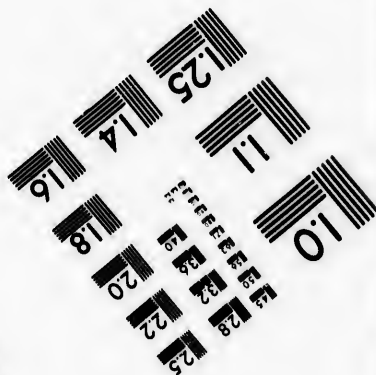
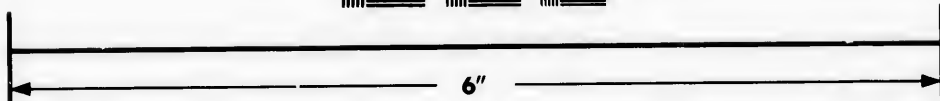
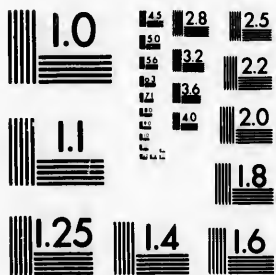


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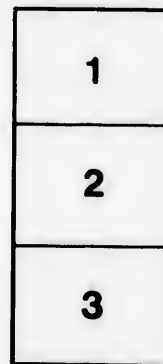
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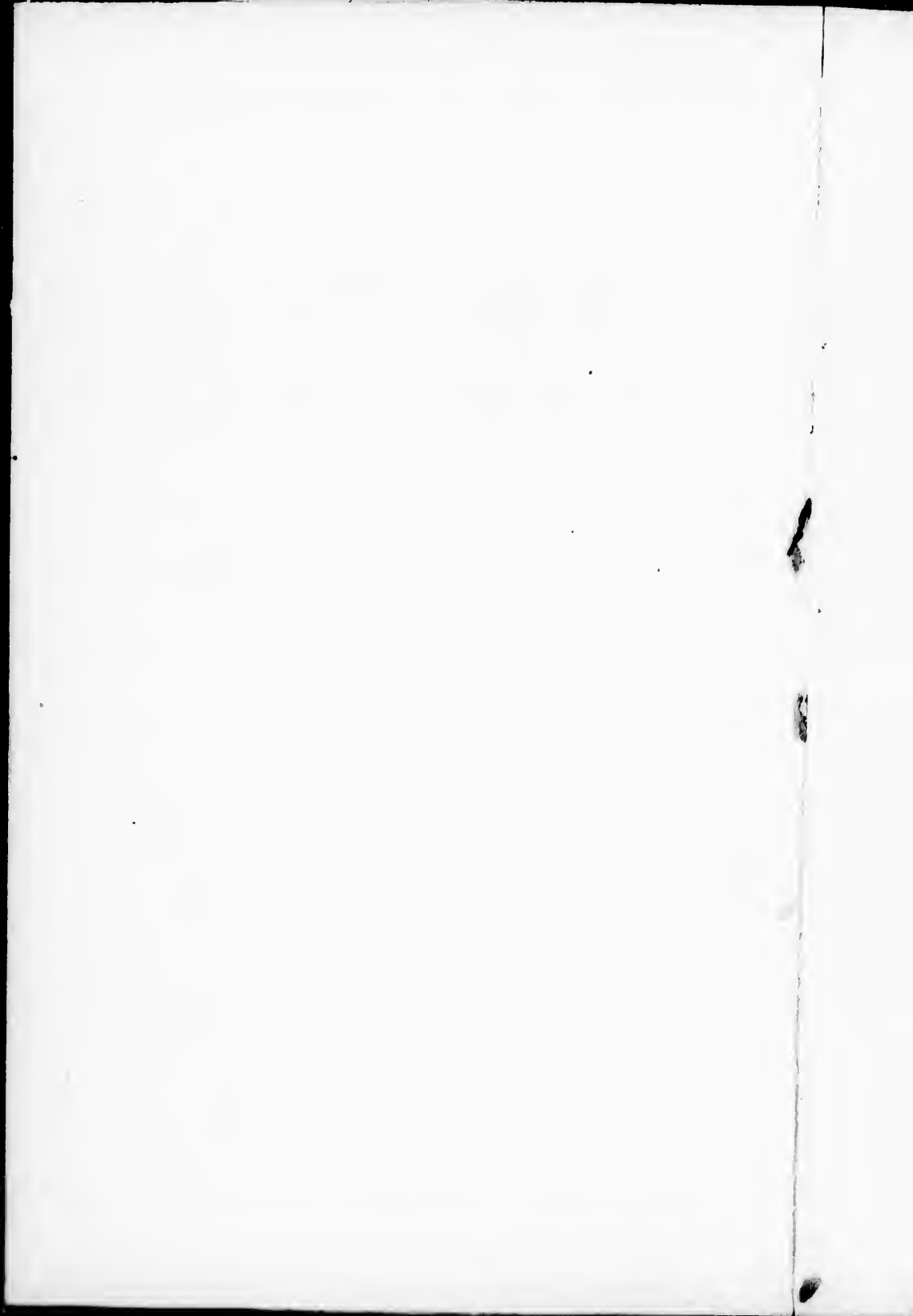
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SCENES OF
MODERN TRAVEL
AND
ADVENTURE.



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SCENES OF
MODERN
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"The moving accidents of field and flood."—SHAKESPEARE.

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PREFACE.

The present volume has, it is believed, almost a novel character. Its object is to furnish a large amount of instructive and interesting information, collected from the works of upwards of forty of the most distinguished travellers of modern times. To the selection of the extracts particular attention has been paid, and the editor has confined himself entirely to the works of those whose descriptive talents are not only great, but whose fidelity and truthfulness are undoubted. The work comprises sketches from all parts of the world—embracing not only some of the most striking features of European interest, but likewise conducting the reader to many of the most remarkable remains of antiquity in Eastern countries. Narratives of personal adventure will likewise be found in the succeeding pages. The volume is now offered to the public, in

the hope that it will form an acceptable work for the perusal of all who feel interested in its contents, but especially of the young, who will find in it much that is calculated to enlarge their ideas and improve their minds.

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SCENES
OF
MODERN TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

CHAPTER I.

ASCENTS OF MOUNTAINS.

What lonely magnificence stretches around !
Each sight how sublime ! and how awful each sound !
All hushed and serene, as a region of dreams,
The mountains repose in the roar of the streams ;
Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
But calm their blue tops in the beauty of heaven.

WILSON.

ASCENT OF THE PETER BOTTE MOUNTAIN.

SOME of the mountains of the Mauritius are between two and three thousand feet in height, and are covered with snow during a great part of the year. Among them are several that assume the most singular and fantastic shapes ; but the most extraordinary in appearance is that which bears the name of *Peter Botte*. The top of this mountain has been usually regarded as quite inaccessible, notwithstanding the boast of the Frenchman about forty years ago, that he had succeeded in reaching it. The attempt has also been several times made by our own countrymen since the island became a British possession, but always till now, in vain. The exploit, however, has been at length accomplished in the course of 1831. The account of its successful performance is given in a letter

from one of the parties in the enterprise, which was communicated to the Geographical Society by Mr. Barrow. "From most points of view the mountain seems to rise out of the range which runs nearly parallel to that part of the sea coast which forms the bay of Port Louis (the capital, situated on the west side of the island); but on arriving at its base, you find that it is actually separated from the rest of the range by a ravine or cleft of a tremendous depth." The mountain appears, from the account, to be about 1800 feet high.

Captain Lloyd, chief civil engineer, accompanied by Mr. Dawkins, had made an attempt in 1831 to ascend the mountain, and had reached what is called the *neck*, where they planted a ladder, which did not, however, reach half-way up the perpendicular face of rock beyond. Still Captain Lloyd was convinced, that with proper preparation the feat might be accomplished. Accordingly, on the morning of the 7th September this gentleman, along with Lieutenant Phillipotts of the 29th regiment, Lieutenant Keppel, R.N., and Lieutenant Taylor, the writer of the letter, set out on the bold and perilous adventure. "All our preparations being made," says the narrative, "we started, and a more picturesque line of march I have seldom seen. Our van was composed of about fifteen or twenty sepoys, in every variety of costume, together with a few negroes to carry our food, dry clothes, &c. Our path lay up a very steep ravine, formed by the rains in the wet season, which having loosened all the stones, made it any thing but pleasant; those below were obliged to keep a bright look-out for tumbling rocks, and one of these missed Keppel and myself by a miracle."

Along this path which was not a foot broad, they picked their way for about four hundred yards, the negroes keeping their footing from under their loads, by catching hold as they proceeded of the shrubs above them. We must allow Lieutenant Taylor to continue the story in his own words:—

"On rising to the shoulder, a view burst upon us which quite defies my descriptive powers. We stood on a little narrow ledge or neck of land, about twenty yards in length. On the side which we mounted, we looked back into the deep wooded gorge we had pressed up; while on the opposite side of the neck, which was between six and seven feet broad, the precipice went sheer down fifteen hundred feet to the plain. One extremity of the neck was equally precipitous, and the other was bounded by what to me was the most magnificent sight I ever saw. A narrow, knife-like edge of rock, broken here and there by precipitous faces, ran up in a conical form to about three hundred or three hundred and fifty feet above us, and on every pinnacle old Peter Botte frowned in all his glory.

"After a short rest, we proceeded to work. The ladder had been left by Lloyd and Dawkins last year. It was about twelve feet high, and reached, as you may perceive, about half-way up a face of perpendicular rock. The foot which was spiked, rested on a ledge, with barely three inches on each side. A grapevine had been also left last year, but was not used. A negro of Lloyd's clambered from the top of the ladder by the cleft in the face of the rock, not trusting his weight to the old and rotten line. He carried a small cord round his middle, and it was fearful to see the cool steady way in which he climbed, where a single loose stone or false hold must have sent him down to the abyss; however, he fearlessly scrambled away till at length we heard him halloo from under the neck, 'all right!' These negroes use their feet exactly like monkeys, grasping with them every projection almost as firmly as with their hands. The line carried up he made fast above, and up it we all four 'shinned' in succession. It was, joking apart, awful work. In several places the ridge ran to an edge not a foot broad, and I could, as I held on, half-sitting, half-kneeling across the ridge, have kicked my right shoe down to the plain on one side, and

my left into the bottom of the ravine on the other. The only thing which surprised me was my own steadiness and freedom from all giddiness. I had been nervous in mounting the ravine in the morning, but gradually I got so excited and determined to succeed, that I could look down that dizzy height without the smallest sensation of swimming in the head; nevertheless I held on *uncommonly hard*, and felt very well satisfied when I was safe under the neck. And a more extraordinary situation I never was in. The head, which is an enormous mass of rock about thirty-five feet in height, overhangs its base many feet on every side. A ledge of tolerably level rock runs round three sides of the base, about six feet in width, bounded every where by the abrupt edge of the precipice, except in the spot where it is joined by the ridge up which we climbed. In one spot the head, though overhanging *its* base several feet, reaches only perpendicularly over the edge of the precipice; and, most fortunately, it was at the very spot where we mounted. Here it was that we reckoned on getting up; a communication being established with the shoulder by a double line of ropes, we proceeded to get up the necessary *materiel*,—Lloyd's portable ladder, additional coils of rope, crow-bars, &c. But now the question, and a puzzler too, was how to get the ladder up against the rock. Lloyd had prepared some iron arrows, thongs to fire over; and, having got up a gun, he made a line fast round his body, which we all held on, and going over the edge of the precipice on the opposite side, he leaned back against the line, and fired over the least projecting part: had the line broken he would have fallen eighteen hundred feet. Twice this failed, and then he had recourse to a large stone with a lead line, which swung diagonally, and seemed to be a feasible plan: several times he made beautiful heaves, but the provoking line would not catch, and away went the stone far down below; till at length Æolus, pleased, I suppose, with his perseverance, gave such a shift of wind for

about one minute, and over went the stone, and was eagerly seized on the opposite side. Hurra, my lads, 'steady 's the word !'

"Three lengths of the ladder were put together on the ledge; a large line was attached to the one which was over the head, and carefully drawn up; and finally, a two inch rope, to the extremity of which was lashed the top of our ladder, then lowered it gently over the precipice till it hung perpendicularly, and was steadied by two negroes on the ridge below.—'All right; now hoist away!' and up went the ladder till the foot came to the edge of our ledge, where it was lashed in firmly to the neck. We then hauled away on the guy to steady it, and made it 'ast; a line was passed over by the lead line to hold on, and up went Lloyd screeching and hallooing, and we all three scrambled after him. The Union-Jack and a boat-hook were passed up, and old England's flag waved freely and gallantly on the redoubted *Peter Botte*. No sooner was it seen flying, than the *Undaunted* frigate saluted the harbour, and the guns of our saluting battery replied; for though our expedition had been kept secret till we started, it was made known the morning of our ascent, and all hands were on the look-out, as we afterwards learnt. We then got a bottle of wine to the top of the rock, christened it 'King William's Peak,' and drunk his majesty's health, hands round the jack, and then 'Hip, hip, hip, hurrah !'

"I certainly never felt any thing like the excitement, of the moment; even the negroes down on the shoulder took up our hurrahs, and we could hear far below, the faint shouts of the astonished inhabitants of the plain. We were determined to do nothing by halves, and accordingly made preparations for sleeping under the neck, by hauling up blankets, pea-jackets, brandy, cigars, &c. Meanwhile, our dinner was preparing on the shoulder below; and about 4 P.M. we descended our ticklish path to partake of the portable soup, prepared salmon, &c.

Our party was now increased by Dawkins and his cousin, a lieutenant of the Talbot, to whom we had written informing them of our hopes of success ; but their heads would not allow them to mount to the head or the neck after dinner. As it was getting dark, I screwed up my nerves, and climbed up to our queer little nest at the top, followed by Tom Keppel and a negro, who carried some dry wood and made a fire in a cleft under the rock. Lloyd and Phillpotts soon came up, and we began to arrange ourselves for the night, each taking a glass of brandy to begin with. I had on two pair of trousers, a shooting waistcoat, jacket, and a huge flushing jacket, over that a thick woollen sailor's cap, and two blankets, and each of us lighted a cigar as we seated ourselves to wait for the appointed hour for our signal of success. It was a glorious sight to look down from the giddy pinnacle over the whole island, lying so calm and beautiful in the moonlight, except where the broad black shadows of the other mountains intercepted the light. Here and there we could see a light twinkling in the plains, or the fire of some sugar-manufactory ; but not a sound of any sort reached us except an occasional shout from the party down on the shoulder, (we four being the only ones above). At length, in the direction of Port Louis, a bright flash was seen, and after a long interval the sullen *boom* of the evening gun. We then prepared our pre-arranged signal, and *whiz* went a rocket from our nest, lighting up for an instant the peaks of the hills below us, and then leaving us in darkness. We next burnt a blue light, and nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the broad glare against the overhanging rock. The wild-looking group we made in our uncouth habiliments, and the narrow ledge on which we stood, were all distinctly shown ; while many of the tropical birds frightened at our vagaries, came glancing by in the light, and then swooped away, screeching, into the gloom below ; for the gorge on our left was dark as Erebus. We burnt another blue light, and threw up two more

rockets, when our laboratory being exhausted, the patient-looking insulted moon, had it all her own way again. We now rolled ourselves up in our blankets, and, having lashed Phillpotts, who is a determined sleep-walker, to Keppel's leg, we tried to sleep; but it blew strong before the morning, and was very cold. We drank all our brandy, and kept lucking in the blankets the whole night without success. At day-break, we rose, stiff, cold, and hungry; and I shall conclude briefly by saying, that after about four or five hours hard work, we got a hole mined in the rock, and sank the foot of our twelve foot ladder deep in this, lashing a water-barrel, as a land mark, at the top: and above all, a long staff, with the union-jack flying. We then, in turn, mounted to the top of the ladder to take a last look at a view such as we might never see again; and, bidding adieu to the scene of our trial and triumph, descended the ladder to the neck, and casting off the guys and hauling lines, cut off all communication with the top."

Lieutenant Taylor and his friends effected their descent in perfect safety. The warm congratulations of their countrymen greeted them on their return from what our readers will probably agree with us in regarding as one of the most brilliant enterprises of this sort which has ever been recorded.

ASCENT OF ARARAT.*

THE mountain of Ararat, situated in the north-eastern corner of Lesser Asia, in the province of Armenia, is remarkable as being the spot on which the ark of Noah rested during the subsidence of the flood. It is a mountain extraordinary for its magnitude, being, at its highest point, 17,260 feet above the level of the sea—an elevation considerably higher than that of Mont Blanc. It

* From Chambers' Journal.

stands nearly midway betwixt the southern extremities of the Black and the Caspian seas, in $39^{\circ} 42'$ of north latitude, and $44^{\circ} 30'$ of east longitude. Though placed close on the line of the immense chain of Taurus, which extends from the eastern shores of the Black Sea far into the centre of Asia, Mount Ararat stands in a measure alone, and has a very grand appearance, the other hills in the neighbourhood being too insignificant in size to hide its proportions or impair the majesty of its aspect. This great mountain is divided into two heads, respectively named the Great and Little Ararat, which form distinct cones, separated from each other by a wide chasm or glen. The two cones are about twelve thousand yards apart at their summits. The peak of the Great Ararat is perpetually covered with snow, but the Lesser Ararat, which is nearly four thousand feet lower, is clear of snow in summer. The plain in which Ararat stands is watered by the Araxes (the Raksi of the natives), and at no great distance stands the large and populous city of Kars.

The people of Armenia, who have long been followers of the Christian faith, regard Mount Ararat with the most intense veneration, and have many religious establishments in its vicinity. They firmly believe, to a man, that *the ark is still preserved* on the summit of the mountain, and that, in order to preserve it, the ascent of Ararat has been prohibited to mortals, by a divine decree, since the time of Noah. The origin of this traditional belief, which is sanctioned by the church, and has almost become an article of Armenian faith, is said to be as follows:—A monk in former times, who was anxious to settle some doubts relative to the scriptural account of Noah, resolved for this purpose to ascend to the top of Ararat, to satisfy himself whether or not the ark was there. On the declivity of the mountain, however, he had several times fallen asleep from exhaustion, and, on awaking, found himself always carried back to the very spot from which he first started. At length,

out of pity, an angel was sent to him with the information that he had entered on an impracticable task ; but, at the same time, his zeal was rewarded by a divine present of a piece of the ark. This piece is to this day preserved as the most valuable relic in the neighbouring convent of Etschmiadsin, the seat of the Patriarch, or Primate, of the church of Armenia.

Numerous other traditionary stories are current respecting failures in attempts to ascend Mount Ararat, and punishments befalling the presumptuous adventurers. Nevertheless, few persons, we believe, excepting the Armenian people, will be inclined to doubt the veracity of the Russian professor, Dr. Friedrich Parrot, who describes his having ascended the mountain in the year 1829, and whose narrative of the adventure supplies the subjoined particulars.

On approaching Mount Ararat from the Convent of Etschmiadsin, where he had been most hospitably entertained, Professor Parrot seems to have been impressed with emotions similar to those which the Holy Land never fails to call up in the minds of Christian travellers. A thunder-storm enveloped Ararat at the moment, but "the rolling of the thunder (says the professor) did not disturb me ; I enthusiastically indulged now in the contemplation of the country spread before me, the longed-for goal of my undertaking ; now in deep reflections on an ancient period, replete with the most interesting historical events. How could it be otherwise ? I was at the foot of Mount Ararat, the mountain of the patriarch Noah." At the Convent of St. James, and the village of Arguri, situated on the sloping base of the mountain, Professor Parrot received a kindly welcome from the hospitable priests, and there made preparations for the ascent. The difficulties of the task, he was aware, were great, as Ararat, in addition to its height, is remarkably steep. Though the priests expected no good issue to such an undertaking, they threw no obstacles in the way.

"On the 12th of September 1829, at seven o'clock in

the morning," says Dr. Parrot, "I set out on my journey, accompanied by M. Schiemaun. We took with us one of our Cossacks and a peasant of Arguri, who was a good huntsman, and our route was first in the bottom of the valley (intermediate between the great and little cones), then up its right acclivity towards a spot where there are two small stone houses standing close to each other; the one formerly a chapel, and the other built as a protection for a spring which is considered sacred." There is a tradition attached to this spring. The country of Armenia is subject to incursions from locusts, which come in immense swarms, and in one day will lay waste whole tracts of land. These creatures can neither be dispersed nor destroyed except by one bird, which also visits the country in large flocks, and is an inveterate enemy to the locusts. Now, to entice this useful bird, it is necessary to fill a vessel from the spring of Ararat, and carry it to the place infested by the locusts, when the birds immediately arrive, and annihilate the pest. From the spring which possesses these marvellous qualities, Parrot and his companions proceeded on their journey up the declivity of the Great Ararat. The day was very hot, and the fatigue of the ascent excessive, so much so that the Cossack was forced to return. About six o'clock in the evening, the others had almost reached the snowy region, and stopped for the night in the clefts of the rocks, at an altitude of about 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. The night was cold, and the peasant, or Jager, Schak of Arguri, who had come in his summer clothing, had to be wrapped for comfort in some sheets of blotting paper brought for drying plants. "At day-break," continues the professor, "we pursued our journey towards the eastern side of the mountain, and soon reached the declivity which runs immediately from the summit of the great peak; it consists entirely of pointed rocky ridges coming down from above, and leaving between them ravines of considerable depth, in which the icy mantle of the summit loses itself and glaciers of

great extent." Before they got round to the east side—the side easiest of ascent near the summit—they had several rocky crests or ridges to get over; and before this was half accomplished, the Jager came to a stand still, and was left behind by Parrot and Schiemaun. These two gentlemen successfully surmounted one by one the rocky crests, by making deep holes with their ice-poles in the glacier, until they reached the extreme upper edge of the rocky ice. They had now attained an elevation equal to that of Mont Blanc, being 15,666 feet, yet the summit of Ararat lay far above them, like a smooth cone of snow. The afternoon, however, was far advanced, and "to spend the few remaining hours of daylight in reaching this point, would have been worse than madness, as we had not seen any rock on the summit which could have afforded us protection during the night; besides which, our stock of provisions was not calculated to last so long." The adventurers were therefore compelled to content themselves with the thought that the summit plainly was accessible, and to return. "In descending," continues the narrative of Parrot, "we met with a danger we had not anticipated; for if in the descent of every mountain you tread less firmly than in the going up, it is still more difficult to tread firmly, when you look down upon such a surface of ice and snow as that over which we had to travel, and where, if we slipped and fell, there was nothing to stop us but the sharp-pointed masses of stone in which the region of eternal ice loses itself. My young friend, whose courage had probably been proof against severer trials, lost his presence of mind here; his foot slipped and he fell; but as he was about twenty paces behind me, I had time to thrust my pole firmly into the ice, to take a sure footing in my capital snow-shoes, and, while I held the pole in my right hand, to catch him in passing with my left. My position was well chosen, but the straps which fastened my ice-shoes broke, and instead of being able to stop my friend, I was carried with him in his fall. He

was so fortunate as to be stopped by some stones, but I rolled on for about 1700 feet, till I reached some fragments of lava, near the lower glacier. The tube of my barometer was dashed to pieces, my chronometer burst open, and every thing had fallen out of my pockets, but I escaped without severe injury. As soon as we had recovered from our fright, we collected the most important of our effects, and continued our journey downwards." Soon afterwards they came to the Jager Schak, who had lighted a fire for them, and by it they passed the night. Next day (the third since their outset) they reached the convent, but took care not to say any thing about their accident, as the good fathers most certainly would have called it a judgment from Heaven on their presumption.

Having satisfied himself, however, by this trial, that the summit of Ararat was accessible, Professor Parrot was not long in making a second attempt. This also failed under very similar circumstances as the preceding. But the professor was indefatigable. He made a third attempt on the 25th of September, and on this occasion took such means as experience pointed out as most likely to obviate the difficulties which had formerly rendered his toils nugatory. Being convinced that every thing depended on passing the first night as near to the boundary line of snow as possible, in order to permit the ascent and descent of the summit in one day, he took horses with his party (consisting on this occasion of several peasants and soldiers) as far as the nature of the ground would allow these animals to go. The professor was thus enabled to spend the night much nearer to the line of snow than formerly. The cold was severe at their resting-place on this night, as they were nearly fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea; but a good fire and a warm supper made the party pretty comfortable. "I had some onion-broth," says Dr. Parrot, "a dish which I would recommend to all mountain travellers in preference to meat-broth, as being extremely warm and invigorating. It was a

magnificent evening, and with my eye fixed on the clear sky, and the lofty summit which projected against it, and then again on the dark night which was gathering far below and around me, I experienced all those delightful sensations of tranquillity, love, and devotion, that silent reminiscence of the past, that subdued glance into the future, which a traveller never fails to experience when on lofty elevations and under pleasing circumstances.

At daybreak we arose, and began our journey at half-past six. We crossed the last broken declivities in half an hour, and entered the boundary of eternal snow nearly at the same place as in our preceding ascent. In consequence of changes in the temperature of the weather, the new-fallen snow, which had facilitated our progress on our previous ascent, had melted away, and again frozen, so that, in spite of the still inconsiderable slope, we were compelled to cut steps in the ice. This very much embarrassed our advance and added greatly to our fatigue. One of the peasants had remained behind in our resting-place, as he felt unwell; two others became exhausted in ascending the side of the glacier. They at first lay down, but soon retreated to our night-quarters. Without being disheartened by these difficulties, we proceeded, and soon reached a great cleft which marks the upper edge of the declivity of the large glacier, and at ten o'clock we arrived at the great plain of snow which marks the first break on the icy head of Ararat. At the distance of a thousand paces or so, we saw the cross which we had reared on the 19th September (second attempt), but it appeared to me so extremely small, probably on account of its black colour, that I almost doubted whether I should be able to perceive it again with an ordinary telescope from the plain of the Araxes. In the direction towards the summit, a shorter, but at the same time a steeper declivity than the one we had passed, now lay before us; and between this and the extreme summit there

appeared to be only one small hill. After a short repose, we passed the first precipice, which was the steepest of all, by hewing out steps in the rocks; and, after this, the next elevation. But here, instead of seeing the ultimate goal of our difficulties, immediately before us appeared a series of small hills, which even concealed the summit from our sight. This rather abated our courage, which had never yielded for a moment so long as we had all our difficulties in view, and our strength, exhausted by the labour of hewing the ice, seemed scarcely commensurate with the attainment of the now invisible object of our wishes. But a review of what had already been accomplished, and of that which might still remain to be done, the proximity of the series of projecting elevations, and a glance at my brave companions, banished my fears, and we boldly advanced. We crossed two more hills, and the cold breeze of the summit blew towards us. I stepped from behind one of the glaciers, and the extreme cone of Ararat lay distinctly before my enraptured eyes. Only one other icy plain was to be ascended, and at a quarter past three, on the 27th of September, O. S., 1829, we stood on the summit of Mount Ararat!"

It is scarcely necessary to say, that, independently of other considerations, the indurated and eternal snows, covering the summit, would have rendered futile any hopes which the Armenians of the party might entertain relative to the remains of the ark of Noah. Yet the feeling in the minds of the successful adventurers must have been one of deep gratification. The summit of Mount Ararat is a slightly convex and almost circular platform, above two hundred feet in diameter, from the edges of which there is a steep declivity on all sides, forming the silver crest of Ararat, composed of enduring ice, unbroken by a rock or stone. The view of the valleys and regions around the base of Ararat was obscured by a grey mist, and the hills in the neighbourhood appeared like dark spots shot up through it.

About thirty feet below the summit, where there was a better chance of its being seen from the valley than on the top, a cross was planted, to indicate to all who might accomplish the ascent afterwards, that others had been before them.

A RECENT VISIT TO MOUNT SINAI.

By R. K. Pringle Esq. late of Edinburgh.

OUR party consisted of three English and one Indian gentleman, and we set sail in a little open boat for Tor, on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, about one hundred and fifty miles below Suez.* We expected to reach it the following day, and had laid in provisions and water accordingly. Our little boat was laden to the water's edge with grain for the monks of Mount Sinai, in charge of which were two Greeks, who understood little of seamanship, and our only efficient crew were an Arab sailor and an Abyssinian slave. We had a deck of about six feet square, without any covering, for our party to sit, eat, and sleep on, and my Hindoostanee servant cooked for us in the fore part of the boat. The first two days our progress was retarded by calms, and we rolled about during the forenoon under a burning sun, and anchored for the night within a stone's cast of the shore, the Arab having no compass, and being afraid to stand out to sea in the dark; but we were unable to land on account of the coral reefs, and had therefore to compose ourselves to sleep as we best could, wrapped in our cloaks on our narrow planks, but in this attempt we were severely disturbed by numerous little nameless fellow-passengers, of whom you happily know nothing in our own dear country, but which abound in this part of the world. The third day we beat up and down, making little way,

* This interesting account was contained in a letter from Mr. Pringle to his mother, dated Suez, 20th March 1838, and was originally published in that excellent periodical, "The Scottish Christian Herald," and so far as we are aware has never been reprinted.

against a head-wind and high sea, and after anchoring as usual for the night, tried on the following day to get out under a strong though favourable breeze, but in the attempt our rotten tackle gave way, and our mainsail was blown to shivers: in this predicament the Greeks being useless from fear, and the two others hardly knowing what to do, we were only saved from being driven on the coral rocks by the activity and coolness of an Irish gentleman in our party, who cut the ropes with his knife, and managed to rig up a smaller sail in a few seconds. After getting clear out, however, we could make little way, from the violence of the gale and the scantiness of our rigging, but managed to anchor for the night in a place where we could get on shore and pitch a little tent we had with us; and fortunately we were soon followed by another Arab vessel of much larger size, and with a better crew and rigging, and which was the only one we had seen since we left Suez. Our provisions and water were by this time reduced to a low ebb, and the whole of the neighbouring coast was an uninhabited sandy desert, (the wilderness of Shur,) where it was impossible to get them replenished, the only spring we knew of, and that at the distance of some hours' sailing, being the supposed bitter Marah of the Bible; nor did we feel disposed to proceed farther in our crazy craft if we could help it; we, therefore, after holding a council, determined to transfer ourselves, if possible, to the other vessel, and were fortunately able to make an arrangement with the crew to that effect. The next (fifth) day we made much better progress in our new vessel, which, though under other circumstances it might have appeared comfortless enough, was to us a palace after the one we had left, and we anchored for the night under a lofty range of rugged volcanic mountains. Our new ship having a little boat attached to it, we went on shore to explore the singular scenery of the coast, but we had considerable difficulty in regaining the vessel, which was

lying at some distance out, the wind coming to blow hard in shore, and after wading up to the middle to launch our boat, and pulling hard for about an hour, we were barely able to drag ourselves to it by a spar they had thrown out attached to a long rope, just as we were beginning to get exhausted, and the night was closing in upon us, and for the success of this operation we were again mainly indebted to the coolness and activity of our Irish companion.

On the evening of the sixth day we came to anchor at Tor, and were not sorry to put our foot again on dry land. Tor is a miserable place, containing a few ruinous mud huts, and a population of some dozen of Greeks, Jews, and Arabs, who support themselves chiefly on fish, which are caught here in great abundance, and which proved a valuable addition to our stock of provisions, which was now reduced to a few coarse sea biscuits. The whole of the country round Tor is a barren sandy desert, bounded by the Red Sea on one side, and on the other by the bold and lofty mountains of Sinai, which form a magnificent background in the distance. It is generally supposed to be the Elim of the Bible, where the Israelites in the early part of their journeyings, came upon the wells and the palm trees, and the wells and palm trees are certainly still there, though not exactly according in number with those mentioned in the Bible; they are, however, the more remarkable, from being the only objects to relieve the eye in the expanse of desert, and its being the only part of the coast, for many miles, where they are to be found. There was nothing to induce us to prolong our stay at Tor, and we would have quitted it immediately after filling our water skins at the wells of Elim, had we had the means, but we had to send a day's journey into the mountains for the Bedouin Arabs, to procure camels for the journey, and on their arrival had to negotiate for a couple of days with them before coming to an arrangement, for, finding us at their mer-

ey, they endeavoured to extort what they could from us, and we having the risk of being again too late for the steamer before us, were glad to compound with them on almost any terms. After much difficulty, and a wearisome detention of almost four days at this inhospitable spot, we at last got away upon our camels, which proved to be none of the best, and after marching all day over the sandy desert, and gradually approaching the magnificent mountain barrier, we reached the foot of it as the sun went down, and there pitched our tent for the night; we had no beds with us, as we judged it prudent, both for the sake of expedition, and to avoid attracting the cupidity of the Arabs, to travel as light as possible, but after a long day's march on the back of a camel, wrapped in our cloaks on the soft sand, and with our saddle bags for a pillow, we had never any difficulty in sleeping soundly enough. The next day we entered the mountains by a pass, which in wild and savage grandeur surpassed any thing I ever witnessed; the gorge was very narrow, and the rocks towered above us on either side to an immense height, with a rugged serrated outline, resembling some parts of the Alps, or the Pass of Glencoe in the Highlands, but utterly destitute of vegetation, and broken at every turn, in an endless variety of fantastic shapes, with enormous blocks of granite, rolled and tumbled over each other in rude confusion at the bottom, as if by the joint action of fire and water, and every here and there lateral defiles of a like wild and rugged character, branching off and penetrating, as it were, into the very heart of the mountains. We had not entered this pass long before we came upon a small stream of water, losing itself in the sand of the desert, but gradually increasing in size as we followed it *up* its course till it became a fine clear *burn*, tumbling over the rocks, which was most refreshing both to the eye and the palate, being the first running water we had seen since we left the banks of the Nile. The whole of this day's march was occupied in ascending the pass,

which was severe work for the camels, as the path was in many places very rough and rocky; mine, and that of one of my companion's, broke down under it, and we had to leave them to their fate, and proceed the best way we could on foot, till, after a laborious walk of some hours, we fell in with some wandering Bedouins, who supplied us with fresh camels. We encamped for the night on an elevated spot near the head of the pass, where we found the rocky ground made rather a harder bed than the sands of the desert, but this was soon remedied, by cutting down with our swords a sort of broom which we found growing in the neighbourhood, and which, spread under our cloaks, made a very good couch.

We had now ascended into a region of considerable elevation, and the first part of our journey on the third day lay through an open valley with a gravelly bottom and no verdure, but thinly scattered over with plants of wild thyme, and various kinds of stunted shrubs, most of them emitting a sweet smell which perfumed the whole air; and we occasionally met with wandering Bedouins, feeding their goats and sheep, from whom we sometimes got a supply of goat milk, which was very acceptable. This is the Desert of Sin, the scene of much of the sojourning of the children of Israel; and where Moses went to feed the flocks of his father-in-law, the priest of Midian, when the Lord appeared to him in the burning bush. We had now, ahead of us, the central range of Sinai, towering aloft in bold and craggy pinnacles, and after leaving the open valley and winding again for some hours up a steep and rugged pass between two lofty mountains, we came out upon a circular plain of some extent, with shrubs growing upon it as in the valley, and at the further extremity of this, rose, in wild sublimity and grandeur with two pinnacles at the summit, what is supposed to be the mountain of Sinai, from whence the law was delivered amid thunder and lightning; the circular plain below being the ground

on which the Israelites were encamped ; and certainly if any scene on earth could form a fitting theatre for such a transaction, it was this. At the foot of the mountain is situated the Greek monastery of Mount Sinai, and the cypress trees, apricots, almonds, &c., now in full blossom in the little garden which surrounds it, were the first symptoms of cultivation which had greeted our eyes since we left Egypt. We reached the monastery just as the sun was going down behind the mountain, and found it surrounded by high walls, and fortified, for the protection of the monks from the incursions of the Bedouins. On our arrival we were hailed by the monks from a window about sixty feet from the ground, and having asked our business, and satisfied themselves as to our credentials, which they drew up by a cord, they granted us admission, and pulled us up, one by one, by a rope fixed round us with a noose, our Bedouin guides and camel-men being jealously excluded, and left to encamp at the foot of the walls. The monastery is occupied by about thirty monks of the Greek Church, who lead a very strict abstemious life, and are chiefly engaged in their devotional exercises. It is an irregular building inside, and contains a great many cells and chapels of various sizes and forms ; the principal church is handsome, and they have a large refectory, and library, containing some curious old manuscripts. The whole is, as I said, surrounded by high walls, on which a few old guns are mounted for defence against the Arabs. The monks, however, find it better policy to conciliate than to fight them ; and daily feed, it is said, nearly two hundred of them, with coarse bread below the walls. We were hospitably received by the superior, (and two little comfortable dormitories assigned for our use ; and they gave us such cheer as they had to produce, viz. coarse bread, good spring water, (to us a great luxury), and rice. The following morning we descended to the garden through a subterranean passage, guarded by an iron door, and were

thence let down to the plain below by a rope from the wall ; and proceeded, under the guidance of one of the brothers, and a party of Bedouins, to ascend the mountain. The ascent was very steep and rugged, the steps which had been formed to facilitate it having been broken up ages ago. The scenery increased in grandeur and sublimity as we mounted. About one-third from the top, we came to a level circular space, surrounded on all sides by lofty peaks, which is said to be Mount Horeb, and supposed to be the scene of Moses' forty days' sojourn. The extreme summit is a pointed space a little way higher up, of about twenty yards breadth, on which are the ruins of an ancient chapel. The view from this point extends over the whole of the southern portion of the Peninsula between the gulf of Arabia and Suez, and in its peculiar style of sublime and savage grandeur is certainly unequalled by any thing I ever saw, and must, I imagine, be quite unique. It is like a sea of boiling lava, suddenly congealed, and rising in a confused chaos of abrupt and lofty pinnacles. We descended the mount by a different, but not less rugged path, which brought us down into a deep, dark, rocky valley, between Mount Sinai and Mount St. Catherine, a no less abrupt and lofty mountain adjoining it. This is supposed, and with apparent probability, to be the vale of Rephidim, where Israel contended with Amalek, while Moses overlooked them, with his hands upheld by Aaron and Hur. We wended our way for some time through this valley, and round the base of the holy Mount, and then emerged, and crossing it regained the monastery and were pulled up into the garden about sunset, after a day of much interest, and not a little fatigue. The next day, after the usual difficulties and negotiations, we made arrangements with the Bedouins for camels, to take us back by land to Suez, and having been let down again by the rope from the window, proceeded on our journey the same evening. In the book kept by the

monks for the insertion of the names of visitors, I saw among the most recent of those who had preceded us, those of Lord Lindsay and William Ramsay ; and the Arab Shiekh brought me the same camel which he said poor Ramsay had ridden, and showed much concern when, in answer to his inquiries after him, I informed him of his death. I should have been glad to have followed the route they took to visit the ruins of Petra before returning to Suez, but the delays we had already met with, and the still greater difficulties of effecting an arrangement with the Arabs for such an extension of our trip, made it quite out of the question, without incurring a greater risk of again missing the steamer, than, in our circumstances, would have been prudent. We accordingly took the most direct route in our journey back to Suez. This occupied six days of constant travelling. We mounted our camels every day at dawn, rested a couple of hours at noon, generally under the shadow of some overhanging rock, for breakfast, and reached our ground, where we pitched our tent for the night, about sunset. We had expended all our provisions when we had reached the monastery, and the monks supplied us with barely a sufficiency for our homeward journey, viz., a small loaf of coarse bread, and half a hard biscuit, to each man a day, which, with the scanty and indifferent supply of water we could find at distant intervals with which to fill our leathern bags, was sorry enough fare for the hard work we had to go through ; but we were all fortunately in good health and spirits, so that these petty privations and discomforts appeared very light. Had they continued longer, however, we should have been hard put to it ; for our provisions were reduced to the last loaf, our shoes nearly worn out, and the stock of money in our joint purse dwindled down to a few silver pieces when we arrived at Suez.

The past part of our journey lay through a mountainous country, (the wilderness of Sin,) which we tra-

versed by valleys resembling in character that which I have before described, and in some places having the appearance of the clay beds of torrents; the subsequent part was through a more open and level country, and latterly parallel to the sea shore, through the wilderness of Shur, and by the waters of Marah, at which we filled our skins, and which, though by no means good, were yet not so very bitter as I had expected. Indeed, the whole of our route lay through the country traversed by the Israelites on their way from the Red Sea to Mount Sinai, and enabled us to form a very complete notion of that part of Arabia Petrea, which must either have greatly altered in character from what it used to be, or such a multitude as composed the host of Israel (six hundred thousand men, besides women and children) could have been sustained only by a succession of the most stupendous miracles, as indeed the Scriptures give us reason to believe they were. There are various opinions as to the exact point where the passage of the Red Sea was effected; nor is there perhaps sufficient evidence to fix it at any precise spot; but the opinion we came to, from an observation of the localities, and we had opportunities of studying them under every aspect, was, that the probabilities were in favour of its having been at a point from fifteen to twenty miles below Suez. The evening tints at sunset over the sea, and the lights and shadows on the adjacent mountains of Egypt and Arabia, were beautiful; and we had ample time to admire them during our tedious voyage, as also the rich submarine fields of coral, which are thrown up in great abundance here, and seen to great perfection, through the clear blue waters. We got back here on the 16th, having much enjoyed our excursion, notwithstanding all the roughing with which it was accompanied; and after it, Suez, which had before appeared so barren and inhospitable a spot, was, in our eyes, a comparative paradise. We were hospitably received by the vice-consul, Mr. Fitch, by whose kindness in allowing us the

use of a very comfortable room in his house, we have been saved from any inconvenience we might have otherwise incurred from our long detention at so remote a place. All articles of food are brought hither from a great distance, and the only water, and that indifferent, from the wells of Moses, on the Arabian side of the sea, and sold at a high price in the Bazaar ; but the supply of all necessaries is sufficiently abundant, and there is a greater appearance of life and bustle than one would expect at such a place, from its being a great central point of communication and trade for the caravans of Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine, and the pilgrims to and from Mecca and Jerusalem.

CHAPTER II.

RUINED CITIES.

Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown
 Matted and massed together, hillocks heaped
 On what were chambers, arch-crushed columns strown
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and frescoes steeped
 In subterranean damps.

CHILDE HAROLD.

THE RUINS OF BALBEC.

WE left Zakle, which is a pretty Christian village at the foot of Libanus, on the border of the plain facing the Anti-Libanus ; and we pursued our course along the roots of the mountains, reascending in the direction of the north. We passed a ruined edifice, on the remains of which the Turks have erected a dervish's house and mosque, presenting a grand and picturesque effect. Ac-

According to Arabian traditions, this is the tomb of Noah, whose ark touched the summit, and who dwelt in the lovely valley of Balbec, where he died, and was buried. Some ancient arches, and other structures of Greek and Roman origin, seem to confirm the traditions. It would appear at least, that in all ages this spot has been consecrated by the memory of some great event : stones support the evidence of history.

We were seven hours in crossing obliquely the plain leading to Balbec. As we approached the Anti-Libanus, the plain became more dry and rocky. Anemones and snow-drops were as numerous as the bubbles beneath our feet. We began to perceive an immense black mass, which detached itself from the white sides of the Anti-Libanus : this was Balbec. At length we reached the first ruin : this was a small octagonal temple, supported on columns of red Egyptian marble. Several of the most lofty of these columns have evidently been truncated, as some have a volute at the capital, and others have no trace of any volute. In my opinion, they have been transported hither and cut at a very recent period, for the purpose of supporting the cap of a Turkish mosque or the roof of a santon, probably in the time of Fakar-el-Din. The materials are fine, and the workmanship of the cornices and the roof bear some traces of skill in art ; but these materials are evidently fragments of ruins, restored by a comparatively feeble hand, by a taste already corrupt.

This temple is situated at a quarter of an hour's journey from Balbec. Impatient to gain sight of the grand and mysterious monuments bequeathed to us by the most remote antiquity, we urged on our horses, who were beginning to manifest symptoms of fatigue, and were stumbling here and there over blocks of marble, shafts of columns, and capitals. The boundary walls of all the fields surrounding Balbec are built of these ruins : antiquaries may here find an enigma in every stone. Some traces of cultivation began to reappear, and large

walnut trees, the first I had seen in Syria, rose between Balbec and us, and their branches still concealed from us the ruins of the temples. At length we discovered them. They were not, properly speaking, either temples or ruins.

We beheld before us a hill of architecture, which suddenly rose above the plain at some distance from the hills of the Anti-Libanus. We passed along one of the sides of this hill of ruins, upon which rises a forest of graceful columns. These were now gilded by the setting sun, and presented the dead yellow tints of the marble of the Parthenon, or the tuff of the Coliseum at Rome. Among these columns there are some still retaining uninjured their richly-carved capitals and cornices: they are ranged in long and elegant files along the walls which inclose the sanctuaries. Some are reclining against the walls, and are supported by them, like trees whose roots are decayed whilst their trunks still remain sound and vigorous. Others, more numerous, are scattered here and there, forming immense masses of marble or stone on the slopes of the hill, in the deep hollows round it, and even in the bed of the river which flows at its feet.

On the level summit of the mountain of stone, not far from the inferior temple, there rise six pillars of gigantic dimensions, still adorned with their colossal cornices. We continued our course by the foot of the mountain, until the columns and architecture ended, and we saw only gigantic walls built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture: these are the wrecks of another age, and were employed at a subsequent but now remote period for the erection of the temples at present lying in ruins.

We rose next morning with the sun, the first rays of which lighted the temples of Balbec, and gave to those mysterious ruins that appearance of eternal freshness which nature can, when she pleases, confer even on what time has destroyed. After a hasty breakfast, we set off to touch with our hands what we had as yet only touch-

ed with our eyes. We advanced to the artificial hill to examine the different masses of architecture of which it is composed. We soon reached it on the northern side, under the shade of the gigantic walls which in that direction envelope the ruins. A beautiful stream, overflowing its bed of granite, ran beneath our feet, and formed here and there little lakes of limpid water, gurgling and foaming round the huge stones which had fallen from the walls, and the sculptures buried in the bed of the stream.

We crossed the torrent of Balbec by the aid of the bridges which time had thrown over it, and by a steep and narrow track we mounted to the terrace which runs round the walls. At every step we took, at every stone our hands touched and our eyes measured, we involuntarily uttered exclamations of admiration and surprise. Every block of stone composing this boundary wall is at least eight or ten feet in length, five or six in width, and the same in height. These blocks, of enormous weight to be lifted by men's hands, lie uncemented one upon another, and almost all bear traces of Indian or Egyptian sculpture.

Several of the stones of the wall were twenty and thirty feet in length, and seven or eight in height.

On reaching the summit of the breach, we knew not where to fix our eyes. On every side we beheld marble doors of prodigious dimensions, windows and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture, richly ornamented arches, fragments of cornices, entablatures, and capitals. The master-works of art, the wrecks of ages, lay scattered as thickly as the grains of dust beneath our feet. All was mystery, confusion, inexplicable wonder.

We were still separated from the second scene of ruins by some internal structures which intercepted our view of the temples. The spot which we had now reached was to all appearance the abode of the priests, or the site of some private chapels. We passed these monumental buildings, which were much richer than the surrounding

wall, and the second scene of the ruins unfolded itself to our eyes. This was much broader, much longer, much fuller of rich ornament than the first scene, which we had just quitted. It was a vast platform of an oblong form, whose level was frequently interrupted by fragments of more elevated pavements, which seemed to have belonged to temples entirely destroyed, or to temples without roofs, where the sun, which is worshipped at Balbec, might see his own altar. Round this platform is ranged a series of chapels, decorated with niches, admirably sculptured friezes, cornices, and vaulted arches, all displaying the most finished workmanship, but evidently belonging to a degenerate period of art, and distinguished by that exuberance of ornament which marked the decline of the Greeks and Romans.

About eight or ten of the chapels appear to be in a perfect state, for they bear no traces of dilapidation. They are open to the oblong platform, round the edge of which they stand, and where the mysteries of the worship of Baal were probably performed in the open air.

But all this was nothing compared with what we beheld shortly afterwards. By multiplying in imagination the remains of the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and of the Parthenon, some notion may be formed of this architectural scene: its wonders consisted in the prodigious accumulation of so many richly executed monuments in a single spot, so that the eye could embrace them at a single glance, in the midst of a desert, and above the ruins of an almost unknown city.

We slowly turned from this spectacle, and journeyed towards the south, where the heads of the six gigantic columns I have already mentioned, rose like a pharos above the horizon of the ruins. To each of these columns, we had once more to pass external boundary walls, high terraces, pedestals, and foundations of altars. At length we arrived at the feet of the columns. Silence is the only language of man when what he feels outstrips the ordinary measure of his impressions. We stood in

mute contemplation of these six columns, and scanning with our eyes their diameter, their elevation, and the admirable sculpture of their architraves and cornices,—their diameter is six feet, and their height upwards of seventy feet. They are formed out of only two or three blocks, which are so perfectly joined together that the junction lines are scarcely discernible. They are composed of a sort of light yellow stone, presenting a kind of medium between the polish of marble and the deadness of tuff. When we saw them, the sun lighted them only on one side ; and we sat down for a few moments in their shade. Large birds like eagles, scared by the sound of our footsteps, fluttered above the capitals of the columns, where they have built their nests ; and returning, perched upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beaks, and flapping their wings like living ornaments amidst these inanimate wonders. These columns, which some travellers have supposed to be the remains of an avenue, 104 feet long, and 56 wide, formerly leading to a temple, have, I think, evidently been external monuments of the same temple.

On an attentive examination of the smaller temple, which still stands in a complete state at a little distance, it appears to have been built after the same design.

Before us to the south, was another temple, standing on the edge of the platform, at the distance of about forty paces from us. This is the most perfect and most magnificent monument in Balbec, and, I may venture to add, in the whole world. If we could repair one or two columns of the peristyle, which have rolled down on the side of the platform, with their heads still resting against the walls of the temple ; restore to their places some of the enormous vaulted arches which have fallen from the roof into the vestibule ; raise up one or two sculptured blocks of the inner door ; and if the altar, recomposed out of the fragments scattered over the ground, could resume its former place,—we might recall the gods and the priests, and the people would behold their temple as com-

plete and as brilliant as when it received its finishing touch from the hand of the architect. The proportions of this temple are smaller than those which are indicated by the six colossal columns. It is surrounded by a portico, supported by Corinthian columns, each of which is about five feet in diameter, and about forty-five in height. The columns are each composed of three blocks of stone; they are nine feet apart from one another, and an equal distance from the interior wall of the temple. Above the capitals of these columns are a rich architrave and an admirably sculptured cornice. The roof of the peristyle is formed of large concave blocks of stone, cut with the chisel in vaulted arches, each of which is adorned with the figure of a god, a goddess, or a hero: among them we recognised a Gannymede carried off by the eagle of Jupiter. Some of these blocks have fallen to the ground, and are lying at the feet of the columns. We measured them, and they were sixteen feet wide, and nearly five feet thick. These may be called the tiles of the temple. The inner door of the temple, formed of equally large blocks of stone, is twenty-two feet wide. We could not measure its height, because other blocks of stone had fallen near it and half covered it. The appearance of the sculptured stones which form the face of this, and its disproportion to the other parts of the edifice, lead me to suspect that it is the door of the ruined grand temple, and that it has been affixed to this. The sculptures which adorn it are, in my opinion, older than the age of Antoninus, and in a style infinitely less pure. An eagle holding a caduceus in his claws, spreads his wings over the opening; from his beak escape festoons of ribbons and chains, which are supported at their extremities by two figures of Fame. The interior of the monument is decorated with pillars and niches of the richest and most florid sculpture, some of the broken fragments of which we carried away. Several of the niches were quite perfect, and looked as though they had just received the finishing touch from the hand of the sculptor.

At a little distance from the entrance to the temple, we found some immense openings and subterranean staircases, which led us down to lower buildings, the destinations of which we were unable to guess. Here, too, all was on a vast and magnificent scale. They were probably the abodes of the Pontiffs, the colleges of the priests, the halls of initiation—perhaps also royal dwellings. They were lighted from their roofs, or from the sides of the platform under which they were built. Fearing lest we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we entered only a small portion of them—they seemed to extend over the whole of the hill. The temple I have just described stands at the south-western extremity of the hill of Balbec, and forms the angle of the platform.

On leaving the peristyle, we found ourselves on the very edge of the precipice. We could measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of the group of monuments. This pedestal is thirty feet above the level of the plain of Balbec. It is built of stones of such prodigious dimensions, that if the descriptions of them were not given by travellers worthy of credit, they would be rejected as false and improbable. The Arabs, who are daily eye-witnesses to the existence of these wonders, attribute them, not to the power of man, but to that of genii and other supernatural beings. When it is considered that some of these blocks of hewn stone are twenty feet long, fifteen or sixteen wide, and of inconceivable thickness; when it is borne in mind, that these huge masses are raised one above another to the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground—that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to so vast a height to form the pavement of the temples—the mind is overwhelmed by such an example of human power. The science of modern times cannot help us to explain it, and we cannot be surprised that it is referred to the supernatural.

These wonders are evidently not of the date of the temples—they were mysteries to the ancients, as they

are to us. They belong to an unknown age, and are perhaps antediluvian. It is possible that they may have supported many temples, consecrated to successive and various forms of religious worship. On the site of the ruins of Balbec, the eye at once recognises five or six generations of monuments, belonging to different ages. I am inclined to believe that these gigantic masses of stone were put together either by the early races of men who in all primitive histories are denominated giants, or by some race of men who lived before the deluge.

Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

THEBES—LUXOR.

WE continued our march, soon after mid-day, to Thebes, passing for a few miles along the edge of the desert, and then on embanked roads, raised high above the level of the annual inundation: we wound our pleasant way among green crops, and tall date trees to *Luxor*, and alighted under its majestic colonnade, with exhausted spirits, and minds not free enough to contemplate and admire its grandeur.

We met two or three eager travellers the very moment we dismounted, who had just arrived, and were just too late to accompany the party we had passed on the road. They were going to Kosseir. They asked a few hurried questions about the desert, halting-places, water, &c., and hastened away with Monsieur Rifaud to prepare for their departure. This gentleman, a foreign artist resident here, had obligingly provided us a lodging, a rude mud hovel, under the very walls of an old temple; it had an upper chamber in ruinous condition; the floor in parts fallen through; the thatch not weather-proof; and neither door, lattice, nor window-shutter. With delight, however, we took possession—and gazed upon the old Nile,—“With not a wrinkle on its glassy brow.”

Our Indian servant consulted the safety of our necks by bringing up some planks to place over a hole in the floor. They were painted—a black ground, with figures and hieroglyphics in bright yellow. I thought that they must have been some labours of Belzoni; some copies on wood to assist him in planning the model of his tomb—not so; they were mummy chests broken up and sold for firewood. There lay a large heap in the yard, bought for a piastre, and our cook was feeding his fire with the once sacred sycamore.

Such was our introduction to ancient Thebes. We gave up the next day to repose. I took a book and sat alone for some hours in the morning, under the shadow of a part of that magnificent building said to be the Tomb of Osymandyas. In the afternoon we took a slow, unexamining stroll round the ruins of Luxor, to receive general impressions, and to catch the general effect and character of Egyptian remains.

Before the grand entrance of this vast edifice, which consists of many separate structures, formerly united in harmonious design, two lofty obelisks stand proudly pointing to the sky, fair as the daring sculptor left them. The sacred figures, and hieroglyphic characters which adorn them, are cut beautifully into the granite, and have the sharp finish of yesterday. The very stone looks not discoloured. You see them as Cambyses saw them when he stayed his chariot wheels to gaze upon them, and the Persian war-cry ceased before these acknowledged symbols of the sacred element of fire.

Behind them are two colossal figures, in part concealed by the sand, as is the bottom of a choked-up gateway the base of a massive propylon, and indeed their own.

Very noble are these remains, and on the propylon is a war-scene, much spoken of; but my eyes were continually attracted to the aspiring obelisks, and again and again you turn to look at them, with increasing wonder and silent admiration.

There are many courts and chambers, many porticoes

and colonnades, one of the latter of stately proportions, and pre-eminent in grandeur. It is seen to great advantage, as it stands in the very centre of these ruins, on elevated ground open to the river, and not encumbered or disfigured by huts or rubbish. As for the other portions of this tomb or temple, (a point disputed,) in one court you find a mosque, and some dark habitations; in another, some meaner hovels, litters of dirty straw, the ox, the goat, the ass, ragged children, and the poor and sickly-looking parents. Some parts which are roofed, and might be made commodious as a shelter, are left vacant and silent for the timid lizard.

The village is scattered round these masses of stone, and built of mud and pottery, having, at least most of the houses, large dove-cotes of pottery on the roofs. On either side of the village and the temple walls, are high mounds of accumulated rubbish and drifted sand. We ascended one of these and looked around us. Every object, (and they were not common objects) was tinted, sadly, as I thought, with the yellow light of departing day.

Monsieur Rifaud dined with us in the evening, and we arranged to visit the Temple of Karnac the next morning. Monsieur Rifaud was to accompany us, and asses were to be ready at an early hour to convey us. I availed myself of their not arriving at the break of day, to walk forward alone, directing the servant to saddle one and send it after me.

With a quick beating heart, and steps rapid as my thoughts, I strode away, took the path to the village of Karnac, skirted it, and passed over loose sand; and, among a few scattered date trees, I found myself in the grand alley of the sphinxes, and directly opposite that noble gateway, which has been called triumphal; certainly triumph never passed under one more lofty, or, to my eye, of a more imposing magnificence. On the bold curve of its beautifully projecting cornice, a globe, coloured as of fire, stretches forth long overshadowing wings of the brightest azure.

This wondrous and giant portal stands well ; alone, detached a little way from the mass of the great ruins, with no columns, walls, or propylæa immediately near. I walked slowly up to it, through the long lines of sphinxes which lay couchant on either side of a broad road, (once paved,) as they were marshalled by him who planned these princely structures, we know not when. They are of stone less durable than granite ; their general forms are fully preserved, but the detail of execution is, in most of them, "worn away."

In those forms, in that couched posture, in the decaying, shapeless heads, the huge worn paws, the little image between them and the sacred *tau* grasped in its crossed hands, there is something which disturbs you with a sense of awe. In the locality you cannot err. You are on a highway to a heathen temple. One that the Roman came, as you come, to visit and admire ; and the Greek before him. And you know that priest and king, lord and slave, the festival throng and the solitary worshipper, trod for centuries where you do ; and you know that there has been the crowding flight of the vanquished towards the sanctuary and last hold, and the quick trampling of armed pursuers, and the neighing of the war-horse, and the voice of the trumpet, and the shout, as of a king among them, all on this silent spot. And you see before you, and on all sides, ruins : the stones, which formed walls and square temple-towers, thrown down in vast heaps ; or still in large masses, erect as the builder placed them, and, where their materials have been fine, their surfaces and corners smooth, sharp, and uninjured by time. They are neither grey nor blackened ; like the bones of man, they seem to whiten under the sun of the desert. Here is no lichen, no moss, no rank grass or mantling ivy, no wall-flower or wild fig-tree to robe them, and to conceal their deformities, and bloom above them. No, all the nakedness of desolation—the colossal skeleton of a giant fabric standing in the unwatered sand, in solitude and silence—a silence

broken only by the approach of the stranger, for then the wild and houseless dogs, which own no master, pick their scanty food in nightly prowlings round the village, and bask in the sand-heaps near throughout the day, start up, and howl at him as he passes, and with yell, and bark, and grin, pursue his path, and mock his meditations. Old men and boys come out of the village to chase and still them, and supply their place; bringing with them little relics and ornaments for sale, and they talk and trouble you. I soon got rid of them, attaching to myself one *silent* Arab, who followed me throughout that day, and also when I visited the temple again, carrying a cruise of water, and a few dried dates. I was fortunate in him. He had learned the ways of the traveller, understood your frown, your glance, your beckon, and that motion of the hand, by which you shew your wish that he should leave you to gaze alone and unobserved.

There are no ruins like these ruins: in the first court you pass one large, lofty, solitary column, erect among heaped and scattered fragments, which had formed a colonnade of one-and-twenty like it. You pause a while, and then move slowly on. You enter a wide portal, and find yourself surrounded by one hundred and fifty columns,* on which I defy any man, sage or savage, to look unmoved. Their vast proportions the better taste of after days rejected and disused: but the still astonishment, the serious gaze, the thickening breath of the awed traveller, are tributes of an admiration not to be checked or frozen by the chilling rules of taste. The "*des masses informes*" of Voltaire would have been exchanged, I think, for a very different expression, if he had ever wandered to the site of ancient Thebes.

As I passed out of the ruin, I saw my companions at a distance, and joined them. Monsieur R. had conducted them to his favourite spot for catching a first and

* The central row have the enormous diameter of eleven French feet; the others that of eight.

general view of the ruins; a lofty heap of sand and rubbish, lying between the eastern and northern gates: certainly from hence you command the ruins well. A forest of columns, massive propylæa, lofty gates, tall obelisks, a noble assemblage of objects. Yet was I glad that I had first approached by the avenue of the sphinxes.

We passed the entire day in these ruins, wandering about alone, as inclination led us. Detailed descriptions I cannot give. I have neither the skill nor the patience to count and to measure. I ascended a wing of the great propylon on the west, and sat there long. I crept round the colossal statues; I seated myself on a fallen obelisk, and gazed up at the three yet standing erect amid the huge fragments of fallen granite. I sauntered slowly round every part, examining the paintings and hieroglyphics, and listening now and then, not without a smile, at our polite little *cicerone*, as, with the air of a condescending *savant*, he pointed to many of the symbols, saying, "this means water," and "that means land," "this stability," "that life," and "here is the name of Berenice." In reply to a quiet question, I did get the modest admission of the "*on dit*."

