

Mr. Gleig, speaking of the proportions of this chapel, calls them fine. They may be so, but to me it seemed much too narrow for its length. He says the painting of the altar is not without certain merit. I can assure him it has very great merit. There is a sublimity about its conception, and a freedom and breadth in the drawing and shades, which are remarkable, and render any more minute criticism of very secondary importance. Here my praises of the interior embellishments stop short. There is nothing to admire or condemn, and if ever so incongruous a thing can by possibility be placed with propriety in the house of God, consecrated to meek and christian worship, as those ensigns of blood—flags taken in battle, it is here, where they speak to the pride necessarily, and not to the understandings of men, whose business was to fight.

In St. Paul's (to me) they are hateful, as they would be in Westminster.—They show a vain boast at best; but when drooping in rags, in cowbys, and dust, I'd as soon hang mine enemy's bones I had slain in gibbets before my eyes, constantly to remind me of my prowess, or the chances. But, if strong custom holds, let me have a temple consecrated to Mars and War, that it might not at any rate shock consistency. The fashion came to us from the continent, where it is certainly more in keeping. We have felt the impropriety of drums, fixed bayonets, and marchings in our churches, and have banished them, and so in time will these fatal emblems of the chances and misery of war be banished to a more congenial temple, where our pride of arms and pride of country, dear as it is to us, may be consistently indulged in. But even this sort of pride, methinks, is but poorly gratified or sustained by such helps particularly where it descends from an eagle of the *vieille garde*, or the "*dix-neuvieme de la ligne*," obliterated as they are, to the small colours of such and such village's "volunteer corps."

From the interior, let me now turn to the exterior. The front court to the river, and the lower grounds, or garden, are extremely pleasant, and made as much of as their situation and extent will allow. Passing through the great eastern wing of the chief building, and skirting along the line of dwellings and offices of the civilians of the establishment, the Ranelagh gate is reached, which, besides one of the entrances to the college, leads to the old avenue of elms (or limes), up which, landing at the extremity, our beaux and belles used to skip to Ranelagh's musical promenade, and to the garden lately given to the veterans for their advantage and amusement. Half of it lies on a gentle elevation, the lower part reaching to the canal. Turning back, one admires the neat arrangement and care displayed in the 169 little plots into which it is divided (six yards square each). Some to flowers incline, some to vegetables, some to fruits, and some have a pleasant mixture of all three. Returning up the centre walk one comes to a little kind of neat thatched summer house—their temple of repose—where they may sit and contemplate their handiwork. On the wall over their heads, on a marble or slate slab, are these sturdy lines, which, if not the happiest in the world, at least are happily enough placed here, where neither the harmony, nor the measure, nor the poetry, are likely to be criticised;—

"Batter'd with war in many a hard campaign,  
Though the main'd soldier quit the martial plain,  
Fancy restores him to the battle's rage,  
And temporary youth inflames his age:  
Again he fights the foe—counts o'er his scars—  
Though Chelsea's now the seat of all his wars:  
And, fondly hanging o'er the lengthen'd tale,  
Relays his thousands o'er a mug of ale:  
The veteran hero cries—with erected crest—  
'Twas for my King! Well I have done my best."

This garden, which is so properly and happily added to the comforts of the pensioners by Lord John Russell, has been made out of a useless field, which bounded this end of the College-grounds, and led formerly to the rotunda of Ranelagh, the site of which is now occupied by a largish private house, on the other side of the garden-wall, and a lane leading to the water. At the Ranelagh Gate there is a serjeant's guard and a sentry, as there is at the inner gate leading immediately into the garden, where strangers are not allowed to enter, except by an order from some of the officers of the hospital, or perhaps the serjeant at the gate. I had a long talk with the serjeant on duty. He had served all over the world; but what struck me most was the intelligence and manly bearing of the man I spoke to: indeed to this Mr. Gleig has borne ample and interesting testimony in his "Traditions," where he often, with his usual taste, allows his heroes to speak for themselves.

After musing up and down the old shady avenue, loitering about among the little neat enclosures of the body of the garden, and lastly, sitting a moment in the poetic temple, where I would fain have repeated the last line over my head—

"Well I have done my best!"

had not the words, alas! "stuck in my throat." I bent my way homewards, still musing on what I had seen—on what I had heard. I felt that I was something the better man for it, and something the wiser. There was some little virtue (though very small) in walking two miles to church; and going to see, with my senses awakened to its great interest, what I had seen so often and often before without notice—without a single thought beyond that of the crowd who daily pass through the railed passage in the grounds of the back front of the building, on their way to the Chelsea bun-house or Pimlico's famed ale.

