

"I wish," said I, "to go immediately to Rome, and there receive the model, and make the statue."

Here the Empress asked me many questions about the manner of modelling and working in marble, and spoke of my statue of the Princess Leopoldina Lectestein: "That," said she, "is indeed an ideal beauty."

The next morning the bust was placed in the cabinet of the breakfast room, and their Majesties entered a short time after. When they were seated, I was called, and was going to uncover it, but Napoleon said, "I can't now; I must eat. I am weary—fatigued. I have been writing until this moment."

"You are right," said I, "and I do not know how your Majesty can attend to so many important affairs."

"I have," said he, "seventy millions of subjects—from eight to nine hundred thousand soldiers—a hundred thousand horses—such a power was unknown to the Romans. I have had forty battles; and at that of Wagram we discharged a hundred thousand cannon shot—and this lady," looking at the Empress, "who was at that time Arch-Duchess of Austria, then wished me dead."

"That is true," said the Empress.

I added, "Now we thank Heaven that things have turned out as they have."

Nothing more was done, and the bust remained covered.

After a few days, the Emperor had a time to see it; and made the Empress sit the same way she did when it was taken, and made her laugh, and was well satisfied with it.

I told him the cheerful expression of the physiognomy was a little like that of Concordia, under the likeness of which I wished to represent the Empress, as it was through her that peace was restored.

The Empress at this time had taken a little cold; and I took the liberty of telling her that it appeared to me she was not careful enough. That to go hunting in an open carriage was hazardous, especially in her delicate situation, she was then *excited*.

"You see her," said Napoleon, "every lady wonders at it; but the ladies," said he, striking his finger against his forehead—"the ladies wish to have every thing their own way. Would you believe it? She wanted to go with me all the way to Cherbourg, far as it is."

I said she ought to be careful.

"And are you married?" said Napoleon.

"No, Sire. I should have married, but combination of circumstances left me at liberty; and the fear of not finding a woman who would love me as I would have loved her, prevented me from changing my state. Besides, in being free, I was better able to devote myself to my art."

"Ah! woman, woman!" said Napoleon, laughing, and continuing to eat.

As I had frequently mentioned the subject of my return to Rome, after modelling the bust of the Empress, I again alluded to it, declaring at the same time I would rather renounce every thing than displease the Emperor; and asking his permission to return, he said, "Go when you please."

GAZA.

FROM TRAVELS, BY C. G. ADDISON, ESQ. OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

"Placed where Judea's utmost bounds extend,
Towards fair Palesium, Gaza's towers ascend,
East by the breezy shore the city stands
Amid unbounded plains of barren sands,
Which high in air the furious whirlwinds sweep,
Like mountain billows of the stormy deep,
That scarce the allighted traveller, spent with toil,
Escapes the tempest of the unstable soil."

At one o'clock, P. M. we left the ruins of Ashkelon, and mounting our horses, we rode across a small valley, forded by a scanty rivulet, and ascended an eminence, on the summit of which were the ruins of an ancient temple. Several granite columns lay prostrate on the crest of the hill, intermixed with loose stones and masses of masonry. From this eminence a fine view is afforded of the position and site of ancient Ashkelon, and of the whole extent of the wall and fortifications which once surrounded the city.

We rode on through a wild and uninhabited country; the surface of the ground was undulating, and the view restricted by low hills. The plains and eminences were sometimes covered with coarse grass, and sometimes bare sandy districts, destitute of vegetation, extended around us. In three hours after leaving Ashkelon we came to a great deal of sand, and traversed the base of a long sandy ridge, which extended for a great distance along the uncultivated country. After passing this, and turning round the corner of an eminence, we came suddenly upon a most unusual and delightful scene.

A vast wood of fine and venerable olive trees extended in front; they were planted in long rows, and had quite a magnificent and parklike appearance, altogether different from any thing we had hitherto met with. The scene presented a wonderful contrast to the naked treeless country we had so long traversed. The olives were planted wide apart, so that they had ample space to spread their branches; they were of large size, and the old gnarled and knotted trunks, with the greensward and moss extending in every direction between them, presented a scene of sylvan beauty altogether novel and peculiarly striking. The bright sun peeping through

the foliage, the flickering lights and shadows, and some tall dromedaries with picturesque looking Arabs on their backs, appearing and disappearing in the distant wooded glades, added vastly to the picturesque character of the landscape.

