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PAYNE'S UNIVERSUM,

OR

PICTORIAL WORLD:

BEING A COLLECTION OF

Engravings of Views in all Countries,

Portraits of Great Men, and Specimens of Works of Art, of All Ages and of Every Character.

EDITED BY CHARLES EDWARDS.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
E. T. BRAIN AND CO., 88, FLEET STREET.
LONDON:

GROVE AND SON, PRINTERS, TRINITY STREET, SOUTHWARK.
PREFACE.

Every thing human must have an end; — and if in this, the Universum or Pictorial World, shares the destiny of its compeers, the Proprietors can only say, that on a review of their past labours they have nothing to regret; — the work having, throughout, been conducted in the same spirit of liberality with which it was begun.

They confidently appeal to the decision of those who are competent judges in such matters, and they do so, they trust, without vanity, whether the Pictorial World has not fully sustained the same character, which in the earlier parts of the work, received such unqualified commendation. Without exposing themselves to the charge of boasting, the Publishers can aver that, to the close of their undertaking, the same anxiety has been employed in the selection of interesting, appropriate, and diversified specimens, from known and approved masters; and which the artists employed in engraving them have invariably executed in the best style of the arts. It is further satisfactory to find that the work now completed, though published at a very moderate price, may, from its intrinsic worth, confidently be put into the hands of every amateur of the arts, whether amongst those of superior rank, or those moving, comparatively, in a more humble circle.

Should it be asked why a work thus propitiously began, and successfully carried on, should now be discontinued? — The Proprietors answer that this does not arise from any failure of materials, because it must be evident, on a moment's reflection, that a work comprising every branch of the arts, portraiture, landscapes and views both domestic and foreign, historical records of past events, dramatic and fictitious scenes, and fanciful and imaginary representations, must, from their own nature, be inexhaustible. The simple cause of bringing the work to a close is, that after the kind support of their friends for three successive years, they thought it much better to
loose their subscribers from any farther liability while the work was yet in
a vigorous state of health, rather than incur the possibility, even by a
protracted continuity, of producing satiety at last.

To those noblemen and gentlemen, the owners of private galleries,
who have most kindly assisted the work by the loan of pictures, the
Publishers desire to return their most grateful thanks. Neither would
they forget the courtesy shown, and the assistance afforded by public
bodies, through the medium of those gentlemen who are the respective
conservators of such works of art. The Publishers also feel that to their
numerous subscribers a large amount of gratitude is due.

And if the Editor in conclusion may be forgiven for speaking in *propriá
personá*, he must say that he parts with his readers and his work with
infinite regret. Many hours of toilsome pleasure, if such an expression be
not a paradox, have glided away since the beginning of his editorial labours.
Often, aye! very often, while he has been endeavouring to furnish materials
illustrative of the Universum, which might amuse or instruct, he has him-
self derived no small portion of pleasure and profit in revising the studies
of bye-gone times, and acquiring fresh information on subjects of a more
modern date. For this, as well as on other accounts, in taking leave of
his readers, he can but express his most sincere acknowledgments.

*London, October 1st, 1847.*
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THE PICTORIAL WORLD.

THE MAMELUKE.

The Mamelukes (from the Arabic word Memalik, which signifies a slave) were originally Circassian slaves, who were destined to household offices by their masters, and afterwards raised themselves to high dignities in the state, but they formed no separate or public body. But when, in the thirteenth century, Genghis Khan had overrun the greater part of Asia, and carried off a great number of the inhabitants as slaves, Nodjmaddin, sultan of Egypt, bought of them twelve thousand Mingrelians (Circassians) but mostly Turks, from the Kaptslak, whom he caused to be trained in all military exercises, and formed a corps of troops of them. They soon showed themselves licentious and rebellious. Already, during the reign of his successor, they interfered in state affairs, murdered the sultan, Turan Shah, and in 1254 proclaimed one of their number, the Mameluke Ibrag, Sultan of Egypt. The rule of the Mamelukes in this country lasted two hundred and sixty-three years, and the boldest of them generally obtained the supreme dignity. During this time they had made many conquests, and in 1291 expelled the Franks from the East. Selim the First destroyed this mighty empire, and took the capital, Cairo, by storm, in the year 1317. He appointed a Turkish pacha governor of Egypt, but it seems that he was obliged, from circumstances, to connive at the continuance of the twenty-four Beys, as governors of the different provinces of this country. This state of things lasted without any considerable change for about two hundred years. But in the latter half of the last century the power of the Mamelukes, in consequence of their increased number and their wealth, obtained such a preponderance over the Turkish government in Egypt, that the pacha nominated by the Porte was obliged to rule according to their will and pleasure. They were indebted for this superiority, since 1766, principally to Ali Bey, who ruled with unlimited authority, and was murdered in 1773. The Mamelukes, who were dispersed through all Egypt, and whose number amounted
to ten or twelve thousand men, recruited their body chiefly from the slaves who were brought to Cairo from the countries situated between the Black Sea and the Caspian. They were forced to profess the Mahometan religion and to become soldiers. They afterwards were raised to high offices of state, and often became beys or governors of provinces; in fact, none but Mamelukes could be nominated to this last dignity. In the time of the French invasion, under Napoleon, the Mameluke Beys, particularly Murat Bey, played a distinguished part. They formed a formidable body of cavalry and attacked the French with great bravery on their first landing in the country. The French army formed into hollow squares, as there was no other mode of resisting their furious attacks; but these were scarcely formed, before the Mamelukes made a most desperate charge. Of one of these bold riders, such as we see in the print before the reader, the following anecdote is related by a sharer in the campaign: “One of the Mamelukes entered the square near where I was stationed. The ferocity of this man was scarcely to be imagined. When he found himself encircled, he fought so desperately, that his sabre was dripping with blood, his horse was in a violent perspiration, and wounded in several places with bayonets, but finding no hopes of escaping, he then threw his arms on the sand and dismounted, patted his horse’s neck, and kissed it. His arms consisted of two pair of pistols, one pair in the holsters and the other round his waist, a sabre, a poniard, and a steel mallet, made fast to the holster, two feet in length, with a round head, having several sharp points about two inches apart, it weighed about six pounds and was as bright as silver.” Several other Mamelukes penetrated the second circle and were killed. General Desaix lost a great number of men, and all by the sabre. So desperate were their wounds that very few recovered them. But this individual bravery could not long resist the artillery of the Europeans, and several soon joined the party of the French.

But the downfall of this restless and turbulent body of men was at hand. The singular man who now rules over the destinies of Egypt had conceived the idea of consolidating the power in his own hands, and was resolved to rule alone, not by the will of a lawless soldiery. He did not hesitate to use treachery of the most ferocious description for the destruction of his dangerous adherents. The Mamelukes received orders from Mohammed Ali to be present at a grand ceremony, previous to the departure of his son for Mecca. He played his part with great duplicity, addressed his intended victims with that easy flattery which is so dangerous in an Eastern despot; he called the Mamelukes the elder sons of the Prophet, and invited them, by the peace which subsisted between them, to celebrate with him the departure of his son for the Holy Tomb.

Meanwhile he had concealed a great number of his faithful Albanians upon the
ramparts, the towers, and behind the walls of the citadel. The Mamelukes arrived with the utmost confidence, and the gates were closed upon them. The Pacha seated himself on a carpet on the summit of a terrace, smoking a magnificent Persian pipe, from whence he could see every motion without being seen; behind him were three of his confidential officers. He regarded the scene below with a fixed and terrible look, without speaking a word; the signal was given to fire, and the massacre of the Mamelukes commenced. They were adorned, or rather encumbered, with their finest arms, and mounted on noble horses; but their numbers, their courage—all were useless—they were destroyed.

Those that survived the fire were taken without the citadel and beheaded; as soon as the massacre became known, those who were found scattered in the towns and villages of the country were likewise put to death. Those who could escape, withdrew to Nubia, but the power of the once dreaded Mamelukes was broken for ever.

This dreadful tragedy was acted on the 1st of March, 1811.

ST. Saviour's Cathedral at Bruges.

It was about the commencement of the thirteenth century that Bruges rose to that commercial opulence of which we see so many picturesque remains in the public and private buildings of the town. The Hanseatic cities, soon after their confederation, established an emporium at Bruges, and its central position rendered it equally a place of resort for the merchants of the north and the wealthy Lombards of Italy. Extensive manufactures were established, and some idea may be formed of the riches accumulated in this city, from the fact that when it was known that Jean Sans Peur was taken prisoner at the battle of Nicopolis, and that two hundred thousand ducats were demanded for his ransom, a single merchant became security for the whole sum, which, considering the value of money at that period, was immense. It was here that the Order of the Golden Fleece was instituted by Philip the Good, on his marriage with Isabella of Portugal.

The population of Bruges, which once amounted to two hundred thousand souls, has now dwindled down to forty-five thousand, and its spacious streets and squares, once the proud witnesses of its opulence, indicates but more plainly its decay. But the details and bas-reliefs of its architecture will tempt the stranger to many
a pleasing stroll. We are unable to affirm, but willing to hope, that Bruges may
still be as famous for the beauty of its daughters as in times of old, when it enjoyed
the title of formosis Brugae puellis.

Of the public buildings, the fine cathedral church of St. Saviour's, the interior of
which we here present to our readers, deserves especial notice. It is said to have
been founded by St. Eloy, about 646, from funds provided by Dagobert. In 1358
it was burnt down and rebuilt. The exterior is not of imposing effect, being built
entirely of brick. It possesses many beautiful pictures—a Baptism of Christ, by
Von Oost the elder; St. Borromeus Curing the Persons infected with the Plague,
by Bakerel, worthy of Rubens, but more highly finished than most of the works of
that great master; Christ on the Cross, by Langen Jean; Jesus Triumphing over
Sin and Death, by J. Van Oost; an admirable copy of the Adoration of the Magi,
by Gerard Seghers, the original of which is in Notre Dame. The wood bas-reliefs
above and opposite the door are very fine, and date from the fourteenth century.
The pulpit is more recent, and rests upon two Corinthian columns. A Bishop,
supposed to be St. Eloy, holds the plan of the church, the carving is by Tamin.
The chapels are likewise adorned with several fine pictures; the Two Holy Women
Presenting an Offering of Flowers, deserves particular attention, from the serene
expression of the countenances, and the beauty of colouring which it displays.
There are some large pictures by Van Orley, under the great end window of the
transverse nave, which, worked in tapestry by Van der Borght, adorn the choir.
Near the altar of our Lady of Loretto there is a very fine sea-piece by Minderhout.
Two pictures by E. Quellyn, representing Scenes in the Life of St. James and
St. Augustin; the Flight from Egypt, by Van Oost; and, the Three Holy Martyrs,
by Dedesteyn, belong to the finest in the church. The Christ and the Virgin, at
the sides of the chapel behind the choir, are supposed to be by Domenichino.
Over the altar of St. Joseph is a beautiful picture, representing the Saint with the
Infant Jesus, who is offering him some chips of wood. In the next chapel, which
is closed, is the tomb of Philip the Good, killed in the church of St. Donat. The
bas-relief on the pillar opposite is very fine. The Adoration, by Van Oost the
younger; and, the Martyrdom of St. Sylvester, by Hemling, are remarkable
for the extraordinary freshness of their colouring, although painted nearly four
centuries ago.

The beautiful organ-pipes rest upon a gallery of black and white marble, the
three colossal statues in the print before us, at the sides of and surmounting the
organ, are carved in wood, and represent David and his Harp; St. Cecilia and her
Organ; the uppermost statue represents an Angel with a Scroll of Music in one
Hand, and beating Time with the other. Below, there is an admirable statue of
Moses. Here are likewise suspended the Arms of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, who were present at the first chapter held by Philip the Good. The altar-piece is a beautiful representation of the Resurrection. On each side of the grand altar are two finely sculptured mausoleums of Bishops of Bruges.

CHRISTIAN FÜRCHTEGOTT GELLERT.

The few circumstances that diversify the life of this writer, who, in his time, exercised an influence almost unexampled over his cotemporaries, are soon related. He was born on the 4th of July, 1715, at Haynichen, a little town in the Erzgebirge of Saxony, where his father was a clergyman. His parents lived in very reduced circumstances, so that it is probable he had gratuitous instruction, at the grammar school of Meissen, where he formed a friendship with Gaertner and the satirist Rabener. In the year 1734 he visited the University of Leipzig, where he studied theology, and in 1738 he was regularly ordained; but, on attempting to preach in his father’s church, an excess of natural timidity so overcame his powers of utterance that he was obliged to re-descend the pulpit and could not afterwards be prevailed upon to renew the effort. This timidity and anxiety formed a part of his moral character, and a great part of his blameless life was inwardly embittered by his fears that he should be found unworthy of the Divine grace. This feeling was, doubtless, the result of physical disorder. He afterwards became tutor to two young noblemen, and contributed to the periodical works of the day. In 1746 he became the editor of a new publication, which appeared under the title, “Materials to form the Heart and the Understanding,” which contained corrected copies of his first essays and poems, and a series of maturer compositions:—“The Swedish Countess,” a novel; “The Sisters,” a play; and, “The Prude,” a dramatic sketch. In the same year his fables appeared, they met with extraordinary success, and “form, perhaps, the first native poetic work of the modern Germans which became decidedly and nationally popular. The manner is more diffuse and less picturesque than that of Lafontaine, but it is free from the impertinent wit of Gay.” This judgment of Mr. Taylor's appears to us too favourable, but the great writers that have since risen in Germany have so immeasurably improved the German taste that it is extremely difficult to be just to the insipid, and somewhat colourless, writings of the previous period. “The
fables of Gellert much resemble those of Hagedorn, but the former has more feeling, more a manner of his own, and acted more on the sympathies of his countrymen.” It is related that, soon after the publication of his fables, a boor came to Leipzig with a load of billet-wood for firing, inquired for Gellert’s lodgings, delivered to him the wood, of which he begged his acceptance, saying, “it was all he had to bestow, but it would be a lasting satisfaction to him to have spent a week in riving wood for Gellert.”

At the taking of Leipzig, in 1758, a lieutenant of Prussian hussars called on Gellert and gave protection against the soldiers quartered at the house by leaving his pistols there, and occupying the apartment only nominally.

Frederic the Great had an interview with Gellert, and expressed himself pleased with his conversation.

In 1758 Gellert was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Leipzig. He had now, in some measure, overcome the timidity which had unfitted him for appearing in a public character; his lectures attained to such popularity that the Elector of Saxony once sent for him to deliver three of the most impressive at his residence. For this honour he received a pension, which enabled him to retire from his public duties, as his health, always feeble, was now gradually declining. A hypochondriac disorder, of which he had early symptoms, clouded his latter years in almost perpetual gloom; some amusement he derived from versifying hymns and pious odes, which, like every thing that proceeded from his pen, were received with general satisfaction. Goethe, in his Autobiography, has left us some striking instances of his unbounded popularity with the students. The Elector of Saxony, having heard that riding had been recommended as a relief, immediately made Gellert a present of a horse from his own stables.

On the 5th of December, 1769, he died, lamenting that the final hour of change had been postponed so long. A sculptured monument was erected to his honour in the cemetery of Leipzig. His works have been frequently reprinted, and it would appear that his popularity still exists, as a collected edition of them has been published at Leipzig within the last two or three years. For these details, as well as the first specimen of his fables, we are indebted to Mr. Taylor, as it is due to the memory of a writer so universally esteemed during his life-time, to select for his biographer one who, himself a critical judge, lived so near the time in which his author lived, that he was able to appreciate his merits more impartially than those who, accustomed to a higher standard in modern German literature, might decide more severely, and probably, less impartially.

The vignettes that surround the portrait of Gellert refer to several of his fables, of two of which we subjoin a translation.
THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE CUCKOO.

Her vernal song a Nightingale began,
Hoping to please the pride of creatures, man.
Boys, who were playing in a meadow near,
Pursued their bustling sport with heedless ear.
Meanwhile, a Cuckoo, from a neighbouring tree,
Exclaims "Cuckoo!" the boys repeat with glee.
They laugh, they point at him, they join his song,
And ten times over his short tune prolong.
The Cuckoo turns to Philomela's rest,
"You must allow they like my singing best."
Soon came Dametas with his lively bride,
The Cuckoo calls, they pass with sulky pride.
Not long the Nightingale felt envy's pang,
So sweet, so shrill, so variously she sang,
That Phillis took a seat upon the bank,
And look'd aloof, with glistening eye, her thank.
"Now, prater," (said the Nightingale) "perceive
How pure the recompense my lays receive:
The still approval of one silent tear
Is more than vulgar shouts that rend the ear."

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME MAN.

A blind man one day chanc'd to meet,
A lame man hobbling down the street,
And joyful hop'd that he would guide him,
Or sore mishap would sure betide him.
"I!" said the lame man, "help the strong
Who scarce myself can crawl along!
But stay, methinks your shoulders broad
Can bear a tolerable load.
If you to carry me vouchsafe,
I'll tell you where the paths are safe,
Thus thy stout foot my leg shall be
And my eyes teach yours how to see."
The lame man now, without his crutches,
Alone, the blind man's neck fast clutches:
Their powers united help in need,
Where one alone could ne'er succeed.
Thou hast not that which others have,
The gifts thou hast thy brethren crave,
From mutual imperfection springs
The force which social union brings.
SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

Far on the right her dogs foul Scylla hides;
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides,
Then spouts them from below; with fury driven,
The waves mount up, and wash the face of Heaven.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
Then dashes on the rocks; a human face,
And virgin bosom, hide her tail's disgrace;
Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
With dogs enclosed, and in a dolphin end.

Dryden's Translation of Virgil's Enid.

Part of this strange description of rock and whirlpool will be rendered more intelligible from the following description by the Abbé Spallanzani. "Scylla is a lofty rock, twelve miles from Messina, which rises almost perpendicularly from the sea, on the shore of Calabria, and beyond which is the small city of the same name. Though there was scarcely any wind, I began to hear, two miles before I came to the rock, a murmur and noise, like a confused barking of dogs, and, on a nearer approach, I readily discovered the cause. This rock, in its lower parts, contains a number of caverns, one of the largest of which is called, by the people here, Dragara. The waves, when in the least agitated, rushing into these caverns, break, dash, throw up frothy bubbles, and thus occasion these various and multiplied sounds. I then perceived with how much truth and resemblance Homer and Virgil, in their personifications of Scylla, had portrayed this scene, by describing the monster they drew as lurking in the darkness of a vast cavern, surrounded by ravenous mastiffs, together with wolves, to increase the horror.

Charybdis is distant from the shore of Messina about seven hundred and fifty feet, and is called by the people of the country Calofaro, not from the agitation of the waves, as some have supposed, but from καλαφόρος and καλαφόρος; that is, the beautiful tower, from the light house erected near it for the guidance of vessels. The phenomenon of the Calofaro is observable when the current is descending; for when the current sets in from the north, the pilots call it the descending current; and when it runs from the south, the ascending. The current ascends or descends at the rising or setting of the moon, and continues for six hours. In the interval between each ascent or descent there is a calm which lasts at least a quarter of an hour, but not longer than an hour. Afterwards, at the rising or setting of the moon, the current enters from the north, making various angles of incidence with
the shore, and at length reaches the Calofaro. This delay sometimes continues
two hours; sometimes it falls immediately into the Calofaro, and then experience
has taught that it is a certain token of bad weather."

We have crossed the straits in somewhat stormy weather, and can bear witness
to the violence of the currents, we gazed with interest on the scene now before the
reader, and recollected at a critical moment the well-known proverb, "Incidit in
Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charybdim." He strikes against Scylla who wishes to
avoid Charybdis. The whirlpool, if it still exist, we had no opportunity of observing,
and it has doubtless lost much of its terror, even in the susceptible minds of
the native boatmen. Probably some physical change may have contributed to
produce this effect; for, from the following statement of a British officer, its
danger to the small craft of the coast was by no means unreal.

The flights of poetry can seldom bear to be shackled by homely truth, and if
we are to receive the fine imagery that places the summit of Scylla, in clouds,
brooding eternal mists and tempests, that represents it as inaccessible even to a
man provided with twenty hands and twenty feet, and immerses its base among
ravenous sea-dogs, why not also receive the whole circle of mythological dogmas of
Homer? In the writings of so exquisite a bard, we must not expect to find all
his representations strictly confined to a mere accurate narration of facts. Moderns
of intelligence, in visiting this spot, have gratified their heated imaginations by
fancying it the scourge of seamen, and that, in a gale, its caverns "roar like dogs;"
but I, as a sailor, never perceived any difference between the effects of these surges
here and on any other coast; yet I have frequently watched it closely in bad weather.
It is now, as I presume it ever was, a common rock, of bold approach, a little worn
at its base, and surmounted by a castle, with a sandy bay on each side. The one
on the south side is memorable for the disaster that happened there during the
dreadful earthquake of 1783, when an overwhelming wave (supposed to have been
occasioned by the fall of part of a promontory into the sea) rushed up the beach,
and, in its retreat, bore away with it upwards of two thousand people. Outside
the tongue of land, or Braccio di San Rainiere, that forms the harbour of Messina,
lies the Calofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has, with more reason
than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the undecked
boats of the Rhegians, Locrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been
formidable; for, even in the present day, small craft are sometimes endangered by
it; and I have seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four gun-ship, whirlcd
round on its surface; but, by using due caution, there is generally very little
danger or inconvenience to be apprehended. It appears to be an agitated water,
of from seventy to ninety fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies. It is owing,
probably, to the meeting of the harbour, and lateral currents, with the main one, the latter being forced over, in this direction, by the opposite point of Pezzo. This agrees in some measure with the relation of Thucydides, who calls it a violent reciprocation of the Tyrrenhe and Sicilian seas; and he is the only writer of remote antiquity, I remember to have read, who has assigned this danger its true situation, and not exaggerated its effect.

GOLD WASHING IN BRAZIL.

The extensive and fertile region known under the general name of Brazil, is bounded on the north by English and French Guiana, Venezuela, and Ecuador; on the west, by Peru, Bolivia, and Paraguay; on the south, by Monte Video. The real limits of this country have, however, been so little ascertained by actual measurement, that it is almost impossible to give an accurate and authentic statement of its extent. Brazil may be considered as consisting of three distinct regions; viz. a level coastland of generally inconsiderable breadth; an interior table land, the average height of which is estimated at two thousand five hundred feet, and which is surmounted by numerous chains of mountains; lastly, of a large and but slightly inclined plane, watered by the Amazon, or Paraíso river, and in which hills of inconsiderable elevation rise but in one part. The strip of plane on the coast is extremely fertile, and, in the uncultivated parts, is covered with forests yet undisturbed by the hand of man. This strip is separated from the highlands by the coast chain of mountains; Serra do Mar, the mean height of which is three thousand feet. Parallel to this, that is, from south to north, are numerous other chains, of which the Serra di Mantiqueira is the highest. None of these, however, rise to any very great height, for even the highest mountain in Brazil, the Itaco-tumi, five thousand seven hundred feet high, is far below the snow-line. It was formerly supposed that these chains, which run parallel to the Andes, belonged to this mountain-system, and formed its spurs; but this opinion is manifestly incorrect, for the Brazilian highlands lower considerably to the west, and are separated from the Andes by extensive plains. These mountains are frequently connected with each other by transverse branches, and inclose very numerous valleys and variously formed vertical depressions. One consequence of this formation of the surface is the extremely lengthened course of the rivers, which, although rising at no great
distance from the coast, are thus compelled to flow through several degrees of latitude, in a northern or southern direction, before they can reach one of the two great channels, the Amazon and the Plata, whose basins comprise almost all the streams whose sources lie between the *Serra do Mar* and the Andes. These mountain-chains greatly influence the varieties of plants and animals found in Brazil. The tropical primæval forests (the sight of which has called forth the universal admiration of travellers) which cover the coast far to the south, and extend uninterruptedly in the northern lowland, from the mouths of the Amazons to the spurs of the Andes, yield in the interior highlands to light woods, the growth and botanical character of which are specifically different, and some extensive levels (*Campos*) dwindle into a bush-vegetation. In some of the dry and sandy districts, between these mountains, the vegetation is so scanty, or suffers so much during the dry season, that the breeding of cattle is the only, and often little profitable, occupation of the scattered inhabitants. Really barren districts are however rare, except in the northern provinces, for even in the less promising soils, the rainy season works wonders, and the country is nowhere scourged with uninhabitable deserts, like those of Africa. As Brazil extends, in one direction, over a surface of perhaps two thousand miles, its climate must necessarily exhibit many varieties, but these by no means resemble those of equal extent, as from the north of Lapland to Egypt, inasmuch as the greater part lies within the region of the equator, and is devoid of mountains covered with perpetual snow. Throughout Brazil there are but two seasons, the rainy and the dry, which do not, however, commence everywhere at the same time. Single provinces, particularly Ceará, suffer at times from drought, here there have been years in which no rain has fallen; the loss of the harvest and the flocks was the inevitable consequence. The temperature is everywhere high; even in the highest districts of the province Minas slight night frosts are rare. In the treeless *Campos* a rougher climate prevails; but even this is more perceptible to the traveller from the coast, or unaccustomed to cold, by bodily sensation, than by any considerable change in the barometer.

Heat prevails in the provinces on the coast, but not to the same degree as in many districts of the coast of Mexico, Panama, or Acapulco. The air is considerably cooled by regular trade winds. The equatorial climate prevails in its glory in the lowlands of the Amazon, which has called forth the most enthusiastic eulogies, and found a most eloquent describer in the traveller Martius. Brazil possesses the great advantage that its beauties can be enjoyed without the danger or delay of acclimatisation; it is generally a wholesome country, and free from the yellow fever, that dreadful scourge of the West Indies and the adjacent lands.
The population, in 1835, was somewhat more than four millions. As in all the tropical countries of South America, it consists of the original inhabitants (Indians), negroes, whites, and the many gradations of caste from the admixture of these different races. The aboriginals have mostly disappeared from the coast provinces, more from their having been driven back, than because they were forced to the hard compulsive servitude that depopulated the colonies of the Spaniards in their mining districts. A considerable number of these Indians live in a half-civilized state in the villages of the interior; in the northern provinces, particularly near the Amazon, they form nearly the whole of the population, living peaceably, without many wants, but likewise passing their lives without advantage to the state. Independent tribes occupy many of the districts which have not yet been taken possession of by the whites in the north and west; these carry on a kind of barter-trade in some parts, frequently living in a state of constant hostility, and opposing, as long as they can, the entrance of strangers. The original inhabitants of America are divided into a vast number of tribes, of whom it is supposed that one hundred live on the soil of Brazil, who consider themselves as different nations, speaking their own language. Of these, however, some are now extinct. The negroes are for the most part slaves. As everywhere else, this great servile population is the curse of the country. Although the danger of increasing their number has been distinctly perceived in the provinces of Pernambuco, Bahia, &c., and numerous rebellions have given them warning to mitigate this perilous state of things, the love of lucre has been found too powerful; and, in spite of the treaties with England, negroes are smuggled into the country in such numbers that it is computed that, since the year 1831, three hundred thousand slaves have been imported. The mulattoes prevail in the coast provinces, the mestizoes in those of the interior. Both these castes are in a very low state of civilization; and the former, particularly, threaten great danger to the state, as is proved by the terrible rebellions of recent years. The whites are, with few exceptions, the descendants of Portuguese emigrants, but the influence of a change of life and habits in a foreign country has not operated to their advantage; and, in general, they must rank low in the scale of civilization, although in the higher ranks are to be found many possessed of considerable knowledge. Their morals are not severe, nowhere does fanaticism or intolerance prevail, but more frequently infidelity and a contempt of religion, in consequence of the acquaintance of this class of the inhabitants with French literature, which has, beyond a doubt, exercised a more pernicious influence in the New World than in Europe. Education is neglected, and the custom of sending their sons to be educated in France has introduced into this formerly peaceful country a number of young men, who, from want of better occupation, become
democratical writers, and produce no small confusion. In the national character of the single provinces great diversity prevails. The extreme south (Rio Grande do Sul) is inhabited by a rough people, devoted to breeding of cattle, and resembling the notorious Gauchos of the Pampas, who, infected by the ideas of their neighbours, after a long struggle, were at last (1843) reduced to obedience. The inhabitants of San Paulo are an active and courageous tribe, fond of adventures; those of Minas are distinguished above all the other Brazilians for mild seriousness, strictness of morals, culture, and love of knowledge. The natives of the province Bahia betray indifference to intellectual progress, but display a great zeal in the pursuit of common interest, and trade and industry have here made great progress. The Pernambucan has but little respect for the law, and has suffered the most for character, from living in a population of slaves, whose increase he favours. Amidst such a variety of conflicting elements, it will require knowledge, energy, and wisdom to guide the state, and to save it from the natural inclination to a revolution, arising from the ambition of some, and the cupidity of the many.

Although Brazil does not exhibit the same variety of climates as Peru and Quito, it enjoys a still more ample abundance of natural products. The vegetation is so luxuriant, in many provinces, that it throws considerable difficulties in the way of the colonist, but it presents, at the same time, the richest resources for all the objects of life, and inexhaustible, and for the most part, unapplied sources of national wealth. The distinguished traveller, Martius, assures us that he has seen fifteen thousand species of plants in this country, many of them scarcely known to botanists. From the period of its discovery, Brazil has been celebrated for its valuable species of wood, the variety of its palm trees, and its various nutritious plants; many other vegetable substances and spices have, at a comparatively recent period, become of general use in medicine and domestic economy. The animal corresponds in riches to the vegetable kingdom; although South America does not possess the colossal animals of Africa, it surpasses that continent in variety of forms and beauty of colour. Brazil is the country of apes, parrots, colibris, and brilliant golden insects, and abounds in wild, but seldom dangerous animals, wherever man has not completed his conquest over the animal creation. Single provinces are celebrated for their mineral wealth, and owe their original colonization partly to this cause. Of gold we shall speak presently. The province of Minas possesses abundance of iron ore, but unfortunately is devoid of fuel. The province San Paulo possesses a particular magnet-iron (maritit), a source of considerable profit. Goyaz is rich in diamonds.

After this slight sketch of some of the physical peculiarities of this interesting
country, we turn to the more immediate subject of the plate before us. Gold is found in many parts of Brazil, both in the mountains and rivers, but most abundantly in the province Minas, near the capital, Villa Rica, surrounded by mountains abounding in the precious ore. Gold mining is in a neglected state, having made little progress during the centuries which have elapsed since the discovery of the country. One of the principal means of obtaining the gold is by bringing streams of water to bear upon the beds in the mountain slopes. The water rushing down with great rapidity carries with it, or loosens, a great portion of the soil. The latter masses, which still adhere to the mountain, are loosened by the staves, with levers and other instruments, and hurled down into the streams which, at a convenient distance, form a reservoir, where the soil is still further beaten and carried off in smaller channels, the rocky portions being detained by grates. The bottom of these channels is covered with hides, or other hairy or woolly substances, to which the gold adheres as it is precipitated from the portions of the soil which are still stirred and beaten by the slaves. The hides are then taken out and dried, and the gold carefully collected.

BAHIA; or, ST. SALVADOR.

Bahia de Todos Santos; or, All Saints’ Bay, is one of those noble harbours with which nature has formed Brazil. It is between twenty and thirty miles broad, and thirty and forty in length, can be entered by day or by night, at any period of the tide, and ships of the largest size can anchor close to the town, in six or seven fathoms water. The bay can afford secure anchorage for all the ships in the world.

This beautiful bay was discovered by the Portuguese, at the beginning of the sixteenth century; the first attempt at its colonization, under King John III. of Portugal, was defeated by an attack of the Indians; the surviving Europeans were shipwrecked upon an island in the bay, and massacred by the inhabitants. A later expedition was more fortunate, and Portugal derived considerable profit from the numerous mineral and vegetable treasures with which this province abounds.

Within the bay, on the eastern side, stands the city of San Salvador, more generally known by the name of Bahia; it was founded by Thomas de Souza, first
captain-general of Brazil, and was declared the capital of the country. Since the year 1763, Rio de Janeiro has been considered the chief city, and is the residence of the court.

