as soon as she had got them out. When the pond was nearly filled with water, so that she could reach them with ease, she took a more summary course with the unruly youngsters, laying hold of them successively with her teeth, and dragging them out by force. When they were out, according to the keeper's account, "she kept chatting to them, as if she was telling them not to go into the pond again."

[illegible] are exceedingly fond of play, and their movements, [illegible]d, especially in the water, are often very graceful. [illegible] otter (*Lutra Canadensis*) has a very peculiar way of amusing itself during the long winters of that northern latitude. It enjoys what no doubt many of our younger readers are already looking forward to with delight, a regularly lively game at sliding. There is this difference, however, between the "otter slides" and those which would be preferred by our young friends; the former always terminate with a plunge into the water, a consummation which hipped sliders generally endeavour to avoid. Mr. Gosse, who saw several otter slides when travelling in Newfoundland in the winter, tells us that several of these animals select a suitable place, where the steep snow-covered bank slopes rapidly down to the edge of unfrozen water. "then each in succession, lying flat on his belly on the top of the bank slides swiftly down over the snow, and plunges into the water. The others follow, while he crawls up the bank [illegible] some distance, and running round to the same place, [illegible] his turn again, to perform the same evolutions as before. [illegible] the surface of the [illegible] the glitter of ice." The otters keep at this amusement for hours with all the perseverance and apparent enjoyment of a party of human sliders, and seem thoroughly to appreciate the advantage of what we believe is technically denominated "keepin' the pot a bilin'."

SELF-DENIAL.

[illegible]

As [illegible] paper, [illegible] It had [illegible] well and the [illegible] another, [illegible] It was just after breakfast when the letter came [illegible] accidents against which I [illegible], but I was not. It [illegible] Mrs wife quickly asked me to come out for a walk [illegible]

It was about the dusk of evening, when we reached home [illegible] a candle the first thing and raised it to show my wife the [illegible] I saw a letter on the table

When I had [illegible] I began [illegible]

"Edward, dear, what is the matter [illegible] Edith, looking at me [illegible]

"Hurrah! [illegible]" I replied, still running round.

"Oh! Edward, [illegible] thankful [illegible]" [illegible] the dear little woman

"Yes," said I, gravely. "I am very thankful. But the surprise was so great. They say the book is very well spoken of, but [illegible] only [illegible] appearance, and my name is not known, they can only offer £25 for the little volume at present, [illegible] which I am to acknowledge by return of post."

Just as we sat down to tea Charles came in. I was eating with an appetite [illegible] Edith was singing with all her heart and soul. He had never seen us look happier, and yet he looked at me in a curious inquiring way. He evidently thought I was under the influence of [illegible].

"Glad to see you, Charles," I said. "I have sold my book."

"This is indeed pleasant and fortunate," he said. "I am delighted at your success. But have you the money?" he asked; his hand mechanically [illegible] his pocket.

"Because the fact is, you have come up with some," I replied, smiling. "Well, this time, Charles, we cannot accept," and I handed him the letter and the cheque.

One morning—it was about three months after the sale of my book, which had been published about a month—we issued from our humble abode on our way to town. Edith and I walked arm-in-arm, while the girl carried the child to the omnibus for us. We were going to spend the day with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis and Charles. It was early, as we had to dine at two—an hour that did not suit my working habits, but which did very well on a holiday.

We had reached to about twenty yards from our door, when Edith started and looked up in my face.

"What is the matter, Edward?" she said. "How you do tremble!"

There was a bench close at hand: I sank upon it almost insensible. "Yes," I faltered; "I feel rather dizzy."

"Don't be alarmed," I continued eagerly; "it is nothing. Charles will explain."

Edith turned sharply round, and saw Charles standing close to us, while behind came a lady and gentleman of somewhat imposing mien, for he was very tall. She herself trembled violently, for she began to suspect something of the truth.

