

"chambers of construction" is to relieve the ceiling of the room below from the tremendous pressure of the superincumbent weight of stone, with the result that after so many centuries there has been no sinking or displacement that the most sensitive measuring instrument can detect. The stones in the walls of the king's chamber, the fraud gallery, polished as smooth as glass, and laid together without cement or plaster, are so finely jointed as to justify the remark of Abd-el-Latef, an Arabian physician who visited Egypt in the twelfth century, that not even a needle could be inserted anywhere between the joinings of the stone.

The King's Chamber contains nothing now but an empty and much battered sarcophagus of granite, supposed to have been that of Khufu. Other passages indicated in the diagram are two ventilating shafts leading from the sepulchral chamber and the gallery to the surface, also an irregular descent called the *Well (w)*, which leads from the entrance of the grand gallery to the lower end of the subterranean passage in the solid rock. A visit to the interior of the pyramid is even more fatiguing than the ascent, owing to the closeness of the air, the oblique direction of the passages, and the fact that in most places they are only from three to four feet high, and can only be traversed in a most awkward and tiresome stooping posture.

The history, dimensions, and structure of the Pyramids, thus briefly indicated, are perhaps the chief elements of their impressiveness. Venerable in the time of Abraham, they still can show "the mass and shape they were 5,000 years ago;" as to the vastness of their mass they are "the most prodigious of human constructions;" while, from the marvellous design and execution of the Great Pyramid, it has been questioned by many whether it could have been the work of human hands. Yet, alas for man's dreams of a "continuing city" here on earth! The very strength and vastness of these royal tombs defeated the object of their ambitious builders, and failed to furnish to their remains the security afforded by many a humble tomb. Their vast and lonely chambers no longer contain the stately dead for whose repose they were designed and strengthened with such prodigious pains; they merely echo to the tread of the modern sight-seer the mournful strain of the Ecclesiast, "All is vanity."

G. ABBOTT SMITH.

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Think how many royal bones  
 Sleep within these heaps of stones;  
 Here they lie, had realms and lands,  
 Who now want strength to stir their hands,  
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust  
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust."

F. BEAUMONT.