The city of Bahia is one of the largest and most important in the whole continent of South America. It consists of two parts, the Praya, or Citade Baxa (Low Town), and the Citade Alta (High Town). The latter is built upon a hill, between two and three hundred feet in height, nearly perpendicular above the Praya, which consists of one street along the coast, extending nearly five miles in length; here are the warehouses filled with European and Brazilian merchandize. The High Town is well built, and contains several fine squares and public buildings; among which, the hospital and the cathedral are the most remarkable. The environs of the city are extremely beautiful, and its climate very healthy. The population is estimated at one hundred and eighty thousand, of whom forty thousand are whites. The island Itaparica, which lies opposite the city, and whose western and eastern extremities, from the entrance to the bay, contains sixteen thousand inhabitants, of whom seven thousand dwell in the town San Gonzalo, the inhabitants of which derive their subsistence principally from the whale fishery in the south sea.

The province of Bahia contains more than half a million of inhabitants, one-third of whom are slaves. It extends from Rio Grande do Belmondo to Rio Real, and westward to the banks of the San Francisco. The soil is in general extremely fertile, particularly in the neighbourhood of Bahia, in the district called Reconcavo; the vale of San Francisco is but moderately fertile. The navigable streams are the Rio Grande do Belmondo, the Rio Pardo, or Patype, the Rio de Contas, the Paraguassu, and the Itapicun. The principal exports are dyeing, and other woods, tropical fruits, rice, hides, sugar, tobacco, cotton, coffee of inferior quality, and, secretly, gold and diamonds. From 1623—1654, the whole coast of Bahia, as far as Para, was in possession of the Dutch, but in the peace of 1660 it was restored to the Portuguese. From 1820 to 1824, this province was the refuge of the Portuguese, who, in the internal disturbances of Brazil, became an object of persecution; but, in this latter year, it accepted the constitution given by Don Pedro.
THE RHINE FERRY.

This is a favourite subject with the painters of the Low German and Dutch schools and deservedly so, for it gives scope for the introduction of almost every object and humour which may attract the painter. He may, if he please, introduce the four elements, fire, air, earth, and water, a blacksmith's shop, or an old woman or a young one, carrying a lantern, would not be rejected by the most severe critic; trees, fields, houses, churches, are at his nod. The foreground may be peopled with men, or the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, nay even the fishes (not) of the sea, may splash and flounder in a tub, to be sent as a present to some good gossip; the air and clouds, from sultry summer's calm to winter's roaring blast; driving the black clouds before it, are at his command. And then the Ferry itself! Noah's ark presents its wealth from which he may select, with some due attention to climate, or he may introduce some miniature Van Amburgh and Carter, and display the monsters of the torrid zone. His human cargo, too, may comprise Shakspere's seven ages, in all their different variety of form and occupation. The ferry-men may be resting for a moment, or may display the beauty of the human form in energetic action, an impatient member of the swinish herd may be ambitious of being the first to touch terra firma, and may throw the whole of the motley crew into confusion. In short, a thousand objects are at the artist's beck and call, with all the advantages of light and shade, and of these he has here ably availed himself.

VILLA REALE (ROYAL VILLA), NAPLES.

We have frequently introduced our readers to the scenes of surpassing beauty for which the Gulf of Naples is so justly celebrated. The Villa Reale, or Promenade by the sea-shore, commands a delightful view of the principal objects which are here crowded together. It is the fashionable walk of the beau monde at certain hours; but as a garden, or public walk, it cannot rank very high. Where nature has been so lavish on a grand scale, the works of man must be magnificent indeed to pretend to even the smallest share of admiration, and the sea-breezes seem, in derision, to thwart the constant endeavours of the King of Naples to promote the growth of trees in the somewhat overpraised Villa Reale.

ROUEN.

As we have subjoined to our remarks on the ecclesiastical buildings in Rouen some particulars respecting this city, (in the first volume,) we refer our readers to our former article.
ST. GUDULA, BRUSSELS.

The cathedral church of St. Gudula, at Brussels, is a fine and imposing Gothic building, built in the form of a cross. It was begun in the year 1010, and consecrated to St. Michael. In the year 1047, the remains of St. Gudula were brought hither from the chapel of St. Gery, and the church was henceforth known by the united names of St. Michael and St. Gudula. This cathedral is built on the slope of a hill, so that, whilst one end is on a level with the adjacent ground, the principal entrance is approached by a flight of forty stone steps. The interior is simple, but striking, the roof is supported by fine massive pillars, and contains several specimens of sculpture, which are much admired. The pulpit, of black oak, is the work of Henry Verbruggen, and was carved for the Jesuits of Louvain, in 1699. It was presented to the cathedral, in 1766, by the Empress Maria Theresa. The sculptor has embodied the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise; the steps and bannisters representing several sorts of trees, covered with innumerable beasts and birds. Some of the tombs in this church are very superb and beautiful.

THE PLEASING INTELLIGENCE.

In all pictures in which but two female forms appear, it seems an acknowledged law of art that the theme must be love or friendship, our readers will be at no loss in the selection, in the plate before us. The artist has treated his subject very judiciously, the contrast of light and shade in the different parts of the dress of the fair reader and her confidante is skilfully managed, and the atmosphere, the foliage and architecture, all contribute to give a rich and harmonizing effect to the whole.

THE STUDENT'S CLIFFS.

Although not so extensive as most of the mountain chains and ridges of central Europe, these mountains have a peculiar interest, as being the only elevation of considerable height in the great plain, which, spread over the north of Germany and north east of Europe, extends, with the single interruption of the Ural mountains, to the shores of China. They display too, every variety of scenery, and the different valleys by which they are intersected afford scenes of great beauty, which occasionally rises to sublimity. In the near neighbourhood of villages and towns, the traveller can here enjoy the feeling of solitude, in its full extent, except when interrupted by the noisy merriment of some of the sons of Alma Mater.

VOL. III.
RIO DE JANEIRO.

Rio de Janeiro, or Rio, the capital of the empire of Brazil, is situated in the province of the same name, and, as its name implies, on the river Janeiro. During the war with Napoleon, and for some time subsequent to his fall, it was the residence of the King of Portugal; and, since 1823, has been the residence of the Emperor of Brazil. A narrow opening, inclosed by two bare rocks, forms the entrance to the harbour, which is defended by several forts and batteries. Its capacious basin contains several islands, and being surrounded by hills and mountains, which defend it from the winds, it is reckoned one of the best harbours in the world. The environs are beautiful and extensive; mountain rises on mountain, like a vast amphitheatre, on whose declivities rest churches and monasteries, fortifications, and country houses, between them pleasing valleys enriched with pomegranate trees and verdant beeches. The city is situated on a level, but elevated tongue of land, about two miles from the entrance into the harbour, on the north side of the bay, and surrounded on the other sides by high and woody hills. A regular fortress on one side of the promontory, and a well fortified Benedictine monastery serve for its defence. Both of these command the town and anchorage. The population of Rio Janeiro, including forty thousand negroes and the garrison, has been estimated at two hundred and ten thousand souls. Other writers make the amount of the whites about equal to that of the black slaves. Almost all the streets are narrow, run in a direct line, and intersect each other at right angles. One of the broadest and finest is the Rua de Dereito. They are all paved with granite, and provided with pavement for foot-passengers. The town is but partially lighted, but this defect is in some measure remedied by the many lamps which hang before the pictures of the Virgin. The houses have, in general, but two stories, there are some, however, which are of considerable size. The galleries of the upper stories, by which the buildings were much disfigured, have disappeared. Among the public edifices, the most remarkable are the churches and monasteries, particularly the new cathedral; the royal chapel and the mint, both of which form part of the palace, deserve mention. The market-places are adorned with fine fountains. The water is conveyed to the city from a distance of nearly two leagues, by means of an aqueduct, consisting of two rows of arches above one another. Rio Janeiro possesses a university, an academy of arts and sciences, a marine school, a school of surgery, a museum, public library, an
observatory and botanical garden, with other public buildings. Trade and manufactures have much increased since it became the residence of the King of Portugal. Rio Janeiro is the principal market for Brazil, and an active intercourse prevails with the mining districts, to a distance of three or four hundred leagues. Eight hundred, or one thousand mules often enter the city on the same day, and a considerable commerce is likewise carried on, by means of coasting vessels, with the southern and northern harbours of the empire. The situation of Rio Janeiro is admirably adapted as a central depot for produce from all countries; and here may be met ships from Europe, Africa, America, the East Indies, China, and the South Sea. In estimating the extent of the foreign trade, the reader must bear in mind that it is supposed that not more than one acre in one hundred and sixty of the whole surface of the soil is in a state of cultivation. The following approximation is founded upon official documents, furnished by the French minister from the reports of the consuls. In 1840, and in the first half of the year 1841, Rio Janeiro exported coffee for nearly three million pounds sterling; gold, diamonds, and other articles, to nearly one million pounds. Although only the higher classes, and the inhabitants, are accustomed to the daily use of bread, the quantity of wheat grown in the mild provinces of the south is insufficient for home consumption; Rio Janeiro consumes ten thousand casks of flour monthly, and one hundred and twenty-eight thousand casks were imported in the year 1841 from North America and Europe.

The climate of Rio de Janeiro is exposed to considerable variations; in the summer months the days are extremely hot, the evenings are very cool and damp; the sudden change is most sensibly felt in the hot season, when the dew, in the morning and evening, frequently falls like drizzling rain, and produces fevers and cutaneous diseases. The natives, as might be supposed, suffer comparatively little, strangers more severely until they have become acclimatized. There is abundance of provisions of every kind, but clothes and house-rent are very dear, and Europeans are often put to inconvenience from the scarcity of hotels. The festivals of the church are celebrated with extraordinary pomp; and, on these occasions, the statues of the saints are literally covered with diamonds.
PERSENBERG.

Of the many picturesque views which charm the traveller as he glides rapidly down the majestic waters of the Danube, the stately castle of Greinburg, which overlooks the insignificant town of Grein, is certainly one of the most interesting. Lofty cliffs and rocks extend far into the river, and, by suddenly changing the current, impel the foaming waves against the opposite heights, whence they are dashed back with mighty force, and form that grand spectacle called the Strudel and Wirbel, or the Whirlpool. Although, from the enlightened policy of Maria Theresa and Joseph, and the facilities afforded by steam navigation, the superstitious dread of this grand conflict of the waters is fast wearing away, and but little danger is now to be apprehended; still the effect is extremely imposing, and not a little aided by the sublime scenery which meets the eye in all directions. Woody hills and foaming waters, barren rocks, with ruined castles surmounting them, add to the grandeur and heighten the feelings which the restless toiling of the uncertain element is of itself eminently calculated to inspire. Five robber-castles denote the insecurity of the country in former times. No wonder that the gloomy woods, the frowning cliffs, the perils by land and water, engendered many a dark and fantastic legend. In the dead of night, strange noises were heard amid the ruins, magic lights illumined the deserted chambers, and on the Whirlpool Rock (the long stone,) the tower, known to the people only as the Devil's Tower, was the object of terror to all the country round. Here the phantom, or demon, called the Black Monk, who plays no inconsiderable part in the description of Persenbourg, appeared from time to time, and his awful name appears as early as the eleventh century.

On a projecting mass of rocks, rising above the river and forming the last spur of the long ravine from Greinburg, stands, romantically situated, the Imperial Castle of Persenbourg. The boatmen call it Boesenberg, or the Bad Bend, from the sweep which the river here makes to the south, and which is not without danger to the unskilful navigator. The castle is one of the oldest in Austria; some writers gravely assert that the Ars Persenboigicum, or Citadel Persenbourg, existed in 260 as outwork of the opposite castle, ad pontem Isidis, (Isis' Bridge,) supposed to be the modern Ips. In 370, it is said to have been a Roman municipium, in the possession of Equitius, whose soldiers were quartered in Enns and Ips. In the ninth century, the margraves, William and Engelschalk, are mentioned as lords of Persenbourg, the latter of whom was, in 888, declared guilty of high treason and
was deprived of sight at Ratisbon, by command of King Arnulf. When Germany
was again threatened by the barbarians, in 905, King Lewis conferred upon the
brave Bavarian Count Sieghart, of Semptha and Ebersberg, the possession of the
country between the rivers Traun and Ips, which was included in the county of
Persenbeng. Adelbert III., the last of this race, bequeathed Persenbeng and Ips
to Cloister Ebersberg, in Bavaria. But his will was disputed by his widow,
Richildis, who wished to leave this fine property to her nephew, Welf, afterwards
Duke of Carinthia. About this time (1045) it chanced that the emperor,
Henry III., came down the Danube, on his progress to Hungary. Among his
attendants was Bruno, Bishop of Wurzburg. Richildis had requested the honour
of the emperor's visit to her castle of Persenbeng, and hoped to obtain the consent
of her illustrious guest to set aside the will of her late husband. She had already
gained over the Abbot of Ebersberg, the principal party interested in the cause.
All was prepared for a solemn reception, when, to the horror of the spectators, as
the ship which bore the emperor passed the dreaded Strudel, the Black Monk
suddenly appeared in the Devil's Tower, on the Long Stone; and, announcing
himself as the bishop's evil genius, proclaimed his approaching death. The terrified
bishop made the sign of the cross, and prayed aloud, on which the demon disap-
peared. Soon after, the ship landed at Persenbeng, and the lady conducted her
guests into the brilliant chambers of the citadel. After the banquet, as the
emperor, Richildis, and the bishop were conversing together, the floor of the room
gave way, and all present were precipitated into the bathing-room below. The
emperor escaped with only a slight contusion on the arm, but the bishop, Richildis,
and the Abbot of Ebersberg, who had consented to the alienation of property
bequeathed to the church, received such severe injuries that they died in a few
days, and thus the threatening words of the Black Monk were fulfilled. In
consequence of this catastrophe, the emperor was induced to comply with the will
of Count Adelbert, and Persenbeng and Ips were attached to Cloister Ehrenberg,
until, in the sequel, the margraves of Austria obtained them in exchange for other
lands. In 1593, Rudolf II. sold Persenbeng, Rohreck, and Weinberg, to the
Barons of Hoyos, whose descendants remained in possession until the year 1800,
when the Emperor Francis purchased Persenbeng, and united it to the imperial
patrimonial domains. The castle, in its present form, was erected in the year
1617, but little being retained of the old citadel, which had gone to decay. The
interior is spacious and roomy, and considerable care was bestowed on its deco-
ra tions, as it was a favourite residence of the late emperor. The parts of the edifice
most interesting to strangers, are the picture gallery, with some fine landscapes,
the imperial rooms, and chapel. Behind the castle is the garden, which is laid out
THE PICTORIAL WORLD.

with considerable taste, and in which there is a bridge over the subjacent street of the village of Persenbeng. The seat in the garden, called the chancel, or pulpit, presents a very fine view of the river. The village (Marlet) which belongs to the castle, contains only four hundred and forty-three inhabitants, but amongst these are several wealthy families. There are here three ship-masters, one of whom. Mathias Feldmüller, sends yearly three hundred and fifty vessels, or rather barges, up the stream, as far as Ratisbon; and, eight hundred and fifty, besides twenty-five rafts, down to Vienna and Pesth. He has two hundred and fifty men and one hundred and fifteen horses employed on the river. The building of these vessels is the principal source of subsistence to many of the inhabitants of Persenbeng.

MILTON.

The critics and biographers of Milton have in general confined their observations to his poetry, or to the consideration of his character as a political writer; we shall, in the following sketch, avail ourselves of his prose writings, which, although but little known, contain many magnificent passages, only inferior in sublimity to the finest lines of his celebrated epic poem. Involved in fierce contest with his adversaries, during the stirring period of the great civil war, his domestic life was often shamefully traduced, and he was thus forced to repel their insidious attacks. To this circumstance we are indebted for his autobiography, in which he speaks of himself with a manly eloquence that has seldom been equalled.

After telling us that he was led, in self-defence, "to rescue his life from that species of obscurity which is the associate of unprincipled depravity," he continues, "this it will be necessary for me to do on more accounts than one; first, that so many good and learned men among the neighbouring nations, who read my works, may not be induced by this fellow's calumnies to alter the favourable opinion which they have formed of me, but may be persuaded that I am not one who ever disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of freedom by the actions of a slave; and that the whole tenor of my life has, by the grace of God, hitherto been unsullied by any enormity or crime; next, that those illustrious worthies, who are the objects of my praise, may know that nothing could afflict me with more shame than to have any vices of mine diminish the force or lessen
the value of my panegyric upon them; and, lastly, that the people of England, whom fate, or duty, or their own virtues, have incited me to defend, may be convinced, from the purity and integrity of my life, that my defence, if it do not redound to their honour, can never be considered as their disgrace.

"I will now mention who and whence I am. I was born at London, of an honest family: my father was distinguished by the undeviating integrity of his life; my mother, by the esteem in which she was held, and the aims which she bestowed. My father destined me from a child to the pursuits of literature; and my appetite for knowledge was so voracious, that from twelve years of age I hardly ever left my studies, or went to bed before midnight. This primarily led to my loss of sight: my eyes were naturally weak, and I was subject to frequent headaches; which, however, could not chill the ardour of my curiosity, or retard the progress of my improvement. My father had me daily instructed in the grammar school, and by other masters at home: he then, after I had acquired a proficiency in various languages, and had made a considerable progress in philosophy, sent me to the university of Cambridge. Here I passed seven years in the usual course of instruction and study, with the approbation of the good, and without any stain upon my character, till I took the degree of Master of Arts.

"After this, I did not, as this miscreant feigns, run away into Italy, but of my own accord, retired to my father’s house, whither I was accompanied by the regrets of most of the fellows of the college, who showed me no common marks of friendship and esteem. On my father’s estate, where he had determined to pass the remainder of his days, I enjoyed an interval of uninterrupted leisure, which I devoted entirely to the perusal of the Greek and Latin classics; though I occasionally visited the metropolis, either for the sake of purchasing books, or of learning something new in mathematics or music, in which I, at that time, found a source of pleasure and amusement. In this manner I spent five years, till my mother’s death; I then became anxious to visit foreign parts, and particularly Italy. My father gave me his permission, and I left home with one servant. On my departure, the celebrated Henry Wotton, who had long been King James’s ambassador at Venice, gave me a signal proof of his regard, in an elegant letter which he wrote, breathing not only the warmest friendship, but containing some maxims of conduct which I found very useful on my travels. The noble Thomas Scudamore, King Charles’s ambassador, to whom I carried letters of recommendation, received me most courteously at Paris. His lordship gave me a card of introduction to the learned Hugo Grotius, at that time ambassador from the Queen of Sweden to the French court; whose acquaintance I anxiously desired, and to whose house I was accompanied by some of his lordship’s friends. A few
days after, when I set out for Italy, he gave me letters to the English merchants on my route, that they might show me any civilities in their power.

"Taking ship at Nice, I arrived at Genoa; and afterwards visited Leghorn, Pisa, and Florence. In the latter city, which I have always more particularly esteemed for the elegance of its dialect, its genius, and its taste, I stopped about two months: when I contracted an intimacy with many persons of rank and learning, and was a constant attendant at their literary parties; a practice which prevails there, and tends so much to the diffusion of knowledge and the preservation of friendship.

"No time will ever abolish the agreeable recollections which I cherish of Jacob Gaddi, Carlo Dati, Cultellero, Bonomatthai, Clementillo, Francisco, and many others.

"From Florence I went to Sienna, thence to Rome; where, after I had spent about two months in viewing the antiquities of that renowned city, where I experienced the most friendly attentions from Lucas Holstein, and other learned and ingenious men, I continued my route to Naples; there I was introduced by a certain recluse, with whom I had travelled from Rome, to John Baptista Manso, Marquis of Villa, a nobleman of distinguished rank and authority, to whom Torquato Tasso, the illustrious poet, inscribed his book on 'Friendship.' During my stay he gave me singular proofs of his regard, he himself conducted me round the city and to the palace of the viceroy, and more than once paid me a visit at my lodgings. On my departure he gravely apologized for not having shown me more civility, which he said he had been restrained from doing, because I had spoken with so little reserve on matters of religion.

"When I was preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece, the melancholy intelligence which I received of the civil commotions in England made me alter my purpose; for I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home.

"While I was on my way back to Rome, some merchants informed me that the English Jesuits had formed a plot against me if I returned to Rome, because I had spoken too freely of religion: for it was a rule which I had laid down to myself in those places, never to be the first to begin any conversation on religion; but if any questions were put to me concerning my faith, to declare it without any reserve or fear. I nevertheless returned to Rome. I took no steps to conceal either my person or my character; and, for about the space of two months, I again openly defended, as I had done before, the reformed religion in the very metropolis of popery.

"By the favour of God, I got back to Florence, where I was received with as
much affection as if I had returned to my native country. There I stopped as many months as I had done before, except that I made an excursion of a few days to Lucca; and, crossing the Apennines, passed through Bologna and Ferrara to Venice.

"After I had spent a month in surveying the curiosities of this city, and had put on board a ship the books which I had collected in Italy, I proceeded through Verona and Milan, and along the Leman lake to Geneva.

"The mention of this city brings to my recollection the slandering (Alexander) More, and makes me again call the Deity to witness that, in all those places, in which vice meets with so little discouragement, and is practised with so little shame, I never once deviated from the paths of integrity and virtue; and perpetually reflected that, though my conduct might escape the notice of men, it would not elude the inspection of God.

"At Geneva I held daily conferences with John Diodati, the learned professor of theology. Then, pursuing my former route through France, I returned to my native country, after an absence of one year and about three months, at the time when Charles, having broken the peace, was renewing what is called the episcopal war with the Scots; in which the royalists being routed in the first encounter, and the English being universally and justly disaffected, the necessity of his affairs at last obliged him to convene a Parliament. As soon as I was able, I hired a spacious house in the city for myself and my books, where I again, with rapture, renewed my literary pursuits, and where I calmly awaited the issue of the contest, which I trusted to the wise conduct of Providence and to the courage of the people."

In another place he says, "I must say, therefore, that after I had for my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense) been exercised to the tongues and some sciences, as my age would suffer, it was found that whether ought was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice in English, or other tongues, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there) met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things, which I had shifted in scarcity of books and conveniences to pack up amongst them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps; I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which
now grew daily upon me, that with labour and intense study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let die.

"These thoughts at once possessed me; and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downwards, there ought no regard be sooner had, than to God’s glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. . . . . . . .

"These abilities (in lyric poesy) wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gifts of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some, though most abused, in every nation; and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbibe and cherish in a great people, the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God’s almightiness, and what he works, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God’s true worship.

"Lastly, whatever in religion is holy and sublime; in virtue amiable or grave; whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and reflexes of man’s thoughts from within; all these things with a solid and treatable smoothness to point and describe; tracking over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed: that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they will then appear to all men easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. . . .

"Neither do I think it shame to covenant with my knowing reader, that for some years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted" (alluding most probably to his Paradise Lost); "as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourist, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained from the invocation of dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

Sublime and touching is the language in which Milton indignant repels the charge which his enemies basely brought against him, that his blindness was a
judgment upon him. "I wish that I could with equal facility refute what this barbarous opponent has said of my blindness: but I cannot do it, and I must submit to the affliction. It is not so wretched to be blind, as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness. But why should I not endure a misfortune, which it behoves every one to be prepared to endure if it should happen; which may, in the common course of things, happen to any man, and which has been known to have happened to the most distinguished and virtuous persons in history. What is reported of Angur Tiresias is well known, of whom Apollonius sung thus in his Argonautics.

To men he dared the will divine disclose,
Nor fear’d what Jove might in his wrath impose.
The gods assign’d him age without decay,
But snatch’d the blessing of his sight away.

"But God himself is truth; in propagating which, as men display a greater integrity and zeal, they approach nearer to the similitude of God, and possess a greater portion of his love. We cannot suppose the Deity envious of his truth, or unwilling that it should be freely communicated to mankind; the loss of sight, therefore, which this inspired sage, who was so eager in promoting knowledge among men, sustained, cannot be considered as a judicial punishment: and did not our Saviour himself declare that that poor man whom he had restored to sight had not been blind, either on account of his own sins, or those of his progenitors.

"And, with respect to myself, though I have accurately examined my conduct, and scrutinized my soul, I call thee, O God, the searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious, either in the more early or later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation: but since my enemies boast that this affliction is only a retribution for the transgressions of my pen, I again invoke the Almighty to witness that I never, at any time, wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. This was my persuasion then, and I feel the same persuasion now. Thus, therefore, when I was publicly solicited to write a reply to the defence of the royal cause, when I had to contend with the pressure of sickness, and with the apprehension of soon losing the sight of my remaining eye, and when my medical attendants clearly announced that if I did engage in this work it would be irreparably lost, their premonitions caused no hesitation and inspired no dismay; I would not have listened to the voice of Escolapius himself from the shrine of Epidaurus, in preference to the suggestions of the heavenly monitor within my breast; my resolution was unshaken, though the alternative was either the loss of my sight, or the desertion of my duty; and I
called to mnd those two destinies which the oracle of Delphi announced to the son of Thetis.

"I considered that many had purchased a less good for a greater evil, the meed of glory by the loss of life; but that I might procure great good by little suffering; that, though I am blind, I might still discharge the most honourable duties, the performance of which, as it is something more durable than glory, ought to be an object of superior admiration and esteem; I resolved, therefore, to make the short interval of sight which was left me to enjoy, as beneficial to the public as possible.

"But, if the choice were necessary, I would, sir, prefer my blindness to yours; yours is a cloud spread over the mind, which darkens both the light of reason and of conscience; mine keeps from my view only the coloured surfaces of things, while it leaves me at liberty to contemplate the beauty and stability of virtue and of truth. How many things are there besides which I would not willingly see; how many which I must see against my will; and how few which I feel any anxiety to see. There is, as the apostle has remarked, a way to strength through weakness. Let me then be the most feeble creature alive, as long as that feebleness serves to invigorate the energies of my rational and immortal spirit; as long as in that obscurity, in which I am enveloped, the light of the Divine presence more clearly shines! And, indeed, in my blindness, I enjoy in no inconsiderable degree the favour of the Deity; who regards me with more tenderness and compassion in proportion as I am able to behold nothing but himself. Alas! for him who insults me, who maligns and merits public execration. For the Divine law not only shields me from injury, but almost renders me too sacred to attack; not indeed so much from the privation of my sight, as from the overshadowing of those heavenly wings, which seem to have occasioned this security. To this I ascribe the more tender assiduities of my friends, their soothing attentions, their kind visits, their reverential observations."

He alludes to this misfortune in the following magnificent opening of the third book of his Paradise Lost:

Hail, holy light! offspring of Heaven first born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam,
May I express thee unblam’d? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity; dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increas’d.
Or hear’st thou rather pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Wen from the void and formless infinite.
MILTON.

Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight
Through utter, and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphic lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal night;
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascent
Though hard and rare; thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equal'd with me in fate,
So were I equal'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Meonides,*
And Tiresias and Phineas, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return, but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expung'd and rasp'd,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradicate; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Enough has been said of the poetry of Milton. To the initiated further remarks are unnecessary, and the bare recital of the outward events of his life is to be found in the biographies prefixed to the numerous editions of his poems. His character has been so eloquently portrayed by one of the most distinguished

* Homer.
writers of the present day that we cannot forbear transferring some of his concluding remarks to our pages.

"There is no more hazardous enterprize than that of bearing the torch of truth into those dark and infected recesses in which no light has ever shone. But it was the choice and the pleasure of Milton to penetrate the noisome vapours, and to brave the terrible explosion. Those who most disapprove of his opinions must respect the hardihood with which he maintained them. He, in general, left to others the credit of expounding and defending the popular parts of his religious and political creed. He took his own stand upon those which the great body of his countrymen reprobated as criminal, or derided as paradoxical. He stood up for divorce and regicide. He attacked the prevailing systems of education. His radiant and beneficent career resembled that of the god of light and fertility.

Nitor in adversum; nec me, qui vetis, vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evulor orbis.

It is to be regretted that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke, sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the Paradise Lost has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in the bursts of devotional and lyrical rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

We are not much in the habit of idolizing either the living or the dead; and we think there is no more certain indication of a weak and ill-regulated intellect than that propensity which, for want of a better name, we will venture to christen Bowellism. But there are a few characters which have stood the closest scrutiny and the severest tests, which have been tried in the furnace and have not been found wanting, which have been declared stirling by the general voice of mankind, and which are visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High. These great men we trust that we know how to prize, and of these was Milton. The sight of his books, the sound of his name, are refreshing to us. His thoughts resemble those celestial fruits and flowers which the virgin martyr or Massinger sent down from the gardens of Paradise to the earth, distinguished from the productions of other soils, not only by their superior bloom and sweetness, but by their miraculous efficacy to invigorate and to heal. They are powerful, not only to delight, but to elevate and purify. Nor do we envy the man who can
Macao.

Macao is situated at the southern extremity of the island of Heangshan. It is about two miles in length, and connected with the island by an isthmus, or neck of land, about three quarters of a mile in length and twenty rods in breadth, across which the Chinese have erected a barrier, so that the Portuguese are imprisoned in this narrow strip of land, which is considered as under their jurisdiction, as far as foreigners are concerned. This neutrality has, until recently, been strictly observed.

The Portuguese obtained the settlement of Macao, by the connivance of the Mandarins, about the year 1537, on condition of paying the Chinese a ground-rent of 500 taels, or about £167 a-year. The fortresses are subject to an annual inspection by the mandarin, and not more than twenty-five Portuguese vessels may be admitted in the same year; this number, however, far exceeds the present number of arrivals. There are likewise two Chinese authorities, one of whom, called a Tso-tang, resides in the town itself, for the Portuguese can exercise no jurisdiction over the Chinese population without consulting with the mandarins; they cannot erect or demolish houses without permission.

The city of Macao extends to the shores on each side of the sloping neck of land which joins the two barren hills that form the peninsula; the houses are well-built of brick or stone, and covered with white cement. Macao has more of an European appearance than most cities of the East, as the Portuguese have introduced their own style of building at home, regardless of the difference of climate. The population has been estimated at thirty-five thousand, of whom perhaps five thousand may be considered subject to Portugal, these however frequently intermarry with the Chinese inhabitants. The Chinese part of the
city presents, to the eye of the stranger, an intricate mass of narrow lanes, filled with itinerant and noisy workmen and vendors of Chinese articles.

The temple of the goddess Matsoo-poo, in the village of Amako, faces the inner harbour, and the grotesque rocks and luxuriant foliage of the beautiful hill of Amako render this spot the favourite resort of visitors to the colony. The unfortunate poet Camoens passed part of his exile in Macao, in a retreat which is still called the Cave of Camoens, and here he wrote the greater part of his Lusiad.

"The good intention," says a recent visitor, "but had taste of the present owner, has gone far to destroy the romantic appearance of the exile's retreat, which he had fixed between two high rocks, cleft and separated by one of Nature's freaks. Who can fancy the genius of poetry to have poured forth its strains in the place with its present appearance, all the little roughnesses in the rock being filled up with plaster and whitewash. In an ornamented niche, inclosing the identical spot where the poet sat, is a bronze bust of Camoens; while an inscription in gold records the birth, genius, and death of this victim of the tender passion; who, through an unfortunate attachment, after spending his blood in the hard-fought battles of his country, is reported to have quitted it, exclaiming, "Ingrata patria, non possidebis ossa mea." Ungrateful country, thou shalt not possess my bones. The garden that surrounds this grotto, situated to the northward of the town, a little beyond the church of St. Antonio is, indeed, a beautiful little retreat—an oasis in the desert—and, from the kindness of the gentleman to whom it belongs, is open to the public.

The cave itself is situated on the side of a gently sloping hill, on the top of which is a small modern quadrangular summer-house, commanding a most beautiful and extensive view of the surrounding country. To the south-westward are seen the Tysa, the inner harbour crowded with every variety of native craft, with the opposite shore of the Lapa, with its verdant hills. On the northward we observe that memento of celestial jealousy, the barrier, with the small Chinese town of Tseenshan to the westward of it. While looking towards the east, the beholder is enchanted with the wide expanse of sea, studded with numerous islands, the blue outlines of Lintin or Lantao appearing in the distance.
A SCENE IN THE BRAZILIAN FOREST.

HABITATION OF AN INDIAN FAMILY.