We met together in the evening of this day on a mound of rubbish, to the south-west of the ruins, saw them gilded by the rich set of sun, then mounted our asses and ambled home; passing in our path spots where the ox, and the cow, and the ram pastured, no longer venerated; and casting a stone in anger at the barking dog, unchecked, by any fear of offending Anubis, or the demoniac Nephthe.

Our next visit was to Gournou: we crossed the river, landed under a large tree of the Pharaoh fig, and again ambled away on asses, to explore more ruins.

The first to which we were conducted, are those of the Memnonium. Here again, you have thick lofty walls; a noble portico, with columns of more than eight feet in diameter; tall terminal caryatides, standing out from square pillars, in high full relief: their heads have been

broken off and destroyed, or removed ; near them lie the vast and shattered fragments of a huge colossus, of red granite ; and not far removed, a large though smaller figure of black polished granite, has been overthrown and broken.

We passed on to a small temple of Isis, which had been left in a most perfect state, and has the appearance of being far more modern than any on either side of the river ; the roof entire, three shrines or cells, side by side, and divided by walls : in all of them the figures of Isis, both seated and standing, are of uncommon beauty. Figures of the wolf, both *passant* and *couchant* are often repeated ; there is a bark, with a cow of Isis ; a hawk, admirably done : the head-dress of Isis very elegant ; and the disposition of the colours and design in the ornamental borderings round the walls producing a very pleasing effect.

From hence our guide conducted us to some catacombs, in the naked hill just above. Some are passages, some pits ; but, in general, passages in the side of the hill. Here and there you may find a bit of the rock or clay, smoothed and painted, or bearing the mark of a thin fallen coating of composition ; but for the most part, they are quite plain. Bones, rags, and the scattered limbs of skeletons, which have been torn from their coffins, stripped of their grave-clothes, and robbed of the sacred scrolls placed with them in the tomb, lie in or around these "open sepulchres." We found nothing ; but surely the very rag blown to your feet is a relic ! May it not have been woven by some damsel under the shade of trees, with the song that lightens labour, twenty centuries ago ? or may it not have been carried with a sigh to the tiring-men of the temple by one who bought it to swathe the cold and stiffened limbs of a being loved in life, and mourned in his death ? Yes, it is a relic ; and one, musing on which a warm fancy might find wherewithal to beguile a long and solitary walk.

We descended to the temple of Medinet Habou : ruin-

ed mud hovels are scattered on a level with its roof, and, indeed, upon it. In this temple you find a large open court, surrounded with cloisters, which are supported by massive square pillars, and also by columns; figures of deities and hieroglyphics are depicted on them; and, upon the walls around, scenes of war and triumph are every where pourtrayed. In one of the courts of the very temple thus adorned, are the clear vestiges of a Christian place of worship. The altar and the small columns which supported the nave of its small choir, poor and humble do they look in the midst of such ruins as these; but to the Christian eye they are arrayed with glory. Here men, confessing Christ the Saviour of the world, have knelt in prayers. Who shall say that Christ was not present, dimly seen, perhaps, yet felt with secret reverence and affection.*

We rode back to the Memnonium, visited some other catacombs to the northward of it, and stopped before many of those which have been converted by the poor Arabs into dwellings, to try if we could meet with a mummy in a perfect state: we were not successful. We purchased a few trifles which these men, taught by us to "ransack up the quiet grave," bring eagerly for sale, and then returned across the plain to our boat, passing and pausing before those celebrated statues so often described: they are seated on thrones looking to the east, and on the Nile. In this posture they are upwards of fifty feet in height; and their bodies, limbs, and heads, are large, spreading, and disproportioned. A frantic victor, baffled by the secret of its strange music, bade his myrmidons drag down one of these colossal heads; but soon after, priests rebuilt it, and renewed the juggle, to the success of which many inscriptions on the statue bear testimony. Among others, one Claudius Maximus, of the 22d legion, states that he heard the voice. It is silent now. These are very awful monuments; they bear

* Vide Christian Researches, by the Rev. M. Jowett.

the form of man ; and there is a something in their very posture which touches the soul ; they sit erect, calm ; they have seen generation upon generation swept away, and still their stony gaze is fixed on man toiling and perishing at their feet. 'Twas late and dark ere we reached our home. The day following, we again crossed to the western bank, and rode through a narrow hot valley in the desert to the tomb of the kings. Your Arab catches at the head of your ass in a wild dreary looking spot, about five miles from the river, and motions you to alight. On every side of you rise low but steep hills, of the most barren appearance, covered with loose sand and crumbling stones, and you stand in a narrow bridle path, which seems to be the bottom of a natural ravine : you would fancy that you had lost your way ; but your guide leads you a few paces forward, and you discover in the side of the hill an opening like the shaft of a mine. At the entrance you observe that the rock, which is a close-grained, but soft stone, has been cut smooth and painted. He lights your wax torch, and you pass into a long corridor ; on either side are small apartments which you stoop down to enter, and the walls of which you find covered with paintings,—scenes of life faithfully represented ; of *every-day life*, its pleasures and labours, the instruments of its happiness and of its crimes. You turn to each other with a delight, not however unmixed with sadness, to mark how much the days of man then passed, as they do to this hour. You see the labours of agriculture—the sower, the basket, the plough, the steers ; and the artist has playfully depicted a calf skipping among the furrows. You have the making of bread, the cooking for a feast ; you have a flower garden, a scene of irrigation ; you see couches, sofas, chairs and arm-chairs, such as might this day adorn a drawing-room in London or Paris ; you have vases of every form down to the common jug ; you have harps, with figures bending over them, and others seated and listening ; you have barques, with large, curious, and many-

coloured sails; lastly, you have weapons of war, the sword, the dagger, the bow, the arrow, the quiver, spears, helmets, and dresses of honour.

From the corridor with these lateral chambers you enter another, long and dark, leading to an empty apartment, large and lofty, and thence into a third passage, and other chambers beyond, which are gloomy, damp, and have a disagreeable smell. The colours on the walls are much faded; but the hero of the tomb and the various deities, hieroglyphics and mysteries, are every where to be seen: some of the mysteries are of a nature to exercise and amuse the mind. Doubtless many important and eternal truths, distorted by tradition, lie hidden beneath these ancient symbols; however, the fancy treads too closely on the understanding in most minds when an attempt is made to guess our way to interpretation, which will meet and strengthen our preconceived notions and established opinions.

Of course, while we remained at Luxor, we constantly, according to our bent, visited something, and happily employed our time.

There is a beautiful walk up the river, on the eastern bank, and at a bend there, you may run up a raised camel path, and turning, command a view which fills the mind at the moment, takes its place in the picture gallery of the imagination, and is often afterwards summoned to the mind's eye. Luxor, Karnac, the ruins on the western bank, with the rocky hills behind them, the reaches of the tranquil river, the verdure of the vale, the sands of the Arabian desert, the grand colonnade of Luxor in shadow, the back of the propylon, the pointed obelisks, and the large masses of Karnac, with the scattered groves of dates, in the light of the setting sun, are the noble features of this scene.

Sherer's Imagery of Foreign Travel.

Church of England Magazine.

RUINS OF PETRA.

THE land of Edom, the once flourishing inheritance of Esau, has long been "a desolate wilderness," (Joel iii. 19), according to prophetic denunciation. A few tribes of fierce and wandering Arabs continue, by depredation and murder, to fulfil the truth of the prophecy, that "none shall pass through it for ever," (Isaiah xxxiv. 10.) The numerous and flourishing cities with which Idumea once abounded, now lie in heaps of ruins scattered about it; and barrenness and desolation are spread over that land which was once famed for plenty and fertility. For the Almighty said "O Mount Seir, . . . I will lay thy cities waste, and thou shalt be desolate . . . I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return," (Ezek. xxxv. 3, 4, 9.) Only two adventurous travellers have been known to pass through it since the memory of man, and neither of them lives to return and tell their tale; as if to shew the truth of that word which said, "I will make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out, and him that returneth," (Ezek. xxxv. 7.)

Petra was accidentally discovered by one of the unfortunate men who penetrated into Idumea. Two parties of travellers, the one English, and the other French, have since visited it; they have both returned, for neither party passed through Idumea; and both were equally struck with the visible fulfilment of prophecy in the awful scene before them.

The desolate city of Petra is without a single human being living near it. "The screaming of the eagles, hawks, and owls, that soar above the heights, seemingly annoyed at any one approaching their desolate habitations," proves how literally the predictions have been fulfilled. "The screech owl shall also rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great

owl make her nest, and lay and hatch, and gather under her shadow: there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate." Excavated dwellings in the clefts of the rocks, triumphal arches, the ruins of a magnificent theatre; innumerable mausoleums, with every variety of decoration; palaces and temples of exquisite workmanship; colossal statues, columns, and pillars, all cut out of the solid rock, and in a state of surprising preservation,—are among the wonders of this desolate city.

Its position is in a deep valley, surrounded by high and inaccessible mountains; the only path leading to it, is through Bedouin Arabs, who threaten the lives of those that dare to approach "the strongholds of Edom."

The features of the defile which leads to Petra grow more and more imposing at every step as you advance towards the desolate city: the excavations and sculpture grow more frequent, till at last it presents a continued street of tombs, beyond which the rocks, gradually approaching each other, seem all at once to close without any outlet; there is, however, one frightful chasm for the passage of a stream, which furnishes, as it did anciently, the only avenue to Petra on this side. It is impossible to conceive any thing more awful and sublime than such an approach; the width is not more than just sufficient for the passage of two horsemen abreast, the sides are in all parts perpendicular, varying from about 400 to 700 feet in height, and often overhanging to such a degree, that without their absolutely meeting, the sky is intercepted, and shut out for 100 yards together, and there is little more light than in a cavern. Very near the first entrance into this romantic pass, a bold arch is thrown across at a great height, connecting the opposite sides of the cliff. As the traveller passes under it, its appearance is most surprising, hanging thus above his head, betwixt two rugged masses apparently inaccessible. Following this half-sort of subterranean passage for the space of nearly two miles, the sides increasing in height, and the path con-

tinually descending, while the tops of the mountains retain their former level, a gleam of strong light suddenly breaks in at the close of the dark perspective, and opens to the view, half-seen at first through the tall, narrow opening, columns, statues, and cornices of a light and finished taste, as if fresh from the chisel, without the tints of weather or age, and executed in a stone of a pale rose colour. The position is one of the most beautiful that could be imagined for the front of a great temple; the richness and exquisite finish of whose decorations offer a most remarkable contrast to the savage scenery which surrounds it. The area before the temple terminates to the south in a wild precipitous cliff. To the N.N.W. an infinite variety of tombs, both Arabian and Roman, appear on either side of the defile. This path conducts to the theatre, and here the ruins of the city burst on the view in their full grandeur, shut in on the opposite side by barren craggy precipices, from which numerous ravines and valleys branch out in all directions. The sides of the mountains (Jer. xlix. 16), covered with an endless variety of excavated tombs and private dwelling, present altogether (say the travellers) the most singular scene we ever beheld; and we must despair to give an idea of the singular effect of rocks tinted with the most extraordinary views, whose summits present us with nature in her most savage and romantic form, whilst their bases are worked out in all the symmetry and regularity of art, with colonnades, and pediments, and ranges of corridors adhering to the perpendicular surface.

The stream which traverses the city passes again into a narrow defile, along whose steep sides a sort of excavated range is continued of small and mean chambers, set one above another, without much regularity, like so many pigeon-holes in the rock, with flights of steps, or narrow inclined planes leading up to them. Following the defile, the river re-appears, flowing with considerable rapidity; but though the water is plentiful, it is with difficulty that its course can be traced, from the luxuri-

ance of the shrubs that surround it and obscure every tract. Besides the oleander, which is common to all the water-courses in this country, we may recognise among the plants which choke this valley some which are probably the descendants of those that adorned the gardens and supplied the market of the capital of Arabia: the carob, the fig, mulberry-tree, and pomegranate, line the river side; and a very beautiful species of aloe also grows in this valley, bearing flowers of an orange hue shaded to scarlet; in some instances it had upwards of a hundred blossoms on a branch.

Streets of tombs and stately mausoleums are standing in every direction of this now desolate place. "Great must have been the opulence of a city which could dedicate such monuments to the memory of its rulers," was the observation of one of the unfortunate travellers who passed through Idumea. But Idumea has been "laid waste from generation to generation," according to the words of the prophet: "They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing." (Isaiah xxxiv. 10—12.) At the entrance of the city from the N.E. is a large sepulchre which had originally three storeys; on the basement is one large and lofty chamber, having six recesses with grooves in them at the farther end. On the establishment of Christianity, these recesses have been converted into three for the reception of altars, and the whole apartment has been made to serve as a church; the fastenings for the tapestry and pictures are still visible in all the walls, and near an angle is an inscription in red paint, recording the date of consecration. These are the only vestiges of Christian establishment which the travellers could discover throughout the remains of Petra, though it was a metropolitan see.

The fulfilment of the prophecies respecting Idumea has been brought to light by a most astonishing and overpowering evidence. So great are the difficulties and dangers which await those who dare attempt to visit the

ancient capital of Idumea, that the English travellers could not but compare their ease to that of the Israelites, when "Edom refused to give them a passage through his country." The natives thought they went to take the treasures, dry up the springs, and prevent the rain from falling; and it was not until after seven days spent in fierce dispute between the Arabs who had sworn to conduct them, and those who opposed their passage into the territory, that they succeeded in reaching Petra; and during the short time they were there, they were constantly fired at and harassed. In describing the avenue to Petra they say, "The exact spot was not pointed out to us, but it was somewhere amidst these natural horrors that upwards of thirty pilgrims from Barbary were murdered last year by the men of Wady Mousa, on their return from Mecca." The perils encountered by the English were related to the French travellers by their protector, nephew to the Arab chief who had guarded the former: and the young man seized a favourable moment to conduct the latter in safety into the valley of Wady Mousa.

Church of England Magazine.

POMPEII.

THE distance from Naples to Pompeii is little more than ten English miles. Near the Torre del Annunziata to the left, and amid hills planted with vineyards, the town itself, which, throwing off its shroud of ashes, came forth from its grave, breaks on the view. The buildings are without roofs, which are supposed to have been destroyed by an enemy in an unguarded state, or torn off by a hurricane. The tracks of the wheels which anciently rolled over the pavement are still visible. An elevated path runs by the side of the houses, for foot passengers; and, to enable them in rainy weather to pass more com-

modiously to the opposite side, large flat stones, three of which take up the width of the road, were laid at a distance from each other. As the carriages, in order to avoid these stones, were obliged to use the intermediate spaces, the tracks of the wheels are there most visible. The whole of the pavement is in good condition: it consists merely of considerable pieces of lava, which, however, are not cut, as at present, into squares, and may have been on that account the more durable.

The part which was first cleared is supposed to have been the main street of Pompeii; but this is much to be doubted, as the houses on both sides, with the exception of a few, were evidently the habitations of common citizens, and were small, and provided with booths. The street itself likewise is narrow: two carriages only could go abreast; and it is very uncertain whether it ran through the whole of the town; for, from the spot where the moderns discontinued digging, to that where they recommenced, and where the same street is supposed to have been again found, a wide tract is covered with vineyards, which may very well occupy the place of the most splendid streets and markets, still concealed underneath.

Among the objects which attract a particular attention, is a booth in which liquors were sold, and the marble table within, which bears the marks of the cups left by the drinkers. Next to this is a house, the threshold of which is inlaid with a salutation of black stone, as a token of hospitality. On entering the habitations, the visitor is struck by the strangeness of their construction. The middle of the house forms a square, something like the cross passages of a cloister, often surrounded by pillars: it is cleanly, and paved with party-coloured mosaic, which has an agreeable effect. In the middle is a cooling well, and on each side a little chamber, about ten or twelve feet square, but lofty, and painted with a fine red or yellow. The floor is of mosaic, and the door is made generally to serve as a window, there being but one apartment, which receives light through a thick blue

glass. Many of these rooms are supposed to have been bed-chambers, because there is an elevated broad step, on which the bed may have stood, and because some of the pictures appear most appropriate to a sleeping-room. Others are supposed to have been dressing-rooms, on this account, that on the walls a Venus is described, decorated by the Graces, added to which, little flasks and boxes of various descriptions have been found in them. The larger of these apartments served for dining-rooms; and in some are to be met suitable accommodations for hot and cold baths.

The manner in which a whole room is heated is particularly curious. Against the usual wall, a second was erected, standing at a little distance from the first. For this purpose, large square tiles were taken, having, like our tiles, a sort of hook, so that they kept the first wall, as it were, off from them. A hollow space was thus left all around, from the top to the bottom, into which pipes were introduced, that carried the warmth into the chamber, and, as it were, rendered the whole place one stove. The ancients were also attentive to avoid the vapour or smell from the lamps. In some houses there is a niche made in the wall for the lamp, with a little chimney in the form of a funnel, through which the smoke ascended. Opposite to the house-door the largest room is placed. It is properly a sort of hall, for it has only three walls, being quite open in the fore part. The side-rooms have no connection with each other, but are divided off like the cells of monks, the door of each leading to the fountain.

Most of the houses consist of one such square, surrounded by rooms. In a few, some decayed steps seem to have led to an upper story, which is no longer in existence. Some habitations, however, probably belonging to the richer and more fashionable, are far more spacious. In these, a first court is often connected with a second, and even with a third, by passages; in other respects they are pretty similar to those above described. Many garlands

of flowers and vine branches, and many handsome pictures, are still to be seen on the walls. The guides were formerly permitted to sprinkle these pictures with fresh water in the presence of travellers, and thus revive their former splendour for a moment, but this is now strictly forbidden; and, indeed, not without reason, since the frequent watering might at length totally rot away the wall.

One of the houses belonged to a statuary, whose workshop is still full of the vestiges of his art. Another appears to have been inhabited by a surgeon, whose profession is equally evident from the instruments discovered in his chamber. A large country house near the gate, undoubtedly belonged to a very wealthy man, and would in fact, still invite inhabitants within its walls. It is very extensive, stands against a hill, and has many storeys. Its finely decorated rooms are unusually spacious; and it has airy terraces, from which you look down into a pretty garden that has been now again planted with flowers. In the middle of this garden is a large fish-pond, and near that an ascent from which, on two sides, six pillars descend. The hinder parts are the highest, the middle somewhat lower, and the front the lowest. They appear therefore rather to have propped a sloping roof, than to have been destined for an arbour. A covered passage, resting on pillars, encloses the garden on three sides. It was painted, and probably served in rainy weather as an agreeable walk. Beneath is a fine arched cellar, which receives air and light by several openings from without; consequently, its atmosphere is so pure, that in the hottest part of summer, it is always refreshing. A number of *amphoræ*, or large wine vessels, are to be seen here still leaning against the wall, as the butler left them when he fetched up the last goblet of wine for his master. Had the inhabitants of Pompeii preserved these vessels with stoppers, wine might still have been found in them; but as it was, the stream of ashes rushing in of course forced out the wine. More

than twenty human skeletons of fugitives, who thought to save themselves here under ground, but who experienced a tenfold more cruel death than those suffered who were in the open air, were found within this cellar.

The destiny of the Pompeians must have been dreadful. It was not a stream of fire which encompassed their abodes ; they could then have sought refuge in flight. Neither did an earthquake swallow them up ; sudden suffocation would then have spared them the pangs of a lingering death. *A rain of ashes buried them alive* BY DEGREES! We will read the delineation of Pliny :—"A darkness suddenly overspread the country ; not like the darkness of a moonless night, but like that of a closed room, in which the light is suddenly extinguished. Women screamed, children moaned, men cried. Here children were anxiously calling their parents ; and there parents were seeking their children, or husbands their wives ; all recognised each other only by their cries. The former lamented their own fate, and the latter that of those dearest to them. Many wished for death, from the fear of dying. Many called on the gods for assistance ; others despaired of the existence of the gods, and thought this the last eternal night of the world. Actual dangers were magnified by unreal terrors. The earth continued to shake, and men half distracted, to reel about, exaggerating their own fears, and those of others, by terrifying predictions."

Such is the frightful but true picture which Pliny gives us of the horrors of those who were, however, far from the extremity of their misery. But what must have been the feelings of the Pompeians, when the roaring of the mountain, and the quaking of the earth, awakened them from their first sleep ? They also attempted to escape the wrath of the gods ; and, seizing the most valuable things they could lay their hands upon in the darkness and confusion, to seek their safety in flight. In this street, and in front of the house marked with the friendly salutation on its threshold, even skeletons were

found. The first carried a lamp, and the rest had still between the bones of their fingers something they wished to save. On a sudden, they were overtaken by the storm which descended from heaven, and buried in the grave thus made for them. Before the above-mentioned country-house was still a male skeleton, standing with a dish in his hand; and as he wore on his finger one of those rings which were allowed to be worn by Roman knights only, he is supposed to have been the master of the house, who had just opened the back garden gate, with the intent of flying, when the shower overwhelmed him. Several skeletons were found in the very posture in which they had breathed their last, without having been forced by the agonies of death to drop the things they had in their hands. This leads to a conjecture, that the thick mass of ashes must have come down all at once, in such immense quantities as instantly to cover them. It cannot otherwise be imagined, how all the fugitives could have been fixed, as it were, by a charm, in their position; and in this manner their destiny was the less dreadful, seeing that death suddenly converted them into motionless statues, and thus was stripped of all the horrors with which the fears of the sufferers had clothed him in imagination. But what then must have been the pitiable condition of those who had taken refuge in the buildings and cellars? Buried in the thickest darkness, they were secluded from every thing but lingering torment; and who can paint to himself, without shuddering, a slow dissolution approaching amid all the agonies of body and of mind? The soul recoils from the contemplation of such images.

To proceed now to the public edifices. The temple of Isis is still standing, with its Doric pillars, and its walls painted with emblems of the service of the deity, such as hippopotamus, cocoa-blossoms, ibis, &c. The sacred vessels, lamps and tables of Isis, are still to be seen. From a little chapel within, a poisonous vapour is said to have formerly arisen, which the heathen priests may have

used for every species of deception. This vapour is said to have increased after the violent eruption of Vesuvius; but has not latterly given out the slightest smell.

A small Grecian temple, of which only two pillars remain, had been probably already destroyed by an earthquake which, in the reign of Titus, preceded the dreadful eruption of the volcano. On the opposite side of this temple, there is still an edifice, named the *quarter of the soldiers*, because all sorts of arms, pictures of soldiers, and a skeleton in chains, were found there. By others, it has been considered the forum of Pompeii.

Two theatres, the smaller one particularly, are in an excellent state of preservation. The structure of this one is such as was usually adopted by the ancients, and is well deserving of modern imitation, as it affords the spectators commodious seats, a free view of the stage, and facility of hearing. Although sufficiently large to contain 2000 persons, the plebeians, standing in a broad gallery at the top, were quite as able to see all that was passing on the stage as the magistrate in his marble balcony. In this gallery the arrangements for spreading the sailcloth over the spectators are still visible. The stage itself is very broad, and it has no side walls, and appears less deep than it really is. A wall runs across it, and cuts off just as much room as is necessary for the accommodation of the performers. But this wall has three very broad doors; the middle one is distinguished by its height, and the space behind it is still deeper than in front. If these doors, as may be conjectured, always stood open, the stage was in fact large, and afforded, besides, the advantage of being able to display a double scenery; if, for example, the scene in front was that of a street, there might have been behind a free prospect into the open field.

The cemetery lies before the gate of the high road. The tomb of the priestess Mammea, is very remarkable; it was erected, according to the epitaph, by virtue of a decree of the Decemvirs. In the midst of little boxes of

stone, in square piles, and on a sort of altar, the family urns were placed in niches ; and without-side these, the broken piles are still to be seen. In front of the cemetery, by the road-side, is a beautiful seat, forming a semicircle which will contain twenty or thirty persons. It was probably overshadowed by trees 1800 years ago under which the women of Pompeii sat in the cool evenings, while their children played before them, and viewed the crowds which were passing through the gate.

Kotzebue's Travels.

A VISIT TO POMPEII, AND AN ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF
VESUVIUS.

THE feelings and the reflections excited in the mind by a visit to Pompeii, are essentially distinct from those suggested by the ruins of the "Mistress of the World." Here are not proud associations to swell the bosom, no reverence for the "unforgotten dead." But, on the other hand, here is an ancient city in almost perfect preservation. Not a few columns, or a ruined amphitheatre survive ; but the temple with its altars and its shrine, the theatre with its seats, its orchestra, and its stage ; houses almost habitable, and shops into which modern artizans might enter after a few repairs. You feel actually familiar with a people over whose graves eighteen centuries have passed away. You enter into every detail of public and of private life. In these courts kneeled the multitude before the temples of the gods—on these altars streamed the sacrificial blood—on this stage trod the masked and buskined actors—above the door of entrance sate the magistrates—in the curia are still to be seen the steps which ascended to the rostrum of the orator—in this basilica was the tribunal of the judge—here are the shaded portico, and the luxurious bath—here are the bedroom, the parlour, the dining-room, the garden—here is

the shop of the apothecary, baker, the vender of oil, the carpenter, the miller and the armourer—on these very pavements rolled the carriages of Pompeii—on these very stepping-stones the inhabitants crossed the streets—into these very doors they entered—on these very stairs they ascended to the roof—a thousand circumstances at every step concur in transporting you back to a distant age. If the ruins of Rome exhibit, as they unquestionably do, a far greater magnificence, still enough is seen here to astonish us at the splendour of a mere provincial city. I will venture to affirm, that there is not a public place in any city I have visited, (always excepting Rome), which can be compared at all in architectural beauty and effect with the Forum of Pompeii. The ornaments of the houses, too, contribute to produce the same impression: floors of mosaic, walls of paintings, colonnaded courts, statues of bronze and marble, are only the ordinary attributes of those of the better class. The very cooking utensils found there are all of bronze. In comfort, however, if we compare them with our own, there will be found, at first, a great inferiority; yet, when we consider the climate of the place, we shall perceive less reason to congratulate ourselves than we had imagined. The bedrooms, it is true, are never larger than ten feet square; but then they open on a sheltered court: the floors, it is true, are of mosaic; but this is an advantage in a warm climate. The same reply will serve if the very small quantity of window-glass in use be made an objection.

One circumstance deserves notice, in illustration of the morals of the ancients. The most shockingly indecent pictures are found both in the public and private apartments of the best houses, betraying a very slight regard to female modesty and virtue, and leading us to infer from this fact, a general corruption and depravity of manners.

After visiting Pompeii, Herculaneum is scarcely worthy of attention: but two excavations have been made. By one, a private house resembling those of Pompeii has

been completely opened. The material which buried it was not the solid lava that covered a part of the town, but merely cinders caked with boiling water. The other excavation leads along passages cut through lava, solid and hard as stone, in various parts of the theatre. You cannot enter these subterranean passages, nor indeed any part of the buried cities, without being oppressed with a sense of the almighty power and mysterious providence of God. Here were two cities ruined in a few short hours, almost like Sodom and Gomorrah, by fire from heaven. Here were multitudes deprived of all their substance, and driven from their houses by an approaching flood of liquid fire, amid a cloud of sulphurous smoke, and more destructive cinders, the earth quaking beneath their feet, and the mountains roaring in their rear, the sea itself retiring as if affrighted, calling, as they fled, for friends or kindred lost or perished, and deeming themselves fortunate to escape with the loss of all but life. Perhaps it was their peculiar crimes which thus devoted them to the vengeance of Heaven; perhaps some other cause operated in the Almighty mind, and led to this tremendous visitation. Without judging them, however, I could not, with these monuments before my eyes, but stand in awe of that almighty sway, which holds all men, and all things in heaven and earth, at its sovereign and irresistible disposal.

From these ruined cities of the plain, the transition is natural to the tremendous cause of their disasters. At Resina, which is about five miles from Naples, and is built upon the lava that covered Herculaneum, you leave your carriage to mount mules or asses for the ascent of the mountain. The scene in the court-yard of Salvatore (the principal guide to Vesuvius) is ludicrous enough. You have been attended about half a mile back, by a multitude of muleteers, cantering their poor jaded beasts, to show their paces, and offering them from time to time to your acceptance. When you arrive in the yard, unless you are very alert in descending, you will probably be

blockaded in your carriages by heads and tails jammed close around it, with only room enough for the noisy masters to stand, offering the rope, bridle, and club, and bawling in your ears, "*buono mulo.*" Perhaps one or two more lucky than the rest, have caught from travellers a few words of English, which they are careful to display to the best advantage, by vociferating "*good mool,*" "*new sad,*" as long as their breath allows them. At length, however, you are mounted with a guide in your rear, armed with a substantial club. No sooner is the signal for departure given, than the club falls first on one flank, and then upon the other of the much-enduring animal, who does his best, for a short distance, to imitate a gallop; but alas! a distance of ten rods convinces you of the futility of his efforts. For the remainder of the journey, you are fortunate if, once in a while, he can be induced, even by the most fortunate arguments, to trot. The nature of the ground, in fact, soon becomes such as to render even this impracticable; winding up steep ascents, and over uneven layers of lava, the product of various eruptions, the path admits of no pace faster than a walk.

The appearance of the mountain even here is awful. The black masses which lie beneath your feet, you cannot but remember, were once sheets of gliding liquid fire. This stream, your guide will tell you, ruined Torre del Greco, that buried Herculaneum, and this bed of ashes is of the same species with those which covered Pompeii. Far above you rises the conic crater, apparently too steep for any human foot to mount, covered with its cloud of smoke waving in the sun with treacherous beauty. Look downward, however, and what a contrast is presented in the glorious prospect which bursts upon the view! Northward lie the delicious plains of Campania Felice, rich with verdure and with foliage, and crowded with the habitations of men. Westward, beneath your feet, a line of villages. Torre del Greco, Resina, and Portici, are stretched along the coast, opposite lies Naples, on a

gentle ascent, crowned with the conic eminence and castle of St. Elmo, terminated on the bay by its projecting moles, and leading the eye westward still along the lofty promontory of Posilippo. Further on, in the same direction, Cape Miseno juts into the sea, sheltering the classic gulph of Baiæ. Procida comes next, a little to the south; and closing the semicircular sweep, Ischia lifts towards heaven its volcanic summit. Turning to the south, you behold a long and mountainous promontory, beautifully diversified by the varied outline of its highlands, by its retreating bays and lofty capes, edged with delightfully situated villages, Castela Mare Vico, and Sorrento, and others scarcely less remarkable, and at its descending point separated by a narrow strait from the island of Capri, whose wildly graceful outline appropriately terminates on this side the most enchanting bay in all the world.

Near the base of the cone lives a hermit, in the habit of a Capuchin friar, who furnishes travellers with the refreshment of bread and cheese, and the delicious wine produced on the mountain, and known under the name of *Lachrymæ Christi*. He lives here without apprehension, being confident in his ability to discern the signs of an approaching eruption. The signs are indeed in general sufficiently distinct. Tremblings of the earth, and emission of black smoke, which rises to an enormous height in the air in the form of a column or cone, almost uniformly give warning of impending danger. At length, after an ascent of two hours, you arrive at the bottom of the cone, and alight from your mule. Henceforward you must trust to your own exertions. Your guide will offer to let you hold by a belt round his body; but, for my own part, I preferred to endure a little more fatigue, rather than increase the burden of any man so greatly. The ascent is very steep; but what is worse, the soil on which you tread is a loose sand, into which you constantly sink up to the ankles, and which slips from beneath your feet to such a degree, that you lose at least one step

in three. The perpendicular height of the mountain is 3600 feet—that of the cone I could not ascertain, but conjecture it to be about one-fifth of the whole. The labour of the ascent is of course prodigious. Frequent pauses are necessary, to enable one to reach the top in a state little short of exhaustion.

Arrived at the top, you are indeed rewarded for all your fatigue. Directly beneath you yawns a gulf of 360 or 400 feet in depth, and upwards of a mile in circumference, occupying the whole summit of the mountain, except a narrow border, generally not more than four feet wide. The sides of the gulf, in many places precipitous, are steep in all. Below is seen the surface of the crater, in part black with cooled lava, and covered in part with liquid fire, and sending forth smoke and flame from every crevice. In the midst arises a low cone, formed of ejected matter, upon whose summit open the very jaws of the subterranean abyss of fire. From thence issue clouds rolling upon clouds, of sulphurous smoke, mingled from time to time with flashing flames, and, at every burst of the volcano, pierced by a thousand fragments of shivered rocks. The loud breathing of the fire is borne across the crater, seeming the fierce pantings of some chained monster; the sharp sound of the crackling flames pierces the ear, as if, assuming another form, sound had become material; while the tremendous roar of explosions succeeding each other at every instant, fills the organs, and almost confounds the soul. Forcibly abstracting my attention from this fearful gulf, and turning once more towards a world which I almost seemed to have left for ever behind me, a scene burst upon my view, which I could not deem less than Elysian. Far in the west, the setting sun yet shed a parting smile upon the landscape, communicating a still softer tranquil beauty. The golden atmosphere, those purple mountains, richer far in hue than northern climes can furnish or the inhabitants imagine, those glorious islands, those lofty promontories, that ample bay, that beautiful city, those long lines of

villages, I never shall forget, as they appeared at sunset from the summit of Vesuvius.

It was now time to descend into the crater, an experiment without danger, though attended with great fatigue. There was still light enough to guide us, and at the same time, the approach of evening of course increased the apparent brightness of the flames. When arrived at the bottom of the crater, we found ourselves treading on a black uneven surface, yet warm beneath our feet. It was broken into blocks, like ice on the surface of a river, and in the intervals was to be seen, three or four feet below the surface, instead of water, lava still red hot. Fortunately the mountain had poured out on the very morning of our ascent a fresh stream of lava, which now surrounded about one-half of the circumference of the crater. On approaching it, the heat, both of the air and the surface under our feet, was greatly increased. In some places we could see the lava still in a state of fusion, and boiling like molten glass. In others, it had begun to grow black on the exterior crust. It would have been easier in some respects to obtain specimens, by thrusting a stick into the boiling liquid; but it was actually too hot to be approached. We were therefore content to strike off with our canes, by a strong effort, pieces from a part which was much cooler, though still red hot. I did not attempt to ascend the cone containing the actually operative crater, as stones were constantly falling around it, and I was far from wishing to court the fate of Pliny. As twilight began to fall thickly around us, we hastened our ascent to the edge of the great crater, conscious, I believe, of something like a wish not to be the hindmost. When we arrived once more at the top we lay down in our cloaks upon the brink, again to enjoy the terrible sublimity of the scene, which is in fact witnessed best from hence. In the crater you are occupied with parts—here the grand whole not only occupies but absorbs you. But my powers of description, when compared with the mighty subject, are, I confess, exhausted, utterly inade-

quate; and though I remained three hours longer on the spot, to observe the increased magnificence both of sight and sound, in the darkness and stillness of night, I must not dare to add another word.

Our descent, which would have been dangerous on any other animal than a mule, was performed by torch-light; and as there was a number of parties at the same time upon the mountain, some above and some below us, and others winding along on either side, our march was exceedingly picturesque. I must however confess, that I hailed with great pleasure the carriage that awaited me at Resina, and with still increased satisfaction even the Neapolitan bed that finally received me.

Griffin's Remains.
Blackwood's Magazine.

CHAPTER III.

ADVENTURES WITH WILD ANIMALS.

If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off in desert dark and rude,
The lion holds his solitude.—HUBER.

SPANISH BULL-FIGHT.

AT Madrid the Bull-fight takes place in an edifice called the Plaza de Toros, which stands upon an eminence without the gate of Alcala. The Plaza is of a circular form, and not elliptical, like the Roman amphitheatres. The extreme diameter of the outer walls is 330 feet, of the arena, 220. It is capable of containing 11,000 spectators. The exterior wall is of brick, but the barriers, benches, and pillars which sustain the two covered gal-

leries and roof are all of wood. The upper gallery is divided into commodious boxes, of which the one which looks to the north, and which is never shone on by the sun, is decorated with the royal arms, and set apart for the king. Beneath the first gallery is another similar to it, except that it is not divided into boxes, but is left open the whole way round. Beneath this last gallery there is a succession of uncovered benches, sloping down towards the lobby which encloses the arena. These benches make the complete circuit of the edifice, and give a good idea of a Roman amphitheatre.

The portion of the Plaza allotted to the bulls, horses, and *toreros*, is of very simple construction. The arena is enclosed by a barrier six feet high, surrounded by a circular lobby, into which the combatants escape when too warmly pursued. This lobby is pierced by four sets of folding doors communicating from the arena to the different apartments beneath the amphitheatre. One of these is the *toril*, where the bulls are enclosed preparatory to the combat. The folding door opening into the arena in front of that of the *toril* gives admittance to the *alguazils*, who act as marshalls; a third to the horses and *picadores*; whilst through a fourth are dragged away the carcasses of the victims.

The hour appointed for the commencement of the feast having at length arrived, the *corregidor* takes his seat in the royal box, supported by his officers. A priest also remains in waiting with *Su Magestad*,—the host,—ready to administer the sacrament to the dying *toreros*. The trumpets now sound, the gate under the royal box is thrown open, and two *alguazils* enter the lists, mounted on proud Andalusian steeds, whose heads are half hidden under manes parted in the middle, with eyes glaring fiercely through their forelocks, and tails which sweep the arena. Having rode round the lists, to clear them of those who have been sweeping and sprinkling the ground, and of the *canalla* who have been wrestling and rolling in the dust, they meet each other

in the centre, and then ride to the box of the *corregidor*, before which they make an obeisance, to signify that every thing is ready for the opening of the feast. Upon this the *corregidor* throws down the key of the toril, waves his handkerchief, and the music stationed at the opposite side of the amphitheatre sounds a march. The folding gates are thrown open at the left, and the *chulos* enter, escorting the two *picadores*.

The *chulos* or cheats, are dressed some in black, some in green, and some in crimson. They are all well made men, and are seen to peculiar advantage in their tight dress, ornamented with bunches of ribbons at the knees, the shoes, and in their hair. Besides a worked cambric handkerchief floating from either pocket, each *chulo* wears a silk cloak of green, red, or yellow. This serves to irritate the bull, and to divert his attention.

The *picadores* wear Moorish jackets embroidered with gold, large flat hats of white, ornamented with roses or gay ribbands, and which are confined by a string passing round the chin, and buckskin pantaloons lined with plates of armour to protect the leg. Their lance is long and heavy, with a small three-cornered point of steel at the end. This point is wound round with yarn to prevent it from penetrating far. The lance of the *picador* serves to turn the bull off but does him little injury, indeed it may it may rather be looked on as a defensive than as an offensive weapon. Thus, in the contest between the bull and the *picador*, the danger is altogether on the side of the horse and his rider. The *picadores* enter the lists mounted on jaded beasts which are evidently within a few months of their natural death. They are bought for a few dollars, part of which the proprietor gets back by the sale of the skin; when brought into the lists, they are half hidden under huge Moorish saddles, which rise before and behind, near a foot from the back, in order to strengthen the seat of the *picador*. If the animal has a good eye remaining, it is covered with a pocket handkerchief. The attire of the

picador is usually soiled by frequent rolling in the dust. Indeed as he poises his lance and kicks his limping beast forward, by dint of spurs, to pay his respects to the corregidor, his whole appearance offers a striking contrast to the gallant bearing of the *alguazil*.

The winter feast always commences with *novilos embalados*, whose horns were covered with balls, and who overturned the *picadores* and their horses without doing them injury. This contest is sustained usually by novices, whose clumsy efforts to overturn the bull give infinite amusement to the audience, and prepare them to estimate the excellence of the veteran *picadores*, who come afterwards to contend with the *muertos*. Indeed, to appreciate correctly the difficulty of any task, we should not only see it well but ill executed. The *novillos* and the novices who contend with them having left the lists, two old *toreros* ride through the portal, and are greeted with the applause of the multitude, to whom they have been rendered familiar by many a feat of skill and courage, and by many a scene of danger.

To give a general idea of the mode of attacking the bull, it may be sufficient to describe an individual fight, by far the most bloody of many that I saw in Spain. On the occasion to which I allude, the bull, though he bore the name of *novillo*, was a sturdy beast, that might have counted a lustrum. Though not large, his conformation could scarce have been more powerful. He was rather lightly built behind, widening, however, in span towards the shoulders, which served as foundation to a thick neck and short head, armed with a pair of horns, which were long, but stout and well pointed. His coat was of a rusty brown, darkening into black towards the neck and shoulders, where it became thick and curly like the mane of a lion.

This bull had taken the place of a companion who had preceded him to slaughter, in the narrow entry which leads from the *toril* to the arena. The *chulos* having taken their stand with the two *picadores* drawn

up behind him, the signal was given, and the trumpets sounded a martial flourish. The gates were at once thrown open to admit a passage into the lists, and we now first discovered the bull, such as I have described him, endeavouring to force his way through the iron grate which separated him from the *toril*. The poor animal had been tormented by separation from his herd, by confinement, by tortures to which his lacerated ears bore testimony, and by desires which had been pampered, but not gratified. At this moment a prick from a *torero* in the lobby caused him to turn about, when he discovered an open passage into the lists, and rushed at once madly in, hoping, no doubt, that he had at last found an open road to conduct him to the fertile marshes of the Guadiana, where he had so long reigned lord of the herd.

This moment is one of the most interesting of the whole spectacle. The bull is seen coming forward in mad career, his tail writhing furiously, his head down, mouth foaming, nostrils wide open and fiery, his eyes glaring fiercely through the matted curls of his forehead, whilst the red ribbon, nailed with a barbed iron to his neck, flutters wildly back, and serves at once as a torture and device. Having reached the centre of the arena, he discovers that his hope of escape was illusory; he pauses, glares with wonder upon the multitude drawn up in a continuous ring around him, and who greet his arrival with shouts, whistlings, and the waving of garments. But though astonished, he is not terrified. He glances his bewildered eye about the arena, in search of some enemy upon whom to wreak his fury.

No sooner did the bull in question discover the *chulos* fluttering their gay clothes, and inviting him to the victory by showing a disposition to fly before him, than he made after the nearest at the top of his speed. The *chulo*, thus warmly pursued, waved his crimson cloak to the right and left, to retard the progress of the beast by rendering it unsteady, and having with difficulty reached

the barrier without being overtaken, he leaped over into the lobby. The escape of the *chulo* was by no means premature; the bull reached the barrier at the same instant, and as the legs of the fugitive were vaulting over, his horns caught the fluttering silk and nailed it to the boards.

Excited by victory, the bull now makes for the *picador*. Here is another situation which would furnish a fine study for the pencil. The *picador* is seen drawn up at a short distance from the barrier, with his lance grasped tightly in his right hand and under the arm, and presenting the right shoulder of his horse to the attack of the bull. Before aiming his blow, the bull usually pauses a moment to eye his antagonist. Then, if he be cowardly, he paws the ground, bellows, and bullies, going backwards all the while, as if to gain space for his career; but in reality to place a greater distance between himself and his adversary. Such, however, was neither the character nor the conduct of the bull in question; indeed, no sooner had he cleared his forehead of the cloak of the *chulo*, than he rushed towards the *picador*. The shouts of the multitude now gave place to silent glances of anxiety; for the bull, having aimed his blow, dropped his head to cover it with his horns, and shutting his eyes, darted upon his enemy. This effort, however, was unsuccessfully made, or at least it was defeated by the address of the *picador*. The bull was met by the lance just as he was on his hind legs to make his last bound, and was turned dexterously aside. Without checking his career, he darted at once upon the second *picador*, drawn up behind his comrade. The second attack was more successful. The lance of the *picador* was driven in by force, and the horns of the infuriated animal entered deep into the side of his victim. The wounded horse now turned to escape in the direction opposite to that whence this unseen attack had come; but he was instantly overtaken by the bull, who, driving his horns into the flank and tossing his head, completely overturned both horse

and rider. But the fury of the animal was not yet satisfied. He darted upon his fallen adversary, and most unluckily came upon that side where lay the entangled *picador*, trampled him under foot, and drove his horns deep into the saddle. The anxiety of the multitude was now at its height, and horror was painted upon every countenance. The men rose from their benches, some of the women uttered prayers and crossed themselves, whilst such as had infants clasped them tighter. At this moment the *chulos* came up with their cloaks, and drew the bull to another quarter of the lists. It was for a moment uncertain whether the fallen man were dead or living; but being at length risen from the dust, it appeared that he had sustained no injury. The horse being the more prominent object of the two, had attracted the chief attention of the bull; but a deep rent in the jacket of the *picador* showed how narrow had been his escape. Whilst this was doing, the first horseman, who had turned the bull, rode round the lists to take his place in the rear of his comrade. His second effort to turn the bull was less successful than before; probably through the fault of the horse, which being imperfectly blinded, saw the approach of his antagonist, and reared side-wise before him. The lance of his rider was forced in, and the bull darted his horns into the side of the horse, and held him securely to the barrier. The *picador* now abandoning his lance, caught the top of the barrier, and being assisted by people from without, was drawn over into the lobby. The *chulos* again diverted the attention of the bull. He released the horse, and the wounded beast, no longer supported by the murderous horns which had rendered support necessary, staggered side-wise towards the centre of the lists. At each step the blood gushed in a torrent from behind his shoulder, until he fell motionless to the earth. The saddle and bridle were at once stripped from the carcass of the horse, and carried away to deck out another for the same doom.

Meantime the second *picador* raised his horse from the

ground, reached the saddle with the assistance of a *chulo*, and commenced spurring the mangled beast round the arena. I felt more for the poor horse than I did for his hireling rider, when trampled beneath the feet of the bull. He was a beautifully formed animal, once doubtless the pride of the Prado, and fit to have borne a Zegri beneath the balcony of his mistress. He even yet showed a shadow of his former grace, and something of his former ardour, for though his bowels were gushing from his side, and were at each instant torn and entangled by the spur of the *picador*, he still struggled to obey. In this sad condition the poor horse made several times the circuit of the lists, his bowels getting nearer and nearer to the ground, until they actually reached it, were drawn awhile over dirt, and were at length trampled upon and torn asunder by his own hoofs. Even yet he continued to advance, and would perhaps have stood another attack, had not the audience, barbarous as it was, interceded in his favour. He was led staggering away, and as the gates closed upon him we even lacked the poor satisfaction of knowing that his sufferings were at an end.

The lists were now cleared, and the bull, wandering about unopposed, came at length to the spot wet with the blood of his comrade. When he had stood rooted to the ground awhile, he turned his nose high into the air, snuffed the passing breeze, and then, having sought in vain to discover the passage by which he had entered, made a desperate effort to leap the barrier. He was very nearly successful; his body for an instant balanced in uncertainty on the top, and in the next fell back into the arena. The new hope thus speedily defeated, he bellowed in a low indistinct tone, and being excited by the taunting shouts which greeted his failure, he fell to wreaking his fury upon the dead body of his first victim.

By this time the *picadores* were again mounted and in the lists. The first horse was forced round and overtaken in his flight as before, and being gored behind, fell back upon his rider. The *chulos* with their cloaks most

opportunistically diverted the attention of the bull, and the grooms hastened to raise the wounded horse, and drag him out of the lists. The thigh-bone of the poor animal had been either broken or dislocated; the leg being useless and dangling behind, he was forced away upon the three which remained to him. The fate of the next horse was sooner decided, and was even more shocking. He received a single gore in the belly; the whole of his bowels at once gushed out; and with an agonized moan he commenced scratching them convulsively with his hoof until they were completely entangled. The trumpets gave a signal for a change in the bloody drama. Hitherto the bull alone had been the assailant; he was now in his turn to be the sufferer and the assailed. Some of the *chulos* having laid aside their cloaks proceeded to arm themselves with *banderillas*, light darts which have a barbed point, and are adorned with fluttering papers of variegated colours. The chief art in placing the *banderilla* is to make the bull attack. If he do not, this operation, like the final office of the *matador*, is full of danger; for a capricious motion of the horns by a cowardly bull is infinitely more to be dreaded than the straightforward career of a *claro*. The brave bull in question was one of this last description. With a dart, therefore, in each hand, one of the *chulos*, now become *banderillero*, placed himself before the bull, and invited him to the attack by brandishing his weapons. When at last the bull rushed with closed eyes at his antagonist, the *banderillero* likewise ran to meet him, and directing the darts at each side of his neck, allowed the horns of the animal to pass under his right arm, whilst he ran away to gain the security of the lobby, or to get a new supply of *banderillas*. With the repetition of this torture, the bull became madder than ever, rubbing his neck against the boards of the barrier in the vain hope of alleviation—a hope which was set at nought by his own ill-directed exertions, or by the malice of those in the lobby, who would reach over and force the darts deeper,

until at last the persecuted beast bounded foaming and frantic about the arena.

The bravery of the bull, though fatal to the life of more than one victim, can never avail to save his own. Nor can the torments he has suffered be urged in alleviation of his destiny. The laws of the Plaza are inexorable. The *corregidor* is seen to wave his handkerchief, the trumpets blow a warlike blast, for the *matador*.

The man who now entered the lists at the sound of the trumpet was no other than the principal *matador* of Spain—Manuel Romero by name, if my memory serves me. He was a short man, extremely well made, though inclining to corpulency, with small regular features, a keen sure eye, and such an air of cold-blooded ferocity as became one whose business it was to incur danger and death. The dress of Romero was that of a *majo*, covered with more than the usual quantity of lace and embroidery : his hair combed backward, and platted into a flat queue, was surmounted by a black cocked-hat. In his left hand he held a sword, hidden in the folds of his banner, which was fastened to a short staff. The colour of this banner was red, deepened here and there by the bloody stains of former combats.

Romero did not enter with the air of one who knew his own force and despised his adversary ; nor as though he had to hide a faint heart under a careless brow ; but with a fearless, determined, yet quiet step. Having approached the box of the *corregidor*, he took off his hat and made a low obeisance ; then returned the salutations which greeted him from the whole circuit of the amphitheatre. This done, he threw his hat away, brushed back a few hairs which had escaped from the platting of his queue, stretched his limbs to ease the elastic tightness of his costume, and then, taking his well-tried blade from beside the banner, displayed a long straight *Toledano*, such as was once worn by cavaliers and crusaders.

Meantime the *chulos* were occupied in running before the bull, and waving their cloaks in his eyes, in order to

excite his declining ferocity. In this way the bull was enticed towards the spot where the *matador* awaited him. The latter holding out the banner, allowed the animal to rush against it, seemingly astonished at its little opposition. This was twice repeated; but on the third time the *matador* held the banner projecting across his body, whilst with his right hand extended over the top, he poised and directed the sword. Here is the last and most interesting moment of the whole contest. The multitude once more rise upon the benches. All eyes are bent upon the glittering weapon. The bull makes his final career; the banner again gives way before him; his horns pass closely beneath the extended arm of the *matador*, but the sword which he held a moment before, is no longer seen—it has entered full length beside the shoulder of the bull, and the cross at the hilt is alone conspicuous.

Having received his death-blow, it is usual for the bull to fly bellowing to the extremity of the arena, and there fall and die. But the animal which had this day sustained the contest so nobly was courageous to the last. He continued to rush again and again with blind fury at the *matador*, who each time received the blow on his deceptive buckler, laughed scornfully at the impotent rage of his victim, and talked to him jestingly. The admiration of the audience was now complete, and cries, whistling, and the cloud of dust which rose from the trampled benches, mingled with the clang of trumpets, to proclaim the triumph of the *matador*!

A few more impotent attacks on the part of the bull, and his strength began to pass away with the blood which flowed fast from his wound, spread itself over his shoulder, and ran down his leg to sprinkle the dust of the arena. At length he can no longer advance; the motion of his head becomes tremulous and unsteady: he bows to his fate, pauses for a moment upon his knees, and then with a low moan settles upon the ground. At this moment a vulgar murderer came from behind the

barrier, where he had hitherto remained in security. He caught the animal by the left horn ; then aiming a certain blow with a short wide dagger, he drove it deep into the spine. A convulsive shudder for a moment thrilled over the whole frame of the victim—in another he had passed the agony.

At this moment the gates on the right were thrown open, and three mules rushed in, harnessed abreast, and covered with bells, flags, and feathers. Their driver hastened to fasten a strap round the horns of the dead bull, and dragged him to where the carcasses of the two horses lay. Having tied a rope about their necks, he lashed his team into a gallop, and the impatient beasts stirred up a cloud of dust, and left a wide track to mark the course which had been passed over by the conqueror and the conquered. The canalla, too, had jumped into the lists to sport with the *novillos*, unmindful that the animal which to-day furnished them with amusement, would to-morrow supply them with food ; now jumped upon him, greeted him with kicks, and even fastened upon his tail. Trumpets had announced the entry of the bull ; trumpets are again heard at his departure. But who can recognise the proud beast which a few minutes before overturned every thing before him in the unresisting carcass which now sweeps the arena !

Scarcely had the gate closed, when the trumpets once more sounded, and a *novillo embotado*, or young bull, with balls on the ends of his horns, was let into the lists to be baited by the ragged rabble. Now begins a most singular scene. The bull, taunted by the waving of jackets, cloaks, and mantas, pursues and tramples upon one, tosses another into the air, and dragging a third along by the cloak, at length escapes with a portion of the tatters hanging to his horns, to the infinite amusement of all except the sufferer, who, if he be not hurt, is beset and banged, for his clumsiness, by the ragged mantles of his companions.

A Year in Spain, by a Young American.

A MAN AND TIGER COMBAT.

THE next scene was of a more awful character. A man entered the arena armed only with a long knife, and clothed in short trousers, which extended only half way down the thighs. The instrument which he wielded in his right hand was a heavy blade, something like the coulter of a plough, about two feet long, and fully three inches wide, gradually diminishing towards the handle, with which it formed a right angle. This knife is used with great dexterity by the Coorgs, being swung round in the hand before the blow is inflicted, and then brought into contact with the object intended to be struck, with a force and effect truly astonishing.

The champion who now presented himself before the rajah was about to be opposed to a tiger, which he volunteered to encounter almost naked, and armed only with the weapon which I have just described. He was rather tall, with a slight figure, but his chest was deep, and his arms were long and muscular. His legs were thin, yet the action of the muscles was perceptible with every movement, while the freedom of his gait and the few contortions he performed preparatory to the hazardous enterprise in which he was about to engage, showed that he possessed uncommon activity, combined with no ordinary degree of strength. The expression of his countenance was absolutely sublime, when he gave the signal for the tiger to be let loose ; it was the very concentration of moral energy, the index of a high and settled resolution. His body glistened with the oil which had been rubbed over it to promote the elasticity of his limbs. He raised his arm for several moments above his head when he made the signal to admit his enemy into the arena. The bars of a large iron cage were instantly lifted from above ; a huge royal tiger sprang forward and stood before the Coorg, waving his

tail slowly backward and forward, erecting the hair upon it, and uttering a suppressed howl. The animal looked first at the man, then at the gallery where the rajah and his court were seated to see the sports, but did not appear easy in its present state of freedom; it was evidently confounded at the novelty of its position. After a short survey, it turned suddenly round and bounded into its cage, from which the keepers, who stood above, beyond the reach of mischief, tried to force it, but in vain. The bars were then dropped, and several crackers fastened to its tail, which projected through one of the intervals. A lighted match was put into the hands of the Coorg, the bars were again raised, and the crackers ignited. The tiger now darted into the arena with a terrible yell; and while the crackers were exploding, it leaped, turned, and writhed as if in a state of frantic excitement. It at length crouched in a corner, gnarling as a cat does when alarmed. Meanwhile its retreat had been cut off by securing the cage. During the explosion of the crackers, the Coorg stood watching his enemy, and at length advanced towards it with a slow but firm step. The tiger roused itself and retreated, the fur on its back being erect, and its tail apparently dilated to twice its usual size. It was not at all disposed to commence hostilities, but its resolute foe was not to be evaded. Fixing his eyes intently on the fierce animal, he advanced with the same measured step, the tiger retreating as before, but still presenting his front to its enemy. The Coorg now stopped suddenly; then moving slowly backward, the tiger raised itself to its full height, curved its back to the necessary segment for a spring, and lashed its tail, evidently meditating mischief. The man continued to retire, and as soon as he was at so great a distance that the fixed expression of his eye was no longer distinguishable, the ferocious brute suddenly bounded forward, crouched, and sprang with a short sharp growl. Its adversary, fully prepared for this, leaped actively on one side, and as the tiger reached

the ground, swung round his heavy knife and brought it with irresistible force upon the animal's hind leg, just above the joint. The bone was instantly severed, and the tiger effectually prevented from making a second spring. The wounded beast roared; but turning on the Coorg, who had by this time retired several yards, advanced fiercely upon him, his wounded leg hanging loose in the skin, showing that it was broken. The tiger, now excited to a pitch of reckless rage, rushed forward upon its three legs towards its adversary, who stood with his heavy knife upraised, awaiting the encounter. As soon as the savage creature came within his reach, he brought down the ponderous weapon upon its head with a force which nothing could resist, laid open the scull from ear to ear, and the vanquished foe fell dead at his feet. He then coolly wiped the knife on the animal's hide, made a dignified salaam to the rajah, and retired amid the loud acclamations of the spectators.

Oriental Annual.

LION HUNTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SOME years ago it was my fortune to be attached to a party of the Cape cavalry encamped on the banks of the Orange river in South Africa, for protection of the boors on that extreme boundary, against a tribe of savages who were then supposed to threaten an invasion of the colony. That portion of our African territory extending from the Fish river, formerly the north-eastern limit to the banks of the Garick or Orange river, had been but a few years in our possession, and there only a scanty population of Dutchmen was scattered over a space of some hundred miles. The occupation I believe was not recognised at that time by government. The character of the scenery was somewhat peculiar: vast plains or

flats extended in all directions, bare and sandy, rarely presenting a green blade of verdure to the weary eye. These plains were intersected by ranges of low table mountains, whose sides and summits were equally divested of all vegetation, and in passing over the country, as you crossed the lower ridge of some of these hills, a prospect of the same monotonous and barren extent was presented to the view. It was seldom we met with a human habitation, and nought enlivened the weary scene save the various species of antelope and quagga abounding in these plains, who, frightened at the appearance of man, ran wildly off in every direction. At a distance they might have been sometimes taken for vast herds of sheep and droves of cattle. If a boor's dwelling happened to be in the neighbourhood, these dwellings were always erected on the bank of some rivulet or spring, where there might be a sufficient supply of water for their flocks, and to irrigate a few limited nooks of land to grow vegetables and tobacco for themselves. In the drier seasons, however, these almost pastoral farmers were obliged to forsake their more permanent abodes, and betake themselves to tents, and, with their flocks, wander over the sandy waste in search of pasturage for their sheep and cattle. While encamped in these open plains, their kraals or folds were frequently disturbed by the midnight visit of the lion; and their only escape from his attacks was in the discovery of his retreat, and his destruction. His usual prey was the quagga or the antelope; but the fleetness of these animals, or their instinctive precautions perhaps, gave them more security than the feeble defence of a crowded kraal.

It was on these occasions that I witnessed the mode in which the Boor discovered and rid himself of his troublesome neighbour, as the officer commanding was applied to, and most willingly granted the assistance of a few men, whom we were delighted to accompany.

