

tract of black ashes—there a stream of rugged lava, winding its course seaward, the dark ground of the vineyard speckled with the bright leaf of the springing vine, city and village, forest and sea, stretching out before us until they were lost in the dim horizon, while more immediately around us clustered the little mountains, (molehills as they seemed to us,) that, bearing on their brows the traces of every gradation of age, some green and waving, some ashy and arid, was each the self-erected monument of one of those eruptions which had spread desolation over this paradise through all epochs, up to times beyond any record but themselves.

Such was the prospect to the east and south, the point from which the wind was blowing, and we could trace, as on a chart, the outline of the coast from Messina and Scylla down to Syracuse. We ran over the route which we had passed, and dotted our journeys for two days to come. Nicolosi, Catania, Giara, Taormina, Messina, Calabria, like some dimly seen land of promise, with its Philistinish brigands—all these became brighter and brighter with the rising sun that came walking up the sky.

Towards the west our view was more limited, but equally picturesque. A heavy mass of clouds had gathered in the lee of the mountain, hiding from us the Liparis, the northern coast of the island, and all but the summits, wild and broken as they were, of the Antifoci mountains, that here form the central chain of Sicily, and rise to a height sufficient to adorn, but not to rival, their mighty king. These clouds seem agitated by a wind stronger than that which we experienced, and which was perhaps rendered irregular and gusty by the eddies that swept around the summit. They rolled, and twined, and writhed over each other—seething like the vapour of some huge caldron—now whirling in eddies, now shooting up in wild and torn flakes that melted away and vanished.

Satiated with our contemplation of the view around the mountain, we turned to take another look at the crater. It seemed even more terrific by the light of day than it did in the darkness. The sunlight faintly struggling through the sulphur-mist, fell upon the dark scorie below with a yellowish gray light, giving the whole amphitheatre an unearthly tinge, such as I had never seen before.

Our view of the environs of Etna during our descent, and of the conical hills that clustered round its base, was beautiful—the huge mountain brooding, as it were, over its multitudinous progeny. The heat, towards the latter part of our journey, was intense; the more so from its contrast with the icy climate we had been inhaling during the night. The result was a severe headache, from which all our party suffered, and it was, truth to say, with no little pleasure that we drew our bridle reins at the door of the humble hovel called the Albergo di Etna at Nicolosi. —Metropolitan.

BURIAL OF A LIVING GIRL.

The following thrilling description of the Hindoo burial of a living girl in the tomb of a dead lover, is from the *Oriental Annual* for 1839:—

“She was consequently now fully persuaded that he was dead—for at first she had some doubts even though she had been so many hours in the presence of his corpse—and the idea of being buried in the same grave with him was to her a matter of rejoicing rather than of grief. For her, death had no fears, since the object of her attachment was no more; and therefore, she cheerfully resigned herself to the fate that awaited her.

That very afternoon the beautiful Pariah was placed in a hackney with the corpse of the once happy Youghal wrapped in a cément. The doom pronounced against her was, that she should be buried in the same grave with the body of her lover, in the neighborhood of the mountain village where her father dwelt, and in which she was born. The persons who accompanied her had sufficient compassion to allow her to pass a few hours with her disconsolate parent previously to being consigned to that tomb prepared for the reception of one for whom she had entertained an earnest attachment. She passed the night under the parental roof, and in the morning early, accompanied by those who had been appointed to conduct the interment of the living with the dead, proceeded towards the place of sepulchre. It was at the foot of a lofty cone, which rising among a cluster of small hills, lifted its proud head to the clouds, and seemed to stand there a monument of the stupendous exercise of Omnipotent power. The body of Youghal had been sent forward to his place of burial, and the unhappy victim of usurped and pampered tyranny was allowed to follow rather than accompany an object which though concealed from sight, was still loathsome to a more delicate sense, in spite of the cément by which it was enveloped. The party slowly ascended the hill.—In front was an official on horseback, who had the charge of conducting the melancholy business, attended on either side by a man armed. The innocent maiden followed between two persons, likewise armed, who had neither respect for her sorrows nor compassion for her condition. Having arrived in sight of the hill's base, which had been fixed upon as the scene of punishment, the party reached a rude wooden bridge thrown over a gully presenting a frightful aspect of turbulence and danger.

