

He brooded for three days, and then, having seen to the more necessary part of his station work, he determined to go and make fuller inquiries. So the big bay horse was saddled, and he rode thoughtfully away; across the paddocks, through the forest, over the plain, down to the long yellow sands fringed with snarling surf, and so northward towards the faint blue promontory of Cape Wilberforce.

*A Week in Russian Poland.*—Let me try and recall some of the scenes that I saw during my visit there, which remain most strongly impressed on my mind. It is a cold wintery afternoon, and the sun is struggling feebly to make its way through great banks of watery clouds. I have strolled down with a friend to whom Russian and Polish are almost better known than his native tongue, to see the view of Warsaw. We pass by the long delapidated-looking palace where the old kings of Poland used to dwell, and come out upon the great iron railway bridge, the one work which, in case of their expulsion, the Russians would leave as a reminiscence of their rule in the Polish capital. A score of men are working listlessly, tinkering up the girders of the half-finished bridge, already rust-eaten and weather-stained. Beneath us is the wide sandy bed of the Vistula. A few straggling shallow rills of water are all that is left for the time of the torrent river; a raft of logs floating down the broadest of these rills, going Dantzic-wards, a couple of puny steamers, stranded high upon the banks, are the only signs of traffic to be seen. The river is so low that the bridge of boats, crossing the Vistula a little above the railway viaduct, lies resting upon the sand-banks, raised up and down at all sort of angles. In the centre of the widest of the water-channels a dead horse has been stranded on its back months before, and shows no signs of moving, though the water has worn away the flesh from off its legs. Close by, a gun-boat is moored, with its one gun placed so as to sweep the bridge. Below us lies the suburb of Praga—a collection of wood sheds, and railway works, and low one-storied, thatched, poverty-stricken houses; and beyond that stretches the dead dreary plain, over which the line runs towards St. Petersburg. On the other side is the steep, sandy cliff on which Warsaw is placed. The position is a fine one, or rather might be a fine one, if the town had not turned its back as it were on the river. As it is, looking from the Vistula, you gaze upon a series of narrow back streets running up the side of the cliff, and beyond that is the dead long level line of the city, broken only by the gilded cupolas of the cathedral. Far away to the right stands the citadel, to enter which, except as a prisoner, is no easy task, and where the guns are always pointed towards the city. I was at Naples at the time when the cannon of Saint Elmo were turned towards the town, and when it was believed that, sooner than allow Garibaldi to enter, the timid king would summon up a remnant of courage and fire upon his capital. But, there, where every thing was so bright, and joyous, and full of light, it was impossible to realize that such a danger could ever exist in truth. No man, not even a Bourbon, could have the heart to destroy Naples. Here the impression was altogether different. Everything was so dreary, so sad, and so hopeless, that if the Russians, in sheer weariness of heart, were to shell the devoted city from their impregnable fortress, it would be, speaking artistically, the fitting end to the fate of Warsaw. To finish with the whole dismal