The method by which the Boors pursue the lion will

be shewn by describing the last hunt at which I was present. In every instance it was the same, and in three successful, without injury to any individual of the parties. The north-east bank of the Orange river, opposite our encampment, was totally uninhabited save by a few wandering Bushmen. Vast numbers of antelopes and quaggas grazed upon the plains; and, in the rugged and bare hills which intersect them, the lion dwelt during the day, and at night descended, after considerable intervals, in search of food. I have seldom seen him in the plain during the day, save when in the extreme heat of the summer, he might be found on the wooded banks of the river; but often during the night, when we bivouacked in the open plain, and the terror of the cattle and horses bore evidence of his approach;—at dawn he would be seen winding slowly his way to the loftier summit of some neighbouring mountain. One might hear the thunder of his voice at miles distance, while every animal shook with fear. A lion of huge dimensions passed the river, which at that season was low, and carried off a horse, the property of a neighbouring Boor. For some nights previous he had been heard in a hill close to the banks of the river, to which it was supposed he had again retreated on destroying his prey. The Boors assert that the flesh of the horse is highly prized by the palate of the lion, but perhaps it is because that animal is their own most valuable property. It was proposed to cross the river the following morning and trace him to his den, with the few Boors we could collect, and a party of our men. We mounted immediately after sunrise, and, with a large number of dogs, proceeded to the mountain, every crevice and ravine of which we examined without finding him. Gorged with his late meal he had perhaps, we thought, remained in the thick cover on the steep banks of the river, to which we then returned, and in passing over a narrow plain, a spot of ground was pointed out to us, by an eye-witness, where he had been seen to seize and devour a quagga some days before. The hard and arid soil was actually

hollowed by the violence of the mortal struggle. The dogs had scarcely entered the thick bushy banks of the river ere they gave tongue, and they appeared to advance in pursuit, as if the lion was slowly retreating. At times it would seem that he turned and rushed upon the dogs. We, however, could not dare to enter farther than the skirts of the jungle, with a finger on the trigger, and the carbine half at the present. One single clutch of his tremendous paw unquestionably would have been fatal. For a considerable time the dogs remained silent, and we fancied we had irrecoverably lost him. With more and more confidence we examined the thicket, but without success, and were about giving up the pursuit in despair, when a Hottentot and Boor observed his footsteps in the sand. The word was again to horse. The lion's course appeared to be towards the mountain which we had left. R——, with a party of Boors and soldiers, galloped straight up the nearest declivity, while I with a smaller number rode round a projecting edge of the hill into a deep ravine, to which he might have retreated. With my party I had been too late: he had been just brought to bay as he was commencing his descent on the opposite declivity of the hill, but R—— delayed the attack until we should arrive to witness the encounter; meanwhile the dogs amused him. The ascent by which we could reach the summit was steep and rugged, but our horses were accustomed to such, and with whip and spur we urged them on. Whoever has seen the African lion at bay would assuredly say the sportsmen could never behold a more stirring scene in the chase. There he was seated on his hind-quarters, his eye glaring on a swarm of curs yelping around him; his dark shaggy mane shook around his gigantic shoulders, or with his paw tossed in the air the nearest dog, more apparently in sport than anger. We arranged preliminaries. The horses were tied together in a line, taking care to turn their heads from the direction where the lion was at bay, and likewise that they were to the windward of him, lest his

scent should scare them into flight. The retreat behind the *living* wall is the Boor's last resource if he should advance on them, that his indiscriminate fury may fall upon the horses. Some of the Boors are excellent marksmen, and the Hottentot soldiers are far from being despicable: yet many a bullet was fired ere he was slain. Fired by the wounds he received, his claw was no longer harmless: one dog he almost tore to pieces, and two more were destroyed ere he fell. At each shot he rushed forward as if with the intention of singling out the man who fired, but his rage was always vented on the dogs, and he again retired to the station he had left. The ground appeared to be bathed in blood. Every succeeding attempt to rush forward displayed less vigour and fury, and at last, totally exhausted, he fell; but still the approach was dangerous. In the last struggle of his expiring agony he might have inflicted a mortal wound: cautiously approaching, he was shot through the heart. Twelve wounds were counted in his head, body, and limbs. He was of the largest size, and allied in appearance to the species which the Boors called the black lion. We claimed the skin and skull—the Bushmen the carcass, which to them is a delicious morsel; and the Boors were satisfied with knowing that he would commit no farther depredations on them.

On another occasion we roused two on the summit of a low stony hill. They were deliberately descending on one side as we reached the top, and amid a shower of bullets, they quietly crossed a plain to ascend another. We followed, and they separated: we brought them to bay in succession, and slew both. It appears to me, from what I have seen and heard, that a lion once wounded will immediately turn upon his pursuers; but I am of opinion that he seldom attacks man, generally shuns his vicinity, and that he has none of the reported partiality for human flesh. In the district I have described, and of which a description was necessary to show that we encountered him upon clear and open ground, the various kinds of

lion were originally very numerous. The Boors enumerated three—the yellow, grey, and black. Their numbers are very much diminished, principally, perhaps, from their retreating beyond Orange River to an unoccupied country, although many were also destroyed by the Boors. It has been said that the lion lives in the plains: the African hunters almost always seek him in the mountains; and occasionally one or two will not shun the encounter, if armed with their long and sure rifles, which on almost all occasions they carry. One instance more, and I am done. A party of officers, a few years previous, along with some Boors, discovered a lion, lioness, and two cubs, within a short distance of Herianus Craal, on the frontier. The lion dashed forward to protect his mate and young ones, and attempted to defend them by shielding them with his body, until the officers, moved by his magnanimity of conduct, entreated that he might not be destroyed; but the Dutchmen were inexorable, and they killed him: the cubs fled and the lioness followed; but all were found dead of their wounds the succeeding day.

Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.

A TIGER HUNT ON ELEPHANTS.

THE 1st of March will always be a *dies notanda* in my sporting annals, as the day on which I first witnessed the noble sport of tiger shooting. The Nimrods of our party had, ever since we entered upon the Dooab, been zealously employed in preparing fire-arms and casting bullets, in anticipation of a chase among the favourite haunts of wild beasts, the banks of the Jumna and Ganges.

Some of the more experienced sportsmen, as soon as they saw the nature of the jungle in which we were en-

camped, presaged that there were tigers in the neighbourhood. Accordingly, whilst we were at breakfast, the servant informed us that there were some *gongwalas*, or villagers, in waiting, who had some *khubber* (news) about tigers to give us. We all jumped up and rushed out, and found a group of five or six half-naked fellows, headed by a stout young man, with a good sword by his side, and bearded like fifteen pards, who announced himself as a jemadar. As usual in like cases, all the natives began to speak at once, in a Veluti-like tone, and with vehement gesticulations. The young jemadar, however, soon silenced them with a "Chup. teerce!" &c. and then gave us to understand that a young buffalo had been carried off the day before, about a mile from the spot, and that their herds had long suffered from the depredations of a party of three tigers, which had been often seen by the cowherds.

At 4 P. M., (so late an hour that few of us expected any sport,) Lord Combermere and nine others of our party mounted elephants, and taking twenty pad elephants to beat the covert and carry the guides and the game, proceeded towards the swamp pointed out as the lurking place of the buffalo-devouring monsters.

Sancho, the jemadar-hurkarah of the quarter-master-general's department, insisted upon leading the cavalcade, mounted on his poney. This strange old character—who obtained his *nom de guere* from the strong similitude he bears to his illustrious prototype, both in the short, round, bandy proportions of his person, and the quaint shrewdness of his remarks—served under Lord Lake in the Mahratta war, and has ever since distinguished himself as the most active and intelligent of the intelligence department. Almost the last act of Lord Combermere, before he left India, was to obtain for the faithful Sancho a snug barataria, in the shape of a little jaghire, a possession which had long been the object of his ambition.

This noted individual now spurred on before our par-

ty, mounted on his piebald palfrey, (or *belfry*, as his namesake would have called it,) with his right arm bared, and his scimitar flourishing in the air.

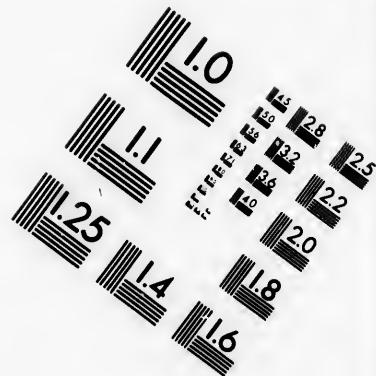
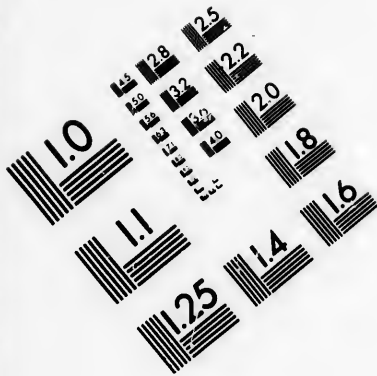
The jungle was in no place very high: there being but few trees, and a fine thick covert of grass and rushes. Every thing was favourable for the sport. Few of us, however, expecting to find a tiger, another man and myself dismounted from our elephants to get a shot at a florikan, a bird of the bustard tribe, which we killed. It afterwards proved that there were two tigers within a hundred yards of the spot where we were walking.

We beat for half an hour steadily in line, and I was just beginning to yawn in despair, when my elephant suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, which, my mahout informed me, was a sure sign that there was a tiger somewhere "between the wind and our nobility." The formidable line of thirty elephants, therefore, brought up their left shoulders, and beat slowly on to windward.

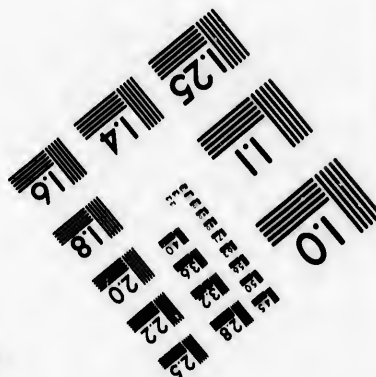
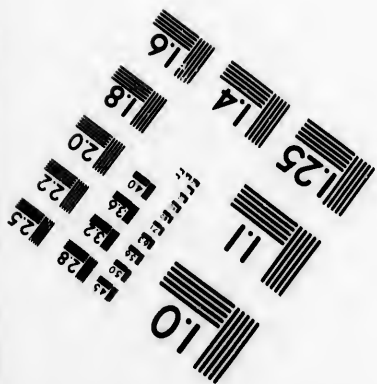
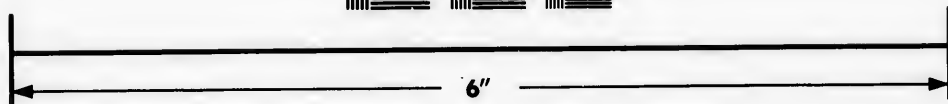
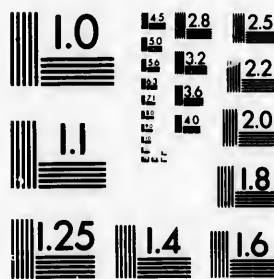
We had gone about three hundred yards in this direction, and had entered a swampy part of the jungle, when suddenly the long wished for tally-ho! saluted our ears, and a shot from Captain M—— confirmed the sporting *Eureka!* The tiger answered the shot with a loud roar, and boldly charged the line of elephants. Then occurred the most ridiculous, but most provoking scene possible. Every elephant, except Lord Combermere's, (which was a known staunch one) turned tail, and went off at score, in spite of all the blows and imprecations heartily bestowed upon them by the mahouts. One, less expeditious in his retreat than the others, was overtaken by the tiger, and severely torn in the hind leg; whilst another, even more alarmed than the rest, we could distinguish flying over the plain, till he quite sunk below the horizon.

The tiger in the meanwhile, advanced to attack his lordship's elephant; but, being wounded in the loins by Captain M.'s shot, failed in his spring, and shrunk back





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among the rushes. My elephant was one of the first of the runaways to return to action; and when I ran up alongside Lord Combermere, (whose heroic animal had stood like a rock) he was quite *hors de combat*, having fired all his broadside. I handed him a gun, and we poured a volley of four barrels upon the tiger, who, attempting again to charge, fell from weakness. Several shots more were expended upon him before he dropped dead; upon which we gave a good hearty "Whoop! whoop!" and stowed him upon a pad elephant. As Lord Combermere had, for some minutes, alone sustained the attack of the tiger—a three-quarters grown male—the *spolia opima* were duly awarded to him.

Having loaded, and re-formed line, we again advanced, and after beating for half an hour, I saw the grass gently moved about one hundred yards in front of me; and soon after a large tiger reared his head and shoulders above the jungle as if to reconnoitre us. I tally-ho'd! and the whole line rushed forward. On arriving at the spot, two tigers broke covert, and cantered quietly across an open space of ground. Several shots were fired, one of which slightly touched the largest of them, who immediately turned round, and roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail, came bounding towards us; but apparently alarmed by the formidable line of elephants, he suddenly stopped short, and turned into the jungle again, followed by us at full speed. At this pace the action of an elephant is so extremely rough, that though a volley of shots were fired, the tiger performed his attack and retreat without being again struck. Those who had the fastest elephants had now the best of the sport, and when he returned to fight (which he soon did) only three of us were up. As soon as he faced about, he attempted to spring on Captain M.'s elephant, but was stopped by a shot in the chest. Two or three more shots brought him to his knees, and the noble beast fell dead in a last attempt to charge. He was a full grown male, and a very fine animal. Near the spot

where we found him, were discovered the well-picked remains of a buffalo.

One of the sportsmen had, in the meantime, kept the smaller tiger in view, and we soon followed to the spot to which he had been marked. It was a thick marshy covert of broad flag reeds, called Hogla, and we had beat through it twice, and were beginning to think of giving it up, as the light was waning, when Captain P.'s elephant, which was lagging in the rear, suddenly uttered a shrill scream, and came rushing out of the swamp with the tiger hanging by its teeth to the upper part of its tail! Captain P.'s situation was perplexing enough, his elephant making the most violent efforts to shake off his backbiting foe, and himself unable to use his gun for fear of shooting the unfortunate coolie, who, frightened out of his wits, was standing behind the howdah, with his feet in the crupper, within six inches of the tiger's head.

We soon flew to his aid, and quickly shot the tiger, who, however, did not quit his gripe until he had received eight balls, when he dropped off the poor elephant's mangled tail quite dead. The elephant only survived ten days, but it was shrewdly suspected that his more mortal wounds were inflicted by some of the sportsmen who were over-zealous to rid him of his troublesome hanger-on. Had the unlucky animal lived in those days, "when use of speech was not confined merely to brutes of human kind," he would, no doubt, have exclaimed in his misery, "Preserve me from my friends! I can defend myself from my enemies."

Thus, in about two hours, and within sight of camp, we found and slew three tigers,—a piece of good fortune rarely to be met with in these modern times, when the spread of cultivation, and the zeal of English sportsmen, have almost exterminated the breed of these animals.

During the *chasse*, the jungle was on fire in several places, and the wind being high, the flames at one time gained so fast upon us that the line was obliged to re-

treat. I saw here a confirmation of the fact, that in high grass jungles, fires run to windward, if there be a fresh breeze. This is easily accounted for : the wind bends the long silky dry grass over that which is already ignited, the flames catch the pendant tops, and thus, as long as there is material, the infection spreads.

Four other sportsmen of our party returned to camp this evening, having been out for four days in a different direction. They only killed one tiger, but he was an immense beast, and was shot on the head of Colonel F.'s elephant, which he wounded severely. This is considered the acmé of tiger shooting ; so I know not how P.'s affair would rank in a comparative ratio !

When we returned to camp, and had deposited our game in the main street, hundreds of spectators arrived and assembled round us. The claws and whiskers of tigers being looked upon as efficient charms by the natives, some of these desiderata were quickly snatched away before we could prevent the depredation.

ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.

A party of Europeans, consisting of indigo planters, and some of the officers of a native regiment, stationed in their neighbourhood, went into the jungles, for the purpose of shooting tigers. They had not proceeded far before they roused an immense tigress, which with the greatest intrepidity charged the line of elephants on which they were seated ; when a female elephant, in the direct point of attack, which had been lately purchased and hitherto untried, turned suddenly round to fly from the field of battle, showing the greatest dread of the approaching foe. It was in vain that the mahout exerted all his skill to make her face the tigress, which instantly sprang upon her back, and seizing the gentleman by the thigh speedily brought him to the ground ;

then throwing him (quite stunned by the fall) over her shoulder, just in the same manner as a fox carries a goose, she started off into the jungle. Every rifle was pointed at her, but no one dared to fire, because of the position in which the captive lay. She went through the jungle grass much faster than the elephants could do, and they soon lost sight of the tigress and her prey; yet they were enabled to trace her by the blood in her track; and, as a forlorn hope, they resolved still to follow on, to see if it were possible to save the remains of their friend from being devoured by the ferocious brute. As they proceeded, the traces grew fainter and fainter, until at length, bewildered in the heart of the jungle, they were about to give up the pursuit in dismay, when all at once they came most unexpectedly upon the objects of their pursuit, and beheld the tigress lying dead upon the long jungle grass, still griping the thigh of their associate in her tremendous jaws, whilst he, though still sensible, was unable, from loss of blood, to reply to the questions proposed. To extricate his leg was impossible, without first cutting off the head of the tigress, which was immediately done, and the jaws being severed, the fangs were drawn out of the wounds; and as one of the party providentially happened to be a surgeon, the patient was properly attended to, and the party had the great felicity of returning with their friend, rescued from the most perilous situation, and with hopes of his recovery. He was taken to the nearest bungalow, and, by the providential aid thus afforded, he was in a short time able to see his friends, and to explain how it was that the animal was thus found dead. For some time after the beast had seized him, he continued insensible, being stunned by the fall, as well as faint from the loss of blood, and the excruciating pain which her fangs inflicted: when he came to himself, he discovered that he was lying on the back of the tigress, who was trotting along at a smart pace through the jungle, and every now and then his face and hands would receive the most vio-

lent scratches from the thorns and bushes through which she dragged him. He gave himself up as lost, considering that not the least glimpse of hope remained, and determined to lie quietly on her back, waiting the issue —when it struck his mind that he had a pair of pistols in his girdle, with which he might yet destroy his captor. After several ineffectual attempts, from the weakness which the loss of blood had occasioned, he at length succeeded in drawing one from the belt, and directing it at the creature's head, he fired, when the only effect it seemed to produce was, that after giving him an angry shake, by which she made her fangs meet more closely in his flesh, her pace was quickened. From the excruciating pain thus produced he fainted away, and remained totally unconscious of what was passing for some minutes, when, recovering a little, he determined to try the effect of another shot in a different place; so getting the remaining pistol out of his girdle, he pointed the muzzle under the blade bone of the shoulder, in the direction of the heart, and once more fired, when the tigress fell dead in a moment, and neither howled nor struggled after she fell; neither had he power to call out for aid, though he heard his friends approaching, and was fearful that they might pass the spot without discovering where he lay. Through mercy he recovered from his wounds, and was living when I left India, although he was quite lame; the sinews of his thigh being dreadfully lacerated by the fangs of the tigress.

A LION HUNT.

The hunting of an African lion is described with infinite spirit by Mr. Pringle, who was a settler on the eastern frontier of the Cape colony. "One night," says he, "a lion, that had previously purloined a few sheep

out of my kraal, came down and killed my riding horse about a hundred yards from the door of my cabin. Knowing that the lion, when he does not carry off his prey, usually conceals himself in the vicinity, and is very apt to be dangerous by prowling about the place in search of more game, I resolved to have him destroyed or dislodged without delay. I therefore sent a messenger round the location, to invite all who were willing to assist in the enterprise, to repair to the place of rendezvous as speedily as possible. In an hour every man of the party (with the exception of two pluckless fellows who were kept at home by the women) appeared ready mounted and armed. We were also reinforced by about a dozen of the 'Bastuard' or Mulatto Hottentots, who resided at that time upon our territory as tenants or herdsmen,—an active and enterprising, though rather an unsteady, race of men. Our friends the Tarkaboors, many of whom are excellent lion hunters, were all too far distant to assist us, our nearest neighbours residing at least twenty miles from the location. We were therefore, on account of our own inexperience, obliged to make our Hottentots the leaders of the chase.

"The first point was to track the lion to his covert. This was effected by a few of the Hottentots on foot. Commencing from the spot where the horse was killed, they followed the *spoor*,* through grass, and gravel, and brushwood, with astonishing ease and dexterity, where an inexperienced eye could discern neither footprint nor mark of any kind,—until at length we fairly tracked him into a large *bosch*, or straggling thicket of brushwood and evergreens, about a mile distant.

"The next object was to drive him out of this retreat, in order to attack him in close phalanx, and with more safety and effect. The approved mode in such cases is to torment him with dogs till he abandons his covert and stands at bay in the open plain. The whole band of hunters then march forward together, and fire deli-

* The Hottentot name for a foot-mark.

berately one by one. If he does not speedily fall, but grows angry and turns upon his enemies, they must then stand close in a circle, and turn their horses rear outward; some holding them fast by the bridles, while the others kneel to take a steady aim at the lion as he approaches, sometimes up to the very horses' heels, couching every now and then as if to measure the distance and strength of his enemies. This is the moment to shoot him fairly in the forehead, or some other mortal part. If they continue to wound him ineffectually till he waxes furious and desperate, or if the horses, startled by his terrific roar, grow frantic with terror, and burst loose, the business becomes rather serious, and may end in mischief; especially if all the party are not men of courage, coolness, and experience. The frontier Boors are, however, generally such excellent marksmen, and withal so cool and deliberate, that they seldom fail to shoot him dead as soon as they get within a fair distance.

“In the present instance, we did not manage matters quite so scientifically. The Bastuards, after recounting to us all these and other sage laws of lion-hunting, were themselves the first to depart from them. Finding that the few indifferent hounds which we had, made little impression on the enemy, they divided themselves into two or three parties, and rode round the jungle, firing into the spot where the dogs were barking round him, but without effect. At length, after some hours spent in thus beating about the bush, the Scottish blood of some of my countrymen began to get impatient; and three of them announced their determination to march in and beard the lion in his den, provided three of the Bastuards (who were superior marksmen) would support them and follow up their fire, should the enemy venture to give battle. Accordingly in they went (in spite of the warnings of some more prudent men among us), to within fifteen or twenty paces of the spot where the animal lay concealed. He was couched among the

roots of a large evergreen bush, with a small space of open ground on one side of it; and they fancied, on approaching, that they saw him distinctly lying glaring at them from beneath the foliage. Charging the Bastuards to stand firm and level fair should they miss, the Scottish champions let fly together, and struck, not the lion, as it afterwards proved, but a great block of red stone, beyond which he was actually lying. Whether any of the shot grazed him is uncertain, but with no other warning than a furious growl, forth he bolted from the bush. The pusillanimous Bastuards, in place of now pouring in their volley upon him, instantly turned and fled helter-skelter, leaving him to do his pleasure upon the defenceless Scots; who, with empty guns, were tumbling over each other, in their hurry to escape the clutch of the rampant savage. In a twinkling he was upon them, and with one stroke of his paw dashed the nearest to the ground. The scene was terrific! There stood the lion with his paw upon his prostrate foe, looking round in conscious power and pride upon the bands of his assailants, and with a port the most noble and imposing that can be conceived. It was the most magnificent thing I ever witnessed. The danger of our friends, however, rendered it at the moment too terrible to enjoy either the grand or the ludicrous part of the picture. We expected every instant to see one or more of them torn in pieces; nor, though the rest of the party were standing within fifty paces with their guns cocked and levelled, durst we fire for their assistance. One was lying under the lion's paw, and the others scrambling towards us in such a way as to intercept our aim at him. All this passed far more rapidly than I have described it. But luckily the lion, after steadily surveying us for a few seconds, seemed willing to be quits with us on fair terms; and with a fortunate forbearance (for which he met but an ungrateful recompense), turned calmly away, and driving the snarling dogs like rats from among his heels, bounded over the adjoining

thicket like a cat over a footstool, clearing brakes and bushes twelve or fifteen feet high, as readily as if they had been tufts of grass, and abandoning the jungle, retreated towards the mountains.

“After ascertaining the state of our rescued comrade (who fortunately had sustained no other injury than a slight scratch on the back, and a severe bruise in the ribs, from the force with which the animal had dashed him to the ground), we renewed the chase with Hottentots and hounds in full cry. In a short time we again came up with the enemy, and found him standing at bay under an old mimosa tree, by the side of a mountain stream which we had distinguished by the name of Douglas Water. The dogs were barking round, but afraid to approach him, for he was now beginning to growl fiercely, and to brandish his tail in a manner that shewed he was meditating mischief. The Hottentots, by taking a circuit between him and the mountain, crossed the stream, and took a position on the top of a precipice overlooking the spot where he stood. Another party of us occupied a position on the other side of the glen; and placing the poor fellow thus between two fires, which confused his attention and prevented his retreat, we kept battering away at him till he fell, unable again to grapple with us, pierced with many wounds.

“He proved to be a full grown lion of the yellow variety, about five or six years of age. He measured nearly twelve feet from the nose to the tip of the tail. His fore leg below the knee was so thick that I could not span it with both hands; and his neck, breast, and limbs appeared, when the skin was taken off, a complete congeries of sinews.”

CAPTURE OF A CAYMAN.

THE Indian had made his instrument to take the cayman. It was very simple. There were four pieces of tough hard wood, a foot long, and about as thick as your little finger, and barbed at both ends; they were tied round the end of the rope, in such a manner, that if you conceive the rope to be an arrow, these four sticks would form the arrow's head; so that one end of the four united sticks answered to the point of the arrow-head, while the other end of the sticks expanded at equal distances round the rope. Now it is evident, that if the cayman swallowed this, (the other end of the rope, which was thirty yards long, being fastened to a tree,) the more he pulled, the faster the barbs would stick into his stomach. The wooden hook, if you may so call it, was well-baited with the flesh of the acourie, and the entrails were twisted round the rope for about a foot above it.

Nearly a mile from where we had our hammocks, the sand-bank was steep and abrupt, and the river very still and deep; there the Indian pricked a stick into the sand. It was two feet long, and on its extremity was fixed the machine; it hung suspended about a foot from the water, and the end of the rope was made fast to a stake driven well into the sand.

The Indian then took the empty shell of a land tortoise, and gave it some heavy blows with an axe. I asked why he did that. He said, it was to let the cayman hear that something was going on. In fact, the Indian meant it as the cayman's dinner bell.

Having done this, we went back to the hammocks, not intending to visit it again till morning. During the night the jaguars roared and grumbled in the forest, as though the world was going wrong with them, and at intervals we could hear the distant cayman's. The roaring of the jaguars was awful; but it was music to the dismal noise of the hideous and malicious reptiles.

About half-past five in the morning, the Indian stole off silently to take a look at the bait. On arriving at the place, he set up a tremendous shout. We all jumped out of our hammocks, and ran to him. The Indians got there before me, for they had no clothes to put on, and I lost two minutes in looking for my trousers and in slipping into them.

We found a cayman, ten and a-half feet long, fast to the end of the rope. Nothing now remained to do but to get him out of the water without injuring his scales. We mustered strong: there were three Indians from the creek, there was my own Indian, Yan Daddy Quashi; the negro from Mrs. Peterson's, James; Mr. R. Edmonstone's man, whom I was instructing to preserve birds, and, lastly, myself.

I informed the Indians that it was my intention to draw him quietly out of the water, and then secure him. They looked and stared at each other, and said I might do it myself, but they would have no hand in it; the cayman would worry some of us. On saying this, they squatted on their hams with the most perfect indifference.

The Indians of these wilds have never been subject to the least restraint; and I knew enough of them to be aware, that if I tried to force them against their will, they would take off, and leave me and my presents unheeded, and never return.

Daddy Quashi was for applying to our guns, as usual, considering them our best and safest friends. I immediately offered to knock him down for his cowardice, and he shrunk back, begging that I would be cautious, and not get myself worried; and apologising for his own want of resolution. My Indian was now in conversation with the others, and they asked if I would allow them to shoot a dozen arrows into him, and thus disable him. This would ruin all. I had come about three hundred miles on purpose to get a cayman uninjured, and not to carry back a mutilated specimen. I rejected their pro-

position with firmness, and darted a disdainful eye upon the Indians.

Daddy Quashi was again beginning to remonstrate, and I chased him on the sand-bank for a quarter of a mile. He told me afterwards, he thought he should have dropped down dead with fright, for he was firmly persuaded, if I had caught him, I should have bundled him into the cayman's jaws. Here then we stood in silence, like a calm before a thunder storm. They wanted to kill him, and I wanted to take him alive.

I now walked up and down the sand, revolving a dozen projects in my head. The canoe was at a considerable distance, and I ordered the people to bring it round to the place where we were. The mast was eight feet long and not much thicker than my wrist. I took it out of the canoe, and wrapped the sail round the end of it. Now it appeared clear to me, that if I went down upon one knee, and held the mast in the same position as the soldier holds his bayonet when rushing to the charge, I could force it down the cayman's throat, should he come open-mouthed at me. When this was told to the Indians, they brightened up, and said they would help me to pull him out of the river.

"Brave squad," said I to myself, "now that you have got me betwixt yourselves and danger!" I then mustered all hands for the last time before the battle. We were four South American savages, two negroes from Africa, a creole from Trinidad, and myself, a white man from Yorkshire. In fact, a strange group, in dress, address, and language.

Daddy Quashi hung in the rear: I showed him a large Spanish knife, which I always carried in the waist-band of my trousers: it spoke volumes to him, and he shrugged up his shoulders in absolute despair. The sun was just peeping over the high forests on the eastern hills, as if coming to look on, and bid us act with becoming fortitude. I placed all my people at the end of the rope, and ordered them to pull till the cayman appeared on the

surface of the water, and let him go again into the deep.

I now took the mast of the canoe in my hand (the sail being tied round the end of the mast) and sunk down upon one knee, about four yards from the water's edge, determining to thrust it down his throat, in case he gave me an opportunity. I certainly felt somewhat uncomfortable in this situation, and I thought of Cerberus on the other side of the Styx ferry. The people pulled the cayman to the surface; he plunged furiously as soon as he arrived in these upper regions, and immediately went below again on their slackening the rope. I saw enough not to fall in love at first sight. I now told them we would run all risks, and have him on land immediately. They pulled again, and out he came. This was an interesting moment. I kept my position firmly, with my eye fixed steadfastly on him.

By this time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw he was in a state of fear and perturbation: I instantly dropped the mast, sprung up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back, and thus they served me for a bridle.

He now seemed to have recovered from his surprise, and probably fancying himself in hostile company, he began to plunge furiously, and lashed the sand with his long and powerful tail. I was out of reach of the strokes of it, by being near his head. He continued to plunge and strike, and made my seat very uncomfortable. It must have been a fine sight for an unoccupied spectator.

The people roared out in triumph, and were so vociferous, that it was some time before they heard me tell them to pull me and my beast of burden farther in land. I was apprehensive the rope might break, and then there would have been every chance of going down to the regions under water with the cayman.

The people now dragged me above forty yards on the

sand. After repeated attempts to regain his liberty, the cayman gave in, and became tranquil through exhaustion. I now managed to tie up his jaws, and firmly secured his fore-feet in the position I had held them. We had now another severe struggle for superiority, but he was soon overcome, and again remained quiet. While some of the people were pressing upon his head and shoulders, I threw myself on his tail, and by keeping it down to the sand, prevented him from giving any more disturbance. He was finally conveyed to the canoe, and then to the place where we had suspended our hammocks. Here I cut his throat; and after breakfast was over, commenced the dissection.

Waterton's Wanderings in South America.

CHAPTER IV.

VOLCANOES AND EARTHQUAKES.

— a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.—MILTON.

EARTHQUAKE AT MESSINA.

MESSINA, being situated between Mount Etna and the gulf of Charybdis, and being likewise at no great distance from the volcanoes of Lipari and Stromboli, must have been in all ages liable to suffer by earthquakes. Such terrible events, however, appear to have been more unfrequent in ancient than in modern times, and have alarmed the present age oftener than any other. In the year 1693 a fourth part of the cities of Sicily was destroyed by an earthquake. Messina merely felt the

shock ; all its buildings, however, suffered. In the year 1742 it suffered another equally violent. The plague which followed in 1743 retarded the repairs necessary after the earthquake. In the year 1780, this city continued, for more than six months, to suffer from new earthquakes.

The autumn of the year 1782 was unusually cold and rainy. Fahrenheit's thermometer was often as low as 56 degrees. The succeeding winter was dry ; and the mercury never fell under 55 degrees : and, what is uncommon in that season, storms were now and then observed to rise from the west. The pilots in the channel observed that the tides no longer rose at the usual periods, and the gulf of Charybdis raged with extraordinary fury. On the 5th of February 1783, the air was heavy and calm ; the sky obscured with thick clouds, and the atmosphere seemingly all in a flame. About half after twelve at noon, the earth began to shake with a dreadful noise. The shocks continually increased, and became at length so violent as to open the ground, and to overturn, in two or three minutes, a considerable part of the buildings. A long white cloud appeared to the north-west ; and soon after another, very dark, in the same quarter of the heavens. The latter in a moment spread over the whole horizon, and deluged the city with rain and hail, accompanied with dreadful claps of thunder. The inhabitants fled in the utmost terror to the fields and the ships in the harbour. From mid-day till five in the afternoon the earthquake continued almost without interruption. The shocks then became somewhat less frequent. The cries of the dying ; the shrieks of those who were half buried under the ruins ; the wild terror with which others, who were still able, attempted to make their escape ; the despair of fathers, mothers, and husbands, bereft of those who were dearest to them ; then formed altogether a scene of horror, such as can but seldom occur in the history of the calamities of the human race. Amid that awful scene, instances

of the most heroic courage and of the most generous affection were displayed. Mothers, regardless of their own safety, rushed into every danger to snatch their children from death. Conjugal and filial affection prompted deeds not less desperate and heroic. But no sooner did the earthquake cease than the poor wretches who had escaped began to feel the influence of very different passions. When they returned to visit the ruins, to seek out the situation of their fallen dwellings, to inquire into the fate of their families, to procure food and collect some remains of their former fortunes—such as found their circumstances the most wretched became suddenly animated with rage, which nothing but wild despair could inspire. The distinction of ranks and the order of society were disregarded, and property eagerly violated. Murder, rapine, and lawless robbery, reigned among the smoking ruins.

The succeeding day scarcely alleviated the distress of this dismal night: the few wretches who still survived, found themselves destitute of every necessary. At length order was in some degree re-established; and in two days after every person was supplied at least with some small portion of the necessaries for subsistence. But none as yet thought of returning to take up their abode among the ruins. The common people fixed their residence on the plain of Porto Salvo, near the town of Salleo; the nobles, magistrates, and merchants, on another plain, on the other side of the stream Porto de Legno; and the soldiers at Terra Nuova. Some violent shocks, which were again felt on the 1st of February and the 28th of March, almost completed the destruction of the city. The corn-magazines, however, escaped without damage; and the public ovens and the aqueducts were but little injured. From these facts it may perhaps be inferred, that, had not the houses of Messina been, in general, hastily built at the first, and afterwards carelessly repaired, fewer of them would have been overthrown by the earthquake.

The neighbouring villages, having suffered but little, were the first to relieve the remaining inhabitants of Messina in their distress. Maltese galleys for some days supplied necessaries to the poor and the sick with a generosity which merits the highest praise. They brought surgeons and whatever was needful for the cure of the wounded. The supplies sent by the king of France were refused, for what reason we know not. What money was needed for the support of the people was taken from the treasury of the city of Messina; for what the king of Naples sent was seized and spent by the garrison.

This earthquake was not of a momentary duration, like that by which Lisbon was destroyed, and like many others; for more than sixty days, from the 5th of February to the beginning of April, Messina continued to be shaken, and in that time felt more than two hundred shocks; and even after that period the alarm was again and again renewed. The chief damage which the public buildings within the city suffered was the fall of the dome of the church of purgatory. Only the walls were left standing; and even these had suffered considerably. One half of the steeple of the cathedral was beaten to the ground. The magazines of Porto Franco were likewise very much shattered. The fort of St. Salvator, being built on an artificial foundation, the side next to the sea there fell down; but on the other side, where it is founded on a rock, it stood unmoved by all the shocks of the earthquake.

Sir William Hamilton, who travelled into Calabria immediately after the earthquake, arrived at this ill-fated spot on the 16th of May, and his observations we shall here transcribe.—He found that all the beautiful front of the Palazzata, which extended in very lofty uniform buildings, in the shape of a crescent, had been in some parts totally ruined, in others less; and there were cracks in the earth of the quay, a part of which had sunk above a foot below the level of the

sea. The howlings of the dogs in the streets of Messina, a little before the earthquake, were so loud and terrific, that orders were sent to kill them; and it is said, that during the earthquake, fire had been seen to issue from the cracks of the quay, but our author is persuaded that this, as in other cases, was only a vapour charged with electrical fire, or a kind of inflammable air. Here also he was informed, that the shock of the 5th of February had been from the bottom upwards; but the subsequent ones generally horizontal or vorticose. A remarkable circumstance was observed at Messina, and through the whole coast of Calabria, which had been most affected by the earthquake, viz., that a small fish called *cicirelli*, resembling the English white bait, but larger, and which usually lie at the bottom of the sea, buried in the sand, had, after the commencement of the earthquakes to the time this account was written, continued to be taken near the surface, and that in such abundance as to be common food for the poorest sort of people: whereas before the earthquakes this fish was rare, and reckoned among the greatest delicacies. Fish of all kinds also were taken in greater abundance on these coasts after the commencement of the earthquakes than before; which Sir William supposes to have been occasioned either by the volcanic matter having heated the bottom of the sea, or that the continual tremor of the earth had forced them out of their retreats.

The disastrous year of this earthquake was scarcely concluded, the chasms which it had opened in the ground were still yawning, and the poor inhabitants of the adjacent country still trembled with terror, when the elements again renewed their fury to ravage this miserable land. On Tuesday the 6th of January 1784, about sunrise, the wind began to blow softly from the north-east. The sea gradually swelled, rose beyond its bed with rapid impetuosity, overflowed the quay of Messina, and lashed with its billows the ruins of the *Palazzata*. It loosened and displaced many of the stones of the

mole, spread over the whole street, and attacked the pedestals of the statues which had been spared by the earthquake, and still stood firm among the ruins. The same furious wind, which swelled the sea in so extraordinary a manner, ravaged the whole coast from Messina all the way to Syracuse.

EARTHQUAKE AT ALEPPO IN 1822.

The following account was written by an English gentleman who was a resident in Aleppo, at the time of its destruction, in 1822.

“I was asleep on the terrace of a particular friend, who, by the help of the Almighty, was mercifully saved, with all his family. About half an hour previous to the great shock, a light one was felt, when I took the precaution to draw my bed from a very high wall, where it was placed. I was soon awakened by the fall of that wall, on the very spot where my bed had stood. I sprang from my couch, and, without waiting to dress, fled into the house, which I found falling on all sides.

“To remain, or to take flight through the streets amidst falling houses, appeared equally dangerous. I descended the back stairs, by the Almighty’s guidance, for the front staircase fell at the same time.

“Like a man deprived of his senses, I ran amidst the falling walls to the gate of the town. On my way I witnessed the most terrible scenes. Men and women clinging to the ruined walls of their houses; mangled bodies lying under my feet; and piercing cries of half-buried people assailing my ears.

“After great exertion I arrived at the gate; bruised, and cut in my body and feet, I fell on my knees to thank God for my deliverance. The gate was shut, and no one dared to risk his life under its arch, to open it. After recommending my soul to my Creator, I threw myself on the gate. The little strength I retained was not

sufficient to force it. I entreated four or five Turks, who stood watching me, to assist in saving our lives. The Lord gave them courage, and in a little time they forced the bars and opened the gate. No sooner had I passed than the arch fell, and several Jews were buried in its ruins.

“An affecting scene was now exhibited. A great crowd of people rushed out, and with one accord fell on their knees to render thanks to God for their preservation. I crept, as well as I could, to a place where a group of people were collected, who had saved themselves from the suburbs, where no gates prevented their quitting the town: there I fell half dead with cold, and with the pain from my sores. Some people, who recognised me in that situation, gave me a cloak and brought me a little water. The whole night I spent in prayer and anxiety.

“Early next morning, the French dragoman joined me, and gave me the agreeable news, that all the European Christians, except one little boy, had been saved. Of the European Jews, the Austrian consul and a few others were crushed to death; and many thousands of native Christians, Jews, and Turks, perished with them. Antioch has likewise been destroyed, as well as Latakia, Gisser, Shogre, Idiib, Mendun, Killis, Scanderoon, and the rest of the towns and villages in the pachalic of Aleppo.”

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

THIS celebrated volcano is situated on the shores of the bay of Naples, to whose singularity and beauty it contributes in a striking degree. A burning mountain might be considered a dangerous neighbour, but, except during its state of violent eruption, it causes no disquietude to the city of Naples. Though the great cities of Herculaneum, Pompeii, Stabia, and Roman towns of less note, lie buried by the lava and other matter thrown out by the volcano, still Portici and Resina, the Torre del Greco, the Torre dell'

Annunziata, and a succession of villages, flourish round Mount Vesuvius with an immense population, constitutionally cheerful and generally prosperous in their circumstances. Some of these places are not only built over ancient interred cities, but have themselves, in modern ages, experienced the violence of the volcano, and been wholly or partially destroyed by vast rivers of lava. This is particularly the case with the town of the Torre del Greco, where the road is deeply cut through a bed of lava, and where other broad beds of the same dark material, which in some places have encroached far into the sea, forming little volcanic promontories, are found on every side of the town. The inhabitants, however, in their attachment to the spot, have always persisted in building their houses above those that have been buried, thus keeping up, as it were, a struggle with one of the most fearful powers of nature.

Mount Vesuvius is little more than four miles from the city of Naples, and owing to the beautiful transparency of the atmosphere, seems even at a shorter distance. It rises quite alone from the plain, declining on one side to the shore of the sea, and on the other towards a chain of the Apennines, which lofty mountains are seen several miles in its rear. Its base occupies an irregular space, which may be about twelve miles all round; it rises conically to the height of somewhat more than 3000 feet, where it terminates in two mantille or breasts—one of which is called Somma, the other of which is the great crater of the volcano. From its form and entirely isolated situation, it looks like some vast tumulus or sepulchral barrow.

Except where broken by some chasms, and covered by courses of the lava which have not yet had time to acquire a superficies of soil and vegetable matter, Mount Vesuvius is cultivated (and inhabited as we have mentioned) for two-thirds of its height. The soil that accumulates over, and is mainly produced by volcanic matter of different natures, is wonderfully fine, and admirably

fitted for vineyards. Here are produced the far-famed Lachryma Christi, the Greco, and other wines of superior quality.

The ascent to the mountain, though steep and very rugged, may be performed on mules or asses as far as what is called the Hermitage of San Salvatore—a lonely little building on a flat, from which rises the crater, or terminating cone of Vesuvius. But hence the remainder of the ascent, which may be about one-fourth of the entire height of the mountain, is difficult and fatiguing in the extreme. The crater sides of the acute cone by which you have to climb are nothing but a deep accumulation of cinders, ashes, and other yielding volcanic matter, into which your legs sink, and where you lose at least one out of every three steps you take. Even hardy and active men have been known to throw themselves down on the sides of the cone in a complete state of exhaustion, long before they could reach the top. But the summit once gained, fatigue is repaid by prospects of beauty that are scarcely rivalled upon earth. Naples and all the towns and villages we have mentioned lie at your feet, before you flows the magnificent Neapolitan bay studded with islands, and inland stretches the luxurious plain of Campagna Felice, with cities and towns, and with villas and hamlets almost too numerous to count, while the sweeping chain of the Apennines forms the extreme background to the picture.

We have noticed the views first, as they are of greater interest than the interior of the crater. This is nothing, in ordinary times, but a great funnel-shaped hollow, round the edges of which you walk in perfect safety, and look down the curious depth. Some have even descended into it. The person who writes this short account did so in the summer of 1816, when the mountain had been inactive for some years, emitting only, from time to time, a little smoke. Provided with ropes, which the ciceroni or guides held at the edge of the hollow, he and a friend went down the shelving side for

about 150 feet, when they landed on a circular flat that sounded hollow beneath their feet, but presented nothing very remarkable, except a number of fumaroli, or little holes, through which smoke ascended. The interior of the crater was coated with lapilla and sulphur, and in colour of a yellowish white. The fumes of the sulphur, and the pungent smoke from the little holes at the bottom of the crater, compelled a very speedy retreat, which was made with some difficulty, and without any great addition to their knowledge of volcanoes. It must be observed that this principal crater on the summit of the mountain, is always considerably altered in its form and features when the eruption proceeds from it; and, moreover that it is by no means the *sole vent* the subterranean fire of Vesuvius finds. On the contrary, the fire and lava often find issue from the sides of the mountain far below; while the superior funnel only emits smoke. In the winter of 1820, a mouth was formed at the foot of the superior cone, and nearly on a level with the hermitage of San Salvatore. To use a homely comparison, this vent was not unlike the mouth of a baker's oven; but a considerable stream of lava, which, when in a state of perfect fusion, resembles molten iron, issued from it, and flowed down a chasm in the direction of the Torre del Greco, the place we have described as having so often suffered from eruptions. A singular and deliberate suicide was committed here. An unhappy Frenchman walked up the mountain one night, and threw himself in at the source of this terrific stream. The men who conducted him said afterwards, that they had observed that he had a quantity of gunpowder about his person! He scarcely could have needed its agency, for the intense fire must have consumed him, skin, flesh, and bones, in a very few seconds. But though the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius do not always proceed from the grand crater, it must also be said that those that do are by far the most sublime in their effects, and that nothing can well be imagined more picturesque and striking than

to see by night the summit of that lofty cone crowned by fire, as it frequently is, for many successive weeks. The finest view, under those circumstances, is from the bay, over the waters of which it often happens that the moon throws a broad path of silvery light in one direction, and the volcano the blood-red reflection of its flames in another.

Penny Magazine.

MOUNT ETNA.

WE set out at three o'clock from Catania, and began our march in frightful roads through rocks of lava, which cover the first part of the route. We continued our journey in a road covered with lava, but bordered with superb Indian fig-trees. After proceeding five or six miles, we passed through the village of Gravelina, where I was assailed by nearly the whole population, demanding charity. Some miles farther we perceived, and afterwards passed through another village called Masca Luscia. It contains two churches; one of which, nearly destroyed by an earthquake, was never very remarkable, and the other is only rendered so by a steeple fantastically decorated with stones of various colour. We arrived, in fine, at the last village, that of Nicolosi, which appeared poorer than all the rest. This was surely, in former times, the town of Etna, where the inhabitants of Cathmia took refuge on the arrival of the Greeks. The environs abound with olive trees and vineyards, which produce excellent wine. All this part was covered with ashes by the eruptions of Monte Rosso, a secondary volcano, which formed itself at the last eruption. Monte Rosso is one of those mountains by which Etna is surrounded. It appears, when an eruption takes place, the lava, making its way on the flanks of the mountain, pierces the ground in the places which offer the least

resistance, and there forms a swelling, which it afterwards consolidates, by flowing from above. In this village we found the guide, or, as he is called, the pilot of Etna. After some conversation, he engaged to ascend for three piastres, about 12s. 6d. From thence to the convent where we were to rest our beasts, we had no more than a mile to go, which we performed by coasting along Monte Rosso, whose summit was gilded by the sun, and behind which it had already set when we arrived.

This mountain is several miles in circumference. I profited by the last light of the sky, in order to sketch a view of the convent, which although of the common extent, is nevertheless picturesque. Built against a small hill, long since become cold, and covered with woods, it seems sheltered from the destructive effects of the volcano. From the other side, between superb fir trees, you perceive the sea, the plains of Catania, and Syracuse. We were four hours in coming from Catania, which is notwithstanding only a distance of twelve miles. I slept here, and we set out at half-past nine, by moon-light. We first entered into an immense torrent of lava. The uncertain glimmerings of the moon gave an extraordinary aspect to the huge masses by which I was surrounded. Soon after, long shadows scattered here and there, and a trembling of the leaves, announced the approach to the forest of oaks, which formerly encircled Etna to the height of several miles, but which an immense torrent of lava had ravaged. We now entered into the most fantastical lavas; they have more of a slope, and the crevices which form these, as soon as they become cold, acquire more extent, and present a more rent appearance. Having arrived near a mass of snow which filled one of the narrow passes of the mountain, a summit that looked black in the sky, made me believe that I was at the end of the journey. An old tower which I took for the Torre del Filosofo, confirmed me in my error. I soon perceived another summit, covered with a whitish smoke. I asked if it was much higher

than the other. My guide affirmed that it was ; and he was in the right, for it seemed to me to surpass the first in the whole height of Vesuvius. The road became more united, and the acclivity gentler. We coasted along a torrent of black lava, the more singular as its elevation was from eight to ten feet, and perpendicular like a wall, which clearly proved to me that this matter in flowing, is not in perfect fusion, as great part of the substances which it drags along are sufficiently hard to prevent their melting ; and that they are like the basalt, detached from the immense vaults which, during many ages, supported this natural forge. The sky began to adorn itself in the east, and we perceived the house called *Les Anglais*. After a light breakfast, I directed my steps towards the place where, according to custom, the curious go to behold the rising sun.

I now bent my steps towards the last summit, which, covered with a light white smoke, seemed to move away from the impatient traveller. We walked nearly a mile on almost horizontal lava, or, to speak more correctly, on striated scoriæ or dross, which made a crackling noise under our feet ; and soon after on a swamp of snow, where we found a large stone, three feet in diameter, of the species of those called volcanic balls, which the mountain throws up in great eruptions ; but it is only a grain of metal in comparison with the volcano which ejected it from its bosom. In fine, we mounted the last cone which supports the crater, the ashes and the stones under our feet. The cold was excessive, but exercise kept us warm. I quitted my cloak, and rolling up some pieces of lava in it, I left it on the mountain. At last we arrived on the borders of the crater ; but the wind was so violent that I could scarcely cast a glance over it. I was thrown down ; and had it not been for my *Cicerone*, I might have rolled to the foot of the declivity which had given us so much trouble to ascend. Fastened, and lying down at the

ridge of the crater, I considered it at my ease, and braved the fury of Æolus and Vulcan.

It is a vast aperture, having four summits of different heights, rather more than a mile in width ; and, on account of its inequalities, I should think it about *four* in circumference. It is divided into two craters, by a cone risen from its centre, and which forms a crater itself, the cone of which is not very rapid. The ancient aperture is united to this cone by a gentle declivity, where has probably been formed within a recent period a small crater, a partial volcano, a perfect truncated cone, from which issues a great quantity of smoke. The general aspect of the crater is much less dreary than that of Vesuvius ; the substances surrounding it are not so black, but have rather the colour of potter's earth. I could not make the entire tour of the crater, on account of the violence of the wind, which prevented me also from descending into the interior, which appeared to me less rapid than that of Vesuvius.

Gourbillon's Travels in Italy.

ASCENT OF MOUNT HECLA.

WE rose at an early hour on the third of August, with the intention of ascending this mountain, whose fame had spread through every quarter of the globe. At ten o'clock we were ready ; and having collected our horses, we mounted them, and began our expedition under circumstances as favourable as we could wish. Our guide proposed leaving the poor animals standing till we returned ; but though they would not have stirred from the spot, we sent them back, not choosing such valuable and steady servants should remain a whole day without food. We now proceeded a considerable way along the edge of a stream of lava, and then crossed it where it

was not very broad, and gained the foot of the south end of the mountain. From this place we saw several mounts and hollows, from which the streams of lava from below appear to have flowed. While we had to pass over rugged lava we experienced no great difficulty in advancing; but when we arrived at the steepest part of the mountain, which was covered with loose slags, we sometimes lost at one step, by their yielding, a space that had been gained by several. In some places we saw collections of black sand, which, had there been any wind, must have proved exceedingly troublesome. The ascent was now very steep, but the roughness of the surface greatly assisted us.

Before we had gained the first summit, clouds surrounded us and prevented our seeing farther than a few yards. Placing implicit confidence in our guide, we proceeded; and having attained what we thought was the nearest of the three summits, we sat down to refresh ourselves, when he informed us that he had never been higher up the mountain. The clouds occasionally dividing, we saw that we had not reached the southern summit. After having passed a number of fissures, by leaping across some, and stepping along masses of slags that lay over others, we at last got to the top of the first peak. The clouds now became so thick, that we began to despair of reaching farther. Indeed it was dangerous even to move; for the peak consists of a narrow ridge of slags, not more than two feet broad, having a precipice on each side many hundred feet high. One of these precipices forms the side of a vast hollow, which seems to have been one of the craters. At length the sky cleared a little, and enabled us to discover a ridge below, that seemed to connect the peak we were on with the middle one. We lost no time in availing ourselves of this opportunity; and by balancing ourselves like rope-dancers, we succeeded in passing along a ridge of slags so narrow that there was hardly room for our feet. After a short but very steep ascent,

we gained the highest point of this celebrated mountain.

We now found that our usual good luck had not forsaken us; for we had scarcely begun to ascend the middle peak, when the sky became clear, and we had a fine and full view of the surrounding country. Towards the north it is low, except where a Jokul here and there towers into the regions of perpetual snow. Several large lakes appeared in different places, and among them the Fiske Vatn was the most conspicuous. In this direction we saw nearly two-thirds across the island. The Blacfall, and the large Jokuls stretched themselves in distance to a great extent, presenting the appearance of enormous masses of snow heaped up on the plains. The Skaptaa Jokul, whence the great eruption which took place in 1783 broke forth, bounded the view towards the north-east. It is a large, extensive, and lofty mountain, and appeared to be covered with snow to the very base. On the side next us, at a distance of about forty miles, we plainly discerned a black conical hill, which very probably may be the crater that was formed during the eruption. The Torfa, Tinfialla, and Eyafialla Jokuls, limit the view of the eastern part of the country. Towards the south, the great plain we had passed through seemed as stretched under our feet, and was bounded by the sea. The same valley was terminated, towards the west, by a range of curiously peaked mountains—those in the neighbourhood of Thingualla, and to the north and west of the Geysers.

The middle peak of Hecla forms one side of a hollow, which contains a large mass of snow at the bottom, and is evidently another crater. The whole summit of the mountain is a ridge of slags, and the hollows on each side appear to have been so many different vents, from which the eruptions have from time to time issued. We saw no indication that lava had flowed from the upper part of the mountain, but our examination,

from the frequent recurrence of fog, was unavoidably confined.

After we had satisfied ourselves with viewing the surrounding country, we began to collect some specimens of the slags, and perceived some of them to be warm. On removing some from the surface, we found those below were too hot to be handled; and on placing a thermometer amongst them, it rose to 144° . The vapour of water ascended from several parts of the peak. It had been remarked to us by many of the inhabitants, that there was less snow on Hecla at this time than had been observed for many years. We supposed, therefore, that the heat now noticed might be the recommencement of activity in the volcano, rather than the remaining effects of the eruption of 1763.

The crater, of which the highest peak forms a part, does not much exceed a hundred feet in depth. The bottom is filled by a large mass of snow, in which various caverns have been formed by its partial melting. In these the snow had become solid and transparent, reflecting a blueish tinge; and their whole appearance was extremely beautiful, reminding us of the description of the magic palaces in Eastern tales.

At the foot of the mountain, at nine o'clock, the thermometer stood at 59° ; at eleven it was 55° ; and at four, on the top, at 39° . Our descent was greatly retarded by thick fog, and we found it much more hazardous than the ascent. We missed our way, and were under the necessity of passing the lava we had crossed in our way up, at a place where it had spread to a much greater breadth, and, from the rapidity of the slope along which it had flowed, had become frightfully rugged.

Sir G. Mackenzie's Travels in Iceland.

DESCENT INTO THE CRATER OF A VOLCANO IN ST. EUSTATIA.

HAVING partaken of the viaticum, we prosecuted the undertaking on foot, entering immediately the thick, and, in some places, impenetrable, forests of stunted trees, which clothe the rugged acclivities to the very edge of the crater. The entangled underwood and loose rocks greatly impeded our progress, but we gained the summit in about three quarters of an hour from Ahman's, with less difficulty than we had been led to expect, although so prodigiously affected by sudatory emissions, that we might reasonably have apprehended the influence of a dissolvent charm, as a punishment for our temerity in venturing so near to the 'Devil's Punch-bowl.' In such cases, resolute action overcomes the most fearful consequences; so we prepared to walk *into it*. But what a magnificent scene lay before us!—Immediately at our feet a broad belt of dense forest, with green and russet hues of various shades glowing in the expanded beams of the meridian sun, represented an impenetrable barrier between us and the 'busy world' which lay beyond it. The more lively and diversified forms of the plantations, broken by clusters of trees and detached dwellings, the distant town, and the many varied objects that denote active industry, deriving distinctness in the distance more from association than from positive assurance—the white fringe of the foaming surf that broke upon the shores, and the encircling ocean bounding the range of sight, formed a picture of exquisite combination and effect. Such a picture as

Leaves reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

The descent into the crater, although less fatiguing, was no less difficult than the course to arrive at its summit, being in some places nearly perpendicular; and safety *depending* on the trunks and boughs of the trees which grow from between the fissures of the rocks,

among which were several coffee-trees, and others of greater dimensions ; and we involuntarily stopped occasionally to measure the obstructions in our return. We were, however, amply compensated for our trouble upon reaching the bottom, where vegetation was equally dense, and of much larger growth, denying us the privilege of making a fair estimate of the extent of the level it occupied, but which appeared somewhere about twenty acres. There were several wild banana or plantain plants, and coffee-trees, intermixed with larger productions in wild luxuriance ; and near to a small clear pool of water stood a silk cotton tree, on whose trunk were carved several names, among which was that of the German missionary, Schwartz, who visited the spot many years before us.

West India Sketch-Book.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

THE city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake on the 1st of November 1755, and the awful occurrence stands on record as one of the most disastrous that ever befel a kingdom. The accounts that have been transmitted to us of the particulars of this terrible event, are in many respects conflicting ; which is not indeed surprising, since the spectators of such a scene may well be supposed incapable of minute attention to details, when every moment threatened to be included in the general overthrow. The universal terror and alarm, joined to the natural anxiety for self-preservation, could have left few minds in a cool and collected state to mark the progress of a devastation so sudden and so indiscriminating. From the materials which contemporary accounts and the incidental notices of later travellers afford, we learn with sufficient accuracy the following particulars.

The weather at Lisbon for some days previous to the fatal event had been clear and very warm for the season, and the morning of the 1st of November itself was ushered in with a brilliant sun and a cloudless sky. A few minutes after nine o'clock, a rumbling noise was heard like distant thunder, which gradually increased until it excelled the loudest roar of cannon; and then occurred the first shock. It shook the city to its foundations, and overwhelmed the inhabitants with consternation. The houses waved to and fro with such violence that the upper storeys immediately fell, and crushed their occupants and the passengers in the streets to death. The motion of the earth was so vehement that it was impossible to stand upright, and the effects of so unexpected and frightful a concussion were rendered doubly terrible by a thick gloom which overspread the light of day. Thousands rushed into the street to escape being buried in the ruins of their dwellings, and made their way over heaps of rubbish to the great square in front of St. Paul's church, to be out of the reach of falling stones.

The great church of St. Paul's itself had fallen, and involved an immense multitude in destruction. The 1st of November was the festival of All Saints, and from an early hour the churches had been crowded with devotees and ecclesiastics. Most of these, in the act of religious worship, were at once killed or miserably mangled. Such of their congregations as escaped, including many of the dignitaries of the church in their episcopal and purple garments, rushed to the side of the river as to a place of comparative safety. Priests in their sacerdotal vestments, ladies half dressed or with tattered clothes, and an immense concourse of people of all ranks and ages, were here assembled, supplicating Heaven upon their knees, and with agonising shouts repeating their "*Miseracordia meu Dios.*" In the midst of their anguish and their devotions, the second great shock came on, nearly as violent as the first, com-

pleting the work of destruction. The general consternation was at its height, and the shrieks and cries of "*Miseracordia*" resounded from one end of the town to the other. The church on the top of St. Catharine's hill, after rocking to and fro, fell with a tremendous crash, and killed great numbers who had sought protection on that eminence. But the most terrible consequence of the second shock fell on those at the water's side. On a sudden, the river, which at that part is four miles broad, was observed to heave and swell in a most unaccountable manner, since no wind was stirring at the time. In an instant there appeared at some small distance a large body of water rising like a mountain, which came on foaming and roaring, rushing towards the shore with fearful impetuosity. The crowd attempted to retire before it, but the motion of the waters was too quick to permit escape in so dense a throng. The volume of water burst upon them and sucked back into its tremendous vortex, amid shrieks and wailings, the defenceless multitude. A magnificent quay that had been recently built of rough marble at a vast expense, was at this moment entirely swallowed up with all the people on it who had crowded there for refuge. Numberless boats and small vessels, likewise, which were anchored near it, and were full of persons who had thrown themselves into them with the idea that the place of greatest safety was on the water, were all swept away, leaving no trace behind.

In the meantime, the ships in the river were tumbled and tossed about as in a storm; some broke their cables and were carried to the other side of the Tagus; others were whirled round with incredible swiftness; several large boats were turned keel upwards; and all this terrible commotion occurred without any wind, which rendered it the more astounding. According to the account of a shipmaster who encountered the concussion and survived its dangers, the whole city of Lisbon, as surveyed from the river, was waving backwards and forwards like

the sea when the wind first begins to rise ; that the agitation of the earth was so great, even under the river, that it threw up his large anchor from the mooring, and carried it to the surface of the water ; and that immediately the river rose near twenty feet, and as instantly subsided. Upon this event he saw the quay with the whole concourse of people upon it sink down, and at the same time every one of the boats and vessels near it was drawn into the cavity, which instantly closed upon them, so that not the least sign of a wreck was ever seen afterwards. It is worthy of remark, that this noble quay was the only place in Lisbon that was entirely swallowed up, the destruction in other parts only amounting to demolition.

After all the devastations and horrors of the two preceding shocks, the measure of misfortune might seem at its full. But a third shock was still in store to complete the misery of the wretched population. It was somewhat less violent than the two former, though the water rushed in again and retired with the same rapidity. Such was the impetuosity with which the river was moved, that some vessels were cast upon dry ground that had ridden in seven fathoms of water. This alternate rising and sweeping back of the waters was repeated several times, committing on each occurrence extensive injury and destruction. At this period it was generally believed that the city of Lisbon was doomed to be entirely swept from the face of the earth.

But the earthquake had now completed its ravages, and gave place to a raging element not less inexorable and desolating. In a hundred places at once, the flames burst forth with such fury that the whole city appeared in a blaze. The commencement of the conflagration was owing not so much to the discharge of subterranean fires, which issued from fissures in the earth, as to other circumstances which rendered it inevitable. As is usual in Catholic countries on days of high festival, every altar in every church and chapel was illuminated with

wax tapers and lamps, and these falling with the curtains and timber work during the convulsion, soon gave a beginning to the fire. The neighbouring buildings caught the flames already kindled by kitchen and other fires in private dwellings, and spread them throughout the city. The destruction of life and property during the conflagration was almost equal to that caused by the earthquake, since it was six days before it was finally arrested and extinguished. The total loss of life in these several disasters is estimated variously at from 30,000 to 60,000 souls.