All travellers who have penetrated into the interior of the South American continent, are lost in admiration of the gigantic scale in which the vegetable world luxuriates. Trees of vast size, embraced and pressed to death by creeping plants which rise above them with every variety of the most brilliant colours, alike tempt the curiosity and bid defiance to the exertions of the most enterprising intruder. As in equinoctial countries the mariner sees at one glance all the constellations of the northern and southern hemisphere, so nature has surrounded the inhabitants of the tropics with representatives of all the forms of vegetable life. In our northern climates the most beautiful flowers belong to humble plants or lowly shrubs, in these warm regions the loftiest trees produce the gayest flowers in wild luxuriance, the very grasses assume the form and size of trees. One of the most singular features of the scene is afforded by the variety, the position and the colouring of the extraordinary parasitical plants and creepers that twist, and twine, and wreath themselves in every direction, closing around the captive naturalist who would examine them more nearly, and protected by their poisonous juices, which by sad experience warn the lover of science not to grasp too rudely the object of his search. These singular plants sometimes resemble leafless ropes, (as the bauhinias, often forty feet in length,) which, singly or doubly twisted, stretch like cables from the trunks and branches of the primeval forests, down to the ground, in which they take firm root, other cords or thinner strings hang down, which have not yet reached the ground, but wave to and fro, following the movements of the foliage to which they are attached. Another species, itself in size a tree, more mighty than the giant of the forest which it clasps, and surpassing it in vitality, becomes the deadly enemy of its former supporter. In bold and fantastic wreath it girdles the juicy laurel-tree, or the vast bertholletias, and extending itself from year to year over the patient tree, it threatens it with destruction. Another vast creeper has already effected its object; the vanquished tree, the circulation of the sap thus impeded, soon rots, and thus falling on one side, stands, like an adventurous spectre, leaning or rather hanging awry in the mouldering obscurity of the forest. The excited fancy beholds in these excrescences of vegetable life, as it were, gigantic serpents, or other voracious monsters in this gloomy solitude. And, indeed, no
species seems to deviate so much from the peaceful habits of the vegetable kingdom, as these deadly lianas, that seem at first only to seek for sustenance for their quiet neighbours, then expanding voraciously over their surface, closing round them more and more firmly, they deprive them of their vital sap. The development of this kind of creepers is very singular. At first they grow perpendicular as weak shrubs, but as soon as they obtain any support from another tree, they abandon their former mode of existence and become parasites, conforming exactly to the surface of the strange trunk, and seek their nourishment almost exclusively from it, receiving scarcely any from their own root. Instead of expanding concentrically in all directions, as is the general laws of stems like theirs, they display, whenever they are irritated by contact, an inclination almost instinctive, as it were, to get rid of their bark, and by degrees to expand equally over a heterogeneous body, like a fluid. The very branches of these parasite gradually lose their individuality. The strength of the original root is thus weakened, but the stem repairs this loss, by sending new roots (air-roots) downwards till they reach the ground, and thus this family, tough and tenacious of life, acquires new expansion and strength at the expense of their neighbours. Large flowers richly coloured, and a brilliant, juicy green foliage are distinguishing peculiarities of many plants of this singular species, and where they appear in masses, inoculating, as it were, other trunks and tree-summits with a foreign foliage, they produce a great effect in the chiaroscuro of a tropical forest. These creepers, as well as the hostile parasites, which, in common with them often cover and finally destroy the largest trees, frequently emit coloured or milky juices which have the effect of a sharp or deadening poison, and are but seldom innocuous. It is therefore a dangerous undertaking to penetrate into the windings of these bushy cables, a wound from the noxious juice produces painful swelling of the limbs, and if it should chance to drop into the eye, blindness frequently ensues. Hence it is that the botanist has but rarely an opportunity to study at leisure these extraordinary plants, for they have been but seldom seen with leaves, flowers or fruits, and it is almost impossible to penetrate the thick and complicated intricacies of the pendant formations. And when the liana displays its leaves and blossoms at a giddy height, near the summit of the mighty tree—which only the linx-eyed Indian can discover, there are no means of attaining it; for even the boldest son of the desert fears the evil exhalations and the juices of the creeper, to which he otherwise could climb with ready ease, as it even requires the united force of many more to produce the least motion in this outstretched airy tent of parasite foliage. Even the terrible hurricanes of the tropics exert their force in vain.

There are likewise other plants which form themselves into hedges, or twine amidst the underwood of the forest, and their fiery-coloured and aromatic blossoms invest
the country with that character of fulness and richness, so peculiar to the tropics. Who can name all these reveling children of a creative sun, whose immense expansive flowers shine like stars in the foliage, and wind and breathe into festoons and garlands, amidst which the cheerful choristers of the woods conceal themselves?

We omit here the description of the palm tree, and the other trees, vast in extent, and of universal use in the economy of the poor Indians who inhabit these regions. But we cannot refrain from borrowing the appropriate remarks from a deservedly popular work, which will serve to convey in lively terms the general effect of these magnificent scenes. "Go see the full beauty of an equinoctial forest, it is necessary for the traveller to bury himself in its deep recesses; and there, instead of the fatiguing monotony of our European oaks and firs, every tree has a character of its own, each has its peculiar foliage, and probably also a tint unlike that of the trees which surround it. Gigantic vegetables of the most different families intermix their branches; five-leaved bignonias grow by the side of bonduc trees; cassias shed their yellow blossoms upon the rich fronds of arborescent ferns; myrtles and eugeniias, with their thousand arms, contrast with the elegant simplicity of palms; and among the airy foliage of the mimosa, the cecropia elevates its giant leaves and heavy candelabra-shaped branches. With us, the oak, the chestnut, and the beech, seem as if they bore no flowers, so small are they, and so little distinguishable, except by naturalists; but in the forests of South America the cassias hang down their pendants of golden blossoms, and lofty trees contribute their flowers of all colours and sizes to diversify the scene."

The great traveller, Humboldt has well described the difficulties of the naturalist in this tempting wealth of nature, and the indolence of the Indians, whose simple life and quick dexterity, when they choose to exert it for their own amusement, are portrayed in the plate before us. "We have seen, in two years, above twenty-seven different kinds of palms in South America. How many must not the travellers of all nations have observed in their wide wanderings, and yet the European systems scarcely distinguish from fourteen to eighteen species systematically described. The difficulty is really greater than can be imagined. We have felt it the more, as we have chiefly directed our attention to palms, grasses, and other objects which have been hitherto neglected. The former blossom only once a year, near the equator, in the months of January and February. Has the traveller it in his power to pass these two months in regions rich in palms? The blossom of many lasts but a few days, so that one almost always comes too late. In districts extending several thousand square miles, we often find but three or four species of palms. Who, in the blossoming months, can be at the same time in the palmy missions at the Rio Carony, in the Morichales at the mouth of the
Orinoco, in the valley of Caura, and Erevato, on the banks of the Atabapo and Rio Negro, or on the slope of the Duida. And then the difficulty of reaching the palm blossoms, which hang down in thick forests or on marshy banks, from a height of sixty feet, with stems armed with dangerous thorns. When an European prepares himself for a botanical travel, he dreams of scissors and crooked knives, which, fastened to poles, bring down all within their reach, and of boys who climb the highest trees with their feet fastened by a rope. Almost all these dreams, alas! remain unfulfilled. In Guayana we are among Indians whom their poverty and want of civilization make rich and free from wants, so that neither gold nor promises can induce them to go a yard out of their path. This unconquerable apathy of the Indians enrages an European the more, as he sees this race, with incredible ease, ascend wherever their wishes lead them; for instance, to reach an ape which, wounded by an arrow, saves itself from falling by itsprehensory tail. Around Havannah, near the town, in the month of January, all the stems of the palma real (royal palm) in the public walks, and the neighbouring plains, were covered with snow-white flowers. For several days, we offered every negro boy whom we met in the streets of Regla, or Guanavacoa, two Spanish dollars for a branch of male flowers. In vain. No free man will submit to any continued labour in the tropics, unless compelled to it by extreme necessity."

To conclude, in the words of the same distinguished traveller. "It were an undertaking worthy a great artist to study the character of the vegetable world of South America, not in the description of the botanist, but in the grandeur of tropical nature itself. How interesting and instructive for the landscape painter would be a work which should first represent to the eye, singly, the chief forms of those tropical vegetable groups, and then united in their contrast with each other. What is more picturesque than tree-like ferns which spread their tenderly woven leaves over the laurel oak. What more charming than pisang-bushes shaded by lofty bamboo grasses. For to the artist it is given to dissect the groups, and under his hand the great magic picture of nature dissolves itself, like the written works of men, into a few simple signs."
Grotta di Sorrento.
THE GROTTO OF POSILIPPO, NEAR NAPLES.

NAPLES, although less noisy than in times of yore, exhibits turmoil and bustle enough to make a retreat from the busy world desirable, and no contrast could be more striking, or more pleasing, than when we turned from the gabbling crowds of Santa Lucia, to seek relief in the silent walk through the famous grotto of Posilippo. The mountain, or hill of Posilippo, rises on the north west side of Naples, close to the city, and extends far into the sea. Beyond the hill is the classical ground, which terminates in Cape Misenum, which Virgil chose as the scene of his infernal regions. That the great poet selected a district breathing life and fulness for his lower world, and which must have been almost as well known to the Romans as Richmond and Windsor to the inhabitants of our own metropolis, has often called forth the surprise of his commentators. It is probable that the preconceived opinion of the ancients on this subject, since the Odyssey may in no small degree have influenced his judgment. But notwithstanding the beauty of the views which here display themselves to the eye of the stranger, there rests on this whole scene a spirit of mysterious gloominess and melancholy, which many of our readers have doubtless often experienced. Wherever we turn, the secret powers of nature are at work, a deep and solemn stillness rests on the lakes, and on the Elysian fields, very different from the joyous feeling of the present, which generally animates the smiling environs of Naples.

To reach these gloomy regions, we pass through the grotto of Posilippo. This remarkable tunnel is nearly half a league in length, broad enough for three carriages, and, in many places, more than sixty feet high. At the entrance is a chapel with a hermit; and, unless times are changed, some three or four old sybils imploring charity; an opening in the middle admits light, and at the end of October the setting sun casts his rays through the whole length of the grotto. It is undoubtedly of great antiquity, and popular tradition assigns the execution of this work to Virgil, but some antiquarians have gravely attributed its erection to Joab, the general of David. Historical testimony there is none, which throws any light upon the subject. Strabo is the first writer who mentions it. Varro ascribes it to Lucullus. King Alphonso I., and after him the Emperor Charles V., widened the grotto, which is, in fact, the gate of Naples towards Pozzuoli and the Elysian fields, and considerably shortens the way thither, now, as it did during the time of Roman
dominion to the fashionable and aristocratic Bajæ. However, in recent times, a new road has been constructed from the bay of Naples upwards round Cape Posilippo. This road was rendered necessary by the increasing number of country houses that were erected on the hill. In 1824, when the Austrian soldiers conferred their assistance on the King of Naples, they did not disdain to imitate the example of the Roman legions. They were employed on the construction of this road, to the no small advantage of the Neapolitan treasury, as they worked for one-third of the sum for which the undertaking had been offered in contract to the labour-shunning sons of Naples.

If, leaving the grotto, we ascend the hill itself, we enjoy one of the finest views which this favoured bay affords. To the right, is the Bay of Bajil with Cape Misenum, before us the sea with the islands of Ischia and Procida; to the left, Naples, the harbour, Vesuvius and the range of mountains as far as Castella mare, and the Cape of Torrento, with the island of Capri. The ancient Greeks, who settled here, were so enraptured by the beauty of the scene, that they gave the hill the name, Pausilippe, or Sorrow-stilling. To the left of the entrance into the Grotto, high in the rock a path through a vineyard conducts to a brick vault with several niches, which bears the name of Virgil's tomb, it is a complete columbarium or family burial place. Traces are still visible of the aqueduct which conducted the water from the Serino to the piscina mirabilis.

To its very summit this inviting rocky hill is covered with country houses and beautifully green trees, palms, aloes, and Indian figs. The landscape painter never neglects to make a pilgrimage hither, or to take sketches of the fair landscape and the features of southern vegetation, which may here be seen to great advantage. Descending from the heights to the sea, we arrived at the fine walk, called La Meryelina, which runs from the Villa Reale along the Bay of Naples. Here the poet, Sannagaro, built a country house and the church of Santo Maria del Parto, where his remains were interred, and on his monument these lines, in allusion to the proximity of the supposed tomb of Virgil, were placed,

Da sacro cineri flores, hic ille Maroni
Sincerus, Musa, proximus, ut tumulo.

The statues of Apollo and Minerva adorn the poet's grave, but as it is erected in a Christian church, the heathen deities have been obliged to change their names, and "David" may be read in golden letters under the Apollo, and "Judith" under the Minerva. Not far from hence is an unfinished palace washed by the waves of the sea; it is called the palace of Queen Johanna, whose name figures so remarkably in the history of Naples, but, according to the inscription, it was built for a princess
Ogni Anna of Caraffa. The Mergellina is a favourite promenade for the fashionable world, as far as the Seoglio. Beyond, at Cape Coraglio, are the Gajole, or the Vaults of the Baths of Lucullus, and the scanty remains called “The School of Virgil,” but supposed to be part of the Temple of Fortuna, whence, perhaps, the neighbouring church of Santa Maria à Fortuna derives its name.

FAIRFAX.

During the earlier period of the great civil war between Charles the First and his parliament, alternate successes and defeats raised the hopes and depressed the spirits of each of the contending parties; but, in the year 1643, when great expectations were entertained of the advantages which would accrue to the royal cause from the considerable force which had been brought into the field by the exertions of the Marquis of Newcastle, two men in the ranks of the parliamentary army began to be remarked for their valour and military talents, and contributed not a little to the final overthrow of the royal party. These were Sir Thomas Fairfax and Oliver Cromwell. The former, whom it is our present object to introduce to the notice of the reader, is thus described by Hume:—“Fairfax was a person equally eminent for courage and for humanity; and though strongly infected with prejudices, or principles derived from religious and party zeal, he seems never, in the course of his public conduct, to have been diverted by private interest or ambition from adhering strictly to these principles: sincere in his professions, disinterested in his views, open in his conduct, he had formed one of the most shining characters of the age, had not the extreme narrowness of his genius in everything but in war, and his embarrassed and confused elocution on every occasion but when he gave orders, diminished the lustre of his merit, and rendered the part which he acted, even when vested with the supreme command, but secondary and subordinate.

Sir Thomas Fairfax was the son of Ferdinando Lord Fairfax, whose title and estates he inherited in the year 1648, and his wife Mary, daughter of Edmund Sheffield, Lord Mulgrave. He was born at Denton, about twelve miles north west of Leeds, and concluded his education at St. John’s college, Cambridge. The recollections and example of Edward Fairfax, his near relation, whom Dryden
classes with Spenser as one of the greatest poets of the times, although he is now only known for his able translation of Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, may have induced the youthful student to have cultivated the muses before he developed that military genius which seems to have been inherent in his family, for the following pieces were for a long time preserved in Mr. Thoresby's museum, although we are not aware that they have been printed. The Psalms of David, the Canticles, the Song of Moses, and other parts of Scripture, versified; a poem on Solitude, Notes of Sermons, and a Treatise on the Shortness of Life. He also wrote Memorials of Thomas, Lord Fairfax, which were printed in 1699. But his taste, as a writer, may probably be questioned, for Walpole asserts that his most remarkable composition was a poem on the horse on which Charles the Second rode to his coronation.

But whatever opinion may be formed of his skill as a writer, or of the weaknesses which subsequently made him a tool in the hands of the able and designing Cromwell, all parties have done justice to his eminent talents as a commander. During the beginning of the war, and whilst he acted in conjunction with his father, Lord Fairfax, he shared in the occasional reverses to which each of the contending parties was subject; but, during the latter years, the success of the troops under his command contrasted with the increasing defeats of his unfortunate antagonist, contributed much to strengthen the opinions of the waverers and to inspire confidence in the parliamentary cause. The actions in which he took a prominent part were too numerous to allow of a detailed account; we shall therefore confine ourselves to some of the most important, which tend to illustrate the character of the times.

Had the king followed the energetic counsel of some of his advisers, this dangerous adversary would at a very earlier period have been precluded from any opportunity of active exertion, but the warnings of the more prudent, or timid, prevailed, and Sir Thomas Fairfax and his father were allowed to remain undisturbed in their houses, within a few miles of York, at a time when most of the men of any quality in the neighbourhood were well affected to the royal cause. In truth, they were not suspected of being over-vehemently inclined to the parliament, and the natural ease and love of quiet of Sir Thomas Fairfax probably induced him to refrain, as long as possible, from any decided step which might identify him with one of the great parties in the civil war. And, when the king left Yorkshire, they behaved in the militia question in such a manner that they were reproached by parliament, "gently, indeed," says Clarendon, "in words, though scornfully in matter," upon which Lord Fairfax, quietly submitting to the reproof, "prepared to bear a part in the war, and made haste to levy men." This open declaration brought matters to a conclusion, and Lord Fairfax was named,
The two who were thus murdered, were men of great name and esteem in the war; the one being held as good a commander of horse, and the other the foot, as the nation had; but of very different tempers and humours. Lucas was the younger brother of Lord Lucas, and heir both to the honour and estate, and had a present fortune of his own. He had been bred in the Low Countries, under the Prince of Orange, and always amongst the horse. He had little conversation in that court, where great civility was practiced and learned. He was very brave in his person, and in a day of battle a gallant man to look upon and follow; but at all other times and places, of a nature scarce to be lived with, of no good understanding, of a rough and proud humour, and very morose conversation; yet they all desired to accompany him in his death. Lisle was a gentleman who had had the same education with the other, and at the same time an officer of foot; had all the courage of the other, and led his men to battle with such an alacrity, that no man was ever better followed; his soldiers never forsaking him, and the party which he commanded never left anything undone which he led them upon. But then, to his fierceness of courage, he had the softest and most gentle nature imaginable; was kind to all, and beloved of all, and without capacity to have an enemy.

The manner of taking the lives of these worthy men was new, and without example, and concluded by most men to be very barbarous; and was generally imputed to Ireton, who swayed the general, and was upon all occasions of an unmerryful and bloody nature. As soon as this bloody sacrifice was ended, Fairfax, with the chief officers, went to the Town Hall to visit the prisoners; and the general (who was an ill orator on the most plausible occasion) applied with his civility to the Earl of Norwich and the Lord Capel; and seeming in some degree to excuse having done that, which he said the military justice required, he told them that all the lives of the rest were safe, and that they should be well treated, and disposed of as the parliament should direct. The Lord Capel had not so soon digested this so late barbarous proceeding, as to receive the visit of those who had caused it with such a return as his condition might have prompted to him; but said, that they should do well to finish their work, and execute the same rigour to the rest; upon which there were two or three such sharp and bitter replies between him and Ireton, that cost him his life in a few months after. When the general had given notice to the parliament of his proceedings, he received orders to send the Earl of Norwich and the Lord Capel to Windsor Castle, where they had, afterwards, the society of the Duke of Hamilton to lament each other’s misfortunes; and after some time they too were sent to the Tower.”

The civil war is fertile in these touching episodes, for the soil of England was at that time fruitful in great and good men, who, speaking the same language, and
frequently belonging to the same family, stood arrayed against each other in deadly opposition. But the catastrophe was now approaching, and Charles was put upon his trial. "There was an accident happened that first day, which may be fit to be remembered. When all those who were commissioners had taken their places, and the king was brought in, the first ceremony was to read their commission; which was the ordinance of the parliament for the trial; and then the judges were all called, every man answering to his name as he was called; and the president being first called, and making answer, the next who was called being the general, Lord Fairfax, and no answer being made, the officer called him the second time, when there was a voice heard, that said, 'He had more wit than to be there;' which put the court into some disorder, and somebody asking who it was, there was no other answer but a little murmuring. But, presently, when the impeachment was read, and that expression used of, 'All the good people of England,' the same voice, in a louder tone, answered, 'No, nor the hundredth part of them;' upon which, one of the officers bid the soldiers give fire into that box whence those presumptuous words were uttered. But it was quickly discerned that it was the general's wife, the Lady Fairfax, who had uttered both those sharp sayings; who was presently persuaded, or forced, to leave the place to prevent any new disorder. She was of a very noble extraction, one of the daughters of Horace, Lord Vere of Tilbury; who, having been bred in Holland, had not that reverence for the Church of England which she ought to have had, and so had, unhappily concurred in her husband's entering into rebellion, never imagining what misery it would bring upon the kingdom, and now abhorred the work in hand as much as any one could do, and did all she could to hinder her husband from acting any part in it. Nor did he ever sit in that bloody court, though he was throughout over-witted by Cromwell, and made a property to bring that to pass which could hardly have been otherwise effected."

The general humanity of his character, his refusal to act as one of the king's judges, and the more active part which he had taken in promoting the return and restoration of Charles the Second, enabled Fairfax, probably, to pass the remainder of his days in ease and security. He died in November, 1671, at his country house, and was buried at Bilburgh, near York. One of his daughters, Mary, married the Duke of Buckingham.
THE PRIDE OF THE HARÉM.

Since the publication of the lively and entertaining Letters of Lady Montague the secrets of the harem have been unfolded by more than one of our fair countrywomen, and the following description by Mrs. Poole, the sister of the learned translator of the Arabian Nights, gives a highly interesting picture of the lovely recluses. We will first visit the harem of Habeeb Effendi, ex-governor of Cairo, whose wife was the first cousin of the late Sultan Mahmoud. The eldest daughter, of whom our authoress says that she had not met with her equal in eastern female society, in gentleness, sweetness, and good sense, is a lady of highly cultivated mind, and made a copy, in colours, of the portrait of the present sultan in Mrs. Damer’s book, “which will doubtless excite great interest in every visitor, and unless protected by a glass, it will, perhaps, be kissed entirely away.” Of the second daughter, her sister, we learn that “she wore on her head a dark handkerchief twisted round a tarboosh (red cap) with a very splendid sprig of diamonds attached to the right side, and extending partly over the forehead. It was composed of very large brilliants, disposed in the form of three lutes in the centre, from each of which a branch extended, forming an oval shape at least five inches in length. High on the left side of her head, she wore a knot or slide of diamonds, through which was drawn a bunch of ringlets, which, from their position, appeared to be artificial; her tarboosh had the usual blue silk tassel, but divided and hanging on either side. Her long vest and trowsers were of a dark flowered Indian fabric; she wore round her waist a large and rich cashmere shawl, and her neck was decorated with many strings of very large pearls, confined at intervals with gold beads. She was, in one respect, strangely disfigured—her eyebrows being painted with kohl, and united by the black pigment in a very broad and unbecoming manner. Many women of all classes here, assume this disguise. Some apply the kohl to the eyebrows as well as the eyes, with great delicacy, but this lady had her eyebrows so remarkable that her other features were deprived of their natural expression and effect.

The Turkish ladies wear the yelek (long vest) considerably longer than their height, forming a graceful train, which, in walking over a mat or carpet, they hold in front over the arm. The chemise is of silk gauze, fine muslin, or a very beautiful thin crepe with glossy stripes, which is made of raw silk in the harems, and is cream colour; the sleeves are not confined at the wrist. The shintiyan (trowsers) are extremely full, and generally of a different material from the yelek; the former
being of rich brocade, large patterned muslin or chintz, or sometimes of plain satin or gros-de-Naples. The yelek, on the contrary, is made of a material with a delicate pattern, generally a small stripe, whether of satin, India silk, or muslin. Ladies of distinction always wear cashmere shawls round the waist, generally red, and those in Kasr-ed-Dubárah had a narrow edge of gold, with gold cords and tassels at the corners. The front hair is cut short, and combed towards the eyebrows, which is extremely unbecoming, even to a beautiful face, except when it curls naturally. The long hair is disposed in numerous small plaits, and looped up on each side over the handkerchief. The hair of the younger ladies, and white slaves in the Turkish harems, is often worn hanging loosely on the shoulders; but no coiffure is so pretty as that worn by the Arab ladies, whose long hair, hanging down the back, is arranged in many small plaits, often lengthened by silk braid, and generally adorned with hundreds of small gold ornaments resembling oval spangles, which harmonize better with the eastern costume than any other fashion.

Mr. Urquhart's enthusiastic eulogy of the Turkish women as without vanity or affectation, perfectly simple and natural, seems nearly confirmed by the revelations of our lady travellers. Women of quality have four principal attendants, two elderly companions, the treasurer, and sub-treasurer. Of the white slaves, whose principal occupation is to prepare sherbets, attend to various household duties, &c., Mrs. Poole says that some of them were the most lovely girls in the harem, many of them fully justifying her preconceived ideas of the celebrated Georgian and Circassian women. The embroidery worked by these fair hands is extremely beautiful, as superior as it is unlike to any fancy work practised in England, requiring remarkable taste in its execution, similar in many respects to the most elaborate decorations of Arabian architecture. Education is, in the harem, far below what it was in England, as described in the first chapter of the immortal vicar, reading and writing are not yet considered as indispensable elements of female education. Yet there are some exceptions, and two fair acquaintances of our authoress had proved such apt scholars under the kind tuition of a travelled brother, that they not only read the works of their own poets, but could revel in the unusual delights of Italian literature.
EISENACH.

The plate before us conveys a favourable impression of the picturesque situation of Eisenach. It was formerly the capital of the principality of this name, but now belongs to the Grand Duchy of Weimar. The city suffered severely in the French war, from the explosion of an ammunition waggon, and the memory of the misfortune is perpetuated by the name of Explosion Square. The gymnasium was formerly a Latin school, and had the honour of numbering Luther among its pupils. Eisenach is one of the oldest cities of Thuringia; it was rebuilt in the year 1070, by Ludwig, the Springer, nearer the Wartburg, which towers above the city, and affords an agreeable prospect from the summit of the hill. To this fortress, the celebrated scene of Luther's captivity, at the hands of his friend, the Elector of Saxony, and in which the great reformer translated the greater part of the Bible; the town was indebted for its prosperity as the Landgravens of Thuringia made it their residence from the year 1672 to 1741. The description of the Wartburg itself, which no traveller on the high road from Frankfort to Leipzig should leave unvisited, we reserve for a later number.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. STEPHEN, VIENNA.

The Augustinian Church, says an English traveller who has furnished us with one of the best accounts of Germany which we possess, is the only specimen in Vienna of the more light and airy species of Gothic, while all that is lofty, imposing, and sublime in that architecture, is united in the church of St. Stephen. Majestic as is its exterior, it is perhaps too heavy, every corner being overburdened with stone, a defect not diminished by the old ornaments which are stuck round its outer walls. But the interior is noble—ample, sombre, simple, elevated and overpowering.

This church is the largest in Germany; it was begun in the year 1144, but not completed till three centuries afterwards, during the course of which it underwent many vicissitudes. During the earlier half of the thirteenth century it was burned down, and 't is probable that, in its present form, very little can be traced to an
earlier period than this, except the two towers (*Heidenthuerme*, heathen towers), with the chief, or, so called, giant's gate, which date from the latter half of the twelfth century, the latter contains many strange and unintelligible bas reliefs. Among the exterior monuments may be noticed the stone pulpit from which John of Capistran inflamed the enthusiasm of the assembled people to a crusade against the Turks, in 1541. The church has five entrances; the principal gate is never open except on very solemn occasions. The interior of the cathedral is three hundred and forty-two feet long, two hundred and twenty-two feet broad, and eighty-six feet high. Eighteen free columns, and as many pillars in the wall, support the roof. It contains thirty-eight marble altars; the wooden carving round the stalls of the choir exhibit an interesting memorial of the early excellence of the Germans in this department of art. One or two bulky monuments, although not ornaments, do not greatly interrupt the fine perspective of the nave and aisles; the church derives its ornaments simply from its architecture; the altars are unassuming, the pictures do not deserve particular mention, except an Ecce Homo by Correggio, which is hardly visible. At the western extremity is a gaudy chapel of the Lichtenstein family, remarkable for a privilege from Pius VI., by which the soul of a Lichtenstein shall be released from purgatory every time that mass is celebrated at the altar of this chapel. Among the principal monuments are those of the Emperor Frederic IV., 1513, by Nicholas Lereh, of Salzburg marble, with three hundred figures, and that of Prince Eugene, of Savoy, in the Krenz-Kapelle. In the great music choir is a very fine organ. The cathedral is lighted by thirty-one lofty windows, painted in the old German style of art. Beneath the church, in the catacombs, which extend round the whole building, is the prince's vault, in which the members of the Austrian family were buried for nearly two centuries (1365—1576); at present, the bowels of the imperial dead are deposited here, in copper urns; their bodies are placed in the imperial burial vault in the church of the Capuchins, and the hearts are preserved in the Loretto chapel of the Augustines.

The celebrated St. Stephen's tower, rivalled in height only by that of Strasburg, to which it must yield in lightness and elegance, is four hundred and fifty feet in height, from the pavement to the pinnacle. On its summit are a crucifix, six feet in height, and a double eagle, a somewhat singular union of earthly and divine majesty. A stone staircase, of seven hundred steps, leads to the tower clock, and a second ascent, of thirty steps, to the *baleony*, which commands an interesting view of the interior of the city, as well as of its environs. The bell in the tower is the largest in Germany, it weighs three hundred and forty-five hundred weight, exclusive of the tongue, or clapper, which weighs one thousand three hundred
pounds. The hands of the clock are six feet long. Opposite to this fine tower stands a second, which was not completed.

The Emperor Rudolph laid the foundation of this lofty tower in the year 1359. The name of the architect who built the lower part is not known—he died in 1400; and, for the next seven years, it was entrusted to the hands of unskilful masters; until, according to tradition, Anton Pilgram, of Bruem, ordered all that had been undertaken since the death of its first builder to be taken down, and continued the work, most probably from the present elevation of the clock, with that boldness and lightness that has made it the admiration of succeeding ages. The last stone was placed on the pinnacle at Michaelmas, 1433. This edifice was therefore completed in seventy-four years—the Strasburg tower in one hundred and sixty-two years. The portrait of Anton Pilgram, in stone, is yet to be seen at the foot of the altar of Peter and Paul. In the year 1450 the second tower was begun, but was left unfinished in 1576; in 1769 it was roofed with copper, and a small tower erected.

It is said that, already at the period when the second tower was begun, the great tower had suffered so much from lightning that it threatened to fall at the beginning of the sixteenth century. After many refusals, Leombard and Gregor Hausen undertook the bold work of taking down and rebuilding the pinnacle. They cut the stones of the crooked pinnacle, restored it to its pristine beauty, and straightened the iron bar (sixty-four feet in length) which supports the summit, and had been affected by the lightning. This operation, which was performed by means of fire in the tower itself, occupied twelve years. But the summit soon deviated again from the perpendicular, and all the attempts which had been made from the end of the sixteenth century to the year 1809, to guard against the vibration of the pinnacle in an outward direction were in vain. The earthquakes of the year 1590, the by no means inconsiderable vibrations of the iron bar, which, from the great disproportion of its length (sixty-three feet) to its thickness (four inches at bottom, three at top), could not remain in a vertical position, and lastly the bombardment of Vienna on May 11, 1809, in which not even this noble edifice was spared, had materially contributed to increase the deviation from the perpendicular, which at length amounted to more than three feet. In the last erection of the Tower in 1519, thirty-eight feet of the pinnacle at the summit were not built hollow, like the lower part of the tower, but solid, thus injuriously increasing, instead of diminishing, the weight, at its highest elevation; this great weight became very detrimental from the vibrations during the ringing of the bells, or from other causes, and the guiding bar, once crooked, acted as a moveable axis to increase the inclination. In 1838 it became necessary to adopt decisive measure-
to remedy the evil, for the fall of stones of the summit indicated the possibility of an approaching fall of this lofty edifice in the middle of the populous city. It was therefore resolved to take down and rebuild the upper part of the tower.

This difficult operation was intrusted to two carpenters of Vienna, Jacob Fellner and Anton Rueff, and the upper pyramid of the tower, which begins at an elevation of two hundred and fifty-six and a half feet above the pavement, and rises to a height of one hundred and seventy-five feet eight inches, was surrounded by a scaffolding of twenty-one stories, of which only the lowest was firmly based on the stone gallery, which surrounds the pyramid, and on which is still to be seen the stone bench from which the heroic defender of Vienna, against the Turks, in the year 1683, Count Starhemberg, was wont to observe the movement in the enemy's camp. The other stories of the scaffolding were erected without resting on the tower itself. In the course of four years the old pinnacle was taken down, and a new one of iron, in external form resembling its predecessor, but lighter and of improved construction erected. On the 20th of October, 1842, the Eagle and Cross, of gilt copper, were raised to their present elevation, amid the rejoicings of the good people of Vienna. The whole expenses of this remarkable undertaking amounted to 130,000 florins, or £13,000 sterling.

