

kept in that position day and night, but he answered me "Bilmes" (he does not know.) On some words passing between the Dervish and the boys, in a dialect I did not understand, he put out of the window with his hand a little tin dish, and received from each of them a few paras. It appeared to me that the boys looked upon him as an inspired man, and had been soliciting his blessing.— On the boys giving him the money, three young Turkish females came to the window and addressed him in a familiar, laughing tone, which he replied to in the same style. I never saw such a merry fellow among the Turks. He laughed and joked with the girls who seemed to be much amused. At last, he assumed a more serious air, and appeared to me to be telling them their fortune, and, as far as I could make it out, it was only another version of an old story told both in the East and West. They were soon each to get a husband, "eye adam, pek eye adam" (a good man, a very good man;) he was to have "tehook para" (much money,) and in due time there were to be plenty of little babies; at which announcement the girls giggled, and he, having put out his little box they gave him some money. As I was turning to go away, he called out, "Captan, Captan, gil borda." I looked round; he was waving his hand for me to come nearer. I did so, when he told me that if I would give him some money he would whistle me a tune. I dropped a twenty para piece into his little box, and he instantly commenced, and executed one in such a manner, as to convince me that there were greater fools in Constantinople than he was. After visiting all the cells I made my way home in no very pleasant frame of mind, as so great a proof of the savage nature of the government under which I was living had never before been presented to me.

The next time that I visited the madhouse was towards the end of spring; the lunatics, with one or two exceptions, were still the same; one new-comer was sitting cross-legged upon his bench, with no clothes on but the capote thrown over his shoulders.

At the beginning of June I again paid a visit. The weather was scorching. The inmates were covered and housed the same as in winter. They seemed to know of no change either in clothing or lodging; and I question much if they had themselves washed from the day they entered, or were likely ever to be washed on this side the grave.

#### WINDSOR CASTLE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

The natural beauties of Windsor, and the surrounding neighbourhood, afford ample scope for the artist's pencil, while every inch of ground is hallowed by historical or traditional associations. We may convey an idea of the work, by selecting a portion of the chapter which describes the Queen's private apartments. After alluding to Royal and national exclusiveness, and citing two or three instances, and their consequences, the author thus proceeds:—

The feeling, however, which influenced William IV., in closing his gardens, and that which would have impelled George IV., to block himself up in his Quadrangle, must not be supposed to form a part of the moral nature of royalty. It is a national—an English feeling; it pervades all ranks of society; it is as strong in the little country gentleman, whose mansion boasts a few good pictures, as in the owner of a palace; and, until it be wholly subdued and routed out, this country, notwithstanding her manufactories and commerce, must continue to hold a subordinate rank among the nations of Europe in the scale of civilization.

It is now our duty to give our readers a glimpse of the *terra incognita* of the palace, to which they can only be admitted by an order from the Lord Chamberlain, and to which they cannot be admitted at all during the residence of Majesty. For our own part, we enjoyed the high privilege of visiting the private apartments at a time when the court, together with the King and Queen of the Belgians, were actually there. In the drawing-room and ball-room, some slight disorder still remained to tell of the social enjoyments of the preceding evening; while in other rooms, preparations already making for breakfast seemed to say that

"Night was at odds with morning, which was which."

This is the only time when the palace can be seen to advantage by those who do not form part of the royal circle. During the Queen's absence the furniture is covered, and the rooms look lifeless and solitary.

For the sake of preserving some kind of method, we shall commence with the state entrance, facing the gateway of George IV.

We were quite unprepared for the magnificence of the vestibule and staircase. You fancy for a moment that you are entering some majestic temple; and in the vestibule, more especially, this illusion prevails, where the double ranges of columns are seen by a "dim, religious light." The deficiency in day-light, however, is artfully corrected to some extent by an immense mirror, in the form of a door, which borrows and reflects the stream that rushes down the noble staircase. In passing through the vestibule, the idea occurred to us, that Windsor Castle would make a noble ruin!