It is scarcely possible to depicture the condition of a population such as Lisbon possessed, amounting perhaps to half a million human beings, in the midst of such a scene of horror and desolation. The distinctions of rank, the possessions of the wealthy, the restraints of law and police, were all equally demolished, and society was reduced to its primitive state. The country about Lisbon was crowded with fugitives in a state of destitution, whilst the refuse of the inhabitants, with the prisoners who had broken loose from the jails, spread themselves in all directions to pillage and destroy. When the earthquake and the fire which succeeded it had brought confusion to its height, the terrors of human violence were added. A report was spread amongst the people that orders had been given to cannonade the town to stop the fire, so that all who had property gave up the idea of saving any portion, and with the members of their families endeavoured with all speed to gain the fields. Thus the city was abandoned by all the respectable inhabitants, and the mob of ruffians and demons was left uncontrolled to perpetrate every diabolical outrage.

In so terrible a crisis, two fortunate circumstances preserved Lisbon from total destruction and depopulation. The first was the escape of the king, Joseph I., who made good his retreat, together with the queen and the royal family, from the palace the moment before it

fell, and took refuge in the royal gardens at Belem. Here for eight days they had to shelter themselves in their carriages; yet the presence of the king, his exhortations and his authority, were necessary to the restoration of order. The other circumstance to which allusion has been made, was of yet greater importance than the first. It consisted in the executive government being in the hands of a most able and energetic minister, the famous Sebastian Carvalho, Marquis of Pombal, who took instant and effective measures to put the royal prerogative in force. A proclamation was issued, in which were the following expressions:—"His majesty exhorts all his subjects to imitate the pious endeavours with which the king strives to remedy the effects of the public calamity which has so much grieved his paternal heart. His majesty invites them, in consequence, to return to the quarters of their ancient capital, and cooperate with him in its re-establishment. His majesty relies with confidence that it will not be necessary to resort to force to compel his faithful subjects to acquit themselves of duties so essential and imperative." The soothing terms of this proclamation, were, however, not alone relied upon. Orders were forwarded to the governors of all the towns and places situated on the different roads from Lisbon, to permit no one to pass without a particular permission from government. In consequence of this, guards were posted on all sides, who stopped and drove back the wretched fugitives.

But the Marquis Pombal had to combat the prejudices and superstition of the people, in inducing their voluntary return to the city. The reforms that he had previously effected in the enormities of ecclesiastical power and wealth, had excited, as was natural, the violent animosity of the priests and monks. They now took advantage of the public disorder, and of the awful dispensation which had just occurred, to preach that it was a judgment upon the sacrilegious impiety which had prompted an interference with their privileges and gains.

They pointed out the minister, and even the king himself, as the object of divine wrath, and disposed the minds of the people, overpowered by so great a calamity, to disregard the royal injunctions. The interference of the pope's nuncio was alone able to restrain the unholy zeal of this turbulent body, and to compel some of them to second the patriotic efforts of the minister. Thus at length certain priests were found, who proceeded amongst the superstitious flock which was wandering up and down the fields, and exhorted them to return to the town, and apply themselves to their several occupations.

In the meantime, several fanatics and pretended prophets rushed about the city and the neighbouring parts, crying out that the end of all things had arrived, and that the earth itself was to be enveloped in destruction. It required a courageous mind to grapple with all these difficulties, since the fanaticism of a multitude, depressed by misfortune, is easily excited, and is especially to be feared. The Marquis Pombal caused many of these false prophets to be seized and led to exemplary punishment, soothing the superstitious horror of the people by declaring that they were robbers in disguise, who were anxious only to perpetuate the public disorder. He also placed guards before the royal treasury, and other public offices which had escaped destruction, and distributed soldiers about the ruins of the city, to chase away the abandoned wretches who were engaged in the work of plunder. They were seized and brought before the tribunals, which he had hastily instituted in every quarter, and were thence instantly led to execution. He judged wisely, that, at a time when the ties of civil society were themselves broken, the only mode of repressing vice and stopping crime was to hold up on every side the picture of punishment, so that a salutary fear might be excited in the minds of the evil disposed. The bodies of the criminals executed were therefore left for several days hanging on high gibbets, exposed to the public view.

Among the pressing emergencies which so frightful a

disaster produced, was necessarily of the first importance, the providing with food a vast population, despoiled of every necessary. This great object required from Pombal the exercise of all his determination and vigilance. Orders were issued to every province of the kingdom to forward supplies, the imposts were removed on importations, public ovens were erected, and all persons who were engaged in no particular trade compelled to labour in the public behoof. The granaries of corn were fortunately at some distance from the city, and thence supplies were gained to furnish bread to the surviving inhabitants, without distinction and without payment, at so fearful a moment. The king exhausted his treasures in furnishing food to his subjects, the severest penalties were inflicted on monopolists, and rewards distributed to such as assisted in the restoration of the public trade and confidence. Thus the horrors of a famine were averted, and the endeavours of the minister to restore the city not impeded by a calamity which might have paralysed all his exertions.

When so many objects pressed upon the attention at once, it was necessary to proceed with vigour. The immense number of wounded and mangled bodies, and of others half burnt, together with the sick and dying from internal maladies, required immediate care. Physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries, were ordered to give unremitting attendance, whilst temporary hospitals were erected in the ruins and in the convents, with such conveniences as the emergency permitted. After providing for the wounded and the still living, it was necessary to give heed to the heaps of dead which were in the streets, or buried beneath the houses and churches. This required the greater attention, since the humidity of winter, increased by the waters which were stagnant amongst the ruins, was rapidly decomposing the bodies, and infecting the air with a pestilential vapour. But so engaged was every one in caring for his own preservation, and so nerveless had misfortune rendered the people,

that the burying of the dead was with difficulty accomplished. The efforts of the church were required to rouse the population to a sense of duty, and of the danger to which a plague would expose them, before any decided endeavours were made to remove the shocking incumbrance. For several days the bodies lay around, torn and mangled by packs of dogs that prowled about the carrion. It was at length necessary for the Marquis de Pombal to employ troops of soldiers in clearing away the corpses, since, after all his exertions, few of the inhabitants could be brought to engage in the terrible task. The bodies that lay near the river were put into boats, and being carried towards the sea, were flung into it with weights attached. Various spots were consecrated to receive the dead on land, where they were brought and cast into pits, with quick-lime and other ingredients to destroy the putrid exhalation. In digging amongst the ruins, the odour was so overpowering that many of the labourers fainted, and others took fevers from which they ultimately perished. It therefore became necessary, in many places, to allow the bodies to remain, covering them up with earth, and pouring on chemical preparations to purify the atmosphere.

Whilst affairs were in this deplorable state the coasts of Portugal and of Algarves were threatened with invasion by the corsair powers of Barbary. Their fleet was seen hovering off Lisbon shortly after the event which had so nearly destroyed it, and the prudence of Pombal was taxed to conceal the alarming intelligence from his dispirited countrymen, and to oppose a sufficient force to repel aggression. Troops were sent to line the shores, and an armament made ready, under pretence that they were required to guard against the exportation of provisions and the flight of the inhabitants. Fortunately, no descent was made by those piratical powers, and an evil of such magnitude was avoided, though the apprehension of it was sufficiently alarming and distracting, even

to the iron-minded minister who was so happily for Portugal at the helm of affairs.

By all the Christian powers of Europe, the intelligence of the overthrow of the city of Lisbon was received with the deepest sympathy. Even the jealousy of Spain, the perpetual foe of Portugal, was lulled for the moment, whilst its ancient ally, Great Britain, was forward in generous offers of assistance. The king of Great Britain sent a special message to parliament on the subject, and an immediate vote of credit was passed, to enable him to forward such supplies as the contingency merited.

Thus, owing much to his own talents and firmness, and much also to the aid afforded by foreign states, and to the active co-operation of many patriotic Portuguese, the Marquis of Pombal was enabled to bear up against the overwhelming evils which pressed upon his country, and out of the ruins and ashes of the former city to erect a new and yet more splendid Lisbon. The discovery of a cement, made from the refuse of burnt coal, by an Englishman of the name of Stephens, is commemorated as one of the happy circumstances which essentially contributed to the rebuilding of the desolated city. By the rigorous regulations enforced by the authority of government, the new houses were built upon a more uniform plan, and the streets considerably widened, so that in its outward aspect Lisbon was greatly improved by the misfortune which threatened to extinguish its existence. Infinite private misery was, however, the consequence of so wholesale a destruction of property, and, especially among the commercial class, a very general ruin and bankruptcy ensued. The traders of England, being extensively engaged in mercantile transactions with Portugal, suffered to a very great extent.

THE VOLCANO AT HAWAII.

After walking some distance over the sunken plain, which in several places sounded hollow under our feet, we at length came to the edge of the great crater, where a spectacle, sublime and even appalling, presented itself before us. Astonishment and awe for some moments rendered us mute, and, like statues, we stood fixed on the spot with our eyes rivetted on the abyss below. Immediately before us yawned an immense gulf in the form of a crescent, about two miles in length, from north-east to south-west, nearly one mile in width, and apparently 800 feet deep. The bottom was covered with lava, and the south-west and northern parts of it were one vast flood of burning matter, in a state of terrific ebullition, rolling to and fro its "fiery surge" and flaming billows. Fifty-one conical islands, of varied forms and size, containing so many craters, rose either round the edge or from the surface of the burning lake. Twenty-two constantly emitted columns of grey smoke, or pyramids of brilliant flame; and several of these at the same time vomited from their ignited mouths streams of lava, which rolled in blazing torrents down their black indented sides into the boiling mass below.

We now partook with cheerfulness of our evening repast, and afterwards, amidst the whistling of the winds around, and the roaring of the furnace beneath, rendered our evening sacrifice of praise, and committed ourselves to the secure protection of our God. We then spread our mats on the ground, but as we were all wet through with the rain, against which our hut was but an indifferent shelter, we preferred to stir or stand round the fire, rather than lie down on the ground. Between nine and

ten, the dark clouds and heavy fog, that, since the setting of the sun, had hung over the volcano, gradually cleared away, and the fires of Kirauea, darting their fierce light athwart the midnight gloom, unfolded a sight terrible and sublime beyond all we had yet seen.

The agitated mass of liquid lava, like a flood of melted metal, raged with tumultuous whirl. The lively flames that danced over its undulating surface, tinged with sulphureous blue, or glowing with mineral red, cast a broad glare of dazzling light on the indented sides of the insulated craters, whose roaring mouths, amidst rising flames, and eddying streams of fire, shot up at frequent intervals, with very loud detonations, spherical masses of fusing lava, or bright ignited stones.

The dark bold outline of the perpendicular and jutting rocks around, formed a striking contrast with the luminous lake below, whose vivid rays, thrown on the rugged promontories, and reflected by the overhanging clouds, combined to complete the awful grandeur of the scene. We sat gazing at the magnificent phenomena for several hours, when we laid ourselves down on our mats, to observe more leisurely their varying aspect; for although we had travelled upwards of twenty miles since the morning, and were both weary and cold, we felt but little disposition to sleep. This disinclination was probably increased by our proximity to the yawning gulf, and our conviction that the detachment of a fragment from beneath the overhanging pile on which we were reclining, or the slightest concussion of the earth, which every thing around us indicated to be no unfrequent occurrence, would perhaps precipitate us, amidst the horrid crash of falling rocks, into the burning lake immediately below us.

Ellis' Missionary Tour through Hawaii.

CHAPTER V.

PERSONAL ADVENTURES.

— On the sea,
And on the shore, he was a wanderer.—BYRON.

ADVENTURE ON THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

THE business of fur-collecting is carried on, as is generally known, in countries of so barbarous a character, and under circumstances altogether so full of peril and adventure, that no warfare now practised on the elder continent can be considered as nearly so romantic. In the course of an exploratory journey made by Mr. Cox and a large party, among whom was a number of friendly Indians, he had the misfortune to fall asleep at a little distance from his companions, who, before he awoke, had quitted the spot, without being aware that he was left behind. This incident took place on the 17th of August, and its consequences will be best narrated in the words of Mr. Cox himself.*

When I awoke in the evening (I think it was about five o'clock), all was calm and silent as the grave. I hastened to the spot where we had breakfasted: it was vacant. I ran to the place where the men had made their fire: all, all were gone, and not a vestige of man or horse appeared in the valley. My senses almost failed me. I called out, in vain, in every direction, until I became hoarse; and I could no longer conceal from myself the dreadful truth that I was alone in a wild uninhabit-

* Adventures on the Columbia River. By Ross Cox. Two volumes London, Colburn and Bentley 1831.

ed country, without horse or arms, and destitute of covering.

Having now no resource but to ascertain the direction which the party had taken, I set about examining the ground, and at the north-east point of the valley discovered the track of horses' feet, which I followed for some time, and which led to a chain of small hills, with a rocky, gravelly bottom, on which the hoofs made no impression. Having thus lost the tracks, I ascended the highest of the hills, from which I had an extended view of many miles around ; but saw no sign of the party, or the least indication of human habitations. The evening was now closing fast, and with the approach of night a heavy dew commenced falling. The whole of my clothes consisted merely of a gingham shirt, nankeen trousers, and a pair of light leather mocassins, much

About an hour before breakfast, in consequence of the heat, I had taken off my coat and placed it on one of the loaded horses, intending to put it on towards the cool of the evening ; and one of the men had charge of my fowling-piece. I was even without my hat ; for in the agitated state of my mind on awaking, I had left it behind, and had advanced too far to think of returning for it. At some distance on my left I observed a field of high strong grass, to which I proceeded, and after pulling enough to place under and over me, I recommended myself to the Almighty, and fell asleep. During the night, confused dreams of warm houses, feather beds, poisoned arrows, prickly pears, and rattlesnakes, haunted my disturbed imagination.

On the 18th, I arose with the sun, quite wet and chilly, the heavy dew having completely saturated my flimsy covering, and proceeded in an easterly direction, nearly parallel with the chain of hills. In the course of the day I passed several small lakes full of wild fowl. The general appearance of the country was flat, the soil light and gravelly, and covered with the same loose grass already mentioned ; great quantities of it had been recent-

ly burned by the Indians in hunting the deer, the stubble of which annoyed my feet very much. I had turned into a northerly course, where, late in the evening, I observed about a mile distant two horsemen galloping in an easterly direction. From their dresses I knew they belonged to our party. I instantly ran to a hillock, and called out in a voice to which hunger had imparted a supernatural shrillness; but they galloped on. I then took off my shirt, which I waved in a conspicuous manner over my head, accompanied by the most frantic cries; still they continued on. I ran towards the direction they were galloping, despair adding wings to my flight. Rocks, stubble, and brushwood, were passed with the speed of a hunted antelope; but to no purpose: for on arriving at the place where I imagined a pathway would have brought me into their track, I was completely at fault. It was now nearly dark. I had eaten nothing since the noon of the preceding day; and, faint with hunger and fatigue, threw myself on the grass, when I heard a small rustling noise behind me. I turned round, and, with horror, beheld a large rattlesnake cooling himself in the evening shade. I instantly retreated, on observing which he coiled himself. Having obtained a large stone, I advanced slowly on him, and taking a proper aim, dashed it with all my force on the reptile's head, which I buried in the ground beneath the stone.

The late race had completely worn out the thin soles of my mocassins, and my feet in consequence became much swollen. As night advanced, I was obliged to look out for a place to sleep, and after some time, selected nearly as good a bed as the one I had the first night. My exertions in pulling the long coarse grass nearly rendered my hands useless, by severely cutting all the joints of the fingers.

I rose before the sun on the morning of the 19th, and pursued an easterly course all the day. I at first felt very hungry, but after walking a few miles, and taking

a drink of water, I got a little refreshed. The general appearance of the country was still flat, with burned grass, and sandy soil, which blistered my feet. The scorching influence of the sun obliged me to stop for some hours in the day, during which I made several ineffectual attempts to construct a covering for my head. At times I thought my brain was on fire from the dreadful effects of the heat. I got no fruit those two days, and towards evening felt very weak from the want of nourishment, having been forty-eight hours without food; and to make my situation more annoying, I slept that evening on the banks of a pretty lake, the inhabitants of which would have done honour to a royal table. With what an evil eye and a murderous heart did I regard the stately goose and the plump waddling duck as they sported on the water, unconscious of my presence! Even with a pocket pistol I could have done execution among them. The state of my fingers prevented me from obtaining the covering of grass which I had the two preceding nights; and on this evening I had no shelter whatever to protect me from the heavy dew.

On the following day, the 20th, my course was nearly north-east, and lay through a country more diversified by wood and water. I saw plenty of wild geese, ducks, cranes, curlews, and sparrows, also some hawks and cormorants, and at a distance about fifteen or twenty small deer. The wood consisted of pine, birch, cedar, wild cherries, hawthorn, sweet-willow, honeysuckle, and sumach. The rattlesnakes were very numerous this day, with horned lizards, and grasshoppers: the latter kept me in a constant state of feverish alarm from the similarity of the noise made by their wings to the sound of the rattles of the snake when preparing to dart on its prey. I suffered severely during the day from hunger, and was obliged to chew grass occasionally, which allayed it a little. Late in the evening I arrived at a lake upwards of two miles long, and a mile broad, the

shores of which were high, and well wooded with large pine, spruce, and birch. It was fed by two rivulets, from the north and north-east, in which I observed a quantity of small fish ; but had no means of catching any, or I should have made a Sandwich-island meal. There was, however, an abundant supply of wild cherries, on which I made a hearty supper. I slept on the bank of the nearest stream, just where it entered the lake ; but during the night the howling of wolves and the growling of bears broke in terribly on my slumbers, and "balmy sleep" was almost banished from my eyelids. On rising the next morning, the 21st, I observed on the opposite bank at the mouth of the river, the entrance of a large and apparently deep cavern, from which I judged some of the preceding night's music had issued. I now determined to make short journeys for two or three days in different directions, in the hope of falling on some fresh horse-tracks, and, in the event of being unsuccessful, to return each night to the lake, where I was at least certain of procuring cherries and water sufficient to sustain nature. In pursuance of this resolution, I set out early in a southerly direction from the head of the lake, through a wild barren country, without any water or vegetation, save loose tufts of grass like those already described. I had armed myself with a long stick, with which during the day I killed several rattlesnakes. Having discovered no fresh tracks, I returned late in the evening, hungry and thirsty, and took possession of my berth of the preceding night. I collected a heap of stones from the water side, and, just as I was lying down, observed a wolf emerge from the opposite cavern, and thinking it safer to act on the offensive, lest he should imagine I was afraid, I threw some stones at him, one of which struck him on the leg : he retired ; gliding into his den ; and after waiting some time in fearful suspense to see if he would re-appear, I threw myself on the ground, and fell asleep ; but, like the night before, it was broken by the same unsocial noise, and for up-

wards of two hours I sat up waiting in anxious expectation the return of day-light. The vapours from the lake, joined to the heavy dew, had penetrated my frail covering of gingham ; but as the sun rose, I took it off, and stretched it on a rock, where it quickly dried. My excursion to the southward having proved abortive, I now resolved to try the east, and after eating my simple breakfast, proceeded in that direction ; and on crossing the two small streams, had to penetrate a country full of 'dark woods and rankling wilds,' through which, owing to the immense quantities of underwood, my progress was slow. My feet too were uncovered, and, from the thorns of the various prickly plants, were much lacerated : in consequence of which, on returning to my late bivouack I was obliged to shorten the legs of my trousers to procure bandages for them. The wolf did not make his appearance, but during the night I got occasional starts from several of his brethren of the forest.

I anticipated the rising of the sun on the morning of the 23d, and having been unsuccessful the two preceding days, determined to shape my course due north, and if possible not return again to the lake. During the day I skirted the wood, and fell on some old tracks, which revived my hopes a little. I slept this evening by a small brook, where I collected cherries and haws enough to make a hearty supper. The country through which I dragged my tired limbs on the 24th, was thinly wooded. My course was north and north-east. I suffered much from want of water, having got during the day only two tepid and nauseous draughts from stagnant pools, which the long drought had nearly dried up. About sunset I arrived at a small stream, by the side of which I took my quarters for the night.

I did not awake until between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of the 25th. My second bandages having been worn out, I was now obliged to bare my knees for fresh ones ; and after tying them round my feet, and

taking a copious draught from the adjoining brook for breakfast, I recommenced my joyless journey. My course was nearly north-north-east. I got no water during the day, nor any of the wild cherries. Some slight traces of men's feet, and a few old horse-tracks, occasionally crossed my path: they proved that human beings sometimes at least visited that part of the country, and for a moment served to cheer my drooping spirits.

About dusk an immense wolf rushed out of a thick copse a short distance from the pathway, planted himself directly before me, in a threatening position, and appeared determined to dispute my passage. He was not more than twenty feet from me. My situation was desperate, and as I knew that the least symptom of fear would be the signal for attack, I presented my stick, and shouted as loud as my weak voice would permit. He appeared somewhat startled, and retreated a few steps, still keeping his piercing eyes firmly fixed on me. I advanced a little, when he commenced howling in a most appalling manner; and supposing his intention was to collect a few of his comrades to assist in making an afternoon repast on my half-famished carcass, I redoubled my cries, until I had almost lost the power of utterance, at the same time calling out various names, thinking I might make it appear I was not alone. An old and a young lynx ran close past me, but did not stop. The wolf remained about fifteen minutes in the same position; but whether my wild and fearful exclamations deterred any others from joining him, I cannot say. Finding at length my determination not to flinch, and that no assistance was likely to come, he retreated into the wood, and disappeared in the surrounding gloom.

The shades of night were now descending fast, when I came to a verdant spot surrounded by small trees, and full of rushes, which induced me to hope for water; but after searching for some time, I was still doomed to bitter disappointment. A shallow lake or pond had

been there, which the long drought and heat had dried up. I then pulled a quantity of the rushes and spread them at the foot of a large stone, which I intended for my pillow; but as I was about throwing myself down, a rattlesnake coiled, with the head erect, and the forked tongue extended in a state of frightful oscillation, caught my eye immediately under the stone. I instantly retreated a short distance; but assuming fresh courage, soon despatched it with my stick. On examining the spot more minutely, a large cluster of them appeared under the stone, the whole of which I rooted out and destroyed. This was hardly accomplished when upwards of a dozen snakes of different descriptions, chiefly dark brown, blue, and green, made their appearance; they were much quicker in their movements than their rattle-tailed brethren, and I could only kill a few of them.

This was a peculiarly soul-trying moment. I had tasted no fruit since the morning before, and after a painful day's march under a burning sun, could not procure a drop of water to allay my feverish thirst. I was surrounded by a murderous brood of serpents, and ferocious beasts of prey, and without even the consolation of knowing when such misery might have a probable termination. I might truly say with the royal psalmist that "the snares of death compassed me round about."

Having collected a fresh supply of rushes, which I spread some distance from the spot where I massacred the reptiles, I threw myself on them, and was permitted through divine goodness to enjoy a night of undisturbed repose.

I arose on the morning of the 26th, considerably refreshed, and took a northerly course, occasionally diverging a little to the east. Several times during the day I was induced to leave the path by the appearance of rushes, which I imagined grew in the vicinity of lakes; but on reaching them, my faint hopes vanished: there was no water, and I in vain essayed to extract a little moisture from them. Prickly thorns and small

sharp stones added greatly to the pain of my tortured feet, and obliged me to make further encroachments on my nether garments for fresh bandages. The want of water now rendered me extremely weak and feverish; and I had nearly abandoned all hopes of relief, when, about half-past four or five o'clock, the old pathway turned from the prairie grounds into a thickly wooded country, in an easterly direction; through which I had not advanced half a mile when I heard a noise resembling a waterfall, to which I hastened my tottering steps, and in a few minutes was delighted at arriving on the banks of a deep and rapid rivulet, which forced its way with great rapidity over some large stones that obstructed the channel.

After offering up a short prayer of thanksgiving for this providential supply, I threw myself into the water, forgetful of the extreme state of exhaustion to which I was reduced: it had nearly proved fatal, for my weak frame could not withstand the strength of the current, which forced me down a short distance, until I caught the bough of an overhanging tree, by means of which I regained the shore. Here were plenty of hips and cherries; on which, with the water, I made a most delicious repast. On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed lying on the ground the hollow trunk of a large pine, which had been destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity, and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep. My repose was not of long duration; for at the end of about two hours I was awakened by the growling of a bear, which had removed part of the bark covering, and was leaning over me with his snout, hesitating as to the means he should adopt to dislodge me; the narrow limits of the trunk which confined my body preventing him from making the attack with advantage. I instantly sprung up, seized my stick, and uttered a loud cry, which startled him, and caused him to recede a few steps; when he stopped, and turned

about, apparently doubtful whether he would commence an attack. He determined on an assault; but feeling I had not sufficient strength to meet such an unequal enemy, I thought it prudent to retreat, and accordingly scrambled up an adjoining tree. My flight gave fresh impulse to his courage, and he commenced ascending after me. I succeeded, however, in gaining a branch, which gave me a decided advantage over him, and from which I was enabled to annoy his muzzle and claws in such a manner with my stick as effectually to check his progress. After scraping the bark some time with rage and disappointment, he gave up the task, and retired to my late dormitory, of which he took possession. The fear of falling off, in case I was overcome by sleep, induced me to make several attempts to descend; but each attempt aroused my ursine sentinel; and after many ineffectual efforts, I was obliged to remain there during the rest of the night. I fixed myself in that part of the trunk from which the principal grand branches forked, and which prevented me from falling during my fitful slumbers.

On the morning of the 27th, a little before sunrise, the bear quitted the trunk, shook himself, cast a longing, lingering look towards me, and slowly disappeared in search of his morning repast. After waiting some time, apprehensive of his return, I descended, and resumed my journey through the woods in a north-north-east direction. In a few hours all my anxiety of the preceding night was more than compensated by falling in with a well-beaten horse-path, with fresh traces on it, both of hoofs and human feet: it lay through a clear open wood, in a north-east course, in which I observed numbers of small deer. About six in the evening I arrived at a spot where a party must have slept the preceding night. Round the remains of a large fire which was still burning were scattered several half-picked bones of grouse, partridges, and ducks, all of which I collected with economical industry. After devouring the flesh, I broiled

the bones. The whole scarcely sufficed to give me a moderate meal, but yet afforded a most seasonable relief to my famished body. I enjoyed a comfortable sleep this night close to the fire, uninterrupted by any nocturnal visitor. On the morning of the 28th I set off with cheerful spirits, fully impressed with the hope of a speedy termination to my sufferings. My course was northerly, and lay through a thick wood. Late in the evening I arrived at a stagnant pool, from which I merely moistened my lips; and having covered myself with some birch bark, slept by its side. I rose early on the morning of the 29th, and followed the fresh traces all day through the wood, nearly north-east by north. I passed the night by the side of a small stream, where I got a sufficient supply of hips and cherries. On the 30th, the path took a more easterly turn, and the woods became thicker and more gloomy. I had now nearly consumed the remnant of my trousers in bandages for my wretched feet, and, with the exception of my shirt, was almost naked. The horse-tracks every moment appeared more fresh, and fed my hopes. Late in the evening I arrived at a spot where the road branched off in different directions: one led up rather a steep hill, the other descended into a valley, and the tracks on both were equally recent. I took the higher; but after proceeding a few hundred paces through a deep wood, which appeared more dark from the thick foliage which shut out the rays of the sun, I returned, apprehensive of not procuring water for my supper, and descended the lower path. I had not advanced far when I imagined I heard the neighing of a horse. I listened with breathless attention, and became convinced it was no illusion. A few paces farther brought me in sight of several of those noble animals sporting in a handsome meadow, from which I was separated by a rapid stream. With some difficulty I crossed over, and ascended the opposite bank.

On advancing a short distance into the meadow, the cheering sight of a small column of gracefully curling

smoke announced my vicinity to human beings, and in a moment after two Indian women perceived me: they instantly fled to a hut which appeared at the farther end of the meadow. This movement made me doubt whether I had arrived among friends or enemies; but my apprehensions were quickly dissipated by the approach of two men, who came running to me in the most friendly manner. On seeing the lacerated state of my feet, they carried me in their arms to a comfortable dwelling covered with deer-skins. To wash and dress my torn limbs, roast some roots, and boil a small salmon, seemed but the business of a moment. After returning thanks to that great and good Being in whose hands are the issues of life and death, and who had watched over my wandering steps, and rescued me from the many perilous dangers I encountered, I sat down to my salmon, of which it is needless to say I made a hearty supper.

Adventures on the Columbia River.

Extracted in Chambers' Journal.

THE PICARD FAMILY.*

THE colony of Senegal, on the coast of Africa, was captured from the French by the English in the year 1809, but was ceded to its former masters at the peace of 1815, when the French government fitted out an expedition, consisting of the governor and other functionaries, to take possession of the restored settlement. The vessels dispatched for this purpose (May 1816) were the Medusa frigate, the Loire store-ship, the Argus brig, and the Echo corvette. On board of the Medusa, there was a family of the name of Picard, whose story, from the sufferings which they endured, has excited no small degree of sympathy. Monsieur Picard, the father, was an aged man, and a lawyer by profession, who had sought for, and with difficulty obtained, the situation of resident at-

* From "Chambers' Journal."

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torney at Senegal, where he had formerly been for several years. He was accompanied by his eldest daughter, Mademoiselle, and her sister Catherine, both children by a first marriage, and his wife and younger daughters; the whole composing a happy group, but ill calculated to endure the horrors which overtook the luckless expedition.

During several days the voyage was delightful. All the ships of the expedition kept together; but at length the breeze became changeable, and they all disappeared from each other. The Peak of Teneriffe was passed by the Medusa on the 28th of June, and soon the shores of Sahara came in sight. Off this low part of the coast of Africa lies the Arguin Bank, a sandy reef, dangerous to mariners, and which the ignorant and headstrong captain of the Medusa, notwithstanding all the hints on the subject, persisted in disregarding. In the meanwhile, the wind, blowing with great violence, impelled the vessel nearer and nearer to the danger which menaced it. A species of stupor overpowered the minds of those on board, and a mournful silence prevailed. The colour of the water entirely changed; a circumstance remarked even by the ladies. About three in the afternoon of the 2d of July, being in $19^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude, an universal cry was heard upon deck. All declared they saw the sand rolling among the ripple of the sea. The captain in an instant ordered to sound. The line gave eighteen fathoms, but on a second sounding it gave only six. He at last saw his error, and hesitated no longer on changing the route, but it was too late. A strong concussion told that the frigate had struck. Terror and consternation were instantly depicted in every face; the crew stood motionless, and the passengers were in utter despair. The account of the miserable shipwreck which ensued is already well known. Not only the worst possible management was displayed, but an absolute want of humanity and bravery. The governor and other exalted functionaries attempted to leave the crew and humbler passengers to their fate, but were prevented by the

soldiers ; at length a raft was formed and covered with passengers, nearly all of whom perished either by one another's knives, by hunger, or by drowning ; several boats were also filled, but only two were properly provisioned ; and, in short, out of four hundred persons who were on board, only a few reached Senegal in the provisioned boats, and two small parties were able to effect a landing, which was not till the fourth day after the abandonment of the wreck, and when hunger overcame the fear of the natives.

Among the persons who reached the shore, were the Picards, in a state approaching to utter destitution. "Doubtless, we experienced great joy at having escaped the fury of the flood (says Mademoiselle, the eldest daughter, in her narrative, which we quote in an abridged form), but how much was it lessened by the feelings of our horrible situation ! Without water, without provisions, and the majority of us nearly naked, was it to be wondered at that we should be seized with terror, on thinking on the obstacles which we had to surmount, the fatigues, the privations, the pains and the sufferings, we had to endure, with the dangers we had to encounter in the immense and frightful desert we had to traverse before we could arrive at our destination. About seven in the morning, a caravan was formed to penetrate into the interior, for the purpose of finding some fresh water. We did accordingly find some at a little distance from the sea, by digging among the sand. Every one instantly flocked round the little wells, which furnished enough to quench our thirst. This brackish water was found to be delicious, although it had a sulphurous taste ; its colour was that of whey. As all our clothes were wet and in tatters, and as we had nothing to change them, some generous officers offered theirs. My stepmother, my cousin, and my sister, were dressed in them ; for myself, I preferred keeping my own. We remained nearly an hour beside our beneficent fountain, then took the route for Senegal ; that is,

a southerly direction, for we did not know exactly where that country lay. It was agreed that the females and children should walk before the caravan, that they might not be left behind. The sailors voluntarily carried the youngest on their shoulders, and every one took the route along the coast. Notwithstanding it was nearly seven o'clock, the sand was quite burning, and we suffered severely, walking without encountering any thing but shells, which wounded our feet.

“On the morning of the 9th, we saw an antelope on the top of a little hill, which instantly disappeared before we had time to shoot it. The desert seemed to our view one immense plain of sand, on which was seen not one blade of verdure. However, we still found water by digging in the sand. In the forenoon, two officers of marine complained that our family incommoded the progress of the caravan. It is true, the females and the children could not walk so quickly as the men. We walked as fast as it was possible for us; nevertheless, we often fell behind, which obliged them to halt till we came up. These officers, joined with other individuals, considered among themselves whether they would wait for us, or abandon us in the desert. I will be bold to say, however, that but few were of the latter opinion. My father being informed of what was plotting against us, stepped up to the chiefs of the conspiracy, and reproached them in the bitterest terms for their selfishness and brutality. The dispute waxed hot. Those who were desirous of leaving us drew their swords, and my father put his hand upon a poniard, with which he had provided himself on quitting the frigate. At this scene, we threw ourselves in between them, conjuring him rather to remain in the desert with his family, than seek the assistance of those who were, perhaps, less humane than the Moors themselves. Several people took our part, particularly M. Bègnère, captain of infantry, who quieted the dispute by saying to his soldiers, ‘My friends, you are Frenchmen, and I have the honour to be your commander; let us

never abandon an unfortunate family in the desert, so long as we are able to be of use to them.' This brief but energetic speech caused those to blush who wished to leave us. All then joined with the old captain, saying they would not leave us on condition we would walk quicker. M. Bégnière and his soldiers replied, they did not wish to impose conditions on those to whom they were desirous of doing a favour; and the unfortunate family of Picard were again on the road with the whole caravan.

“ About noon, hunger was felt so powerfully among us, that it was agreed upon to go to the small hills of sand which were near the coast, to see if any herbs could be found fit for eating; but we only got poisonous plants, among which were various kinds of euphorbium. *Convolvuli* of a bright green carpeted the downs; but on tasting their leaves, we found them as bitter as gall. The caravan rested in this place, whilst several officers went farther into the interior. They came back in about an hour, loaded with wild purslain, which they distributed to each of us. Every one instantly devoured his bunch of herbage, without leaving the smallest branch; but as our hunger was far from being satisfied with this small allowance, the soldiers and sailors betook themselves to look for more. They soon brought back a sufficient quantity, which was equally distributed, and devoured upon the spot, so delicious had hunger made that food to us. For myself, I declare I never ate any thing with so much appetite in all my life. Water was also found in this place, but it was of an abominable taste. After this truly frugal repast, we continued our route. The heat was insupportable in the last degree. The sands on which we trode were burning; nevertheless, several of us walked on these scorching coals without shoes; and the females had nothing but their hair for a cap. When we reached the sea-shore, we all ran and lay down among the waves. After remaining there some time, we took our route along the wet beach. On our journey we met

with several large crabs, which were of considerable service to us. Every now and then we endeavoured to slake our thirst by sucking their crooked claws. About nine at night we halted between two pretty high sand-hills. After a short talk concerning our misfortunes, all seemed desirous of passing the night in this place, notwithstanding we heard on every side the roaring of leopards.

“Our situation had been thus perilous during the night; nevertheless, at break of day we had the satisfaction of finding none missing. About sunrise we held a little to the east, to get farther into the interior to find fresh water, and lost much time in a vain search. The country which we now traversed was a little less arid than that which we had passed the preceding day. The hills, the valleys, and a vast plain of sand, were strewed with mimosa or sensitive plants, presenting to our sight a scene we had never before seen in the desert. The country is bounded as it were by a chain of mountains, or high downs of sand, in the direction of north and south, without the slightest trace of cultivation.

“Towards ten in the morning, some of our companions were desirous of making observations in the interior, and they did not go in vain. They instantly returned, and told us they had seen two Arab tents upon a slight rising ground. We instantly directed our steps thither. We had to pass great downs of sand very slippery, and arrived in a large plain, streaked here and there with verdure; but the turf was so hard and piercing, that we could scarcely walk over it without wounding our feet. Our presence in these frightful solitudes put to flight three or four Moorish shepherds, who herded a small flock of sheep and goats in an oasis. At last we arrived at the tents after which we were searching, and found in them three Mooreesses and two little children, who did not seem in the least frightened by our visit. A negro servant, belonging to an officer of marine, interpreted between us and the good women, who, when they had

heard of our misfortunes, offered us millet and water for payment. We bought a little of that grain at the rate of thirty pence a handful; the water was got for three francs a glass; it was very good, and none grudged the money it cost. As a glass of water, with a handful of millet, was but a poor dinner for famished people, my father bought two kids, which they would not give him under twenty piasters. We immediately killed them, and our Moorsesses boiled them in a large kettle."

Resuming their march, the party fell in with several friendly Moors or Arabs, who conducted them to their encampment. "We found a Moor in the camp who had previously known my father in Senegal, and who spoke a little French. We were all struck with astonishment at the unexpected meeting. My father recollected having employed long ago a young goldsmith at Senegal, and, discovering the Moor Amet to be the same person, shook him by the hand. After that good fellow had been made acquainted with our shipwreck, and to what extremities our unfortunate family had been reduced, he could not refrain from tears. Amet was not satisfied with deploring our hard fate; he was desirous of proving that he was generous and humane, and instantly distributed among us a large quantity of milk and water free of any charge. He also raised for our family a large tent of the skins of camels, cattle, and sheep, because his religion would not allow him to lodge with Christians under the same roof. The place appeared very dark, and the obscurity made us uneasy. Amet and our conductors lighted a large fire to quiet us; and at last bidding us good night, and retiring to his tent, said, 'Sleep in peace; the God of the Christians is also the God of the Mussulmen.'"

Next day the band of wayfarers, assisted by asses which they had hired from the Moors, regained the seashore, still pursuing the route for Senegal, and they had the satisfaction of perceiving a ship out at sea, to which they made signals. "The vessel having approached

sufficiently near the coast, the Moors who were with us threw themselves into the sea, and swam to it. In about half an hour we saw these friendly assistants returning, making float before them three small barrels. Arrived on shore, one of them gave a letter to the leader of our party from the commander of the ship, which was the *Argus*, a vessel sent to seek after the raft, and to give us provisions. This letter announced a small barrel of biscuit, a tierce of wine, a half tierce of brandy, and a Dutch cheese. Oh, fortunate event! We were very desirous of testifying our gratitude to the generous commander of the brig, but he instantly set out and left us. We staved the barrels which held our small stock of provisions, and made a distribution. Each of us had a biscuit, about a glass of wine, a half glass of brandy, and a small morsel of cheese. Each drank his allowance of wine at one gulp; the brandy was not even despised by the ladies. I however preferred quantity to quality, and exchanged my ration of brandy for one of wine. To describe our joy, whilst taking this repast, is impossible. Exposed to the fierce rays of a vertical sun, exhausted by a long train of suffering, deprived for a long while of the use of any kind of spirituous liquors, when our portions of water, wine, and brandy, mingled in our stomachs, we became like insane people. Life, which had lately been a great burden, now became precious to us. Foreheads, lowering and sulky, began to unwrinkle; enemies became most brotherly; the avaricious endeavoured to forget their selfishness and cupidity; the children smiled for the first time since our shipwreck; in a word, every one seemed to be born again from a condition melancholy and dejected.

“About six in the evening, my father finding himself extremely fatigued, wished to rest himself. We allowed the caravan to move on, whilst my stepmother and myself remained near him, and the rest of the family followed with their asses. We all three soon fell asleep. When we awoke, we were astonished at not seeing our

companions. The sun was sinking in the west. We saw several Moors approaching us, mounted on camels; and my father reproached himself for having slept so long. Their appearance gave us great uneasiness, and we wished much to escape from them, but my stepmother and myself fell quite exhausted. The Moors with long beards, having come quite close to us, one of them alighted, and addressed us in the following words: 'Be comforted, ladies; under the costume of an Arab, you see an Englishman who is desirous of serving you. Having heard at Senegal that Frenchmen were thrown ashore on these deserts, I thought my presence might be of some service to them, as I was acquainted with several of the princes of this arid country.' These noble words from the mouth of a man we had at first taken to be a Moor, instantly quieted our fears. Recovering from our fright, we rose and expressed to the philanthropic Englishman the gratitude we felt. Mr. Carnet, the name of the generous Briton, told us that our caravan, which he had met, waited for us at about the distance of two leagues. He then gave us some biscuit, which we ate; and we then set off together to join our companions. Mr. Carnet wished us to mount his camels, but my stepmother and myself, being unable to persuade ourselves we could sit securely on their hairy haunches, continued to walk on the moist sand; whilst my father, Mr. Carnet, and the Moors who accompanied him, proceeded on on the camels. We soon reached a little river, of which we wished to drink, but found it as salt as the sea. Mr. Carnet desired us to have patience, and we should find some at the place where our caravan waited. We forded that river knee-deep. At last, having walked about an hour, we rejoined our companions, who had found several wells of fresh water. It was resolved to pass the night in this place, which seemed less arid than any we saw near us. The soldiers being requested to go and seek wood to light a fire, for the purpose of frightening the ferocious beasts which

were heard roaring around us, refused ; but Mr. Carnet assured us that the Moors who were with him knew well how to keep all such intruders from our camp.

“ We passed a very good night, and at four in the morning continued our route along the shore. Mr. Carnet left us to endeavour to procure some provisions. At noon, the heat became so violent, that even the Moors themselves bore it with difficulty. We then determined on finding some shade behind the high mounds of sand which appeared in the interior ; but how were we to reach them ? The sands could not be hotter. We had been obliged to leave our asses on the shore, for they would neither advance nor recede. The greater part of us had neither shoes nor hats ; notwithstanding, we were obliged to go forward almost a long league to find a little shade. Whether from want of air, or the heat of the ground on which we seated ourselves, we were nearly suffocated. I thought my last hour was come. Already my eyes saw nothing but a dark cloud, when a person of the name of Borner, who was to have been a smith at Senegal, gave me a boot containing some muddy water, which he had had the precaution to keep. I seized the elastic vase, and hastened to swallow the liquid in large draughts. One of my companions equally tormented with thirst, envious of the pleasure I seemed to feel, and which I felt effectually, drew the foot from the boot, and seized it in his turn, but it availed him nothing. The water which remained was so disgusting, that he could not drink it, and spilled it on the ground. Captain Bégnière, who was present, judging, by the water that fell, how loathsome must that have been which I had drunk, offered me some crumbs of biscuit, which he had kept most carefully in his pocket. I chewed that mixture of bread, dust, and tobacco, but I could not swallow it, and gave it all masticated to one of my younger brothers, who had fallen from inanition.

“ We were about to quit this furnace, when we saw

our generous Englishman approaching, who brought us provisions. At this sight I felt my strength revive, and ceased to desire death, which I had before called on to release me from my sufferings. Several Moors accompanied Mr. Carnet, and every one was loaded. On their arrival we had water, with rice and dried fish in abundance. Every one drank his allowance of water, but had not ability to eat, although the rice was excellent. We were all anxious to return to the sea, that we might bathe ourselves, and the caravan put itself on the road to the breakers of Sahara. After an hour's march of great suffering, we regained the shore, as well as our asses, who were lying in the water. We rushed among the waves, and after a bath of half an hour, we reposed ourselves upon the beach."

There was still another day's painful travelling before reaching the banks of the river Senegal, where boats were expected to be ready to convey the party to the town of St. Louis, the place of their destination. "During the day we hastened our march; and for the first time since our shipwreck, a smiling picture presented itself to our view. The trees always green, with which that noble river is shaded, the humming-birds, the red-birds, the paroquets, the promerops, and others, who flitted among their long yielding branches, caused in us emotions difficult to express. We could not satiate our eyes gazing on the beauties of this place, verdure being so enchanting to the sight, especially after having travelled through the desert. Before reaching the river, we had to descend a little hill covered with thorny bushes. It was four o'clock in the afternoon before the boats of the government arrived, and we all embarked. Biscuit and wine were found in each of them, and all were refreshed. After sailing for an hour down the stream, we came in sight of St. Louis, a town miserable in appearance, but delightful to our vision after so much suffering. At six in the evening we arrived at the fort, where the late English governor and others, including our

generous friend Mr. Carnet, were met to receive us. My father presented us to the governor, who had alighted. He appeared to be sensibly affected with our misfortunes: the females and children chiefly excited his commiseration; and the native inhabitants and Europeans tenderly shook the hands of the unfortunate people: the negro slaves even seemed to deplore our disastrous fate.

"The governor placed the most sickly of our companions in an hospital; various inhabitants of the colony received others into their houses; M. Artigue obligingly took charge of our family. Arriving at his house, we there found his wife, two ladies, and an English lady, who begged to be allowed to assist us. Taking my sister Caroline and myself, she conducted us to her house, and presented us to her husband, who received us in the most affable manner; after which she led us to her dressing-room, where we were combed, cleaned, and dressed by the domestic negresses, and were most obligingly furnished with linen from her own wardrobe, the whiteness of which was strongly contrasted with our sable countenances. In the midst of my misfortunes my soul preserved all its strength; but this sudden change of situation affected me so much, that I thought my intellectual faculties were forsaking me. When I had a little recovered from my faintness, our generous hostess conducted us to the saloon, where we found her husband and several English officers sitting at table. These gentlemen invited us to partake of their repast, but we took nothing but tea and some pastry. Among these English was a young Frenchman, who, speaking sufficiently well their language, served to interpret between us. Inviting us to recite to them the story of our shipwreck and all our misfortunes, which we did in few words, they were astonished how females and children had been able to endure so much fatigue and misery. As they saw we had need of repose, they all retired, and our worthy Englishwoman put us to bed, where we were not long before we fell into a profound sleep."

Monsieur Picard and his family were now settled; but nothing but a series of misfortunes attended him, the first of which was the death of his wife and several of the children, who fell victims to the malignant distempers of the country. The legal business which he expected to form, entirely failed, from the poverty of the people, and bad state of affairs of the colony. Poor Picard, broken down with disasters and family afflictions, after a manful struggle as an attorney, a trader, and a cultivator of cotton, at length sank under the complicated calamities which pressed upon him. He died, in an almost destitute condition, of a broken heart. "This last blow (says the narrator) plunged me into a gloomy melancholy. I was indifferent to every thing. I had seen, in three months, nearly all my relations die. A young orphan (Alphonso Fleury), our cousin, aged five years, to whom my father was tutor, and whom he had always considered as his own child, my sister Caroline, and myself, were all that remained of the Picard family, who, on setting out for Africa, consisted of nine. We, too, had nearly followed our dear parents to the grave. Our friends, however, by their great care and attention, got us by degrees to recover our composure, and chased from our thoughts the cruel recollection which afflicted us. We recovered our tranquillity, and dared at last to cherish the hope of seeing more fortunate days. That hope was not delusive. A worthy friend of my father, Monsieur Dard, who had promised to act as a guardian to his orphan children, proved himself a more than friendly benefactor. After gathering together the wrecks of our wretched family, he tenderly offered himself to my husband, and I need not say that he was worthy of my sincerest attachment. I gave my hand where already was my esteem. My sister Caroline afterwards married a gentleman belonging to the colony.

"Leaving Senegal with my husband and the young Alphonso, in November 1820, in a month thereafter we landed safely on the shores of our dear France, which

we resolved should henceforth be our home. The place where we settled was that of my husband's nativity, at a short distance from Dijon, and here I have had the happiness of finding new relations, whose tender friendship consoles me in part for the loss of those of whom cruel death deprived me in Africa."

 THE RUNAWAY.

LATE in the afternoon of one of those sultry days which render the atmosphere of the Louisiana swamps pregnant with baneful æffluvia, I directed my course towards my distant home, laden with a pack consisting of five or six wood Ibises, and a heavy gun, the weight of which, even in those days, when my natural powers were unimpaired, prevented me from moving with much speed. Reaching the banks of a miry bayou, only a few yards in breadth, but of which I could not ascertain the depth, on account of the muddiness of its waters, I thought it might be dangerous to wade through it with my burden; for which reason, throwing to the opposite side each of my heavy birds in succession, together with my gun, powder-flask and shot-bag, and drawing my hunting-knife from its scabbard, to defend myself, if need should be, against alligators, I entered the water, followed by my faithful dog. As I advanced carefully and slowly "Plato" swam around me, enjoying the refreshing influence of the liquid element that cooled his fatigued and heated frame. The water deepened, as did the mire of its bed; but with a stroke or two I gained the shore.

Scarcely had I stood erect on the opposite bank, when my dog ran to me, exhibiting marks of terror, his eyes seeming ready to burst from their sockets, and his mouth grinning with the expression of hatred, while his feelings found vent in a stifled growl. Thinking that all this was produced by the scent of a wolf or bear, I stooped to

take up my gun, when a stentorial voice commanded me to "stand still or die!" Such a "*qui vive*" in these woods was as unexpected as it was rare. I instantly raised and cocked my gun; and although I did not yet perceive the individual who had thus issued so peremptory a mandate, I felt determined to combat with him for the free passage of the grounds. Presently a tall firmly-built negro emerged from the bushy underwood where until that moment he must have been crouched, and in a louder voice repeated his injunction. Had I pressed a trigger his life would have terminated; but observing that the gun, which he aimed at my breast, was a wretched rusty piece, from which a shot could not readily be produced, I felt little fear, and therefore did not judge it necessary to proceed at once to extremities. I laid my gun at my side, tapped my dog quietly, and asked the man what he wanted.

My forbearance and the stranger's long habit of submission produced the most powerful effect on his mind. "Master," said he, "I am a runaway. I might perhaps shoot you down; but God forbids it, for I feel just now, as if I saw him ready to pass his judgment against me for such a foul deed, and I ask mercy at your hands. For God's sake do not kill me, master!" "And why," answered I, "have you left your quarters, where certainly you must have been better than in these unwholesome swamps?" "Master, my story is a short but sorrowful one. My camp is close by, and as I know you cannot reach home this night, if you will follow me there, depend upon *my honour* you shall be safe until morning, when I will carry your birds, if you choose, to the great road."

The large intelligent eyes of the negro, the complacency of his manner, and the tones of his voice, I thought, invited me to venture; and as I felt that I was at least his equal, while, moreover, I had my dog to second me, I answered that I would *follow him*. He observed the emphasis laid on the words, the meaning of which

he seemed to understand so thoroughly, that turning to me, he said, "There, master, take my butcher's knife, while I throw away the flint and prining from my gun!" Reader, I felt confounded: this was too much for me; I refused the knife, and told him to keep his piece ready, in case we might accidentally meet a cougar or a bear.

Generosity exists every where. The greatest monarch acknowledges its impulse, and all around him, from his lowest menial to the proud nobles that encircle his throne, at times experience that overpowering sentiment. I offered to shake hands with the runaway. "Master," said he, "I beg you thanks," and with this he gave me a squeeze that alike impressed me with the goodness of his heart, and his great physical strength. From that moment we proceeded through the woods together. My dog smelt at him several times, but as he heard me speak in my usual tone of voice, he soon left us, and rambled around as long as my whistle was unused. As he proceeded, I observed that he was guiding me towards the setting of the sun, and quite contrary to my home and course. I remarked this to him, when he with great simplicity replied, "merely for our security."

After trudging along for some distance, and crossing several bayous, at all of which he threw his gun and knife to the opposite bank and stood still until I had got over, we came to the borders of an immense cane-brake, from which I had, on former occasions, driven and killed several deer. We entered, as I had frequently done before, now erect, then on "all fours." He regularly led the way, divided here and there the entangled stalks, and whenever we reached a fallen tree, assisted me in getting over it with all possible care. I saw that he was a perfect Indian in the knowledge of the woods, for he kept a direct course as precisely as any "Red-skin" I ever travelled with. All of a sudden he emitted a loud shriek, not unlike that of an owl, which so surprised me, that I once more instantly levelled my gun. "No harm, master, I only give notice to my wife

and children that I am coming." A tremulous answer of the same nature gently echoed through the tree-tops. The runaway's lips separated with an expression of gentleness and delight when his beautiful set of ivory teeth seemed to smile through the dusk of evening that was thickening around us. "Master," said he, "my wife, though black, is as beautiful to me as the 'President's' wife is to him; she is my queen, and I look on our young ones as so many princes:—but you shall see them all, for here they are, thank God!"

There, in the heart of a cane-brake, I found a regular camp. A small fire was lighted, and on its embers lay girdling some large slices of venison. A lad nine or ten years old was blowing the ashes from some fine sweet potatoes. Various articles of household furniture were carefully disposed around, and a large pallet of bear and deer skins seemed to be the resting-place of the whole family. The wife raised not her eyes towards mine, and the little ones three in number, retired into a corner, like so many discomfited racoons, but the runaway, bold, and apparently happy, spoke to them in such cheering words, that at once one and all seemed to regard me as one sent by Providence to relieve them from all their troubles. My clothes were hung up by them to dry, and the negro asked if he might clean and grease my gun, which I permitted him to do, while the wife threw a large piece of deer's flesh to my dog, which the children were already caressing.

Only think of my situation, reader! Here I was ten miles at least from home, four or five from the nearest plantation, in the camp of runaway slaves, and quite at their mercy. My eyes involuntarily followed their motions, but as I thought I perceived in them a strong desire to make me their confidant and friend, I gradually relinquished all suspicion. The venison and potatoes looked quite tempting, and by this time I was in a condition to relish much less savoury fare, so, on being humbly asked to divide the viands before us,

I partook of as hearty a meal as I had ever done in my life.

Supper over, the fire was completely extinguished; and a small lighted pine-knot placed in a hollow calabash. Seeing that both the husband and wife were desirous of communicating something to me, I at once fearlessly desired them to unburden their minds; when the runaway told me a tale of which the following is the substance:—

About eighteen months before, a planter residing not very far off, having met with some losses, was obliged to expose his slaves at a public sale. The value of his negroes were well known, and on the appointed day, the auctioneer laid them out in small lots, or offered them singly, in the manner he judged most advantageous to their owner. The runaway, who was well known as being the most valuable, next to his wife, was put up by himself for sale, and brought an immoderate price. For his wife, who came next and alone, 800 dollars were bidden and paid down. Then the children were exposed, and on account of their breed, brought high prices. The rest of the slaves went off at rates corresponding to their qualifications.

The runaway chanced to be purchased by the overseer of the plantation; the wife was bought by an individual residing about an hundred miles off, and the children went to different places along the river. The heart of the husband and father failed him under this dire calamity. For a while he pined in deep sorrow under his new master; but having marked down in his memory the names of the different persons who had purchased each dear portion of his family, he feigned illness,—if indeed he whose affections had been so grievously blasted could be said to feign it,—refrained from food for several days, and was little regarded by the overseer, who felt himself disappointed in what he had considered a great bargain.

On a stormy night, when the elements raged with all

the fury of a hurricane, the poor negro made his escape, and, being well acquainted with all the neighbouring swamps, at once made directly for the cane-brake, in the centre of which I found his camp. A few nights afterwards he gained the abode of his wife, and the very next day after their meeting he led her away. The children one after another he succeeded in stealing, until at last the whole objects of his love were under his care.

To provide for five individuals was no easy task in those wilds, which, after the first notice was given of the wonderful disappearance of this extraordinary family, were daily ransacked by armed planters. Necessity, it is said, will bring the wolf from the forest. The runaway seems to have well understood the maxim, for under night he approached his first master's plantation, where he had ever been treated with the greatest kindness.

The house servants knew him too well not to aid him to the best of their power, and at the approach of each morning he returned to the camp with an ample supply of provisions. One day, while in search of wild fruits, he found a bear dead before the muzzle of a gun which had been set for the purpose. Both articles he carried to his home. His friends at the plantation managed to supply him with some ammunition, and in damp and cloudy days he first ventured to hunt round his camp. Possessed of courage and activity, he gradually became more careless, and rambled farther in search of game. It was on one of his excursions that I met him, and he assured me that the noise which I made in passing the bayou had caused him to lose the chance of killing a fine deer, although, said he, "my old musket misses fire sadly too often."

The runaways, after disclosing their secret to me, both rose from their seat, with eyes full of tears. "Good master, for God's sake, do something for us and our children," they sobbed forth with one accord. Their little ones lay sound asleep in the fearlessness of their

innocence. Who could have heard such a tale without emotion? I promised them my cordial assistance. They both sat up that night to watch my repose, and I slept close to their urchins, as if on a bed of the softest down.

Day broke so fair, so pure, and so gladdening, that I told them such heavenly appearances were ominous of good, and that I scarcely doubted of obtaining their full pardon. I desired them to take their children with them, and promised to accompany them to the plantation of their first master. They gladly obeyed. My Ibises were hung around their camp, and, as a memento of my having been there, I notched several trees, after which I bade adieu, perhaps for the last time, to the cane-brake. We soon reached the plantation, the owner of which, with whom I was well acquainted, received me with all the generous kindness of a Louisiana planter. Ere an hour had elapsed, the runaway and his family were looked upon as his own. He afterwards repurchased them from their owners, and treated them with his former kindness; so that they were rendered as happy as slaves generally are in that country, and continued to cherish that attachment to each other which had led to their adventures. Since this event happened, it has, I have been informed, become illegal to separate slave families without their consent.

Audubon's Ornithological Biography.

Excitement.

THE LOST ONE.

A "Live Oaker" employed on the St. John's river, in East Florida, left his cabin, situated on the banks of that stream, and, with his axe on his shoulder, proceeded towards the swamp in which he had several times before plied his trade of felling and squaring giant trees that af-

ford the most valuable timber for naval architecture and other purposes.

At the season which is best for this kind of labour, heavy fogs not unfrequently cover the country, so as to render it difficult for one to see farther than thirty or forty yards in any direction. The woods, too, present so little variety, that every tree seems the mere counterpart of every other ; and the grass, when it has not been burnt, is so tall, that a man of ordinary stature cannot see over it, whence it is necessary for him to proceed with great caution, lest he should unwittingly deviate from the ill-defined trail which he follows. To increase the difficulty, several trails often meet, in which case, unless the explorer be perfectly acquainted with the neighbourhood, it would be well for him to lie down, and wait till the fog disperse. Under such circumstances, the best woodsmen are not unfrequently bewildered for a while ; and I well remember that such an occurrence happened to myself, at a time when I had imprudently ventured to pursue a wounded quadruped, which led me some distance from the track.

The Live-Oaker had been jogging onwards for several hours, and became aware that he must have travelled considerably more than the distance between his cabin and the hummock which he desired to reach. To his alarm, at the moment when the fog dispersed, he saw the sun at its meridian height, and could not recognise a single object around him.

Young, healthy, and active, he imagined that he had walked with more than ordinary speed, and had passed the place to which he was bound. He accordingly turned his back upon the sun, and pursued a different route, guided by a small trail. Time passed, and the sun headed his course : he saw it gradually descend in the west ; but all around him continued as if enveloped with mystery. The huge grey trees spread their giant boughs over him, the rank grass extended on all sides, not a liv-

ing being crossed his path,—all was silent and still, and the scene was like a dull and dreary dream of the land of oblivion. He wandered like a forgotten ghost that had passed into the land of spirits, without yet meeting one of his kind with whom he could hold converse. The condition of a man lost in the woods is one of the most perplexing that could be imagined by a person who has not himself been in a like predicament. Every object that he sees, he at first thinks he recognises, and while his whole mind is bent on searching for more that may gradually lead to his extrication, he goes on committing greater errors the farther he proceeds. This was the case with the Live-Oaker. The sun was now setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sunk in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow. Myriads of insects, delighted at its departure, now filled the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from the muddy pool in which it had concealed itself; the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and far above, the harsh croaking voice of the heron announced that, full of anxiety, it was wending its way to the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl; and the breeze, as it swept among the columnar stems of the forest trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews. Alas! no moon with her silvery light shone on the dreary scene, and the lost one, wearied and vexed, laid himself down on the damp ground. Prayer is always consolatory to man in every difficulty or danger, and the woodsman fervently prayed to his Maker, wished his family a happier night than it was his lot to experience, and with a feverish anxiety waited the return of day.

You may imagine the length of that cold, dull, moonless night. With the dawn of day came the usual fogs of those latitudes. The poor man started on his feet, and with a sorrowful heart, pursued a course which he thought might lead him to some familiar object, although, indeed, he scarcely knew what he was doing.

No longer had he the trace of a track to guide him, and yet, as the sun rose, he calculated the many hours of daylight he had before him, and the farther he went continued to walk the faster. But vain were all his hopes : that day was spent in fruitless endeavours to regain the path that led to his home, and when night again approached, the terror that had been gradually spreading over his mind, together with the nervous debility induced by fatigue, anxiety, and hunger, rendered him almost frantic. He told me that at this moment he beat his breast, tore his hair, and, had it not been for the piety with which his parents had in early life imbued his mind, and which had become habitual, would have cursed his existence. Famished as he now was, he laid himself on the ground, and fed on the weeds and grass that grew around him. The night was spent in the greatest agony and terror. "I knew my situation," he said to me. "I was fully aware that unless Almighty God came to my assistance, I must perish in those uninhabited woods. I knew that I had walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook from which I could quench my thirst, or even allay the burning heat of my parched lips and blood-shot eyes. I knew that if I should not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon, and although deer and bears now and then started within a few yards or even feet of me, not one of them could I kill ; and although I was in the midst of abundance, not a mouthful did I expect to procure, to satisfy the cravings of my empty stomach. Sir, may God preserve you from ever feeling as I did the whole of that day !"

