

since that period. The theatre is of Greek architecture, it is ornamented with a fine front, and with marble columns standing on the stage itself; the spectators occupied twenty-one rows of steps, with a gallery above, embellished with bronze statues.

One can still distinguish the places allotted to the magistrates, the scene behind which the actors withdrew, and a number of objects which excite in the traveller mingled astonishment and emotion. There are also at Herculaneum a Forum surrounded with porticos and temples, which are almost all of them damaged, and a gaol with old rusty iron bars, to which the prisoners were chained—a melancholy feature of all times and places, and a monotonous emblem of human society at all periods. As you leave these excavations, which have as yet made little progress, and cannot be much extended without endangering the safety of Portici, you distinctly perceive several strata of lava, proving beyond a doubt that Herculaneum was drowned in repeated eruptions of Vesuvius.

The difficulty of carrying on the excavations at so great a depth and under the very foundations of a new town, has caused the ruins of Herculaneum to be almost abandoned for those of Pompeii, which present a far more striking interest. At Herculaneum there are only catacombs. At Pompeii, the Romans entirely revive; the houses stand and are furnished and ornamented with picturesque paintings, the cellars are stocked as well as the table; in more than one dwelling the dinner has been found on the table, and the skeletons of the guests round it, and then you enter everywhere on the same floor; and as the ashes, which lie but a few metres thick upon the ancient buildings, are cleared, the town appears, as ours come to light again when the snow melts in mountainous countries. You arrive by a suburb wholly lined with Roman tombs, and walk over a Roman pavement, worn out by Roman vehicles; you may enter the inn; there are stables, with the rings to fasten the horses; close by is the farrier, with his sign over his door. If you penetrate into one of those tombs, you will find urns containing ashes, hair, and fragments of calcined bones. Everywhere are displayed inscriptions, unaffected, dignified, and touching, such as the epitaph dedicated by a woman to her husband—"Servilia, to the friend of her soul." Let us advance; we are in the town. To the right of the gate you behold the guardian's sentry-box cut into the stone. Take the footway, for there are footways at Pompeii; Roman footways, with posts at intervals on both sides, footways wherein one ceases not to gaze on wheel-ruts made eighteen hundred years ago.

Here is an apothecary's shop, with his drugs in phials, with surgical instruments and balsams still yielding a smell.

We are in a baker's shop, and here is the flower grindstone; suppose a stone sugarloaf, covered with an extinguisher also of stone—rub the one against the other, after having thrown some corn between them, and you have a Roman mill. This wretched piece of machinery was entrusted to the hands of slaves. Here is some bread—do you read the baker's name hollowed out of that carbonised pancake; take and break it. Open that cupboard, you will find there preserved olives, dried figs, lintols, and eatables of all descriptions.

I have carefully explored a number of kitchens and dining rooms at Pompeii, and I have found, even in the richest houses, but very trifling cooking apparatus, and miniature table utensils. Their plates were real saucers, and the tables upon which the dinner was served up, but little stands, in general of stone or marble, which could hold but one dish at a time. The guests lay down around as soldiers round their mess. What is admirable, delightful, charming and overwhelming to us barbarians of the nineteenth century, is the exquisite pureness and delicacy of shape of all the utensils which served in Roman domestic life. One must see those candelabras, lamps, vases, of all sizes, those charming little bronze calefactores (for everything was of bronze) those tripods, scales, beds, chairs, those graceful and so ingeniously wrought shields, which fill up whole rooms in the Naples Museum. One must, above all, see the toilet arsenal of the Roman ladies, their combs, toothpicks, curling irons, and the pots of vegetable or mineral rouge found in a boudoir.

Above thirty streets of Pompeii are now restored to light; it is a third part of the town. The walls which formed its ancient enclosures have been recognised; a magnificent amphitheatre, a theatre, a forum, the temple of Isis, that of Venus, and a number of other buildings, have been cleared. On beholding so many monuments, which display in so lively a manner the importance of public and the independence of private life among the Romans, it is impossible to resist a feeling of sadness and melancholy. Behold the stones of that wall, worn by the rubbing of the ropes—examine the guardhouse, covered with caricatures of soldiers—one might suppose the Roman people still existed, and that we were but strangers in one of their towns. Who knows what future discoveries may be made in those august ruins? Murat employed upon them 2000 men every year. Only 60 men, and £1000 are now employed upon them. The excavations proceed, in consequence, with dismal slowness, however great may be the interest which his Sicilian Majesty takes in their success. Pompeii, as regards antiquities, is worth all Italy together.