"It is his father and mother," whispered Charles quickly—he was much agitated himself. "It is all right."

I at this moment saw the girl, with the child in her arms, stopped by my mother. I heard her speak distinctly.

"Is this Mr. Mildmay's boy?" she said eagerly.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the awed little nurse.

My mother took it in her arms. I sprang to my feet, and advanced towards my father. He held out his two hands; it was quite evident he did not know what to say.

"Why, what a man you have grown!" he remarked, wishing to say something. "I've read your book, boy, and have come to tell you it's a great credit to you."

"You are too kind, my father. I have not deserved this—"

"Edward, my boy, let us say nothing about the past just now; we've both been to blame. So this is your wife and child. Upon my word"—and my dear father laughed heartily—"well, this does seem strange, Mary. He was but a boy the other day, and here we find him a husband, a father, and *an author!*"

I do believe it was this last circumstance that most delighted him. My father had a profound respect for literature, and my book was an historical sketch for students of early English history. The subject was a favourite one with him.

"Where were you going?" suddenly asked my father, while my mother and Edith were conversing apart, of course about the child.

"I was going to dine with Edith's father and mother," I replied, rather hesitatingly.

"Come along," said my father; "we have a carriage round the corner. I long to see the parents of your wife. Your friend Charles there," he added in a whisper, "has told me all her virtues."

"Charles is a noble fellow," I began; "but "

I know I was about to make some excuse, when Charles interrupted me.

"Excuse me, Mrs. Mildmay," he said, addressing my mother, "if I interrupt you; but you have something yet to learn, as have these young people."

"What is it?" asked my father, gravely. He did not much like surprises.

"My dear sir," said Charles gently, as if well aware of the gravity of his question. "Your wife had a brother—"

"Captain Farnham!" exclaimed my father in an agitated tone.

"Yes."

"Well, what of him?" continued my father, while my mother held the child as if determined nothing that occurred should sever her from it.

"Your son has married his daughter," said Charles Ogilvy, gravely. "I knew it at the time, but he did not."

"My niece and daughter!" said my father, taking my wife's hand. "This is, indeed, a surprise. But let us go: the more reason to see him. Poor Captain! I have some splendid news for him."

"I think I told you," began Charles in a low tone, "that they are poor, and let lodgings."

"I understand," said my father; "you wish to prepare them. Go on—you know our hotel. Bring them round."

Charles thanked my father; and after shaking us by the hand, hurried away. We walked quietly to the carriage.

My father then told me of my mother's brother. He had not succeeded in the army, and had, indeed, left it rather suddenly and disappeared. He had been to blame himself; but the system, said my worthy parent, was also to blame. It had been the experience of his brother-in-law that had decided him so strongly against the army.

For several years, however, he had sought the ex-captain, who, I now first learnt, had really no half-pay, but a small annuity. He had sought him in vain. The agent who paid the money refused his address. His feigned name did the rest.

"You must feel, my dear boy," said my father, "how this has pained me, when I tell you that your father-in-law is heir to three hundred a-year, like your mother. Why, there are three thousand pounds of accumulation. I am the trustee; and the money he can have this very day."

How my wife brightened up—how she smiled and felt happy! To release her father and mother from the drudgery of a lodging-house had been her dream a long time. How brilliantly was the dream realised. Edith, like myself, felt satisfied that we could now manage the captain, and overcome the habits which home-misery and outward temptation had drawn him into. A look from her told me this.

We arrived at the hotel and went in. My mother and wife retired to a bed-room to talk. I was left alone with my father. I confess I felt a degree of nervous trepidation I never had experienced in my life.

"Now, my dear boy," said my father, "I have one favour to ask of you. You are a man now—a friend more than a child. Let the cause of our parting be never mentioned."

"My dear sir—" I began. I could not go on, so much was I affected.