For several days after, no one can imagine the condition in which he was, for when he related to me this painful adventure, he assured me that he had lost all recollection of what had happened. "God," he continued, "must have taken pity on me one day, for, as I ran wildly through those dreadful pine barrens, I met with a tortoise. I gazed upon it with amazement and delight,

and although I knew that were I to follow it undisturbed, it would lead me to some water, my hunger and thirst would not allow me to refrain from satisfying both, by eating its flesh, and drinking its blood. With one stroke of my axe the beast was cut in two, and in a few moments I dispatched all but the shell. Oh, sir, how much I thanked God, whose kindness had put the tortoise in my way! I felt greatly renewed. I sat down at the foot of a pine, gazed on the heavens, thought of my poor wife and children, and again thanked my God for my life, for now I felt less distracted in mind, and more assured that before long I must recover my way, and get back to my home."

The lost one remained and passed the night at the foot of the same tree under which his repast had been made. Refreshed by a sound sleep, he started at dawn to resume his weary march. The sun rose bright, and he followed the direction of the shadow. Still the dreariness of the woods was the same, and he was on the point of giving up in despair, when he observed a racoon lying squatted in the grass. Raising his axe he drove it with such violence through the helpless animal, that it expired without a struggle. What he had done with the turtle, he now did with the racoon, the greater part of which he actually devoured at one meal. With more comfortable feelings he then resumed his wanderings—his journey I cannot say,—for although in the possession of all his faculties, and in broad day-light, he was worse off than a lame man groping his way in the dark out of a dungeon, of which he knew not where the door stood. Days, one after another, passed—nay, weeks in succession. He fed now on cabbage-trees, then on frogs and snakes, all that fell on his way was welcome and savoury. Yet he became daily more emaciated, until at length he could scarcely crawl. Forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he at last reached the banks of the river. His clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimed with beard, his hair mat-

ted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment; there he laid himself down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of his fevered fancy, he thought he heard the noise of oars far away on the silent river. He listened so eagerly, that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear. They were indeed the measured beats of oars; and now, joy to the forlorn soul! the sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke the tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man by the broad still stream that glittered in the sun beams, and human eyes soon saw him too, for round the headland covered with tangled brushwood, boldly advances the little boat, propelled by its lusty rowers. The lost one raised his feeble voice on high;—it was a loud shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause, and look around. Another, but feebler scream, and they observe him. It comes—his heart flutters, his sight is dimmed, his brain reels, he gasps for breath. It comes,—it has run upon the beach, and, the lost one is found!

This is no tale of fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence, which might be embellished no doubt, but is better in the plain garb of truth. The notes by which I recorded it were written in the cabin of the once Live-Oaker, about four years after the painful incident occurred. His amiable wife and loving children were present at the recital, and never shall I forget the tears that flowed from them as they listened to it, albeit it had long been more familiar to them than a tale thrice told. Sincerely do I wish, good reader, that neither you nor I may ever elicit such sympathy, by having undergone such sufferings, although no doubt such sympathy would be a rich recompense for them.

It only remains for me to say, that the distance between the cabin and the live-oak hummock to which the woodman was bound, scarcely exceeded eight miles, while the part of the river at which he was found, was thirty-eight miles from his house. Calculating

his daily wanderings at ten miles, we may believe that they amounted in all to 400. He must therefore have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do in such circumstances. Nothing but the great strength of his constitution, and the merciful aid of his Maker, could have supported him for so long a time.

Ornithological Biography.

A RIDE IN THE PAMPAS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

IN our rapid return across the Pampas, we were frequently alarmed by reports of hostile Indians being on the path, and were entertained by our terrified Peons with tales of their ferocity and blood-thirstiness. Mounted on the most powerful and fleet horses, and themselves the best horsemen in the world, wherever they came their course was tracked in blood. The many conflicts with the Spanish usurpers of their country had created a spirit of the bitterest hostility in the breasts of both parties, and the idea on either side of sparing a foe who had fallen into their hands was never entertained.

Small parties of Indians, armed with their spears of eighteen feet in length, had frequently attacked and burnt the unprotected huts of Gauchos, remorselessly slain the men, the old and ugly of the women, and carried the young and good-looking with them into the heart of the Pampas. We became accustomed, however, to these recitals of cruelty, and having come within 300 miles of Buenos Ayres without seeing any of these flying parties, ceased to consider them as an object of alarm. We were within three days' gallop of the coast; I was a few miles a-head of my companions, when an ostrich crossed me at some distance, and I pushed off alone after him. I had acquired some little skill in the use of the lasso,* and being mounted on a horse of extraordinary

* It is possible that some readers may require to be informed, that the

speed and power, made myself sure of my prize. There is perhaps no sport in the world so intensely interesting as that in which I was engaged; miles pass with minutes, and the sight of the chase continually in view, keeps alive an ardour which absorbs every faculty. I had made several unsuccessful casts, but still kept up the pursuit with reckless impetuosity, when my horse suddenly fell with me into a *biscachero*,* and rolling over my body, bruised me severely. Fortunately, I still retained hold of the bridle, but, unable to rise, lay helplessly on my back, gazing upwards upon innumerable bright and fantastic objects which seemed to fill the atmosphere. At length, when the sickness had in some measure left me, I managed to get into the saddle, and walked my horse slowly in the direction, as I thought, of the road which I had left. I now began to reflect that, as my course had been almost at right angles to the track leading to the coast, and as I had continued great part of an hour with unabated speed in the chase, there was no possibility of my overtaking my friends, compelled as I was by the pain of my bruises to proceed at the most gentle pace possible. I felt also, from the frequent tripping of my horse, that he was well-nigh spent, and now for the first time the appalling nature of my situation burst fully on my mind.

I was alone in a trackless plain—without the power of reaching the path I had left, and certain, unless some

lasso of the South Americans is composed of plaited thongs of raw leather, softened with grease, and with a running noose at one end, which is thrown with astonishing dexterity over any part of the object of pursuit.

*The *biscacheros* are holes burrowed in the ground by an animal called a *Biacacho*, and were it not for the soft nature of the plains, it would be extremely dangerous to cross them on horseback, as it is in many instances impossible to avoid the *biscacheros*, and the speed at which the horses go would generally render a fall on hard ground mortal. The "balls" spoken of consist of three brass globes which the Gauchos wheel round their head, till they acquire sufficient impetus, and then they are darted with such force and dexterity as to bring down a bird in its flight, or to stun the strongest bull, station game, or lion. The *lasso* and the balls are in the hands of the Gauchos from their earliest years,—hence, their inimitable skill in using them.

wandering Gaucho should by good fortune pass me, to perish with hunger or severe thirst, which, from the bruises I had received, began to parch up my frame. I swept the horizon with a glance dimmed by sickness and terror, but save a herd or two of wild cattle feeding among the deep clover, there was nothing to break the sameness of the view. A troop of naked Indian horsemen, of whose cruelties I had lately heard so much, would at that moment have been welcome to my sight.

Often, as the nature of the dreadful death to which I seemed doomed shot through my heart, I struck my spurs into my horse's sides with a convulsive movement, but the groaning of the fatigued animal, and the agony which the least acceleration in his pace created in my bruised limbs, caused me as often to return to a slow walk, and to yield myself up to despair. In a short time, the thirst which I suffered became so intolerable, that I decided on opening a vein in the neck of my horse, in order to quench it in his blood. I knew very well that the best way to relieve my thirst, and assuage the fever which caused it, would have been to draw a little blood from my own veins, instead of my jaded steed ; but I was fearful that, if fainting came on, I might bleed to death. I therefore took out the instrument, and was about dismounting in order to perform my little operation. Before doing so, however, I cast another longing look around me ; and to my inexpressible joy, beheld a horseman gallop out from behind a large herd of wild cattle which had for a little time concealed him. I hallooed with all my might, but the feeble sound must have died along the plain before it reached him, for he kept on his course. At last I fired one of my pistols, and I could instantly see his horse turn, and sweep towards me at a rapid pace. I had time to reload my pistol, loosen my knife in its sheath, and fix my almost sinking faculties upon the danger probably before me ; for I knew that a Gaucho, meeting an unprotected stranger like myself in the plains, would think nothing of cutting his throat for the

sake of his bridle and spurs, besides the possibility of finding a few dollars in his purse. Fortunately, however, my fears were groundless; the rider who had so opportunely crossed me proved to be a Gaucho boy, of about eleven or twelve years of age. I returned my pistols to my girdle, and uttered an ejaculation of gratitude. The little fellow came dashing up to me at full speed, crying, with evident emotion, as he checked his horse, till the animal fell almost on his haunches, "Que es esto?"—what is this? I shortly explained to him my misfortunes, and requested to be taken to his home, which I found was at a few miles distance, lying further south than any other Gaucho hut. He gave me a drink of water from a cow's horn, which was slung round him, and never till my dying day shall I forget the exquisite feeling of pleasure which that delicious draught communicated to my parched frame. He then pulled some dried beef from a bag which hung at his saddle bow, and I ate a few mouthfuls to relieve the faintness which my long abstinence from food had created. Thus, having performed the duties of hospitality, the young horseman dashed away in the direction I was to accompany him, whirling his *lasso* above head, and his *poncho* streaming like a pennon behind, then ever and anon returning to my side with an "Alegrarse! alegrarse! vamos! vamos! senior."—Cheer up! cheer up! come on, come on, senior! In this way, after a most painful march, we arrived at his hut, which was larger and more neatly built than any I had seen, containing two apartments, besides a covered shed at a little distance, to serve the purposes of a kitchen. The very *corral** was not surrounded by the usual quantity of filth, the cause of which was at once to be traced to the great number of heavy-looking gorged vultures which sat upon the stakes of the inclosure, remaining, as I rode

* An inclosure generally thirty or forty yards in diameter, formed of strong stakes driven into the ground, in which the cattle destined for slaughter or the saddle are placed. In the Pampas, the corral is usually placed fifty or one hundred yards from the hut.

past, almost within reach of my extended arm. They had gathered round this settlement in greater numbers than I had seen in any other place on the Pampas, and were also larger than any I had before met with. A few noble horses were shut up in the *corral*, which, by their neighing as we passed, proved that they had been but lately reclaimed from the plains. Every thing around looked less like the squalid hut of a wretched Gaucho, than the decent home of an independent agriculturist; and had it not been for the *corral*, and the heaps of bones of every kind scattered about, I could have fancied this to be the dwelling of some whimsical foreigner, who had chosen to leave his vineyard in Languedoc, or his farm in Sasse, to share with the wild horse, the goma and the lion, the freedom of the plains of Paraguay.

But if I was surprised at the comparative neatness of the place, I was soon much more so at the extraordinary behaviour of its master, as, lifting aside the bullock's hide which served as a door to the dwelling, he came forth to meet me. I should mention here that the Gauchos are famed for their hospitality, and that they almost universally retain the grave politeness for which Spaniards have always been remarkable. To such an extent, in fact, is this carried, that a Gaucho never enters his hut without lifting his cap with a gesture of respect, though there may be none but the members of his own family within. I was therefore surprised to perceive that, instead of welcoming me with the cordial alacrity which I had elsewhere universally received, the Gaucho started as his eyes fell upon me, and sliding his hand down towards his heel, drew forth his long knife with a threatening gesture. So soon as I had saluted him, however, and explained my misfortune, he seemed to recover himself, and muttering some words of apology as he replaced his weapon, he begged me to enter his hut, and to consider it as my own. Faint and weary as I was, I could not but perceive the constraint and reluctance with which he uttered this usual compliment, and, as the most delicate way

of noticing it, expressed a hope that the entertainment of a traveller for a night under his roof would not in any way incommode him. He turned his quick eye on me as I spoke; but seeing, as I presumed, nothing like suspicion on my features, began busily to occupy himself in releasing my horse from his *recado*, or saddle and bridle, as he expressed his pleasure in being honoured by the presence of a cavalier like myself. "You must excuse an old man, *senor*," said he, "if he is somewhat cautious and fearful: in these wild plains there are more *salteadores* (robbers) than honest Christians; besides, we have certain information that the Indians are somewhere in these parts: they have burnt some huts in the clover ground east, and may be upon us before the morning: a man is rarely at his ease when he knows his throat may be cut before next meal, *senor*, and therefore, I pray you, pardon my want of courtesy." And then giving the horse a lash with the bridle, he moved towards the hut, desiring me, in the true Spanish style, to consider both himself and his dwelling as created only for my pleasure. I had been too often told of the Indians, to be alarmed at the story of my host, besides that I considered it as a *ruse* intended to hasten my departure; and though I was utterly at a loss to discover the cause of his churlishness, I was too much occupied by my own suffering to notice it further than mentally to determine on leaving the station the next morning at all hazards.

The inside of the hut was more clean and neat than usual in the *Gauchos'* cottages; the *bolos* or balls, and the *lassos*, the bridles, spurs, and other implements, were arranged in an orderly manner along the walls, the cradle, made of a bull's hide, suspended by leathern thongs to the rafters, occupied a remote corner of the apartment, the charcoal fire burnt cheerily, while the lamp, fed by bullock's tallow suspended from the roof, poured a clear light into the recesses of the room. The night had fallen during my late slow ride, and the cold

had seized upon my stiffened limbs with great severity. It had benumbed rather than chilled me; the feverish heat raging as it were within my frame, while my extremities were almost insensible, and covered with a cold sweat. The warmth of the room, however, presently equalized the heat in my whole body, and I prepared to take away some blood from my arm. There was an instant stir among several dark heaps which lay upon the floor, and four or five women, with twice as many children—black, brown, and red, gathered round me to look at the operation, the most common and favourite one among all Spaniards.

An old black woman, who, from her appearance, and from her bringing in the huge piece of roast beef on the spit, seemed to be the cook of the establishment, held the vessel to receive the blood, and being more occupied in examining my dress than in the duty of the moment, performed her part so awkwardly that I reproved her in an angry and loud tone for her inattention.

The family gathered round and ate their evening meal; each individual, even to the children, cutting with their knives a piece from the huge joint. This with water formed their repast; for bread there is none in the plains. Each then bent for a few moments before a little image of the virgin which hung at one end of the hut; and laying down on the floor, as chance or whim directed them, they were soon fast asleep. The old Gaucho, however, and a very pretty mulatto girl with a child in her lap, sat at the fire as if waiting for some one. The youthful mother bent over her slumbering infant's features, wherein some secret grief seemed blended with maternal anxiety.

She frequently turned her eyes towards the door, and then to the old Gaucho, with an expression of surprise or fear at the protracted delay of some one whom she named Teobaldo.

The old man never answered her, but seemed to be wrapped up in deep reflection. The ruddy light of the

charcoal fire fell upon his harsh features, deep dark eyes, and grizzled beard, discovering every furrow on his face with painful distinctness, and clothing his lineaments with a kind of lurid light, which increased the savage, though slumbering, ferocity of their expression. At length, when the young woman again turned her eyes filled with tears upon him, and spoke in a querulous tone of the delay of Teobaldo, the old man uttered an imprecation, and grinding his teeth, commanded her to be silent. He then relapsed into his former moody abstraction, while I could see the tears streaming down the cheeks of the terrified girl upon her sleeping infant, fast and freely as from a fountain.

New Monthly Magazine.

AN AMERICAN FOREST ON FIRE.

WITH what pleasure have I seated myself by the blazing fire of some lonely cabin, when, faint with fatigue, and chilled with the piercing blast, I had forced my way to it through the drifted snows that covered the face of the country as with a mantle! The affectionate mother is hushing her dear babe to repose, while a group of sturdy children surround their father, who has just returned from the chase, and deposited on the rough flooring of his hut the varied game which he has procured. The great black log, that with some difficulty has been rolled into the ample chimney, urged, as it were, by lighted pieces of pine, sends forth a blaze of light over the happy family. The dogs of the hunter are already licking away the trickling waters of the thawing icicles that sparkle over their shaggy coats, and the comfort-loving cat is busied in passing her furry paws over each ear, or with her rough tongue smoothing her glossy coat.

How delightful to me has it been, when kindly received and hospitably treated under such a roof, by

persons whose means were as scanty as their generosity was great, I have entered into conversation with them respecting subjects of interest to me, and received gratifying information. I recollect that once while in the state of Maine, I passed such a night as I have described. Next morning the face of nature was obscured by the heavy rains that fell in torrents, and my generous host begged me to remain in such pressing terms, that I was well content to accept his offer. Breakfast over, the business of the day commenced: the spinning wheels went round, and the boys employed themselves, one in searching for knowledge, another in attempting to solve some ticklish arithmetical problem. In a corner lay the dogs dreaming of plunder, while close to the ashes stood grimalkin seriously purring in concert with the wheels. The hunter and I having seated ourselves each on a stool, while the matron looked after her domestic arrangements, I requested him to give me an account of the events resulting from those fires which he had witnessed. Willingly he at once went on nearly as follows:—

“About twenty-five years ago, the larch or hackmatack trees were nearly all killed by insects. This took place in what hereabouts is called the ‘black soft growth’ land, that is, the spruce, pine, and all other firs. The destruction of the trees was effected by the insects cutting the leaves; and you must know that, although other trees are not killed by the loss of their leaves, the evergreens always are. Some few years after this destruction of the larch, the same insects attacked the spruces, pines, and other firs, in such a manner, that before half a dozen years were over, they began to fall, and, tumbling in all directions, they covered the whole country with matted masses. You may suppose that, when partially dried or seasoned, they would prove capital fuel, as well as supplies for the devouring flames which accidentally, or perhaps by intention, afterwards raged over the country, and continued burning at inter-

vals for years, in many places stopping all communication by the roads, the resinous nature of the firs being of course best fitted to insure and keep up the burning of the deep beds of dry leaves of the other trees.

"I dare say that what I have told you brings sad recollections to the minds of my wife and eldest daughter, who, with myself, had to fly from my home at the time of the great fires."

I felt so interested in his relation of the causes of the burnings, that I asked him to describe to me the particulars of his misfortunes at the time.

"It is a difficult thing, sir, to describe, but I will do my best to make your time pass pleasantly. We were sound asleep, one night, in a cabin, about a hundred miles from this, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of the horses and lowing of the cattle, which I had ranged in the woods, suddenly awakened us. I took yon rifle, and went to the door to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them, with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quickly as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

"We then mounted, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off, as I said, I looked back and saw the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck there was a horn attached to my hunting clothes, and I blew it, to bring

after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for awhile, but before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at all other times extremely tractable, ran after the deer that in bodies sprung before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

“We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbours, as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake, some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and urging my wife to whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and the brush heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

“By this time we could feel the heat, and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child's face, that when she turned towards either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over, on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shores, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the leeside. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

“On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens themselves, I thought, were frightened, for all above us was a red glare, mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

“The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side, and stood still. Although faint and weary, I managed to shoot a porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and the trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing.

“Towards morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cooled enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to Him, and unmanly, to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several deers were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and after eating it, we felt wonderfully strengthened.

“By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places,

and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best manner we could, we at last reached the 'hard woods,' which had been free of the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for awhile. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer; but thanks be to God, here we are safe, sound, and happy."

Audubon's American Ornithology.

Mirror.

A NIGHT OF IMMINENT PERIL.

THOSE who have walked on the banks of the Adige, before Rovigo, will know, that about a league and a half from the town, there are two islands in the midst of the channel, between which and the shore, the water is not more than a foot deep; and those who have never stirred from home have probably heard that the Adige is extremely subject to violent inundations, equally remarkable for their sudden rise and fall, owing to its mountainous origin and short course.

On the evening of one of the last days of May, I arrived opposite to one of these islands. The water was as pure as crystal, gently flowing over a fine pebbly channel; the island, which might be about forty yards from the shore upon which I stood, though more than double that distance on the other side, was inviting from its extreme greenness, and from the profusion of hyacinths upon one side—a flower to which I am extremely partial. Three or four trees also grew upon the edge, the trunks inclining over the water, and with but few branches. After a days walk, nothing is more agreeable than wading in a stream; and as I had sufficient time to

spare, I resolved upon reaching the island. This was soon accomplished; I found the depth nowhere exceed two feet, and the island agreeable as I fancied it to be; and having culled a large bouquet, I lay down upon the hyacinth bank, and gave myself up to those pleasant recollections of homes and past scenes which the fragrance of this flower brought along with it.

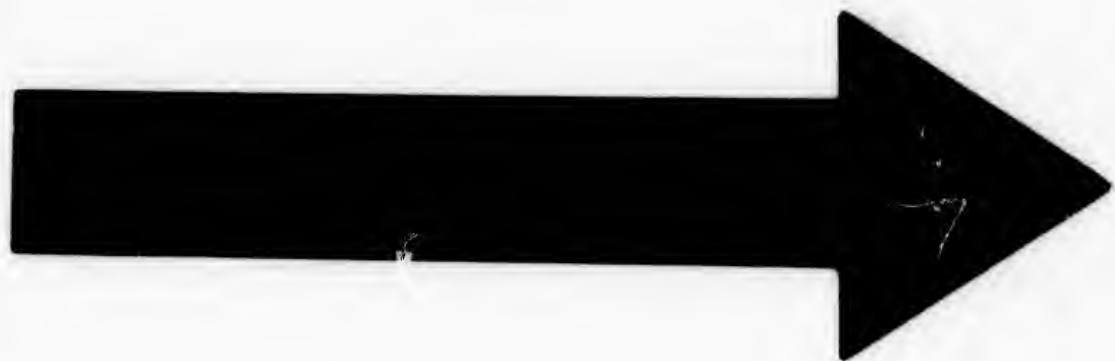
I had lain about a quarter of an hour, entirely forgetful of time and place, when my attention was slightly roused by a distant sound, which I supposed at first to be thunder—a great deal having been heard to the northward in the course of the day; and when it continued, and grew louder, I still supposed it was one of those prolonged peals, which are so frequent to the south of the Alps. Soon, however, the sound changed, and seemed like the sea; and as it became still louder, I started up in some alarm, and,—what a sight met my eye! At the distance of a few hundred yards, I saw a mountain of dark waters rushing towards me with inconceivable velocity, like a perpendicular wall, and now roared louder than the loudest thunder.

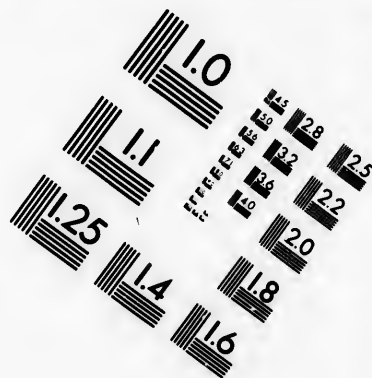
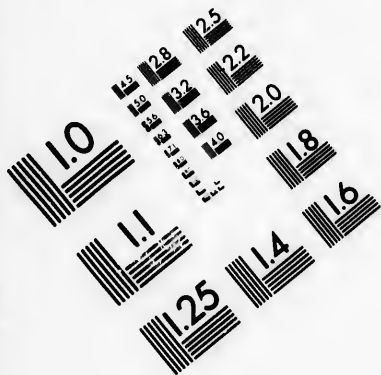
Not a moment was to be lost, the level of the island would be instantly covered, and to gain the shore was impossible. I instantly made for the largest of the trees, and had gained an elevation of about ten feet above the island, when the flood reached it. As it came nearer, its power appeared resistless: it seemed as if it would sweep the island from its foundations; and I entertained not a ray of hope that the trunk upon which I was seated would escape the force of the torrent. It came, and the tree remained firm; it covered the island and all its vegetation in an instant; and I saw it rush beneath me, bearing along with it the insignia of its power and fury—huge branches and roots, fragments of bridges, implements of household use and dead animals.

As regarded myself, the first and immediate danger of destruction was over: but a moment's reflection—one glance around me, showed that I had but small cause for

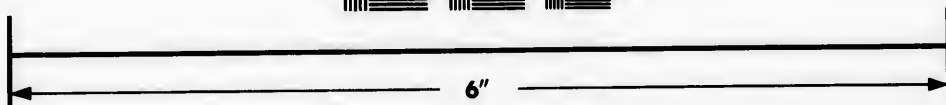
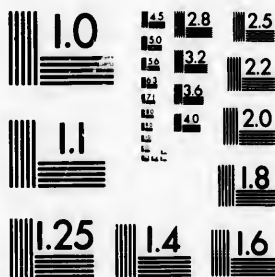
congratulation. Betwixt the island and the shore, a torrent, that no human strength could withstand, rolled impetuously on; and, although not fifty yards over, it would have been as impracticable an attempt to pass it, as if its breadth had been as many leagues. The first rush had left the tree unloosened; yet, a second might carry it away: and the flood was still rising;—almost every moment I could perceive the distance between me and the water diminish, and indeed, I was not more than four feet above the surface. I had only two grounds of hope,—the most languid, however, that was ever called by the name; it was possible that some person might see my situation from the shore before nightfall, and bring others to my assistance; and if it was possible, also, that the river might rise no higher, and speedily subside. The first of these chances was one of very improbable occurrence, for this part of the country is but thinly inhabited,—the high road did not lie along the river side,—and the shore, for three or four hundred yards from the channel of the river, was overflowed to the depth of probably three or four feet; and besides, it was difficult to see in what way human aid could extricate me. No boat could reach the island, and if a rope could be thrown as far, it was extremely improbable that I should catch it, as it was impossible for me to stir from the tree upon which I was seated; and as to any likelihood of the water subsiding, there was no appearance of it; it was at all events impossible that this could happen before nightfall.

In this dreadful and perilous situation, evening passed away, and no one appeared, and the river still continued to rise; the sky lowered and looked threatening; the torrent rushed by darker and more impetuous every few moments, reminding me, by the wrecks which it bore along with it, of the frailty of the tenure by which I held my existence. The shores on both sides were changed into wide lakes, and the red sun went angrily





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down, over a waste of red waters. Night at length closed in—and a dreadful night it was. Sometimes I fancied the tree was loosened from its roots, and sloped more and more over the water; sometimes I imagined the whole island was swept away, and that I was sailing down the torrent. I found that my mind occasionally wandered; and I had the precaution to take out of my pocket a silk handkerchief, which I tore in several strips, and, tying them together, bound myself round the middle to a pretty thick branch which supported my back; this, I thought, might prevent me from falling, if giddiness seized me, or momentary sleep should overtake me. During the night many strange fancies came over me, besides the very frequent one of supposing the island sailing down the torrent. Sometimes I fancied I was whirling round and round; at other times I thought the torrent was flowing backward; and then I fancied I saw huge black bodies carried towards me upon the surface, and I shrunk back to avoid contact with them; at other times I imagined something rose out of the water beneath and attempted to drag me down;—often I felt convinced I heard screams mingled with the rushing torrents, and once, all sound seemed entirely to cease, and I could have ventured almost to descend, so certain I felt that the channel was dry; once or twice I dropped asleep for a moment, but almost instantly awoke with so violent a start, that if I had not been fastened, I must have fallen from my seat.

The night gradually wore away;—it was warm and dry, so that I suffered no inconvenience from cold. I became nearly satisfied of the stability of the trunk, which was my only refuge; and, although deliverance was uncertain, at all events distant, I made up my mind to endure as long as I could, and thus I passed the night under a starless sky, and the dark flood beneath me. Before morning broke, I felt assured that the waters had begun to subside, the noise, I thought, was less; I fan-

As I saw shrubs appear above water on the island, and trees upon shore assume their usual appearance; and with the first dawn of day, I joyfully perceived that I had not been mistaken; the flood had fallen at least three feet; and before sun-rise, the greater part of the island was left dry. Never did criminal reprieved upon the scaffold shake off his bonds with more joy than I did mine that bound me to the tree. I crept down the trunk which still hung over the torrent, and stepped about knee deep on the island. I then waded to that part which was dry, and lay down exhausted with the night's watching, and aching with the position in which I had been obliged to remain.

The water now continued to fall perceptibly every moment; soon the island was entirely dry, and the inundation on shore had subsided into the natural channel; but still the torrent was too strong and deep to attempt a passage, especially weakened as I was by the occurrences of the last twelve hours, and the want of food. I had no certainty as to the hour, for I had not, of course, remembered to wind up my watch the evening before; judging from the height of the sun, however, the water had so much diminished before noon, that in two or three hours more I might attempt to gain the shore. About three in the afternoon, I accordingly entered the stream; I found it then no where deeper than four feet, and with a little struggling and buffeting, succeeded in gaining the bank, which I once thought I should never have trodden more. The bunch of hyacinths, which I had not forgotten to bring from the island, I still held in my hand. I have dried a few of them, and kept them ever since; never do I smell this flower, as I walk through the woods or fields, that I do not experience in part the sensations I felt when I lifted my head and saw the impetuous flood rushing towards me, and, however dreadful a reality may be, the recollection of it is not unmixed with pleasure. I often open the leaves where lie these withered hyacinths, and I cannot say that when

I look upon them, I ever think they have been dearly purchased.

Inglis' Solitary Walks through many Lands.

Saturday Magazine.

A BURNING PRAIRIE.

AFTER toiling for an hour, through a wide bottom of tall weeds and matted grass, I reached the grove—erected a small shed of boughs after the manner of the Indians, and lying down, was soon asleep, before a huge fire, which I built against the trunk of a fallen tree. I was awakened by the increasing violence of the gale. At times it sank into low wailings, and then would swell again, howling and whistling through the trees. After sitting by the fire for a short time, I again threw myself upon my pallet of dried grass, but could not sleep. There was something dismal and thrilling in the sound of the wind. At times, wild voices seemed shrieking through the woodland. It was in vain that I closed my eyes; a kind of superstitious feeling came over me, and though I saw nothing, my ears drank in every sound. I gazed around in every direction, and sat with my hand on my gun-trigger, for my feelings were so wrought up that I momentarily expected to see an armed Indian start from behind each bush. At last I rose up, and sat by the fire. Suddenly, a swift gust swept through the grove, and whirled off sparks and cinders in every direction. In an instant fifty little fires shot their forked tongues in the air, and seemed to flicker with a momentary struggle for existence. There was scarcely time to note their birth before they were creeping up in a tall tapering blaze, and leaping lightly along the tops of the scattered clumps of dry grass. In another moment they leaped forward into the prairie, and a waving line of brilliant flame quivered high up in the dark atmosphere.

Another gust came rushing along the ravine. It was

announced by a distant moan ; as it came nearer a cloud of dry leaves filled the air ; the slender shrubs and saplings bent like weeds—dry branches snapped and crackled. The lofty forest trees writhed, and creaked, and groaned. The next instant the furious blast reached the flaming prairie. Myriads and myriads of bright embers were flung wildly in the air: flakes of blazing grass whirled like meteors through the sky. The flame spread into a vast sheet that swept over the prairie, bending forward, illumining the black waste which it had passed, and shedding a red light far down the deep vistas of the forest ; though all beyond the blaze was of a pitchy blackness. The roaring flames drowned even the howling of the wind. At each succeeding blast they threw long pyramidal streams upwards in the black sky, then flared horizontally, and seemed to bound forward, lighting at each bound a new conflagration. Leap, succeeded leap ; the flames rushed on with a race-horse speed. The noise sounded like the roar of a stormy ocean, and the wild tumultuous billows of the flame were tossed about like a sea of fire. Directly in their course, and some distance out in the prairie, stood a large grove of oaks—the dry leaves still clinging to the branches. There was a red glare thrown upon them from the blazing flood. A moment passed, and a black smoke oozed from the nearest tree—the blaze roared among their branches, and shot up for one hundred feet in the air, waving as if in triumph. The effect was transient. In a moment had the fire swept through a grove covering several acres. It sank again into the prairie, leaving the limbs of every tree scathed and scorched to an inky blackness, and shining with a bright crimson light between their branches. In this way the light conflagration swept over the landscape : every hill seemed to burn its own funeral pyre, and the scorching heat licked every blade in the hollows. A dark cloud of grey smoke, filled with burning embers, spread over the course of the flames, occasionally forming not ungraceful

columns, which were almost instantly shattered by the wind, and driven in a thousand different directions.

For several hours the blaze continued to rage, and the whole horizon became girdled with a belt of living fire. As the circle extended the flames appeared smaller and smaller, until they looked like a slight golden thread ~~drawn~~ around the hills. They then must have been nearly ten miles distant. At length the blaze disappeared, although the purple light, that for hours illumined the night sky, told that the element was extending into other regions of the prairies.

It was sunrise when I rose from my resting place and resumed my journey. What a change! All was waste. The sun had set upon a prairie still clothed in its natural garb of herbage. It rose upon a scene of desolation. Not a single weed—not a blade of grass was left. The tall grove, which at sun-set was covered with withered foliage, now spread a labyrinth of scorched and naked branches—the very type of ruin. A thin covering of grey ashes was sprinkled upon the ground beneath, and several large dead trees, whose dried branches had caught and nourished the flame, were still blazing or sending up long spires of smoke. In every direction, barrenness marked the track of the flames. It had even worked its course against the blast, hugging to the roots of tall grass.

The wind was still raging; cinders and ashes were drifting and whirling about in almost suffocating clouds, sometimes rendering it impossible to see for more than one or two hundred yards.

Audubon.

ESCAPE OF LIEUTENANT BOYS FROM A FRENCH PRISON.

LIEUTENANT BOYS, an officer in the British navy, has written an interesting account of his escape from the

fortress of Valenciennes, where he was confined as a prisoner of war. In accomplishing his object, he had to encounter unheard-of miseries, and at the outset found considerable difficulty in persuading some of his comrades to accompany him. Having at length settled the preliminaries of escape, he thus proceeds to detail his adventures :—

“Not an hour was lost in procuring every thing needful for the occasion ; but before we could fix the precise day, we resolved to obtain some information respecting the obstacles in our passage to the upper citadel, that being the only way by which we could possibly escape. It was necessary to be very cautious in this particular, and many schemes were suggested.

“At length, hearing that that part of the fortifications abounded in wild rabbits, my greyhounds were offered to one of the gendarmes, whenever he chose to make use of them ; and the fellow mentioned it to the *marèchal de logis*, who was equally pleased with the expectation of sport, for they verily believed that such beautiful English dogs could kill every rabbit they saw. Shortly afterwards, the gendarme came, with the keys in his hand, for them, the *marèchal de logis* waiting at the gate. The dogs, however, had been taught to follow no one but their master, so that their refusing to go afforded me an opportunity of making an offer to accompany them, which was immediately accepted.

“Whitehurst, Hunter, and two or three others, requested to go with us ; four other gendarmes were ordered to attend, and we went in a tolerably large party. We took different directions round the ramparts, kicking the grass, under pretence of looking for rabbits ; few were found, and none killed ; but we succeeded in making our observations, and in about an hour returned, fully satisfied of the practicability of escape, though the difficulties we had to encounter were,—to scale a wall, to ascend the parapet unseen, to escape the observation of three or four sentinels and the *patroles*, to descend two ramparts of

about forty-five feet each, to force two large locks, and to get over two draw-bridges. These were not more than we expected, and we therefore prepared accordingly.

“On our return, we fixed the night of the 15th November for the attempt. In the meantime, my friend M’Intosh, then residing in town, got iron-handles put to a pair of steel boot-hooks, given to me by Craig, which I intended to use as picklocks. The only thing now wanting was another rope; and as that belonging to the well in the midshipmen’s yard was (from decay) not trustworthy, in the night we hacked several of the heart-yarns, so that the first time it was used in the morning it broke. A subscription was made by the midshipmen, and a new one applied for. By these means we had at command about thirty-six feet, in addition to what our friends had before purchased of the boys. Every thing was now prepared; the spirits and provision in the knapsacks were concealed in the dog-kennel.

“On the 14th, Whitehurst communicated the secret to a young mid, named Mansell, who immediately proposed to join, and my consent was requested; but I strongly objected, under the impression of his being unable to endure the privations and hardships to which we might probably be exposed; by the persuasion of Ricketts and Cadell, however, I at last consented.

“At length the time arrived which I had so ardently desired, and the feelings of delight with which I hailed it were such as allowed me to anticipate the happiest results. The thought of having lost so many years from the service of my country, during an active war, had frequently embittered hours which would otherwise have been cheerful and merry, and now proved a stimulant to perseverance, exceeded only by that which arose from the desire I felt to impress upon the minds of Frenchmen the inefficacy of vigilance and severity to enchain a British officer, when compared with that milder and more certain mode of securing his person, ‘confiding in his honour.’

“As the sun declined, our excitement increased. Our plans had been conducted with such profound secrecy, that only our most confidential friends entertained the slightest suspicion of our intention. At the usual hour we retired to rest; at half-past eleven we arose, and, in preparation for our departure, went into the midshipmen’s little yard, unspliced the well-rope, and returned to the apartment. Desirous of bidding adieu to our messmates, the six who slept in the room were awakened. On seeing the manner in which we were equipped, the rope slung over the shoulder, the knapsacks, the implements, and the laugh each one was endeavouring to stifle, they were so confused, that they could not, for the moment, comprehend why we were thus attired. When told that we intended being in England in ten days, they exclaimed, ‘Impossible!’ and argued against the attempt, as nothing better than the effect of insanity, insisting that we were obstinately running, with our eyes open, into the very mouth of destruction. But as such remarks, if listened to, might only have tended to create inflexion, we shook hands, and said, ‘Good night.’ When about to depart, Cadell observed, we had better wait a few minutes, as it was then very star-light, and nearly a calm. His advice was attended to, and we impatiently waited the passing of a cloud, in the hope of its increasing the obscurity; but the clouds dispersed, the wind died away, and nothing disturbed the silence of the night but the watch-calls of the sentinels, and the occasional footsteps of the patroles. This anxious state of suspense continued until two o’clock, when we again rose to depart, but were prevented by the kind interference of our friends, who insisted on our waiting a little longer, arguing, that as I had met with many disappointments, and had so repeatedly avowed my intention to act prudently, we ought to wait, even till the morrow-night, if necessary. ‘What folly,’ continued Ricketts, ‘to blast all your prospects by false notions of honour!’ but the idea of flinching at this crisis was so repugnant

to my feelings, and so wounding to my pride, that it was with the utmost reluctance I could consent to postpone the attempt another minute. On reflection, however, I felt the propriety of his remarks, and also that our liberty and lives being, in a great measure, dependent upon my discretion, it behoved me not to allow my judgment to be influenced by the opinions of the illiberal or hot-headed, who I feared would attribute our delay to other causes than the real one. However, that mattered little: patient and persevering, we anxiously watched the stars, and, sensibly alive to every thing that could for a moment endanger the confidence reposed in me by my companions, I listened with attention to their opinions, when, finding them to coincide with my own, and the clock now striking three, we agreed to postpone the attempt till the following night, and then start about eight p.m. All present promised secrecy: we replaced the well-rope, returned our knapsacks to the care of the greyhounds, and retired to bed.

“The next morning nothing material occurred: the movements of the preceding night were unsuspected. In the afternoon we amused ourselves with writing a letter to the commandant, in which we thanked him for his civilities, and assured him that it was the rigid and disgraceful measures of the French government which obliged us to prove the inefficacy of ‘locks, bolts, and fortresses,’ and that if he wished to detain British officers, the most effectual method was to put them upon their ‘honour;’ for that alone was the bond which had enchained us for more than five years. This letter was left with Ricketts to be dropped on the following day near the ‘*corps de garde*.’ At half-past seven p. m., we assembled, each provided with a clasp-knife and a paper of fine pepper, upon which we placed our chief dependence, for, in case of being closely attacked, we intended to throw a handful into the eyes of the assailants, and then to retreat.

“The plan was, that Hunter and myself were to depart

first, fix the rope, and open the opposing doors; a quarter of an hour afterwards, Whitehurst and Mansell were to follow. By these means we diminished the risk attendant on so large a body as four moving together, and secured the advantage of each depending more upon his own care; for if Hunter and myself were shot in the advance, the other two would remain in safety; and if, on the contrary, they were discovered, we hoped to have time during the alarm to gain the country. Our intentions were to march to the sea-side, and range the coast to Breskins, in the island of Cadsand, opposite Flushing, and if means of getting afloat were not found before arriving at that place, we proposed to embark in the passage-boat for Flushing, and, about mid-channel, rise and seize the vessel.

“It was now blowing very fresh, and was so dark and cloudy that not a star could be seen; the leaves were falling in abundance, and, as they were blown over the stones, kept up a constant rustling noise, which was particularly favourable to the enterprise; indeed, things wore so promising an appearance, that we resolved to take leave of a few other of our brother officers. Accordingly, Messrs Halford, Rochfort, Wright, Miller, Mahony, Robinson, and two others, were invited; to these I detailed our exact situation, the difficulties we had to contend with, and the means of surmounting them; reminded them of our letter to the commandant of last month, and the glory of putting our threats into execution in spite of his increased vigilance; read the one we had that afternoon written, and proposed that any of them should follow that chose, but with this stipulation, that they allowed four hours to elapse before they made the attempt. Upon which, it being a quarter past eight, Hunter and I, with woollen socks over our shoes, that our footsteps might not be heard, and each having a rope, a small poker or a stake, and knapsack, took leave of our friends, and departed.

“We first went into the back yard, and, assisted by

Rochfort, who was now convalescent, but not sufficiently strong to join the party, got over the wall, passed through the garden and pallisades, crossed the road, and climbed silently upon our hands and knees up the bank, at the back of the north guard-room, lying perfectly still as the sentinels approached, and, as they receded, again advancing, until we reached the parapet over the gateway, leading to the upper citadel. Here the breastwork over which we had to creep was about five feet high and fourteen thick, and it being the highest part of the citadel, we were in danger of being seen by several sentinels below; but, fortunately, the cold bleak wind induced some of them to take shelter in their boxes. With the utmost precaution we crept upon the summit, and down the breastwork, towards the outer edge of the rampart, when the sentinel made his quarter-hourly cry of 'Sentinelle prenez garde à vous,' similar to our 'All's well;' this, though it created for a moment rather an unpleasant sensation, convinced me that we had reached thus far unobserved.

"I then forced the poker into the earth, and, by rising and falling with nearly my whole weight, hammered it down with my chest. About two feet behind, I did the same with the stake, then slipt the eye of the well-rope over the head of the poker, and fastened a small line from the upper part of the poker to the lower part of the stake. This done, we gently let the rope down through one of the grooves in the rampart, which received a beam of the drawbridge when up. I then cautiously descended this half chimney, as it were, by the rope. When I had reached about two-thirds of the way down, part of a brick fell, struck against the side, and rebounded against my chest; this I luckily caught between my knees, and carried down without noise.

"I crossed the bridge, and waited for Hunter, who descended with equal care and silence. We then entered the revelin, proceeded through the arched passage which forms an obtuse angle with a massive door leading to

the upper citadel, and with my picklock endeavoured to open it; but not finding the bolt yield with gentle pressure, I added the other hand, and gradually increased the force, until, by exerting my whole strength, something broke. I then tried to file the catch off the bolt, but that being cast iron, the file made no impression; we then endeavoured to cut away the stone in the wall which receives the bolt, but that was fortified with a bar of iron, so that it was impracticable. The picklocks were again applied, but with no better success. It now appeared complete check-mate, and, as the last resource, it was proposed to return to the bridge, slip down the piles, and float along the canal on our backs, there being too little water to swim and too much mud to ford it. Hunter, with the most deliberate coolness, suggested the getting up the rope again, and attempting some other part of the fortress. In the midst of our consultation, it occurred to me that it would be possible to undermine the gate: this plan was no sooner proposed than commenced, but having no other implements than our pocket-knives, some time elapsed before we could indulge any reasonable hopes of success: the pavement stones under the door were about ten inches square, and so closely bound together, that it was a most difficult and tedious process. About a quarter of an hour had been thus employed, when we were alarmed by a sudden noise, similar to the distant report of a gun, echoing in tremulous reverberations through the arched passage; and as the sound became fainter, it resembled the cautious opening of the great gate, creating a belief that we were discovered. We jumped up, drew back towards the bridge, intending, if possible, to steal past the gendarmes, and slip down the piles into the canal; but the noise subsiding, we stood still, fancying we heard the footsteps of a body of men.

“The recollection of the barbarous murderers at Biche, on a similar occasion, instantly presented itself to my sensitive imagination; it is impossible to describe the

conflicting sensations which rushed upon my mind during this awful pause. Fully impressed with the conviction of discovery, and of falling immediate victims to the merciless rage of ferocious blood-hounds, in breathless anxiety I stood and listened, with my knife in savage grasp, waiting the dreadful issue, when, suddenly, I felt a glow flush through my veins, which hurried me on with the desperate determination to succeed, or make a sacrifice of life in the attempt. We had scarcely reached the turning when footsteps were again heard, and, in a whispering tone, 'Boys.' This welcome sound created so sudden a transition from desperation to serenity, from despair to so pleasing a conviction of success, that in an instant all was hope and joy. Reinforced by our two friends, we again returned to our work of mining, with as much cheerfulness and confidence as though already embarked for England. They told us the noise was occasioned by the fall of a knapsack, which Mansell, unable to carry down the rope, had given to Whitehurst, from whom it slipped, and falling upon a hollow sounding bridge, between two lofty ramparts, echoed through the arched passage with sufficient effect to excite alarm. Whitehurst, with much presence of mind, stood perfectly still when he landed on the bridge, and heard the sentinel walk up to the door on the inside, and stand still also; at this time they were not more than four feet from each other; and had the sentinel stood listening a minute longer, he must have heard Mansell land.

"Three of us continued mining until half-past ten, when the first stone was raised, and in twenty minutes the second. About eleven, the hole was large enough to allow us to creep under the door. The drawbridge was up; there was, however, sufficient space between it and the door to allow us to climb up; and the drawbridge being square, there was, of course, an opening under the arch. Through this opening we crept, lowered ourselves down by the second rope, which was passed

round the chain of the bridge, and keeping both parts in our hands, landed on the 'garde fous.'* Had these bars been taken away, escape would have been impossible, there not being sufficient rope for descending into the ditch. By keeping both parts of it in our hands, the last man was enabled to bring it away, otherwise four ropes would have been necessary.

"We then proceeded through another arched passage, with the intention of undermining the second door; but, to our great surprise and joy, we found the gendarmes had neglected to lock it. The drawbridge was up. This, however, detained us but a short time; we got over, crossed the ditch upon the 'garde fous,' as before, and landed in the upper citadel. We proceeded to the north-east curtain, fixed the stake, and fastened the rope upon the breastwork for the fourth descent. As I was getting down, with my chest against the edge of the parapet, the stake gave way. Whitehurst, who was sitting by it, snatched hold of the rope, and Mansell of his coat, whilst I endeavoured to grasp the grass, by which I was saved from a fall of about *fifty feet*. Fortunately, there was a solitary tree in the citadel; from this a second stake was cut, and the rope doubly secured as before. We all got down safe with our knapsacks, except Whitehurst, who, when about two-thirds of the way, from placing his feet against the rampart, and not letting them slip so fast as his hands, got himself in nearly a horizontal position; seeing his danger, I seized the rope, and placed myself in rather an inclined posture under him; he fell upon my arm and shoulder with a violent shock. Fortunately neither of us were hurt; but it is somewhat remarkable, that within the lapse of a few minutes we preserved each other from probable destruction.

"The vivid imagination of the indulgent reader will

* The "garde fous" are two iron bars, one above the other, suspended by chains on each side of the bridge—when down, serving the purpose of hand-rails.

better depict than I can describe our feelings at this momentous period; suffice it to say, that we heartily congratulated ourselves upon our providential success, after a perilous and laborious work of three hours and three quarters; and, in the excess of joy, all shook hands.

"Having put our knapsacks a little in order, we mounted the glacier, and followed a footpath which led to the eastward. But a few minutes elapsed, when several objects were observed on the ground, which imagination, ever on the alert, metamorphosed into gendarmes in ambush; we, however, marched on, when, to our no small relief, they were discovered to be cattle. Gaining the high road, we passed (two and two, about forty paces apart) through a very long village, and having travelled three or four miles, felt ourselves so excessively thirsty that we stopped to drink at a ditch; in the act of stooping, a sudden flash of lightning, from southward, so frightened us (supposing it to be the alarm-gun), that, instead of waiting to drink, we ran for nearly half an hour. We stopped a second time, and were prevented by a second flash, which alarmed us even more than the first, for we could not persuade ourselves it was lightning, though no report was heard. Following up the road in quick march, our attention was suddenly arrested by a draw-bridge, which being indicative of a fortified place, we suspected a guard-house to be close at hand, and were at first apprehensive of meeting with a serious impediment; but observing the gates to be open, we concluded that those at the other extremity would be also open, and therefore pushed forward. We drank at the pump in the square, when it was recollected that this was the little town of St Amand. Directing our course by the north star, which was occasionally visible, we passed through without seeing a creature.

"About an hour afterwards, still continuing a steady pace, four stout fellows rushed out from behind a hedge, and demanded where we were going. Whitehurst and Mansell immediately ran up; and as we previously re-

solved never to be taken by equal numbers, each seized his pepper and his knife in preparation for fight or flight, replying, in a haughty tone of defiance, 'What is that to you?—be careful how you interrupt military men!' then whispered loud enough for them to hear 'la bayonnette,' upon which they dropped astern, though they still kept near us.* In the course of a quarter of an hour, on turning an angle of the road, we lost sight of them, and continued a rapid march, frequently running, until about five A. M., when we were unexpectedly stopped by the closed gates of a town. We retraced our steps a short distance, in the hope of discovering some other road, but we could find neither a footpath, nor wood, nor any other place of concealment. We quitted the high road, and drew towards a rising ground, there to wait the dawn of day, in the hope of retreating to some neighbouring copse. No sooner had we laid ourselves upon the ground, than sleep overcame us.

"Our intention was, if no wood could be seen, to go to an adjoining ploughed field, and there scratch a hole in which we could hide ourselves from a distant view; upon awaking from a short slumber, we reconnoitred around, and found our position to be near a fortification; being well acquainted with such places, we approached, in the hope of finding an asylum. At break of day, we descended into the ditch, and found the entrance into the subterraneous works of the covered way nearly all blocked up with ruins and bushes; an opening, however, was made; we crept in, our quarters were established, and the rubbish and bushes replaced in the space of a few minutes."

Unfavourable as the condition now was of these intrepid Englishmen, they contrived to procure friends willing to aid in their liberation. By good luck, they became acquainted with a smuggler, who offered to convey them to England, although at a great risk to all par-

* These men were robbers.

tion. The author thus concludes his interesting narrative:

"At length on the 8th of May, positive information was brought that all would be in readiness at ten o'clock at night; accordingly, at that hour, the weather fine, and the night dark, we marched down from our place of concealment to the beach, and as soon as the patrol had passed, the private signal was made and answered. The boat gliding silently in shore with muffled oars, we rushed in with the rapidity of thought, and, in an instant, were all safe afloat; each seized an oar, and, vigorously applying his utmost strength, we soon reached beyond the range of shot.

"It were in vain to attempt a faithful description of our feelings at this momentous crisis; the lapse of a few minutes had wrought such a change of extremes, that I doubt, if amidst a confusion of senses, we could immediately divest ourselves of the apprehensions which constant habit had engrafted on the mind; nor, indeed, could we relinquish the oar, but continued at this laborious, though now delightful occupation, almost without intermission the whole night.

"When the day dawned, the breeze freshened from the eastward, and as the sun began to diffuse his cheering rays, the wide expanse of liberty opened around us, and in the distant rear the afflicted land of misery and bondage was beheld with feelings of gratitude and triumph. No other object intercepted the boundless prospect save a solitary gun-brig, which was soon approached. Naturally anxious to proceed with dispatch, we passed on, and, unobserved, reached a considerable distance, when a boat was discovered making towards us. Being in no fear of Frenchmen thus venturing so far from land, we hove to; and, having made the officer acquainted with the circumstances of our embarkation and destination, again spread the canvass, and made rapid progress to the N.W. About noon, the wind still increasing, and the sea rising, it was deemed prudent to close-reef the

While thus delightfully scudding before the foam-
ing billows, which occasionally broke as if to overwhelm
our little boat, only fifteen feet in length, each eye was
steadily fixed a head, anxious to be the first to announce
land. It was not, however, till towards three p. m. that
the white cliffs were seen. Although our situation was
already replete with 'joy and gladness,' still the first
sight of our native shore, after so long an absence,
coupled with the recollection of conquered difficulties,
excited increased happiness, and afforded ample com-
pensation for past sufferings, though not without a
pleasing hope that promotion would be their reward.

"On falling in with a fishing smack, at the back of the
Goodwin Sands, the master welcomed us on board, and
taking the boat in tow, ran for Ramsgate. On entering
the harbour at five o'clock, I landed with such ineffable
emotions of joy, that, with a heart throbbing almost
to suffocation, regardless of the numerous spectators, I
fell down and kissed with rapture the blessed land of
liberty."

CHAPTER VI.

PHENOMENA OF NATURE.

— Wide the cave and high,
And showed a self-born Gothic canopy,
The arch appeared by nature's Architect.—THE ISLAND.

THE LABYRINTH OF CRETE.

THE 1st of July, after we had furnished ourselves with
flambeaux at the arch-priest's, we set forward to see the

labyrinth. This famous place is a subterranean passage, in manner of a street, which by a thousand intricacies and windings, as it were by mere chance, and without the least regularity, pervades the whole cavity or inside of a little hill, at the foot of Mount Ida, southward, three miles from Gortyna.

The entrance into this labyrinth is by a natural opening, seven or eight paces broad, but so low, that even a middle-sized man cannot pass through without stooping. The flooring of this entrance is very rugged and unequal, the ceiling flat and even, terminated by diverse beds of stone laid horizontally one upon another. The first thing you come at is a kind of cavern, exceedingly rustic, and gently sloping. In this there is nothing extraordinary, but as you move forward, the place is perfectly surprising—nothing but turnings and crooked byways. The principal alley, which is less perplexing than the rest, in length about 1200 paces, leads to the further end of the labyrinth, and concludes in two large beautiful apartments, where strangers rest themselves with pleasure. Though this alley divides itself, at its extremity, into two or three branches, yet the dangerous part of the labyrinth is not there, but rather at its entrance, about some thirty paces from the cavern on the left hand. If a man strikes into any other path, after he has gone a good way, he is bewildered among a thousand twistings, turnings, sinuosities, and turn-again lanes, that he could scarce ever get out again without the utmost danger of being lost. Our guides therefore, chose this principal alley, without deviating either to the right or left.

In traversing this alley, we measured 1160 good paces. It is from seven to eight feet high, ceiled with a stratum of rocks, horizontal and quite flat, as are most beds of stone in those parts. And yet there are some places where a man must stoop a little; nay, about the middle of the route, you meet with a passage so very strait and low, that you must creep upon all-fours to get along.

Generally speaking, the grand walking-place is broad enough for three or four to go abreast. Its pavement is smooth, without many ups or downs. The walls are either cut perpendicular, or made of stones which formerly choked up the passage, and which are disposed with a studied regularity. But so many alleys offer themselves on all sides, that you must take the utmost care how you proceed.

Being before-hand resolved to make the best of our way out of this subterranean maze, our first care was to post one of our guides at the mouth of the cavern, with orders to fetch people from the next town to come and help us out, in case we returned not before night. In the second place, each of us carried a large lighted flambeaux in his hand; thirdly, at every difficult turning we fastened on the right hand scrolls of paper numbered; fourthly, one of our guides dropt, on the left, small bundles of thorns, and another scattered straw all the way on the ground. In this manner we got safe enough to the further end of the labyrinth, where the grand walk divides itself into two or three branches, and where there are likewise two rooms or apartments, almost round, about four toises in breadth, cut in the rock. Here are diverse inscriptions made with charcoal; such as—"Father Francisco Maria Pesaro Capuchin,"—"Frather Tadeus Nicolaus," and over against it, "1539;" further on, "1444." As likewise, "*Qui fu el strenuo Signor Zan de Como Capmo. del La Fanteria, 1526.*" In English, "*Here was the valiant Signor John de Como, captain of foot, 1526.*" Among these writings there are some really wonderful. This corroborates the system proposed by me some years ago, concerning the vegetation of stones, which, in this labyrinth, increase and grow sensibly, without being suspected to receive the least adventitious matter from without. When the persons were gravng their names on the walls of this place, which are of living rock, little did they imagine that the furrowings wrote by their pen-knives would be

insensibly filled up, and in time adorned with a sort of embroidery, about a line high in some places, and near three lines in others; so that these characters, instead of being hollow and concave, as they were at first, are now turned convex, and come out of the rock like basso relievo. The matter of them is white, though the stone they issue from is greyish. I look upon this basso relievo to be a kind of callosity formed by the nutritious juice of the stone, extravasated by little and little into the above-mentioned channellings made by the graver, like as callosities are formed at the extremities of the fibres of broken bones.

Having taken these precautions, it was easy enough to find our way out. But after a thorough examination of the structure of this labyrinth, we all concurred in opinion, that it could never have been what Bellonias, and some other of the moderns, have fancied, namely, an ancient quarry, out of which were dug the stones that built the towns of Gortyna and Gnossus. Is it likely they would go for stone above 1000 paces deep, into a place so full of odd turnings, that it is next to impossible to disentangle one's self? Again, how could they draw these stones through a place so pinched in, that we were forced to crawl our way out for above 100 paces together? Besides, the mountain is so craggy, and full of precipices, that we had all the difficulty in the world to ride up it.

It is therefore, much more probable, that the labyrinth is a natural cavity, which, in times past, some body, out of curiosity, took a fancy to try what they could make of by widening most of those passages that were so much straitened. To raise the ceiling of it, they only took down some beds of stone, which quite throughout the mountains are horizontally deposited; in some places they cut the walls plumb down, and in clearing the passages, they took care to place the stones very orderly. The reason why they meddled not with the narrow neck, mentioned before, was perhaps to let posterity know how the rest was naturally made; for beyond that place, the

alley is as beautiful as on this side. It would be a difficult task to rid away the stones beyond ; unless they were broken to powder, they could never be brought through this gut-like passage. The ancient Cretans, who were a very polite people, strongly devoted to the fine arts, took a particular pleasure in finishing what had been but sketched out by nature. Doubtless, some shepherds having discovered the subterranean conduits, gave occasion to more considerable people to turn it into this marvellous image, to serve for an asylum in the civil wars, or to screen themselves from the fury of a tyrannical government. At present it is only a retreat for bats and the like. This place is extremely dry, not the least water-fall, congeallation, nor drain, to be seen. We were told, that in the hills nigh the labyrinth, there were two or three other natural openings of a vast depth, in the rock, which they may try the same experiments upon, if they have a mind. Through the whole island there are a world of caverns, and most of quick rock ; especially in Mount Ida, there are holes you may run your head in, bored through and through ; many very deep and perpendicular abysses are seen there.

May there not be also many horizontal conduits? especially in such places, where the layers of stone are horizontal upon one another.

Tournefort's Voyage into the Levant.

SULPHUR MOUNTAIN.