NESS SANDS, NEAR BRISTOL.

When Spain, aided by the genius of the wonderful man, whom she had allowed to hunger in penury on her shores, first opened the way to the New World, the spirit of enterprise, and thirst for discovery, was wonderfully excited by the reports of the riches and wonders which had been acquired and displayed by Columbus on his successful return from his expedition. The heroic Genoese was treated like an equal by the most haughty court in Europe, and these events which might well be considered marvellous in themselves, were spread throughout Europe, with the exaggeration natural to the excited enthusiasm of the times. Bold adventurers were not slow in following the steps of the first discoverer, and, in the maritime history of this stirring period, Bristol is entitled to honourable mention. The most westerly part of continental Europe, if we may here use this appellation, the waves of the Atlantic, rolling in swelling tides, invited the spirit of commercial enterprise, and Sebastian Cabot, the son of a wealthy Venetian, but himself a
native of Bristol, was, when only nineteen years of age, included in a patent, dated March 5, 1496, which was granted by Henry VII. to John Cabot, his father, for the discovery and conquest of unknown lands. The name of the vessel which first touched the shores of the continent of America, was the Mathew of Bristol; the land which he discovered was, probably, the coast of Labrador, although it has been generally supposed to be Newfoundland. In 1609 Newfoundland was colonized from Bristol; and, in 1631, the merchants of Bristol fitted out the Henrietta, Captain James, for the discovery of a north-west passage to the coast of China. In lat. 52° this bold seaman sank his vessel in James’s Bay, named after himself, and wintered on shore. In the summer of the next year, the vessel was raised again, but the captain, after unsuccessful attempts to attain the object of his search, returned to Bristol. The part of North America thus colonised from England, is the northern and colder, the least distinguished by vegetable and mineral wealth. But it was the most fitted to nurture the elements of European civilisation, and has reacted most advantageously on the mother country. The climate was the best suited for the constitution of Europeans, mental as well as corporeal, which cannot, without injury, support the heat of the tropics. No gold or precious stones tempted wild adventurers, but fertile vales and rich woods attracted diligent agriculturists, or political and religious non-conformists, men of active intellect and moral character. The soil of their new country tended to maintain the previous colour of their mind; they found before them no well cultivated lands, nor populous districts; no powerful kingdoms with the seductive charms of luxury or over-refinement—like the Spaniards in the treeless plains of Peru and Mexico—but impenetrable forests, in which uncivilised Indians, few in number, wandered. These could be repressed or destroyed; which, for the Spaniards, would have been as cruel as impossible; thus there remained in the north an unmixed European population; in the south arose a mixture, or what is still worse, a servile dependence, with the mutual hatred and harshness of treatment which characterises men of different races and of different colour. Lastly, the British possessions were much nearer the mother country than the Spanish. But notwithstanding all this, the different fate of the American colonies, and the different reciprocation of interest between them, must be sought principally in the political character of the people and government of Great Britain and of Spain.

But if Bristol seemed destined, by its geographical position and vicinity to the Atlantic, to take an honourable part in the discovery of, and communication with the New World, it shared in the dangers of this adventurous undertaking. The vast mass of waters, rolling with mighty impulse undisturbed for thousands of miles, burst with resistless force against the first coasts which impede their course,
and the courageous mariner often dreaded the first sight of his native land, for treacherous rocks and sunken shoals too often proved the grave of those who had braved in safety the perils of the open ocean. Modern skill and science have diminished these dangers, but still "the ocean roars, the sea will have its victims." Among these insidious foes, that lie in wait to ingulf the mariner when almost at his goal, is the long bank, known by the name of Ness Sands. Two lighthouses have been erected to guide the vessel on her way, but the picture before us displays but too clearly the risk and hazard so often incurred before the vessel can anchor in safety between the banks of the river Avon.

The commerce of Bristol has been declining for the last century, this has generally been ascribed to the heavy dues, and other local causes, but it is probable that this diminution is less to be attributed to any of these obstacles than to the great and astonishing change which has taken place in the manufacturing districts of Yorkshire and Lancashire. The vicinity of the great coal districts, and the adaptability of the streams as water-power in the cotton and woollen trade, will always secure to Liverpool peculiar advantages. But the merchants of Bristol have never been wanting in commercial enterprise, and they will doubtless avail themselves of all their advantages, to secure to their native city the benefits which its situation, as a maritime port, so eminently commands.

DRESDEN.

Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, is situated on the Elbe, about 518 north latitude, and 13½ east longitude. Its situation on both banks of the river, the possession of the gallery, the finest on this side of the Alps, and some other accidental circumstances, of real or fancied resemblance, have gained for it the name of the German Florence. It must be confessed, however, that the denomination is rather flattering to the northern capital; for, in beauty of situation and climate, and even in the treasures of art, it must yield the palm to the unrivalled city on the Arno. For such peculiarities as connect it with the past, Dresden is principally indebted to the clever, but dissolute Augustus the Strong, whose peculiar character has impressed its stamp upon the palaces and public
buildings of his times, much in the same manner as the merry monarch has done in our own country. The principal edifices which are likely to attract the notice of the traveller are in the Old Town, and near the bridge; here, within a few steps of each other, are the Royal Palace, the Picture Gallery, the New Theatre, the Orangery, &c. The palace is a spacious, but inconvenient building; the old apartments of Augustus, containing the beauties of his time, are now unused, except, we believe, on court festivals: the part inhabited by the present monarch is simply furnished, the king's habits being very domestic; he is a connoisseur in art, and a scientific botanist, and continues that patronage of artists which has conferred renown upon some of his ancestors. Several of the most eminent painters of Germany have been appointed professors in the Dresden Academy of Painting, during the reign of the present monarch. In the neighbourhood of the palace is the picture gallery, too well known to need description here. The present edifice is utterly unsuited to the preservation of the rare pictures which it contains, and those who have had an opportunity of viewing this collection at intervals of some years, will have noticed, with regret, the rapid decay of some of the finest works of art; the Saxon diet has voted a sum for the erection of a new, and more appropriate building. The historical collection is very rich in old fire-arms, and suits of armour of different periods; the Gruene Gewoelbe (green vaults) contains a vast number of specimens of workmanship, in ebony, ivory, mother of pearl, &c. The value of the pearls, diamonds, gold, and silver, preserved in these rooms is immense, and must amount to many million dollars, and gives us some idea of the lavish profusion of the electors, which is amply borne out by the secret history of the times in which the rulers of petty states absolutely vied in magnificence with the luxuriant rulers of licentious France. The New Theatre is universally acknowledged to be one of the finest edifices of the kind in Europe; to the spectator it appears somewhat low, but the idea of the artist was not carried out; it was originally intended that the theatre should form the close of a series of buildings, connected by a magnificent greenhouse; this would have certainly formed a fine coup d'œil from the bridge, but we believe that, on erecting the theatre, doubts were entertained whether it would be safe to execute the plan to its original extent in the immediate vicinity of the Elbe, and subject to its inundations. The Catholic Church is a pleasing object, and is seen to advantage on crossing the bridge. A covered passage leads from the church to the king's apartments and the palace. Our readers probably know that the Elector of Saxony conformed to the catholic religion, to become a candidate for the Polish crown, a dangerous honour, which immediately involved him in disputes with powerful competitors and conquerors; this event is still deeply lamented by the inhabitants of Saxony, who are
firmly attached to the Lutheran faith. There are few public buildings of great magnificence and beauty in Dresden, some however may interest the stranger; the Post Office, and the house in which the Diet assembles. The administration of government was formerly carried on under a prime, or cabinet minister; after the French revolution of 1830, the king granted a constitution; the ministers have the exclusive right of originating laws, which are discussed in two chambers. Notwithstanding the short period of probation, the debates have already exhibited several instances of members who have displayed no inconsiderable eloquence, particularly in the repeated attempts to substitute public courts of justice, with oral pleading, instead of closed courts and written protocols. The days of the present system may be considered as numbered, and the introduction of publicity in matters of the law, will, most probably, be the prelude of the trial by jury. Like most German cities, Dresden possesses promenades round a great part of the city, the favourite resort of strangers and loungers is, however, the Brühlsche Terrasse, a raised mound, opposite to the catholic church, which is reached by a flight of stone steps. From the terrace we have a fine view of the Elbe, the bridge, the hills on the right side of the river, and in the distance the approaches to the romantic and grotesque scenery of the Saechsische Schweiz (Saxon Switzerland). The bridge over the Elbe was long famed for its beauty and supposed solidity, the unusually high water of the Elbe, a few years ago, stripped it of its undeserved reputation in the latter respect, and undermined it to such an extent that two of the arches gave way, nor have they, we believe, been completely repaired. Great fears were entertained at that time for the safety of the terrace; had this been swept away by the angry flood, the physiognomy of the city would have been completely changed. On the right bank of the Elbe lies the quarter called the New Town. The population of the city will probably soon amount to one hundred thousand. Dresden has always been the favourite resort of strangers; the beauty of its situation, the constant intercourse with persons of all nations, the comparative cheapness of living, induce many families to take up their abode here. Our countrymen are always to be seen in great numbers. One of the quarters of the city is now generally called the English quarter. Divine service is performed every Sunday, in one of the churches, in the English language.

The neighbourhood of Dresden abounds in beautiful scenery. The great garden is several miles in extent, and affords many beautiful walks. Cheap concerts of excellent music are performed here several times a week, and early on Sunday mornings in summer.
KÖNIGSTEIN.

THE romantic beauties of Saxon Switzerland yearly attract thousands of travellers, and there are few excursions more agreeable. The whole is comprised within so small a space, that two or three days' absence from Dresden are now sufficient to enjoy the most striking scenes. By means of the steam-boat, we reach the summer residence of the king of Saxony, Pillnitz, in about an hour; a pleasant stroll through a small dell leads to the Porsberg, which commands an extensive view of the surrounding country. Two hours' walk then brings the traveller to the entrance of the Liebethaler Grund, the first of those beautiful defiles which have rendered this part of Saxony so famous. The end of this valley, at the mill, is highly picturesque, and has often employed the pencil of the artist. From Lohmen we proceed through the Ottewalter Grund, in which the grand, although somewhat grotesque agglomeration of the sand stone rocks is seen to great advantage. This valley emerges near the Bastei, where many single rocks rise from the deep below to a great height in the shape of pinacles and bastions, from which last the place receives its name. The view over the Elbe, and of the mountains and singularly shaped rocks beyond, is very fine. The best time for viewing the scene is morning or evening; but the traveller should avoid (if possible) coming here on high days and holydays, when the great number of beer drinkers indulge somewhat too loudly in their German cockney mirth for the quiet observer of nature. A steep descent leads to the entrance of the Amselgrund, on emerging from which, a short walk introduces us to the singular, and at a first sight, to timid persons, somewhat alarming, although perfectly secure passage through the Hochstein rock, known by the name of Wolfenschlacht, or Wolf's Glen. The view from the Hochstein towards the little town of Hohenstein is remarkably pleasing. A little purling streamlet meanders through a small meadow, which, protected from the scorching rays of the sun by the rocks behind, and the height on which stands the town of Hohenstein, enjoys a freshness and verdant green which might vie with that of our own country. This charming little valley is called the Pohlenzgrund. From Hohenstein the path offers nothing interesting, until the traveller suddenly emerges upon the Brand, a view similar to, and vying with the Bastei. A steep descent through the Tiefer Grund leads to the road towards Schandau, which, through the Tiefer Grund, leads to the road towards Schandau, which we can reach in about three hours. Here the first half of the tour of Saxon Switzerland may be said to close.

From Schandau we drive through the beautiful valley of the Hinzitzsgrund, and
after admiring, as in duty bound, the small waterfall at its extremity, allowed to froth and bubble for a few moments for the traveller's pleasure, we begin our ascent to the more mountainous parts of our trip. The first object which arrests our attention, is the singular natural arch in the rocks at the top of the mountain, which is known by the name of Kuh-stall (Cow-stall). In these rocks, according to tradition, the clergy, and sometimes the people of the adjacent country, sought a refuge from the horrors of civil war and religious persecution. A toilsome walk of two or three hours over the Kleiner Winterberg, brings us to the grosser Winterberg. On the summit of this latter, the highest point in Saxon Switzerland, an hotel has been erected, and here it is advisable to pass the night and enjoy the mountain panorama unfolded before us. A short stroll brings us to the Prebisch Thor, another natural arch, in some respects still more singular than the Kuh-stall, and hence, in three hours, we enter the Bohemian village of Kienisch Kretschen, on the banks of the Elbe.

The traveller who is not stinted for time, should by no means neglect to ascend the river, at least, as far as Tetschen and Aussig, both of which places present scenes of great beauty. But see, the steam boat from Prague descends, and a short excursion down the river, brings us to the city of Königstein, above which frowns the fortress of the same name, so famed for its importance in Saxon history, and for its picturesque situation.

The fortress of Königstein is built on a broad conical mountain, close to the Elbe, leaving just room enough for the houses of the city to nestle at its base. On the other side of the Elbe, but at some distance from the river, rises the sister rock, the Lilienstein, which, with the Königstein, form such remarkable objects of view from the neighbourhood of Dresden. During the seven years' war, Frederic the Great fired at the fortress with cannon, which he had caused to be dragged up the Lilienstein, but the balls could not reach the fortress, being probably deflected by the current of air in crossing the Elbe; the fire of the besieged was more successful, and overcame the obstacle by the impetus of the projectile at its discharge. This citadel is supposed to be impregnable, as its foundations are based upon the solid rock, which is here remarkably steep, and, in some places, perpendicular. The extent of ground on which it stands is considerable, and, in case of need, the garrison could grow corn enough within its limits to support them for some months. The prospects from the walls present interesting views of parts of Saxon Switzerland. A well, many hundred feet deep, has been cut through the solid rock, and the fortress is supplied with water, independently of the Elbe, from a spring, several feet below the bed of the river, so that the garrison can never be deprived, by an enemy, of this useful element.
As Königstein is removed from the principal high roads, its importance, in a
general military point of view, is not very great; it is, however, of vital consequence
to the kingdom of Saxony, as it affords a secure place of retreat, in which to
deposit the immense treasures collected in the Green Vault, at Dresden, and elsewhere. Of late years, the difficulties which formerly impeded a visit have been
relaxed; it is now merely required to present a passport to the governor, who
immediately issues an order of admittance. It is a favourite place of resort on holy-
days, and at Whitsuntide, the great period of recreation for high and low, it is
not unusual for nearly a thousand strangers to take peaceable possession of a
fortress, which, as the Saxons assert with innocent pride, Napoleon was not
permitted to occupy.

THE BLIND HERMIT.

WHENCE arises the great charm of the juncta-position of age and childhood, and
its peculiar adaptation for pictorial representation? Doubtless in the union of
sympathy and contrast, converging, as it were, from opposite extremes; the
opening bud of life gradually expanding into blossom, but still merely half uncelosed,
placed beside the flower, which, in the full glare of noon, expanded, but now
gradually contracts and closes as the declining rays of the luminary disappear, which
invested it with vital warmth and beauty. Considered merely in a technical point
of view, and leaving the moral influences out of the question, the ruddy and healthy
form of childhood, to whom existence itself is rapture, the fair freshness and blooming
inocence of youth, its harmless mirth and guiltless trustfulness stand out in
bright relief against the sober seriousness of manhood, the gravity and growing
infirmitie of advancing age, with its darker tints and harder features. It is indiffe-
rent to the beauty of the contrast, considering the subject abstractedly as a question
of art, whether the child be a youth or a maiden; childhood of either sex, when
naturally represented, that is, with that degree of idealisation through which nature
is admitted within the region of art, is always interesting and attractive. Who that
hath gazed upon the loving face of childhood, with its large expressive eyes, which seem
to look so wistfully into the mysteries of the unexplored world, but has felt, and
acknowledged its wonderful and irresistible charm. For our parts, we can easily
believe what most of us will recollect as related in the tales which amused our earlier years, that the unconscious smile of the infant has often arrested the blade of the murderous assassin, reeking with its parent's blood. Childhood is the instinctive poetry of life, before the understanding sharpens, but hardens before the indefinite feelings of the mind deepen into the darker sublimity of passion, it, therefore, interests all alike; it is the only stage of humanity, which, in all times, and in all ages, in all nations, be their standard of civilization high or low, claims universal favour and love. The budding graces of boyhood, with its incipient germ of strength, the soft beauty of girlhood are alike fitted to the painter's art, for childhood itself is eminently picturesque.

It is not so with age. Here the painter must walk more warily, the broad highway of life has expanded, and on its path lie weeds and flowers intermingled; not every object that exists in nature is a fit subject for art. Here the difference of sex is material; we reverence old age, we fear almost to be taxed with rudeness and arrogance when we assert that here man alone is a legitimate object. Of those who may be of a different opinion, we would simply ask, did they ever behold a pleasing picture, in which (family feeling of course excluded) the interest centered exclusively in a grandmother and grandchild. You smile, gentle reader; if so, you have decided in our favour. Whence comes it, that a representation, on which we have all looked with pleasure in real life, should be so little suited to pictorial representation, that the artist, as it were, instinctively avoids it. Its want of adaptation probably arises from the circumstance that the scene is but a weak repetition of what is woman's glory and her boast, while yet her beauty beams bright, and her husband has not ceased to be her lover. Maternal tenderness forms one of the noblest subjects of art, and numberless instances will doubtless rise to the minds of our readers, in which the greatest masters have done homage to this exquisite feature in the female character: we forbear from reverence to quote the most touching and sublime exhibition which has become a type in religious art. But with maternal tenderness, artistic fitness has reached its culmination, art pays no respect to genealogy, nay it is so exclusive that the father must be contented to play a subordinate part. And why? Because the development of the affections is the proper sphere of woman, and the gentle goodness of childhood reflects with radiant grace upon the mother. The father doubtless rejoices in the expanding beauty and virtue of his child, but as a recreation, it is not his chief occupation; the grand problem of his life, to watch over it with daily and hourly care. Man's destiny calls him to other duties.

But in age the pictures are reversed. The blooming girl has become a lovely mother, her mother resigns to her her place; it is true, she lives again in her
THE BLIND HERMIT.

descendants, remains the loved and honoured matron, but her sphere of active occupation is gone, she is an accessory where she was a principal, the intensity of her affection shines more mildly, and is therefore less picturesque. Man, as well as woman, must bow before the all-consuming force of time, his hair turns grey, his limbs are feeble, the vigour of his mind gradually fades from the bold and elastic spirit, which gave him strength to struggle with the world; a youthful generation rises around him, to which he too must yield. But, as he sinks beneath the common lot of all, he presents more points of interest. The pride and insolence of health, the hard struggles of mid-day life may have their poetry, but it is the poetry of passion, which belongs to a different sphere; the occupation of the great mass of men in pursuit of wealth, honour, and rank, is decidedly unpoetical, or at least unfavourable to that mild display of art to which alone our remarks refer. As man's strength decays, he seeks relief from the turbulence of life, in the quiet nook of household existence, in which kind nature has reserved especial joys to cheer the evening of his days; as age advances the smiling urchin that climbs his knee becomes more and more dear to him; the strong man assumes a tinge of womanly tenderness, which sits not ungracefully upon him; the intercourse is picturesque.

But "if age, at play with infancy" is always interesting, this interest is greatly enhanced when stern fate reverses the parts, when misfortune has reduced the man to the weakness, which moves our compassion without exciting our contempt, and has endowed the child with strength to repair the ills of life. Such is the scene in the picture before us; the good hermit, bound by his vows to forgo the charms of conjugal and filial love, has devoted his powers to the service of Him who proclaimed peace upon earth and good will unto men. Bereaved of light he no longer enjoys the cheering splendour of the sun, but on the path of charity, the youthful stranger to his home, but not to his affection, for he has listened from infancy to his mild doctrines, guides his aged friend. Verily he shall reap his reward, for mercy and kindness have a double blessing, and strengthen by exercise those good qualities that flow from their source.
GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

GREENWICH House was the residence of several sovereigns, and is doubtless familiar to the readers of Sir Walter Scott's romances of Kenilworth and the Fortunes of Nigel. This palace, the witness of so many gay scenes in the most romantic period of English court history, was pulled down about the period of the revolution, and the present edifice, the most noble public building in Europe devoted to charitable purposes, was erected on its site. The north-western wing of the hospital was built under the superintendence of Webb, the son-in-law of Inigo Jones, and is still known by the name of Charles the Second's, as that monarch occasionally resided here. This was the only part finished before the reign of William the Third. It was Queen Mary, his wife, who first suggested the plan of an asylum for old and wounded sailors; and Sir Christopher Wren proposed that the palace of Greenwich should be completed and appropriated to this humane design. The king granted the sum of £2,000 towards the undertaking: the commissioners who were appointed to superintend the execution of this great national work, and in whose hands the property was vested, subscribed a considerable sum, and Sir Christopher Wren lent his valuable assistance without any remuneration. The foundation was laid in June 3, 1696, and pensioners were received in the year 1705. Those parts erected during the reign of William the Third are distinguished by his name, and by that of his consort, King William's building being to the south-west, Queen Mary's on the south-east; the latter contains the chapel and the painted hall. The quadrangle to the north-east, which was erected during the reign of Queen Anne, bears the name of that sovereign. By an Act of Parliament, passed in the reign of William and Mary, all seamen of the royal navy are obliged to contribute sixpence a month from their wages to the support of the hospital; and, by an act passed during the reign of Queen Anne, the seamen in the merchant service contribute an equal sum, and if wounded, or otherwise disabled in the public service, are entitled to the same privileges as seamen of the royal navy.

The Hospital is a very striking object on the banks of the river, above which it stands on a terrace, eight hundred and sixty-five feet in length. Besides the four quadrangles mentioned above, it includes the asylum, or royal hospital schools, in which more than four thousand boys have been educated. The grand square, between King Charles's and Queen Anne's buildings, is two hundred and seventy-three feet wide. In the centre is a statue of George the Second, by Rysbrach.
The colonnades which adjoin the buildings of King William and his consort are one hundred and fifteen feet asunder, and are composed of three hundred duplicated Doric columns; the pilasters are of Portland stone, twenty feet high. The four quadrangles contain a vast number of apartments for the governor, and other officers and persons connected with this great establishment, and afford accommodation for about three thousand disabled veterans, and one hundred and five nurses. The pensioners dine in common in large halls, which are situated under the painted hall. In the library for the use of the pensioners, there is a bust of Dibdin, the author of the naval ballads. We have heard it questioned whether these celebrated songs are really adapted to the feelings of sailors, and must leave this knotty point to be decided by abler minds.

The painted hall is the work of Sir James Thornhill, the father-in-law of Hogarth; the paintings are executed in a masterly manner, and adapted to the object for which the building was erected. The vestibule contains casts from the public monuments of Nelson, Howe, Duncan, and St. Vincent. The saloon, or grand hall, is one hundred and sixty feet long, fifty-six broad, and fifty feet high. On each side, between the pilasters which support the entablature, are naval portraits and paintings. In the centre of the upper hall is a design for a monument to Nelson; the coat which he wore at the battle of the Nile is likewise deposited here, in a glass case; there are likewise several models of ships. The chapel contains several statues and pictures, by West.

The royal hospital schools, to the south of the Woolwich-road, extend to the park wall. The upper and lower schools receive, each, four hundred boys, the sons of officers and seamen of the royal navy, marines, and merchant service.

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**AMOY.**

The island of Amoy, in which is situated the city of the same name, which is one of the five harbours of China opened to the commerce of other nations by the treaty formed with England at the conclusion of the late war, lies towards the south-eastern extremity of the province of Fookien. The latitude is 20° 45' N., the longitude 118 E.

Amoy, Heamun in the Mandarin dialect; Hamoy, in that of the inhabitants of Fookien, is directly opposite to Tayvan, or Formosa, and the Pongou group of
islands, the Pescadores islands of Europeans. From the excellent anchorage which its vicinity afforded for the ships which passed through the channel of Formosa, on their route from Hindostan to Japan, Amoy, from an early period, attracted the attention of European navigators, who wished to establish stations in this archipelago. The Portuguese, who for a long time traded with Ningpo, do not seem to have visited Amoy; but the Dutch, between the years 1620—1662, and the English, who had early effected a settlement at Formosa, selected this city as an emporium. After the Dutch were expelled from Formosa by the pirate, Coringa, the English retained free access to the harbour of Amoy until this town was taken possession of by the Manchou conquerors, in the year 1681, and the English East India Company of that period deemed it advisable, with their four China vessels, to join the Portuguese at Macao. Notwithstanding this, in the year 1700, the three English trading vessels were always ordered to Amoy, when they were prevented, by adverse circumstances, from advancing as far as Ningpo and Chusan. Although the local authorities threw additional obstacles in the way of a free communication, the factories were not altogether abandoned until the year 1735; and, even in 1753, the English made fresh attempts to establish their trade on a more convenient footing in these parts, whence they had first brought tea to Europe; but, in the year 1757, the Emperor Kienlong, by a new edict, closed the ports of Ningpo, Chusan, and Amoy. To concentrate the foreign trade exclusively in Canton, where it was hoped that it might be more effectively controlled, the Chinese government laid such heavy duties on ships trading to the eastern harbour, that commerce was almost annihilated. Two ships were, indeed, allowed to touch at Amoy from the Manillas, but the Spaniards derived no great advantage from this privilege.

After this period, Lindsay and Gutzlaff were the first Europeans who revisited the harbour of Amoy, in the year 1832. They anchored half a league off the city, which lies on one of the most desolate coasts of the Chinese sea. It is deficient in all products for exportation, and this part of the district of Foochien is much indebted to the superabundance of the neighbouring island of Formosa, which may be called the granary of the province. Without Formosa, says Gutzlaff, the great mass of the population of Foochien would starve. Notwithstanding this poverty of the soil, Amoy is inhabited by the richest merchants, whose possessions extend far beyond Formosa, and many other stations of the Sunda-group, and most of the innumerable junks (Tsing-too, or Greenheads, so called from the green colour of their bowsprits) belong to the merchants of Amoy. The appearance of a foreign vessel, the Lord Amherst, caused a great sensation, and she was immediately visited by three Chinese dignitaries, who inquired politely after the object of their
visit; and, on being informed that they wished for a free-trade with the inhabitants, replied that this was forbidden by the laws. A corps of soldiers was drawn up on shore to prevent any intercourse of the barbarians with the natives; but some of the inmates contrived to visit, and to stroll through the town. They were everywhere well received, the merchants and people crowded round them, and great was the joy and confidence of the latter when they heard Gutzlaff address them in a very impressive manner, in their own peculiar dialect. This celebrated missionary had formerly, in a mission to Siam, become acquainted with many emigrants from Fookien, who resided in that country. No greater proof of his philological attainments can be quoted than the angry remark of the Tsungping, or admiral at Amoy, that he was evidently a native of Fookien, a traitor to his country, who served the barbarians. During the six days that the Lord Amherst remained off Amoy, Lindsay and Gutzlaff visited the town every day; the inhabitants complained of the impression under which they laboured, and of the obstructions which were thrown in the way of a free intercourse with the strangers. During this time Gutzlaff was frequently surrounded by hundreds of hearers, whose sympathy he gained by his eloquence and knowledge of the Mandarin dialect, as well as by his skilful application of the maxims and proverbs of their sages and philosophers, more particularly Confucius; he made a great impression on their learned men, in his conversations with them on those abstruse points for which the Chinese display a decided preference. Meanwhile the shore assumed daily a more warlike appearance; already five hundred soldiers paraded close to the sea; and as the English now became convinced that any attempt to establish a commercial intercourse would prove unavailing, they sailed from Amoy on the 8th of April, through the channel of Formosa to Ningpo. The twelve junkes stationed at Amoy did not fail to celebrate the expulsion of the barbarians by a plentiful waste of gunpowder.

On the 26th of August, 1841, the town of Amoy was taken by the English, and we are indebted to eye-witnesses for the following description of the city. Amoy is one of the third class cities of the empire. By reason of its excellent harbour and favourable position, it appears well calculated for commerce. The outer town, or suburb, is divided from the city by a chain of rocks, through a pass, in which there is a paved road connecting the two. The outer harbour, lying between the island of Kolongsoo and the mainland of Amoy, skirts the outer town; but the city itself stands on the shore of the inner harbour, which deeply indents the island in an easterly direction.

Including the outer town and the north-eastern suburb, the city cannot be much less than ten miles in circumference; while the citadel, which entirely commands this suburb, though itself commanded by hills within shot-range, is nearly one mile

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in circuit. The walls, varying with the inequality of the ground, from twenty to thirty feet in height, are castellated. There are four gates, having each an exterior one in an outwork at right angles to the inner gate. This method of defence was found in all the cities which the English visited. An immense quantity of stores, and six hundred and twenty-eight guns, were taken. A few days afterwards, Quemoy, which lies in the bay of the Amoy group of islands, likewise fell into the hands of the English.

PORTA MAGGIORE IN ROME.

The topography of Rome has frequently been made the subject of investigations by antiquaries of all nations. Recent inquiries, and the severe critical examination of their works, have, however, unfortunately proved, that the results which have been hitherto admitted must be received with great caution. As the works of the learned on the continent, and particularly in Germany, although not unknown in this country, have not hitherto obtained the attention which the importance and interest of the subject deserves, we shall make no apology for entering at somewhat greater length than is usual with us, upon some portions of the Roman topography intimately connected with the interesting monument of antiquity here presented to the reader. Nor can we find a better authority than The Handbook of Roman Antiquities (Handbuch der Roemischen Alterthumer), by Professor Becker, published at Leipzig, in 1843. We shall allow the learned German to speak for himself.

"We should find it altogether incomprehensible, that, since fifty years, when Alexander Adam published his planless compilation, notwithstanding the totally different state of science, no one has resolved on a similar undertaking, unless it may be explained by the great movement and contest of contradictory opinions, which since thirty years have prevailed in this department, and have rendered the tranquil position necessary for the production of a Handbook extremely difficult. The ferment which Niebuhr’s immortal merits had brought into the inert mass of imaginary knowledge, comfortably reposing on obsolete tradition had first to subside; the feverish paroxysm, which followed the long torpor cool down, before the study of Roman antiquities could pass from its lethargic condition through a wholesome crisis to recovery . . . . . If I have sometimes expressed myself indignantly at that arrogant and haughty want of profoundness, which is
PORTA MAGGIORE IN ROME.

ignorant of the sources on which the investigation must be based, which arbitrarily interprets its monuments, deceptively represents as fact what is not and cannot be proved, it was only to justify the severity of my judgment on those topographers, who are at present considered as authorities. I do not here speak of single errors, but of the whole scientific tendency."

As a proof of the manner in which this critic, so severe to his predecessors, treats the subject, we extract his investigations on the Porta Maggiore.

It is very difficult to identify the gates behind the camp on the eastern side of the city, whence four roads diverge, the Tiburtine, the Collatine, the Prænestine, and the Labicana, and two gates, the Tiburtine and the Prænestine, are distinctly named. Next to the camp, and close to it, is still seen a walled up gate about the size of the Pincian, and in its style, corresponding with those of the time of Honorius. This gate has been closed since time immemorial, and is named *Porta chinea*, the closed gate. Then follow the gate St. Lorenzo, so called from the Basilica of this Saint, situated without the walls on the *Via Tiburtina*. The dedicational inscription shows that this gate must be considered as opening on one of the principal roads. The third gate on this side is the *Porta Maggiore*, originally a monument of the *Aqua Claudia*, or Claudian aqueduct, which was here carried over a high road, and for this reason was naturally used as a gate on the erection of the wall under the Emperor Aurelian. If we ask, what ancient names corresponded to these, we find the opinions very different. The oldest authentic authority is the *Anonymous* of Einsiedeln; he makes no mention of the *closed gate*, and calls the Porta S. Lorenzo the Tiburtine Gate, and the Porta Maggiore the Prænestine Gate. These names occur not only in his description of the walls, but likewise in his collection of inscriptions and in his catalogue of the roads. It is more doubtful whether Procopius by the name of the Prænestine Gate means the Porta Maggiore, for between the Porta Flaminia and the Porta Prænestina, both included, he reckons only five gates. But within this space there are in reality seven gates. If we exclude the Pincian gate, as not belonging to the principal gates, but rather to the posterns, of the city, there still remains the question, whether he reckons the closed gate or not, and this is the real object of controversy; for if this gate be excluded, it is evident that the Porta Maggiore must be meant as the Prænestine gate. Later writers, among whom we may mention William of Malmesbury, concur in calling the Porta S. Lorenzo the Tiburtine gate; the name of the Prænestine gate disappears, and the Porta Maggiore is mentioned under different, but easily explicable, appellations.

