

shall we call it, what ought to have been hay, must be drawn into the yards, it was good for nothing but Muck. "It's terribly wet," says he, "and them oats is wet." "Ay, ay," said I, in disgust, it's all wet, Richard, all wet, wet, wet." "No, your honor, quoth Richard, with his most exquisite look, "it ain't all wet, the cow's dry!"

My dear Eusebius, ever yours -----Blackwood.

BELLS, AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

I have always loved the sound of bells. Sometimes, it is true, their music is associated with distress and gloom; but even then, they have a voice of instruction. And how often do they re-create scenes which swell the heart with gladness, and make us feel that there is much that is good and beautiful in human nature! Who does not love to listen to their music on the sacred Sabbath, in the midst of a great city?

It is the morning of a day in June. With what a solemn tone do they call the worshippers to the house of God! The streets, which a few hours ago seemed well nigh deserted, are now thronged with people. The old man, trudging along upon his staff; the bright-eyed maiden, with her sylph-like form; parents and children; the happy and the sorrowful, are all hastening to their devotions. The bells are again silent; the swelling tones of the organ now fall upon the ear. Let us enter this ancient pile, whose spire points upwards to a 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' A great multitude fills its aisles. The first psalm has been sung. Listen now to the humble, devout prayer, of the gray-haired pastor. Anon, the sermon commences. A breathless silence prevails; while from the speaker's tongue, flow forth

'Instruction, admonition, comfort, peace.'

Is there any thing on earth, more beautiful than a scene like this? Does it not speak to us of that 'continual city' whose maker and builder is God? whose streets are paved with gold, whose inhabitants are the children of the All-benevolent?

How different the scene which the fire bell brings to the mind! Its fearful strokes seem to articulate the fearful words, 'Fire! fire! fire!' We know that the work of destruction is going on. We hear the rattling engines over the stony streets, the confused cry of men, and the wailings of distress. The rich man's dwelling is wrapt in flames with the humble abode of his neighbour. The flame banners flout the air; the smoke rises upward and mingles with the midnight clouds.

The confusion is passed. On the spot where stood the fairest portion of a noble city, a heap of smouldering ashes alone arrests the eye. The rich man has been reduced to poverty; the poor man is still more poor! God help him, and his helpless little ones!

Ennobling thoughts spring up within us, when we hear the many-voiced bells, on a day of public rejoicing. They may speak to us of blood, yet they tell of glorious victories. They may commemorate the triumphs of the mind, or the noble achievements of the philanthropic and the good. Peal on peal echoes through the air, mingled with martial music, and the roaring of cannon, while a thousand national standards float gaily in the breeze. Touching and grand is the music of the bells on such a day as this!

In the silent watches of the night, how often have I been startled by the sound of the neighbouring clock! My mind has then gone forth, to wander over the wide region of thought. Then the bells have seemed to me to be the minstrels of Time; an old man, with bent form, his scythe and hour glass in his withered hands. All over the world, are his stationary minstrels; striking their instruments and heaving a sigh for the thoughtlessness of men. At such an hour, when the world was wrapt in silence, at the sound of a bell, the past has vanished like a scroll, and I have been borne, as on eagle's wings, back to the days of my boyhood. I have sported and gambolled with my playmates upon the village green; hunted the wild duck; explored lonely valleys, or sailed upon the lake, which almost washed the threshold of my happy home; and gazed into its clear blue depths, and fancied that the trout revelling joyfully there, were bright and beautiful spirits! I have sat once more beside that dear girl, who was my first and only love, and sang to her the ballads of the olden time; while

'She sat, and gazed upon me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still, and saint-like
Looking downward from the skies.'

I have again heard her breathe my name, in accents sweeter than the song of the nightingale. Another stroke of the bell, and the waking vision vanished; the 'voice in my dreaming ear melted away! Then have I shed bitter, bitter tears, upon my lonely pillow!

How striking is the ship-bell at sea, which measures the time of the sailor, when, wrapt in slumber, and in the midst of pleasant dreams, he is summoned to enter upon his watch. How often too has the fearful alarm bell sounded at midnight, and proved to be but the knell of happy hearts; or summoned many brave mariners to their ocean-grave.

And there is the light-house bell, which sends forth its shrill voice of warning, when the wind and waves are high. Look out through the thick darkness, and behold that ship! How she trembles in the trough of the sea! She has heard the signal of danger,

and now changes her course. The wind fills her sails, and nobly she meets and conquers the angry billows. A little while, and the dangerous reef is far behind her. Free as a mountain bird, she pursues her way over the 'waste of waters.'