Instead of ascending the stairs, we keep along the ground floor by a convenient passage, which conducts to the kitchen, the confectionary room, and the other offices requisite to minister to the luxury of a palace. Among these will be observed a room dedicated to the sole purpose of making coffee. The confectioner has a very large and lofty apartment for his avocation; and the ministering spirits of the place (female of course) have a delicacy of appear-

ance not to be found in the kitchen. The grand kitchen is well worth inspection. In its general aspect, and more especially in the lofty roof, it is supposed to have undergone comparatively little alteration since the time of Edward III. The immense fire-places, however, are now filled with the stoves of modern cookery; with the exception of one to the right as you enter, which could conveniently roast an ox whole.

From the kitchen to the dining-room, the space is not greater than in a private gentleman's house; and this reminds us of the extreme care with which comfort and convenience are studied throughout the whole of the building. Nothing is sacrificed to effect; and yet effect was never more successfully produced. The plate-room is on this story, and contains a mass of table implements valued at three hundred thousand pounds.

On ascending the staircase, and after passing into a room in the Octagon, or Brunswick Tower, the walls of which are of oak, and windows commanding the whole interior of the quadrangle, we enter the dining-room. This magnificent apartment is far more imposing in its effect than the state dining-room. Vast mirrors are embedded in what might seem to be walls of sculptured gold. A vase of gilded silver stands upon a table; and is of such enormous size, that half a dozen men are required to remove it. This was a toy of George IV. The furniture of the room corresponds in other respects with its general character of the splendid and imposing. From the windows a view of the country is obtained to the north and east, of great beauty and variety.

The next apartment is a large saloon, occasionally used for dancing. Elegance would be the prevailing characteristic of this room; but its great size makes it something more than elegant. A deeply embayed window of square Gothic commands the same magnificent view seen from all this suite. The furniture is not simply of the most costly—for that might be expected—but also of the most convenient and luxurious description. A project is talked of for having a gallery erected at the lower end of the room for the music; but Sir Jeffry, we believe, thinks it possible to open some communication with the concert-room, which would prevent what would no doubt tend to disfigure a very splendid apartment.

The next room, called the Chester drawing-room, is smaller, but in the same style; and beyond this is a long breakfast room. Below those apartments is the private garden, a part of four hundred feet square, laid out in formal walks, with vases, and statues, intermixed with beds of flowers. This is bounded by a broad terrace walk, under which an orangery extends to the length of two hundred and fifty feet, the front of which forms a long series of arches.

From the breakfast room we have mentioned to the extreme end of the facade, formed by Victoria tower, there is a multitude of apartments which it is not possible to particularize. These are occupied by the ladies and officers of the household. In the tower itself, the Queen is enshrined, in a commodious sitting-room and sleeping-room. In the same angle of the building is her Majesty's entrance and staircase.

We must now, in order to dispose of what we must call the public private apartments, carry back the reader to the extreme Norman tower. Here commences a series of apartments, all thrown into one, and including Queen Elizabeth's Gallery which is now one great and splendid library. It is fitted up in the Gothic taste, and is perhaps less changed than most other parts of the building; but what will strike the student most, are the embayed windows and shady recesses, where he may fancy himself in a hermitage. This is no formal hall, or series of halls, as most large libraries are, where the walls of books meet and diverge at right angles. On the one side, indeed, which continues the external line of the castle, the wall is nearly straight; but on the other, the students, unless the number be too great, may so dispose themselves, as neither to see nor hear each other.

But now comes a question as to how those apartments we have described, and those we have left to imagination, are approached? Do they enter into one another? or are there a series of passages, each of which conducts to its series of rooms? The way in which this affair is managed is, in our opinion, the great triumph of the architect. Formerly, the means of communication with the various apartments were extremely limited; and a bold and grand idea suggested itself to Sir Jeffry Wyatville, of a corridor, which, to include the mall should sweep round two angles of the quadrangle, and which should in itself form one vast apartment, superior to all the others in decoration.