The majority of the topographers followed the common tradition, and S. Lorenzo is now generally called the Tiburtine; Porta Maggiore the Prænestine gate. Nibby,
who, on the whole, adheres to this opinion, supposes that, of the two arches of the Porta Maggiore, one was intended for the Via Prænestina, and the other for the Via Labicana; and that hence one part was called Porta Prænestina, and the other Porta Labicana. This subtle distinction is justly, although not from the correct reason, termed by Niebuhr the most untenable of all. On the other hand the acute, but not seldom too hasty, Fabretti, thought it necessary to adopt another system. In order to assign to each of the four roads its own gate, he decided that the closed gate was the original Tiburtine gate; S. Lorenzo was for the Via Collatina; and the Porta Maggiore for the Via Labicana. Thus for the Prænestine, one of the chief high roads, there remained nothing but a small postern between S. Lorenzo and Maggiore. He was led to adopt this supposition from a passage in Strabo. Piale, as usual, agrees with him, but he sought to remove the difficulty of carrying the great Prænestine road through this postern, and the insignificant Collatine road through a chief gate, by carrying the former road through S. Lorenzo without assigning any particular gate to the latter. Afterwards, when it was thought desirable to diminish the number of gates as much as possible, he assumes that the gate at the camp was closed, and the Tiburtine road carried through the Porta Prænestina (in his system) S. Lorenzo, and that they had transferred the Prænestine road to Porta Labicana (Maggiore), and that hence originated the change in the names of the gates. According to him the closed gate would be the Porta Tiburtina; S. Lorenzo, Porta Prænestina; Porta Maggiore, Porta Labicana; and this opinion has been declared by Niebuhr and Bunsen as the only correct one.

If we, however, investigate the reasons that have been advanced in support of this assertion, we shall find that they by no means justify this supposition. The principal argument, as we have already mentioned, is borrowed from Strabo. If, as Strabo asserts, the Via Labicana separated from the Prænestine roads before reaching the Porta Esquilina, it is therefore absolutely impossible that both roads terminated at one and the same gate (Porta Maggiore.) Therefore, either the Prænestine road cannot have taken this direction, or the Via Labicana must have gone off farther to the right. Our author therefore restores to the Porta Maggiore the name of the Prænestine gate. After having frequently changed its name, it is mentioned, as early as William of Malmesbury, by its present appellation, which was probably given to it from the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, as we find it occasionally bearing the name of Porta della Donna.

The grandeur of the aqueducts by which the mighty city of Rome was supplied with water, has always been the theme of admiration. From a great distance they carried whole streams of water at a considerable height through the Campagne and
on numberless lofty arches, so that the highest points of the city might be plentifully supplied. As we gaze with astonishment at the remains of these colossal works, so they were considered in antiquity as the most wonderful proofs of Roman power and Roman energy. Their number is nine, and compared with their magnitude and utility, the boasted pyramids sink into objects of a vain curiosity. The eighth aqueduct, of which the two arches formed the gate now called Porta Maggiore is called the Aqua Claudia. It was begun by Caligula in the year 789, and inaugurated by the Emperor Claudius in 803. This and the aqueduct of the New Anio (Amièvre Nuove), were the most gigantic works of their kind. The Aqua Claudia began from two abundant springs, Corulea and Curzia, near the thirty-eighth mile-stone on the road to Subiaco, receiving in its course a third spring, Allodina, all three of excellent quality, so that the water of the Claudian aqueduct was held next in estimation to that of the Marcellus. The length of this grand construction was not less than 46,406 paces, of which nearly 10,000 were carried over arches. Still higher up, at the forty-second mile-stone, on the road to Subiaco, the New Anio was diverted, into which, at the thirty-eighth mile-stone, opposite to the sources of the Aqua Claudia, flowed the rivus Herculanus. Of all the aqueducts this was the longest, measuring 58,700 paces; it had likewise the highest arches, some being 109 feet in height. The Aqua Claudia, and the New Anio, flow into the city on the same arch, the canal of the latter being carried over that of the former. On the spot, where its arches form the Porta Maggiore, its construction resembles a triumphal arch, which was erected under the Emperor Titus, who likewise adorned the gate with three inscriptions; the first in commemoration of the original construction; the second inscription indicates the restoration of the aqueduct during the reign of his father, Vespasian; and the third the repairs executed during his own reign. As the walls of the city were extended under the Emperor Aurelian, the architects, with great skill, availed themselves of the arches of the aqueduct, and thus formed the Porta Maggiore, a work of equal beauty and strength. It is formed of travertine, joined together without cement, and is sustained by four great arches, with rusticated columns of the Ionic order; and in the restless times of Roman history was a fortified position of the greatest importance. It has, however, been much weakened by the perforation made during the pontificate of Sextus V., to procure a passage for the Aqua Felice, which was named after this pope, and serves to carry the water to the fountain of Moses, in the Piazza di Termini.
MOROCCO.

Morocco, or the Sultanate of Moghrīb ul Aṣrah (the Extreme West), in the north-west of Africa, is bounded on the north by the Mediterranean and the Straits of Gibraltar, on the west by the Atlantic, on the south by the desert of Sahara, and on the east by Algeria. The Atlas, which attains here its highest elevation, extends from Cape Non, the south-west point of the country, through the whole of Morocco, in the direction from S.E. to N.W., and divides it into two halves, sending off secondary mountain branches on both sides, of which Cape Spatel, the most north-western point of Africa, deserves mention. Notwithstanding its great extent of coast, Morocco possesses but few harbours or places of anchorage, and these insecure. The soil, which slopes from both sides of the Atlas, presents all the changes from Alpine heights in the centre to the plain on both sides, as far as the coast, and to the border of the desert, and is, for the most part, particularly to the north-west, fertile and capable of cultivation. The many rivers which rise on both sides of the Atlas, are mostly insignificant and unnavigable: the most important are the Malujah or Mulvia, which falls into the Mediterranean; the Sabou, the Morbaja, the Tensift, and the Suse, which fall into the Atlantic; and the Ghir, the Ziz, the Tafilt, and the Drah, which are lost in the desert. The climate and the productions of the soil are similar to those of the other Barbary states. The population of Morocco has been estimated at eight millions. The inhabitants, as is the case with the other kingdoms in the north of Africa, consist of the original inhabitants of Barbary, or the Cabybes, who are here named Amazighs and Shelleks, and form the greater part of the population; of Moors, Bedouins, Jews, Negroes who have been brought into this country as slaves, and some few Europeans. The people are in a very low degree of civilization and display but little activity, either in the cultivation of the soil or in manufactures. The Moors are the most advanced in civilization; but many of the Amazighs live still in a state of complete barbarism, and their subjection to the Sultan of Morocco is merely nominal. The whole of the population, with the exception of the Jews and the few Europeans, are Mahomedans, and exhibit the most bigotted attachment to their creed. The manufactures are inconsiderable, being chiefly confined to the manufacture of turbans, fine silks, and leather; which latter bears the name of the country. The trade of Morocco, which may be divided into three branches, is of much greater importance; consisting of the caravan trade with the interior of Africa, the maritime commerce of the sea-ports with Europe, and the Levant trade,
which is partly carried on by the pilgrims to Mecca. The government is purely despotic: the title of the sovereign, whom we generally call Emperor, but the Moors Sultan, is Emir-al-Moomenim, that is, Prince of Believers. The whole kingdom is divided by the Atlas into two halves, of which the north-western answering to the Mauritania Tingitana of the ancients, is formed of the kingdoms of Fez and Morocco, with the province of Suse; the south-east, or the Getulia of the ancients, is formed of the provinces of Tafilet or Tafilelt, Sejelmesa, and Darah. The two kingdoms of Fez and Morocco are divided into twenty-eight districts, which are governed by pashas and caids; Tafilet is under the administration of two caids; the other parts of the empire, particularly the Amazirgh tribes in the interior of the Atlas mountains, are governed by chiefs nearly independent, who acknowledge the power of a Grand Shiek as head of all the Amazirghs and Shelleks, but scarcely pay a small tribute to the Emperor, whose irregular subjects they are. By their frequent rebellions they render a regular government of the country impossible.

The annual revenue of the state is estimated at 2,500,000 Spanish dollars, and the expenses one million, thus leaving a considerable surplus in the treasury. This is the personal property of the Sultan, and is preserved in the strong treasury building at Mecknaes, which was erected for this purpose. It is guarded by two thousand black slaves, and the keys are in the exclusive possession of the emperor, or of the favourite sultana. The treasures accumulated therein are supposed to amount to fifty millions of Spanish dollars. The regular army amounts to only from fifteen to twenty thousand men, and consists principally of black slaves; but, in times of war, there is a special levy of the militia, called goom, under the command of the local magistracy; this forms an irregular force of eighty or a hundred thousand men. The naval force of Morocco was, in former times, considerable; and the Morocco pirates were, in the 16th and 17th centuries, dreaded by all the European naval powers, particularly Spain. By degrees the greater powers by force or by treaties were protected from these acts of rapine, but the smaller states were either tributary to Morocco, or exposed to piratical depredations. This sitation of affairs gave rise to an expedition on the part of Austria against the coast cities of Morocco, within the last twenty years, and it has only been completely abolished in consequence of the successes of the French in Algeria. The whole navy of Morocco, which even at the end of the eighteenth century was dangerous to the smaller states, is now confined to a few insignificant vessels.

Morocco, properly Marakh, or Marakash, the capital of the whole empire, and the principal residence of the sultan, is situated on an extensive elevated plain, between the Atlas and the river Tensift. It was founded in 1052 probably on the
site of the antient Bocanum Hemerum, and in the twelfth century it contained one hundred thousand houses, and seven hundred thousand inhabitants, but its decline has been such that it now contains hardly fifty thousand. The walls are strong, thirty feet in height, and are provided with innumerable watch towers. The apparent extent of the city stretches over several miles, but within this circuit there are many desert spots and ruined buildings. The mosques, of which El Kolubia, built in the twelfth century, is the most remarkable, are numerous, and some of them very beautiful. The palace of the sultan, which consists of several buildings, is built in a grand style; it is without the city, and surrounded by a wall a league and a half in circumference. The air is pure, the city well provided with water, but dirty and disfigured by angular narrow streets, in the usual style of oriental architecture.

An eye-witness thus describes the city of Morocco. "The city of Marrakesh stands in the centre of a vast plain, fertile beyond description, dotted beautifully at intervals with olive groves and clumps of palm trees, which here attain an immense height. Even within the walls these groves and gardens are continued, and the mosques and towers and shell-formed domes of the public buildings are picturesque, intermingled with the gracefully feathering heads of the date-palm, the richest and greatest ornament of the east. Here and there were extensive plantations of pomegranate trees, now covered with blossom. And the orange was there, the lemon, the ju-jube, and the fig-tree; and the fragrance breathing from their mingled effluvia filled the atmosphere with overpowering sweetness.

"Viewed from hence, Marrakesh appears a truly magnificent city, inclosed by lofty walls of great extent, flanked with towers, square and massive, and pierced by numerous gates of imposing architecture: the grandeur and capaciousness of the buildings are exaggerated to the imagination by the interposing masses of foliage, which contrasting strikingly with their colour and partly concealing their dimensions, distract the mind pleasingly by suggesting ideas of indefinite beauty and extent. But much of the effect produced by this extraordinary place is borrowed from the sublimity of the site, which in some respects can scarcely be surpassed. It has all that artists understands by breadth in painting. It seems to grow up out of the plain, to form an integral part of it, and to partake of its immensity, which the eye loses sight of on the limits of the horizon to the east and to the west. But the grandeur is not in this. Many capital cities, Madrid and Rome for examples, occupy the centre of vast plains, but are not on that account sublime. What here strikes the eye and fascinates it, is the vast mountain ridges on the north and south, towering bold, broken into innumerable peaks, covered with an eternal weight of virgin snow, propping the superincumbent clouds."
As Morocco (from its proximity to Algeria and to Gibraltar, to which place it is of vital importance that the opposite provinces in Africa should never fall into the hands of powers who may one day be hostile to England) will most probably soon be the theatre of events seriously affecting the interests of European powers, a short sketch of its history will not be unacceptable to the reader.

After the death of Achmed, the most powerful of the Sherifs, about the year 1603, the empire sank into decay amidst the internal convulsions that prevailed under his successors, so that Muley Sherif, a descendant of Ali and Fatima, succeeded in dethroning the dynasty of the first Sherifs about the middle of the seventeenth century, and of establishing that of the second, or the present reigning family. The most notorious sovereign of this dynasty was Muley Ismail, who reigned from 1672 to 1727. He took Tangiers and El Arish from the Spaniards, but the glory which might have surrounded his name from these exploits is lost in the abominable cruelties which he committed, and which raise him to an unenviable supremacy above the greatest tyrants that have ever disgraced a throne. He is said to have executed not less than five thousand people with his own hands: he was ever inventing new torments for his victims; and even his favourites and wives and children were not safe from his insatiable cruelty. He had, during the period of his long life, eight thousand wives, eight hundred and twenty-five sons, and three hundred and forty-two daughters. Internal wars and disputed successions among his successors contributed to accelerate the decay of the empire, and the cruelties and barbarities of the times continued until the accession of Muley Sidi Mohammed, whose reign was distinguished by mildness, justice, and a desire to introduce European civilization, but he had to contend against repeated rebellions. With the death of Mohammed the former barbarity re-appeared, until happier times arose for this distressed country during the reign of Muley Suliman, from 1794 to 1822. His last years were embittered by the plague, rebellion, and a disputed succession. The present emperor, Muley Abderrahman, born 1778, succeeded to the throne in 1822, and at the very beginning of his reign he put an end to the rebellion of the mountainous tribes. This sovereign has generally shown himself a mild prince, and a friend to internal and external peace; but he was fated to see his empire subjected to the greatest dangers by the course of foreign wars and external events.

The conquest of Algiers by the French has exposed him to conflicts with that nation on the one side, and with the fanatic tribes of the Barbary districts of his country on the other, who were induced by the ever active Abd-el-Kader, to take a part inconsistent with the peace of the empire. Already the attempts to claim a part of the Algerine province of Oran, had nearly led to a war, which was only
prevented by the decided measures adopted by the French. However the misunderstanding with France still continued, inasmuch as Morocco always served as a place of refuge to Abd-el-Kader. Matters came to a crisis, when Abd-el-Kader himself, pressed by the successful operations of Marshal Bugeaud, was forced to retreat within the territory of Morocco, where he was openly supported by the population, who enabled him to collect a considerable army. The Emperor of Morocco dispatched an army to the frontiers, but instead of supporting the reclamations of the French, these troops commenced hostilities against the foreigners, and thus a war became inevitable. A French fleet, under the Prince of Joinville, bombarded Tangiers on the 6th of August 1844, and Magador on the 15th of August, whilst an army under Bugeaud crossed the frontiers of Morocco, and on the 14th of August 1844, defeated the grand army of Morocco, which had been collected by a general levy, and by the proclamation of the holy war, and was commanded by a son of the emperor. This battle is called the battle of Isly, from the river of the same name. The whole camp, with the celebrated parasol of the prince, as the symbol of supreme authority, fell into the hands of the conquerors, and the Morocco army was totally dispersed. On the 10th of September 1844, a treaty of peace was concluded between France and Morocco, at Tangiers, by which the emperor pronounced sentence of outlawry against Abd-el-Kader, promised to detain him prisoner, if he fell into his hands, to hinder all attempts at assisting the enemies of France, and to acknowledge the former boundaries of Algiers. But this treaty, far from abolishing the differences between the two powers, showed them in their full extent, for it was now manifest that the Emperor of Morocco had not the power to fulfil the conditions stipulated in the treaty, as he had more to fear from the fanaticism of his own people, and from Abd-el-Kader, who aimed at nothing less than dethroning him and placing himself at the head of a new empire in Morocco, than from the French. The victorious appearance of Abd-el-Kader at the head of an army, totally recruited from Morocco, is a sufficient proof of the difficulties of the emperor's position. Nor should he succeed in maintaining himself against the internal dangers which threaten him, is it probable that the empire of Morocco will remain as is at present constituted, should the consolidation of the French power in Algeria proceed more rapidly than it has hitherto done. It may continue for some time to linger in its present state, as a greater power in the Levant, owing to the fear or jealousies of the great European Powers, till accident or design provoke the settlement of the great question, which may for some time be postponed, but according to the common course of events, can hardly be much longer averted.
HONG KONG.

The Island of Hong Kong was ceded to the English by the treaty which put an end to the war with China. Its name signifies in Chinese "Red Harbour." It belongs to the group of the Ladrone, or Thieves' Islands, and is situated 22° 17' N. lat., and 114° 12' E. lon. It lies about thirty-five miles east north-east of Macao, and according to Captain Byngham, is about eight miles long and five miles broad. Dr. M'Pherson, however, asserts that its greatest breadth does not exceed two miles and a half. "The first aspect of this island is forbidding; its rocky sides and mountainous elevations giving little promise of successful cultivation, but as the explorer rambles on he will find many rich and fertile spots. On the south side of the island, the villages are tolerably numerous; that of Chekchoo, containing about one thousand inhabitants." When the English first took possession, the population was insignificant, varying according to different reports, from one to seven thousand, but it soon increased to fifteen thousand, and probably considerably exceeds twenty thousand at the present moment. The bay of Hong Kong is one of the most magnificent in the world, and a vast number of ships can ride at safe anchorage, comparatively protected from the rage of the Typhoon. The depth of the water round the island is so great, that a ship of the line can lie secure at a cable's length from the shore. The materials for erecting the most extensive quays are found close at hand in the fine marble quarries which are every where dispersed through the island, which is likewise at all times provided with a plentiful supply of fresh water.

"In other respects," says Dr. M'Pherson, "this new colony possesses but few advantages. Its northern side is formed by a connected ridge of mountains, the highest of which is about two thousand feet above the level of the sea. Except in a few spots, these mountains are barren and uncultivated, formed by black projecting masses of granite, the intervals giving shelter to herbage and brushwood. There are no trees of any size, and unlike the generality of mountainous districts, it possesses but few valleys, and these not of any extent. The mountains, for the most part, fall perpendicularly into the sea, thus leaving but little space for building at their bases. The interior and south side is chiefly formed by level and undulating land, and appears to be far better adapted for private residences than the north side. Here, too, are some very fine bays, the chief of which are Tystan and Chuckpie-wan. Partridge, quail, and snipe have been found in the island, and in the jungle, pheasants and deer have been seen. A peninsula of con-
siderable size, with only a few Chinese hamlets upon it, extends from the town of Cowloon in a south-easterly direction. This mostly consists of rich level ground.

The appearance of Hong Kong is anything but prepossessing, and to those who have hitherto resided upon it it has proved far from salubrious. There is a good deal of rank vegetation on the face of the hill, the ground on which, after a heavy rain, becomes elastic and boggy. On the Cowloon side of the bay the atmosphere is at all times more pure, and the changes of temperature less sudden; indeed altogether it appears a far more likely and preferable spot to form a settlement than the Hong Kong side."

Experience does not speak highly in favor of the choice of this island as a British settlement. The rapid progress of the arms of the barbarians in their wonderful ships had compelled the Ruler of the Celestial Empire to seek to free his dominions from such terrible visitors, and it would have been easy to have obtained another and more advantageous possession. But Chusan was considered as too unwholesome for European residence, and unfortunately Hong Kong was preferred, it is now proved, however, that a station more prejudicial to the health of the troops could hardly have been found. The Chinese consider it as a fatal island, and it was inhabited by the refuse of the native population. It has been said that every European soldier passes four times a year through the hospital, and the British commander has declared that this colony will bring with it the sacrifice of a whole regiment every three years, and that to have seven hundred effective men, it will be necessary always to have a force of double that number stationed on the island. The population when it passed into the hands of the English, consisted of smugglers, stone-cutters, and vagabonds, and a Bombay paper asserts that the great increase of the population has been produced by an influx of the very worst characters, and that not one respectable Chinaman had come to settle there during the three years and a half of British occupation. The European settlers sleep with pistols under their pillows, as they are in constant danger from the character of the inhabitants. Should there be no exaggeration in these reports, the value of Hong Kong is more than problematical.

We have said above that in the fine harbour of Hong Kong, the vessels rode at safety, compared with the other stations on the Chinese coast. What this comparative safety is may be estimated by the following description of a typhoon which devastated this island. We give in the words of Dr. M'Pherson.

The hospital was "crowded to overflowing when the typhoon of the 21st of July came on. It had commenced about midnight, and continued steadily increasing in violence, and at 6 a.m. it blew a hurricane from the north west. The hospital
of the 37th, which fronted in this direction, was a continued line of building constructed of bamboos and palmyra leaf, two hundred feet long by eighteen broad; into which upwards of three hundred men were stowed—an additional hundred having been a few days previously placed on board ship.

I had about half finished my visit, when I observed the side of the building facing the gale evidently yield to the force of the tempest. I immediately directed those of the sick who could move, to leave the building forthwith, and was hastening to do so myself also, when suddenly I heard a tremendous crash, and ere I was able to reach the door, with many others, was thrown down on my face and crushed under the wreck of the building. The shrieks and groans of the miserable bed-ridden patients—the howling of the wind, and the cracking of the beams, sounded to me, when I had recovered my consciousness, something more than horrifying, more especially as I was myself deprived, by an intolerable dead-weight upon my shoulders and back, which pressed my chest to the ground, from taking part in it.

By dint of very great exertions on the part of the officers, and the few men who could be procured, the sick were extricated from the wreck of the hospital, and placed in one of the other barracks—alas! merely to have the same scene acted over again. Barrack after barrack was levelled to the ground, The officers houses followed; their kit was flying about in all directions. The force of the wind tore the very flooring from the sleepers. It was now saure qui pent, for there was danger in remaining in the vicinity of the lines.

The sea, at all other times in this harbour so still and smooth, was now fiercely agitated, and had already encroached upon the island far beyond its natural bounds. Ships drifting from their anchorages were seen rapidly nearing the shore, while their crews were labouring hard to cut away the masts, their only chance of preservation. Occasionally, as the atmosphere cleared across the bay, several ships could be seen clustered in one spot, giving one another a friendly embrace. Ships of seven and eight hundred tons were on shore in water which on ordinary occasions is barely knee deep. Innumerable boats were scattered in fragments on the beach, while underneath and around them were many mangled and lacerated corpses of Chinese.

At three P. M. the typhoon was at its height: the wind and drenching rain continued unabated, and torrents, in form of cascades, poured down the hills, sweeping every thing before them. The houses had all been destroyed, and no covering remained to protect from the raging elements. The natives were running wildly about, vainly beseeching succour from their gods. At times masses of loose stone would become separated from the mountains, and roll down the hill like a
huge avalanche, threatening destruction to all below. The last days of Hong Kong seemed approaching—it was a grand but truly awful sight."

The stone buildings which have since risen by the sea and on the slopes of the hills under the name of Victoria, will, it is to be hoped, prove a better shelter against this terrible scourge than the bamboo and palmyra leaves of these primitive habitations, but we doubt not that the disadvantages under which our countrymen in this inhospitable colony suffer, have become the object of serious consideration on the part of those on whom the responsibility devolves.

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**THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S, AT ROME**

But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome
To which Diana's marvel was a cell,—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyena and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass I the sun, and have surveyed
Its sanctuary, the while the Moslem pray'd;

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthy structures, in his honour piled,
Of a sublimer aspect! Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are asiled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God, face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.
THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

Thou movest—but increasing with the advance
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonise—
All musical in its immensities;
Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines where flames
The Lamps of gold—and haughty dome which vies
In air with earth’s chief structures, though their frame
Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must claim.

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou must break
To separate contemplation, the great whole;
And as the ocean many bays will make,
That ask the eye—so here condense thy soul
To more immediate objects, and control
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by heart
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
In mighty graduations, part by part
The glory which at once upon thee did not dart.

Not by its fault, but thine:—Our outward sense
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
That what we have of feeling most intense
Outstrips our faint expression; even so this
Outshining and o’erwhelming edifice
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
Defies at first our Nature’s littleness,
Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
Our spirits to the size of what they contemplate.

_Lord Byron._

These glorious stanzas express so truly the feelings which fill the mind on first entering the wonderful church of St. Peter’s, the interior of which is here presented to our readers, that it would be presumption to attempt any expression but in the words of own great poet.

The remains of the Apostle St. Peter were buried in a cemetery in the _Campamento_ in which was the circus of Nero. An oratory had been raised over his grave, and the emperor Constantine erected here a basilica, supported by ninety-two marble pillars. This edifice exhibiting symptoms of decay, pope Nicholas the Fifth, in 1460, commissioned Bernardino Rosellini and Leonardo Battista Alberti, to begin a new church. The building was continued, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, after the plan of Bramante, under the superintendence of Sangallo, Fra Gismondo Domenicano, and the great Raffaelle, during the reign of pope Leo the Tenth. Subsequently, Peruzzi da Siena changed the Latin cross
of the original design into a Greek one, and Michael Angelo Buonarotti continued the erection in the same plan. The bold idea of the cupola was suggested by the daring genius of Michael Angelo, who had intended to erect the façade of the church in the style of the Pantheon of Agrippa, but he died, and this grand design was never executed. Pius the Fifth ordered the architects, Giacomo Barozzi da Vignola and Pirro Ligorio, to conform in every respect to the plans of Michael Angelo. Under the direction of Giacomo della Porta, who superintended this great work during the reigns of three popes, Gregory the Thirteenth, Sixtus the Fifth, and Clement the Seventh, the great cupola was completed, and adorned with that profusion of mosaic, which excites astonishment at the time and expense necessary to produce such vast works in minute detail. One hundred and forty-five years were required to complete this magnificent fabric, if, indeed, it could be called complete; and the expenses incurred have been estimated at about eighteen million pounds sterling.

An edifice, which was erected under the superintendence of so many architects, and of which the execution was carried on during such a long space of time, and under the influence of the necessary changes in art, cannot but exhibit some of the disadvantages consequent upon a frequent change of plan, but we may still adhere to the enthusiastic opinion of a Roman antiquary, that all the arts have contributed to the decoration of this superb edifice, the most remarkable monument of modern Rome, and of the whole world, that the greatest masters in painting, mosaic and sculpture have devoted their talents to it; so, that if in Rome every thing but this temple were destroyed, it would still be worth while to make a pilgrimage to behold it.

Five gates, or doors, open into the vestibule of the church, and the same number open thence into the interior. Of these latter one is walled up; it is open on the day of the Great Jubilee, and hence called Porta Santa, or Holy Door. The dimensions of St. Peter's are as follow:—the interior length from the entrance door to the end of the tribune is six hundred and fourteen English feet; the breadth of the nave, two hundred and seven feet; the breadth of the cross, seventy-nine feet; the diameter of the cupola, one hundred and thirty-nine feet; the height from the pavement to the first gallery, one hundred and seventy-four feet; to the second gallery, two hundred and forty feet; to the representation of the Deity in the lantern, three hundred and ninety-three feet; and to the summit of the exterior cross, four hundred and forty-eight feet. As our own St. Paul's ranks next in dimensions to that of St. Peter's at Rome, it is not uninteresting to compare these two great buildings. St. Paul's was begun and completed by one architect and one master-mason, and Compton was bishop of London during its erection, which
THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

comprised a period of thirty-five years, during which time Charles II., James II., William III., Anne and George I., reigned in Great Britain. St. Peter's required one hundred and forty-five years for its erection, was under the management of twelve architects, and eighteen popes died during the long interval between its beginning and completion. The following are the dimensions of St. Paul's. Length from east to west, within the walls, five hundred feet; from north to south, within the four doors of the porticoes, two hundred and eighty-six; the breadth of the west entrance one hundred; the circuit of the entire building two thousand two hundred and ninety-two; the circumference of the cupola four hundred and thirty; the diameter of the ball six; the height to the top of the west pediment, under the figure of St. Paul, one hundred and twenty; the height of the campaniles of the west front, two hundred and eighty-seven. The expense of the erection of St. Paul's, amounted to about one million and a half pounds sterling; that of St. Peter's to about seventy millions scudi, perhaps, seventeen and a half million sterling. This vast excess of expenditure in the Roman cathedral was principally caused by the rich profusion of marble and mosaic, which places it far above comparison with the bare nakedness which chills the spectator on entering our otherwise noble cathedral.

The interior of St. Peter's is supported by an immense number of magnificent columns, the greater number of them antique, and seven are said to have been taken from Solomon's temple; the pavement is likewise of handsome marble. Strangers on their first visit usually express themselves disappointed in the effect produced upon their imagination by this superb edifice. The cause of this has been beautifully explained by Lord Byron in the stanzas which we have prefixed to this brief summary. The proportions are, for the most part, so admirably observed, that the eye is insensibly relieved and carried forward from object to object, and it is not until after some time, and a more gradual examination, that we become aware of the vastness of the edifice. Thus at first sight the angels which support the two fonts of holy water, do not seem larger than children, upon approaching them we are surprised to find them of gigantic stature.

The Confessione di Sacra Pietro, or, Sacra Confessione, is surrounded by a circular balustrade, and contains the body of St. Peter, according to the Romish church, the Prince of the Apostles, in whose honour one hundred and twelve superb lamps are always burning. A double staircase leads down into the interior, which during the pontificate of Paul the Fifth, was decorated by Maderno with select marbles, angels, festoons, and the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. A semi-colossal figure of Pius VI. on his knees is placed before the Sacra Confessione, or rather before the gates of bronze gilt, which lead to the part of the antient oratory, which was erected

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over the grave of the apostle. Canova is said to have wept when he was informed of the place which the bad taste of the ruling powers had selected for his statue.

Above the Confessions of St. Peter, and beneath the great cupola, the sumptuous baldacchino or canopy rises above the high altar of the cathedral. The canopy was designed by Bernini, during the reign of Urban VIII., in 1633. It is ninety feet high, (but little less than the altitude of the Farnese palace) made of bronze gilt, supported by four superb spiral columns of the same metal. The weight of the bronze amounts to nearly two hundred thousand pounds, and although this material was procured free of expense, by stripping the porch of the Pantheon, the costs of this baldacchino exceeded one hundred thousand scudi, nearly one-half, or ten thousand pounds sterling were expended on the gilding alone.

The immortal Michael Angelo determined to build the largest cupola in the world, and nobly has he executed his design, for we behold the Pantheon of Agrippa, which by its dimensions excited the admiration of the antient world, suspended aloft in the air at a height of one hundred and sixty-six feet, or if we measure to the extremity of the cross on the ball, nearly 300 feet. The internal diameter of this unrivalled architectural masterpiece is, in fact, between one and two feet less than that of the Pantheon, but if we consider that the cupola of St. Peter's is double, and that it is possible to ascend by staircases, between the inner and outer walls into the lantern, its superiority must be admitted. Four pillars support this stupendous structure, each of them measures two hundred and six feet in circumference. Each principal façade of these pillars of the cupola contains two large niches or recesses, one above the other; from the upper one, which resembles a loggia or small room, guarded in front by a balustrade, on the side where stands the statue of St. Veronica, are shewn during passion week, several relics; three of these are the most celebrated, a part of the holy cross; the spear that pierced the side of Jesus Christ, and il volto santo, or the impression of our Saviour's countenance on a handkerchief. We once witnessed this display, but it was dusk, and at the height from which they were exhibited, we could not clearly discern the objects thus exhibited in detail. Formerly, when the vast body of the church was illuminated, or rather cast into chiaroscuro, by a cross of many hundred lamps, the effect upon the minds of a credulous and superstitious people, must have been very grand, but the disorders that occurred during this nocturnal exhibition induced the popes to abolish the custom, and the relics now are but dimly seen by the fading light of day. In fact the whole scene was singularly wanting in that effect, which is so striking a feature in the ceremonies of the Romish church, and nowhere more so than in the ever-memorable residence of the successors of St. Peter. We have confined ourselves in our present description to the principal parts of the interior,
visible in the plate before us; a mere enumeration of the more remarkable parts
and sculptures of the building would far exceed our limits.

