

**BASTILE AMUSEMENTS.**—In *The History of the Bastille, and its Principal Captives*, recently published in London, we have a curious account of the singular manner in which the celebrated Henry Masters de Latude contrived to solace the hours of his long and dreary imprisonment in the Bastille. He was put into the Bastille, at the age of twenty five years, and was confined there for thirty-five years, simply, for certainly a very clumsy attempt, to obtain the patronage of the King's strumpet. The offence originated from the system of government which reduced that unhappy man to attempt to gain Court favors, by which so many others had acquired fame and fortune. His beguiling his tedious incarceration is thus described.

Stripped, and re-clothed in rags, which were dropping to pieces, his hands and feet heavily ironed, the prisoner was thrown into one of the most noisome dungeons of the fortress. A sprinkling of straw formed his bed covering; it had none. The only light and air which penetrated into this den of torment, came through a loop hole, which narrowing gradually from the inside to the outside, had a diameter of not more than five inches at the furthest extremity. This loop hole was secured and darkened by a four-fold iron grating, so ingeniously contrived that the bars of one net work covered the interstices of another, but there was neither glass nor shutters to ward off the inclemency of the weather. The interior extremity of this aperture reached within two feet and a half of the ground, served the captive for a chair and table, and sometimes he rested his arms and elbows on it to lighten the weight of his fetters.

Shut out from all communication with his fellow beings, Latude found some amusement in the society of the rats which infested his dungeon. His first attempt to make them companionable was tried upon a single rat, which, in three days, by gently throwing bits of bread to it, he rendered so tame that it would take food from his hands. The animal even changed its abode, and established itself in another hole, in order to be nearer to him. In a few days a female joined the first comer. At the outset she was timid; but it was not long before she acquired boldness, and would quarrel and fight for the morsels which were given by the prisoner. "When my dinner was brought in," says Latude, "I called my companions; the male ran to me directly; the female, according to custom, came slowly and timidly, but at length approached close to me and ventured to take what I offered her from my hand. Some time after, a third appeared, who was much less ceremonious than my first acquaintance. After his second visit, he constituted himself one of the family, and made himself so perfectly at home that he resolved to introduce his comrades. The next day he came, accompanied by two others, who in the course of the week brought five more; and thus, in less than a fortnight, our family circle consisted of ten large rats and myself. I gave each of them names, which they learned to distinguish. When I call them they came to eat with me, from the dish or off the same plate; but I found this unpleasant, and was soon forced to find them a dish themselves, on account of their slovenly habits. They became so tame that they allowed me to scratch their necks, and appeared to me pleased when I did; but they would never permit me to touch them on the back. Sometimes I amused myself with making them play, and joining them in their gambols. Occasionally I threw them a piece of meat, scalding hot; the most eager ran to seize it, burned themselves, cried out, and left it; while the less greedy, who had waited patiently, took it when it was cold, and escaped into a corner, where they divided their prizes; sometimes I made them jump up, by holding a piece of bread or meat suspended in the air." In the course of a year his four-footed companions increased to twenty six. Whenever an intruder appeared he met with a hostile reception from the old standers, and had to fight his way before he could obtain a footing. Latude endeavored to familiarize a spider, but in this he was unsuccessful.

**THE FURLOUGH.**—In the autumn of 1825, some private affairs called me into the sister kingdom, and as I did not travel like Polyphemus, with my eye out, I gathered a few samples of Irish character, amongst which was the following incident. I was standing one morning at the window of "mine inn," when my attention was attracted by a scene that took place beneath. The Belfast coach was standing at the door, and on the roof, in front, sat a solitary outside passenger, a fine young fellow in the uniform of the Connaught Rangers. Below, by the front wheel, stood an old woman, seemingly his mother, a young man, and a younger woman, sister or sweetheart: and they were all earnestly entreating the young soldier to descend from the coach. "Come down wid you, Thady,"—the speaker was the old woman—"come down to your ould mother. Sure it's flog ye they will and strip the flesh off the bones I giv ye. Come down, Thady, darlin!" "It's honour, mother," was the short reply of the soldier; and with clenched hands and set teeth he took a stiffer posture on the coach. "Thady, come down—come down, ye fool of the world—come along down wid ye!" The tone of the present appeal was more impatient and peremptory than the last; and the answer was more promptly and sternly pronounced: "It's honour, brother!" and the body of the speaker rose more