For the Pearl.

#### DYING IN SPRING.

Bright skies are o'er thee shining,  
Soft breezes fan thy brow;  
Yet thou art inly pining  
With secret sorrow now.  
Fair flowers are springing round thee,  
In forest, field, and bower;  
But Spring's bright hues have found thee,  
Thyself, a fading flower.

Where hearts have beat the lightest,  
Thine own has beat most light;  
Where smiles have shone the brightest,  
Thine own have shone most bright:  
But now a cloud is o'er thee—  
Thy young cheek's bloom hath flown—  
And life may ne'er restore thee  
The joys which thou hast known!

Not now thy footstep boundeth  
Amongst the opening flowers;  
Not now thy sweet voice soundeth  
As oft in former hours.  
Thy breast is sadly sighing—  
Thy harp is all unstrung—  
And thou in Spring art dying,  
Our beautiful and young!

Queen's Co. 1839.

JOHN McPHERSON.

#### PALACES OF KARNAC AND LUXOR, U. EGYPT.

"Above Kous, for some miles, is a sandy plain, after which the rocks approach close to the river. Beyond a projecting point, however, the view opens upon a scene to which the world presents nothing parallel; an extensive plain, covered almost throughout its whole extent with the most amazing ruins. This is Thebes; the city of the hundred gates, that mighty capital, the foundation of which is unknown in history, and belongs only to the dim ages of traditionary poetry, whose report would have been denounced as fabulous, had not such mighty monuments proved that it fell short of the reality. This work of the first age of the world almost eclipses, as to grandeur, all that art and power have since produced. At first, the observer sees only a confusion of piers, obelisks, and columns, all of gigantic size, towering above the palm trees. Gradually he is able to distinguish, on the Eastern or Arabian side, the palaces of Karnac or Luxor; on the Western or Syrian side, Medinet, Ava, the Memnonium, and the tombs cut in the mountain behind.

"Karnac surpasses in grandeur every other structure in Thebes and in the world. The French engineers on horseback were an hour and a half in performing its circuit, which they therefore conceive, cannot be less than three miles. On the Northeast entrance the Egyptians appear to have lavished all their magnificence. The approach is by a long avenue of Sphynxes, the largest of any in Egypt, leading to a succession of portals with colossal statues in front. These structures are distinguished, not only by the grandeur of their dimensions, but by the variety of the materials. A calcareous stone, compact like marble, a variegated siliceous limestone, beautiful, rose-coloured and black marbles of Syene have been severally used. Most points of view present only the image of a general overthrow, rendering it difficult to distinguish Karnac, as a series of regular edifices. Across these vast ruins appear only fragments of architecture, trunks of broken columns, mutilated colossal statues, obelisks, some fallen, others majestically erect; immense halls, whose roofs are supported by a forest of columns, portals and propylæa, surpassing in magnitude all similar structures. From the West, this chaos assumes an orderly appearance; and the almost endless series of portals, gates, and halls, appear arranged in regular succession, and harmonising with each other. When the plan is thoroughly understood, its regularity appears wonderful, and the highest admiration is excited by the arrangement and symmetry of all the parts of this vast edifice.

"Not only the general extent, but all the particular features, of this extraordinary structure, are distinguished by a magnitude elsewhere unparalleled. There are two obelisks of 69, and one of 91 feet high; this, the loftiest of any in Egypt, is adorned with sculptures of perfect execution. The principal hall is 318 feet long, and 159 broad, having the roof still supported by 134 columns. These are about 70 feet high, and 11 feet in diameter; and a long avenue of others have all, except one, fallen down entire, and lie on the ground still ranged in their primitive order. All the sculptures are adorned with colours, which, though they ought, it would seem, to have experienced the ravages of time, shine still with the brightest lustre. Of the large Sphynxes, fifty are still remaining, and there are traces which show that the whole avenue once contained 600. The palace itself is entered with great difficulty, and its interior, being dark and filled with rubbish, presents few objects to attract the attention; but on reaching the roof, the spectator enjoys a distinct and most magnificent view of the whole range of surrounding ruins. All who have viewed this scene describe the impression made by it as almost superior to that caused by any other earthly object. According to Denon, the whole French ar-