We shall conclude our remarks with a few words from the account of a German
traveller, as enthusiastic in his praises as he is severe in his censures.

In order to have a just feeling of the immense grandeur and majesty of St.
Peter’s, we should not place ourselves before it, where the miserable front only
excites dislike, but in the narrow street behind the Vatican; here all unites into
one sublime whole, and we are struck with awe at the immense and mountain-like
structure. If we enter the church when the dim twilight shrouds the petty orna-
ments, we seem to see above us the sublime vault of heaven itself.

THE ELECTOR AND CANDIDATE.

Great is the force of contrast, that universal, and therefore benevolent, law of
nature, who abhors monotony, no less than she was once supposed to abhor a
vacuum; witness her love of change in day and night, summer and winter. When
therefore man but imitates his alma mater, he proves himself her legitimate
offspring; let us beware then of attributing that to him as a fault, which is after all
but an inherent principle in his destiny, and bow down with just respect before its
dictates. Great is the force of contrast between the expiring carnival senza moccoli,
and the ensuing austerities of Lent, greater still in the demeanour of our mercurial
Gallic neighbours with their demoniac monster balls, sweet innocents, who with
modest vanity imagine they have nothing to repent of, and so crowd into a few short
weeks of revelling more than its stern follower in the wheel of time can soften or
amend; but greater still is the force of contrast in the demeanour of an atom of
English collective wisdom, before and after that important moment, in his septen-
nial existence, big with the fate of M.P’s, and of votes. The golden age seems then
restored, the lion lies down with the lamb, the peaceful reverse of the great French
revolution is proclaimed throughout the land, brotherhood and equality are exqui-
sitely painted on the canvas. Every man is a patriot, selfishness is then unknown,
the eyes of the proudest lordling becomes wonderfully expansive, his longitudinal
speech with triple force magnifies every individual of the species, homo, man into a
gentleman. The pithy words of our defunct laureate

" When Adam delv’d and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"
are now, with due attention however to the proper sotto voce pronunciation of the parenthetical pith of the sentence

Upon my word, Sir, every man
(Who has a vote) 's a gentleman.

The schoolmaster's abroad; but how patiently the illustrious scholar passes his examination; all hunting, except badgering, is foresworn, but with what meekness is that endured. And then what a sudden gush of the effusions, which beautify every object now seen with the eyes of love, of votes, no epitaph writer ever discovered more virtues than now rise up before him, as he goes from house to house, with bated breath like a second Coriolanus, to beg their sweet voices. What paragons of wives, and how different his estimation of the "rising generation" from our naughty friend in Punch; even if their sire, like our good old friend the vicar, should not be able to prevent his youthful progeny from putting their hands into his pockets? What then? Voters have proverbially clean hands, and as the sire, so the son, for as the tree is bent, the twig's inclined. Coming events cast their shadows before, and when, as at the present moment, our great national council is approaching the period of its lawful decease, how wavering the mass, how unsteady the hand of the pilot. Even Lord John himself, for whom we have great respect, hardly dares give us good and full measure, he holds it up, alas! in the beshadowing light of an approaching election, and asks himself as anxiously as any old dowager, who tries on a new cap or ribbon, how will it look?

But it is not by flattery alone that the aspirant to sanatorial renown works his sinuous way to the approaches to St. Stephen's, some men are made, if not for sterner, of more venal stuff; then must he prove that he is fitted for the highest diplomatic offices, that language, to borrow partly the favourite expression of a fox of this astute race, was given to man to express his meaning, but conceal his thought, to make no word of promise to the ear, yet keep it to the hope, for he has before his eyes the fear of bribery, that word which all eschew, yet how few reject. Of this species seem the worthy pair before us, the member in ape, sharp, promising and cunning, the sturdy labourer in his blouse calculating and reflecting. We will leave them to their bargain, for should they discover that we are listening, and electors and candidates have audience ears, their discourse might suddenly turn to high life, taste Shakespeare, Jenny Lind, and the musical glasses.

Under the old fourteen days system of election, what a strange system of contradiction presented itself. How manifold were the apparent seeds of corruption and demoralization. Are we on the eve of improvement? We think so. Are we then so much better than our forefathers? That, perhaps, is not so obvious.
When our vices leave us, we flatter ourselves that we leave them. We remember the time when smuggling, and that on a wholesale scale, was considered both here and abroad, much less dishonourable than it is at present. Whence comes the change? Not, perhaps, that the present race is personally more honest than its predecessors, but public opinion has taken another and a graver direction. The sound and fundamental principles of political economy have gained ground; the rights of the state, a word little used in England forty years ago, are now more respected, people are convinced of the benefits of good government, and no longer look upon taxes as such with the same horror as before, they only exclaim against their unjust distribution. Formerly, the tax-gatherer was hated as a kind of fiscal execution, he was considered as a species of outlaw, government, with the system of profuse expenditure which prevailed during the war, was as an enemy, whose might was his right, and against whom every evasion was allowable. Have we not now demoralizing elements at work in our railway speculations, which, we fear, are already producing their bitter fruit. So also with the deep drinkers and four-bottle men of old. What every man does, is looked upon as venal. Do we then defend vice, if general. God forbid! We only wish to guard against considering that what we all do, should therefore necessarily be considered virtuous. When we thus feel the vast moral consequences of moving in masses, how important is it, that good principles should be disseminated, since we invariably attribute goodness, in a greater or less degree, to that which we, and those around us who form our world, practise.

Great faults and vices still prevail at elections, and ever will prevail. Be it our object to work for their diminution. In former times, when the political business of this great country was in the hands of the Whigs and the Tories, whose system, in both parties, was distinctly marked, however ridiculous, blameable, and false were the speeches and promises of the candidate, he was fighting for a cause whose banner floated distinctly before him. Now, however, venal single voters, or sometimes considerable numbers, may still remain; there is no doubt that we are in progress, slowly perhaps, but still advancing, and there can be as little doubt that this progress has been a pressure from below upwards. The vast number of political tracts issued by the league had a wonderful effect upon men's minds, and when Sir Robert Peel, yielding to necessity, on which, with the Irish famine before us, he must now doubly congratulate himself, proclaimed the truth of the doctrines which Mr. Cobden and his friends had so unweariedly disseminated, the floodgates of party were washed away, and the Tories were scattered in weakened and disjointed isolation. Henceforth, a purer tone must be struck, the truths which have been so loudly proclaimed must be carefully preserved, purified, and extended; no
rival parties, be their names Whig or Tory, suffered again to hold divided, or alternate sway, the remedy is in the hands of the nation, or the character of the constituents depends their treatment at the hands of the candidate. If they are men, he will not dare to treat them as children.

VESUVIUS.

If we limit the sphere of our observation to Italy alone, the course of volcanic action may be assumed as commencing in the hot springs of the island of Ischia, then passing through the Italian peninsula, in which it finds its principal vent in the celebrated Mount Vesuvius, it extends to Mount Vultur in Apulia. The present state of geological knowledge, and our ignorance of the internal operations in activity, at a depth which has hitherto baffled the curiosity of mankind, prevents us from pronouncing, with any certainty, on the great medium of subterranean communication which probably affects the explosion of volcanoes at an immense distance from each other. Thus we find that, during a period of four hundred years, from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries, whilst volcanic eruptions and frequent earthquakes, afflicted the Archipelago, the south of Africa and Sicily, Syria and Judea were spared; and, although it cannot be positively affirmed that the repose of the latter was a result of the more active volcanic action in the former districts, yet it is by no means improbable that the vent thus given released those lands from the portentous throes with which the pent up matter strives to expand. For, as Mr. Lyell justly observes, Ischia and Vesuvius may, at a comparatively small distance from the surface, mutually communicate with certain fissures, and thus each afford relief, generally, to elastic fluids and lava there generated. Thus southern Italy and Syria may be connected, at a much greater depth, with a lower part of the same system of fissures; in which case, any obstruction occurring in any one duct may have the effect of causing almost all the vapour and melted matter to be forced up the other; and, if they cannot get vent, they may be the cause of violent earthquakes. In the different earthquakes at Lisbon, the shocks and the first movement have been noticed at sea, in a line which would bring them in connexion with the Italian band, of which Vesuvius is the principal vent. These considerations will show the difficulty of pronouncing a positive opinion as
to the appropriateness of the appellation of "extinct" volcanoes. In the earliest period of which we have any record, the active vent of the Neapolitan volcanoes, which extend from Vesuvius through the Phlegrean-fields to Procida and Ischia; from the north-east to south-west, was not Vesuvius, but Ischia. The violence of the volcanic action in the island of Ischia, was so great that several Greek colonies which had, at different times, attempted a settlement, were driven from the dangerous coast. Hiero, king of Syracuse, established a colony about three hundred and eighty years before the Christian era, but they too were forced to abandon the fortress which they had erected in their new abode, so that, to quote the words of our distinguished geologist:—"This island may, for ages before the period of the remotest traditions, have served as a safety-valve to the whole Terra de Lavoro, while the fires of Vesuvius were dormant.

Such were the points where the subterraneous fires obtained vent, from the earliest period to which tradition reaches back, down to the first century of the Christian era, but we then arrive at a crisis in the volcanic district, one of the most interesting events witnessed by man during the brief period throughout which he has observed the physical changes on the earth's surface. From the first coloniza-
tion of southern Italy by the Greeks, Vesuvius afforded no other indications of its volcanic character than such as the naturalist might infer, from the analogy of its structure to other volcanoes. These were recognized by Strabo, but Pliny did not include the mountain in his list of active vents. The ancient cone was of a very regular form, terminating, not as at present, in two peaks, but with a flattish summit, where the remains of an ancient crater, nearly filled up, had left a slight depression covered in its interior by wild vines, and with a sterile plain at the bottom. On the exterior, the flanks of the mountains were clothed with fertile fields, richly cultivated, and at its base were the populous cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. But the scene of repose was at length doomed to cease, and the volcanic fire was recalled to the main channel, which, at some former unknown period, had given passage to repeated streams of melted lava, sand, and scord.

In the year 79, after the birth of Jesus Christ, occurred the eruption from the crater of Mount Vesuvius, which overwhelmed the cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, and in which the elder Pliny, the commander of the Roman fleet on the station, lost his life. His nephew, the younger Pliny, has described the catastrophe in an interesting letter which is still preserved in his works. Mr. Lyell remarks that the appearances there described agree perfectly with those witnessed in more recent eruptions, especially that in which the New Mountain (Monte Nuovo), which still remains a visible monument of the mighty force of volcanic action, suddenly arose in 1538, and that of Vesuvius itself in 1822.
It is very remarkable that Pliny, who has so minutely described many of the circumstances which attended the eruption of 79, does not mention the destruction of the two cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii. The historian, Tacitus, to whom Pliny addressed his letter, says, with his usual brevity, that "cities were overwhelmed or buried," and Martial, in one of his epigrams, alludes to cities immersed in cinders. We may, therefore, conclude that other letters of Pliny, in which he records the awful events, have not been preserved. It is not until a century and a half after Pliny that we find the names of the buried cities, the exhumation of which has excited such well-merited interest in modern times, that we find their names recorded by the historian, Dion Cassius, who, however, erroneously supposes that the cities were destroyed while "all the people were sitting in the theatre." The numerous opportunities which modern eruptions have afforded of estimating the length of time necessary for the fall of such an immense mass as destroyed these cities, would, even if the examination of the sites of themselves had not sufficiently confirmed the fact, lead to the supposition that most of the inhabitants had time for escape. It is now the general opinion of geologists that no lava flowed from Vesuvius in the eruption of 79, nor is it until nearly a thousand years later (in the eruption of 1036, the seventh from the revival of the volcanic action in this mountain) that we possess any authentic accounts of a stream of lava flowing down its sides. After this, the mountain seems to have been in a state of repose for a century and a half, but the subterranean activity found other vents, as, according to tradition, an eruption took place at the Solfatara, on the other side of Naples. It has been remarked that during the repose of Vesuvius, the neighbouring volcanoes were in activity, Ischia (after a cessation of eruptions for seventeen hundred years) and Etna probably furnishing a vent for the discharge of the volcanic matter in the Italian band. From the middle of the twelfth century, we read of no violent eruption of Vesuvius for about four hundred and ninety-two years, and the crater seems to have exhibited all the appearances of an extinct volcano. An Italian writer thus describes it, shortly before the eruption of 1631: "The crater was five miles in circumference, and about a thousand paces deep; its sides were covered with brushwood, and at the bottom there was a plain on which cattle grazed. In the woody parts, wild boars frequently harboured. In one part of the plain, covered with ashes, were three small pools, one filled with hot and bitter water, another saltier than the sea, and a third hot, but tasteless." But, at length, we quote the words of Mr. Lyell, these forests and grassy plains were consumed, being suddenly blown into the air, and their ashes scattered to the winds. In December, 1631, seven streams of lava poured at once from the crater, and overflowed several villages on the flanks, and at the foot of the mountain.
Resina, partly built over the ancient site of Herculaneum, was consumed by the fiery torrent. Great floods of mud were as destructive as the lava itself—no uncommon occurrence during these catastrophes; for such is the violence of rains produced by the evolution of aqueous vapour, that torrents of water descend the cone, and becoming charged with impalpable volcanic dust, and rolling along loose ashes, acquire sufficient consistency to deserve their ordinary appellation of aqueous lava. A brief period of repose ensued, which lasted only until the year 1666, from which time to the present there has been a constant series of eruptions, with rarely an interval of ten years. During these three centuries no irregular volcanic agency has convulsed other points in this district."

The eruption of 1779 has always attracted the attention of geologists, from the many interesting particulars communicated by Sir William Hamilton, in his well known letter to Sir Joseph Banks. Our limits will only allow of an abridgment.

On Thursday, the 5th of August, I perceived from my villa at Pansilippo (about six miles in a direct line from Vesuvius) that the volcano was in a most violent agitation: a white and sulphureous smoke issued constantly and impetuously from its crater, one puff impelling another, and by an accumulation of those clouds of smoke, resembling bales of the whitest cotton, such a mass of them was soon piled over the top of the volcano as exceeded the height and size of the mountain itself at least four times. In the midst of this very white smoke, an immense quantity of stones, scoriae, and ashes, were shot up to a wonderful height, certainly not less than two thousand feet. A quantity of liquid lava, seemingly very weighty, just heaved up high enough to clear the rim of the crater and then took its course impetuously down the steep side of Vesuvius, opposite to Somma. The heat was intolerable at the towns of Somma and Ottaviano, and was likewise sensibly felt at Palma and Lauro, which are much farther from Vesuvius than the former. Minute ashes of a reddish hue fell so thick at Somma and Ottaviano, that they darkened the air in such a manner that objects could not be distinguished at the distance of ten feet. Long filaments of a vitrified matter, like spun glass, were mixed and fell with these ashes, and the sulphureous smoke was so violent that several birds in the cages were suffocated. About two o'clock in the afternoon, an extraordinary globe of smoke of very great diameter, was distinctly perceived, by many of the inhabitants of Portici, to issue from the crater of Vesuvius and proceed hastily towards the mountain of Somma, against which it struck and dispersed itself, having left a train of white smoke, marking the course it had taken.

It was generally remarked that the explosions of the volcano were attended with more noise during this day's eruption than in any of the succeeding ones, when,
most probably, the mouth of Vesuvius was widened, and the volcanic matter had
a freer passage. It is certain, however, that the great eruption of 1767, which
was in every respect mild, compared to the late violent eruption, occasioned much
greater concussions in the air, by its louder explosions.

On Friday, the 6th of August, about noon, there was a loud report, at which
time it was supposed that a portion of the little mountain within the crater had
fallen in. At night, the throes from the crater increased, and proceeded evidently
from two separate mouths, which, emitting red hot scorie, and in different direc-
tions, formed a most beautiful and almost continued fire-work.

On Saturday, about twelve o'clock at night, the fermentation of the volcano
increased greatly. The second fever-fit of the mountain may be said to have
manifested itself at this time. I was watching its motions from the mole of
Naples, and had been witness to several glorious picturesque effects produced by
the reflection of the deep red fire which issued from the crater of Vesuvius, and
mounted up in the midst of the huge clouds, when a summer storm, called here a
tropea, came on suddenly and blended its heavy watery clouds with the sulphureous
and mineral ones, which were already like so many other mountains, piled over
the summit of the volcano; at this moment, a fountain of fire was shot up to an
incredible height, casting so bright a light, that the smallest objects could be
clearly distinguished at any place within six miles or more of Vesuvius.

The black stormy clouds passing swiftly over, and at times covering the whole,
or a part of the bright column of fire, at other times clearing away, and giving a
full view of it, with the various tints produced by its reverberated light on the
white clouds above, in contrast with the pale flashes of forked lightning that
attended the tropea, formed such a scene as no power of art can ever express.

That which followed the next evening was surely much more formidable and
alarming; but this was more beautiful and sublime than even the most lively
imagination can paint to itself. This great explosion did not last above eight or
ten minutes, after which Vesuvius was totally eclipsed by the dark clouds, and
there fell a heavy shower of rain. Whilst this combined storm was at its height,
the drops of rain scalded the faces and hands of those exposed to it, which pheno-
menon was probably occasioned by the clouds having acquired a great degree of
heat in passing through the above-mentioned column of fire.

Sunday, the 8th of August, Vesuvius was quiet till towards six o'clock in the
evening, when a great smoke began to gather again over its crater, and about an
hour after, a rumbling subterraneous noise was heard in the neighbourhood of the
volcano; the usual throes of red hot stones and scorie began, and increased every
instant. The crater seemed much enlarged by the violence of last night's explo-
sions, and the little mountain no longer existed. About nine o'clock, there was a loud report, which shook the houses of Portici and its neighbourhood to such a degree, as to alarm their inhabitants and drive them out into the streets, and, as I have since seen, many windows were broken, and walls cracked, by the concussion of the air from that explosion, though faintly heard at Naples. In an instant, a fountain of liquid transparent fire began to rise, and gradually increasing, arrived at so amazing a height, as to strike every one who beheld it with the most awful astonishment. To the best of my judgment, the height of this stupendous column of fire could not be less than three times that of Vesuvius itself, which rises perpendicularly nearly 3,700 feet above the level of the sea.

Puffs of smoke, as black as can possibly be imagined, succeeded one another hastily, interrupting the splendid brightness of the red hot transparent and liquid lava, by patches of the darkest hue. Within these puffs of smoke, at the very moment of their emission from the crater, I could perceive a bright but pale electrical fire, briskly playing about in zigzag lines. The fiery fountain of so gigantic a size upon the dark ground above-mentioned, made the most glorious contrast imaginable, and the blaze of it reflected strongly on the surface of the sea, which was at that time perfectly smooth, added greatly to this sublime view.

The liquid lava, mixed with stones and scoriae, after having mounted, I verily believe, at the least ten thousand feet, partly falling perpendicularly, still red hot and liquid, covered the whole cone of Vesuvius, part of that of the mountain of Somma, and the valley between them. The falling matter being nearly as vivid and inflamed, as that which was continually issuing fresh from the crater, formed with it one complete body of fire, which could not be less than two miles and a half in breadth, and of the extraordinary height above-mentioned, casting a heat to the distance of at least six miles round it.

The black cloud increasing greatly, once bent towards Naples, and seemed to threaten this fair city with speedy destruction; for it was charged with electrical matter, which kept constantly darting about it in strong and bright zigzags, just like those described by Pliny the younger in his letter to Tacitus, and which accompanied the great eruption of Vesuvius that proved fatal to his uncle.

This volcanic lightning however, as I particularly remarked, very rarely quitted the cloud, but usually returned to the great column of fire towards the crater of the volcano, from whence it originally came. Fortunately the wind carried back the threatening cloud just as it had reached the city, and began to occasion great alarm. All public diversions ceased in an instant, and the theatres being shut, the doors of the churches were thrown open. Numerous processions were formed in the streets, and women and children with dishevelled heads filled the air with
their cries, insisting loudly upon the relics of St. Januarius, being immediately opposed to the fury of the mountain; in short, the populace of this great city began to display its usual mixture of riot and bigotry, and if some speedy and well-timed precautions had not been taken, Naples would perhaps have been in more danger of suffering from the irregularities of its lower class of inhabitants than from the angry volcano.

The eruption of Monday, the 9th of August, was similar to that of Thursday last, but many degrees more violent, and most of the inhabitants of the towns on the borders of Vesuvius fled to Naples, alarmed by the tremendous clouds and the loud explosions. Several very large stones, after having mounted to an immense height, formed a parabola, leaving behind them a trace of white smoke that marked their course, others fell into the valley between Somma and Vesuvius without bursting, others again burst into a thousand pieces soon after their emission from the crater: they might very properly be called volcanic bombs. Upon the whole, this day's eruption was very alarming; until the lava broke out about two o'clock, and ran three miles between the two mountains, we were in continual apprehension of some fatal event.

It was universally remarked that the air this night, for many hours after the eruption, was filled with meteors, such as are vulgarly called falling stars; they shot generally in a horizontal direction, leaving a luminous trace behind them, but which quickly disappeared. The night was remarkably fine, starlight, and without a cloud. This kind of electrical fire seemed to be harmless and never to reach the ground, whereas that with which the black volcanic cloud of last night was pregnant appeared mischievous, like the lightning that attends a severe thunder-storm.

On Wednesday, the mountains of white cotton-like clouds, piled over one another, rose to such an extraordinary height, and formed such a colossal mass over Vesuvius, as cannot possibly be described, or scarcely imagined. It may have been from a scene of this kind, that the antient poets took their idea of the giants waging war with Jupiter. About five o'clock in the evening the eruption ceased.

The roof of his Sicilian Majesty's sporting seat at Caccia Bella, was much damaged by the fall of large stones and heavy scorie, some of which, after having been broken in their fall through the roof, still weighed upwards of thirty pounds. This place, in a direct line, cannot be less than four miles from the crater of Vesuvius. Volcanic stones and cinders (some of which weighed two ounces) fell at Benevento, Foggia, and Monte Mileto, upwards of thirty miles from Vesuvius; but what is most extraordinary (as there was but little wind during the eruption of the 8th of August) minute ashes fell thick that very night upon the town of Manfredonia, which is at the distance of a hundred miles from Vesuvius.
Had the eruption lasted an hour longer, Ottaiano must have shared the fate of Pompeii, for large vitrified masses, which after having struck against each other in the air and been broken by the fall, in several cases still weighed sixty pounds, covered a large space around them with vivid sparks of fire, which communicated their heat to every thing that was combustible. The number and size of the stones, or more properly speaking, fragments of lava which have been thrown out of the volcano in the course of the last eruption, and which lie scattered thick on the cone of Vesuvius and at the foot of it, is really incredible. The largest we measured was in circumference no less than one hundred and eight English feet, and seventeen feet high. It is a solid block, and much vitrified; in some parts of it there are large pieces of pure glass, of a brown yellow colour, like that of which our common bottles are made, and throughout its pores, seem to be filled with perfect vitrifications of the same sort. This immense mass was thrown at least a quarter of a mile clear of the mouth of the volcano.

FULDA.

FULDA, the chief city in the province of the same name in the Electorate of Hesse, lies in a wide plain, on the river Fulda. The number of inhabitants is ten thousand. The principal squares, the Domplatz, or Cathedral square, is ornamented with two obelisks. The cathedral is a fine building, it contains the remains of St. Boniface or Bonifacius, the apostle of the Germans.

St. Boniface was an Englishman, a native of Devonshire, born about the year 680, and received at his baptism the name of Winfred. After having remained thirteen years in Exeter convent, the pious monk was appointed to teach rhetoric, history, and theology, in Nutcell convent. In his thirtieth year he was ordained priest. At this period, England and Ireland had already begun to send out priests for the conversion of the heathen nations of Europe. Gallus and Emmeran had visited Alemannia on this holy errand. Swidvert had made a pilgrimage to Frisia (Friesland), and Siegfried to Sweden. Winfred determined to devote his exertions to Frisia, the inhabitants of which had shewn great unwillingness to receive the truths of Christianity, but owing to the obstacles which occurred from the war which was then waging between Charles Martel and Radbod, king of the Frisians,
he was obliged, for the present, to relinquish his design, and he returned from Utrecht to England to his convent, of which he was chosen abbot on the death of Winbert. In 718 he visited Rome, where Pope Gregory the Second gave him full power to preach the gospel to all the nations of Germany. Winfred proceeded first to Thuringia and Bavaria, passed three years in Frisia, wandered through Hesse and Saxony, everywhere baptizing the inhabitants, and consecrating their idolatrous groves into churches. He laboured zealously in his vocation for thirty years, founded cathedrals, to which he attached schools and monasteries, and the monks and nuns of those days, must be considered among the benefactors of mankind, as by clearing the forests, they not only promoted the education of the people, but assisted in the progress of agriculture, that mighty element in the early civilization of nations. In the early period of his career, his zeal and success attracted the notice of his superiors at Rome, and in 723, five years after he had been appointed Apostle of the Germans, Pope Gregory the Second called him to Rome, made him bishop, under the name of Boniface, gave him a collection of canons, which should serve him as a guide in his proceedings, and intrusted him with letters to Charles Martel, and all princes and bishops, begging them to assist him in his pious work. After his return from Rome in 724, he again went to Hesse, destroyed the different objects of adoration of the heathens, such as the oak near Grismar, which was consecrated to Thor, the idol Stufo, on the mountain in the Harz, which still bears his name Stuifenberg (or Stufo's mountain). He founded many churches and convents, and sent for priests, monks, and nuns, whom he distributed as his assistants in Thuringia, Saxony, and Bavaria. Of these the names of the monks Willibald, Wunibald, Burchard, Lullus, Lebuin, Wililhad; of the nuns, Lioba, Thecla, Walberg, and others, have been preserved. In 732, Pope Gregory the Third nominated him Archbishop and Primate of all Germany, with full power to erect bishoprics wherever he might consider them necessary. In 738, he made a third journey to Rome, and was appointed Papal Legate in Germany. In Bavaria, he erected the bishoprics of Freisingen and Regensburg, in addition to the already existing bishopric of Passau; in Thuringia, the bishopric of Erfurt; in Hesse, that of Buraberg, which was afterwards transferred to Paderborn, in Franconia; the bishopric of Wursburg; and in the Palatinate, that of Eichstedt. In Salzburg, he restored the bishopric which had been erected by St. Rupert, in the beginning of the eighth century. He was nominated by Pepin, Archbishop of Mayence, anointed that monarch King of the French, at Loisson, in 752, and presided at the council which was held in that city. "Without the protection of the Frank prince," (he observes in a letter to one of his friends at Winchester), "I could neither govern
the people, nor protect the priests and virgins consecrated to God; without his prohibitions, without the penalties which he denounces on those who refuse to obey me, vain would be the attempt in this country to abolish heathen ceremonies or idolatrous sacrifices. He held five councils in Germany, and founded the celebrated abbey of Fulda. In 754, he undertook another journey for the conversion of the Frisians, and in the succeeding year, having erected tents for the accommodation of the pagans, to whom he was about to administer the rites of confirmation, the heathen part of the population attacked the encampment, and slew the apostle with his companions.

The abbey of Fulda was founded by Boniface in the year 744, and within seven years from the period of its foundation, it was released from all episcopal supremacy, and placed under the immediate authority of the Papal See. It was soon highly celebrated for the learning of its inmates, and its power was confirmed by a degree 968, by which the abbey of Fulda was raised to the primacy above all the other abbeys of Germany. The abbots maintained their power and dignity, and have borne the title of imperial chancellors to the empress, since the reign of the emperor Charles the Fourth. They likewise passed through all the storms consequent upon the introduction of the Reformation into Germany. In 1752, the abbey was raised to a bishopric. It was secularized in 1803, and given to the House of Nassau Orange, but as Prince William had borne arms against Napoleon, it was taken from him, and incorporated with the short-lived Grand Duchy of Frankfort. It was then taken possession of by Prussia, in the year 1815, but relinquished and the territory made over partly to Bavaria, but principally to the Electorate of Hesse Cassel, to which it still belongs.

SHAKESPEARE IN HIS STUDY.

Who would not fain behold the noble face
And god-like features, thoughtful yet serene
Of that far-seeing mind, who nature's depths
With eye prophetic scan'd, and in sweet words
Such as no other mortal ever spoke,
Pourtray'd the scenes of life, the weal and woe
Of dire ambition, hate, or filial love:
In whose unrival'd strains the budding germs
Of mighty passions rise and swell, until uncheck'd
They rage with force resistless, a sad tale
And glowing beacon for all times to come.
No gloomy dreamer he, but living truth
Pervades his pictures, as his cheerful soul
Soars o'er the sombre moments of this life
And with inspir'd tongue proclaims aloud
That this great world is beautiful and true;
That man's own errors form the awful road
Which leads to misery, for, like the sun
In noonday splendor, he dispels the clouds
That heavily oppress the heart of man.
Now at his lightsome touch fresh forms arise
Clad in ethereal gladness, which delight
The soul with joy; even in his lower world
He glories in his triumphs as he shows
The merry revels of the passing hour.
Hail to thee, matchless spirit, thou shalt live
For eke the admiration of the world
When Greek and Roman shall be known no more.

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LEIPZIG.

THE TOWN HOUSE AND MARKET PLACE.

The city of Leipzig lies in a plain, formerly disfigured by marshes, but now covered with fertile fields and numerous villages. Several small rivers run very near each other, and wind their way slowly through the level land, uniting at last at a short distance from the city. It was in attempting to cross one of these, the Elster, at the foot of one of the finest gardens in the suburbs, that Prince Poniatowski was drowned, immediately after the battle of Leipzig. The town was formerly fortified, but as in many other instances in the north of Germany, the fortifications, which, from the modern system of warfare, were but of little value, have been demolished, and the inequalities produced by the walls and ditches of olden time, have been skilfully made to contribute to pleasing walks and shady promenades. Of the three castles or forts, mentioned in earlier periods, but one remains, the Pleissenburg, which has been modernized. The round tower of the castle serves as an observatory.
This part of the country is supposed to have been first peopled by a Slavonic tribe, called in German the Sorbenvenden. Henry the First has been named as the founder of the city, but it is probable, that he only erected here a rude kind of fort, round which some cottages may have been erected under its protection. This collection of scattered habitations, acquired the name of Lipšk, which signifies a lime tree, which species still abounds in this neighbourhood. Leipzig is mentioned as a town as early as 1015, but it seems to have been an insignificant place before it rose to importance through the favor of Otto the Rich. This prince is said to have instituted the two fairs (Easter and Michaelmas) but modern historians seem inclined to doubt the fact. In the constant feuds which prevailed among the different princes who aspired to territorial claims, the rising city suffered much, but availing itself of their poverty and temporary difficulties, the magistrates gradually procured or purchased the market rights, the rights of coinage, the administration of justice by means of their own officers, and many other valuable privileges. In 1409, when the great university of Prague was distracted by internal commotions, many of the professors and students resorted to Leipzig, and laid the foundation of the university of this city, which was confirmed by the bull of Pope Alexander VI. in the same year. The number of students is about one thousand. During the period of the reformation, the magistrates acquired the cloisters and former possessions of the clergy, including some minor towns, and several of the adjacent villages. The electors and emperors frequently confirmed and extended the commercial privileges, and the fairs soon attained that celebrity which they retain to the present day. A third fair, the New Year’s fair, was instituted, but it has always remained comparatively inconsiderable. Leipzig has suffered considerably during all the great convulsions that have agitated Europe during the last three centuries. In the thirty years’ war (our readers will remember that the great hero of the Protestant cause, Gustavus Adolphus, lost his life in the battle of Lützen, near Leipzig) it suffered greatly from forced contributions, and Frederick the Great treated the city with great severity during the seven years’ war. During the occupation of this part of Germany by Napoleon, the warehouses of the merchants were strictly searched for English goods, which were publicly burnt, and although the subjects of a monarch, who was in alliance with the great conqueror, the city has not yet been able to discharge the debts consequent upon the great sums that it was obliged to advance for the furtherance of the gigantic plans of the French emperor.