THE 25th was a delightful day, and having taken an early breakfast of biscuit, cheese, and milk, we set out towards the Sulphur Mountain, which is about three miles distant from Krisuvik. At the foot of the mountain was a small bank composed chiefly of white clay, and some sulphur, from all parts of which steam issued. Ascending it, we got upon a ridge immediately above a deep

hollow, from which a profusion of vapour arose, and heard a confused noise of boiling and splashing, joined to the roaring of the steam escaping from narrow crevices in the rock. This hollow, together with the whole side of the mountain opposite, as far up as we could see, was covered with sulphur and clay, chiefly of a white or yellowish colour. Walking over this soft and steaming surface we found to be very hazardous; and I was frequently very uneasy when the vapour concealed my friends from me. The day, however, being dry and warm, the sulphur was not so slippery as to occasion much risk of our falling. The chance of the crust of sulphur breaking, or the clay sinking with us, was great, and we were several times in danger of being scalded. Mr. Bright ran at one time a great hazard, and suffered considerable pain from accidentally plunging one of his legs into the hot clay. From whatever spot the sulphur is removed, steam instantly escapes; and in many places the sulphur was so hot, that we could scarcely handle it. From the smell, I perceived that the steam was mixed with a small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. When the thermometer was sunk within the clay, it rose generally to within a few degrees of the boiling point! By stepping cautiously, and avoiding every little hole from which steam issued, we soon discovered how far we might venture. Our good fortune, however, ought not to tempt any person to examine this wonderful place without being provided with two boards, with which any one may cross every point of the banks in perfect safety. At the bottom of this hollow we found a cauldron of boiling mud, about fifteen feet in diameter, similar to that on the top of the mountain which we had seen the evening before; but this boiled with much more vehemence. We went within a few yards of it, the wind happening to be remarkably favourable for viewing every part of this singular scene. The mud was in constant agitation, and often thrown up to the height of six or eight feet. Near this spot was an irregular space filled with water,

boiling briskly. At the foot of the hill, in a hollow formed by a bank of clay and sulphur, steam rushed with great force and noise from among the loose fragments of rock. Farther up the mountain we met with a spring of cold water, a circumstance little expected in a place like this. Ascending still higher, we came to a ridge composed entirely of sulphur and clay, joining two summits of the mountain. Here we found a much greater quantity of sulphur than on any other part of the surface we had gone over. It formed a smooth crust from a quarter of an inch to several inches in thickness. The crust was beautifully crystallized. Immediately beneath it we found a quantity of loose granular sulphur, which appeared to be collecting and crystallizing, as it was sublimed along with the steam. Sometimes we met with clay of different colours, white, red and blue, under the crust; but we could not examine this place to any depth, as the moment the crust was removed steam came forth, and proved extremely annoying. We found several pieces of wood, which were probably the remains of planks that had been formerly used in collecting the sulphur, small crystals of which partially covered them. There appears to be a constant sublimation of this substance, and were artificial chambers constructed for the reception and condensation of the vapours, much of it might probably be collected. As it is, there is a large quantity on the surface, and by searching, there is little doubt that great stores may be found. The inconvenience proceeding from the steam issuing on every side, from the heat, is certainly considerable; but by proper precautions, neither would be felt so much as to render the collection of the sulphur a matter of great difficulty. The chief obstacle to working these mines is, their distance from a port whence the produce could be shipped. But there are so many horses in the country, whose original price is trifling, and whose maintenance during summer costs nothing, that the conveyance of sulphur to Reikiavik presents no difficulties which might not pro-

bably be surmounted. Below the ridge, on the farther side of this great bed of sulphur, we saw a great deal of vapour escaping with much noise. We crossed to the side of the mountain opposite, and found the surface sufficiently firm to admit of walking cautiously upon it. We had now to walk towards the principal spring, as it is called. This was a task of much apparent danger, as the side of the mountain, for the extent of about half a mile, is covered with loose clay, into which our feet sunk at every step. In many places there was a thin crust, below which the clay was wet, and extremely hot. Good fortune attended us, and we reached without any serious inconvenience, the object we had in view. A dense column of steam, mixed with a little water, was forcing its way impetuously through a crevice in the rock, at the head of a narrow valley or break in the mountain. The violence with which it rushes out is so great, that the noise thus occasioned may often be heard at the distance of several miles; and during the night, while lying in our tent at Krisuvik, we more than once listened to them with mingled awe and astonishment. Behind the column of vapour was a dark coloured rock which gave it its full effect. It is quite beyond my power to offer such a description of this extraordinary place as to convey adequate ideas of its wonders or its terrors. The sensations of a person, even of firm nerves, standing on a support which feebly sustains him, over an abyss where literally fire and brimstone are in dreadful and incessant action—having before his eyes tremendous proofs of what is going on beneath him—enveloped in thick vapours, his ears stunned with thundering noises:—these can hardly be expressed in words, and can only be well conceived by those who experienced them.

Sir G. Mackenzie's Travels in Iceland.

THE GEYSERS.

THE most enrapturing scene, in Iceland, that we beheld, was exhibited on the morning of the 30th of July 1814. About ten minutes past five, we were roused by the roaring of Stockr, which blew up a great quantity of steam; and when my watch stood at the full quarter, a crash took place as if the earth had burst, which was instantaneously succeeded by jets of water and spray, rising in a perpendicular column to the height of sixty feet. As the sun happened to be behind a cloud, we had no expectation of witnessing any thing more sublime than we had already seen; but Stockr had not been in action above twenty minutes, when the Great Geyser, apparently jealous of her reputation, and indignant at our bestowing so much of our time and applause on her rival, began to thunder tremendously, and emitted such quantities of water and steam, that we could not be satisfied with a distant view, but hastened to the mound with as much curiosity as if it had been the first eruption we had beheld. However, if she was more interesting in point of magnitude, she gave the less satisfaction in point of duration, having again become tranquil in the course of five minutes; whereas, her less gaudy, but more steady companion, continued to play till within four minutes of six o'clock.

Our attention was so much taken up with these two principal fountains, that we had little time or inclination to watch the minutiae of the numerous inferior shafts and cavities with which the track abounds. The Little Geyser erupted perhaps twelve times in the twenty-four hours; but none of its jets rose higher than eighteen or twenty feet, and generally they were about ten or twelve. The pipe of this spring opens into a beautiful circular bason about twelve feet in diameter, the surface of which exhibits incrustations equally beautiful with those of the Great Geyser. At the depth of a few feet, the pipe,

which is scarcely three feet wide, becomes very irregular ; yet its depth has been ascertained to be thirty-eight feet. There is a large steam-hole at a short distance, to the north-west of the little Geyser, which roars and becomes quiescent with the operations of that spring. A little further down the track are numerous apertures, some of which are very large, and, being full of clear boiling water, they discover to the spectator the perilous scaffolding on which he stands. When approaching the brink of many of them, he walks over a dome of petrified morass, hardly a foot in thickness, below which is a vast boiling abyss, and even this thin dome is prevented from gaining a due consistence, by the humidity and heat to which it is exposed. Near the centre of these holes is situated the Little Stockr, a wonderfully amusing little fountain, which darts its waters in numerous diagonal columns every quarter of an hour.

Nor is it in this direction alone that orifices and cavities abound. In a small gully close to the Geyser, is a number of holes, with boiling water ; to the south of which, rises a bank of ancient depositions, containing apertures of a much larger size than the rest. One of these is filled with beautifully clear water, and discovers to a great depth various groups of incrustations which are very tempting to the eye of the beholder. The depth of this reservoir is not less than fifty feet. On the brow of the hill, at the height of nearly two hundred feet above the level of the Great Geyser, are several holes of boiling clay ; some of which produce sulphur, and the efflorescence of alum ; and at the base of the hill on the opposite side, are not less than twenty springs, which prove that its foundations are entirely perforated with veins and cavities of hot water.

On my return this way from the north, about the middle of August 1815, I again pitched my tent for two days, beside these celebrated fountains, and found their operations still more magnificent and interesting than they were the preceding year. The Great Geyser con-

tinued to erupt every six hours in a most imposing manner. In some of the eruptions, the jets seemed to be thrown much higher than any I observed last year, several of them reaching an elevation of not less than a hundred and fifty feet.

What rendered my second visit to the Geysers peculiarly interesting, was my discovery of the key to Stockr, by the application of which, I could make that beautiful spring play when I had a mind, and throw its water to nearly double the height observable in its natural eruptions. The morning after my arrival, I was awakened by its explosion about twenty minutes past four o'clock; and hastening to the crater, stood nearly half an hour contemplating its jet, and the steady and uninterrupted emission of the column of spray which followed, and which was projected at least a hundred feet into the air. After this, it gradually sunk into the pipe, as it had done the year before, and I did not expect to see another eruption till the following morning. However, about five o'clock in the afternoon, after a great quantity of the largest stones that could be found about the place had been thrown into the spring, I observed it begin to roar with more violence than usual; and, approaching the brink of the crater, I had scarcely time to look down to the surface of the water, which was greatly agitated, when the eruption commenced, and the boiling water rushed up in a moment, within an inch or two of my face, and continued its course with inconceivable velocity into the atmosphere. Having made a speedy retreat, I now took my station on the windward side, and was astonished to observe the elevation of the jets some of them rising higher than two hundred feet; many of the fragments of stones were thrown much higher, and some of considerable size were raised to an invisible height. For some time, every succeeding jet seemed to surpass the preceding, till the quantity of water in the subterraneous caverns being spent, they gave place to

the column of steam, which continued to rush up with a deafening roar for nearly an hour.

The periodical evacuation of Stockr having been deranged by this violent experiment, no symptoms whatever of a fresh eruption appeared the following morning. As I wished, however, to see it play once more before I bid an everlasting farewell to these wonders of nature, and, especially, being anxious to ascertain the reality of my supposed discovery, I got my servant to assist me, about eight o'clock, in casting all the loose stones we could find into the spring. We had not ceased five minutes, when the wished-for phenomena recommenced, and the jets were carried to a height little inferior to what they had gained the preceding evening.

Henderson's Iceland.

JETTING POOL IN THE CRATER OF KRABLA, ICELAND.

At the bottom of a deep gully, lay a circular pool of black liquid matter, at least three hundred feet in circumference, from the middle of which a vast column of the same black liquid was erupted with a loud thundering noise; but, being enveloped in smoke till within about three feet of the surface of the pool, I could not form any idea of the height to which it rose.

From every circumstance connected with the vast hollow in which this pool is situated, I could not but regard it as the remains of the crater; which, after having vomited immense quantities of volcanic matter, has loosened the adjacent parts of the mountain to such a degree, that they have fallen in, and left nothing but the boiling cauldron to mark its site, and perpetuate in faint adumbrations the awful terrors of the scene. The surface of the pool may be about seven hundred feet below what appeared to be the highest peak of Krabla, and

about two hundred feet below the opposite height on which I stood.

Having continued some minutes to disgorge its muddy contents, the violent fury of the spring evidently began to abate; and, as the ground along the west-side of the hollow seemed sufficiently solid, I got the guide to accompany me to the immediate precincts of the pool. On the northern margin rose a bank, consisting of red bolus and sulphur, from which, as the wind blew from the same quarter, we had a fine view of the whole. Nearly about the centre of the pool is the aperture, whence the vast body of water, sulphur, and bluish-black bolus, is thrown up, and which is equal in diameter to the column of water ejected by the Great Geyser at its strongest eruptions. The height of the jets varied greatly, rising, on the first propulsions of the liquid, to about twelve feet, and continuing to ascend, as it were by leaps, till they gained the highest point of elevation, which was upwards of thirty feet, when they again abated much more rapidly than they rose; and, after the spouting had ceased, the situation of the aperture was rendered visible only by a gentle ebullition, which distinguished it from the general surface of the pool. During my stay, which was upwards of an hour, the eruptions took place every five minutes, and lasted about two minutes and a half. I was always apprised of the approach of an eruption by a small jetter that broke forth from the same pool, a little to the east of the great one, and was evidently connected with it, as there was a continual bubbling in a direct line between them. None of its jets exceeded twelve feet, and generally they were about five. Another bubbling channel ran a little way to the north-west of the principal opening, but did not terminate in a jetter like the former. While the eruption continued, a number of fine silver waves were thrown round to the sides of the pool, which was lined with a dark blue bolus, left there on the subsidence of the waves. At the foot of the bank on which we stood, were numerous small holes,

whence a quantity of steam was unremittingly escaping with a loud hissing noise ; and on the west side of the pool was a gentle declivity, where the water ran out, and was conveyed through a long winding gully to the foot of the mountain.

Henderson's Iceland.

THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

THE most remarkable cavern that has been discovered in any part of the world, is that called the Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky, North America. What the true proportions of this cave are, as far as regards the length to which it penetrates into the earth, is not yet ascertained ; for, though it has been explored to the distance of between nine and ten miles, no boundary has been reached in any one of its numerous windings. The mere extent of this excavation is sufficient to render it an object of interest, but the Mammoth Cave is not deficient in attractions in other points, though it is inferior to many other subterraneous cavities in the variety of its productions, or in the beauty of its natural curiosities.

In the district where the Mammoth Cave is situated, there are many other pits and caverns of lesser size, among the limestone formations, of which that region is almost wholly composed. A deep pit leads to the mouth of the cave, which is 30 feet in width, and from 40 to 50 feet high, and which seems like some frightful chasm in nature, whose hideous yawn allures the adventurer to its interior, only to bring him into impenetrable darkness. After advancing two or three hundred yards, however, the lofty arch of rock over the visitor's head gradually contracts on all sides, and for several paces it is necessary for a man to stoop, though oxen are admitted with facility. The passage again expands to a width of 50 feet, and a height of about 20, which proportions it retains for nearly a mile. As the visitor approaches this part of the

cave, an extraordinary spectacle meets his eye, which will remind him of the fabled labours of the blacksmith god Vulcan: in the centre of Mount Etna twenty or thirty blacks are seen, engaged, with the aid of torches and fires, in the labours of the cave, which consist in the manufacturing of saltpetre, a substance yielded in abundance by the earth of which the floor is composed. The saltpetre is separated by steeping the earth in water, which dissolves the salt, and afterwards deposits it by evaporation. This part of the cave is called the first Hoppers, and an exploring party generally supply themselves here with a torch to each man, which is rendered absolutely necessary by the strong current continually rushing from the cold cave to the warm atmosphere without, and frequently blowing out some of the lights. From the first to the second Hoppers, where saltpetre is also manufactured, the distance is about one mile, and the cave is throughout nearly 60 feet high, and 40 in width. For almost the whole way between the entrance and the second Hoppers, the loose limestone has been laid up into handsome walls on both sides, and a good hard road has been also made. Though a few torches cannot show it to perfection, the arches are in general regular, and the walls perpendicular.

Before the second Hoppers are reached, several passages of nearly equal size branch off from the ones generally followed, but the most of these return after a circuit, and intersect or join the main line. Beyond the second Hoppers, the main passage expands to a height and width never less than 60 feet, which continues with little variation as far as the spot called the chief city, an immense area, eight acres in extent, and without one pillar to support the arch, which is entire over the whole. Nothing can be more sublimely grand than this vault, which mocks the proudest of human erections. The chief city is six miles from the mouth of the cave, and nearly straight south from it, though the approach is very circuitous. Five lofty avenues lead from this great

area, each from 60 to 100 feet in width, and from 40 to 80 feet high.

We shall use the words of a visitor to the Mammoth Cave, Mr. Nahum Ward, in describing the use of it. Having entered the city, Mr. Ward determined to explore the avenues leading from it, and he thus details the result:—"The first which I traversed, after cutting arrows on the stones under our feet, pointing to the mouth of the cave—(in fact we did this at the entrance of every avenue, that we should not be at a loss for the way out on our return)—was one that led us in a southerly direction for more than two miles. We then left it, and took another that led us east, and then north for two miles farther; and at last, in our windings, were brought out by another avenue in the chief city again, after travelling different avenues for more than five miles.

"We rested ourselves for a few minutes on some limestone slabs near the centre of this gloomy area; and after having refreshed ourselves and trimmed our lamps, we took our departure a second time through an avenue almost north, and parallel to the avenue leading from the chief city to the mouth of the cave, which we continued for upwards of two miles, when we entered the second city. This is covered with one arch, nearly 200 feet high in the centre, and very similar to the first city, except in the number of avenues leading from it, this having but two. We passed through it, over a very considerable rise in the centre, and descended through an avenue which bore to the east about 300 rods, when we came upon a third area about 200 feet square, and 50 in height, which had a pure and delightful stream of water issuing from the side of the wall about 60 feet high, and which fell upon some broken stones, and was afterwards entirely lost to our view. After passing this beautiful sheet of water a few yards, we came to the end of this passage.

"We then returned about 100 yards, and entered a small avenue (over a considerable mass of stone) to our

left, which carried us south, through an uncommonly black avenue, something more than a mile, when we ascended a very steep hill about 60 yards, which carried us within the walls of the fourth city, which is not inferior to the second, having an arch that covers at least six acres. In this last avenue, the farther end of which must be four miles from the chief city, and ten from the mouth of the cave, are upwards of twenty large pillars of saltpetre earth on one side of the avenue, and broken limestone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands. I had expected from the course of my needle, that this avenue would have carried us round to the chief city, which caused us to retrace our steps; and not having been so particular in marking the entrances of the different avenues as I ought, we were very much bewildered, and once completely lost for fifteen or twenty minutes. At length we found our way, and weary and faint, entered the chief city at ten at night. However, fatigued as I was, I determined to explore the cave as long as my lights held out. We now entered the fifth and last avenue from the chief city, which carried us south-east about 900 yards, when we entered the chief city, whose arch covers upwards of four acres of level ground strewed with broken limestone. Fire-beds of uncommon size, with brands of cane lying around them, are interspersed throughout the city. These fire-beds, or fire-places, are numerous in all the avenues of this extraordinary cave, though of less size, generally, than those now seen in the fifth city. They prove beyond a doubt, that this subterranean world was once inhabited by human beings, but at what period of time this was the case, it is impossible even to conjecture. It is certain, that the red men, whom we are accustomed to call the aborigines of North America, knew nothing, in recent times at least, of these caves. Cane seems to have been the fuel employed in warming these subterranean hearths.

“We crossed over to the opposite side, and entered an avenue which carried us east about 250 rods; finding nothing interesting in this passage, we turned back and crossed a massy pile of stone in the mouth of a large avenue, which I noticed, but a few yards from this last mentioned city, as we came out of it. After some difficulty in passing over this mass of limestone, we entered a large avenue, whose walls were the most perfect of any I saw, running almost due north for 500 rods, very level and straight, with an elegant arch. When at the end of this avenue, and while I was sketching a plan of this cave, one of my guides, who had been some time groping among the broken stones, called out, requesting me to follow him. I gathered up my papers and compass; and after giving my guide who sat with me, orders to remain where he was until we returned, and, moreover, to keep his lamp in good order, I followed the first, who had entered a vertical passage just large enough to admit his body. We continued stooping from one stone to another, until at last, after much difficulty from the smallness of the passage, which is about ten feet in height, we entered on the side of a chamber at least 180 feet in circumference, and whose arch is about 150 feet high in the centre. After having marked arrows pointing downward upon the slab-stones around the little passage through which we had ascended, we walked forward nearly to the centre of the area.

“It was past midnight when I entered this chamber of eternal darkness, where all things are hushed, and nature's self lies dead. I must acknowledge that I felt a shivering horror at my situation, when I looked back upon the different avenues through which I had passed, since I entered the cave at eight in the morning. With the guide who was now with me, I took the only avenue leading from this chamber, and traversed it to the distance of a mile in a southern direction, when my lamps forbade my going farther, as they were nearly exhausted.

The avenue, or passage, was as large as any that we had entered ; and how far we might have travelled, had our lights held out, is unknown.

“It was nearly one o’clock when we descended the passage of the chimney, as it is called, to the guide whom I had left seated on the rocks. He was quite alarmed at our long absence, and was heard by us a long time before we reached the passage to descend to him, hallooing with all his might, fearing that we had lost our track in the ruins above. We returned over piles of saltpetre earth, and fire-beds, out of one avenue into another, until at last, with great fatigue and a dim light, we entered the walls of the chief city, where, for the last time, we trimmed our lamps, and entered the spacious avenue that carried us to the second Hoppers. I found, when in this large chamber, many curiosities, such as glauber salts, epsom salts, flint, yellow ochre, spar of different kinds, and some petrifications, which I brought out with me. We happily arrived at the mouth of the cave about three in the morning, nearly exhausted with nineteen hours continued fatigue.

“I have described to you scarcely one-half of the cave, as the avenues between the mouth of the cave and the second Hoppers above have not been named. There is a passage in the main avenue, about sixty rods from the entrance, like that of a trap-door ; by sliding aside a large flat stone, you can descend sixteen or eighteen feet in a very narrow defile, where the passage comes upon a level, and winds about in such a manner that it passes under the main passage without having any communication with it, and at last opens into the main cave by two large passages just beyond the second Hoppers. It is called glauber salt room, from salts of that kind being found there ; there is also the sick room, the bat room, and the flint room, all of which are large, and some of them very long. The last that I shall mention is a very winding avenue, which branches off at the second Hoppers, and runs west and south-west for more than two

miles ; this is called the haunted chamber, from the echo of the sound made in it. The arch of this avenue is very beautiful, encrusted with limestone, spar, and in many places the columns of spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. I discovered in this avenue a very high dome, in or near the centre of the arch, apparently fifty feet high, hung with rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful manner, for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in colours the most rich and brilliant.

“ The columns of spar and the stalactites in this chamber are extremely romantic in their appearance, with the reflection of one or two lights. There is a chair formed of this spar, called Wilkin's arm-chair, which is very large, and stands in the centre of the avenue, and is encircled with many smaller ones. Columns of spar fluted, and studded with knobs of spar and stalactites, drapery of various colours superbly festooned, and hung in the most graceful manner, are shown with the greatest brilliancy from the reflection of lamps. A part of the haunted chamber is directly over the bat room, which passes under the haunted chamber without having any connection with it. My guide led me into a very narrow defile on the left side of this chamber, and about 100 yards from Wilkin's arm-chair, over the side of a smooth limestone-rock, ten or twelve feet, which we passed with much precaution ; for, had we slipped from our hold, we would have gone to that ‘bourne whence no traveller returns,’ if I may judge from a cataract of water, whose dismal sound we heard at a considerable distance in this pit, and nearly under us. However, we crossed in safety, clinging fast to the wall, and winding down under the haunted chamber, and through a very narrow passage for thirty or forty yards, when our course was west, and the passage twenty or thirty feet in width, and from ten to eighteen high, for more than a mile. The air was pure and delightful in this as well as in other parts of the cave. At the farther

part of this avenue, we came upon a reservoir of water, very clean and delightful to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet.

“Within a few yards of this reservoir of water, on the right hand of the cave, there is an avenue, which leads to the north-west. We had entered it but forty feet, when we came to several columns of the most brilliant spar, sixty or seventy feet in height, and almost perpendicular, which stand in basins of water, that comes trickling down their sides, then passes off silently from the basins, and enters the cavities of stone without being seen again. These columns of spar and the basins in which they rest, in splendour and beauty surpass every similar work of art I ever saw. We passed by these columns, and entered a small but beautiful chamber, whose walls were about twenty feet apart, and the arch not more than seven high, white as white-wash could make it; the floor was level as far as I explored it, which was not a great distance, as I found many pitfalls in my path, that appeared to have been lately sunk, which induced me to return.

“We returned by the beautiful pool of water which is called the Pool of Clitorius, after the ‘Fons Clitorius’ of the classics, which was so pure and delightful to the taste, that, after drinking of it, a person had no longer a taste for wine. On our way back to the narrow defile, I had some difficulty in keeping my lights, for the bats were so numerous and flew so continually in our faces, that it was next to impossible to get along in safety. I brought this trouble on myself by my want of foresight; for, as we were moving on, I noticed a large number of these bats hanging by their hind legs to the arch, which was not above twelve inches higher than my head. I took my cane, and gave a sweep the whole length of it, when down they fell; but soon, like so many imps, they tormented us till we reached the narrow defile, when they left us. We returned by Mr. Wilkins’ arm-chair, and back to the second Hoppers. I found a remarkable

mummy at this place, whither it had been brought by Mr. Wilkins, from another part of the cave, for preservation. It is a female, about six feet in height, and so perfectly dried that it weighed only twenty pounds when I found it. The hair on the back part of the head is rather short, and of a sandy hue; the top of the head is bald, and the eyes sunk into the head; the nose, or that part which is cartilaginous, is dried down to the bones of the face; the lips are dried away, and have discovered a fine set of teeth, white as ivory. The hands and feet are perfect even to the nails, and delicate like those of a young person; but the teeth are worn as much as those of a person of fifty. The preservation of this body is without doubt occasioned by the large proportion of saltpetre in the earth of the cave.

“She must have been a personage of high distinction, if we may judge from the manner in which she was buried. Mr. Wilkins informed me that she was first found by some labourers, while digging for saltpetre earth, in a part of the cave about three miles from the entrance, buried eight feet deep between four limestone slabs, seated with the knees brought close to the body, which is erect, the hands clasped, and laid upon the stomach; the head upright. She was muffled up and covered with a number of garments made of a species of wild hemp and the bark of a willow which formerly grew in Kentucky. The cloth is of a curious texture and fabric, made up in the form of blankets or winding-sheets, with very handsome borders. Bags of different sizes were found by her side, made of the same cloth, in which were deposited her jewels, beads, trinkets, and implements of industry: all of which are very great curiosities, being different from any thing of the Indian kind ever found in this country.

“Among the articles was a musical instrument, made of two pieces of cane, put together in a manner resembling the double flageolet, and curiously interwoven with elegant feathers; she had likewise by her side a bowl of

very fine workmanship, and a vandyke made of feathers, very beautiful.

"These trinkets and garments, exhumed along with the mummy, though curious, do not throw much light on the subject of the former inhabitants of the great cave which has been described. If not of an Indian fashion, as Mr. Ward avers, neither do they indicate that the woman belonged to a highly civilized community. Probably the skull of the mummy, which is still in Mr. Ward's possession, might point out, by its shape, the woman's race.

"Much light, however, yet remains to be thrown on North American antiquities, and there is no spot, we think, more likely to assist in this, on further examination, than the Mammoth Cave.

THE PETRIFIED CASCADE OF PAMBOUK KAMESI.

THE peninsula of Asia Minor is washed on three sides by the Mediterranean and the Black Seas, and on the east is joined to Persia by the mountain-range or system of the Taurus. This country, rich in historical associations, interesting also to the biblical student, as connected with the labours of the apostles, and the "Apocalyptic Churches," and whose surface may be said to be literally strewn with the ruins of its former magnificence and grandeur, is comparatively little known. Modern geographers draw a considerable portion of their information respecting it from Strabo, who died A. D. 25. It formed one of the finest divisions of the Roman Empire. "The provinces of the east," says Gibbon, "present the contrast of Roman magnificence with Turkish barbarism. The ruins of antiquity scattered over uncultivated fields, and ascribed by ignorance to the power of magic, scarcely afforded shelter to the oppressed peasant or wandering Arab. Under the reign of the Cæsars, the proper Asia

alone contained *five hundred* populous cities, enriched with all the gifts of nature, and adorned with all the refinements of art. *Eleven* cities of Asia had once disputed the honour of dedicating a temple to Tiberius, and their respective merits were examined by the senate. Four of them were immediately rejected, as unequal to the burthen; and among these was Laodicea, whose splendour is still displayed in its ruins. Laodicea collected a very considerable revenue from its flocks of sheep, celebrated for the fineness of their wool; and had received, a little before the contest, a legacy of above L.400,000 by the testament of a generous citizen. If such was the poverty of Laodicea, what must have been the wealth of those cities whose claims appeared preferable, and particularly of Pergamus, of Smyrna, and of Ephesus, which so long disputed with each other the titular primacy of Asia."

About six miles from Laodicea was Hierapolis, renowned for its mineral waters. These *two* ranked among the chief cities of Phrygia. Phrygia was the name of a very large central province of Asia Minor; and the Phrygians boasted of being the most ancient people in the world. The country exhibits decided marks of having been the seat of violent volcanic action; Strabo describes a part of it as the Burnt Region; of the country near the Mœander (the Mœander falls into what is called the Ægean Sea, and now the Archipelago), he says, in his usual obscure manner, "nearly the whole district of the Mœander is liable to earthquakes, and is burrowed under by channels full of fire and water as far as the interior of the county." The whole western part of Asia Minor is full of thermal springs; they are found also at Brusa, near the range of Olympus. The rivers also are loaded with calcareous sediment, and like the streams of other countries where limestone prevails, are found unfit for drinking. The singular effects produced by rapid deposition of calcareous matter, are noticed by Captain Beaufort at a place on the coast called Laara, near

the outlet of the river Catarrhacks; and he refers for similar instances to Chandler's description of the petrified cascade of Hierapolis in the valley of the Mœander.

Dr. Chandler, whose description of the petrified cascade is thus referred to, visited Pambouk Scalesi, as the site of Hierapolis is called by the Turks, in 1760. "Chandler," says Malte Brun, "confirms the accounts of Strabo concerning the hot springs of Hierapolis, or Pambouk; he found a mass of rock formed by the tufa or soft sandstone, which, as these waters deposit it, resembles an immense cascade which has been suddenly frozen or converted into stone. Near the same place is the celebrated cave where pernicious exhalations were remarked by the ancients." This was the famous "Plutonium," described by Dr. Chandler as "an opening in a small brow of the adjacent mountain, capable of admitting a man, and very deep, with a square fence before it, enclosing about half an acre." The following is the description given by him of the petrified cascade:

"The view before us was so marvellous, that the description of it, to bear even a faint resemblance, ought to appear romantic. The vast slope, which at a distance we had taken for chalk, was now beheld with wonder, it seeming an immense frozen cascade, the surface wavy, as if at once fixed, or on its headlong course suddenly petrified. Round about us were many high, bare, stony ridges; and close by our tents one with a wide basis, and a slender rill of water, clear, soft, and warm, running in a small channel on the top. A woman was washing linen in it, with a child at her back; and beyond were cabins of the Turcomans, standing distinct, much neater than any we had seen, each with poultry feeding, and a fence of reeds in front.

"It is an old observation that the country about the Mœander, the soil being light and friable, and full of salts generating inflammable matter, was undermined by fire and water. Hence it abounded in hot springs, which, after passing under ground from the reservoirs,

appeared on the mountain, or were found bubbling up in the plain, or in the mud of the river.

“The hot waters of Hierapolis have produced that most extraordinary phenomenon, the cliff, which is one entire incrustation. They were anciently renowned for this species of transformation. It is related they changed so easily, that being conducted about the vineyards and gardens, the channels became long fences, each a single stone. They produced the ridges by our tent. The road up to the ruins, which appears as a wide and high causeway, is a petrification, and overlooks many green spots, once vineyards and gardens, separated by partitions of the same material. The surface of the flat above the cliff is rough with stone and with channels, branching out in various directions; a large pool overflowing and feeding the numerous rills, some of which spread over the slope, as they descend, and give to the white stony bed a humid look resembling salt or driven snow when melting. This crust, which has no taste or smell, being an alkaline, well fermented with acids: and Piccini relates that trial of it had been made with spirit of vitriol. The waters, though hot, were used in agriculture.”

Penny Magazine.

AMERICAN HURRICANE.

VARIOUS portions of our country have, at different periods, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as is not easily to be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena in all its grandeur, I shall attempt to describe for your sake, kind reader, and for your sake only, the recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element.

I had left the village of Shawney, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The water was pleasant, and, I thought, not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when on a sudden I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop, and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there were one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise being produced similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw, to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling into pieces. First the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then

went the upper parts of the massy trunks, and in many places, whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that, before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onward like a cloud of feathers, and on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with broken trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about one-fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers, strewed in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it were impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches that had been brought from a great distance were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose so high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphurous odour was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return

to Morgan town, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house I gave an account of what I had seen, when to my surprise, I was told there had been very little wind in the neighbourhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles; another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying, that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding districts. I have crossed the path of the storm at a distance of 100 miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and, again, 400 miles farther off in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the great pine forest of Pennsylvania, 300 miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts it

appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

Jameson's Edinb. New Philos. Journal.

DESCRIPTION OF A TROPICAL STORM.

THE day broke with an unwonted gloom, overshadowing every thing : a dense black haze rested like a high wall round the horizon ; while the upper sky, so long without a single speck, was stained all over with patches of shapeless clouds flying in different directions. The sun rose attended by vapours and clouds, which concealed him from our sight. The sea-wind, which used to begin gently, and gradually increase to a pleasant breeze, came on suddenly, and with great violence ; so that the waves curled and broke into a white sheet of foam, extending as far as the eye could reach. The whole sea looked bleak and stormy under the portentous influence of an immense mass of dark clouds, rising slowly in the western quarter, till they reached nearly to the zenith, where they continued like a mantle during the whole day. The ships which heretofore had lain motionless on the smooth surface of the bay, were now rolling and pitching, with their cables stretched out to seaward ; while the boats that used to skim along from the shore to the vessels at anchor, were seen splashing through the waves under a reefed sail, or struggling hard with their oars to avoid being driven into the surf, which was breaking and roaring furiously along the coast. The flags that were wont to be idly asleep for weeks together, by the sides of the masts on the batteries, now stood stiffly out in the storm. Innumerable sea-birds continued during all the day, wheeling and screaming round the rock on which the town stood, as if in terror at this sudden change. The dust of six months' hot weather, raised into high

pyramids, was forced by furious gusts of wind into the innermost corners of the houses. Long before sun-set, it seemed as if the day had closed, owing to the darkness caused by the dust in the air, and to the sky being overcast in every part by unbroken masses of watery clouds. Presently lightning was observed amongst the hills, followed shortly afterwards by a storm exceeding in violence anything I ever met with in other parts of the world. During eight hours, deluges of rain never ceased pouring down for a moment: the steep streets of the town soon became the channels of streams of such magnitude, as to sweep away large stones; rendering it everywhere dangerous, and in some parts impossible to pass. The rain found its way through the roofs, and drenched every part of the houses; the deep rumbling noise of the torrents in the streets was never interrupted; the deafening loudness of the thunder became exceedingly distracting; while flashes of forked lightning, playing in the most brilliant manner, without ceasing, from the zenith to the horizon on all sides, and clinging as it were to the rock, were at once beautiful and terrific.

Capt. Basil Hall.

EARTHQUAKE AT ZANTE, IN 1820.

WHEN the servant led me to my room, he left a large brass lamp lighted, on a ponderous carved table on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures were a source of amusement to me: and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with.

The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably

tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places; presently they were detached from above, and with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me and about the room. An indefinable melancholy humming sound seemed to issue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side, as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extinguished the lamp, and left me in total darkness; while, at the same instant, the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became for a moment visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off my bed-clothes, and attempted to escape from the tottering house; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door; and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid, to protect it from the falling fragments.

Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance, that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which caused the truth to flash at once on my mind. There stood in the square opposite the Palazzo, a tall slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day; these now began to jangle with a wild unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation

—I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come. I felt that I was in the midst of one of those awful visitations which destroy thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarize me to his appearance; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way; the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever.

But this horrible convulsion ceased in a moment, as suddenly as it began, and a dead and solemn silence ensued. This was soon broken by the sound of lamentations, which came from below; and I afterwards found it to proceed from the inhabitants of an adjoining house, which had been shaken down, and crushed to death some, and half-buried others who were trying to escape, in the ruins. Presently I saw a light through the crevice of the door of my chamber, and heard the sound of voices outside. It proceeded from the servants, who came to look for me among the ruins. As they could not enter by the usual door-way, which was choked up, they proceeded round to another; but when they saw the room filled with the wrecks of the wall and the ceiling, some of which were lying on the bed, one of them said, "Sacramento! eccolo schiacciato!"—there he is, crushed to death; and proceeded to remove the rubbish, and lift the bed clothes. I was lying unhurt, buried in thought; but the dust caused me to sneeze, and relieved the apprehensions of the good people.

I immediately rose and dressed myself, and proceeded with them about the Palazzo, to see the damage it had

sustained. The massive outside walls were all separated from each other, and from the partition walls, and left chasms between, through which the light appeared. Providentially, the room in which I slept had the bed against a partition wall, and nothing fell on me but pieces of the ceiling and cornice; had it been on the other side, next the main wall, I could not have escaped, for it was entirely covered with masses of masonry, which had smashed and buried under them every thing on which they fell. I had repined that I had not been able to escape by the door when I attempted, but to this circumstance also I now found I was indebted, under providence, for my preservation. A wing of the house had fallen into the court yard, through which I had intended to make my way; and no doubt, had I done so at the moment I tried, would have buried me under it.

It was now past four in the morning, and we proceeded with intense anxiety to the government house, to see if any of our friends, whom we had left so well and cheerful a few hours before, had escaped. The weather had totally changed. The sky seemed to partake in the convulsions of the earth. It blew a storm, driving the dark clouds along with vast rapidity. The streets were full of people, hurrying in different directions, but all in profound silence, as if under some awful impression, and crowding into the churches, which were everywhere lighted up, and full of people. The priests were in their vestments singing solemn dirges, and the congregations on their faces, prostrated in the profoundest reverence. We found our friends all assembled, with Lord and Lady Strangford in the dining-hall of the palace. To this room they had run in their night dresses, as to a place of more security, being a ground floor detached from the edifice, and having no building over it. Here we sat till it was light, telling our several escapes; and then I went out into the town to see the state in which it was left. Nearly the whole of the 4000 houses of which it consisted were split open in different places, and many from

the foundation to the roof. About forty were lying prostrate, and obstructing the passage of the streets. The front walls of many were separated from the sides, and hanging over the way, seeming ready to fall every moment upon the passenger. This tendency of the walls to fall out, saved many lives; but there was another circumstance to which their safety was attributed by the Zantiotes themselves. The night had been the vigil of their great patron-saint Dionysius, and almost the whole population were watching in the streets or churches, and so out of their houses when the shock came on. The churches were of immense strength, and though all shaken and shattered, none of them fell; which the pious people universally attributed to the interference of the saint, whose rites they were celebrating. Not more than forty dead bodies were found in the ruins. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of several, that the whole duration of the earth's motion was not longer than fifty seconds or a minute; yet the time was marked by the passing sensations of different people, so that brief space appeared to be hours.

Walsh's Travels.

CHAPTER VII.

EASTERN SCENERY AND ADVENTURE.

'Tis the clime of the east; 'tis the land of the sun.

BYRON.

 VISIT TO THE SERAGLIO.

IT so happened that the gardener of the Grand Signior, during our residence in Constantinople was a German. This person used to mix with the society in Perra, and often joined in the evening parties given by the different foreign ministers. In this manner we became acquainted with him, and we were invited to his apartments within the walls of the Seraglio, close to the gardens of the Sultan's garden. We were accompanied, during our first visit by his intimate friend, the secretary and chaplain of the Swedish mission, who, but a short time before, had succeeded in obtaining a sight of the four principal Sultanas and the Sultana Mother, in consequence of his frequent visits to the gardener. The secretary and his friend were sitting together one morning, when the cries of the black eunuchs, opening the door of the charem, which communicated with the Seraglio garden, announced that these ladies were going to take the air. In order to do this, it was necessary to pass the gates adjoining the gardener's lodge, where an arabat* was stationed to receive them, in which it was usual for them to drive round the walks of the Seraglio, within

* A covered waggon upon four wheels, with latticed windows at the sides, formed to conceal those who are within. It is almost the only species of carriage in use among the Turks.

the walls of the palace. Upon those occasions, the black eunuchs examine every part of the garden, and run before the women, calling out to all persons to avoid approaching or beholding them, under pain of death. The gardener, and his friend the Swede, instantly closed all the shutters, and locked the doors. The black eunuchs, arriving soon after, and finding the lodge shut, supposed the gardener to be absent. Presently followed the Sultan Mother, with four principal Sultanas, who were in high glee, romping and laughing with each other. A small scullery window, of the gardener's lodge, looked directly towards the gate, through which the ladies were to pass; and was separated from it only by a few yards. Here, through two small gimlet-holes, bored for the purpose, they beheld very distinctly the features of the women, whom they described as possessing extraordinary beauty. Three of the four were Georgians, having dark complexions and very long dark hair; but the fourth was remarkably fair, and her hair, also of singular length and thickness, was of a flaxen colour; neither were their teeth dyed black, as those of Turkish females generally are. The Swedish gentleman said, he was almost sure that these women suspected they were seen, from the address they manifested in displaying their charms, and in loitering at the gate. This gave him and his friend no small degree of terror, as they would have paid for their curiosity with their lives, if any such suspicion had entered into the minds of the black eunuchs. He described their dresses as being rich beyond all that can be imagined. Long spangled robes, open in front, with pantaloons embroidered in gold and silver, and covered by a profusion of pearls and precious stones, displayed their persons to great advantage; but were so heavy, as actually to encumber their motion, and almost to impede their walking. Their hair hung in loose and very thick tresses, on each side of their cheeks; falling down to the waist, and entirely covering their shoulders. These tresses were quite powdered with

diamonds, not displayed according to any studied arrangement, but as if carelessly scattered, by handfuls among their flowing locks. On the top of their heads, and rather leaning to one side, they wore each of them, a small circular patch or diadem. Their faces, necks, and even their breasts, were quite exposed, not one of them having any veil.

The German gardener, who had daily access to different parts of the Seraglio, offered to conduct us not only over the gardens, but promised, if we would come singly during the season of the Ramadan,* (when the guards being up all night, would be stupified during the day with sleep and intoxication,) to undertake the greater risk of shewing to us the interior of the charem, or the apartments of the women; that is to say, of that part of it which they inhabit during the summer; for they are still in their winter chambers. We readily accepted this offer: the author only solicited the further indulgence of being accompanied by a French artist of the name of Preaux, whose extraordinary promptitude in design would enable him to bring away sketches of any thing we might find interesting, either in the charem, or gardens of the Seraglio. The apprehensions of Monsieur Preaux were, however, so great, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could prevail upon him to venture into the Seraglio, and he afterwards either lost or secreted, the only drawings which his fears would allow him to make while he was there.

We left Perra, in a gondola, about seven o'clock in

* The Ramadan of the Turks answers to our Lent, as their Bairam does to Easter. During the month of the Ramadan, they impose upon themselves the strictest privation, avoiding even the use of tobacco, from sunrise to sunset. They feast all night during this season, and are therefore generally asleep during the day; nor is it easy to awaken them at this time, for they are frequently intoxicated with opium. This was the season in which Pitts, who published a faithful account of the Mahommedans, endeavoured to effect his escape from slavery. "It was," says he, "in the time of Ramadan, when they eat meat only by night, and therefore in the morning would have been all fast asleep."—*Account of the Religion and Manners of the Mahometans*, p. 7. London, 1788

the morning, embarking at Tophano, and steering towards the gate of the Seraglio which faces the Bosphorus on the south-eastern side, where the entrance to the Seraglio-gardens and the gardener's lodge are situate. A Bostanghy, as a sort of porter, is usually seated with his attendants, within the portal. Upon entering the Seraglio the spectator is struck by a wild and confused assemblage of great and interesting objects ; among the first of these are enormous cypresses, massive and lofty masonry, neglected and broken soroi, high rising mounds, and a long gloomy avenue leading from the gates of the garden between the double walls of the Seraglio. The gate is the same by which the Sultanas came out for airing before alluded to ; and the gardener's lodge is on the right hand of it. The avenue extending from it, towards the west, offers a broad and beautiful, although solitary walk, to a very considerable extent, shut in by high walls on both sides. Directly opposite to this entrance of the seraglio, is a very lofty mound or bank, covered with large trees, and traversed by terraces, over which, on the top, are walls with turrets. On the right hand, are the large wooden folding doors of the Grand Signior's gardens ; and near them lie many fragments of ancient marbles, appropriated to the vilest purposes ; among others, a soros of one mass of marble covered with a simple although unmeaning bas-relief. Entering the gardens, by the folding doors, a pleasing coup d'œil of trellis-work and covered walks is displayed, more after the taste of the natives of Holland, than of those of any other country. Various and very despicable jets d'eau, straight gravel walks, and borders disposed in parallelograms, with the addition of a long green-house filled with orange-trees, compose all that appears within the small spot which bears the name of the Seraglio gardens. The view, on entering, is down the principal gravel-walk ; and all the walks meet at a central point, beneath a dome of the same trellis-work by which they are covered. Small fountains spout a few quarts of water

into large shells, or form parachutes over burning bougies, by the sides of the walks. The trellis-work is of wood, painted white, and covered by jasmine; and this, as it does not conceal the artificial frame by which it is supported, produces a wretched effect. On the outside of the trellis-work appear small parterres, edged with box containing very common flowers, and adorned with fountains. On the right hand, after entering the garden, appears the magnificent kiosk, which constitutes the Sultan's summer residence; and farther on is the orangery before mentioned, occupying the whole extent of the wall on that side. Exactly opposite to the garden gates is the door of the charem, or palace of the women belonging to the Grand Signior; a building not unlike one of the small colleges in Cambridge, and inclosing the same sort of cloistered court. One side of this building extends across the upper extremity of the garden, so that the windows look into it. Below these windows are two small green-houses, filled with very common plants, and a number of canary-birds. Before the charem windows, on the right hand, is a ponderous, gloomy, wooden door; and this, creaking on its massive hinges, opens to the quadrangle, or interior of the court of the charem itself. Still facing the charem on the left hand, is a paved ascent, leading through a handsome gilded iron gate, from the lower to the upper garden. Here is the kiosk, which will presently be described. Returning from the charem to the door by which we first entered, a lofty wall on the right hand supports a terrace with a few small parterres: these, at a considerable height above the lower garden, constitute what is now called the upper garden of the Seraglio; and, till within these few years, it was the only one.

Having thus completed the tour of this small insignificant spot of ground, let us now enter the kiosk, which was first mentioned as the Sultan's summer residence. It is situate on the sea shore, and commands one of the finest views the eye ever beheld, of Scutary and of the

adjoining Asiatic coast, the mouth of the canal, and a moving picture of ships and gondolas, with all the floating pageantry of this vast metropolis, such as no other capital in the world can pretend to exhibit. The kiosk itself, fashioned after the airy fantastic style of eastern architecture, presents a spacious chamber, covered by a dome; from which, towards the sea, advances a raised platform surrounded by windows, and terminated by a divân.* On the right and left are the private apartments of the Sultan and his ladies. From the centre of the dome is suspended a large lustre, presented by the English ambassador. Above the raised platform hangs another lustre of smaller size, but more elegant. Immediately over the sofas of the divân are mirrors engraved with Turkish inscriptions, poetry, and passages from the koran. The sofas are of white satin, beautifully embroidered by the Seraglio women.

Leaving the platform, on the left hand is the Sultan's private chamber for repose, the floor of which is surmounted by couches of very costly workmanship. Opposite this chamber, on the other side of the kiosk, a door opens to the apartment in which are placed the attendant Sultanas, the Sultan Mother, or any ladies in residence with the sovereign. This room corresponds exactly with the the Sultan's chamber, except that the couches are more magnificently embroidered.

A small staircase leads from these apartments to two chambers below, paved with marble, and as cold as any cellar. Here a more numerous assemblage of women are buried, as it were, during the heart of summer. The first is a sort of ante-chamber to the other, by the door of which, in a nook of the wall, are placed the sultan's slippers, of common yellow morocco, and course workmanship. Having entered the marble chamber imme-

* The Divan is a sort of couch, or sofa, common over all the Levant, surrounding every side of a room, except that which contains the entrance. It is raised about sixteen inches from the floor. When a Divan is held, it means nothing more, than that the persons composing it are thus seated.

directly below the kiosk, a marble basin presents itself, with a fountain in the centre, containing water to the depth of about three inches, and a few very small fishes. Answering to the platform mentioned in the description of the kiosk, is another, exactly of a similar nature, closely latticed, where the ladies sit during the season of their residence in this place. We were pleased with observing a few things they had carelessly left upon the sofas, and which characterized their mode of life; amongst these was an English writing box, of black varnished wood, with a sliding cover and drawers; the drawers containing coloured writing paper, reed pens, perfumed wax, and little bags made of embroidered satin, in which their billets doux are sent, by negro slaves, who are both nutes and eunuchs. That liquours are drunk in these secluded chambers, is evident, for we found labels for bottles, neatly cut out with scissors, bearing Turkish inscriptions, with the words "Rosoghlu," "golden water," and "water of life." These were carried off as trophies of our visit to the place, and distributed among our friends. Having now seen every part of this building, we returned to the garden by the entrance which admitted us to the kiosk.

Our next principal object was the examination of the *chaym*; and as the undertaking was attended with danger, we took care to see that the garden was cleared of *Bostanghies* and other attendants; as our curiosity, if detected, would, beyond all doubt, have cost us our lives upon the spot. A catastrophe of this nature has been already related by Le Bruyn. An European was put to death who was detected using a telescope to examine the *Seraglio* gardens from the window of his house in the city.

Having inspected every alley and corner of the garden, we advanced half breathless, on tip-toe, to the great wooden door of the passage leading to the inner court of this mysterious edifice. We succeeded in forcing this open; but the noise of its grating hinges, amidst the pro-

found silence of the place, went to our very hearts. We then entered a small quadrangle, much resembling that of Queen's College, Cambridge, filled with weeds. It was divided into two parts, one raised above the other; the principal side of the court containing an open cloister, supported by small white marble columns. Every thing appeared in a neglected state. The women reside here only during summer. The winter apartments may be compared to the late Bastille of France; and the decoration of these apartments is even inferior to that we are about to describe. From this court, forcing open a small window near the ground, and having climbed into the building, we arrived upon a long range of wooden beds or couches, covered with mats, prepared for the reception of a hundred slaves, which reached the whole of the extent of the very long corridor. Hence, passing through some narrow passages, the floor of which were also matted, we came to a staircase leading to the upper apartments. Of such irregular and confused architecture, it is difficult to give any perspicuous description. We went from the lower dormitory of the slaves to another above it,—this was divided into two tiers; so that one half of the numerous attendants it was designed to accommodate, slept over the other upon a sort of shelf or scaffold near to the ceiling. From the second corridor we entered a third, along a matted passage,—upon the left of this were small apartments for slaves of higher rank, and upon the right, a series of rooms looking towards the sea. By continuing along this corridor, we at last entered the great chamber of audience, in which the Sultan Mother receives visits of ceremony from the Sultanas, and other distinguished ladies of the charem. Nothing can be imagined better suited to theatrical representation than this chamber. It is exactly such an apartment as the best painters of scenic decoration would have selected, to afford a striking idea of the pomp, the seclusion, and the magnificence of the Ottoman court. The stage is best suited for its representa-

tion; and therefore, the reader is requested to have the stage in his imagination while it is described. It was surrounded with enormous mirrors, the costly donations of infidel kings, as they are styled by the present possessors. These mirrors the women of the Seraglio sometimes break in their frolics. At the upper end is the throne, a sort of cage, in which the Sultana sits, surrounded by latticed blinds, for even here her person is held too sacred to be exposed to the common observation of slaves and females of the charem. A lofty flight of broad steps covered with crimson cloth, leads to this cage as to a throne.

Immediately in front of the cage are two burnished chairs of state, covered with crimson velvet and gold, one on each side of the entrance. To the right and left of the throne, and upon a level with it, are the sleeping apartments of the Sultan Mother, and her principal females in waiting. The external windows of the throne are all latticed. On one side they look towards the sea, and on the other into the quadrangle of the charem; the chamber itself occupying the whole breadth of the building, on the side of the quadrangle into which it looks. The area below the latticed throne, or the front of the stage, (according to the idea before proposed,) is set apart for attendants, for the dancers, for actors, music, and whatsoever is brought into the charem for the amusement of the court. This place is covered with Persian mats; but these are removed when the Sultana is here, and the richest carpets are then substituted in their place.

Beyond the great chamber of audience is the assembly-room of the Sultan when he is in the charem. Here we observed the magnificent lustre before mentioned.

The Sultan sometimes visits this chamber during the winter, to hear music, and to amuse himself with his favourites. It is surrounded by mirrors. The other ornaments display that strange mixture of magnificence and wretchedness, which characterise all the state-cham-

bers of Turkish grandees. Leaving the assembly-room by the door through which we entered, and continuing along the passage, as before, which runs parallel to the sea-shore, we at length reached what might be termed the sanctum sanctorum of this Paphian temple, the baths of the Sultan Mother and the four principal Sultanas. These are small, but very elegant; constructed of white marble, and lighted by ground glass above. At the upper end is a raised sudatory and bath for the Sultan Mother, concealed by lattice-work from the rest of the apartment. Fountains play constantly into the floor of this bath from all its sides; and every degree of refined luxury has been added to the work, which a people of all others best versed in the ceremonies of the bath have been capable of inventing or requiring.

Leaving the bath, and returning along the passage by which we came, we entered what is called the chamber of repose, commanding the most extensive view anywhere afforded from this point of the Seraglio. It forms a part of the building well known to strangers, from the circumstance of its being supported, towards the sea, by twelve columns of that beautiful and rare brescia, the *verde antico*, which is extolled by Pliny. Here the other ladies of the harem entertain themselves, by hearing and seeing comedies, farcical representations, dances, and music. We found it to be in the state of an old lumber-room. Large dusty pier-glasses, in heavy gilded frames, neglected and broken, had been left leaning against the wall, the whole length of one side of the room; old furniture; shabby bureaus of the worst English work, made of oak, walnut, or mahogany; inlaid cabinets; scattered fragments of chandeliers; scraps of paper, silk rags, and empty confectionary boxes, were the only objects in this part of the palace.

From this room we descended into the court of the harem; and having crossed it, ascended, by a flight of steps, to an upper range, for the purpose of examining a part of the building appropriated to the inferior ladies

of the Seraglio. Finding it exactly upon the plan of the rest, only worse furnished, and in a more wretched state, we returned to quit the harem entirely, and to effect our retreat into the garden. The reader may imagine our consternation, upon finding that the great door was *shut*, and that we were locked in. Listening to ascertain if any one were stirring, we discovered that a slave had entered to feed some turkeys, who were gobbling and making a great noise at a small distance. We profited by their tumult to force back the huge lock of the gate with a large stone; and this fortunately yielding to our blows, we made our escape.

We now quitted the lower garden of the Seraglio, and ascended, by a paved way, towards the chamber of the garden of hyacinths. This promised to be curious, as we were told the Sultan passed almost all his private hours in that apartment; and the view of it might make us acquainted with occupations and amusements which characterize the man, divested of the outward parade of the Sultan. We presently turned from the paved ascent, towards the right, and entered a small garden, laid out in very neat oblong borders, edged with porcelain or Dutch tiles. Here no plant is suffered to grow, except the hyacinth; whence the name of 'is garden. We examined the Sultan's apartment, by looking through a window. Nothing can be more magnificent. Three sides of it were surrounded by a divan, the cushions and pillows of which were of black embroidered satin. Opposite to the windows of the chamber was a fire-place, constructed after the European fashion; and on each side of this, a door, covered with hangings of crimson cloth. Between each of these doors and the fire-place appeared a glass-case, containing the Sultan's private library: every volume was in manuscript; they were placed upon shelves, one book lying upon another, and the title of each was written upon the edge of its leaves. From the ceiling of the room, which was of burnished gold, opposite to each of the doors, and also opposite to

the fire-place, were suspended three gilt cages, containing small figures of artificial birds, which sung by mechanism. In the centre of the room stood an enormous gilt brasier, supported, in an ewer, by four massive claws, like the vessels for containing water which are seen under sideboards in England. Opposite to the entrance on one side of the apartment, was a raised bench, crossing a door, and upon this were placed an embroidered napkin, a vase, and basin, for washing the beard and hands. Over the bench, upon the wall, was suspended a large embroidered porte-feuille, worked with silver thread in yellow leather, which is carried in procession when the Sultan goes to mosque or elsewhere in public, to contain the petitions presented by his subjects. Within a small nook close to the door was also a pair of yellow boots; and upon the bench, by the ewer, a pair of slippers of the same materials. These are placed at the entrance of every apartment frequented by the Sultan. The floor was covered with Gobelins tapestry; and the ceiling, as before stated, was magnificently gilded and burnished. Groups of arms, such as pistols, sabres, and poniards were disposed, with very singular taste and effect, over the different compartments of the walls; their handles and scabbards being covered with diamonds of very large size, which, as they glittered around, produced a splendid effect in this most sumptuous chamber.

We had scarcely ended our survey, when to our great dismay, a Bostanghy made his appearance within the apartment: fortunately for us, his head was turned from the window; and we immediately sunk below it, creeping upon our hands and knees, until we got clear of the garden of hyacinths. Thence, ascending to the upper walls, we passed an aviary of nightingales.

The walks in the upper garden are very small, in wretched condition, and laid out in worse taste than the fore-court of a Dutchman's house in the suburbs of the Hague. Small as they are, they constituted, till lately, the whole of the Seraglio gardens near the sea; and

from them may be seen the whole prospect of the entrance to the canal, and the opposite coast of Scutary. Here is an old kiosk, supported upon iron cramps, which, nevertheless, was a present from *Charles the Twelfth of Sweden*. It is precisely the sort of sideboard seen in the poorest inns of England; and while it may be said that no person would pay half the amount of its freight to send it back again, it shews the nature of the presents that were then made to the Porte by foreign princes. From these formal terraces we descended to the gardener's lodge, and left the gardens by the gate through which we entered.

Clarke's Travels.

VISIT TO A TURKISH MOSQUE.

I at once understood that my attempt must be made in a Turkish dress; but this fact was of trifling importance, as no costume in the world lends itself more readily or more conveniently to the purposes of disguise. After having deliberately weighed the chances for and against detection, I resolved to run the risk; and accordingly I stained my eyebrows with some of the dye common in the harem; concealed my female attire beneath a magnificent pelisse, lined with sables, which fastened from my chin to my feet; pulled a *fêz* low upon my brow; and, preceded by a servant with a lantern, attended the Bey, and followed by the Kiara and a pipe-bearer, at half past ten o'clock I sallied forth on my adventurous errand.

"If we escape from St. Sophia unsuspected," said my chivalrous friend, "we will then make another bold attempt,—we will visit the mosque of Sultan Achmet; and, as this is a high festival, if you risk the adventure, you will have done what no infidel has ever yet dared to do; but I forewarn you that, should you be discover-

ed, and fail to make your escape on the instant, you will be torn to pieces."

At length we entered the spacious court of the Mosque, and as the servant stooped to withdraw my shoes, the Bey murmured in my ear, "be firm or you are lost"—and making a strong effort to subdue the feeling of mingled awe and fear which was rapidly stealing over me, I pulled the *şêz* deeper upon my eye-brows, and obeyed.

On passing the threshold, I found myself in a covered peristyle, whose gigantic columns of granite are partially sunk in the wall of which they form a part; the floor was covered with fine matting, and the coloured lamps, which were suspended in festoons from the lofty ceiling, shed abroad light on all the surrounding objects. In most of the recesses formed by the pillars, beggars were crouched down holding in front of them their little basins, to receive the *paras* of the charitable; while servants lounging to and fro, or squatted in groups upon the matting, awaited the egress of their employers. As I looked around me, our own attendant moved forward, and raising the curtain which veiled a double door of bronze, situated at mid-length of the peristyle, I involuntarily shrunk back before the blaze of light that burst upon me.

Far as the eye could reach upwards, circles of coloured fire, appearing as if suspended in mid-air, designed the form of the suspended dome; while beneath, devices of every shape and colour were formed by myriads of lamps of various hues. The imperial closet, situated opposite to the pulpit, was one blaze of refulgence, and its gilded lattices flashed back the brilliancy, till it looked like a gigantic meteor!

As I stood a few paces within the door-way, I could not distinguish the limits of the edifice—I looked forward, upward—to the right hand, and to the left—but I could only take in a given space, covered with human beings, kneeling in regular lines, and at a certain signal bowing their turbaned heads to the earth, as if one soul and one

impulse animated the whole congregation; while the shrill chanting of the choir pealed through the vast pile, and died away in lengthened cadences among the tall dark pillars which support it.

And this was St. Sophia! To me it seemed like a creation of enchantment—the light—the ringing voices—the mysterious extent, which baffled the earnestness of my gaze—the ten thousand turbaned Moslems, all kneeling with their faces turned towards Mecca, and at intervals laying their foreheads to the earth—the bright and various colours of their dresses, and the rich glowing tints of the carpets that veiled the marble floor—all conspired to form a scene of such unearthly magnificence, that I felt as though there could be no reality in what I looked on; but that, at some sudden signal, the towering columns would fail to support the vault of light above them, and all would become void.

I had forgotten every thing in the mere exercise of vision—the danger of detection—the flight of time—almost my own identity—when my companion uttered the single word “*ge!*—come”—and, passing forward to another door on the opposite side of the building, I instinctively followed him, and once more found myself in the court.

In ten minutes more we stood before the mosque of Sultan Achmet, and, ascending the noble flight of steps which lead to the principal entrance, we again cast off our shoes, and entered the temple.

Infinitely less vast than St. Sophia, the mosque impressed me with a feeling of awe, much more than I had experienced in visiting its more stately neighbour. Four colossal pillars of marble, five or six feet in circumference, support the dome, and these were wreathed with lamps, even to the summit; while the number of lights suspended from the ceiling gave the whole edifice the appearance of a space overhung with stars. We entered at a propitious moment, for the faithful were performing their prostrations, and had consequently no time to speculate on our

appearance ; the chanting was wilder and shriller than I had just heard at St. Sophia ; it sounded more like the delirious outcry which we may suppose to have been uttered by a band of Delphic priestesses, than the voices of a choir of uninspired human beings.

We passed onward over the yielding carpets, which returned no sound beneath our footsteps : and there was something strangely supernatural in the spectacle, of several human beings moving along, without creating a single echo in the vast space they traversed. We paused an instant beside the marble-arched platform, on which the muezzin was performing his prostrations to the shrill cry of the choir ;—we lingered another, to take a last look at the kneeling thousands who were absorbed in their devotions ; and then, rapidly descending into the court, my companion uttered a hasty congratulation on the successful issue of our bold adventure, to which I responded a most heartfelt “Amen,”—and in less than an hour I cast off my *fèz* and my pelisse in the harem of Effendi, and exclaimed to its astonished inmates, “I have seen the mosques !”

Miss Pardoe's City of the Sultan.

MARCH OF A CARAVAN.

WHEN Mohammed Ali Pasha, viceroy of Egypt, set out on his expedition against the Wahabees, he left his wives and attendants behind him at Cairo, thinking that he would soon return again ; but having been detained for a longer period than he had anticipated, he sent off expresses by his fleetest dromedaries, ordering them to join him ; and a large caravan being about to be formed to accompany and convey them on their route, Mr. Buckingham, who was then at Cairo, resolved to take the opportunity to cross the desert of Suez under its protection, and having made the necessary preparations, he

joined it on the banks of the Buket el Hadji, or the Lake of the Pilgrims, a few miles from Cairo. "At noon," says he, "the first signal-gun for loading was fired, when all was bustle and confusion; and the breaking up of the tents, harnessing the animals to the clumsy carriages constructed for the Pasha's wives and principal slaves, loading the camels, which had all been watered at the lake in the morning, arranging the stations of the Turkish cavalry as guards, &c., occupied all parties until near four o'clock in the afternoon.