my, on coming in sight, stood still, struck as it were with an electric shock. The scene, according to Jollois and Devilliers, appears to be rather the produce of an imagination surrounding itself with images of a fantastic grandeur, than anything belonging to a real existence. Belzoni, in particular, declares that the most sublime ideas which can be formed from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would give a very inadequate picture of these ruins. It appeared to him that he was entering a city of departed giants. He seemed alone in the midst of all that was most sacred in the world. The forest of enormous columns, adorned all around with beautiful figures and various ornaments; the high portals seen at a distance from the openings to this vast labyrinth of edifices; the various groups of ruins in the other temples; these, altogether, had such an effect upon his mind, as to separate him in imagination from the rest of mortals. For some time he seemed unconscious whether he was on terrestrial ground, or on some other planet.

"If Karnac is unrivalled in the grandeur and extent of its remains, the temple of Luxor, as a single and beautiful object, seems superior to any thing else in Egypt. The view from the river is peculiarly beautiful, when, across the verdant islands with which it is studded, appears a white plain covered with palm trees, over which these colossal masses throw their shadows; while, behind, the Arabian Mountain chain forms the boundary of the landscape. The approach is through the village of Luxor, whose crowded and miserable huts form a strange contrast with these monuments of ancient splendour. At length the portico appears, by the sides of which are seen two of the most beautiful obelisks in the world, each rising to the height of eighty feet, yet composed of a single block of the finest granite from the quarries of Syene. By what means such colossal masses were conveyed to so great a distance, and placed in their present position, surpasses the conception of modern art. Behind them are two colossal statues, now studiously defaced and deeply sunk in the sand, but which must have been forty feet high, and composed of a single block of the same granite. The propylon is 200 feet in height, rising fifty-seven feet above the present level of the soil. The interior is equally grand. It presents to the view upwards of two hundred columns of different dimensions, many of them ten feet in diameter, and most in an entire state. But nothing is more remarkable in this edifice than the profusion of sculptures with which the obelisks, the walls, and all the apartments are covered. These, indeed, are favourite ornaments on all the Egyptian edifices, and remarkably frequent in the palace of Karnac; but they occur here in unexampled profusion, and executed with as much care and delicacy as if they had been the work of the most skillful Seal Engraver. They appear to represent the history and triumphs of an ancient Egyptian sovereign, probably the founder of the edifice. One compartment, in particular, exhibits a great battle, in which the Egyptians, armed with bows and arrows, gain a complete victory over their Asiatic enemies, armed with the spear and the javelin. The forms of pursuit and retreat, the attitudes of the victors, the wounded, and the dying, are so varied and striking, that Mr. Hamilton imagines it probable, this, and a similar representation at Karnac, may have furnished Homer with materials for many of the varied descriptions with which his narrative is filled. In another compartment, the conqueror is represented as seated on his throne, while the captive monarch is fastened to a car, and the chiefs are treated with all that studied and ruthless cruelty which the ancient laws of war were supposed to authorize."

EXTRAORDINARY COMPETITION.—Three gentlemen, well known in the fashionable world, have made a wager, the oddity of which is likely to give rise to considerable amusement. The first of the parties is to drive a stage coach; the second is to walk through the country as an itinerant melodist; and the third is to perform four principal dramatic characters, two in tragedy and two in comedy. The greater part of the money obtained by these eccentric adventurers, in their several pursuits, is to be devoted to charitable purposes. The competitor who obtains the largest sum by his exertions, is to be the winner of the wager, which is to the amount of several thousands. We have not heard the "whereabouts" of the Jehu and the Apollo, but it is said that the dramatic aspirant is to make his debut at Edinburgh, and that he will afterwards appear at other provincial theatres. If the report we have heard of his talents proves correct, he will probably complete his career in London, by performing a few nights at one of the great winter theatres.

MATTHEW CAREY AND HIS WIFE.—She had no dowry but that of prudence, intelligence, and industry, and these are far richer than any other that can be bestowed. She had united herself to a man, whose whole fortune consisted of a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture, and some back numbers of his magazine, comparatively valueless, as soon as the work was abandoned. But what of that? Both husband and wife had minds filled with good common sense. They had no false pride to retard their efforts. They were persevering and economical, and together they resolved to make their way in the world. "We early," says the husband, "formed a determination to indulge in no unnecessary expense, and to mount the ladder so slowly, as to run no risk of having to descend." What a salutary example is here written in one sentence, for the young of our day! How altered is the mode of beginning the marriage life now-a-days. Large rents, expensive establishments, unlimited