It had a steep, irregular channel, through which the mountain current poured with frightful impetuosity, occasionally impeded in its descent by projecting masses of rocks and other impending

impediments collected there in the more temperate seasons of the year, when during the prevalence of temporary storms, portions of the hill are loosened from their parent masses and thrown into the water courses, then nearly dry, or only changed shallow or more gentle streams.

The bridge consisted of a single wide plank of teak, about half a foot in thickness, and nearly two feet wide, sustained under one end by beams inserted in the inequalities of the bank, and affording effectual support to the rude fabric, secured on the other side by two thin but strong upright poles, that kept it sufficiently steady to afford a safe, yet fearful footing. The torrent roared ominously as the procession passed over the bridge, which vibrated every step. Mariatalla's father accompanied her to the gully, and then turned homeward from a scene of distress which he had not the fortitude to encounter. After a silent march of about two hours, the victim and her guards reached the place of interment. In a small hollow between two rocks, a large deep hole had been dug, about three feet square. Upon the brink was placed the corpse of Youghal, in a state of sickening decomposition, covered with a ragged pulampore. The wretched girl advanced to the side of the pit without shedding a tear, and, strewing some flowers over the corpse, expressed her satisfaction at the privilege of being laid beside him in death, whom she had so fondly loved in life. Having completed the preliminary ceremonials, she desired that the ceremony might proceed. Her manner was solemn, though gentle, exhibiting a calm yet lofty determination to meet death with the spirit of resignation, which best becomes beings who are born to die.

At length, declaring she was ready to suffer the dreadful penalty to which she had been doomed by an unjust and selfish tyrant, the body of her late lover was lowered into the sepulchre, and Mariatalla having again scattered some flowers into it, descended into the dreary chamber of death. Her dress consisted of a light vest of colored silk, under a loose flowery drapery of thin white calico; her black hair was rolled up into a large knot on the top of her head, secured by a large brass pin, tapered and polished with gold. Upon her wrist she wore thin bangles and armlets of buffalo's horn.—The tips of her nails were slightly tintured with henna. Having been lowered into the vault, she rested herself upon a projecting ledge, purposely left in the head wall of the grave, and placed the corpse upon her knees. At the bottom of the pit a horizontal opening had been dug, to admit the dead body, so that its legs were forced into the hole, and its head to rest upon the lap of its living companion.—A few bamboos were now crossed above the latter's head, and fixed firmly in the side of the pit; upon whose slender beams branches were thrown, and a canopy being thus formed, which prevented the earth from falling in, the innocent girl was thus consigned to a living sepulchre, without one expression of sympathy being expressed at her horrible doom. The soil, from which the sun had caused to exhale every particle of moisture, was lightly strewed upon the bamboos, at once covering the living and the dead. After the task of inhumation had been performed, the delegates of Vermakem left its victim to her fate, and returned to the capitol, where they announced the completion of their mission.

RAIL ROAD TRAVELLING.

FROM WILLIS'S LETTERS.

When London shall have become the Rome or Athens of a fallen empire, [qu. Will it ever?] the termini of the Railways will be among its finest ruins. That of the Birmingham and Liverpool tract, is almost as magnificent as that flower of sumptuousness, the Royal Palace of Caserta, near Naples. It is really an impressive scene simply to embark for ‘Brummagen,’ and there is that utility in all this showy expenditure for arch, gateway, and pillar, that no one is admitted but the passenger, and you are refreshingly permitted to manage your baggage, &c. without the assistance of a hundred blackguards at a shilling each. Then there are ‘Ladies' Waiting Rooms,’ and ‘Gentlemen's Waiting Rooms,’ and attached to them every possible convenience, studiously clean and orderly. I wish the President and Directors of the Utica and other American Railroads, would step over and take a sumptuary hint.

The cars are divided into stalls, i. e. each passenger is cushioned off by a stuffed partition from his neighbour's shoulder, and sleeps without offence or encroachment. When they are crowded, that is an admirable arrangement, but I found it very comfortable in long journeys in America, to take advantage of an empty car, and stretch myself to sleep along the vacant seat. Here, full or empty, you can occupy but your upright place. In every car are suspended lamps to give light during the long passages through the subterranean tunnels.