After the battle of Leipzig, or rather the series of battles which were fought on the different parts of the plain around the city, the confusion was so great, there being but one narrow bridge by which the French could retreat, that not all
the efforts of his officers could open a passage through the streets for Napoleon, and he was obliged to seek a path through bye-ways, and passing through a house, immediately to the left of the bridge, he succeeded in effecting his escape. The king of Saxony was taken prisoner, and kept for some time in captivity by the allies. The immense number of the dead, who lay but imperfectly buried, even in the promenades between the town and the suburbs, produced a very destructive nervous fever, which carried off several thousands of the inhabitants, and a vast sum of money was collected for the inhabitants in England. All traces of these mighty events have now passed away, a new generation has sprung up, the population has doubled. Twenty years ago, there was hardly a tolerable road even to Dresden, the capital; now the traveller can reach Hamburg in one day, lines of railway diverge in all directions, and Leipzig, favoured by its central situation, and by the activity and intelligence of its inhabitants, will doubtless increase every year in extent and opulence. Formerly, the confined space of the inner town forced many, even of the richer inhabitants, to rest contented with small and inconvenient abodes, but within the last ten or fifteen years, new streets have arisen in the suburbs in all directions, and it is not at all improbable that the number of the houses has been doubled. The number of inhabitants, which in 1837 amounted to 47,514, had increased to 64,000 in the last census, and probably amounts to 70,000 at the present moment.

The tower which rises nearly in the centre of the market-place, belongs to the Rath-haus (Town House) the picturesque façade of which, five hundred and forty feet long, two hundred and forty-two feet broad, forms one side of the market-place. This building, with its seven gables, gives the market-place a quaint and peculiar aspect, highly pleasing, and carrying us back, if we may borrow the expression for a foreign country, to the Tudor times of architecture. This spot presents a busy and animated scene on market-days, on one of which the picture before the reader was drawn, which are Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; although one might have imagined that in a city like Leipzig, a market would have been held every day in the week, but old custom or vested rights are difficult to be broken through, the number of bakers is still limited to forty, as when the town contained only twenty thousand inhabitants, although on some days during the Easter fair, there cannot be less than one hundred thousand persons within the city; and the number of apothecaries who dispense physic and drugs to those subjects of his Saxon majesty who fall into the hands of the brethren of Sangrado, is almost homoeopathically small, namely, four.

The two greatest peculiarities of Leipzig, are the book fair and the great commercial fairs. Leipzig is the centre of the German book trade, that is, there is
scarcely a bookseller in all Germany, who has not a stock of publications lying at his agents, in Leipzig, who is termed his commissioner. The publishers issue their publications on the principle of sale and return, Leipzig has this great advantage, that the publishers there forward their works without paying freight, which is paid to and from Leipzig by the booksellers residing in the other parts of Germany. The booksellers' fair begins about the close of the Easter fair, and is held in a fine building, erected for the purpose, called Buchhandler Börse, or Booksellers' Exchange. The amount of business transacted here has been estimated at more than a million pounds sterling; but to such perfection has the system been brought, by which the machinery of this important branch of trade, and first element of intellectual national culture is worked, that not a quarter of this sum is required to be paid in ready money. When a bookseller publishes a new work, he sends copies of it on speculation to all the booksellers in Germany, of whom there may be about two thousand. Of these about one hundred and fifty reside in Leipzig, who absorb about one-sixth of the whole amount of business; besides these there are about thirty printers, employing perhaps about two hundred and fifty presses, of which about one-tenth part are machine presses, sixteen lithographic printers, seven or eight type foundries, and twenty copperplate printing establishments. Some of these employ a great number of individuals, thus there are four hundred persons in the establishment of Brockhaus, which is the largest in the city.

The booksellers in the other parts of Germany endeavour to sell the works which they thus receive from Leipzig, as they have at least the expense of the freight to cover, for which they are allowed by the publisher a discount, varying from twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. on all books which he has sold; the unsold copies may be returned to the original publisher, at a period fixed upon between Christmas and Easter; these returned copies are technically called krobbe or crabs, probably, from their walking backwards. It is a very interesting sight to see from the gallery the busy crowd below, each person with his book under his arm, wandering in search of his customers. A says to B, "I have had eight thousand dollars' worth of your publications, three thousand were crabs, that makes five thousand." 'And I,' says B, "have had seven thousand dollars' worth of yours, one thousand were crabs, makes six thousand, I owe you a thousand dollars. Here they are." Thus business to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars, or eleven thousand, whichever the reader prefers, is transacted, whilst only one thousand are needed. The advantages of this system to the reading public are very great, particularly to a man of scientific pursuits. He has merely to say to his bookseller, "Send me all the works that are published in this branch," and he can become acquainted with the most recent discoveries in his art and science, for he
can keep the books for some weeks and return those which he does not want. This may at first sight appear to the uninitiated a bad bargain for the booksellers; but they know human nature better, place literary treasures before the bibliomaniac and he can no more refrain from buying, than the epicure could refrain from tasting the exquisite artistic productions of a Soyer. We speak from somewhat dear-bought experience.

Still more singular is the scene which the city presents during the famous Easter fair. The fair lasts nominally three weeks, but the great wholesale dealings are generally transacted in the week preceding. Since the amalgamation, tolverein, of several of the German states, it is impossible to procure any accurate account of the amount of business done at this period, as the duties which were formerly collected in Saxony, are now collected at the frontier nearest the country on which the merchandise is imported. In 1827 the commerce of Leipzig was estimated, according to the official returns, at about one-fourth of that of New York, and since that time it must have increased considerably. The inner town is of limited extent, and formerly the shops on the ground floors were sufficient for the traffic, exclusive of the fairs, but within the last twenty years, almost all the first floors have been turned into counting-houses and places of business, rents have risen enormously, and the families have been driven to seek their lodgings in the suburbs, very much to the improvement of the health of the community.

Soon after Easter busy note of preparation is heard throughout the city. The market no longer exhibits its accustomed medley of fish, fowl, cheese, eggs, butter, vegetables, fruit, and flower: a division of labour takes place, highly agreeable to the political economist, but somewhat fatiguing to the sighing housewives, for black bread and vegetables must be sought in the University Street, the smell of apples is redolent in King's Place, flowers shed their perfume in Peter Street, whilst beneath the lofty and unsightly triangular roof, of St. Thomas's Church, captive geese cackle, and unwieldy carp flay impatiently in their tub prisons. Night and day the busy carpenters are heard, thousands of capacious booths conceal the surface of the ground in the market-place, the adjacent streets, never too broad, are now narrowed by the wooden tenements, and a single fiacre throws the thronging mass into confusion; servant-maids groaning beneath heavy baskets slung on their shoulders block the way, or enjoy a friendly chat with their sister abigails; for going to market is their dear delight, and they dress in their Sunday attire, and are sure to put on clean stockings for this festive occasion, although they run bare-foot at home; and the stranger, who at this busy hour, should take a solitary stroll into the country, will frequently find a bevy of peasant girls sitting quietly before the gates, putting on their shoes and stockings to make a show
within, or on their return taking off these now no longer indispensable articles of female
gear. Formerly the postilion, proud and happy, gave signal on his horn, unmusically
musical, of the arrival of some aspiring merchant, and the post-master was
in despair, where he should find quadrupeds to forward the impatient bipeds
thronging to the fair. At other times, one solitary Eilwagen dragged its slow weight
along, not always with the legal complement of passengers, now a long train of
twenty or thirty bei-eegers enlivened the dull villages. But this locomotive noise
and bustle is no more, or rather, the postillion’s horn has been exchanged for the
shril and ear-piercing whistle of the steam-engine, which brings its thousands,
tens of thousands, and doubtless soon, its hundreds of thousands to the fair.

Students now leave Leipzig, there is no room for them, their lodgings are wanted,
every nook and cranny, in which a human being can be thrust, becomes a source of
profit. Before the stately buildings of the University and the Post, booths rise
against booths, thousands disfigure the fine Augustus-platz; what of that, the
Leipziger has no leisure for aesthetics or architectural proportions, it is the time of
the fair. The Leipzigers are kind and hospitable, but woe to the unlucky wight
who presents an empty letter of recommendation in the counting-house at this un-
genial season. Let him wait till the fair is over, there is amusement enough in the
streets, it is as good as a play. The Rossplatz too boasts of its booths, but these
are devoted to pleasure.

The preparations are completed, let us pause awhile, before we can contemplate
the busy scene. First come the grave and reverend signiors, the patricians of the
fair, the great wholesale dealers, men of wealth and substance, doubtless; a few
days’ hard working, and if fortune smiles, their stock of goods has vanished, and
they return, light of heart, and heavy in pocket. During their short residence, the
habits of the town are changed; the lights in the rooms, which usually cease to
illumine this early world at ten or eleven o’clock, burn steadily till one or two in
the morning. The rising sun, it is not long after the vernal equinox, finds the busy
trader at his desk, he has at least the consolation, it is to be hoped, of casting his
eye over the list of profits to keep himself awake, but how the clerks contrive to
get through this period of mortal misery, so different from their usual hours of
moderate labour, is to us a mystery. That this reverse of Medea’s caldron does
not turn their heads grey during the fair, is to us incomprehensible. The first great
week concluded, the fair, in legal time computed, begins. All nations send their
representatives, English, French, Americans, Italians, Spaniards, for aught we know,
Polish Jews in crowds, Russians, Greeks, Turks, Armenians, wander about the
streets in lordly pomp, for they know they are welcome. It has been computed that
more people pass through one of the principal streets of Leipzig in a busy day

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of the Leipzig fair than through the most crowded thoroughfare of London, a fact, to which we, as Englishmen, with becoming national modesty, are bound to give an indignant denial. The people don’t know how to walk the streets, and as until very lately, there was no foot pavement, the thinnest lath of a man in his curved meanderings requires more space than would have sufficed for Daniel Lambert to have wound his way through Cheapside. As the fair advances, the town assumes a more motley appearance. From all parts of Germany, far and near, citizens with their wives and daughters flock to the fair, displaying every variety of fashion and costume, and uttering their native tongue in every variety of its strange dialects. The healthy complexion of the village maiden, contrasts with the pale colour of the inhabitants of the cities of north Germany, the stalwart form of the mountaineer towers besides the somewhat pigmy stature of the mixed Slavonic and Saxon blood. The handsome Tyrolese, with his trim dress, coquets with his nationality, for he knows it is admired, his costume is becoming, and he thinks himself handsome, which he really is, and calls ever body du, by which means he sells his gloves and rags some twenty per cent. dearer than the regular trader. The Tyrolese women, with their large forms and ugly men’s hats, are much less to our taste. Troops of harp-girls, and bands of minstrels, pour into the town, but their profits have been woefully diminished since they have been forbidden to play in the principal streets of the city, the increase of traffic requiring the thoroughfares to be kept more strictly open than formerly. The Hungarian or Slovack or gipsy, with his swarthy face, mischief dawning eyes, and his picturesque hat and ragged cloak, offers in unintelligible idiom his rat-traps for sale, while the Italian, in his everlasting velveteen dress, balances his board of images on his head. In process of time, the press of business slackens, and there is more time for leisure. Every public garden in the neighbourhood, invites with melodious tones, the passers-by to repose, and enjoy coffee, cigars, and music, the booths on the Ross-platz tempt the gaping lasses and urchins to enjoy the giddy pleasure of the carousals, which, to keep pace with the spirit of the times, ape the locomotive, and tempt their youthful customers with their shrill whistle. But evening approaches, the places of public amusement are crowded, the heat is tropical, and from the open windows we hear the sound of trumpets (if not of drums) from the noisy band. The wine and beer-houses are likewise thronged, and, from amidst the cloudy atmosphere, we hear the thin voice of some tired harp-girl, with whom, between the pauses, some dapper clerk, released from drudgery, carries on an awkward courtship. Loud and furious are the invitations from the possessors of the rival booths of pleasure, the wax-work, and the tall man and the little woman, the counterpart of Miss Biffin, the owners of menageries and automatons, and cosmoramas, and a vast list of etceteras outbawl each other, while
The Mariner saved  Der gerettete Seemann
THE MARINER SAVED.

a gaping throng, we fear, defrauds them of their just hopes, and finds most entertainment by remaining outside passengers. Occasionally in the motley medley, rises the more aristocratical booth of Boscoe, the far-famed king of the conjurors, or the more ample dimensions of the Cirque Olympique, which occasionally rivals Astley's of old, or Batty, of modern celebrity, in its wonderful performances. Add to these the ballad singers, the blind fiddlers, and a host of nondescripts, and, gentle reader, you have a faint idea of the Leipzig fair. At midnight, on Saturday, the fair ceases; at ten o'clock you may still see some of the retail dealers, displaying their wares in their booths, by the light of a weak rushlight. That night there is little hope of sleep, rumbling carts roll without interruption through the streets; the rapidity with which this vast wooden world is removed is truly astonishing, on Sunday morning the town has resumed its usual appearance, and the stranger may again contemplate, without obstruction, the Town-house and Market-place of Leipzig.

THE MARINER SAVED.

We have never beheld a ship leave on a distant voyage, without a variety of conflicting emotions. With her, a little world quit their native shores, bent on works of profit, pleasure, or of love. The signal of departure has been given. How different the expression of the countenances of those who now take a last look of their acquaintances, their former comrades, their friends, perhaps for ever. The merchant has been reiterating his orders, the father has shaken by the hand his hopeful son, the weeping mother in one anxious last embrace has wound her daughter in her arms, and her tender help-mate can with difficulty recall her from the painful scene. The collected group now stand in silence on the shore; the captain gives one short but searching glance around; the sails are unfurled, the wind is favourable, the last rope is cast off, and the graceful vessel veers obedient to the swelling breeze. Without a scene, still and noiseless, the deep die is cast.

At first, all eyes are turned towards the shore, and each among the friendly group point out to the other the features of dear friends. By degrees they become less and less discernible, until at last the waving of the distant handkerchief is but dimly seen. The first day on board is usually but a melancholy one, each is wrapped in his own thoughts, the recent parting has cast a depression on the spirits of all.
Nothing is heard but the voice of the skipper, which betrays no emotion, and the noise of the clearing of the decks. But as the days succeed, a milder tone is gained, the weather is beautiful, the wind moderate, the balmy influence of the sea-air refreshes and invigorates; they still think of the friends whom they have left behind, but with a more cheering hope. The officers and crew answer the many questions of their inquisitive passengers with the civil but careless tone which one adopts to a spoiled child, the splendid scene around calls forth exclamations of admiration; the glorious sun warms, but does not exhaust, the ever-varying waters reflect every cloud that traverses the face of heaven, the wonders of the deep reveal themselves to the pensive solitary, as he gazes wistfully into their magic depths. How beautiful! As the noble vessel glides along, advancing on its destined course, the mind of man becomes exalted, and he exults in the proud consciousness of victory over the elements. Beware, weak mortal! There is but One who can say to the mighty ocean, "Thus far, and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Already is the signal of danger and destruction visible to the experienced eye of the brave seaman. One short word is uttered; the sailors are in a moment aloft, the sails are furled, the hatches are secured, and with an unchanged voice the passengers are requested to leave the deck. The quiet activity of the scene fills their minds with vague forebodings, some inquire, all obey, but cast one lingering glance to divine the cause of this unusual order. The sky is still clear, the sun glows in undiminished splendour, the sea heaves but little more, no cloud is visible to the unpractised eye. Released from the startled gaze of his guests, the captain now issues his commands in a quiet, but decided tone, and the men who have often been witnesses of his skill and courage, obey with promptitude, for they have learned from the modulation of the voice, however firm, that danger is at hand. But they have stout hearts, and prepare themselves for the fearful contest with the threatening elements. The watchful look of their chief, well acquainted with the capricious temper of the zone which they are now traversing, has beheld the small cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, hovering on the distant horizon. Even whilst he speaks, it grows into gigantic dimensions and darker colours, a haze seems to rise over the waters, and to veil the disk of the sun, as if he were an unwilling spectator of the impending tragedy. A sighing moan is heard, the waters heave as if in convulsive throes, and the unequal motion of the ship indicates that the hour of struggle is at hand. Higher and darker rise the clouds, now piled upon each other, and borne rapidly forwards by the hurrying wind. The sea is black as ink, and rushes with incredible swiftness, bearing with it the straining vessel. The blood-red sun is now completely hidden, and darkness adds to the horrors, broken, however, by one vivid flash, followed by an awful peal which strikes the hearts of
the poor passenger, with terror. The crew are conscious of their danger; they have done all that men can do, and nothing now remains for them but to be spectators of the fearful scene. All human aid is vain, and it was not ordained that the elements should cease to rage until they had completed the work of destruction. The storm continued with irresistible violence, the distressed vessel was carried forward with the rushing waters, nor could the captain discover their position. No eye could penetrate the gloom, no hands could be of service, for their utmost exertions could barely enable the men to keep their footing, as the mad waves now dashed over them. Already three of their gallant comrades had been washed overboard; their death-cries drowned in the mingled roar of winds and waters. A flash of lightning, which gave a lurid brightness to all around, revealed, at a short distance, the foaming breakers, and beyond, the frowning mountain, fraught with danger and death. Alas! it was a lee shore. As soon as he could recover from the stunning roar, the undaunted captain resolved to make a last effort to save himself; and what saddened his noble heart still more than the thoughts of his own fate, those entrusted to his care. But ere he could reach the helm, a violent shock laid him senseless, the masts came down with a thundering crash. The impulse of the waves forced the ship over the sunken rock, but in a few moments she heaved madly, then rapidly filling with water, sank beneath the surface. The deadly shrieks of the miserable passengers could not ascend through the deafening storm, as if nature would not hear the funeral dirge. One solitary mariner, as he was carried helplessly away, grasped by chance a floating spar, which at length was fortunately driven fast between a small rock, which barely afforded footing; it was separated but a few feet from the low rocks which bounded the mountain shore; with a desperate effort he gained the latter. He alone survived to tell the melancholy tale.

CAPTURE OF A MARKET GIRL.—(ALGIERS.)

They that play at bowls, must expect rubbers, the tables are sometimes turned. The Arabs have been for once too quick for their Gallic foes, although their razzia is but modest. The French do these things by wholesale, men, women, and children, horses, camels, and sheep, are driven in in sad confusion, and the newspapers teem with accounts of glorious triumphs. Civilization is no doubt a very fine thing, but the manner in which it is forced upon the uncivilized is somewhat singular. The gallant Frenchmen rush to the rescue of the distracted fair one; we fear that they come too late, and have only to hope that she may not meet with a rude reception at the hands of her swarthy captors.
COUNTRY COUSINS.

Country Cousins have always been considered fair game by novelists and romance writers, and our artist seems to have caught the infection. The jovial voice of the stout gentleman just arrived rings most awfully in our ears, and he grasps the hand of his friend as tightly as if he never meant to release him. The bows, curtsies, and attitudes on all sides, are in the due proportion of excess of which all persons living in the country must be guilty. For our own part we think that country cousins have been somewhat badly treated: like country gentlemen they have been so often held up to ridicule, that a man of sense finds the wit too cheap and begins to suspect that, like most cheap bargains, it will not stand wear. We leave out of consideration the manners of the great and the noble, of which we know nothing except by a stray specimen now and then, but we suppose them to be much the same as those of other people, refined and simple in those who are natural, sensible, or genial; and stiff, haughty, ridiculous and proud in those who, having no mental dignity, must take their manners at second-hand, and be ruled by milliners and tailors. For "stuck up people," whom Albert Smith has so amusingly described in his Contributions to Natural History, are to be met with in all classes, and we think that by extending his researches, he will be able to multiply the species. What if the laugh of persons, who have never been within the sound of Bow-bells, or moved in the aristocratical purlieus of the far west, be somewhat loud, their movements too rapid and sudden for the nervous inhabitants of the city, who shall decide that the stiff and silent forms of made-up London fashion are better? In these matters of indifference, the "minor morals," let every one do as he pleases. Sensible people, with a due reliance upon themselves, and a kindly disposition to all God’s creatures, will never become ridiculous; nay, their manners will almost invariably be pleasing and not unseldom graceful, as proceeding from a healthy nature; as for those who are mere puppets, and try to form their manners after those of Mr. ——, or Sir Thomas, or my Lord, whether in lofty London bred, or in an humble cottage born, they are past mending, and must be left to their fate.
FORT NIEDERHAUS, NEAR PASSAU.

The Danube, though rich in varied scenery, is comparatively little known; the Rhine, from its proximity to London and Paris, having kept its rivals in undue obscurity. This is partly owing to the circumstance that the Danube, above Vienna, lies without the pale of the great highroads that whirl the swarm of sudden travellers from one end of Europe to the other. But the stranger who has a few days to spare, will find himself amply repaid for his deviation from the beaten track. We may consider the tour of the Danube as beginning with the famous and picturesque old city of Regensburg (Ratisbon), which carries the mind back to the middle ages, the vanished splendour of the German empire. Beside the little village, or market town of Donaustauf, rises the famed Walhalla, the glorious plaything of the King of Bavaria. This superb building, as seen from the river, is somewhat disfigured by the great disproportion of the terraces of stone, and steps which lead to it. It is with a feeling of regret, mingled with disgust, that we record, that among the heroes and great men of Germany, the Protestant name of Luther dared not be admitted. The scenery, before we reach Passau, does not present any objects of great picturesque beauty, although we every now and then pass by towns and villages which recall many a martial deed of bygone days. Beyond Passau the views improve, and the boat winds through many a sylvan scene, extremely pleasing. The banks of the Danube are not, like those of the Rhine, enlivened by a succession of smiling towns and villages, where stately hotels invite the traveller to lounge in luxury and comfort. For hours we wind round the adjacent hills in silent solitude. At length the hills recede, and in the distance we behold the snowy tops of the Styrian Alps. Anon, the bed of the river is narrowed and the waters force their way through the mountain passes which have so often been the theatre of fierce war, from the earliest times to the days of Napoleon.

The lovely city of Linz appears in view, and here if time permits we will ascend the heights and enjoy the glorious panorama. A railroad connects the city of Linz with the picturesque little town of Gmunden, situated at the extremity of the beautiful lake of the same name. Two hours suffice to reach Ischl, the queen of watering places, in the immediate vicinity of the mountains and lakes of the Salzburg and Berchtesgaden districts. Immediately below Linz the environs of the river present no object of great interest, the eye wanders over the plain to the beautiful lines of the snow-covered mountains in the distance. But we soon approach the rushing sprudel, (whirlpool,) now stripped of its terrors. Here the
scene is sublimely and beautifully grand. The ruined castles, amid lofty mountains, tell plainly the story of the middle ages, when the poor peasantry sighed under the tyranny of robber-knights, of whom many a harrowing legend still survives. Among the old castles which frown from the adjacent rocks, two will be contemplated by the Englishman with peculiar interest, for they contend for the doubtful honour of having been the prison of the lion-hearted King Richard. Duerrenstein, o which antiquaries have assigned the preference, must formerly have been a place of great strength, as is attested by the fortifications which still descend to the brink of the river. The princely Abbey of Moelk deserves a visit. We are now on classic ground, the supposed theatre of some of the scenes recorded in the famous, but gloomy, old epic poem of the Niebelungen. Through the whole tour the attentive traveller can trace the history of the inhabitants. The petty towns and villages crouch at the foot of the mouldering castles, where once the haughty knights who ruled the land, held their proud sway. But their power was not undivided, on every height which looks far into the land, stands the lordly abbey, or the pilgrim church; the power of the petty lords is crushed, their lands are collected under the Austrian sceptre. But the abbot and the monk still retain their power, and hundreds of thousands still ascend these heights, not to admire the lovely works of nature, and to bow in humble adoration before the God of nature who called these lovely scenes into existence by a word, but to lower themselves in grovelling superstition before some lying wonder-working image.

As we approach the city of Vienna the scene again widens, the view becomes less picturesque; and, after we have passed the grand convent of Kloster Neuburg, we enter the plain upon which stands the beautiful capital of the Emperor of Austria.

There is no city, Constantinople, and perhaps Stockholm, excepted, which is so remarkably situated as the city of Passau. A small tongue of land juts out, and, at its extremity, the river Inn joins the Danube; which, though the smaller of the two, still gives its name to the united waters. Almost at the point of junction at right angles with the Danube, the picturesque river of the Ily, on the left bank, joins its waters to the two streams. The effect of the three rivers, the waters of which may be clearly distinguished from each other, is extremely interesting. On the narrow promontory, between the Danube and the Inn, stand the white churches and the proud palace of the Bishop of Passau, formerly a sovereign prince. The numerous ecclesiastical edifices proclaim the city to have been under the dominion of the Crosier. To the right, beyond the Inn, rises the suburb of Maria Hilf, surmounted by the celebrated pilgrim church of the same name, dedicated, of course, to the Virgin. The most inexperienced eye would easily discover, even if
the frowning fortress on the heights on the left bank did not proclaim the fact that this pass must be a very important military position. The view before us shows us the lower extremity of the fortifications which, running along the heights, descend to the Danube, and are terminated by Fort Niederhaus, which commands the passage. Above stands the chief fortress of Oberhaus; the view from the walls is very fine, as, in addition to the two great rivers, the picturesque suburb of the Ilythal, with its shallow rippling waters, adds new interest to the scene.

The city of Passau is mentioned very early in history; the treaty known by the name of the Religious Peace, was signed here, in the year 1552. The bishopric was created in the eighth century, in consequence of the transfer of the church of Lorch. It was secularized by a decree of the empire, the town and fortress were given to Bavaria, the remainder, the chief part of the western division to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, afterwards Elector of Salzburg. But, in 1805, Bavaria took possession of the whole principality, which, at the period of secularization, comprised four hundred and fifty square miles, and contained above fifty-two thousand inhabitants. The revenue was estimated at 430,000 florins.

HEIDELBERG VAT; OR, THE GREAT TUN OF HEIDELBERG.

Many of our readers have, doubtless, made an excursion from the Rhine to the beautiful city of Heidelberg-on-the-Neckar. Our object is not to sing the beauties of the scene, but to introduce the regular sight-seen to one of the greatest curiosities of the castle. But our inquisitive countryman, Master Thomas Coryat, who visited this city about two hundred and fifty years ago, is so eloquent in his praises of "The Great Tun," that we cannot do better than extract his eulogy.

"For it is the most remarkable and famous thing of that kinde that I saw in my whole journey: yea, so memorable a matter, that I thinke there was never the like fabrick (for that which they showed me was nothing else than a strange kinde of fabrick) in all the world, and I doubt whether posterity will ever frame so monstrously large a thing: it was nothing but a vessel full of wine, which the gentlemen of the court showed me after they had first conveyed me in into divers wine-cellar, where I saw a wondrous company of extraordinary great vessels, the greatest part whereof was replenished with Rhenish wine, the totall number containing 130 particulars. But the maine vessell above all the rest, that superlative moles (or mass) unto which I now bend my speech, was shewed me last of all, standing alone by itself in a wonderfull vaste room. For it is such a stupendious
masse (to give it the same epithetm that I have done before to the beauty of St. Mark's Street, in Venice) that I am perswaded it will affect the greatest and constantest man in the world with wonder. Had this fabrick been extant in those ancient times when the Colossus of Rhodes, the labyrinths of Egypt and Crēta, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the hanging gardens of Semiramis, the tombe of Mausoleus, and the rest of these decantated miracles did flourish in their principal glory, I thinke Herodotus and Diodorus Siculus would have celebrated this rare worke with their learned stile as well as the rest, and have consecrated the memory thereof to immortality, as a very memorable miracle. For indeed it is a kinde of monstrous miracle, and that of the greatest sise for a vessell that this age doth yield in any place whatsoever (as I am verily perswaded) under the coper of Heaven. Pardon me, I pray thee, gentle reader, if I am something tedious in discoursing of this huge vessell; for as it was the strangest spectacle that I saw in my travells, so I hope it will not be unpleasant unto thee, to read a full description of all the circumstances thereof; and for thy better satisfaction I have inserted a true figure thereof in this place (though but in a small forme) according to a certain patterne that I brought with me from the city of Frankford, where I saw the first type thereof sold. Also I have added an imaginary kinde of representation of myselfe upon the topp of the same, in that manner as I stood there with a cup of Rhenish wine in my hand. The roome where it standeth is wonderfull vast (as I said before) and capacious, even almost as bigge as the fairest hall I have scene in England, and it containeth no other thing but the same vessell. It was begunne in the year 1589, and ended in the year 1591, one Michael Werner, of the city of Laudacca, being the principall maker of the work." We learn, from the same authority, that this "wonderfull moles" measures sixteen feet high (diameter), and at the belly eighteen. The proportions of this curiosity of Heidelberg are small compared with the monstrous vats of the London breweries of our times; it is, however, strictly speaking, not a vat, but a cask, or tun, and in this latter capacity, we suppose, may still rank as the largest of its kind.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

The Daughter of the Regiment requires no introduction; she has many friends; and Jenny Lind, who has turned the heads of the inhabitants of this great city, has raised her to new favour. We cannot hope to equal the glowing eulogies of the critics in the daily and weekly press, to which we therefore very respectfully beg leave to refer our readers.
The Daughter of the Regiment
TRAVELS IN THE BRAZILS.

A SCENE IN THE BRAZILIAN FOREST.

The Brazilian forest is characterized by its gigantic trees, intertwined with innumerable parasitical and flowery shrubs. The leafless Bauhinias, often forty feet in length—single, or twisted over each other like ships’ cables, descend from the trunks and branches of the primeval forest, and root firmly in the ground; other ropes and thinner threads, which have not yet reached the ground, swing to and fro between the agitated foliage. Another form, which itself grows to the size of a tree, more mighty than it, both in mass and vitality, despises the destination to serve as a support to the primeval trunks, and becomes their irreconcilable enemy. With its bold embrace it has girdled the juicy laurel tree, or the immense Bertholetia, and spreading itself, from year to year, more widely round the patient tree, it threatens to hem the ways of the sap of life, and finally to kill it. Another vast creeper has already succeeded in this, the conquered stem, undermined, rapidly rots and falls, or rather stands, a strange and ghastly sight, held awry, or rather hanging in the mouldering gloom of the forest. The deadly lianes, which, at first, only seem to seek support from their peaceful neighbours, spread voraciously over their surface, girdle them closely and more closely in their embrace, extracting from them all their vital juices. The development of this kind of creepers is founded in their peculiar mode of life. At first they grow erect, like weak shrubs, but as soon as they have obtained the support of another tree, they leave their original way of nourishment and become parasites, spreading themselves over the surface of the other stem, and henceforth drawing their principal nourishment from it. The stems of these parasites possess the singular quality, that, whenever they are excited by contact, they free themselves from their bark, and gradually and equally expand over the foreign substance, to which they attach themselves. When the vital force of the original root has thus been weakened, the stem supplies the loss by sending new air-roots down to the ground, which gain new expansion and strength. Many of these plants produce large flowers, of rich colours, which, growing in considerable masses inoculate, as it were, other stems and tree-tops with a foreign foliage, producing an extraordinary effect in the chiasuro of the tropical forest.

These creepers, as well as the hostile parasites which, in community with them often cover, and finally destroy the larger trees, frequently emit coloured or milky juices, which often act upon the bodies of animals, or men, as sharp and deadening poisons, and are seldom quite harmless. Hence it is dangerous to entangle one’s
self in the winding of these bushy cables which emit this milky substance as they wound, a painful swelling of the limbs sometimes ensues, and these juices dropped into the eye have often produced blindness. Such is a scene in the Brazilian forest.

A TIGER HUNT.

Thick and almost impervious as the ancient forests of Brazil may appear, they are no less distinguished by the numerous tribes of animals which inhabit them, than by their own greatness. No sooner does the rising sun dispel the darkness of night, than to the utter astonishment of an European, unaccustomed to such scenes, living creatures, of all forms, hues, and voices, attract both his sight and hearing. The cloudless morning is ushered in by the howling of the monkeys, the croaking of the tree-frogs and toads, the chirping of the grasshoppers and locusts, the buzzing of the wasps, the marches of the silent ants, the fluttering of the butterflies, the hum of the beetles, the alternate movings and stoppings of the lizards, the gliding of the innocuous or poisonous serpents, the leapings, from tree to tree, of the squirrels, and the whistling, hooting, and singing, of birds of all sizes and colours. The air becomes filled with mixed insects of various kinds, and the ground covered with reptiles,—the scorpion, the centipede, the blatta and the aerarius. The slender deer, the shy peccari, the timid agouti, the ponderous tapir, and the singular nasua and opossum, likewise venture abroad to welcome the return of day.