But he gave me no time to show much emotion, for he began speaking of my book, which he pulled out of his pocket. With all his good sense and erudition, I verily do believe that he thought it one of the cleverest things in the English language. Love and affection really are, to a certain degree, blind. There were one or two, indeed many passages, which were almost unconscious reflections of lessons he had given me in my youth. He would take these as personal compliments to himself. He had read the book with extreme care, and marked passage after passage. *Very fine—good—excellent—my own idea*, were to be seen on almost every page.

The scholar and the student had been moved from every thought of anger by his son's book.

Presently the captain and his wife came in. They were much affected. My father received them admirably, though he would even to them show his pride about his son. Then he told them of their unexpected good fortune. Mrs. Farnham merely turned pale and red; but the captain would have fainted but for a glass of water. It carried him back to the days of his youth, when he was a gentleman.

Edith came in at this moment, and at once drew her father on one side. I heard the good soul's words.

"Now, father, you will come and live in the country with us," she began.

"I will, my dear," he replied in a low tone; "and, my blessed girl—I know what that look means—*I will never enter a public-house again*; I will be a gentleman, Edith."

Next day I found that the three thousand two hundred pounds of accumulated money was settled on Edith. Her father had insisted on this. A few days later we all moved to the country. Captain and Mrs. Farnham took a nice cottage near my father's house, and he devoted his leisure time to fishing. I determined to stick to my profession, which I really liked; and I still pursue it, though no longer driven to work for immediate bread.

I have nothing more to record, save the marriage of Charles Ogilvy to my sister Helen, and the setting up in business of Jack Prentice, whom I routed out in London, and found rather better off than myself. I may add, that all my dear friends still live; and I am, your very obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

CROCHET TOILET PINCUSHION COVER.

MATERIALS—Brooks' Great Exhibition Prize Goat's-head Crochet Thread, Nos. 14 and 30; and Walker's Penelope Crochet Hooks, Nos. 4 and 5.

With the No. 4 Hook, and No. 14 Crochet Thread, make a chain of 104 loops, and the—

1st round: Double crochet.

2nd : Work 7 treble in the first 7 loops, chain 2, miss 1, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, fasten off.

3rd : Work 5 treble at the top in the centre of the 7 treble of last round, chain 5, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th : Work 3 treble at the top in the centre of the 5 treble of last round, chain 5, work 1 treble in the centre of the 5 chains of last round, chain 5 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

5th : Work 2 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, chain 6, work 1 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 6 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

6th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 2 treble of last round, chain 7, work 3 treble at the top in the centre of the 1 treble of then work 1 treble and chain 3 for 4 times in the one 3 chain of last round, repeat round, plain 1 and fasten off, which completes one round ; work the number required, then work the following

INSERTION FOR THE INSIDE ROUND.