In a short time we observed some tall, slender minarets, and a swelling cupola, rising above the tops of the distant trees; they had a grand appearance, and our muleteer, pointing to them with exultation, shouted, "Gaza! Gaza!" We were at this distance agreeably surprised with the appearance of the place.—The tall towers, and the extent of the spreading foliage, seemed to promise a city of more than usual importance.

As we journeyed onwards through the olive grove we observed a number of storks, some quietly seated in the middle of the path, and others wheeling about over our heads. These birds are held sacred by the Moslems, they hover around the dwellings, pick up the offal, and are always left unmolested.—Enormous hedges of the Indian fig shortly surrounded us, and after crossing a sandy eminence, covered with ruined houses, we came in front of the gate of the town.

The imposing appearance which the place wore at a distance now entirely vanished; a mean wall and a few low, flat-roofed houses, were alone seen, overtopped by some thinly scattered palm trees. The lintel of the gateway through which we passed was formed of two ancient columns; they were laid across from wall to wall, and supported a mass of masonry above them.

We rode through some narrow streets, bordered by roughly built gloomy looking stone houses, generally without windows, and presenting only a dead wall to the street. Before the door of one of the houses were four capitals of columns of the Corinthian order of architecture, placed in a row, apparently ranged for seats, and in several places I remarked bits of cornices and sculptured architraves of white marble, built into the modern walls—melancholy memorials of the ancient magnificence of the place. Some long strings of tall, storking dromedaries, with large packages on their backs, perambulated the streets, and we experienced no little difficulty in getting out of their way, as they occupied nearly the whole of the narrow thoroughfares.

After passing through mud and water, and among offal thrown from the doorways, we arrived at the khan, a large and spacious edifice built of stone. The court was filled with dromedaries and wild-looking people, men and women who had just traversed the desert from Suez. The dromedaries were grunting, the men shouting and screaming, and a strange scene of noise and confusion prevailed. A tall figure, in a green robe and white turban, with a long white stick in his hand, who appeared to be a person in authority, was giving his orders with great energy, and threatening to break the heads of all the Arabs beside him.

Around the upper story of the khan extended a long gallery, open to the court yard below, the roof being supported on arches, through which the busy scenes attendant on the arrival and departure of caravans could be leisurely surveyed. On the floor of this gallery two or three groups of Turks and Arabs were kindling fires and cooking their dinners, and the smoke rolled along the vaulted roof in thin wreaths, and escaped through the open arches above.

Taking a guide I immediately left the khan to pay a visit to his highness the Nazeer, or governor of the town and adjacent district. After passing through some narrow streets, we came to a large open space, and approached a house, along the front of which extended a raised platform covered with matting. In the centre of it, seated on a carpet, with a cushion behind his back, reposed his highness, and on either side of him sat a row of well dressed Moslems, all vigorously smoking their pipes.

There was a considerable number of people collected around the little platform, and the Nazeer seemed to be diligently occupied in the administration of justice.

Immediately in front of the crowd facing him stood three officers of police, with long white wands in their hands; and an Arab in a scarlet cloak and white turban, seated by his side, with a roll of paper in his lap, was actively questioning some of the bystanders.

After the customary polite salutations, and a courteously expressed wish on his part that I might be "happy all the days of my life," I took a seat at the corner of the platform, and handed his highness a letter from the governor of Damascus, which was placed in the hands of his secretary and read aloud, for the edification of himself and the bystanders. The seal and the signature were then scrutinised, as if to satisfy themselves that it was an authentic document, after which the Nazeer requested me to state in what way he could serve me.

I informed him of my intention of crossing the desert into Egypt, and he promised to secure me some of the fleet riding dromedaries here called hijjins, or "pilgrims," which perform the journey in a rapid space of time. He said that it would probably take two or three days to procure the number I required, as there were none in Gaza just then, and they would have to send a considerable distance into the neighbouring plains to procure them. A tall old man in a gray beard, who seemed to fill a confidential post about the person of the Nazeer, gave some directions upon the subject, and informed me that I should hear concerning them in the morning.

The Nazeer was a fine, robust, fat young man; he was gaily attired in a striped silk sash, bright green beneesh or cloak, and a blue cloth vest richly embroidered. In his hand he held a long

Egyptian pipe, covered with crimson silk and embroidered with gold.