While these numerous living creatures thus early make their appearance, there are others,—the prowlers of the night,—which have not yet left their lairs. But the rapacious jaguars, hyenas, and tigers, are soon to be roused from their retreat. To a Brazilian hunter, the particular kind of prey which he is to pursue is almost indifferent; although the tiger, from his irascible temper, and determined habits, generally afford him the best sport. The south American huntsman never enters upon the chase alone. One biped associate at least must be with him; his unerring rifle in his hand, and one or two faithful and courageous dogs taking the lead, whilst two others are bringing up the rear. The body of the hunter is inured to fatigue, and the custom of always going barefoot, imparts great superiority in his employment. His dress consists of a light shirt and cotton drawers. The head is covered with a straw hat. A leather belt passing over the shoulder holds the powder-horn and shot-bag. Thus equipped he enters the forest fearlessly, already anticipating the expected sport. The dogs reconnoitre the thickets, until at length by their cautious steps, or their coming to a dead stand-still, an intimation is given
that the game is not far distant. Sometimes, however, when the hunters approach
the spot, they discover to their no small annoyance, that the expected prize is a
porcupine, or other creature of comparatively little value. When the contrary is
the fact, preparation is made for an immediate attack, should the tiger appear
disposed to begin the fight, or should he so expose himself that a good aim can
be taken, the contest is but of short duration, a rifle ball soon ending the strife.
At other times, the dogs, especially when the tiger is but of small size, make a
resolute attack upon him; but more generally, from their gradual approach, and
incessant barkings, the tiger either climbs a tree, or bounds clear away. In the
former case the rifle quickly lays the tiger prostrate; whilst in the latter, both
dogs and men follow him with all possible speed. At length the tiger, wrought
up to madness, turns upon his pursuers. But although the danger in such a
case may seem considerable; yet the dogs by their agility, and the hunters by
their skill, generally retire from the contest unhurt. The tigers of South America,
it must be remembered, are by no means to be compared with those of India, being
of very inferior size and strength. The chief advantage which the hunters receive,
besides the sport, is the skin of the animal; the dogs being rewarded with a portion
of the flesh, which is both black and hard.

BRUNSWICK

BRUNSWICK is the capital of the duchy of the same name. It is pleasantly
situated on the river Oker, and contains about forty thousand inhabitants. The
streets of the interior, or old part of the city are crooked, and at every turn
present some quaint old building of picturesque architecture. The outer part of
the city, or the suburbs, have a more modern air, and the station-house on the
railway is one of the most spacious and interesting in Germany. The ducal palace
was burnt in 1830, during the revolution, which ended in the flight of Duke
Charles, now a resident in England; he was succeeded by his brother. The
palace has been rebuilt in a style of great magnificence. It is, however, very pro-
bable, that at the death of the reigning duke, the duchy of Brunswick will
be added to the kingdom of Hanover, as owing to the persevering opposition
of Duke Charles, who has been driven from the throne, which he has never
voluntarily abdicated, the sovereigns of Europe feel little inclination to enter into
matrimonial alliance with the present sovereign.

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The cathedral church of St. Blasius (St. Blaize) was completed in 1194, by Henry the Lion, of the House of Guelphe, on his return from the Holy Land. Part of the original building still remains, but the interior has been disfigured by the want of taste of some of the existing authorities, who have recently whitewashed the venerable monuments of antiquity. The lofty twisted pillars in the left aisle are remarkably light and elegant. The high altar contains several specimens of Byzantine art, among others, a brass candlestick with seven branches, modelled after that in the temple of Jerusalem. In the church is the tomb of Henry the Lion and his wife Mathilda, daughter of King Henry II. of England, sister of Richard Cœur de Lion. In the vaults beneath the church lie the coffins of the members of the ducal family. Nine of those who are buried here were killed on the field of battle. Three coffins have a peculiar interest for Englishmen, that of the Duke of Brunswick, who issued the unfortunate manifesto against the French, which preceded the sanguinary wars, which, commencing with the French Revolution, terminated with the Battle of Waterloo. The duke, died of the wounds received at the battle of Jena, in the little village of Ottensen, near Hamburg, whither he had sought a retreat. He was considered one of the ablest generals of the school of Frederic the Great, but the slow system of tactics to which he adhered, was but ill calculated to withstand the revolutionary ardour of the French, commanded by the youthful generals, who formed the brilliant cortège of Napoleon. His brave son fell at the battle of Waterloo. Above his coffin hang two small black flags, the one presented by the married women, the other by the maidens of Brunswick, and the withered "leaves of the garlands which the love of his people scattered on his bier, when at midnight he was laid among so many of his race who had fought and fallen like himself," still remain, an affecting memento of the past. Between these two coffins lie the remains of Queen Caroline, the unhappy wife of George IV. According to her express command, a silver plate was placed on the coffin, containing the words "Murdered Queen of England!" but the plate was afterwards removed, and another with the usual inscription substituted. The celebrated black band, so often honourably mentioned in the wars against the French, form the body guard of the duke.

Brunswick was formerly fortified, but the fortifications have been demolished and as in most German towns, have been converted into pleasing promenades.
THE STAR OF THE NORTH

Is, we presume, distantly related to Rosina, vol. i.; but a much more favourable specimen of the family likeness, which prevails more or less in all this class of pictures, which, as we have already confessed with becoming submission, are much greater favourites with the public, than with ourselves.

THE ORACLE.

MARGARET.—[Looking stealthily at a flower.]
Let me try!
[She plucks an aster, the petals of which she picks off, very circumspectly, one by one, muttering something.]

FAUST.
Wilt make a nosegay?

MARGARET.
No! I'm fortune-telling.

FAUST.
How?

MARGARET.
You'll laugh at me—So, go away!
[She continues to twitch the petals, still saying something to herself.]

FAUST.
What dost mutter?

MARGARET, [half loud with each leaf.]
He loves thee!—he loves thee not!

FAUST.
Heavenly countenance!

MARGARET, [continuing, intently expecting the result.]
Loves thee!—not!—loves thee!—not!

[Pulling of the last petal with exclamation.]

He loves me!

FAUST.
Aye, fair maid!—Oh, may the aster's sympathy
Be to us the will of Heaven!—indeed, I do love thee.

Goethe's Faust, Birch's Translation.
THE RECRUIT'S DEPARTURE.

Servant maids and peasant girls are proverbial for their attachment to the heroic race, and the more gaudy the colours, the more striking the effect. We once witnessed in a continental town an amusing instance of the instantaneous power which the youthful sons of Mars exercised over these handmaids of the lower world. The military of the town, having come into conflict with the inhabitants, were replaced by a cavalry regiment. On the very first evening of their arrival they were seen in dozens, each with his fair one hanging on his arm, with all the fond confidence for which the Venuses of this class are distinguished. We thought that the cavalieri servi might be appropriately translated cavaliers of the servants, but we leave the suggestion to more learned heads. Whether the peasant girl in the plate before us be made of sterner stuff, or whether the tears which she sheds for the absence of her dear recruit will last longer than an April shower, we do not venture to decide.

VILLAGE COMEDY.

This scene may frequently be found in natura in the smaller towns and villages of Germany and the Tyrol, and for ought we know, in some places nearer home. Some twenty years ago we beheld similar exhibitions in the neighbourhood of the metropolis itself, nor can we profess much regret at their disappearance.

IMPERTINENCE.

The fair sex seem occasionally to display a wish to belong to the school of that diplomatist, now defunct, who gravely asserted that words were given us to correct our thoughts, for with them "No" often means "Yes," and "Go away" may mean the opposite of locomotion. To this school, the bare-legged fair one seems to appertain, for if she did not wish to listen to "Impertinence," she need not have staid.
THE SOLDIER’S WIDOW.

We never had much sympathy with war. Sir Harry Smith has told us, that if glorious, it is still likewise a horrible vocation. If men would suffer themselves to be less dazzled with pomp, and would reflect upon the miseries and horrors experienced by millions of innocent individuals, they would pause before they spoke so lightly. If nations could learn by experience the statement of the sacrifices incurred by wars, and of the very doubtful advantages resulting from them, would form a very valuable and instructive volume. England, by her insular position, is less justified than most of her neighbours, in rushing heedlessly into the field, and yet how many thousands of her children have perished, how many millions of pounds have been added to her national debt! At this present moment how many discordant elements are at work, which may soon light up the flame of discord! It is by the improved feelings of the people that we can alone hope to avert the evil, the nations are brought nearer together, mighty interests formed, which, suddenly broken, would cause the ruin of millions, the legislature must follow in the better path which the wise leaders have opened. The whole world is wanted, what would have become of Ireland, had not the distant nations, by the blessing of peace, been enabled to contribute to her wants? “Blessed are the peace-makers, for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven.”

GERMAN SKITTLE GROUND.

There are some habits and customs to which we cannot at all accommodate ourselves, and we must own to some slight aversion to the game of skittles. There must, doubtless, be some great interest attached to it in the minds of our German brethren which we have not been able to fathom, or else there would not be displayed that universal interest in it, from the school-boy to the grave and reverend signor. We have seen the most highly distinguished men in Germany, grave professors whose fame is spread throughout the world, take as much interest in the game as if a new reading had been found, or a lost dialect recovered; gallant veterans who loved to hear the balls roll round them; nay, even ladies, fair and fashionable, grasp the Brobdignaggian globe in their aristocratic hands. We quarrel with no man’s hobby, we can only ride our own, and we must therefore leave it to the experienced and initiated to explain the mysterious pleasure of the German Skittle Ground.

VOL. III.
FLORENCE.

The city of Florence, in the beautiful valley of the Arno, contrasts favourably with most of the sombre and uncleanly cities of the south of Italy. The traveller unconsciously breathes more freely, and feels that he is in a land which enjoys the advantages of a liberal and enlightened government. The inhabitants are well informed and cheerful, and although the dialect of the lower orders is somewhat harsh and unpleasant, the structure of the sentences is almost invariably classically correct or poetically bold. The Florentine women may perhaps yield the palm of dignity to their Roman sisters, but are justly celebrated for their beauty. The celebrated cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore with the adjacent belfry are perhaps a little too gaudy, but the richness of the marble up to the very pinnacles produces a grand and imposing effect, and that this effect is durable is proved by the example of Dante, who was in the habit of sitting on a stone bench opposite to the cathedral, which even to this day retains the name of *Il sasso di Dante*, and of contemplating this magnificent edifice. The beauty of the cupola has been acknowledged by Michael Angelo in his own terse rhyme,

\[ Vado a Roma per far la tua sorella \\
Più grande si, ma non di te più bella. \]

(I go to Rome to make your sister, larger indeed, but not more beautiful than thou) and it is probable that the boast of the Florentines is well founded, that had not the cupola of Florence existed, that of Rome would never have been built. Michael Angelo was accustomed to call the church of Santa Maria Novella his bride. Nevertheless the churches of Florence can hardly sustain a comparison with the sombre sublimity of some of the other Italian cathedrals, particularly that of Pisa. The traveller should by no means omit to visit the burial place of the Medici, in San Lorenzo.

The palaces of Florence, of which the Pitti, Strozzi and Ricardi, are the most remarkable, produce a singular effect. The long lines of consolidated building recall involuntarily the period of the stern civil wars, of which Florence in the middle ages was so often the theatre. Perhaps amidst all the treasures of art, in which Florence excels all other cities, the most eminent are the celebrated gates of the Florentine Battisterio, by Ghiberti. The beautiful bassi relievì in bronze, will ever form an object of instructive contemplation and admiration. Nowhere can the history of Italian art be studied with greater advantage than in the unrivalled Gallery of Florence; a single room would suffice to form the glory of a modern town. The gradual advance
of art, until it attained the deep feeling of Perugino, and the acme of perfection in Raffaelle, is here unfolded in the collection of the different schools. Nor are the accumulated treasures of sculpture less immense. Our limits do not allow us to enter upon the tempting theme, but it seems to us that our artists too exclusively prefer a residence in Rome. Great as are the advantages which that wonderful city presents, we cannot but pronounce that education of the artist imperfect, which has not been chastened and matured by a lengthened study of the masterpieces of Florence.

THE PILGRIM REFRESHED.

We have often known the time when in our travels we would not have exchanged a draught of the pure crystal stream for the most exquisite wine that ever gladdened the heart of man. But we are mere home-birds, compared with the aged pilgrim before us, who has plodded his weary way on foot through many a sultry day in southern climes. With what a luxury of enjoyment he quaffs the frugal draught! The charitable giver rejoices in the benefit she confers. Nor is it ill repaid. For in those simple lands where primitive hospitality is still conferred, every stranger is welcome, doubtless for his own sake, and then because he can relate to the untutored inhabitants, who have perhaps never wandered out of sight of their native village, of strange scenes and distant lands. Attentively the giver listens to the wonders of papal Rome, perhaps the pious father belongs to those privileged old men whose feet have been washed by the Holy Father himself. His age renders it not improbable. With simple thanks the aged father rises refreshed to pursue his weary way, and doubtless in the evening, at the grateful well, that place of daily gossip, the marvels that he has related will be portioned to the admiring hearers, with that just proportion of excess in which the retailers of the South are not alone privileged to indulge.

ALTENBURG GIRL.

The peasants of Altenburg, which borders on the Kingdom of Saxony, although frequently possessed of great wealth, are distinguished by a rare attachment to the customs and dress of their ancestors. The costume of the men is black and not without a certain dignity, that of the women is remarkably singular and unpicturesque. The petticoats reach but little below the knee, and as the buxom wenches of the lower classes, who serve as nursery maids, frequently dispense with stockings, their appearance when attending their mistresses in the promenades, by which most German towns are surrounded, excites no little curiosity.
THE STAGE COACH.—GREENWICH FAIR.

We have classed these two plates together, as affording a favourable specimen of the artist's talent, and also, because, on first casting our eye over them, we were unconsciously led to reflect upon the influence which the extension of railways has had upon the scenes and objects pictorially represented. The fair may still boast of its thousands and tens of thousands, who swarm thither to partake of its somewhat uproarious amusement, at least such was its character, when in our youthful days we visited the park and environs, but alas! for the stage-coach. The railroad with all its curves realizes the old definition of a straight line, it is the shortest distance between any two points, and the comparative annihilation of distance and the gain of time are undoubted advantages, when travelling on business. But when our avocations allow us to snatch a few days, or weeks, from the serious calls of life, we love still to mount the box. In the train we are boxed like living lumber, and before the Pythagorean silence, which forms such a philosophical feature in the English character, has had time to thaw, we are at our journey's end. Nay, we lately passed through or near the village where we had passed the hopeful years of youth, and what with cuttings, embankments and stations, we could not recognize an object, as we were whirled through the vale. The individual is annihilated, the mass doubtless stands out in glorious relief, when viewed at the proper distance. Now in the stage-coach we saw the aggregate of individuals, but each displaying his own form and substance, we could contemplate the scenery at our leisure, and our friend on the box was always ready to favour us with his local knowledge. But the day of the stage-coachman is past, the admirable description of Washington Irving is already fast verging on the brink of antiquity, the few cross-coaches that still exist, no longer exhibit the cheerful bustle of olden times, they seem to be aware that they but linger "on sufferance" a little time, a new extension line and their occupation's gone. Some few and far between, do indeed, still contrive to keep the road, but their panting exertions remind one rather of galvanic action, than of healthy spontaneous locomotion. Travelling by rail will doubtless soon be considered not as an end but a means, and the probable result will be, that while all men avail themselves gratefully of this grand instrument of human power, on occasions of business or necessity, the strong, the young and healthy, will ever and anon wish to feel their own individual power. The old stage coach is gone and cannot be replaced, but the number of pedestrians, who, after having been caged in the trains, without daring to look out of the window, will vindicate their personal liberty by exploring the mountains and valleys of our own beautiful country, and the grander scenes of Alpine sublimity will probably soon be increased tenfold, nay, a hundredfold.
THE SECRET DISCOVERED.

We will reveal to the reader the secret, when we are in the confidence of one of the boisterous group that treat their prisoner somewhat roughly. Indeed we are not sure that they themselves have solved the riddle, for the sly gazers seem so intent that their surmises still require confirmation. The artist's name has been by some accident omitted, but we suppose this pleasing picture to be the production of Watteau. The engraver has been eminently successful in conveying the peculiar qualities of this artist's style. The grouping of the figures is ingenious and graceful, the light and shade ably distributed, and the whole in good keeping with the gay and merry nature of the subject.

THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN.

How gloriously the sun, with radiant beams,
Illumines the broad ocean. A bright line
Almost too dazzling for the eye of man,
Proclaims his progress in the arch of heav'n,
The white rocks glistens in the sultry haze,
Peaceful the mighty sea, no threat'ning roar
Of angry waters fills the mind with fear.
Listless the twins, in infant beauty clad,
Await their sire's return, for the stern man
Who boldly brav'd the dangers of the deep
To earn for those he lov'd a pittance scant,
Was sooth'd and softened by their childish smiles,
And winning ways of childhood. Many a tale
He told them of the fisher's daring life,
And though but little skill'd in learned lore,
He oft related (for they lov'd to hear)
Of uncouth beings that infest the deep,
Of mermaids, krakens, and of spirits strange,
That in unearthly whispers, in the night,
Foretold the fate of many a comrade bold.
His hour is not yet come, for lo, from far
His tiny bark like a dim speck is seen,
No swelling sails are filled, with lusty ear
He now advances to the rippling wave
That murm'ring breaks along the peaceful shore.
His children clap their hands; their sturdy sire
Forgot his labour in one fond embrace.
GERMAN CHIMNEY SWEEP.

The scene before us is a true representation of the interior of a German kitchen, and doubtless the living agents here represented have often acted the part here assigned them. For although the poet eloquently tells us that "love rules the camp, the court the grove," yet we presume that he did not mean to limit its influence to these persons and localities. To be sure love in the kitchen does not seem to prosper just at present, the fair one seems to fear black and white as much as the most suspicious attorney. We must suppose her to be sincere and free from coquetry, for she by no means suspects that we are looking upon her. And yet if the old adage, as we doubt not, still hold good "None but the brave deserve the fair," the bold sweep despite his ungainly dress and suspicious colours deserves her favour more than the dapper soldier with whom she is in the habit of waltzing (horrible dictu) every second Sunday.

Few persons will have resided long in any of the smaller towns of Germany, without having a sympathetic feeling of the sleepless night which they passed amid the indescribable noises and hubbub occasioned by the alarm of fire. This element seems to have a particular antipathy to the primitive simplicity of the dwellings of our Teutonic brethren, and it must be owned that the wooden roofs afford materials sufficiently combustible for an attack. One can hardly take up a local paper without reading a dismal account of the miseries inflicted upon the unhappy inhabitants by their insidious foe. The fire there does its work by wholesale, and the number of houses destroyed generally varies from ten to a hundred, seldom below the former number, and not unfrequently exceeding the latter. By the recent laws the new houses must be built in a more solid fashion, so that in time we may expect that fire will have been as effective in removing the architectural, as the great French revolution has been in destroying the political abominations that had lingered from the middle ages. Meanwhile, as changes must be gradual, the Feuer Ordnung, or Regulations to be observed by the inhabitants in case of fire, still savour of the olden time, and may have been of advantage, or even necessary, in villages and smaller cities, where the houses are built of wood, and liable to combustion from the myriads of flying sparks, but they are extremely harrassing in larger towns. On the church tower live the fire warders, whose duty it is to give instant alarm by hanging out a lantern in the direction of the fire and striking the bells. If the bell be struck once the drowsy citizen lies down again to rest, for the danger is distant, in some of the villages, but without the limits of the town. Two strokes denote the nearer outbreak within the suburbs, but if the fatal number three strike upon the alarmed ear, adieu to sleep. The
German Chimney Sweep.
watchmen with their dismal horns, the shrill trumpet, and the noisy drum, pervade
the street, and summon the national guard and the fire companies into action. The
unceasing din of the bell continues until the fire is no longer visible. Thousands are
thus called into action at once, and as the magistrates must assemble at the town-
house, and the clerks at their different counting-houses, in a few hours all must be
exhausted, and unless the first efforts are successful the fate of Hamburg may be
anticipated

But where is our sweep all this time? He too is at his post and will soon render
good service. The master sweeps have the privilege of superintending the houses,
which for this purpose are distributed among them by the magistrates. It is aston-
ishing what active service the diminutive engines are made to perform by the benevo-
 lent exertions of all, gentle and simple. But soon the fire, driven out of one place,
insidiously creeps into another, for there is no want of queer courts and out of the
way places, worthy even of St. Giles’s. The uncautious neighbours look on, forgetful
of the old proverb. A wild cry warns them of their danger, they try to escape.
Soon a daring form is seen to stride over lofty roof and parapet, where one false step
would dash him to pieces. On he stalks in his bold rescue, his manly figure stands
out in fine relief against the bright light which rises up to heaven. Regardless of
danger, he strikes lustily about him with his broad axe, he enters the room, and the
trembling victims are scarcely saved before the place where they stood despairing is
one furious flame. It is our bold sweep who has done this, for the race are famed for
deeds of desperate valour, and our readers will perhaps think with us that they are as
deserving of renown as the lauded heroes who slay undaunted in a doubtful cause.
But these wear a red, green, or blue uniform, our sweep a black one, and that makes
all the difference. Oh! how the kind heart of Charles Lamb would have rejoiced
to sing his praises.

And how fares our sooty friend after his brave deeds? Verily, little better than at
the hands of the flaunting fair one in the kitchen. We lately read in a newspaper,
that N. N. a journeyman sweep, for good services rendered during a fire, by which he
had saved the lives of several persons at the risk of his own, was presented by the
government with a silver medal, but then he was forbidden to wear it.
THE BRIDAL WREATH.

BAVARIAN COUNTRY GIRLS.

This gem of art requires no graphic illustration; a mere inspection of it, is the best explanation of the story. The fiancé, or bride-elect, discovers from her modest, yet decisive expression of countenance, that her mind is quite made up, at all hazards, to leap into the arms of her admiring and admired suitor. The expectant bride does, indeed, ask advice, but not as to the wedding;—that, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, is unalterably fixed: advice is simply asked for the solution of a doubt, as to which wreath will most become her when the happy day shall, at length, arrive. The countenance of her friend, the intended bridesmaid, has in it a mixture of hesitation and pensiveness. She doubts whether the bride may not, on the arrival of the coming event, with the addition of a well chosen wreath, again throw her own charms into the shade;—and of sadness, because the more retired mysteries of an nymetal evening cannot be shared with her more fortunate sister. The quietly sustained visage of the vendor of these matrimonial appendages is well expressed by the artist; showing that if his wares be but sold, it is no matter whether for a wedding or a funeral.

We will only remark farther, that in Germany now, as in England formerly, the betrothing was a distinct ceremony from the solemnization of marriage, and preceded it by a term of forty days. A great writer distinctly describes this—

"A contract of eternal bond of love,
(1) Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
(2) Attested by the holy close of lips,
(3) Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
(4) Seal'd in my function, by my testimony."

Twelfth Night.

During the sixteenth century, a singular proof of delicacy and attention to the fair sex was shown in reference to betrothing. "By the civil law," observes the writer of a manuscript, in the Harleian library, quoted by Mr. Strutt, "whatever is given 'ex sponsabilis largitate' betwixt them that are promised in marriage, hath a condition, for the most part silent, that it may be had again, if marriage ensue not: but if the man should have had a kiss for his money," (and when did a betrothing ever take place without one salute preceding), he should lose one-half of what he gave. Yet, with the woman it is otherwise; for kissing, or not kissing, whatever she gave, she may have it again."
The bridal wreath.

(Saxon country girls.)
LYONS.

LYONS, the capital of the department of the Rhone, and, next to Paris, the most important city in all France, lies at the confluence of the Rhone and the Saone. It is picturesquely situated, partly in the valleys of these two rivers, and partly on the surrounding hills in a charming country, filled with country houses and gardens. The Rhone which, with the Saone, flows through the city, divides it into two parts, called Rhone-town and Saone-town, these are subdivided into twenty-eight divisions, which are united with each other by means of four bridges over the Rhone, and ten over the Saone. The suburbs of Lyons are of considerable extent; and the population, including the suburbs, is estimated at two hundred thousand inhabitants. Since the two last great rebellions, it has been fortified by detached forts, which surround and command the city, and which seem erected rather for the purpose of overawing, than defending, the town. The streets are mostly narrow, angular, and uneven; the houses, massy and solid, but disfigured by their great height, which sometimes ascends to seven stories. The quays, along the banks of the river, and the promenade, are remarkably fine, as are most of the fifty-six public squares. In Lyons there are about fifty churches, the finest edifices in the city. The city of Lyons possesses many scientific and benevolent associations; one, the great Hospital, which annually relieves nine thousand poor people; a second, the Hôtel Dieu, which was established as early as the sixth century, by Childebert. In this noble establishment, twelve thousand patients are admitted yearly. Lyons is the first manufacturing city of France; the manufacture of hats and silks being the principal.

The average number of looms is estimated at twenty-five thousand, the number of workmen who derive their subsistence from this branch of manufacture about double that number, and the value of the silk thus produced at about three million pounds sterling. The rail-road to St. Etienne will soon be united to that of Paris, and onward to Marseilles.

Lyons was an important city of ancient Gaul, its name being Lugdunum. The town under the Romans gradually increased, Augustus residing here for several years. The Emperor Claudius was born in Lyons; Maxentius and Gratianus died here. Under the reign of Nero, Lyons was destroyed by a conflagration; but it was soon rebuilt, and the emperor conferred upon it the first rank. It was in Lyons too that Christianity first took firm root in Gaul, the blood of many martyrs being here shed. Lyons suffered severely from the barbarian tribes in their migrations through Europe. Stilicho resigned it (407) to the Burgundians, who made it the capital of their empire in Gaul; Attila destroyed it by fire in 461; and, in 534, it was con-
quered by the Franks under Chlotar. From this time it shared in the destinies of the Frankish and New Burgundian empire, gradually advancing in prosperity, until, with the surrounding district, it formed the county of Lyonnais, ruled by counts of its own. Under the Emperor Conrad the Second, it was annexed to the German empire. In the year 1172, the city and county passed from the jurisdiction and power of the counts of Lyonnais, under that of the Archbishop of Lyons. Two councils were held here; one in 1247, the other in 1254.

In 1363 Lyonnais was formally incorporated as a part of the kingdom of France. Lyons suffered more than any other city of France during the excesses of the first French revolution; for although in 1789 the people destroyed the castle of Pierre en Cise; yet, a reaction took place, and in May, 1793, the Jacobite municipality was driven out. On the 7th of August, in the same year, the city was bombarded with such rigour by the republicans, that on the tenth of October it was obliged to surrender. Hundreds of the inhabitants were shot. This not satisfying the hell-hounds of the Convention, they decreed the destruction of the whole city, which received the name of Commune Affranchise. Collot d’Herbois, Fouché and Couthon were appointed to execute this bloody sentence. Six thousand were butchered in cold blood. Neither were the finest buildings spared: their demolition continuing for five months. The city recovered this frightful catastrophe but slowly; but since the peace of 1815 the city has reached to a degree of opulence before unknown. Since the revolution of July, the city, from various causes has declined. Foreign competition and internal disturbances, are supposed chiefly to have occasioned this. The outbreak of 1831 began amongst the silkweavers, who were suffering under great distress. Marshal Soult, at the head of 20,000 men disarmed the insurgents, and order was restored. But in April, 1834, the insurrection was renewed, partaking more of a political character; the republicans uniting with the workmen to overthrow the government. The ostensible cause of this arose from legal proceedings having been taken against certain members of the secret societies. The insurrection was not put down until after five days of hard fighting in the streets, General Aymer gained the upper hand. The town had suffered terribly, the loss incurred by the demolition of the houses, &c. alone, was estimated at several million francs. The troops lost 475 killed and wounded, the rebels 700. Since this time, Lyons seems to have exchanged its republican, for religious fanaticism, being the chief seat for the Ultramontanists, or extreme Catholic party, who carry on a determined opposition against the state, whenever any check is attempted against an encroaching and intolerant hierarchy.
THE INTERIOR OF THE WARTBURG CHAPEL.

LUTHER'S PRISON.

The Wartburg is finely situated on a hill, near Eisenach, in the Grand Duchy of Weimar. The room which Luther inhabited is kept, as far as possible, in its original state, as are likewise the ink spots which were left on the wall when Luther, according to legendary report, threw his inkstand at the devil. The armoury in the Wartburg is very curious.

After his famous declaration, at the Diet of Worms, that he would not recant, Luther was ordered to leave the city. Several princes, particularly the ecclesiastics, wished to persuade the emperor to break his safe-conduct, and to treat him as Huss had been treated; but others, amongst them the Duke George of Saxony, one of the most decided opponents of Luther, spoke violently against it, and Charles V. himself abominated such perjury. But, on the 26th of May, 1521, when most of the members had left the Diet, an imperial order was issued, declaring this heretic, with all his adherents and future protectors, under the ban of the empire. But Luther was already in perfect safety, owing to the kind precaution of his sovereign, Frederic the Wise, who to guard him against all murderous attempts, as well as to protect himself from all the disagreeable consequences, if he should be accused of harbouring a heretic, who had undergone the ban of the Emperor and the Empire. He had adopted the necessary measures with Luther at Worms. On his return, the Protestant reformer had passed a day with his relations at the village of Moera, and on the morning of the 4th of May, he set out on his way over Schweina and Altenstein. Near this latter castle, the carriage was suddenly stopped by five masked riders, who dragged Luther out and galloped off with him into the forest, leaving the rest of the terrified company unmolested. After he had been obliged to run for a while beside their horses, they placed him on horseback, and rode for several hours through byeways in the forest, until they came to the fortified mountain castle of the Wartburg, near Eisenach. Here a chamber was assigned him, he was allowed books and materials, and a discreet attendant provided for his necessities. The people in the neighbourhood did not know who he was; he was supposed to be a state-prisoner, and when he rode out, or showed himself, he was always called Squire George. To mislead the curious, he was obliged to wear armour, and allow his beard to grow, as was the custom of the men-at-arms of that period. Thus nobody imagined that he was the celebrated Dr. Luther, and as nothing was heard of him for some time, it was supposed that he was dead. Even while in the Wartburg, Luther was indefati-
gable in encouraging his adherents by new publications, which at last proved, that he must be alive, although nobody knew where he was.

The great effect which his writings produced on the whole German nation, now animated Luther with a courage which, in the consciousness of the Divine assistance, no longer feared any worldly power. He spoke to kings and princes in a tone which his calmer friends could not but find blameable, but which procured him the greatest applause among the people. He wrote to the Elector Albrecht of Mayence, who, imagining that his courageous opponent was now quite suppressed, had inconsiderately sent a dealer in indulgences to Halle, that he had till now spared him and the House of Brandenburg, because he had attributed the guilt of his actions principally to the folly and inexperience of the Elector, but he now told him that if the idol were not done away with, he would openly attack both the Elector and the Pope, accuse him of all the horrors committed by Tetzel, and show all the world what a difference there was between a bishop and a wolf; that he expected an answer to this letter in a fortnight, and when this was expired, he would publish his letter against the idol at Halle. The Elector was either so terrified by this letter, or so struck by the force of truth, that he answered, that the cause, which had induced Luther to write, had been removed. Much more violent was the letter which he soon after wrote to King Henry VIII., of England, and which he at the same time caused to be printed. Nevertheless, some years afterwards, he was persuaded by Christian II., the deposed King of Denmark, to write a letter to Henry VIII., and apologize for the abusive language which he had used towards him. Henry in his answer, as might be expected, displayed for him the most profound contempt.

When Luther had been in the Wartburg about a year, he left his place of refuge on hearing of the wild and ferocious scenes which had under Karlstadt's guidance, occurred in Wittenburg. Such things as these had created a great sensation in Germany, and Luther feared with reason, that they would be attended with the worst consequences for the whole Reformation of the Church. He was convinced that nothing but his presence could stay the evil; he therefore became impatient to leave his place of confinement. He set out for Wittenburg, in opposition to the exhortations and commands of the Elector, and on his journey wrote him a letter, in justification of his resolution, which has been deservedly admired for the noble openness and firm faith which it breathes.

THE END.

GROVE AND SON, PRINTERS, TRINITY STREET, SOUTHWARK.