George IV. was not slow in perceiving the advantage of the plan; but he was afraid of encroaching upon the quadrangle. In vain Sir Jeffry promised to make the quadrangle appear all the larger for the diminution! It would not do; and he was obliged to affect resignation to the limits prescribed to him, while at the same time he stole his wall out into the quadrangle to a greater extent even than that which had been refused by the king. George was delighted with the corridor, which he believed to have been laid out according to his plan; and he probably piqued himself on the superiority of his judgment, since the quadrangle actually looked larger than before. When all was confessed, he was puzzled to know in what way this illusion could take place; and he was answered that, besides more abstruse and architectural reasons, the green which had formed the floor of the quadrangle, with a broad walk round it, had made the area look less, on the same principle that a room with too small a carpet appears to be of the same size as the carpet; and that the removal of the green, and assimilation of

the whole surface, had restored to the area in appearance its real dimensions. The area of the quadrangle was at the same time deepened by six feet.

The corridor commences at St. George's Hall, and terminates at the tower of Edward III., a distance of five hundred and sixty feet. During the whole of this immense length, it is the breadth of a good-sized room, and is furnished with chairs, tables, sofas, benches, cabinets, pictures, busts, statues, and ornaments of every possible description, in such profusion as to defy any attempt at a catalogue, except in a work devoted to the purpose. You cannot see the corridor in an hour, or a day. It will take at least a week before you can obtain any thing like a suitable idea of its contents. In wet weather this forms a promenade for the court, and from the loftiness of its highly-ornamented ceiling, and its numerous windows, it must form an admirable substitute for the terrace.

From this noble passage doors open into the various suites of apartments; and into the vestibules of various stair-cases; and from this, among others, you see, within a few paces, the door of the Queen's sitting-room, from which her Majesty's sleeping-room opens. Beneath, on the ground-floor, is a narrower passage, the sleeping-rooms of the domestics being taken off the breadth.

We have now endeavoured to give a general idea of the upper ward of the castle: but a correct one can be given by only one man alive,—and that man is Sir Jeffry Wyatville. So completely has he made the castle his own, that no one else can distinguish between what belongs to himself and his predecessors. We have seen a misgiving in the handwriting of George IV., commanding Sir Jeffry to publish an account of his great work, and another from Queen Victoria, confirming the former; in obedience to which he has already made considerable progress in preparing materials. His drawings have already cost him three thousand pounds, and will probably cost a much larger sum before the number is completed. George IV. promised to send a copy to every sovereign in Europe; but with the exception of this patronage, Sir Jeffry, we believe, although working at the royal command, does not expect assistance of any kind. On one occasion, when we expressed our surprise at this, he replied, in the spirit and pride of art—"The task is mine: I am preparing my own monument!"

#### THE STREAM OF DEATH.

There is a stream whose narrow tide  
The known and unknown worlds divide,

Where all must go;  
Its waveless waters, dark and deep,  
Mid sullen silence, downward sweep  
With moanless flow.

I saw where at the dreary flood,  
A smiling infant prattling stood,  
Whose hour was come;  
Untaught of ill, it neared the tide,  
Sunk, as to cradled rest, and died  
Like going home.

Followed with languid eye anon,  
A youth, diseased, and pale, and wan;  
And there alone  
He gazed upon the leaden stream,  
And feared to plunge—I heard a scream,  
And he was gone.

And then a form in manhood's strength,  
Came bustling on, till there at length  
He saw life's bound;  
He shrunk and raised the bitter prayer  
Too late—his shriek of wild despair  
The waters drowned.

Next stood upon this surgeless shore,  
A being bowed with many a score  
Of toilsome years,  
Earth-bound and sad he left the bank,  
Back turned his dimming eye, and sank,  
Ah! full of fears.

How bitter must thy waters be,  
O, death! How hard a thing, ah me!  
It is to die!  
I mused—when to that stream again,  
Another child of mortal men  
With smiles drew nigh.

"'Tis the last pang," he calmly said—  
"To me, O Death! thou hast no dread—  
Saviour, I come!  
Spread but thine arms on yonder shore—  
I see!—ye waters, bear me o'er!  
There is my home!"

GUNPOWDER.—Before the invention of gunpowder, the number of castles erected, chiefly as places of security, was very great, but since, few have been built, and those have not been as places of defence. There were 1100 castles built in England between the years 1040 and 1154,