

order. An amazing number of stones is to be seen in walls, foundations, the ruins of deserted cities, inscribed with Sanskrit writing, especially with the mystic words, "Omne manu padme hun."

Mr. Landor's purpose had been to reach the inaccessible city of Lassa, the headquarters of his Mysteriousness the Dai Lama, who is about the last survivor of a once lively mob of divinity-hedged mortals who posed as incarnations of Deity, Sons of Heaven, etc., to whom the Chinese Emperor and the Japanese Mikado and Great Mogul were brothers, and the Czar and German Emperor are distant relations. He did not reach Lassa, but he did achieve notable geographical results, and his lively book will be valued both by general readers and special students. The treachery and cruelty of the Tibetans defeated our author's purpose.

His Shoka bearers, having left him, informed the Lamas of his purpose (so sacrilegious in their eyes), and, being prepared, laid an ambuscade for him. In crossing the river Neo Tsambo, one of his yaks, or mountain ox, sunk with all its load of provisions, clothes, shoes, money, etc., so Mr. Landor reached Tuxem in a state of raggedness and starvation. Having little money left, he went out to buy provisions and ponies. Walking among the villagers unarmed, supposing them to be friendly, he was suddenly seized, knocked down, and overcome,

bound hand and foot. At the signal of a shrill whistle, four hundred armed soldiers appeared and hustled him before the Lamas. After brutal treatment he was handcuffed and made to ride on a saddle on the back of which four or five sharp iron spikes projected which pierced and lacerated his back. He was fired at, but the murderer missed his aim. In the torture-room his feet were stretched apart on a sharp-edged mass of wood, to which he was tied, his weight resting thus painfully upon it. A bar of red-hot iron was held close to his eyes until his nose was scorched and his eyeballs almost burst. Another twenty-four hours of horrible pain, in a cramped and suspended position, formed but the prelude to further intended torture.

How he escaped, and, how, through the good offices of the missionary and the Government officer, who were already anxious about the traveller, he finally got back, after many exciting adventures, to the Methodist hospital, where he recovered, and reached India and home, is told in the last half of the second volume. Mr. Landor is no mere tourist. He has solved the uncertainty regarding the division of the two great Tibetan lakes, ascended an altitude of 22,000 feet, pictured the great Hamahlyan glaciers, and visited and has fixed the position of the two principal sources of the Brahmaputra, never before reached by a European.—Harper's Weekly.

TO CLEOPATRA'S MUMMY—IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

BY MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.

Beauty deceitful, and favour vain!  
 Can it be for this twisted sack of bones  
 Legends of passion were writ in pain,  
 And lustful monarchs forgot their thrones?  
 Be these the mangled wages of sin?  
 Did the tiger crouch in this shrunken  
 frame?  
 Could her silken sails and cohorts win  
 No haughtier fate for a storied name?

Do dreams recall her those poisoned slaves,  
 Whose torment instructed her sultry charms  
 To walk seductive the way of graves  
 From Antony's pillow to Death's grim arms?  
 Stolid she turns but a crumbling ear;  
 She who was more than a Pagan's heaven!  
 Egypt as Ichabod moulders here,—  
 "Number six thousand eight hundred and  
 seven!"