THE QUEEN AT ASCOT RACES.

The town of Windsor was crowded to an overflow, every house of public entertainment and private lodging finding bustling and

anxious inmates, at "remunerating prices," 8s. 6d. being the common charge for breakfast, and so in proportion for other refreshments. The royal standard floated over the round tower, and proclaimed the presence of the Queen in the castle. Several fashionable groups were seen perambulating the High-street, preparatory to their departure for the heath, while hundreds of "go-carts" and other humble modes of conveyance jostled each other in anxious competition for customers. The various roads from the town thro' the park and otherwise, presented scenes of great animation, and were covered with vehicles of every possible description, filled with company. The weather was in all respects propitious, and the rich hue of vegetation, abounding in luxuriant promise, although now and then a little dimmed by the dust, imparted a charm to the whole scene, the value of which was acknowledged by general cheerfulness. The road from London, and the avenues from all parts of the country for miles round, presented similar features.

On the heath the congregation of carriages along the sides of the course proved that thousands must have "taken time by the forelock" in order to secure good positions, and although many hundreds had set down their burdens at the Grand Stand, still there seemed to be no lack of the lovers of picnic coteries, who carried with them those means of indulgence and hospitable distribution, so agreeable after a long journey.

Soon after one o'clock the throng on the promenade had increased in an extraordinary degree, and the crowd of respectable persons who were prepared to greet the royal cavalcade on its arrival was immense. The approach of the royal carriages was proclaimed from the Grand Stand soon after one o'clock, when the pedestrians formed a compact avenue through which they were to pass. At about twenty minutes past one the procession, headed by Lord Kinnaird, in his green costume, as master of the buck-hounds, reached the Grand Stand. First came some yeoman pricklers, in scarlet liveries, with Mr. Davis, her Majesty's horseman, at their head; next some whippers-in, in green liveries; and afterwards grooms, in scarlet liveries, with led horses. The royal carriages succeeded in the following order:

1st. A barouche, in which were her Majesty and Prince Albert, Prince George of Cambridge, and Prince Leningen. The Queen wore a white dress, richly fringed, Leghorn bonnet trimmed with red, and a feather.

2d. A barouche, containing the Duchess of Somerset the Duchess of Leinster, the Marchioness of Normanby, and the Earl of Albemarle.

3d. A landau, containing Lady Ann Maria Dawson, the Countess of Uxbridge, the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Leinster.

4th. A landau, containing Lady Kinnaird, Lady Palmerston, and the Earl of Uxbridge.

5th. A landau containing Lady Fanny Cowper, Viscount Palmerston, Lord Lilford, and the Hon. Miss Murray.

6th. A landau, containing the Ladies Eleanor and Constance Paget, the Hon. Miss Lister, and Lord George Lennox.

7th. A landau, containing Sir F. Stovin and Lord Morley.

8th. A pony landau, containing Colonel Wylde and Mr. Seymour.

9th. A pony landau, containing the Earl of Errol and Colonel Cornwall.

Sir Edward Bowater, the Hon. Edward Cavendish, and Lord Alfred Paget rode on horseback by the carriage containing her Majesty, in their Windsor uniform, which costume was likewise worn by Prince Albert and all the members of the household. As her Majesty and Prince Albert passed, they were enthusiastically cheered, and the clapping of hands in the stands and carriages was universal, while the waving of handkerchiefs proclaimed the desire of all to participate in the general expression of joy and congratulation. Her Majesty and Prince Albert continued to bow their thanks, and seemed in high spirits and excellent health.

THE MAN WHO OWNS A BAROMETER.

FROM THE CHARIVARI.

After the drum-majors of the National Guard, there are no animals in creation with so much vanity, importance, and self-sufficiency as those Parisians who possess a barometer.

The man who owns a barometer is generally between fifty and sixty years of age, wears a blue coat, a flaxen wig, and has very tranquil passions. You will say that you are acquainted with several individuals who possess barometers, but who do not correspond with the above description. To this I reply, that there is no rule without an exception, and the rule is clearly demonstrated by the exception.

The man who owns a barometer lives only for and by his barometer. All his thoughts are centred in his beloved instrument. On rising his first glance is thrown on his household god, and the rise or fall of the mercury decides whether he shall wear linnen or flannel drawers, summer or winter trousers.