After a short conversation I withdrew, as it was getting late; and accompanied by my guide, I proceeded to the summit of an eminence in the midst of the town, on which stand the ruins of an old castle. From this height a strange and interesting prospect is presented to the eye. The scenery partakes more of that wild cast and savagely romantic character which I had expected to meet with in Arabia—a striking combination of dreary desert and riant vegetation—of desolate districts covered with the pale hue of barren sands, contrasted with others carpeted with green, and shaded by a luxuriant foliage.

About a quarter of a league distant, over the bare naked summits of some arid sand-hills, was seen the calm expanse of blue sea, blending with the sky. A naked sandy valley, destitute of vegetation, wound among the hills, and extended itself towards the sea-shore; while, in the opposite quarter, the vast olive grove, stretching away for several miles, and spreading out a rich canopy of luxuriant foliage, presented a striking and most delicious contrast to the eye of the beholder. Some tall palms threw themselves up wildly and picturesquely among the scattered houses and around the lofty minarets; and the few gardens in the vicinity of the town presented a delightful aspect of refreshing green.

The ruins upon this eminence are evidently the remains of some very extensive ancient building. There are vast substructions of masonry, and huge arches buried under accumulations of stone and rubbish.

Immediately after breakfast we proceeded direct to the serai of the Nazeer, and found him seated in the same state as before. He was surrounded with several of his friends, and the principal people of the place, who were all seated cross-legged on carpets spread over the small earthen terrace or platform which extended in front of the house.

We were politely received and accommodated with a seat, and we listened to a complaint made by a camel-driver against an inhabitant of Gaza, who he alleged had stolen some barley from him. An individual with a gray beard, who, I was informed, was at the head of the khan, and had the general superintendance of, and surveillance over, the affairs of all strangers who arrived, busied himself to a great extent in examining witnesses.

He seemed a most energetic, active old man. He allowed nobody to talk but himself, and enunciated with great loudness, flourishing a long stick tipped with silver, as if to enforce his arguments. There seemed to be a great pressure of business, and a large group of people were collected around us.

There was an old man who shouted "O Nazeer—Justice! justice!" in a most pitiable tone: he was complaining of the seizure of a cow by the tax-gatherers, which was worth much more than the money for which he was in default, and he was earnestly claiming the restitution of the beast. There was another individual in a still more miserable pickle, for he was in the hands of the officers of justice, under sentence of the bastinado, and was being led away to the market place, there to undergo his punishment.

The Nazeer all the time sat perfectly quiet and composed, scarcely ever speaking a word, but listening attentively to what was going on, until a black slave made his appearance, when he arose, walked through a small door into the house behind, and motioned us to follow him. We entered a room floored with thick warm matting, and there found a round tray, garnished with various eatables, which the Nazeer, seating himself and tucking a napkin under his chin, immediately attacked. We were all requested to follow his example; but as the invitation is mere matter of form, and there was not enough of food for a fifth part of the company present, we of course declined. After a conversation concerning the hajjins, and an assurance that every exertion would be made to procure them, we accompanied the Nazeer to his station on the platform, which he resumed immediately after the repast was finished, and, leaving him to the exercise of his judicial functions, we withdrew.

MARY STUART.

But malice, envy, cruelty and spleen,
To death doom'd Scotia's dear, devoted Queen.

The interest excited by the production of the new tragedy of 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' has induced me to advert to the subject, which, although by no means new, may prove interesting to some of your numerous readers. I intend, therefore, to give a brief sketch of the principal incidents in the chequered life of the most unfortunate princess of the most unfortunate family that ever swayed a sceptre.

"Truth is strange, stranger than fiction," and the saying is fully verified in the eventful career of Mary of Scotland. Her whole life is a romance. What a theme has it afforded for minstrels, poets, and romance-writers, and in what a variety of ways has it been treated; each period, from her departure from her beloved France to her execution at Fotheringay, having afforded abundant matter for serious opera, melodrama, romance, and tragedy.

It is not my intention in the present hasty sketch to be a partizan of a Buchanan, Robertson, Hume, Tytler, or others who have treated on the subject, leaving the views of sober-minded historians to be discussed as your readers may think most proper.