

Parliament. Let us enter. The style of architecture is unparalleled. There is an individuality about the buildings. In some obscure way they remind one of human faces. There are houses sly-looking, houses wicked-looking, houses pompous-looking. Heaven bless us! what a rakish pump! What a self-important town hall! What a hard-hearted prison! The dead walls are covered with advertisements of Mr. Sleary's circus. Newman Noggs comes shambling along. Mr. and the Misses Pecksniff come sailing down the sunny side of the street. Miss Mercy's parasol is gay; papa's neckcloth is white and terribly starched. Dick Swiveller leans against a wall, his hands in his pockets, a primrose held between his teeth, contemplating the opera of Punch and Judy, which is being conducted under the management of Messrs. Codling and Short. You turn a corner, and you meet the coffin of little Paul Dombey borne along. In the afternoon you hear the rich tones of the organ from Miss La Creevy's first floor, for Tom Pinch has gone to live there now; and as you know all the people as you know your own brothers and sisters, and consequently require no letters of introduction, you go up and talk with the dear old fellow about all his friends and your friends, and towards evening he takes your arm, and you walk out to see poor Nelly's grave.—*Alexander Smith.*

CHARLES MACKAY is the first poet, so far as my knowledge extends, of the new epoch; the day-star of a brighter day of poetry than the world has yet seen. At the same time I fear that only the initiated—that is, the individuals with high moral organs, more or less cultivated—will understand and feel the divine harmony of his poetry. But his fame will rise and last.—*George Combe.*

HAPPY is the privilege of genius that can "float down the hungry generations" in a song; and, so far as I may venture to prophesy, such will be the fortune of Charles Mackay. He speaks emphatically for the people. Not inferior to Tennyson in artistic skill, he possesses some of the pathetic humour of Hood, with a simplicity which sometimes reminds me of Longfellow; but with a sprightliness, elasticity, and versatility which none of them possess.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

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A SINGULAR RACE.—A French traveller, M. Duveyrier, describes, in "Ocean Highways," a curious race, the Imôhagh (called in our maps Tauricks or Tuâregs), who dwell in the heart of the Sahara. They are pure Berbers, with white skin, but their uncleanly habits give them the appearance of blacks. The men alone wear a thick black veil over the face, while the women dispense with that