We rolled from under the Brobdignag roof of the Terminus as the church of Mary-le-Bonne struck six. Our speed was increased presently to thirty miles in the hour, and with the exception of the slower rate in passing the tunnels, and the slackening and getting under way at the different stations, this rate was kept up throughout. We arrived at Liverpool [205 miles or upwards] at three o'clock, our stoppages having exceeded an hour altogether.

I thought, towards the end, that all this might be very pleasant

with a consignment of buttons, or an errand to Gretna Green. But for the pleasure of the thing. I would as lief sit in an arm chair, and see bales of striped green silk unfolded for eight hours, as travel the same length of time by the Railroad. [I have described in this simile, exactly the appearance of the fields as you see them in flying past.] The old women and cabbages gain by it, perhaps, for you cannot tell whether they are not girls and roses.

The washerwoman at her tub follows the lady on the lawn so quickly that you confound the two irresistibly—the thatched cottages look like browsing donkeys, and the browsing donkeys like thatched cottages—you ask the name of a town, and by the time you get up your finger, you point at a spot three miles off—in short, the salmon well packed in straw on the top of the coach, and called fresh fish after a journey of two hundred miles, sees quite as much of the country as his most intellectual fellow-passenger. I foresee in all this a new distinction in phraseology. “Have you travelled in England?” will soon be a question having no reference to Railroads. The winding turnpike and cross roads, the coaches and post-carriages, will be resumed by all those who consider the sense of sight as useful in travel, and the bagman and letter bags will have almost undisputed possession of the rail-cars.

Mem. for the reader's information.—The charge from London to Liverpool is 2l. 13s. 6d. with no fees to conductors or baggage-lifters.

THE COUSINS.

“I shall be very busy to-morrow, and I don't know whether I shall be able to come here in the evening,” said I.

She slowly raised her dark eyes to me, till her very soul seemed pouring out from beneath the long black lashes, and after seeming to look right through me, answered,

“Why not?—you know how glad we are to see you.”

“Why not?”—said I, a little piqued at the word we; for, to tell the truth, I half suspected I was in love with my pretty cousin, and had as you know, flattered myself that it was reciprocal. “Why! because I shall be very busy,—and besides I heard Thornton ask you the other night to go to P—, to-morrow evening with him—and of course, my pretty coz, you go.”

“There goes that Thornton again,” said she. “I declare you are too provoking—you know what I think of him.”

“Ah! but,” replied I wickedly, “why make engagements on the night an old school-fellow is going away.”

Her gaiety was stopped at once. She hesitated an instant, and then answered,

“I told him I'd give him an answer to-day, and I thought we were all going together—but I'll send him a note declining at once—you know you don't think what you say, cousin.”

I laughed it off—and directly rose to depart.

“How very soon you are going!” said she in her pretty chiding voice,—and I thought there was something unusually melancholy in its flute-like tones.

“And you're going to kiss me,” said I gaily, after a little merry conversation. “Cousins always do it at parting among the Black-feet.”

“Indeed I ain't,” said she saucily.

“Indeed you are,” said I boldly.

“Indeed, in very deed, Mr. Impertinence; you mistake for once, even though you have shot buffalo at the Black Hills,” and she tapped her tiny foot on the floor, and pouted her rich, red lips saucily out, looking for all the world as if about to give me a flash or two of her brilliant repartee. But I was in for it; and I was determined to see whether love and the Black Hills could not conquer reserve and wit. I thought I would try the latter first.

“Isn't it your duty?” said I.

She said nothing, but looked as if doubtful whether I was quizzing or not.

“I can prove it by the Talmud,” said I.

A funny smile began to flicker round the corners of her mouth. “I can establish it, text by text?”

“Indeed!” said she archly, smiling maliciously at my anticipated perplexity. But I was ahead of her.

“Do unto others as you would wish to be done unto—ain't it proved my pretty coz?”

“Well, really, you deserve something for your wit, and more for your impudence—you're quite a logician—did you learn that too at the Black Hills?” and her eyes danced as she answered me.

I saw I was no match for her in wit, so I betook myself to my other ground.

“Well—good bye, coz?”

“So early!”

“Early!” and I began to pull on my gloves.

“You'll be here to-morrow night, won't you?” said she, persuasively.

“Do you really wish it?”

“How can you doubt?” said she, warmly.

“But how I shall interrupt a tete-a-tete with Mr. Thornton,” said I, teasingly.

“Pshaw! Mr. Thornton, again,” said she, pettishly.