"At length, on the firing of a second gun, the whole caravan was put in motion, and commenced its march in the following order:—An advanced guard of horsemen (at the head of whom was the Emir el Hadji, or Prince of the Pilgrims, a title given to the chief conductor of the caravan) kept their station two or three miles a-head, so as to be almost within sight, except when hidden from the view by a hollow in the sands, of which there are many, resembling the space left between two succeeding billows in a tempest. In the front of the caravan, and immediately preceding it was a six-pound iron cannon, very loosely fitted as a field-piece on a heavy car, and drawn by four horses. On each side of this were parties of about twenty horsemen in each, whose province it appeared to be to keep an equal line, by riding up and down the breadth of the front, and checking those who were too far advanced, as well as bringing up by a quicker pace those who appeared to tarry behind. Following in succession came separate trains of camels, some of which contained more than fifty animals in a line. In the centre a large space was left for the harem of the Pasha, the principal personages of which were conveyed each in a separate vehicle, resembling an Indian palanquin, closed on all sides round with hollow lattice-work, very gaudily painted and gilded, and borne between two camels.

"All the attendant females, companions, servants, or slaves, were borne on camels in a kind of tented pan-

nier, one of them suspended on each side of the animal, so that the pair of tents contained two persons who faced each other, and were sheltered from the sun by canvass, which at once covered them, and curtained them from the prying eyes of curious passengers. In front of the central group were a pedestrian band of musicians, who walked between the two principal palanquins as they kept face abreast of each other, and whenever their portion of the caravan halted for a few minutes, which happened frequently from the pressure of those before, or the intervention of very trifling obstacles, they beguiled the tedium of the day by an Arabic song, accompanying their voices with the common instruments in use among them.

“As it was considered more than probable that the Bedouin Arabs might attack the caravan, in the hope of being able to plunder the females of their jewels, they were hemmed in the centre of the caravan, and very strongly guarded also, by two detachments of fifty men each, under the separate commands of Ibrahim Pasha, and Ismael Pasha, the viceroy's sons, whose mothers were also among the principal females of those whom they protected.

“Towards sunset we had on our left a long line of sand-hills, whose summits were pointed and variegated in a thousand forms; and their fine outlines, more accurately defined as evening advanced, formed a beautiful contrast, by opposing their yellow edges to the deep azure of a serene sky. At Maggril, the hour when twilight ends, the signal-gun was fired to halt; and while the camels reposed on the ground without being unladen, the pilgrims of the caravan performed their ablutions and evening prayers, and another hour was allowed for supper. The halt of our caravan being nearly three hours, it must have been about ten o'clock when the cannon announced to us the order for remounting. Immediately the camels were raised, the portable table-service of their oriental riders thrown into their bags,

and in less than a quarter of an hour every one had resumed his station.

“ For the supposed safer direction of our midnight march, a considerable number of torches had been lighted, the largest of them consisting of a long pole, having on its summit a circular frame-work of iron, after the manner of a cage, in which a fire is borne aloft, and fed with wood as occasion requires. These torches were not only dispersed amongst the body of the caravan itself, but were carried also before the advanced wing, and the rear-guards, who, excepting only at momentary intervals, when they were hidden by the inequalities of the road, were always in sight. Amid all my sufferings from fatigue, inconvenience, and severe illness, it was impossible to be perfectly prepared for the impressions which our situation was so well calculated to excite; yet I am sure they occasionally lost for a moment their poignancy, if they were not altogether forgotten, in the admiration with which I viewed so grand a spectacle as the one that this hour of midnight presented. The caravan consisted of more than 5000 camels, besides mules, asses, wheeled carriages, &c.; and the number of persons who accompanied it, mounted and on foot, was certainly double. The four points of the horizon were intercepted by the separate groups of lights that accompanied those respective divisions of our surrounding guards; although, while the waving movements of the lights themselves were distinctly marked, not an individual, either of the Arabs by whom they were borne, or of the guard whose path they were intended to illuminate, could at all be seen. Immediately around us, the crowded caravan pursued its march in the most compact and closest order, to the unbroken preservation of which every individual was induced to attend by a regard to his personal safety, when it was considered that we had entered a desert, before whose tribes, if they attacked us, flight would be ineffectual, and upon whose naked plains no refuge from them could be found. The Arab drivers

sang to their camels very appropriate strains, alternately encouraging them to continue with unslackened steps towards the fountain, whose streams awaited their arrival, and promised to lead them to a spot where wells and herbage would reward them with a sweet repast; then, imploring Allah to give strength and firmness to their limbs, and steadiness to all their paces, while the beasts themselves seemed really conscious of approbation and encouragement being implied in the sounds they heard, most probably from their frequent repetition.

“In short, all the variety of scenes, circumstances, and recollections, arising out of our immediate situation, contributed only to heighten the interest of it, while the slow and steady pace of the camels, the songs of their drivers, the countless numbers of torches that blazed through every part of the caravan, the flying squadrons of horse that galloped through our lines, and skirted their extremes, to preserve the compact order of our march; the scattered parties of Arab musicians, who surrounded the litters or palanquins of the harem, and the repeated cries of “Ish Allah!” that were heard at intervals from every quarter, being pronounced in such a tone of voice as to rise superior to the mingled tumult of other sounds, altogether formed a scene, which, for grandeur and impressive effect, I have seldom seen equalled, certainly never surpassed, and of which it would not be easy soon to lose the remembrance.

Buckingham's Travels.

PASSAGE OF THE GREAT DESERT.

WE continued marching on in great haste, for fear of being overtaken by the 400 Arabs, whom we wished to avoid. For this reason we never kept the common road, but passed through the middle of the desert, marching through the stony places over hills. This country is

entirely without water; not a tree is to be seen in it; not a rock which can afford a shelter or a shade.

A transparent atmosphere, an intense sun darting its beams upon our heads, a ground almost white, and commonly of a concave form like a burning glass, slight breezes scorching like a flame; such is a faithful picture of the district through which we were passing. Every man we meet in this desert is looked upon as an enemy. Having discovered about noon a man in arms, on horseback, who kept at a certain distance, my thirteen Bedouins united the moment they perceived him, darted like an arrow to overtake him, uttering loud cries, which they interrupted by expressions of contempt and derision; as, "*What are you seeking, my brother? where are you going, my son?*" As they made these exclamations, they kept playing with their guns over their heads. The discovered Bedouin profited by his advantage, and fled into the mountains, where it was impossible to follow him: we met no one else. We had now neither eaten nor drank since the preceding day; our horses and other beasts were equally destitute; though ever since nine in the morning we had been travelling rapidly. Shortly after noon, we had not a drop of water remaining, and the men, as well as the poor animals, were worn out with fatigue. The mules stumbling every moment, required assistance to lift them up again, and to support their burden till they rose. This terrible exertion exhausted the little strength we had left.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, a man dropt down stiff, as if dead, from great fatigue and thirst. I stopt, with three or four of my people, to assist him. The little wet that was left in one of the leathern budgets was squeezed out of it, and some drops of water poured into the poor man's mouth, but without any effect. I now felt that my own strength was beginning to forsake me; and becoming very weak, I determined to mount on horseback, leaving the poor fellow behind. From this moment others of my caravan began to drop successively,

and as there was no possibility of giving them any assistance, they were abandoned to their unhappy destiny, as every one thought only of saving himself. Several mules with their burdens were left behind; and I found on my way two of my trunks on the ground, without knowing what was become of the mules that had been carrying them, the drivers having forsaken them, as well as the rest of my effects and of my instruments. I looked upon this loss with the greatest indifference, as if they had not belonged to me; and yet they were the strongest of the whole caravan. We proceeded in silent despair. When I endeavoured to encourage any one of the party to increase his pace, he answered me by looking steadily at me, and by putting his forefinger to his mouth, to indicate the great thirst by which he was affected. As I was reproaching our conducting officers for their inattention, which had occasioned this want of water, they excused themselves, by alleging the mutiny of the *Oudaias*; and besides, added they, "Do we not suffer like the rest?" Our fate was more shocking, as every one of us was sensible of the impossibility of supporting the fatigue to the place where we were to meet with water again. At last, at about four in the evening, I had my turn, and fell down with thirst and fatigue.

Extended without consciousness on the ground, in the middle of the desert, left only with four or five men, one of whom had dropt at the same moment with myself, and all without any means of assisting me, because they knew not where to find water, and if they had known it, had not strength to fetch it, I should have perished with them on the spot, if Providence, by a kind miracle, had not preserved us.

Half an hour had already elapsed since I had fallen senseless to the ground, (as I have since been told), when, at some distance, a considerable caravan, of more than 2000 souls, was seen advancing. It was under the direction of a *Marebout*, a saint called Sidi Alarbi, who was

sent by the Sultan to Hemsén or Tremsin. Seeing us in this distressed situation, he ordered some skins of water to be thrown over us. After I had received several of them over my hands and face I recovered my senses, opened my eyes, and looked around me without being able to discern anybody. At last, however, I distinguished seven or eight *sherifs* and *fakeers*, who gave me their assistance, and shewed me much kindness. I endeavoured to speak to them, but an invincible knot in my throat seemed to hinder me; I could only make myself understood by signs, and by pointing to my mouth with my finger.

They continued pouring water over my face, arms, and hands, and at last I was able to swallow small mouthfuls. This enabled me to ask, "Who are you?" When they heard me speak, they expressed their joy, and answered me, "*Fear nothing; far from being robbers, we are your friends,*" and every one mentioned his name. I began by degrees to recollect their faces, but was not able to recollect their names. They poured again over me a still greater quantity of water, gave me some to drink, filled some of my leather bags, and left me in haste, as every minute spent in this place was precious to them, and could not be repaired.

This attack of thirst is perceived all of a sudden, by an extreme aridity of the skin; the eyes appear to be bloody; the tongue and mouth, both inside and outside, are covered with a crust of the thickness of a crown piece. This crust is of a dark yellow colour, of an insipid taste, and of a consistence like the soft wax from a beehive. A faintness or languor takes away the power to move; a kind of knot in the throat and diaphragm, attended with great pain, interrupts respiration. Some wandering tears escape from the eyes, and at last the sufferer drops down to the earth, and in a few moments loses all consciousness. These are the symptoms which I remarked in my unfortunate fellow-travellers, and which I experienced myself.

I got with difficulty on my horse again, and we proceeded on our journey. My Bedouins, and my faithful Salem were gone in different directions to find out some water, and two hours afterwards they returned, one after another, carrying along with them some good or bad water, as they had been able to find it; every one presented to me a part of what he had brought; I was obliged to taste it, and I drank twenty times, but as soon as I swallowed it, my mouth became as dry as before; at last I was not able either to spit or to speak.

The greatest part of the soil of the desert consists of pure clay, except some small traces of a calcareous nature. The whole surface is covered with a bed of chalky calcareous stone, of a whitish colour, smooth, round, and loose, and of the size of the fist; they are almost all of the same dimensions, and their surface is carious like pieces of old mortar. I look upon this to be a true volcanic production. This bed is extended with such perfect regularity, that the whole desert is covered with it, a circumstance which makes pacing over it very fatiguing to the traveller.

Not any animal is to be seen in this desert, neither quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, nor insects, nor any plant whatever; and the traveller who is obliged to pass through it is surrounded by the silence of death. It was not till four in the evening that we began to distinguish some small plants, burnt with the sun, and a tree of a thorny nature, without either blossom or fruit.

Ali Bey's Travels in Morocco, Tripoli, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOLY LAND, &c.

Now, where the temple crowned the rock,
 The wandering shepherd folds his flock ;
 While through the blue and cloudless skies
 The mosque and minaret arise.

ANON.

SCENERY AROUND JERUSALEM.

THE most pleasing feature in the scenery around Jerusalem is the valley of Jehoshaphat. Passing out of the gate of St. Stephen, you descend the hill to the torrent of the Kedron ; a bridge leads over its dry and deep bed ; it must have been very narrow, though in winter a rapid stream. A few steps beyond the Kedron, you come to the garden of Gethsemane, of all gardens the most interesting and hallowed, but how neglected and decayed ! It is surrounded by a kind of low hedge, but the soil is bare ; no verdure grows on it, save five or six fine venerable olive trees, which have stood here for many centuries. This spot is at the foot of Olivet, and is beautifully situated ; you look up and down the romantic valley ; close behind rises the mountain ; before you are the walls of the devoted city. While lingering here, at evening and solitary—for it is not often a footstep passes by—that night of sorrow and dismay rushes on the imagination, when the Redeemer was betrayed, and forsaken by all, even by the loved disciple. Hence the path winds up the Mount of Olives : it is a beautiful hill. On the summit are the remains of a church, built by the Empress Helena. Descending Olivet to the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat, you soon come to the pillar of Absa-

lom : it has a very antique appearance, and it is a pleasing object in the valley ; it is of a yellow stone, adorned with half columns, formed into three stages and terminates in a cupola. The tomb of Zecharias, adjoining, is square, with four or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock.

The small and wretched village of Siloa is built on the rugged sides of the hill above ; and just here the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat meet, at the southeast corner of Mount Zion ; they are both sprinkled with olive trees. Over the ravine of Hinnom, and directly opposite the city, is the Mount of Judgment, or of Evil Counsel ; because there, they say, the rulers took counsel against Christ, and there the palace of Caiaphas stood. It is a broad and barren hill, without any of the picturesque beauty of Olivet, though loftier. On its side is pointed out the Aceldema, or field where Judas hung himself : a small and rude edifice stands on it, and it is used as a burying place. But the most interesting portion of this hill is where its rocks descend precipitously into the valley of Hinnom, and are mingled with many a straggling olive tree. All these rocks are hewn into sepulchres of various forms and sizes ; no doubt they were the tombs of the ancient Jews, and are in general cut with considerable care and skill. The valley of Hinnom now turns to the west of the city, and extends rather beyond the north vale ; here the plain of Jeremiah commences, and is the best wooded tract in the whole neighbourhood. Above half a mile from the wall is a ruined desolate building, adorned with a few trees, and said to be the tombs of the kings.

On a delightful evening, we rode to the wilderness of St. John. The monastery of that name stands at the entrance ; it is a good and spacious building, and its terrace enjoys a fine prospect, in which is the lofty hill of Modin, with the ruins of the palace of the Maccabees on its summit. A small village adjoins the convent, in which are shown the remains of the house of Elizabeth, where

the meeting with Mary took place. The next morning we visited the wilderness ; it is narrow, partially cultivated, and sprinkled with trees ; the hills rise rather steep on each side ; from that on the right, a small stream flows into the ravine below. The whole appearance of the place is romantic ; and the prophet might have resided here, while exercising his ministry, with very little hardship. The neighbourhood still, no doubt, produces excellent honey, which is to be had throughout Palestine. High up the rocky side of the hill on the left, amidst a profusion of trees, is the cave or grotto of St. John. A fountain gushes out close by. When we talk of wildernesses, mountains, and plains in Palestine, it is to be understood that they seldom answer to the size of the same objects in more extensive countries ; that they sometimes present but a beautiful miniature of them. From the east end of the wilderness you enter the famous valley of Elah, where Goliath was slain by the champion of Israel. It is a pretty and interesting looking spot, the bottom covered with olive trees. Its present appearance answers exactly to the description given in Scripture ; the two hills on which the armies stood entirely confining it to the right and left. The valley is not half a mile broad. Tradition was not required to identify this spot ; nature has stamped it with everlasting features of truth. The brook still flows through it, in a winding course, from which David took the smooth stones ; the hills are not precipitous, but slope gradually down ; the vale is varied with banks and undulations, and not a single habitation is visible in it. From the scenes of some of the battles and positions of armies in those times, it is difficult to account for the mighty numbers stated as having fought ; where could they be drawn up ? The rich and beautiful plain of Esdralon is the most spacious area in the country, and was the theatre of some battles ; and the plain of Jericho is next in extent ; but when we read that many hundreds of thousands of men fought around Mount Ephraim, and

other scenes in this country, one is tempted to wonder how the confined valleys and open places one traverses could have contained them.

At the south-east of Zion, in the vale of Jehoshaphat, they say the gardens of Solomon stood, and also on the sides of the hill adjoining that of Olivet. It was not a bad, though rather a confined site for them. The valley here is covered with a rich verdure, divided by hedges into a number of small gardens. The places within the walls of the city, which tradition would render sacred, are innumerable. Beneath the gate of Bethlehem is shown the spot where Bathsheba was bathing when the King beheld her from the roof of his palace, and the present tower of David is built on the site of the ancient edifice. A small distance within the gate of St. Stephen that fronts Olivet, is the pool of Bethesda; it is deep and dry, the sides and bottom overgrown with grass, and containing two or three trees. A wretched street leads from this to the governor's palace, a spacious and rather ruinous building of Roman architecture; it contains some good apartments, the windows of which command an excellent view of the Mosque of Omar and its large area. In the palace the monks point out the room where Christ was confined before his trial; and at a short distance is a dark and ruinous hall, shown as the judgment-hall of Pilate. A little farther on is the arch where the Redeemer stood, as his judge exclaimed, "Behold the man." You then proceed along the street where Christ bore his cross, in which, and in the street leading up to Calvary, are three places where, staggering under the weight, he fell. These are marked by three small pillars laid flat on the ground. Departing from Jerusalem, and after many dangers, we came in sight of the Dead Sea, whose waters cover the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. On reaching the brink of the precipices which hang over the Dead Sea, the dawn was just appearing; and in the grey and cold light, the lake was seen far beneath, stretched out to an interminable length, while

the high mountains of Arabia Petraea opposite were shrouded in darkness. The descent of the heights was long and difficult ; and ere we reached the bottom, the ruddy glare of morning was on the precipices over our heads. The line of shore at the bottom was about two hundred yards wide, and we hastened to the edge of the lake ; but for several yards from it, the foot sunk in a black mud, and its surface was everywhere covered with a greyish scurf, which we were obliged to remove before tasting it. There was not a breath of wind, and the waters lay like lead on the shore. Whoever has seen the Dead Sea, will ever after have its aspect impressed on his memory ; it is, in truth, a gloomy and fearful spectacle. The precipices, in general, descend abruptly into the lake, and on account of their height, it is seldom agitated by the winds. Its shores are not visited by any footsteps, save those of the wild Arab, and he holds it in superstitious dread. On some of the rocks there is a thick sulphureous incrustation, which appears foreign to their substance ; and in their steep descents there are several deep caverns, where the benighted Bedouin sometimes finds a home. No unpleasant effluvia are perceptible around it, and birds are occasionally seen flying across. For a considerable distance from the bank the water appeared very shallow ; this, with the soft slime of the bottom, and the fatigue we had undergone, prevented our trying its buoyant properties by bathing. A few inches beneath the surface of the mud are found the black sulphureous stones out of which crosses are made and sold to the pilgrims. The water has an abominable taste, in which that of salt predominates ; and we observed incrustations of salt on the surface of some of the rocks.

The mountains of the Judæan side are lower than those of the Arabian, and also of a lighter colour. Bitumen abounds most on the opposite shore. There is no outlet to the lake, though the Jordan flows into it, as did formerly the Kedron, and the Arnon to the south.

It is not known that there has ever been any visible increase or decrease of its waters. Some have supposed that it finds a subterraneous passage to the Mediterranean, or that there is a considerable suction in the plain which forms its western boundary. But this plain, confined by the opposite mountains, is partially cultivated, and produces trees, and a rude pasture used by the camels of the Bedouins, although in some parts sandy. It has never been navigated since the cities were engulfed; and it is strange that no traveller should have thought of launching a boat to explore it, the only way that promises any success. Some stunted shrubs and patches of grass, a mere mockery of verdure, were scattered on the withered soil near the rocks. The golden and treacherous apples

That turn to ashes on the lips,

will be sought for in vain, as well as the fish in the lake, which have been also asserted to exist. The length of the Dead Sea is probably about sixty miles, and the general breadth eight. The sun had now risen above the eastern barrier of mountains, and shone full in the bosom of the lake, which had the appearance of a plain of burnished gold. But the sadness of the grave was on it, and around it, and the silence also. However vivid the feelings are on arriving on its shores, they subside after a time into languor and uneasiness, and you long, if it were possible, to see a tempest wake on its bosom, to give sound and life to the scene. The passage over the wilderness of Ziph had given us a more complete and intimate view of the lake than the usual route to Jericho, which conducts only to its commencement, at the embouchure of the Jordan. We had now to walk to its extremity along the shores, and over the plain to Jericho, in a sultry day; and we took a last look of this famous spot, to which earth can furnish no parallel. The precipices around Sinai are savage and shelterless, but not like these, which look as if the finger of an

avenging God had passed over their blasted fronts and recesses, and the deep at their foot, and caused them to remain for ever as when they first covered the guilty cities.

Carne's Letters from the East.

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

THE Mount of Olives, on whose summit I was seated, slopes suddenly and rapidly down to the deep abyss called Jehoshaphat, which separates it from Jerusalem. From the bottom of this sombre and narrow valley, the barren sides of which are everywhere paved with black and white stones, the funeral stones of death, rises an immense hill, with so abrupt an elevation that it resembles a fallen rampart; no tree here strikes its root, no moss even can fix its filaments; the slope is so steep that the earth and stones continually roll from it, and it presents to the eye only a surface of dry dust, as if powdered cinders had been thrown upon it from the heights of the city. Towards the middle of the hill or natural rampart, rise high and strong walls of large stones, not externally sawed by the mason, which conceal their Hebrew and Roman foundations beneath the same cinders, and are from 50 to 100, and farther on from 200 to 300, feet in height. The walls are here separated by three city gates, two of which are fastened up, and the only one open before us seems as void and as desolate as if it gave entrance only to an uninhabited town. The walls rising above these gates sustain a large and vast terrace which runs along two-thirds of the length of Jerusalem on the eastern side, and, judging by the eye, may be 1000 feet in length, and 500 or 600 in breadth. It is nearly level, except at its centre, where it sinks insensibly, as if to recall to the eye the valley which formerly separated the hill of Sion from the city of Jerusalem. This magnificent platform, prepared no doubt

by nature, but evidently finished by the hand of man, was the sublime pedestal upon which arose the temple of Solomon; it now supports two Turkish mosques: the one, El-Sakara, in the centre of the platform, on the very spot where the Temple formerly stood; the other is at the south-eastern extremity of the terrace, adjoining the walls of the city. The mosque of Omar, or El-Sakara, is a mass of stone and marble of immense dimensions, and of admirable Arab architecture; it has eight fronts, each front ornamented by seven arcades terminating in ogive; above this first order is a terraced roof, whence ascends quite another order of arcades more confined, finished by a graceful dome of copper, formerly gilt. The walls of the building, which are of blue enamel, terminate in light Moorish colonnades, corresponding to the eight gates of the mosque. Beyond these arches, detached from any other edifice, the platforms are continued, one to the northern extremity of the city, and the other to the walls on the south side. Lofty cypresses, scattered as if by accident, some olive trees and green ornamental shrubs, growing here and there between the mosques, set off their elegant architecture and the brilliant colouring of the walls, by their pyramidal form and sombre verdure interposing between the façades of the temples and the domes of the city. Beyond the platform, the two mosques, and the site of the Temple, the whole of Jerusalem is stretched before us, like the plan of a town in relief, spread by an artist upon a table,—the eye loses not a roof nor a stone. The city is not, as it has been represented, an unshapely and confused mass of ruins and ashes, or a few Bedouin tents pitched; neither is it, like Athens, a chaos of dust and crumbling walls, where the traveller seeks in vain the shadow of edifices, the traces of streets, the phantom of a city; but it is a city shining in light and colour! presenting nobly to view her intact and embattled walls, her blue mosque with its white colonnades, her thousand resplendent domes, from which the rays of an autumnal

sun are reflected in a dazzling vapour ; the façades of her houses, tinted by time and heat of the yellow and golden hue of the edifices of Pæstum or of Rome ; her old towers, the guardians of her walls, of which neither one stone, one loophole, nor one battlement is wanting ; and above all, amidst that ocean of houses, that cloud of little domes which cover them, is a dark elliptical dome, larger than the others, overlooked by another and a white one. These are the churches of the Holy Sepulchre and of Calvary ; from hence they are confounded and appear drowned in the immense labyrinth of domes, edifices, and streets, which encompass them ; and therefore there is much trouble in giving an account of the site of Calvary and the sepulchre ; which, according to the ideas we derive from the gospel history, should be placed on a separate hill without the walls, and not in the centre of Jerusalem. The city, confined on the side of Mount Sion, has no doubt enlarged herself on the north, to embrace within her circuit those two sites which redound to her shame and glory,—that of the murder of the just man, and the resurrection of the incarnate Deity.

Such is the city seen from the height of the Mount of Olives ! She has no horizon behind her to the west nor to the north. The line of her walls and her towers, the points of her numerous minarets, the arches of her shining domes, stand out in bold relief against the deep blue of an orient sky ; and thus exhibited on her broad and elevated platform, seems to shine in all the antique splendour of her prophecies, or to be only waiting the word to rise in dazzling glory from her successive ruins, and to be transformed into that New Jerusalem which is to come out of the bosom of the desert, radiant with brightness.

Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

I WENT to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and on my showing to the Turks, waiting at the door, where they sometimes smoke and drink their coffee, the paper from the Pasha of Damascus, they told me to pass on; and soon after the paper was returned to me in the church. Immediately as you enter, and elevated about a foot above the pavement, is a large slab of yellow-veined marble, with a sort of marble frame-work, about a foot high. At each end are four large candlesticks with wax-lights, and directly over it eight lamps are burning. On this slab was placed the body of our Lord when taken from the cross to be anointed before burial: and here, as people enter, they crowd around, men, women, and children, falling upon their knees, kissing the slab, and rubbing their cheeks upon it. I went forward and entered the rotunda, or chapel, between the columns or pillars which support the dome: of these, there are eighteen, and upon each is a painting. Directly under the dome was the Sepulchre of our Saviour, in a chapel or screen of stone, of an oblong shape, with one end as it were cut off, and forming the entrance. Many pilgrims were going in, pulling off their shoes or boots at the door, but this is not done by Franks. Stooping through the low doorway, I entered the chapel, which is about eight or nine feet square, and not more than six or seven in height. It is paved with marble, and has marble ornaments on the sides, with a great number of massive lamps kept constantly a-light. As soon as the number of pilgrims, who were kissing the place, permitted me to proceed, I squeezed into the other room, of about the same height but less in breadth, in which there is scarcely room for two people to pass beside the tomb, at least whilst they are kissing and rubbing their faces upon it, which some pilgrims kept doing for so long a time that the attendant told them to go.

This is the spot on which our Lord was deposited; and a priest occasionally sprinkled the slab with honey-water. The attendant took money from those who chose to give it, and I observed my servant, (who had kissed and rubbed his cheeks upon the marble like the rest,) throw him down a three-piastre piece, and on his telling him I was English, he poured some of the scented water into my hand. This room was also well lighted up. At the round end of this screen is a small chapel of the Copts, having been added afterwards to the Sepulchre. This part of the church consists only of the dome, and receives a good light through a large circular aperture at top, which was only an iron network. On entering the church, it appears smaller than one would have expected from the ponderous appearance of the dome, but more lofty, from the whole building being in such a hollow. The entrance of the Sepulchre faces a few steps that lead into and through the body of the Greek church, passing under the other dome of the Greek part of the church, to which you ascend by a few steps.

Madox's Excursions in the Holy Land.

MOUNT SINAI.

CONTINUING our course towards the north, we arrived within sight of Sinai, by a series of valleys, which expand or become narrow according to their composition and the rapidity of the currents which flow through them. After passing a considerable ridge of the mountain which forms the two grand outlets of the peninsula, we perceived the convent of St. Catherine, standing silently in the midst of the majestic mountains by which it is commanded. On the left rises Mount Horeb, a continuation of Sinai; in the midst extends the plain where the children of Israel encamped on their journey through

the wilderness. When we entered the convent, we were surprised, after having just quitted the desert, where we had seen only a wretched and unsettled people, to find the interior so neatly arranged and in such excellent order, and inhabited by so many cheerful and healthy monks. Ascending to their apartments, we beheld from them that magnificent prospect to which no artificial additions has been made to increase the charm of reality. The air of tranquillity, however, which we observed, is far from being uniform; clouds frequently lower over this peaceable horizon.

In order to complete my pilgrimage it was necessary that I should ascend Mount Sinai. None of the monks were disposed to accompany me; they lent me therefore one of their Arabian servants to be my guide, and to carry the provisions necessary for so fatiguing a journey. I fastened myself to the rope, and the windlass being turned round, I was gently deposited at the foot of the walls of the convent. The rope was rapidly drawn up again, to assure the poor monks that they were perfectly isolated in the midst of this hostile desert. The window which is the only entrance,—the cord which is the only communication with the external world,—give to the whole of this building a grave and solemn appearance. When I was drawn up by means of this machine, I felt the same impression as if I heard the creak of the hinges of a large door which closes on the visitor who enters through curiosity a state prison. This peculiarity appears to have existed from the time when the monks were obliged to protect themselves from the repeated hostilities of the surrounding Arabs.

Mount Horeb forms a kind of breast, from which Sinai rises. The former alone is seen from the valley, which accounts for the appearance of the burning bush on that mountain, and not in Sinai, (Exod. iii. 1, 2). Our course towards the summit of Sinai lay through a ravine to the south-west. The monks had arranged a series of slabs in tolerably regular order, which once formed a

convenient staircase to the top of the mountain. The rains, however, have disturbed them, and as no repairs had for a long time been attended to, the stairs were in many places in ruins. Just before reaching the foot of Sinai, immediately after quitting Horeb, the traveller sees a door built in the form of an arch; on the keystone of the arch a cross has been carved. We passed another similar door before arriving at a small level spot, whence we discovered the summit of Sinai, and the two edifices which surmount it. The nearest building is the chapel of the convent, the farther one is the mosque. In the distance is seen the chapel of Elias in ruins; and in the foreground the fountain and the cypress, which give some degree of animation to these rocks, whose grandeur is entirely lost by being compressed within so limited a space. The superior of the Franciscans found two cypresses and three olive-trees in this place, but the cypress alone survives. We climbed with difficulty to the top of Sinai, resting on each cleft or salient part of the rock, to which some traditions have been annexed by the inventive faculty of the monks, who have communicated them to the Arabs, always ready to listen to narratives of this description. Arrived on the summit, I was surprised by the briskness of the air. The eye sought in vain to catch some prominent object amid the chaos of rocks which were tumbled round the base, and vanished in the distance in the form of raging waves. Nevertheless, I distinguished the Red Sea, the mountains of Africa, and some summits of mountains which I easily recognised by their shapes: Schommar being distinguishable by its rounded masses, Serbal by its shooting points, and Tih by its immense prolongation. I visited the ruins of the mosque and of the Christian church, both of which rebuke, on this grand theatre of the three religions that divide the world, the indifference of mankind to the creeds which they once professed with so much ardour. Descending from the ravine which separates Sinai from Mount St. Catherine, we found, amidst the numerous

traces of the veneration formerly paid to all these places, the stone from which Moses caused water to spring forth by the command of God. This ravine, placed out of the course usually taken by travellers and pilgrims, has necessarily escaped their examination. It deserves, however, to be visited, even at the risk of all the fatigue with which such a journey would be attended, although the traveller had no other object in view than to admire those magnificent rocks, the profound silence that reigns amongst them, and the ruins of those modest hermitages, which remind us of the ages when religious enthusiasm led pilgrims far from their native land, and a pious resignation taught them to live happily, or at least tranquilly, in the midst of this vast solitude.

Laborde's Journey to Mount Sinai and Petra.

A STORM ON MOUNT LEBANON.

THE SNOW began to fall in large flakes, obliterating all traces of the path, which our guides sought in vain, and we had some difficulty in supporting our weary horses, whose iron shoes caused them to slip on the steep ledge which we were obliged to follow. The magnificent prospect of the valley of Balbec beneath us, and the summits of Anti-Lebanon, with the noble ruins of the Temples of Beka (lying in the full blaze of day), we could only catch glimpses of, at short intervals through the flying clouds: we appeared to be sailing in the heavens; and our resting-place, from which we were viewing the earth, seemed not to belong to it.

And now the murmuring winds, that had slept in the deep and lofty defiles of the mountains, began to utter mournful, and as it were, subterranean sounds, like the roaring of a heavy sea after a storm. The gusts passed like thunder-bolts, sometimes over our heads, and sometimes in the lower regions beneath our feet—driving

before them as dead leaves, masses of snow, quantities of stones, and even large pieces of rock, with the same violence wherewith they would have been thrown from the cannon's mouth. Two of our horses were struck by them and rolled over the precipice ; not one of us however was touched. My young Arabian stallions, that were being led, seemed petrified with terror ; they stopped short and raised their nostrils ; they did not neigh, but uttered a guttural cry, similar to the rattling in a man's throat. We marched on close together, both for the sake of mutual protection, and that we might the more easily afford each other assistance in the event of an accident. The night grew darker and darker ; and the snow which beat in our eyes deprived us of the little light which might still have directed us. The whirlwind filled all the defile in which we were with snow, which turning rapidly round, rose in columns to the sky, and fell again in immense sheets like the foam of a huge wave, upon the rocks beneath. There were times when it was impossible to breathe ; our guides stopped every instant, hesitated, and discharged their muskets as signals to us ; but the furious wind would allow nothing to be heard, and the sound of our arms resembled the light crack of a whip.

In proportion, however, as we advanced farther into this lofty defile of the highest regions of Lebanon, we heard with considerable alarm, a deep, continued, low roar, which increased from time to time, and formed as it were the bass of a horrible concert of warring elements—we knew not what to imagine. It seemed as if a part of the mountain had fallen, and was rolling down like a torrent of rocks. The thick cloud touching the very ground, hid every thing from us, and we therefore knew not where we were. We saw pass by us, horses without riders, mules without burdens, and several camels that were flying towards the snowy side of the mountain. These were quickly followed by some Arabs, who, calling out to us, directed us to stop, showing us at

the same time with their hands, at forty or fifty paces beneath us, a ruinous cottage built against a rock, which the clouds had hitherto concealed from us. A column of smoke and the glimmer of a fire were to be seen through the door of this cabin, the roof of which, of enormous branches of cedar, had just been half carried away by the hurricane, and was now hanging against the wall. This, the khan of Murat Bey, was the only asylum that we could procure on this part of Lebanon. A poor Arab inhabits it during the summer, to offer barley and a shelter to the caravans of Damascus which pass by this route into Syria.

We descended thither with some difficulty, by means of steps cut in the rock, but now covered a foot deep with snow. The torrent which flowed a hundred paces beneath the cottage, and which we had to cross, in order to ascend to the higher region of the mountains, had become all at once an immense river, hurrying along with it huge masses of stone and the wrecks of the tempest. Surprised on its banks by the whirlwind, and half buried in snow, the Arabs whom we met had taken the burdens from their camels and mules, and had left them on the spot, to save themselves at the cottage of Murat. We found it, indeed, filled with these men and their beasts; no space was left either for us or our horses: nevertheless, sheltered by the projection of rock, which was larger than a house, we felt the wind less; while the clouds of snow, hurried from the summit of Lebanon and passing over our heads in their progress to the plain, began to fall less heavily, and allowed us to perceive, at intervals, a small portion of the sky where the stars were already glittering. The wind soon after altogether fell: we dismounted, and endeavoured to construct a shelter, in which we might pass, not only the night, but many days, if the torrent, which we heard without seeing it, shov'd continue to obstruct the passage.

Beneath the walls of the cabin, and under shelter of a part of the branches of cedar which had formed the roof,

there was a space ten feet square covered with snow and mud ; we swept away the snow, but there still remained a foot of soft mire, on which we could not place our carpets, we therefore drew from the roof some branches of trees, which we laid like a hurdle upon the saturated ground, and which thus prevented our mats from becoming soaked in the water ; our mattresses, our carpets, and our cloaks, formed a second flooring. We lighted a fire in one corner of our retreat ; and thus we passed the long night of the 7th, and 8th of April 1833. From time to time the hurricane, which had been hushed, again rose ; the mountain seemed about to tremble in pieces, the enormous rock against which the cottage had been built trembled like the trunk of a tree shaken by a gust of wind ; and the torrent seemed to fill all space with its continued roar. We contrived however to get sleep at last ; and were awakened at a late hour the following day by the dazzling rays of an unclouded sun upon the snow. The Arabs our companions had departed ; they had made the passage of the torrent in safety, and we perceived them at a distance climbing the hills over which we had to follow them. We now set out ourselves, and walked for four hours through a lofty valley, where, as on the summit of Mount Blanc, we saw nothing but the snow beneath our feet, and the sky above our head. The dazzling effect upon our eyes, the dead silence, and the danger that attended each step as we advanced over these deserts of newly-formed snow (where not a trace of path was to be found), induced a solemn and religious train of thought as we traversed the lofty pillars of the earth—the spine as it were of a continent. We looked involuntarily towards each point of the horizon and of the heavens, and every phenomenon of nature attracted our attention ; one indeed, presented an appearance which I had never before observed. Suddenly, at the summit of Lebanon, against the side of a projection half shaded from the morning sun, I beheld a magnificent rainbow, not thrown up like an airy bridge,

uniting the mountain-top with the heavens, but lying upon the snow in concentric circles, like a serpent of most dazzling colours: it was like a rainbow-rest surprised on the most inaccessible ridge of Lebanon. As the sun rose and fell upon the white projection, the circles of the rainbow of a thousand mingling hues, appeared to be disturbed and to rise. The extremity of these luminous volutes springing in effect from the earth, mounted some fathoms toward heaven, as if it essayed to lance itself towards the sun, and descended again in the light coloured vapour and liquid pearls which fell thick around us. In two hours we descended to the village of Humana situated at the head of the magnificent valley of that name.

Lamartine's Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

CHAPTER IX.

HISTORIC SCENES.

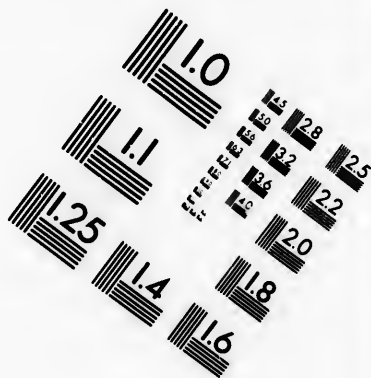
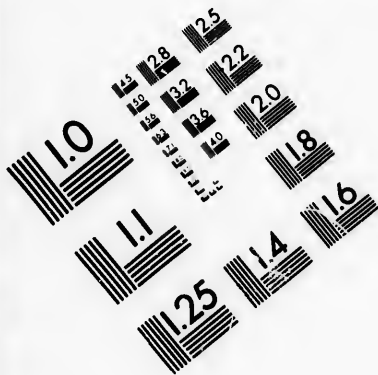
“Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust.”

CHILDE HAROLD.

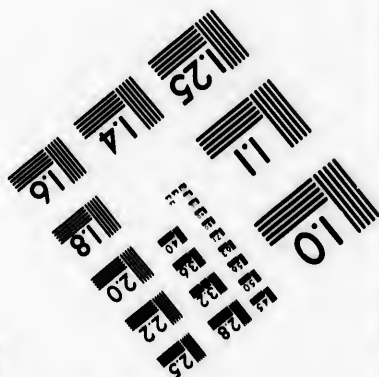
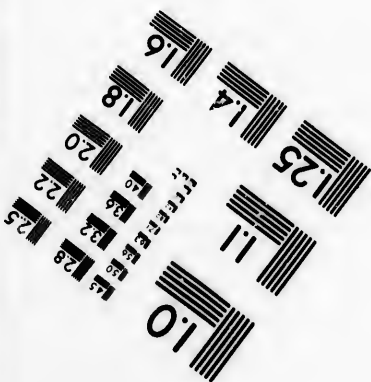
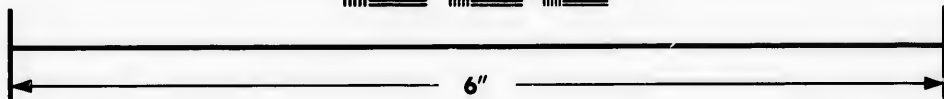
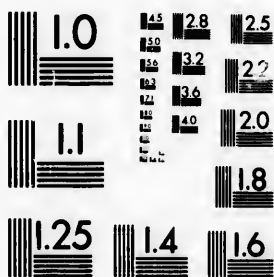
ROME.

WE set out in the dark. Morning dawned over the Lago di Vico; its waters of a deep ultramarine blue, and its surrounding forests catching the rays of the rising sun. It was in vain I looked for the cupola of St Peter's, upon descending the mountains beyond Viterbo. Nothing but a sea of vapours was visible at first; but then they rolled away, and the spacious plains began to show themselves, in which the most warlike of nations reared





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their seat of empire. On the left, afar off, rises the rugged chain of Appenines, and on the other side, a shining expanse of ocean terminates the view. It was on this vast surface so many illustrious actions were performed, and I know not where a mighty people could have chosen a grander theatre. Here was space for the march of armies, and verge enough for encampments; levels for martial games, and room for that variety of events, and causeways that led from the capital to Ostia. How many triumphant legions have trodden these pavements! how many captive kings! What throngs of cars and chariots once glittered on their surface! savage animals dragged from the interior of Africa; and the ambassadors of Indian princes, followed by their exotic train, hastening to implore the favour of the senate!

During many ages, this eminence commanded almost every day such illustrious scenes; but all are vanished; the splendid tumult is passed away; silence and desolation remain. Dreary flats thinly scattered over with ilex, and barren hillocks crowned by solitary towers, were the only objects we perceived for several miles. Now and then we passed a few black ill-favoured sheep, straggling by the way side, near a ruined sepulchre. Sometimes we crossed a brook, whose rippings were the only sounds which broke the general stillness, and observed the shepherds' huts on its banks, propped up with broken pedestals of marble frizes. I entered one of them, whose owner was abroad tending his herds, and began writing on the sand and murmuring a melancholy song. Perhaps the dead listened to me from these narrow cells! The living I can answer for,—they were far enough removed.

You will not be surprised at the dark tone of my musings in so sad a scene, especially as the weather lowered. To-day there was no blue firmament to revive the spirits; no genial gales, no aromatic plants to irritate my nerves, and give a momentary animation. Heath and a greyish kind of moss are the sole vegetation

of this wilderness. Every slope is strewed with the relics of a happier period; trunks of trees, shattered columns, cedar beams, helmets of bronze, skulls, and coins, are frequently dug up together.

I could have spent the whole day by the rivulet, lost in dreams and meditations; but I ran back to my carriage, and drove on. The road not having been mended, I suppose, since the days of the Cæsars, would not allow our motions to be very precipitate. "When you gain the summit of yonder hill, you will discover Rome," said one of the postilions: up we dragged; no city appeared. "From the next," cried a second; and so on, from height to height, did they amuse my expectations. I thought Rome fled before us, such was my impatience, till at last we perceived a cluster of hills with green pastures on their summits, inclosed by thickets and shaded by flourishing ilex. Here and there a white house, built in the antique style, with open porticoes, that just received a faint gleam of the evening sun, just emerged from the clouds, and tinting the meads below. New domes and towers began to discover themselves in the valley, and St Peter's to rise above the magnificent roofs of the Vatican. Every step we advanced the scene extended, till, winding suddenly round the hill, all Rome opened to our view.

Shall I ever forget the sensations I experienced upon slowly descending the hills, and crossing the bridge over the Tiber; when I entered an avenue between terraces and ornamental gates of villas, which leads to the Porto del Populo, and beheld the square, the domes, the obelisk, the long perspective of streets and palaces all glowing with the vivid red of sunset? You can imagine how I enjoyed my beloved tint, my favourite hour, surrounded by such objects. You can fancy me ascending Monte Cavallo, leaning against the pedestal which supports Bucephalus; then, spite of time and distance, hurrying to St Peter's.

I met the holy father in all his pomp returning from

vespers, trumpets flourishing, and a troop of guards drawn out upon Ponte St Angelo. Casting a respectful glance upon the Moles Adriani, I moved on till the full sweep of St Peter's colonnade opened upon me. The edifice appears to have been raised within the year, such is its freshness and preservation. I could hardly take my eyes from off the beautiful symmetry of its front, contrasted with the magnificent, though irregular courts of the Vatican towering over the colonnade, till, the sun sinking behind the dome, I ran up the steps and entered the grand portal, which was on the very point of being closed.

I knew not where I was, or to what scene transported. A sacred twilight concealing the extremities of the structure, I could not distinguish any particular ornament, but enjoyed the effect of the whole. No damp air or fetid exhalation offended me. The perfume of incense was not yet entirely dissipated. No human being stirred. I heard a door close with the sound of thunder, and thought I distinguished some faint whisperings, but knew not whence they came. Several hundred lamps twinkled round the high altar, quite lost in the immensity of the pile. No other light disturbed my reveries, but the dying glow still visible through the western windows.

Beckford's Italy.

MOSCOW.

At daylight we arrived at the last post; and here, for the first time, we saw evidences of our approach to a great city. Four or five travelling carriages were waiting for horses, some of which had been waiting all night; but our diligence being a "public accommodation," we were preferred, and had the first that came in. We took our places for the last time in the dili-

gence, and passed two or three fine chateaux, our curiosity and interest increasing as we approached, until, at about five versts from Moscow, as we reached the summit of a gentle eminence, the whole city broke upon us at one view, situated in the midst of a great plain, and covering an extent of more than thirty versts. Moscow is emphatically the city of churches, containing more than 600, many of which have five or six domes, with steeples, and spires, and crosses, gilded and connected together with golden chains like those of Chioff. Its convents, too, are almost innumerable, rivalling the churches in size and magnificence, and even to us, coming directly from the capital of the Eastern Empire, presenting a most striking and extraordinary appearance. As we passed the barrier, two of the most conspicuous objects on each side were the large Greek convents, enclosed by high walls, with noble trees growing above them; and as we rode through the wide and showy streets, the first thing that struck me as strange, and in this inhospitable climate (always associated in my mind with rude and wintry scenes) as singularly beautiful, was the profusion of plants and flowers, with the remarkable degree of taste and attention given to their cultivation. In Greece and Turkey I had seen the rarest plants and flowers literally "wasting their sweetness on the desert air;" while here, in the heart of an inhospitable country, every house had a courtyard or garden, and in front a light open portico or veranda, ornamented with plants, and shrubs, and flowers, forced into a glowing though unnatural beauty. The whole appearance of the city is Asiatic; and as the exhibition of flowers in front of the better class of houses was almost universal, Moscow seemed basking in the mild climate of Southern Asia, rioting in its brief period of vernal existence, and forgetting that in a few weeks a frost would come and cover their beauty with the dreary drapery of winter.

In Moscow, the great, and to me I had almost said the

only object of interest, is the Kremlin. I always detested a cicerone; his bowing, fawning, and prating annoyed me; and all through Italy, with my map and guide-book under my arm, I was in the habit of rambling about alone. I did the same at Moscow, and again walked to the Kremlin unaccompanied. Unlike many of the places I had visited, all the interest I had felt in looking forward to the Kremlin was increased when I stood within its walls. I had thought of it as the rude and barbarous palace of the Czars, but I found it one of the most extraordinary, beautiful, and magnificent objects I ever beheld. I rambled over it several times with admiration, without attempting to comprehend it all. Its commanding situation on the banks of the Moskwa river; its high and venerable walls; its numerous battlements, towers, and steeples; its magnificent and gorgeous palaces; its cathedrals, churches, monasteries, and bellfries, with their gilded, coppered, and tin-plated domes; its mixture of barbarism and decay, magnificence and ruins; its strong contrast of architecture, including the Tartarian, Hindoo, Chinese, and Gothic; and, rising above all, the lofty tower of Ivan Veli-ki, with its golden ball reflecting the sun with dazzling brilliancy, all together exhibited a beauty, grandeur, and magnificence, strange and indescribable.

The Kremlin is "the heart" and "sacred place" of Moscow, once the old fortress of the Tartars, and now the centre of the modern city. It is nearly triangular in form, enclosed by a high brick wall painted white, and nearly two miles in extent, and is in itself a city. It has five gates, at four of which there are high watch-towers. The fifth is "our Saviour's," or the Holy Gate, through whose awe-commanding portals no male, not even the emperor and autocrat of all the Russians, can pass, except with uncovered head and bended body. Barchaded, I entered by this gate, and passed on to a noble esplanade, commanding one of the most interesting views of Moscow, and having in front the range of

palaces of the Czars. I shall not attempt to describe these palaces. They are a combination of every variety of taste, and every order of architecture, Grecian, Gothic, Italian, Tartar, and Hindoo, rude, fanciful, grotesque, gorgeous, magnificent, and beautiful. The churches, monasteries, arsenals, museum, and public buildings, are erected with no attempt at regularity of design, and in the same wild confusion of architecture. There are no regular streets, but three open places or squares, and abundance of room for carriages and foot passengers, with which, in summer afternoons, it is always thronged.

Having strolled for some time about the Kremlin, I entered the Cathedral of the Assumption, the most splendid church in Moscow. It was founded in 1325, and rebuilt in 1472. It is loaded with gorgeous and extravagant ornaments. The *iconastos* or screen which divides the sanctuary from the body of the church, is in many parts covered with plates of solid silver and gold, richly and finely wrought. On the walls are painted the images of more than 2300 saints, some at full length and some of a colossal size, and the whole interior seems illuminated with gold of which more than 210,000 leaves have been employed in embellishing it. From the centre of the roof is suspended a crown of massive silver, with forty-eight chandeliers, all in a single piece, and weighing nearly 3000 pounds. Besides the portraits of saints and martyrs, there are portraits of the old historians, whose names, to prevent confusion, are attached to their resemblances, as Aristotle, Anacharsis, Thucydides, Plutarch, &c. Some of the paintings on wood could not fail to delight an antiquary, inasmuch as every vestige of paint being obliterated, there is abundance of room for speculation as to their age and character. There is also an image of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke's own hand!!!—the face dark, almost black, the head encircled with a glory of precious stones, and the hands and the body gilded. It is

reverenced for its miraculous powers, guarded with great care, and enclosed within a large silver covering, which is never removed but on great religious festivals, or on payment of a ruble to the *verger*. Here, too, is a nail from the cross, a robe of our Saviour's, and part of one of the *Virgins*!!! And here, too, are the tombs of the church patriarchs, one of whom, St. Phillippe, honoured by a silver monument, dared to say to John the terrible, "We respect you as an image of the Divinity, but as a man you partake of the dust of the earth."

The Cathedral of the Assumption is honoured as the place where the sovereigns of Russia are crowned, and there is but a step from their throne to their grave, for near it is the Cathedral of the archangel Michael, the ancient burial-place where, in raised sepulchres, lie the bodies of the Czars, from the time when Moscow became the seat of empire until the close of the seventeenth century. The bodies rest in raised tombs or sepulchres, each covered with a velvet pall, and having on it a silver plate, bearing the name of the occupant and the date of his decease. Close by is an odd looking church, constantly thronged with devotees; a humble structure, said to be the oldest Christian church in Moscow. It was built in the desert, before Moscow was thought of, and its walls are strong enough to last till the gorgeous city shall become a desert again.

After strolling through the churches, I ascended the tower of Ivan Veliki, or John the Great, the first of the Czars. It is about 270 feet high, and contains 33 bells, the smallest weighing 7000, and the largest more than 124,000 pounds English. On festivals they are all tolled together, the Muscovites being extremely fond of Ivan Veliki's music. This celebrated tower rises above every other object in the Kremlin, and its large gilded dome and cross are conspicuous from every part of the city. From its top I had the finest view of Moscow and the surrounding country, and perhaps the finest panoramic view in the world. Hundreds of churches

were in sight, with their almost innumerable domes, and spires, and crosses glittering with gold, Tartaric battlements, terraces, balconies, and ramparts, Gothic steeples, Grecian columns, the star, the crescent, and the cross, palaces, mosques, and Tartar temples, pagodas, pavilions, and verandas, monasteries peeping out over high walls and among noble trees, the stream of the Moskwa winding prettily below, and in the distance the Sparrow Hills, on which the French army first made its appearance on the invasion of Moscow. It may seem strange, but I did not feel myself a stranger on the top of that tower. Thousands of miles away I had read its history. I knew that the magnificent city at my feet had been a sheet of fire, and that when Napoleon fled by the light of its conflagration, a dreadful explosion shook to their foundation the sacred precincts of the Kremlin, and rent from its base to its top the lofty tower of Ivan.

I descended and was conducted by a noble staircase to the *belle etage*, a gallery composed of five parts, in the first of which are the portraits of all the emperors and czars and their wives, in the exact costume of the times in which they lived; in another is a model of a palace projected by the Empress Catherine, to unite the whole Kremlin under one roof having a circumference of two miles, and make of it one magnificent palace; if it had been completed according to the plan, this palace would have surpassed the Temple of Solomon, or any of the seven wonders of the world. In another is a collection of precious relics, such as the crowns worn by the different emperors and czars, loaded with precious stones; the dresses worn at their marriages; the canopies under which the emperors are married, surmounted by magnificent plumes; two canopies of red velvet, studded with gold, and a throne with two seats. The crown of Prince Valdimir is surmounted by a golden cross, and ornamented with pearls and precious stones, and, until the time of Peter the Great, was used to crown the czars;

the crown of the conquered kingdom of Cazan was placed there by the victorious hands of John Vassilivitch. Besides these were the crowns of the conquered countries of Astrachan and Siberia. That of John Alexius has 881 diamonds, and under the cross which surmounts it is an immense ruby. There were also the crown of Peter the Great, containing 847 diamonds; that of Catherine I. his widow, containing 2536 fine diamonds, to which the Empress Anne added a ruby of enormous size, bought by the Russian ambassador at Pekin; and, lastly, the crown of unhappy Poland!

* * * * *

Leaving for a moment the throng promenade, I turned into a thick forest, and entered the old chateau of the great Peter. There all was solitude; the footman and I had the palace to ourselves. I followed him through the whole range of apartments, in which there was an appearance of stayed respectability that quite won my heart, neither of them being any better furnished than one of our old-fashioned country houses. The pomp and show that I saw glittering through the opening in the trees were unknown in the days of the good old Peter; the chateau was silent and deserted; the hand that built it was stiff and cold, and the heart that loved it had ceased to beat; old Peter was in his grave, and his descendants loved better their splendid palaces on the banks of the Neva.

When Moscow was burning, Napoleon fled to this chateau for refuge. I stopped for a moment in the chamber, where, by the blaze of the burning city, he dictated his dispatches for the capital of France; gave the attendant a ruble, and again mixed with the throng, with whom I rambled up and down the principal promenade, and at eleven o'clock was at my hotel.

The reader may perhaps ask if such is indeed what the traveller finds in Russia; "Where are the eternal snows that cover the steppes and the immense wastes of that northern empire—that chill the sources of enjoy-

ment, and congeal the very fountains of life?" I answer, they have but just past by, and they will soon come again; the present is the season of enjoyment; the Russians know it to be brief and fleeting, and like butterflies, unfold themselves to the sun and flutter among the flowers.

Like them, I made the most of it at Moscow. Mounted in a drosky, I hurried from church to church, from convent to convent, and from quarter to quarter. But although it is the duty of a traveller to see every thing that is to be seen, and although there is a kind of excitement in hurrying from place to place, which he is apt to mistake for pleasure, it is not in this that his real enjoyment is found. His true pleasure is in turning quietly to those things which are interesting to the imagination as well as to the eyes, and so I found myself often turning from the churches and palaces, specimens of architecture and art, to the sainted walls of the Kremlin. Here were the first and last of my visits; and whenever I sauntered forth without any specific object, perhaps to the neglect of many other places I ought to have seen, my footsteps involuntarily turned thitherward.

Outside and beneath the walls of the Kremlin, and running almost the whole extent of its circumference, are boulevards and a public garden, called the Emperor's, made within a few years, and the handsomest thing of the kind in Moscow; I am not sure but that I may add any where else. I have compared it in my mind to the gardens of the Luxembourg and Tuilleries, and in many respects hold it to be more beautiful. It is more agreeably irregular and undulating in its surface, and has a more rural aspect, and the groves and plants are better arranged, although it has not the statues, lakes, and fountains of the pride of Paris. I loved to stroll through this garden, having on one side of me the magnificent buildings of the great Russian princes, seigneurs, and merchants, among the finest and most conspicuous of which is the former residence of the unhappy Queen of

Georgia ; and on the other side, visible through the foliage of the trees, the white walls of the Kremlin, and, towering above them, the domes of the palaces and churches within, and the lofty tower of Ivan Veliki.

On the last day of my stay in Moscow, a great crowd drew me to the door of the church, where some fête was in course of celebration, in honour of the birth, marriage, or some other incident in the life of the emperor or empress. The archbishop, a venerable-looking old man, was officiating ; and when he came out, a double line of men, women, and children, was drawn up from the door of the church to his carriage, all pressing forward and struggling to kiss his hands. The crowd dispersed, and I strolled once more through the repository of heirlooms, and imperial reliques and trophies ; but passing by the crowns loaded with jewels, the canopies and thrones adorned with velvet and gold, I paused before the throne of unhappy Poland ! I have seen great cities desolate and in ruins, magnificent temples buried in the sands of the African desert, and places once teeming with fertility now lying waste and silent ; but no monument of fallen greatness ever affected me more than this. It was covered with blue velvet, and studded with golden stars. It had been the seat of Casimir, and Sobieski, and Stanislaus Augustus. Brave men had gathered round it, and sworn to defend it, and died in redeeming their pledge. Their oaths are registered in heaven, their bodies rest in bloody graves ! Poland is blotted from the list of nations, and her throne, unspotted with dishonour, brilliant as the stars which glitter on its surface, is exhibited as a Russian trophy, before which the stoutest manhood need not blush to drop a tear.

Towards evening I returned to my favourite place, the porch of the palace of the Czars. I seated myself on the step, took out my tablets, and commenced a letter to my friends at home. What should I write ? Above me was the lofty tower of Ivan Veliki ; below, a solitary soldier, in his grey overcoat, was retiring to a sentry-box

to avoid a drizzling rain. His eyes were fixed upon me, and I closed my book. I am not given to musing, but I could not help it. Here was the theatre of one of the most extraordinary events in the history of the world. After sixty battles, and a march of more than 2000 miles, the grand army of Napoleon entered Moscow, and found no smoke issuing from a single chimney, nor a Muscovite even to gaze upon them from the battlements or walls. Moscow was deserted, her magnificent palaces forsaken by their owners, her 300,000 inhabitants vanished as if they had never been. Silent and amazed, the grand army filed through its desolate streets. Approaching the Kremlin, a few miserable, ferocious, and intoxicated wretches, left behind as a savage token of the national hatred, poured a volley of musketry from the battlements. At midnight the flames broke out in the city; Napoleon, driven from his quarters in the suburbs, hurried to the Kremlin, ascended the steps, and entered the door at which I sat. For two days the French soldiers laboured to repress the fierce attempts to burn the city. Russian police-officers were seen stirring up the fire with tarred lances; hideous-looking men and women, covered with rags, were wandering like demons amid the flames, armed with torches, and striving to spread the conflagration. At midnight again the whole city was in a blaze; and while the roof of the Kremlin was on fire, and the panes of the window against which he leaned were burning to the touch, Napoleon watched the course of the flames, and exclaimed, "What a tremendous spectacle! These are Scythians indeed!" Amid volumes of smoke and fire, his eyes blinded by the intense heat, and his hands burned in shielding his face from its fury, and traversing streets arched with fire, he escaped from the burning city.

Russia is not classic ground. It does not stand before us covered with the shadow of great men's deeds. A few centuries ago it was overrun by wandering tribes of Barbarians; but what is there in those lands which

stand forth on the pages of history, crowned with the glory of their ancient deeds, that, for extraordinary daring, for terrible sublimity and undaunted patriotism, exceeds the burning of Moscow. Neither Marathon nor Thermopylae, nor the battle of the Horatii, nor the defence of Ctesias, nor the devotion of the Decii, can equal it; and when time shall cover with its dim and quiet glories that bold and extraordinary deed, the burning of Moscow will be regarded as outstripping all that we read of Grecian or Roman patriotism, and the name of the Russian governor (Rostopchin), if it be not too tough a name to hand down to posterity, will never be forgotten.

Stephens' Incidents of Travel.

As I was passing down the coast of Malabar from Mangalore to Bombay, in the month of December 1822, I bade the *tindal* of my *patamare* bear up for the harbour of Goa. If you close your eyes while listening to the song of the Moorish *clases*, you may for the time fancy you hear the peasants of the south of Spain; and so, with all my recollections of the Peninsula strongly awakened by the power of association, I sailed into the outer harbour, a noble and capacious basin, well land-locked, and overlooked by hill, and tower, and neglected fort. One Portuguese man-of-war lay idly there, without any look of life or readiness; and it was difficult to believe, as you marked the slovenly figures leaning over the sides, that they were the descendants of those mariners who first braved the "stormy spirit of the Cape."

I was soon seated under an awning in a boat from the shore, and was rowed rapidly across the second bar, and up the noble reach, on one bend of which stands modern

Goa, a small inconsiderable sea port, some miles below the old city, which has, from a variety of causes, been deserted, fallen to decay, and, with the exception of its convents and churches, palaces and prisons, which, from the solidity of their construction, yet remain, has disappeared. I landed at the port; and from the shop of a Parsee, the only place in this dirty town in which I could find shelter, I wrote a note to the governor, requesting permission to visit old Goa. The only fine-looking men to be seen in the streets were the soldiers of a corps lately arrived from Lisbon; for the inhabitants looked poor and indolent, their dress mean and dirty, yet not without an affectation of something which bespoke the existence and indulgence of vanity.