The drummer of the National Guard has a great respect for the man who owns a barometer. He thinks him a conjuror. This admiration is not, however, felt to so great an extent by the remainder of his comrades. They all consider him of course as a person of great learning and importance, since he is continually talking about mercury, the weight of the atmosphere, &c. &c., and moreover they reflect that a man who can afford to invest 30 francs in a

barometer must necessarily be a man of substance, and as such a very desirable acquaintance.

It is to be regretted that the man who owns a barometer should make an unjust use of his power. If you remark that "asparagus is very dear," he replies that "he is not surprised at it, for his barometer has been continually rising for the last three weeks," and then he inflicts on you a long history concerning the manufacture of barometers. The National Guardsman who owns a clock acknowledges the superiority of his comrade, because he can only tell the present time, whilst the man who owns a barometer can dive into futurity. He has, however, not been able to inspire the same degree of respect in those who own thermometers. Of those we may speak hereafter.

DISLOCATION.

It happened that a gentleman residing in a town in Rockingham county, N. H., was thrown from his chaise by an unruly horse, and had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder. All the physicians of the neighbourhood were sent for, and with faces of becoming longitude, hestened to his assistance. They attempted to reduce the dislocation, but in vain. They pulled, and twisted, and jerked, and screwed the poor man's arm, until he fainted in agony, but the arm was obstinate, and the bone would not slip into its socket, in spite of all their efforts.

The case looked serious, and so did the surgeons. They consulted together upon what was best to be done. Some one suggested the idea of sending for Dr. Kittredge, and the suggestion was adopted, and an express was despatched for the Doctor. At the time he was expected to arrive, the poor fellow was brought into the front room, placed in an easy chair, his arm was bared, the inflexible joint well oiled, and bandages, rollers, and straps in abundance, for the purpose of giving the patient another pull—"a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together." The patient beheld all these preparations, with a blanched cheek and a trembling heart.

When Dr. Kittredge came, the room was well filled with anxious and curious spectators, who were desirous to learn the nature of the Doctor's plan for reducing a dislocation.

He greeted his brethren of the pill-box and lancet, civilly, but distantly—walked up to the patient, and apparently in the most cursory manner examined the state of his shoulder; and while he was the "cynosure of every eye"—while all were anxiously awaiting the next scene in the drama, he took his bandanna kerchief from his pocket, and apparently engrossed in deep thought, he paced the room to and fro—played with his kerchief, and finally rolled it up in the shape of a ball. Suddenly he rushed to one of the windows, apparently much surprised, and loudly exclaimed—"Good Heavens! what do I behold?"

The doctors and bystanders of every description sprang forward to the windows, all but the patient, who sat wondering in his chair, they strained their eyes, but saw nothing worth looking at; nothing beyond the usual routine of a country life. They heard a sudden noise behind them like the report of a pocket pistol, the sound of a pop-gun, or the smack of a coachman's whip. They faced to the right about, and looked at the patient. A smile of pleasure lighted up his pallid features, while the doctor's were distorted with a grin of triumph. He had completely out-generalled them. While, attracted by his exclamation, they were, one and all, gazing from the windows, he approached the patient, lifted his arm, applied his kerchief to the hollow as a sort of fulcrum—gave the arm a sudden wrench and a pull, secundum artem, and the bone slipped into the socket with a loud report.

ANGLING.—It was a remark of Dr. Franklin, that "of all amusements which the ingenuity of man had devised, none required the exercise of so much patience as angling." For the illustration of this idea he recited the following incident: Setting out from Philadelphia at six o'clock on a summer's morning, to go about fifteen miles, he passed a brook where a gentleman was angling; he inquired, what success, and was told none; "but," added the stranger, "I have only been here two hours." The doctor proceeded forward, and on his return in the evening, he found the angler in the same place, and repeated his interrogation. "Very good sport," was the reply. "Indeed," asked the Doctor, "how many fish have you caught?" "None at all," answered the patient angler, "but about the middle of the day I had a most glorious nibble."

THE BUTLERS AND FITZGERALD.—During the wars of the Roses, the Butlers supported the house of Lancaster, the Fitzgeralds that of York; but they cared more about their own rivalry than the disputed succession. In one of their contests, the old Earl of Desmond, desperately wounded, was made a prisoner, and borne on a litter from the field. When tauntingly asked by the conquerors, "Where is now the great Earl of Desmond?" he spiritedly replied, "Where he ought to be—on the necks of the Butlers."—*M. de Beaumont's Ireland.*

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—Mr. John Smith, of Paddockstone near Lonsdale, has been visited daily since the month of June by a robin. It has now grown so familiar with the family, that when any stranger enters the house, a tap at the window brings it in, and