rigidly erect than ever on the roof. "O Thady, come down; sure it's me, your own Kathleen, that bids ye. Come down, or ye'll break the heart of me, Thady, jewel; come down then!" The poor girl wrung her hands as she said it, and cast a look upward, that had a visible effect on the muscles of the soldier's countenance. There was more tenderness in his tone, but it conveyed the same resolution as before. "It's honour; honour bright, Kathleen!" and, as if to defend himself from another glance, he fixed his look steadfastly in front, while the renewed entreaties burst from all three in chorus, with the same answer. "Come down, Thady, honey!—Thady, ye fool, come down!—O Thady, come down to me!" "It's honour, mother!—It's honour, brother!—Honour bright, my own Kathleen!" Although the poor fellow was a private, this appeal was so public, that I did not hesitate to go down and enquire into the particulars of the distress. It appeared that he had been home, on furlough, to visit his family,—and having exceeded as he thought the term of his leave, he was going to rejoin his regiment, and to undergo the penalty of his neglect. I asked him when the furlough expired? "The 1st of March, your honour—bad luck to it of all the black days in the world—and here it is, come sudden on me like a shot!" "The 1st of March!—why, my good fellow, you have a day to spare then,—the 1st of March will not be here till tomorrow. It is Leap Year, and February has twenty-nine days." The soldier was thunder-struck—"Twenty-nine days is it?—You're sartain of that same?—O mother, mother!—the devil fly away wid you're ould Almanack—a base cratur of a book, to be deceaven one, afther living so long in the family of us!" His first impulse was to cut a caper on the roof of the coach, and throw up his cap, with a loud hurrah!—His second, was to throw himself into the arms of his Kathleen, and his third, was to wring my hand off in acknowledgment. "It's a happy man I am, your honour, for my word's saved, and all by your Honour's maues. Long life to your honour for the same! May ye live a long hundred—and lape years every one of them!"—*Hood's Own.*

**MOUNT SINAI.**—Among all the stupendous works of Nature, not a place can be selected more fitted for the exhibition of Almighty power. I have stood upon the summit of the giant Etna, and looked over the clouds floating beneath it; upon the bold scenery of Sicily, and the distant mountains of Calabria; upon the top of Vesuvius, and looked down upon the waves of lava, and the ruined and half-recovered cities at its foot; but they are nothing compared with the terrific solitudes and bleak majesty of Sinai. An observing traveller has well called it "a perfect sea of desolation." Not a tree, or shrub, or blade of grass is to be seen upon the bare and rugged sides of innumerable mountains, heaving their naked summits to the skies, while the crumbling masses of granite around, and the distant view of the Syrian desert, with its boundless waste of sands, form the wildest and most dreary, the most terrific and desolate picture that imagination can conceive. The level surface of the very top, or pinnacle, is about sixty feet square. At one side is a single rock, about twenty feet high, on which, as said the monk, the spirit of God descended, while in the crevice beneath, his favoured servant received the tables of the Law. The ruins of a church and a convent are still to be seen upon the mountain, to which, before the convent below was built, monks and hermits used to retire, and, secluded from the world, sing the praises of God upon his chosen hill. Near this, also in ruins, stands a Mohammedan mosque; for on this sacred spot the followers of Christ and Mohammed have united in worshipping the true and living God. Under the chapel is a hermit's cell, where, in the iron age of fanaticism, the anchorite lingered out his days in fasting, meditation and prayer.—*Travels in Egypt &c. by an American.*

**MOTHERS SHOULD LOVE POETRY.**—Montgomery in his lectures, while speaking of the influence of poetry, remarks that species of composition has the advantage of all others, inasmuch as it is the solace and delight of the accomplished, of the finer, feebler, and better sex, whose morals, manners and deportment, give tone to society. They are the sisters, the lovers, and the companions of the present, and the mothers and nurses of the future generation. Poetry refines their tastes, purifies their affections, and imbues their minds with lofty thoughts and elevated sentiments. By communicating the ennobling sentiments they derive from poetry to their companions and co-equals in age; and infusing them into the plastic and tender minds of the young, they exercise an incalculable influence over the destinies of the human race. The author to whom we have alluded mentions the fact that Alfred, King of England, owed much of his greatness to the passion which his mother had for poetry. "She was more than a mother to him." The words of his mother taught him, the songs which his mother sang to him were the germs of thought, genius, enterprise, action, every thing to the future father of his country.

We owe to poetry—probably to rude, humble, but fervent patriotic poetry, all that we owe to Alfred, and all that he owes to his mother. Mothers must themselves be great—their minds must be stored with high and lofty thoughts, and noble and exalted sentiments; in order to make great men of their offsprings.