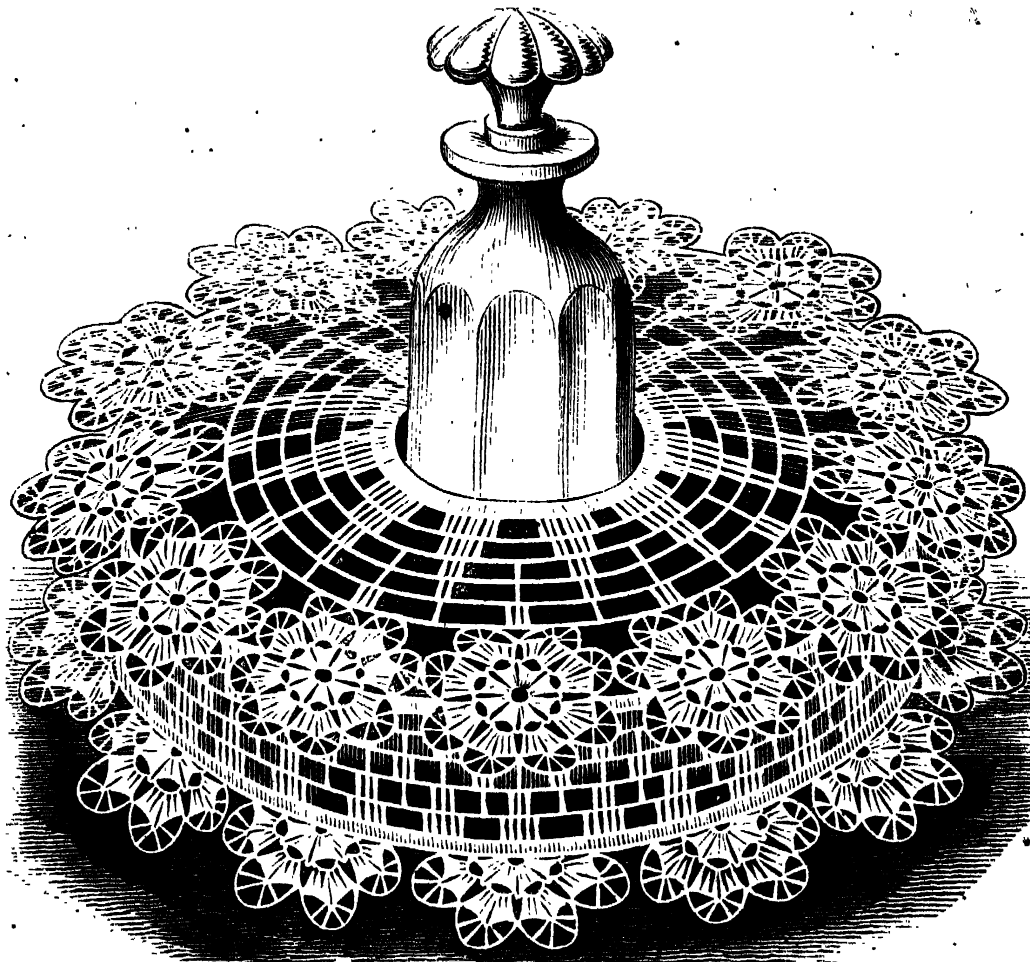
With the 14 Cotton make a chain of 104 loops, join it to form the round.

1st round : Double.

2nd : Work 5 treble, chain 3, miss 3, and repeat the round, plain 1 to form the round ; fasten off.

3rd : Work 3 treble at the top of the 5 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 chain of last round, chain 2 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th : Work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round,



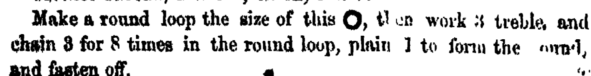
CROCHET TOILET PINCUSHION COVER.

last round, chain 7 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off, then work 13 of the following rounds or flowers, and join them in the centre of the 3 treble, as shown in the illustration.

FOR THE FLOWER.

Crochet Thread, No. 30 ; Hook, No. 5.

Make a round loop the size of this O, then work 3 treble, and chain 3 for 8 times in the round loop, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.



2nd round : Work 1 double in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3 and repeat round.

3rd : Work 3 treble in the centre of the first 3 chain of last round, chain 3, work 3 treble in the same 3 chain as before, chain 2, and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

4th : Plain 1 in the centre of the 2 chain of last round, chain 3, chain 2, work 3 treble at the top of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2 and repeat round, plain 1 and fasten off.

5th : Work 3 treble at the top in the centre of the 1 treble of last round, chain 2, work 1 treble in the centre of the 3 treble of last round, chain 2 and repeat the round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

6th : Work 5 treble in the centre, at the top of the 3 treble of last round, chain 3 and repeat round, plain 1 to form the round, and fasten off.

7th : Double crochet, which completes the insertion for the well. You then make a chain of 322 loops for the outer round of cushion, which is worked exactly the same as this, and after the top and bottom both alike, make the cushion and cover it crimson silk, or satin, or any other colour you may prefer, then put the crochet work over it, letting the rounds hang half over to form the edge, which will complete the cushion.