Take a more peaceful scene. Enter yonder village, reposing in beauty on the distant plain. It has but one church, yet in that church there is a bell. The inhabitants are familiar with its tones, for it has for many years called them to the house of prayer. At an early hour every day, its musical voice is heard; and methinks, if it could be interpreted, its language would be: 'Arise! arise! ye morning slumberers, and improve your time; for your hours are passing speedily away.'

But hark! the bell sounds out once more. Slowly and solemnly! It is a funeral. They are bearing to her tomb one who was young, beautiful, and good. Beside that murmuring rivulet they have made her grave. It is a peaceful resting-place, upon which no one can look, and say that the grave is fearful:

'All the discords, all the strife,
All the ceaseless feuds of life,
Sleep in the quiet grave:
Hushed is the battle's roar,
The fire's rage is o'er,
The wild volcano smokes no more:
Deep peace is promised in the lasting grave;
Lovely, lovely, is the grave!'

It is now evening. Glorious was the robe in which the sun was decked, when he went down behind the distant hills! For the last time to-day, does the bell sound out its warning tone. The anvil is at rest. The post-office, where were assembled the village politicians, is now closed. All places of business are deserted. The members of many a household have gathered around the family altar, to offer up their evening sacrifice of prayer. In a few short hours, that little village is silent as the grave. Even the baying of the watch-dog has ceased, and the whip-poor-will has sung herself to sleep. Nothing is heard but the sighing of the wind among the trees, and nothing is seen above, but the clear blue sky, and the moon, and stars.

Such, gentle reader, are some of the associations connected with the sound of bells. May they awaken in kindred hearts pleasant remembrances of the past!—Knickerbocker.

From the works of Shelley, edited by his widow.

ROME.

We visited the Forum and the ruins of the Coliseum every day. The Coliseum is unlike any work of human hands I ever saw before. It is of enormous height and circuit, and the arches built of massy stone, are piled on one another, and jut into the blue air, shattered into the forms of overhanging rocks. It has been changed by time into the image of an amphitheatre of rocky hills, overgrown by the wild olive, the myrtle, and the fig-tree, and threaded by little paths, which wind among its ruined stairs and immeasurable galleries: the copsewood overshadows you as you wander thro' its labyrinths, and the wild weeds of this climate of flowers bloom under your feet. The arena is covered with grass, and pierces, like the skirts of a natural plain, the chasms of the broken arches around. But a small part of the exterior surface remains; it is exquisitely light and beautiful; and the effects of the perfection of its architecture, adorned with ranges of Corinthian pilasters, supporting a bold cornice, is such, as to diminish the effect of its greatness. The interior is all ruin. I can scarcely believe that when encrusted with Dorian marble, and ornamented by columns of Egyptian granite, its effect could have been so sublime and so impressive as in its present state. It is open to the sky, and it was the clear and sunny weather of the end of November in this climate, when we visited it, day after day. Near it is the arch of Constantine, or rather the arch of Trajan; for the servile and avaricious senate of degraded Rome ordered that the monument of his predecessor should be demolished, in order to dedicate one to the reptile, who had crept among the blood of his murdered family to the supreme power. It is exquisitely beautiful and perfect. The Forum is a plain in the midst of Rome, a kind of desert, full of heaps of stones and pits, and though so near the habitations of men, is the most desolate place you can conceive. The ruins of temples stand in and around it, shattered columns, and ranges of others complete, supporting cornices of exquisite workmanship, and vast vaults of shattered domes distinct with regular compartments, once filled with sculptures of ivory or brass. The temples of Jupiter, and Concord, and Peace, and the Sun, and the Moon, and Vesta, are all within a short distance of this spot. Behold the wrecks of what a great nation once dedicated to the abstractions of the mind! Rome is a city, as it were, of the dead, or rather of those who cannot die, and who survive the puny generation which inhabit and pass over the spot which they have made sacred to eternity. In Rome, at least in the first enthusiasm of your recognition of ancient time, you see nothing of the Italians. The nature of the city assists the delusion, for its vast and antique walls describe a circumference of sixteen miles, and thus the population is thinly scattered over this space, nearly as great as London. Wide wild fields are enclosed within it, and there are grassy lanes and copses winding among the ruins, and a great green hill, lonely and bare, which overhangs the Tiber. The gardens of the modern palaces are like wild woods of cedar, and cypress, and pine, and the neglected walks are overgrown with weeds. The English burying-ground is a green slope near

the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they seem to sleep. Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes vacancy, oblivion.