Most great men, who have lived, have had great mothers—great in their sphere of action. No station is more interesting—it is the province of the mother to watch over the dawning of the immortal mind—to aid its development, and to give it that bias which is to color and control its whole future existence.

We know of no spectacle more interesting to the reflecting mind, and none which takes deeper hold of the feelings than a mother qualified for the task, watching the first budding of the human intellect, and training it to maturity.—*Newport Spec.*

**A SCENE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.**—In a short time we arrived at a small palace, the residence of the Sultan's sister, landed on a small quay, and presented ourselves to a group of officers, dressed in blue frock coats, scarlet caps, and blue tassels; by them we were very politely ushered into a large open space bordered by trees, with the palace on one side of it; here the troops were drawn up in line, with two bands of music. Arabian horses decked in superb trappings were in attendance. The bridles were covered with jewels set in gold, and the scarlet saddle-cloths were embroidered with flowers worked with pearls. In the centre of each flower glittered a diamond, and the massy Turkish stirrups, either gilded or of solid gold, were most superb in appearance. Groups of officers were standing about in different directions. A flourish of trumpets drew all eyes to the door of the palace, where stood the descendant of the prophet, habited in a blue cloak cut in the European fashion, with an upright collar embroidered with gold and jewels; a tall scarlet cap, with a blue tassel, occupied the place of the handsome turban. All the officers seemed in a fright; they ran here and there, in a great hurry,—one rushed up to us, first told us to stand in one place, then to get behind a screen of boards,—and then scampered away as if he had been crazy. The bands struck up a lively air, the Sultan mounted, and rode on, preceded by several officers, neither looking to the right or left, very grave and very dignified, apparently not condescending to notice any thing, but in fact sufficiently observant. A long, handsome, jet black beard fell upon his breast; he had rather a good face, and was much younger looking than I expected. The moment that he passed, there was a great mounting and plunging of horses, and clouds of dust; some companies of infantry filed off after him, and we were about hastening to the boat to go down to the mosque, when an officer came up in great haste to our dragoman, and demanded who we were.—"Travelers." "Of what nation?"—"English," and immediately hurried off again. We were afterwards told, that the most trifling thing failed not to attract the observation of the Sultan, and that if anything excited his curiosity he satisfied it immediately.—*Adison's Damascus and Palmyra. 1838.*

**ST. PETER'S, AT ROME.**—Ascending the steps, I threw out my arms to embrace one of the huge half columns of the facade, not in a fit of sentimentalism, but to ascertain its diameter, which was gigantic, and helped the previous impression. Pushing aside the door in common use, I found myself in the nave of the noblest temple in which any religious rites were ever celebrated.

I walked unconsciously about a hundred feet up the nave, and stopped. From a habit of analyzing buildings, I counted the paces as I advanced, and knew how far I was within the pile. Still men seemed dwindled into boys, seen at the further extremity. One who was cleaning a statue of St. Bruno, at the height of an ordinary church-steeple, stood on the shoulder of the figure, whose size did not appear disproportioned, and could just rest his arm on the top of its head. Some marble chorubs, that looked like children, were in high relief against a pier near me, and laying my hand on the hand of one of them, I found it like that of an infant in comparison. All this aided the sense of vastness. The baldacchino, or canopy of bronze, which is raised over the great altar, filled the eye no more than a pulpit in a common church; and yet I knew its summit was as lofty as half the height of the spire of Trinity, New York, or about a hundred and thirty feet, and essentially higher than the tower. I looked for a marble throne that was placed at the remotest extremity of the building, also as high as a common church tower, a sort of poetical chair for the popes; and it seemed as distant as a cavern or mountain.

To me there was no disappointment. Every thing appeared as vast as feet and inches could make it; and as I stood gazing at the glorious pile, the tears forced themselves from my eyes. Even little P— was oppressed with the sense of the vastness of the place, for he clung close to my side, though he had passed half his life in looking at sights, and kept murmuring, "Qu'est-ce que c'est?—qu'est-ce que c'est?—Est-ce une eglise?"

It was getting dark, and perhaps the gloom magnified the effect. The atmosphere even—for this stupendous pile has an atmosphere of its own, one different from that of the outer world—was soothing and delicious; and I turned away impressed with the truth that, if ever the hand of man had, indeed, raised a structure to the Deity in the least worthy of his majesty, it was this!—*Cooper in Italy.*