(Of the modern city, he thus speaks; his estimate of St. Peter's at all events differs from that of travellers in general.)

What shall I say of the modern city? Rome is yet the capital of the world. It is a city of palaces and temples, more glorious than those which any other city contains, and of ruins more glorious than they. Seen from any of the eminences that surround it, it exhibits domes beyond domes, and palaces, and colonnades, interminably, even to the horizon; interspersed with patches of desert, and mighty ruins which stand gilt by their own desolation, in the midst of fanes of living religions and the habitations of living men in sublime loneliness. St. Peter's is, as you have heard, the loftiest building in Europe. Externally it is inferior in architectural beauty to St. Paul's, though not wholly devoid of it; internally it exhibits littleness on a large scale, and is in every respect opposed to antique taste. You know my propensity to admire; and I tried to persuade myself out of this opinion, in vain; the more I see of the interior of St. Peter's, the less impression as a whole does it produce on me. I cannot even think it lofty, though its dome is considerably higher than any hill within fifty miles of London: and when one reflects, it is an astonishing monument of the daring energy of man. Its colonnade is wonderfully fine, and there are two fountains, which rise in spire-like columns of water to an immense height in the sky, and falling on the porphyry vases from which they spring, fill the whole air with a radiant mist, which at noon is thronged with innumerable rainbows. In the midst stands an obelisk. In front is the palace-like facade of St. Peter's, certainly magnificent; and there is produced, on the whole, an architectural combination unequalled in the world. But the dome of the temple is concealed, except at a very great distance, by the facade and the inferior part of the building, and that contrivance they call an attic. The effect of the Pantheon is totally the reverse of that of St. Peter's. Though not a fourth part of the size, it is, as it were, the visible image of the universe; in the perfection of its proportions, as when you regard the unmeasured dome of heaven, the magnitude is swallowed up and lost. It is open to the sky, and its wide dome is lighted by the ever-changing illumination of the air. The clouds of noon fly over it, and at night the keen stars are seen through the azure darkness, hanging immovably, or driving after the driving moon among the clouds. We visited it by moonlight; it is supported by sixteen columns, fluted and Corinthian, of a certain rare and beautiful yellow marble, exquisitely polished, called here *giallo antico*. Above these are the niches for the statues of the twelve gods. This is the only defect of this sublime temple: there ought to have been no interval between the commencement of the dome and the cornice, supported by the columns. Thus there would have been no diversion from the magnificent simplicity of its form. This improvement is also wanted to have completed the unity of the idea.

A PEEP AT THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

Some of the greatest distinctions among the people of this country arise from the trades and consequent habits of different districts. The weaving and cotton spinning swains of Lancashire, the miners of Derbyshire and Cornwall, the mechanics of Sheffield and Birmingham, the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster, and ribbon-weavers of Coventry, the potters of Staffordshire, the keelmen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the colliers of that neighbourhood, the shepherds of the North and the Shepherds of the South Downs, the agricultural peasantry, each and all have their own peculiar characteristics of personal aspect, language, tastes and tones of mind, which it would be worth while to trace out and record. It would have the good effect of making the different districts better acquainted with each other, and would present features that would surprise many who think themselves pretty familiar with the population of their native-land. We will answer for it that there are few who have any accurate or lively idea of that singular district which furnishes us with the earthenwares we are daily using, from the common red flower-pot to the most superb table-services of porcelain, from the child's plaything of a deer or lamb resting under a highly verduous crockery tree, to the richest ornaments of the mantel piece, or chaste and beautiful copies of the Portland or Barberini vase. Who has a knowledge of this district? Who is aware that it covers with its houses and factories a tract of ten miles in length, three or four in width, and that in it a population of upwards of 70,000 persons is totally engaged in making pots, that cooks and scullions all over the world may enjoy the breaking of them? Such, however, is the reputed extent and population of the Staffordshire Potteries.

The general aspect of the Potteries is striking. The great extent of workmen's houses, street after street, all of one size and character, has a singular effect on the stranger. From the vicinity to the moorlands and to the Park of Derbyshire, the country in which the Potteries are situated is diversified with long ridges of