On the return of my servant, we again rowed forwards. Nothing can be finer, in its way, than the thick plantations of cocoanut (ever so gracefully rich in appearance), which clothe either bank of the broad water near old Goa, whose churches and convents peer forth from among them with an air of monastic repose and stateliness. We moored our boat at the garden steps at the convent or college of St. Thomas. It was a burning afternoon, and the hour of siesta; I could find no one to answer my inquiries. I paced the cloisters below and the galleries above, and heard but the echo of my own boots. At last, I saw a sickly face at an open door, and entering, found it was the dispensary. To the lean-visaged guardian of it I stammered out my story, in very indifferent Portuguese to that which I could and should have spoken ten years before; and bade him say to his brothers that I wished a night's lodgings in the convent. I then went below, and desiring my servant to prepare a curry and spread my carpet on the river's bank, I walked up to the hill above, towards the Augustine convent. I shall never forget the deep dull sound of its loud and mournful bell, as the first note of its vesper-peal struck upon my ear. Heavily to the heart it went. I never heard a

finer-toned or more sadly musical bell, than that which calls from the tower of the Augustines to the forsaken, solitary, and grass-grown city of Goa. I entered its large handsome church. The voice that read, and those that chanted, and the tinkling monitor for their kneelings and crossings, all sounded strangely weak, as if they struggled with a sense of desertion and loneliness, with a deep silence, which mocked and oppressed them.

I walked slowly round the cloisters, filled with paintings in fresco, of little merit, but the subjects interesting; almost all relate to some tale of martyrdom of the order. The dark and savage Moor, and the pale and patient monk, are in some of them very happily contrasted. I wished to find the tomb of Francis Xavier; one of the lay servants directed me towards it. It is in a small church near the empty and decaying college of the Jesuits. A young sacristan opened for me the dark chapel which contains the tomb. It is richly ornamented. There is a chest of silver above, said to contain his ashes, and lamps of silver are hung around: below, there are four reliefs most beautifully executed in bronze: the subjects—his preaching to the idolaters, his baptizing of the converts, his persecution, his death. You cannot look upon the portraiture of such a life and such a death without uttering that broken sound, which is neither a word nor a sigh, but which implies that we venerate the tenant of the tomb. You pass forth, however, and exult to see the Inquisition open to the curiosity and contempt of the passer-by, and abandoned to disregarded decay. Not so do you look at the deserted palace of the ancient governors; for the Albuquerque and De Castro were no common men. I wandered on through narrow green paths and among tall trees, and visited two more convents before sunset. None have their compliment of brethren; but none, save that of the Jesuits, are empty. Generally, the superior, and one or two more are Europeans, or of European parents; the others are Goa-born,

European only by descent and in name, but having Indian complexions, and all the confined notions of their ignorant uneducated fathers.

I returned to my carpet and my curry, and found one of the order waiting to conduct me to the senior brother. I excused myself till I had dined, and then went up. He was very cordial, and amusingly and *fussily* civil. He was Indian-born with a deep yellow complexion. He gave me a large glass of excellent Lisbon wine, ordered me a room and a bed, and seemed to me to carry as many keys, and open as many cupboards, and go as often in and out of the chamber, as a disturbed old house-keeper.

I found my good host too *distract* to give me information on the subjects most interesting to me, and I relieved him and myself, by retiring to my cell, where I laid me down on an excellent bed with fine linen, and felt all the luxury of being fatigued. With the early morn I was forth again; again heard the bell of the Augustines, and obeyed its summons. After passing some time in the church and cloisters, I went down to the cathedral: there were ten canons in their stalls; the dean officiated, the sacristans, the vespers, and the choristers, all in their appointed places; as for congregation, there was only one person present, an elderly Portuguese gentleman. Yes, there were *four* stout American slaves, the bearers of the dean's *mancheela*, who talked, and whispered, and giggled in the side aisles, till the bell announced the elevation of the host, and then ran forward and knelt and crossed themselves. They were fine young men, with athletic frames, naked skins black and polished, teeth like ivory, the thick lip, the woolly and curly head; and they had the cunning glance, the free gesture, and the broad laugh of the half-tamed savage. I was wonderfully struck with all this. The establishment of this cathedral being still supported by the original grants of land, and the priests here, as well as the monks in the neighbouring convents, clinging of course to their property, Goa pre-

sents a scene which perhaps no other place in the world can or should resemble.

Goa the golden exists no longer. Goa! where the aged De Gama closed his glorious life; Goa! where the immortal Camoens sung and suffered;—it is now but a vast and grassy tomb; and it seems as if its thin and gloomy population of priests and friars were only spared to chant requiems for its departed souls.

Sherer's Imagery of Foreign Travel.

SCOTT'S VISIT TO THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I was early in making my pilgrimage, yet there were half a dozen parties upon the ground at the same time with that to which I belonged. Honest John de Coster, the Flemish peasant, whom Bonaparte has made immortal by pressing into his service as a guide, was the person in most general request, and he repeated with great accuracy the same simple tale to all who desired to hear him. I questioned him long and particularly, but I cannot pretend to have extracted any information in addition to what has been long ago very accurately published in the newspapers. For I presume you would be little interested in knowing, that, upon this memorable occasion, the ex-emperor rode a dappled horse, and wore a grey surtout with a green uniform coat; and, in memory of his party's badge, as I suppose, a violet coloured waistcoat, and pantaloons of the same. It was, however, with no little emotion that I walked with de Coster from one place to another, making him show me, as nearly as possible, the precise stations which had been successively occupied by the fallen monarch on that eventful day. The first was at the farm of Rossum, near to that of La Belle Alliance, from which he had witnessed the unsuccessful attempt upon Hougoumont. He remained there till about four o'clock, and then re-

moved into the cottage of de Coster, where he continued until he descended into the ravine or hollow way. There was a deep and inexpressible feeling of awe in the reflection, that the last of these positions was the identical place from which he, who had so long held the highest place in Europe, beheld his hopes crushed, and his power destroyed. To recollect, that within a short month, the man whose name had been the terror of Europe, stood on the very ground which I now occupied,—that right opposite was placed that commander whom the event of that day hailed *Vainqueur du Vainqueur de la terre*—that the landscape, now solitary and peaceful around me, presented so lately a scene of such horrid magnificence—that the very individual who was now at my side, had then stood by that of Napoleon, and witnessed every change in his countenance, from hope to despair,—to recollect all this, oppressed me with sensations which I find it impossible to describe. The scene seemed to have shifted so rapidly, that even while I stood on the very stage where it was exhibited, I felt an inclination to doubt the reality of what had passed.

De Coster himself seems a sensible shrewd peasant. He complained that the curiosity of the visitors who came to hear his tale interfered a good deal with his ordinary and necessary occupations. I advised him to make each party, who insisted upon seeing and questioning him, a regular charge of five francs, and assured him that if he did so, he would find that Bonaparte had kept his promise of making his fortune, though in a way he neither wished nor intended. Here de Coster said he was obliged to me for the hint, and I dare say has not failed to profit by it.

The field of battle plainly told the history of the fight, as soon as the positions of the hostile armies were pointed out. The extent was limited, and the interval between them so easily seen and commanded, that the various manœuvres could be traced with the eye upon

the field itself, as upon a military plan of a foot square. All ghastly remains of the carnage had been either burned or buried, and the relics of the fray which remained were not in themselves of a very imposing kind. Bones of horses, quantities of old hats, rags of clothes, scraps of leather, and fragments of books and papers, strewed the ground in great profusion, especially where the action had been most bloody. Among the last, those of most frequent occurrence were the military *livrets*, or memorandum books of the French soldiers. I picked up one of these, which shows, by its order and arrangement, the strict discipline which at one time was maintained in the French army, when the soldier was obliged to enter in such an account-book, not only the state of his pay and equipments, but the occasions on which he served and distinguished himself, and the punishments, if any, he had incurred. At the conclusion is a list of the duties of the private soldier, amongst which is that of knowing how to dress his victuals, and particularly to make good soup. The *livret* in my possession appears to have belonged to the Sieur Mallet, of the 2d battalion of the 8th regiment of the line: he had been in the service since the year 1791 until the 18th of June 1815, which day probably closed his account, and with it all his earthly hopes and prospects. The fragments of German prayer-books were so numerous, that I have little doubt a large edition had been placed into the military service of one or other party, to be used as cartridge-paper. Letters and other papers, memorandums of business, or pledges of friendship and affection, lay scattered about on the field—few of them are now legible. A friend picked up a copy of *the Gentle Shepherd*, where the Scotch regiments had been stationed; a circumstance which appeals strongly to our national feeling, from the contrast between the rustic scenes of the pastoral and that in which the owner of the volume had probably fallen. Quack advertisements were also to be found

where English soldiers had fallen. Among the universal remedies announced by these empirics there was none against the dangers of such a field.

Besides these fragments, the surface of the field shewed evident marks of the battle. The tall crops of maize and rye were trampled and rutted by the wheels of the artillery. Yet abstracting from our actual knowledge of the dreadful cause of such appearances, they reminded me not a little of those which are seen upon a common a few days after a great fair has been held there. These transitory memorials were in a rapid course of disappearing, for the plough was already at work in several parts of the field. There is, perhaps, more feeling than wisdom in the wish, yet I own I should have been better pleased, if for one season at least, the field where, in imagination, the ploughshare was coming in frequent contact with the corpses of the gallant dead, had been suffered to remain fallow. But the corn which must soon wave there will be itself a temporary protection to their humble graves, while it will speedily remove from the face of nature the melancholy traces of the strife of man.

The houses and hamlets which were exposed to the line of fire had of course suffered very much, being perforated by cannon-balls in every direction. This was particularly the case at La Haye Sainte. The inhabitants of these peaceful cottages might then exclaim, in the words of our admired friend—

“Around them, in them, the loud battle clangs;
 Within our very walls fierce spearmen push,
 And weapon'd warriors cross their clashing blades.
 Ah, woe is me! our warm and cheerful hearths,
 And rushed floors, whereon our children play'd,
 Are now the bloody lair of dying men!”

There was not, indeed, a cottage in the vicinity but what, ere the eve of the flight, was crowded with the wounded, many of whom had only strength to creep to the next place of cover, that they might lay them down to die.

The village of Saint John, and others within the English position, had escaped with the demolition of the windows, and the breaches of the walls from without. The hamlets lying on the opposite heights, within the French line of bivouac, having been plundered to the bare walls, had sustained internal as well as external damage.

Hougoumont (a name bestowed I believe by a mistake of our great commander, but which will certainly supersede the more proper one of Chateau Gumont) is the only place of consideration which was totally destroyed. The shattered and blackened ruins of this little chateau remain among the wreck of its garden, while the fruit-trees, half torn down, half fastened to the walls, give some idea of the Dutch neatness with which it had been kept ere the storm of war approached it. The garden wall being secured by a strong high hedge, it is supposed the French continued the attack for some time before they were aware of the great strength of their defences. Yet it is strange that Bonaparte, who witnessed the assault, never asked De Coster, who stood at his elbow, in what manner the garden was enclosed.

The wall was all loop-holed for the use of musketry, and the defenders also maintained a fire from scaffolds, which enabled them to level their guns. Most visitors bought peaches, and gathered hazel-nuts and filberts in the garden, with the pious purpose of planting, when they returned to England, trees which might remind them and their posterity of this remarkable spot. The grove of trees around Hougoumont was shattered by grape-shot and musketry in a most extraordinary manner. I counted the marks upon one which had been struck in twenty different places, and I think there was scarce any one which had totally escaped. I understand the gentleman to whom this ravaged domain belongs, is to receive full compensation from the government of the Netherlands.

I must not omit to mention, that notwithstanding

the care which had been bestowed in burying or burning the dead, the stench in several places of the field, and particularly at La Haye Sainte and Hougomont, was such as to indicate that the former operation had been but hastily and imperfectly performed. It was impossible, of course, to attempt to ascertain the numbers of the slain; but, including those who fell on both sides before the retreat commenced, the sum of 40,000 will probably be found considerably within the mark, and I have seen officers of experience who compute it much higher. When it is considered, therefore, that so many human corpses, besides those of many thousand horses, were piled upon a field scarcely two miles long, and not above half a mile in breadth, it is wonderful that a pestilential disease has not broken out, to sum up the horrors of the campaign.

A source of profit has opened to many of the poor people about Waterloo, by the sale of such trinkets and arms as they collect daily from the field of battle; things of no intrinsic value, but upon which curiosity sets a daily increasing estimate. These memorials, like the books of the sibyls, rise in value as they decrease in number. Almost every hamlet opens a mart of them as soon as English visitors appear. Men, women, and children rushed out upon us, holding up swords, pistols, carabines, and holsters, all of which sold when I was there, *à prix juste*, at least, to those who knew how to drive a bargain. I saw a tolerably good carabine bought for five francs; to be sure there went many words to the bargain, for the old woman to whom it belonged had the conscience at first to ask a gold Napoleon for it, being about the value it would have borne in Birmingham. Crosses of the Legion of Honour were in great request, and already stood high in the market. I bought one of the ordinary sort for forty francs. The eagles which the French soldiers wore in front of their caps, especially the more solid ornament of that description which belonged to the imperial guards, were sought after, but

might be had for a few sous. But the great object of ambition was to possess the armour of a cuirassier, which at first might have been bought in great quantities, almost all the wearers having fallen in that bloody battle. The victors had, indeed, carried off some of the cuirasses to serve as culinary utensils, and I myself have seen the Highlanders frying their rations of beef or mutton upon the breast-plates and back-pieces of their discomfited adversaries. But enough remained to make the fortunes of the people of St John, Waterloo, Planchenoit, &c. When I was at La Belle Alliance, I bought the cuirass of a common soldier for about six francs; but a very handsome inlaid one, once the property of a French officer of distinction, which was for sale in Brussels, cost me four times the sum. As for the casques, or head-pieces, which by the way are very handsome, they are almost *introuvable*, for the peasants immediately sold them to be beat out for old copper, and the purchasers, needlessly afraid of their being reclaimed, destroyed them as fast as possible.

The eagerness with which we entered into these negotiations, and still more the zeal with which we picked up every trifle we could find upon the field, rather scandalized one of the heroes of the day, who did me the favour to guide me over the field of battle, and who considered the interest I took in things which he was accustomed to see scattered as mere trumpery upon many a field of victory, with a feeling that I believe made him for the moment heartily ashamed of his company. I was obliged to remind him, that as he had himself gathered laurels on the same spot, he should have sympathy, or patience at least, with our more humble harvest of peach stones, filberts, and trinkets. Fortunately the enthusiasm of the visitor who went a bow-shot beyond us, by carrying off a brick from the house of La Belle Alliance, with that of a more wholesale amateur, who actually purchased the door of the said mansion for two gold Napoleons, a little mitigated my military

friend's censure of our folly, by shewing it was possible to exceed it. I own I was myself somewhat curious respecting the use which could be made of the door of La Belle Alliance, unless upon a speculation of cutting it up into trinkets, like Shakespeare's mulberry tree.

A relic of greater moral interest was given me by a lady, whose father had found it upon the field of battle. It is a manuscript collection of French songs, bearing stains of clay and blood, which probably indicate the fate of the proprietor.

CHAPTER X.

WORKS OF ART.

Oh ! mark on high,
Crowning yon hill, with temples richly graced,
That fane, august in perfect symmetry.

MRS. HEMANS.

THE PYRAMIDS.

OUR party was composed of 300 persons. In the morning we proceeded on our journey, by means of the canals of irrigation. After landing several times on a cultivated country, the barges were finally left behind, on the edge of the desert. We had scarcely set foot on land when we found ourselves in the sands, through which we waded to the plain on which the pyramids stand. On approaching these colossal monuments, their angular and inclined form takes from the appearance of their height, and deceives the eye ; besides, as every thing that is regular is great or small only by comparison, these masses, though

they surpass every object that surrounds them, do not equal the extent of a mountain, (the only great body with which the mind naturally compares them), the spectator is astonished to feel within himself an abatement of that impression which they had produced while at a distance ; but as soon as he begins to measure by a known scale these gigantic productions of art, they recover all their immensity : in fact, a hundred men who were at the door of one of them when I came up, were so diminished by their situation, that they did not appear to be of the usual stature of men. I think that in order to give, in a picture, an idea of the dimensions of these buildings, it would be proper to represent, on the same painting or drawing, in its true proportion, a religious ceremony analogous to the ancient usages. These monuments, stripped of their living scale, merely accompanied by a few figures in the front of the design, lose all the effect of their proportions and of the impressions which they ought to make. We have an example of comparison in Europe, in the church of St. Peter at Rome, of which the harmony of the proportions, or rather the graduation of the lines, conceals the height, of which the idea is not restored, till, lowering the eyes on some priests going to say mass, followed by a troop of devotees, we imagine that we see a group of puppets, about to play *Athalia* on the stage at Versailles.

Approaching the pyramids from Cairo, the first we see is the only open one, and that distinguished by the name of Cheops. At the elevation of sixty feet from the base of this pyramid there has been discovered an entrance which the architect had concealed under the third and outermost facing of the fabric. The traveller ascends to this entrance by a heap of sand and rubbish, part of which has possibly remained from the time of laying the foundation of the pyramid. This entrance is the mouth of a gallery, sixty-five feet in length, which runs towards the centre and the base of the building, without, however, extending to either. At its extremity are two

blocks of granite, which, stopping the progress of those who formerly investigated the pile, caused them to make an horizontal excavation of the mass itself, which proved fruitless. Returning therefore to the blocks, and cutting an ascending passage round them, of twenty-two feet in length, they discovered a second gallery, also on an ascent, and 120 feet in length. This gallery is very narrow, and so steep, that in order to ascend it, it was necessary to cut a sort of steps. At its top is what may be called a landing-place, about fifteen feet square. Here three apertures present themselves. The first is sunk in a perpendicular direction, and this has been called the *well*. Time, light, and ropes would be required in order to ascertain its depth; but the noise made by a stone, when dropped down, leads to a conclusion that its perpendicular direction is short. To its right is a horizontal gallery, 170 feet in length, leading to the centre of the pyramid. At its termination is an apartment, called the queen's chamber, of a long square form, eighteen feet two inches long, by fifteen feet eight inches broad. Its original height is uncertain, because former travellers have dug up the flooring, and pulled in part of its sides, and left its bottom encumbered with the rubbish proceeding from these operations. This chamber has no ornament, cornice, inscription, hieroglyphic, or sarcophagus; but it is formed of a fine calcareous stone, and the masonry is elaborate. If this chamber was designed to contain a corpse, it is probable that the pyramid, destined for the tomb of two persons, was not finally closed at the time when the first body was deposited; that this chamber was really intended for the queen; and that the two blocks of granite which have been mentioned were reserved for the final enclosure of the whole.

Returning to the landing-place, on which is the well, and from which, as we have mentioned, apertures proceed in three directions, we commence a research into the third. After climbing a few feet, a large and magnificent gallery is discovered, 180 feet in length, and pro-

ceeding, like the former, towards the centre of the edifice. Its width is six feet six inches; in which must be comprehended two parapets, nineteen inches in diameter, pierced for the space of three feet six inches, in holes twenty-two inches long and three wide. This slope was undoubtedly contrived for raising the sarcophagus; and the holes served to assist some machine in hoisting this mass up a place so much inclined. The same machine would probably require the assistance of similar indentations above the lateral part of each of these holes, which, after being used, were repaired in the finishing. The width of the gallery gradually diminishes towards its top. The sides are drawn together by eight projections each six feet in height; which, joined to twelve feet from the floor to the first platform, gives a total height of sixty feet to the key of this extraordinary vault. Having arrived at its top, we find a little platform or landing-place, and, after this, a kind of closet made of granite, in the sides of which large blocks of the same stone, filling the space between them, are dove-tailed. This barricade was intended to conceal and defend the door of the principal sepulchre; a complication of construction which places in the strongest light the importance attached by the Egyptians to the inviolability of their graves; but all that their enthusiasm accomplished has been rendered nugatory by modern avarice. With immense labour, a breach has been effected through thirty feet of granite, and a square door of three feet three inches discovered. This is the door of the royal chamber containing the sarcophagus. This apartment is sixteen feet in depth by thirty-two in width, and eighteen in height. The door in this, as well as in the queen's chamber, is in the angle of the largest side. Toward the bottom of the chamber, on the right of the door, is an insulated sarcophagus, six feet eleven inches in length, three feet in width, and three feet one inch and six lines in height. When it is said that this tomb is a single block of granite, that the chamber is only a closet of the same material, half-polished, and so exquisitely put together that no cement has been ne-

cessary in any part of its masonry, we shall have described this singular monument, and given some idea of the austerity of its magnificence.

The tomb is open and empty, nor does a single vestige of its lid remain. The only dilapidation in this chamber is that caused by an attempt to dig at one of the angles of the floor, and by two little holes, nearly round, at the height of a man's breast, to which the curious have attached more importance than they deserve. Here ends the research, as here appears to end the aim of this amazing undertaking, in which man seems to have tried his strength with nature. M. Grosbert, an engineer, who has visited the pyramids, gives a base of 720 feet, and a height of 448, to that of Cheops. He calculates the base by the mean proportion of the length of the stones; and the height by adding the measures of each of several gradations. According to the calculations of MM. Grosbert and Maillet, the sepulchral chamber is 160 feet above the plain on which the pyramid stands.

The base of the pyramid of Chephrenes is estimated by the same author to be 655 feet, and its elevation 398. Its coating, of which a portion still remains on the upper part, is a plaster composed of gypsum, sand, and pebbles. The Mycerinus, or third pyramid, is said by Mr. Grosbert to have a base of 208 feet, and an elevation of 162.

No more than two hours were allowed for the examination of the pyramids. I employed an hour and a half in exploring the interior of the only one which is open; and I returned from my journey wearied in body and in mind, and feeling my curiosity concerning the pyramids excited rather than gratified.

Denon's Travels.

RUINS OF ATHENS.

EARLY in the morning of my second day in Athens, my friend, Mr. Hill, was at the door of my hotel to attend us. As we descended the steps, a Greek stopped him, and bowing, with his hand on his heart, addressed him in a tone of earnestness which we could not understand; but we were struck with the sonorous tones of his voice and the musical cadence of his sentences; and when he had finished, Mr. Hill told us that he had spoken in a strain which, in the original, was poetry itself, beginning, "Americans, I am a Stagyrite. I come from the land of Aristotle, the disciple of Plato," &c. &c.; telling him the whole story of his journey from the ancient Stagyra and his arrival at Athens; and that, having understood that Mr. Hill was distributing books among his countrymen, he begged for one to take home with him. Mr. Hill said that this was an instance of every-day occurrence, shewing the spirit of inquiry and thirst for knowledge among the modern Greeks. This little scene with a countryman of Aristotle was a fit prelude to our morning ramble.

Winding around the foot of the Acropolis, within the ancient and outside the modern wall, we came to the Areopagus, or Hill of Mars, where in the early days of Athens her judges sat in the open air; and for many ages, decided with such wisdom and impartiality, that to this day the decisions of the court of Areopagites are regarded as models of judicial purity. We ascended this celebrated hill, and stood on the precise spot where St Paul, pointing to the temples which rose from every section of the city, and towered proud^{ly} on the Acropolis, made his celebrated address: "Ye men of Athens, I see that in all things ye are too superstitious." The ruins of the very temples to which he pointed were before our eyes.

Descending, and rising towards the summit of another hill, we came to the Pnyx, where Demosthenes, in the most stirring words that ever fell from human lips, roused his countrymen against the Macedonian invader. Above, on the very summit of the hill, is the old Pnyx, commanding a view of the sea of Salamis, and of the hill where Xerxes sat to behold the great naval battle. During the reign of the thirty tyrants, the Pnyx was removed beneath the brow of the hill, excluding the view of the sea, that the orator might not inflame the passions of the people by directing their eyes to Salamis, the scene of their naval glory. But without this, the orator had material enough; for when he stood on the platform facing the audience, he had before him the city which the Athenians loved, and the temples in which they worshipped, and I could well imagine the irresistible force of an appeal to these objects of their enthusiastic devotion, their firesides and altars. The place is admirably adapted for public speaking. The side of the hill has been worked into a gently inclined plane, semicircular in form, and supported in some places by a wall of immense stones. This plain is bounded above by the brow of the hill cut down perpendicularly. In the centre the rock projects into a platform about eight or ten feet square, which forms the Pnyx, or pulpit for the orator. The ascent is by three steps cut out of the rock, and in front is a place for the scribe or clerk. We stood on this Pnyx, beyond doubt on the same spot where Demosthenes thundered his philippics in the ears of the Athenians. On the road leading to the Museum hill we entered a chamber excavated in the rock, which tradition hallows as the prison of Socrates; and though the authority for this is doubtful, it is not uninteresting to enter the damp and gloomy cavern, wherein, according to the belief of the modern Athenians, the wisest of the Greeks drew his last breath. Farther to the south is the hill of Philopappus, so called after a Roman governor of that name. On the very summit, near the

extreme angle of the old wall, and one of the most conspicuous objects around Athens, is a monument erected by the Roman governor in honour of the Emperor Trajan. The marble is covered with the names of travellers, most of whom, like Philopappus himself, would never have been heard of but for that monument.

Descending towards the Acropolis, and entering the city among streets encumbered with ruined houses, we came to the Temple of the Winds, a marble octagonal tower, built by Andronicus. On each side is a sculptured figure, clothed in drapery adapted to the wind he represents; and on the top was formerly a Triton with a rod in his hand, pointing to the figure marking the wind. The Triton is gone, and great part of the temple buried under ruins. Part of the interior, however, has been excavated, and probably, before long, the whole will be restored.

East of the foot of the Acropolis, and on the way to Adrian's Gate, we came to the Lantern of Demosthenes (I eschew its new name of the Choragic monument of Lysichus,) where, according to an absurd tradition, the orator shut himself up to study the rhetorical art. It is considered one of the most beautiful monuments of antiquity, and the capitals are most elegant specimens of the Corinthian order refined by Attic taste. It is now in a mutilated condition, and its many repairs make its dilapidation more perceptible. Whether Demosthenes ever lived here or not, it derives an interest from the fact that Lord Byron made it his residence during his visit to Athens. Farther on, and forming part of the modern wall, is the Arch of Adrian, bearing on one side an inscription in Greek, "This is the city of Theseus;" and on the other, "But this is the city of Adrian." On the arrival of Otho, a placard was erected, on which was inscribed, "These were the cities of Theseus and Adrian, but now of Otho." Many of the most ancient buildings in Athens have totally

disappeared. The Turks destroyed many of them to construct the wall around the city, and even the modern Greeks have not scrupled to build their miserable houses with the plunder of the temples in which their ancestors worshipped.

Passing under the Arch of Adrian, outside the gate, on the plain towards the Ilissus, we came to the ruined temple of Jupiter Olympus, perhaps once the most magnificent in the world. It was built of the purest white marble, having a front of nearly 200 feet, and more than 350 in length, and contained 120 columns, sixteen of which are all that now remain; and these, fluted and having rich Corinthian capitals, tower more than sixty feet above the plain, perfect as when they were reared. I visited these ruins often, particularly in the afternoon; they are at all times mournfully beautiful, but I have seldom known any thing more touching than, when the sun was setting, to walk over the marble floor, and look up at the lonely columns of this ruined temple. I cannot imagine any thing more imposing than it must have been when, with its lofty roof supported by all its columns, it stood at the gate of the city, its doors wide open, inviting the Greeks to worship. That such an edifice should be erected for the worship of a heathen god! On the architrave connecting three of the columns, a hermit built his lonely cell, and passed his life in that elevated solitude, accessible only to the crane and the eagle. The hermit is long since dead, but his little habitation still resists the whistling of the wind, and awakens the curiosity of the wondering traveller.

The temple of Theseus is the last of the principal monuments, but the first which the traveller sees on entering Athens. It was built after the battle of Marathon, and in commemoration of the victory which drove the Persians from the shores of Greece. It is a small but beautiful specimen of the pure Doric, built of Pentelican marble, centuries of exposure to the open air.

giving it a yellowish tint, which softens the brilliancy of the white. Three Englishmen have been buried within this temple. The first time I visited it, a company of Greek recruits, with some negroes among them, was drawn up in front, going through the manual under the direction of a German corporal; and at the same time workmen were engaged in fitting it up for the coronation of king Otho I.

These are the principal monuments around the city, and, except the temples at Postum, they are more worthy of admiration than all the ruins in Italy; but towering above them in position, and far exceeding them in interest, are the ruins of the Acropolis. I have since wandered among the ruined monuments of Egypt and the desolate city of Petra, but I look back with unabated reverence to the Athenian Acropolis. Every day I had gazed at it from the balcony of my hotel, and from every part of the city and suburbs. Early on my arrival I had obtained the necessary permit, paid a hurried visit, and resolved not to go again until I had examined all the other interesting objects. On the fourth day, with my friend M., I went again. We ascended by a broad road paved with stone. The summit is enclosed by a wall, of which some of the foundation stones, very large, and bearing an appearance of great antiquity, are pointed out as part of the wall built by Themistocles after the battle of Salamis, 480 years before Christ. The rest is Venetian and Turkish, falling to decay, and marring the picturesque effect of the ruins from below. The guard examined our permit, and we passed under the gate. A magnificent propylon of the finest white marble, the blocks of the largest size ever laid by human hands, and having a wing of the same material on each side, stands at the entrance. Though broken and ruined, the world contains nothing like it even now. If my first impressions do not deceive me, the proudest portals of Egyptian temples suffer in comparison. Passing this magnificent propylon, and ascending several steps, we

reached the Parthenon, or ruined temple of Minerva; an immense white marble skeleton, the noblest monument of architectural genius which the world ever saw. Standing on the steps of this temple, we had around us all that is interesting in association and all that is beautiful in art. We might well forget the capital of King Otto, and go back in imagination to the golden age of Athens. Pericles, with the illustrious throng of Grecian heroes, orators, and sages, had ascended there to worship, and Cicero and the noblest of the Romans had gone there to admire; and probably, if the fashion of modern tourists had existed in their days, we should see their names inscribed with their own hands on its walls. The great temple stands on the very summit of the Acropolis, elevated far above the Propylæa and the surrounding edifices. Its length is 208 feet, and breadth 102. At each end were two rows of eight Doric columns, thirty-four feet high and six feet in diameter, and on each side were thirteen more. The whole temple within and without was adorned with the most splendid works of art, by the first sculptors in Greece, and Phidias himself wrought the statue of the goddess, of ivory and gold, twenty-six cubits high, having on the top of her helmet a sphinx, with griffins on each of the sides; on the breast a head of Medusa wrought in ivory, and a figure of victory about four cubits high, holding a spear in her hand and a shield lying at her feet. Until the latter part of the seventeenth century, this magnificent temple, with all its ornaments, existed entire. During the siege of Athens by the Venetians, the central part was used by the Turks as a magazine; and a bomb, aimed with fatal precision, or by a not less fatal chance, reached the magazine, and with a tremendous explosion, destroyed a great part of the buildings. Subsequently, the Turks used it as a quarry, and antiquaries and travellers, foremost among whom is Lord Elgin, having contributed to destroy "what Goth, and Turk, and Time, had spared."

Around the Parthenon, and covering the whole summit of the Acropolis, are strewed columns and blocks of polished white marble, the ruins of ancient temples. The remains of the Temples of Erectheus and Minerva Polias are pre-eminent in beauty; the pillars of the latter are the most perfect specimens of the Ionic in existence, and its light and graceful proportions are in elegant contrast with the severe and simple majesty of the Parthenon. The capitals of the columns are wrought and ornamented with a delicacy surpassing anything of which I could have believed marble susceptible. Once I was tempted to knock off a corner and bring it home, as a specimen of the exquisite skill of the Grecian artist, which it would have illustrated better than a volume of description; but I could not do it—it seemed nothing less than sacrilege.

Afar off, and almost lost in the distance, rises the Pentelican mountain, from the body of which were hewed the rough rude blocks which, wrought and perfected by the sculptor's art, now stand the lofty and stately columns of the ruined temple. What labour was expended upon each single column! how many were employed in hewing it from its rocky bed, in bearing it to the foot of the mountain, transporting it across the plain of Attica, and raising it to the summit of the Acropolis! and then what time, and skill, and labour, in reducing it from a rough block to a polished shaft, in adjusting its proportions, in carving its rich capitals, and rearing it where it now stands, a model of majestic grace and beauty! Once under the direction of Mr. Hill, I clambered up to the very apex of the pediment, and, lying down at full length, leaned over and saw under the frieze the acanthus leaf delicately and beautifully painted on the marble, and being protected from exposure, still retaining its freshness of colouring. It was entirely out of sight from below, and had been discovered, almost at the peril of his life, by the enthusiasm of an English artist. The wind was whistling

around me as I leaned over to examine it, and, until that moment, I never appreciated fully the immense labour employed and the exquisite finish displayed in every portion of the temple.

MOUNT PENTELICUS.

BEFORE daylight my companions were in motion. It was just peep of day when we began to ascend the Pentelican mountain. The road was so steep and dangerous that I could not ride; a false step of my horse might have thrown me over a precipice several hundred feet deep; and the air was so keen and penetrating, that, notwithstanding the violent exercise of walking, I was perfectly chilled. The mist was so dense, too, that when my guide was a few paces in advance I could not see him, and I was literally groping my way through the clouds. I had no idea where I was, nor of the scene around me, but I felt that I was in a measure lifted above the earth. The cold blasts drove furiously along the sides of the mountain, whistled against the precipices, and bellowed in the hollows of the rocks, sometimes driving so furiously that my horse staggered and fell back. I was almost bewildered in struggling blindly against them; but just before reaching the top of the mountain, the thick clouds were lifted as if by an invisible hand, and I saw once more the glorious sun pouring his morning beams upon a rich valley extending a great distance to the foot of the Pentelican mountain. About half way down we came to a beautiful stream, on the banks of which we took our bread and olives. Our appetites were stimulated by the mountain air, and we divided till our last morsel was gone.

At the foot of the mountain, lying between it and Mount Pentelicus, was a large monastery, occupied by

a fraternity of monks. We entered, and walked through it, but found no one to receive us. In a field near by we saw one of the monks, from whom we obtained a direction to the quarries. Moving on to the foot of the mountain, which rises with a peaked summit into the clouds, we commenced ascending, and soon came upon the strata of beautiful white marble for which Mount Pentelicus has been celebrated thousands of years. Excavations appear to have been made along the whole route, and on the roadside were blocks, and marks caused by the friction of the heavy masses transported to Athens. The great quarries are towards the summit. The surface has been cut perpendicularly smooth, perhaps 30 or 100 feet high, and 150 or 200 feet in width, and excavations have been made within to an unknown extent. Whole cities might have been built of the materials taken away, and yet, by comparison of what is left, there is nothing gone. In front are entrances to a large chamber, in one corner of which, on the right is a chapel with the painted figure of the virgin to receive the Greek's prayers. Within are vast humid caverns, over which the wide roof awfully extends, adorned with hollow tubes like icicles, while a small transparent petrifying stream trickles down the rock. On one side are small chambers communicating with subterraneous avenues, used, no doubt, as places of refuge during the revolution, or as the haunts of robbers. Bones of animals, and stones blackened with smoke, showed that but lately some part had been occupied as a habitation. The great excavations around, blocks of marble lying as they fell, perhaps two thousand years ago, and the appearance of having been once a scene of immense industry and labour, stand in striking contrast with the desolation and solitude now existing. Probably the hammer and chisel will never be heard there more, great temples will no more be raised, and modern genius will never, like the Greeks of old, make the rude blocks of marble speak.

RUINS OF MYCENÆ.

I NEVER felt a greater degree of reverence than when I approached the lonely ruins of Mycenæ. At Argos I spent most of my time in the horsemarket, and I had galloped over the great plain as carelessly as if it had been the road to Harlem; but all the associations connected with this most interesting ground here pressed upon me at once. Its extraordinary antiquity, its gigantic remains, and its utter and long-continued desolation, came home to my heart. I moved on to the Gate of the Lions, and stood before it a long time without entering. A broad street led to it between two immense parallel walls; and this street may perhaps have been a market-place. Over the gate are two lions rampant, like the supporters of a modern coat-of-arms, rudely carved, and supposed to be the oldest sculptured stone in Greece. Under this very gate Agamemnon led out his forces for the siege of Troy; three thousand years ago he saw them filing before him, glittering in brass, in all the pomp and panoply of war; and I held in my hand a book which told me that this city was so old, that more than seventeen hundred years ago, travellers came as I did to visit its ruins; and that Pausanias had found the Gate of the Lions in the same state in which I beheld it now. A great part is buried by the rubbish of the fallen city. I crawled under, and found myself within the walls, and then mounted to the height on which the city stood. It was covered with a thick soil and a rich carpet of grass. I walked all over it, following the line of the walls. I paused at the great blocks of stone, the remnants of Cyclopic masonry, the work of wandering giants. The heavens were unclouded, and the sun was beaming upon it with genial warmth. Nothing could exceed the

quiet beauty of the scene. I became entangled in the long grass, and picked up wild flowers growing over long-buried dwellings. Under it are immense caverns, their uses now unknown; and the earth sounded hollow under my feet, as if I were treading on the sepulchre of a buried city. I looked across the plain to Argos; all was as beautiful as when Homer sang its praises; the plain, and the mountains, and the sea, were the same, but the once magnificent city, her numerous statues and gigantic temples, were gone for ever; and but a few remains were left to tell the passing traveller the story of her fallen greatness. I could have remained there for hours; I could have gone again and again, for I had not found a more interesting spot in Greece; but my reveries were disturbed by the appearance of my muleteer and my juvenile escort. They pointed to the sun as an intimation that the day was passing; and crying "Cavollo, Cavollo," hurried me away.

Stephens.

AN EGYPTIAN TOMB.

I was eager to examine an Egyptian mountain. I had seen two chains from Cairo, but did not dare to run the hazard of approaching either. I found this part of the Libyan chain, near Siut, a ruin of nature, formed of horizontal beds and layers of calcareous stone, more or less soft, more or less white, intersected with large nipple-shaped and concentrated flints, which appeared to be the kernels or bones of this long chain, to maintain its existence, and suspend its total destruction: this dissolution is daily taking place, through the impression of the saline atmosphere, which penetrates every part of the surface of the calcareous stone, decomposes it, causes it

to descend; as it were, in rivulets of sand, which are first accumulated below the rock, then rolled away by the winds, and lastly, wave by wave, driven on the villages and fields, which they change into mournful deserts. The rocks are about half a mile from Siut; in the intervening space is a pretty house, occupied by the kirashef who governed for Soliman-bey. The rocks are hollowed into innumerable tombs, more or less vast, and decorated with more or less magnificence: this magnificence testifies the ancient proximity of a great city. All the inner porches of these caverns are covered with hieroglyphics, which (if the language were understood) it would require a month to read, and which, merely to copy, would employ years. By the little light which enters at the outer door, I perceived that all the ornaments employed by the Greeks in their architecture, and which are commonly called Grecian, are there executed with exquisite taste and delicacy. If these excavations were severally the product of the same operation, as the regularity of their plans appears to indicate, the fabrication of a tomb was a great undertaking; but it is to be believed that, when completed, it served a whole family, or whole race, for ever: it would also appear that the living frequently entered it, to perform certain rites in honour of the dead; for, if it had never been intended to visit these monuments, what end could be served by elaborate decorations, inscriptions never to be read, and pomp concealed and lost? At various festivals, or at a new interment, there were undoubtedly celebrated some funeral rites, in which the magnificence of the ceremonies was supported by the splendour of the place; and this is the more probable, because the decorations of the interior present a striking contrast to the simplicity of the exterior.

A description of one of the most considerable and least dilapidated of these tombs will convey a good idea of their general fabrication. This tomb consists of a sort of porch, a hall which opens into two chambers, and a

gallery which conducts to three other chambers. The porch, like the rest, is an excavation of the rock, the parts wanting to the symmetry of its sides being supplied by a coating of stucco, still in high preservation. At the most exterior part, there is no other ornament than a torus, which borders an elliptic arch; but from this to the end of the last chamber the whole is lined with hieroglyphics, and the ceilings are ornamented with painting and sculpture; on the sides of the entrance are large figures, which are repeated on the jambs. There do not appear to be any traces of hinges or fastenings: the upper part of the aperture is wider than the lower. The third door leads to the great chamber, in which was a sarcophagus. The floor has been everywhere dug up.

Besides these larger grottoes, there are small ones in such number that the whole mountain has become hollow and sonorous. Farther on, to the south, are the remains of large quarries, the cavities of which are sustained by pillars: one part of these quarries has been inhabited by pious hermits: across the rocks, in these boundless retreats, they joined the austere prospect of the desert to that of a flood which in its majestic course spreads abundance on its banks. This was an emblem of their lives. Before their retreat, perplexed with cares, riches, and anxieties: and, afterwards, enjoying serenity and contemplative pleasures; the muteness of nature imitated the silence to which they were condemned: the constant and august splendour of the sky of Egypt irresistibly commanded eternal admiration: the awaking of day was not hailed by cries of joy, or the gambols of animals: nature, grave and solemn, seemed to inspire only the profoundest sentiment of humble gratitude; in a word, the grotto of the Cenobite might seem to have been placed here by the order and the choice of God himself: all that could animate nature shared with him in his melancholy meditation on that Providence which is the eternal distributor of all blessings.

Little niches, plasterings in stucco, and a few paintings

in a red colour, representing the cross, are the only evidences and relics of the habitation of these rude cells by the equally rude hermits who occupied them.

Denon's Travels.

TOMBS AT SIOUT.

ON the lofty mountains overlooking the richest valley of the Nile, and protecting it from the Lybian desert, is a long range of tombs, the burial place of the ancient Egyptians; and the traveller, looking for a moment at the little Mohammedan burying ground, turns with wonder from the little city he has left, and asks, where is the great city which had its graves in the sides of yonder mountains?—where are the people who despised the earth as a burial-place, and made for themselves tombs in the eternal granite?

The mountain is about as far from the city as the river, and the approach to it is by another strong causeway over the same beautiful plain. Leaving our donkeys at its foot, and following the nimble footstep of my little Arab girl, we climbed by a steep ascent to the first range of tombs. They were the first I had seen, and are little visited by travellers; and though I afterwards saw all that were in Egypt, I still considered these well worth a visit. Of the first we entered, the entrance-chamber was perhaps forty feet square, and adjoining it in the same range, were five or six others, of which the entrance chambers had about the same dimensions. The ceilings were covered with paintings, finished with exquisite taste and delicacy, and in some places fresh as if just executed, and on the walls were hieroglyphics enough to fill volumes. Behind the principal chamber were five or six others nearly as large, with smaller ones on each side, and running backwards perhaps an hundred and fifty feet. The back chambers were so dark, and their atmosphere was so unwholesome, that it was unpleasant,

and perhaps unsafe, to explore them; if we went in far, there was always a loud rushing noise, and as Paul suggested, their innermost recesses might now be the abode of wild beasts. Wishing to see what caused the noise, and at the same to keep out of harm's way, we stationed ourselves near the back door of the entrance-chamber, and I fired my gun within; a stream of fire lighted up the darkness of the sepulchral chamber, and the report went grumbling and roaring into the innermost recesses, rousing their occupants to phrensy. There was a noise like the rushing of a strong wind; the light was dashed from Paul's hand; a soft skinny substance struck against my face, and thousands of bats wild with fright, came whizzing forth from every part of the tomb to the only avenue of escape. We threw ourselves down and allowed the ugly frightened birds to pass over us, and then hurried out ourselves. For a moment I felt giddy; the beastly birds driven to the light of day, were dazzled by the glorious sun, and flying and whirling blindly about, were dashing themselves against the rocky side of the mountain and falling dead at its base. Cured of all wish to explore very deeply, but at the same time relieved from all fears, we continued going from tomb to tomb, looking at the pictures on the walls, endeavouring to make out the details, admiring the beauty and freshness of the colours, and speculating upon the mysterious hieroglyphics which mocked our feeble knowledge; we were in one of the last when we were startled by a noise different from any we had yet heard, and from the door leading to the dark recesses within, foaming, roaring, and gnashing his teeth, out ran an enormous wolf; close upon his heels, in hot pursuit, came another, and growled fearfully, rolled over, and again the first broke loose and fled; another chase along the side of the mountain, another grapple, a fierce and desperate struggle, and then they rolled over the side, and we lost sight of them. While walking along the edge of the mountain, in spite of bats and beasts, still taking another and

another look, my ears were suddenly struck with a loud voice of lamentation coming up from the valley below; and looking in the direction of the city, I saw approaching over the elevated causeway a long funeral procession, and the voice came from the mourners following the corpse. They were evidently coming to the Mohammedan burying ground at the foot of the mountain, and I immediately left the tombs of the ancient Egyptians to see the burial of one who but yesterday was a dweller in the land.

It approached with funeral banners and devices which I could not make out, but probably containing some precept of the Koran. First in the strange procession came the beggars or santons, men who are supposed to lead peculiarly pure and holy lives. Their beards were long, white, and grizzled; over their shoulders and breasts they wore a scanty covering of rags, fastened together with strings, and all with some regard to propriety. Over their shoulders were slung by ropes large jars of water, which, for charity's sweet sake, and for the love of the soul of the deceased, they carried to be distributed gratis at his grave. After them came a parcel of boys, then the shieks and two officers of the town, then the corpse, tightly wrapped from head to foot in a red sash on a bier carried by four men; then a procession of men, and more than one hundred women in long cotton dresses, covering their heads and drawn over their faces, so as to hide all except their eyes.

The tomb was square, with a round top, built of Nile mud and white-washed; two men were engaged in opening it, which was done simply by pulling away a few stones, and scooping out the sand with their hands. In front, but a few feet from the door, sat the old mother, so old as to be hardly conscious of what was passing around her, and probably long before this buried in the same grave; near her was the widow of the deceased, dressed in silk, and sitting on the bare earth with an air of total abandonment; her hands, her breast, the top of

her head, and her face plastered with thick coats of mud, and her eyes fixed upon the door of the tomb. A few stones remained to be rolled away, and the door, or rather the hole, was opened; the two men crawled in, remained a minute or two, came out and went for the corpse. The poor widow followed them with her eyes, and when they returned with the body, carefully and slowly dragged it within the tomb, and the feet and the body had disappeared, and the beloved head was about to be shut for ever from her eyes, she sprang up and wildly and passionately throwing her arms towards the tomb, broke forth in a perfect phrensy of grief: "Twenty years we have lived together; we have always lived happily; you loved me, you were kind to me, you gave me bread: what shall I do now? I will never marry again. Every day I will come and weep at your tomb, my love, my life, my soul, my heart, my eyes! Remember me to my father, remember me to my brother," &c. &c. I do not remember half she said; but as Paul translated it to me, it seemed the very soul of pathos, and all the time she was walking distractedly before the door of the tomb, wringing her hands, and again and again plastering her face and breast with mud. The mourning women occasionally joined in chorus, the santons ostentatiously crying out, "Water, for the love of God and the Prophet, and the soul of the deceased!" and a little girl about seven or eight years old was standing on the top of the tomb, naked as she was born, eating a piece of sugar-cane.

Incidents of Travel by an American.

HINDOO TEMPLES.

THE temples of India are not, by any means, so entirely devoid of merit as some authors pretend. A certain air of barbaric grandeur, vastness, and exuberant richness of decoration, united, as in our most beautiful Gothic

cathedrals, with a remarkable simplicity of design, produce in the beholder a strong feeling of the sublime. There would seem therefore, to be more ways than one of agitating the most powerful passions of the soul, and although the judgment and the feelings must undoubtedly concur in giving the preference to those creations of art which at once delight and overawe the imagination, we cannot justly refuse to acknowledge the genius of those more irregular and daring fancies whose productions invincibly command our surprise and admiration. The attention of the world has already been directed by many distinguished writers to the cavern-temples of Gava, Salsette, Elephanta, and Ellora. Conjecture, which, when proper data are wanting, is always active, has successively assigned them the strangest and most improbable origin, sometimes asserting them to be the work of the Egyptians, at other times of the Macedonians, and lastly, to crown the absurdity, of the Jews. At present, however, they are no longer doubted to have been the work of the Hindoos; but, this being acknowledged, it is attempted to be shown that there is nothing very extraordinary in their construction. Speaking of the cavern-temple of Elephanta, in the neighbourhood of Bombay, "it is," says Mr. Mill, "a cavity in the side of a mountain, about half way between its base and summit, of the space of nearly 120 feet square. Pieces of the rock, as is usual in mining, have been left at certain distances supporting the superincumbent matter; and the sight of the whole, upon the entrance, is grand and striking."

Let us however, inquire in what light the cavern temple of Elephanta has appeared to the most judicious travellers who have visited and described it. The situation, it must be owned, was selected with some judgment. "The path leading to it lies through a valley; the hills on either side are beautifully clothed, and except when interrupted by the dove calling to her absent mate, a solemn stillness prevails: the mind is fitted for contem-

plating the approaching scene. The cave is formed in a hill of stone; its massy roof is supported by rows of columns regularly disposed, but of an order different from any in use with us; gigantic figures in relief are observed on the walls; these, as well as the columns, are shaped in the solid rock, and by artists it would appear, possessed of some ability, unquestionably of astonishing perseverance." The author, whose minute and excellent description is much too long to be here cited, mentions among the sculptures the beautiful figures of a youth, and, in another group, a male "leading a female towards a majestic figure seated in the corner of the niche, his head covered like our judges on the bench; the countenance and attitude of the female highly expressive of modesty and a timid reluctance." Farther on, he adds, "the part of this surprising monument of human skill and perseverance, hitherto described, is generally called the Great Cave; its length is 135 feet and its breadth nearly the same." And, again returning to the sculpture, "gigantic as the figures are" says he, "the mind is not disagreeably moved on viewing in them a certain indication of the harmony of the proportions. Having measured three or four, and examined the proportions by the scale we allow the most correct, I found many stood even this test, while the disagreements were not equal to what are met with every day in people whom we think by no means ill-proportioned." Another traveller, who has left us an entertaining account of Western India, observes that "the principal temple and adjoining apartments are 220 feet long, and 150 broad, in these dimensions exceeding the largest work at Salsette; but being very inferior in height, notwithstanding the numerous and richer decorations at Elephanta, the spectator is constantly reminded of being in a cave. At Salsette, the lofty concave roof and noble columns have a majestic appearance: yet the observer feels more surprise and admiration at Elephanta than at Salsette: he beholds four rows of massive columns cut out of the

solid rock, uniform in their order, and placed at regular distances, so as to form three magnificent avenues from the principal entrance to the grand idol, which terminates the middle vista, the general effect being heightened by the blueness of the light, or rather gloom peculiar to the situation. The central image is composed of three colossal heads, reaching nearly from the floor to the roof, a height of fifteen feet.

To these let us add the testimony of the tasteful, learned, and accomplished Heber, and our proof of the grandeur and magnificence of this cavern temple will be complete. "Two-thirds of the ascent up the higher of the two hills," he says, "is the great cavern, in a magnificent situation, and deserving all the praise which has been lavished on it." For the details he refers to another author, and then adds:—"Though my expectations were highly raised, the reality much exceeded them, and both the dimensions, the proportions, and the sculpture seemed to be of a much more noble character, and a more elegant execution than I had been led to suppose. Even the statues are executed with great spirit, and are some of them of no common beauty, considering their dilapidated condition and the coarseness of their material."

Of the cave-temples of Kenery, in the island of Salsette, the same excellent authority observes:—"These are certainly in every way remarkable from their number, their beautiful situation, their elaborate carving, and their marked connection with Buddha and his religion. These caves are scattered over two sides of a high rocky hill at many different elevations, and of various sizes and forms. Most of them appear to have been places of habitation for monks or hermits. One very beautiful apartment, of a square form, its walls covered with sculpture, and surrounded internally by a broad stone bench, is called 'the durbar,' but I should rather guess had been a school. Many have deep and well

carved cisterns attached to them, which, even in this dry season (May), were well supplied with water. The largest and most remarkable of all is a Buddhist temple, of great beauty and majesty, and which even in its present state would make a very stately and convenient place of Christian worship. It is entered through a fine and lofty portico, having on its front, but a little to the left hand, a high detached octagonal pillar, surmounted by three lions seated back to back. On each side of the portico is a colossal statue of Buddha, with his hands raised in the attitude of benediction, and the screen which separates the vestibule from the temple is covered, immediately above the *dodo*, with a row of male and female figures, nearly naked, but not indecent, and carved with considerable spirit, which apparently represent dancers. In the centre of the semicircle, and with a free walk all round it, is a mass of rock left solid, but carved externally like a dome, and so as to bear a strong general likeness to our Saviour's sepulchre, as it is now chiseled away and enclosed in St. Helena's Church at Jerusalem. On the top of the dome is a sort of spreading ornament, like the capital of a column. It is apparently intended to support something, and I was afterwards told at Carli, where such an ornament, but of a greater size, is likewise found, that a large gilt umbrella used to spring from it. This solid dome appears to be the usual symbol of Buddhist adoration, and, with its umbrella ornament, may be traced in the Shoo-Madoo of Pegu, and other more remote structures of the same faith. Though it is different in its form and style of ornament from the Lingam, I cannot help thinking it has been originally intended to represent the same popular object of that almost universal idolatry. The ceiling of this cave is arched semicircularly, and ornamented, in no very singular manner, with slender ribs of teak wood of the same curve with the roof, and disposed as if they were supporting it, which, however, it does not require, nor are

they strong enough to answer the purpose. Their use may have been to hang lamps or flowers from in solemn rejoicings."

Let us now, to pursue the subject of cavern-temples, accompany to Carli this judicious traveller, than whom we could not desire a more competent guide. Here "the celebrated cavern," he observes, "is hewn on the face of a precipice about two-thirds up the side of a steep hill, rising with a very scarp and regular *talus*, to the height of, probably, 800 feet above the plain. The excavations consist, beside the principal temple, of many smaller apartments and galleries, some of them ornamented with great beauty, and evidently intended, like those at Kennery, for the lodging of monks or hermits. The temple itself is on the same general plan as that at Kennery, but half as large again, and far finer and richer. It is approached by a steep and narrow path, winding up the side of the hill, among trees and brushwood, and fragments of rock. This brought us to a mean and ruinous temple of Siva, which serves as a sort of gateway to the rocks: a similar small building stands on the right hand of its portico.

The approach to the temple is, like that of Kennery, under a noble arch, filled up with a sort of portico screen, in two stories of three intercolumniations below, and five above. In the front, but a little to the left, is the same kind of pillar as is seen at Kennery, though of larger dimensions, surmounted by three lions back to back. Within the portico, to the right and left, are three colossal figures, in *alto relievo*, of elephants, their faces looking towards the person who arrives in the portico, and their heads, tusks, and trunks very boldly projecting from the wall. On each of them is a *mohout* very well carved, and a howdah with two persons seated in it. The internal screen on each side of the door is covered as at Kennery with *alto relievos*, very bold and somewhat larger than life, of naked male and female figures. I asked our young guides what deities these

represented, and was surprised to hear from them in answer, "These are not gods, one god is sufficient, these are *viragees*," (religious enthusiasts, or attendants on the deity). On asking, however, if their god was the same whom they worshipped in the little temple before the steps, and if he was Maho Deo, they answered in the affirmative, so that their deism merely extended to paying worship to a single idol only. There is certainly, however, no image either of Buddha, or any other mythological personage about this cavern, or any visible object of devotion, except the mystic chettah, or umbrella, already mentioned at Kennery. The details of the cave within, having been already more than once published, and as in its general arrangement it closely answers to Kennery, I shall only observe, that both in dimensions and execution it is much nobler and more elaborate; and that the capitals of the columns (all of them at least which are not hidden by the chettah at the east end) are very singular and beautiful. Each consists of a large cap, like a bell, finely carved, and surmounted by two elephants with their trunks entwined, and each carrying two male and one female figure, which our guides again told us were *viragees*. The timber ribs which decorated the roof, whatever their use may have been, are very perfect, and have a good effect in the perspective of the interior, which is all extremely clean, and in good repair, and would be, in fact, a very noble temple for any religion.

But among the cavern temples of India the most remarkable, perhaps, both for style of execution and the historical associations connected with them, are those of Ellera, situated near the ancient Hindoo capital of Deoghir, or Tagara, in the province of Aurungabad. Hamilton justly remarks, that without the aid of numerous plates it would be impossible to render a minute description of these excavations intelligible. But, however richly illustrated, a laborious delineation of architectural details can possess but few charms for the

general reader, and might not, in the present case, repay the labour, by any light which it could throw on the religious antiquities of Buddhists or Brahmins. The excavations, which have, with apparent propriety, been divided into Jain, Buddhist, and Brahmical, are situated in the face of a crescent-shaped hill, about a mile from the little rural village of Ellora. "The first view of this desolate religious city," says Mr. Erskine, "is grand and striking, but melancholy. The number and magnificence of the subterraneous temples, the extent and loftiness of some, the endless diversity of sculpture in others, the variety of curious foliage, of minute tracery, of highly wrought pillars, rich mythological designs, sacred shrines and colossal statues, astonish but distract the mind. From their number and diversity, it is impossible to form any idea of the whole; and the first impressions only give way to a wonder not less natural, that such prodigious efforts of labour and skill should remain, from times certainly not barbarous, without a trace to tell us the hand by which they were designed, or the populous and powerful nation by which they were completed. The empire, whose pride they must have been, has passed away, and left not a memorial behind it. The religion to which we owe one part of them, indeed, continues to exist; but that which called into existence the other, like the beings by whose toil it was wrought, has been swept from the land."

One of these groups of caves which, in contempt, is termed by the Brahmins *Dehr Warra*, or "The Halalkhors Quarters," has during the rains a very picturesque appearance. The large excavation, according to Sir Charles Mallet, is very spacious and handsome, and over the front of it there must rush a small river, during the rainy season, into the plain below, forming a sheet of water, which, in a beautiful cascade, covers the façade of the temple as with a curtain of crystal. There are two benches of stone that run parallel to each other along the floor, from the entrance, the whole depth of the cave,

the prospect from which, of the great tank, town, and valley of Ellora, is beautiful. These benches appear to have been intended, as in what is called "the Durbar" at Kennerly, as seats either for students, or the sellers of certain commodities, a convenient passage lying between them up to the idol at the end of the cave.

Of the Buddhist cave-temple near Buddha Gaya, in Bahar, no very minute or elaborate description exists. The hill in which it is hewn lies about fourteen miles from Gaya, and appears to be one entire mass of granite, rough, craggy, and precipitous in its ascent. The cave is situate on the southern declivity, about two-thirds from the summit: a tree immediately before it prevents its being seen from the bottom. It has only one narrow entrance from the south, two and a half feet in breadth, and six feet high, and of a thickness exactly equal. This leads to a room of an oval form, with a vaulted roof, which I measured twice, and found to be forty-four feet in length from east to west, eighteen and a half feet in breadth, and ten and a quarter feet in height at the centre. This immense cavity is dug entirely out of the solid rock, and is exceedingly well polished, but without any ornament. The same stone extends much farther than the excavated part, on each side of it, and is altogether, I imagine, full 100 feet in length.

Of all these cavern-temples, by far the greater number bear evident marks of having been originally consecrated to the worship of Siva and his consort Bhavani, whose symbols, the yoni, the lingam, and the bull, occupy the sanctuary of the edifice, or are at least discernible among its principal ornaments. Sivaism is one of the most ancient forms of the Hindoo religion, and in very remote ages was the almost universal creed. Those were its flourishing times. Then it was that the most powerful sovereigns, animated by that zeal which seldom glowed in the bosoms of the members of a newly established superstition, expended prodigious sums, to the impoverishing of their treasuries, and the great detri-

ment of their people, in constructing and adorning the shrines of their patron deity.

In process of time this enthusiastic impulse would naturally die away, and cease to produce those stupendous effects which flowed from its youthful, and, if the expression may be hazarded, virgin efforts. These considerations, independently of any others, would, in the absence of positive proof to the contrary, lead us to attribute a very high antiquity to the great majority of excavated temples in India. The arguments of those who advocate the contrary opinion appear to us, we must confess, to have little or no weight, except what they derive from the personal character of those who have advanced them. However this may be, there are, as has already been shown, other Indian sects who have excavated their temples in the solid rock, as the Buddhists and the Jains. But among men whose opinions are deeply tinged with gloom, and whose habits and practices are imbued with a monastic severity, the prevalence of such a taste is not very surprising. The wonder is, to behold the followers of the joyous Krishna, whose festivals are enlivened by the sound of the flute, tabors, cymbals, and songs of gladness, immerse themselves in sombre mountain caverns, deprived of every cheering sight. Yet it is clear that Krishna was, in ancient times, worshipped chiefly in caves, of which those of Girdhana in Veij, of Gopinal'ha on the shores of Saurashtra, and of Jalindra on the Indus, were the most renowned.

Among the most beautiful of the shrines of India is that which the Jains, who have been termed the deists of Hindoostan, though they do not, perhaps, strictly speaking, deserve the distinction, have erected to the supreme God in the mountain-city of Comulmere in Rajast'han. The design of this temple is classic. It contains only the sanctuary, which has a vaulted dome and colonnaded portico all round. The architecture is undoubtedly Jain, which is as distinct in character from the Brahminical as their religion. There is a chasteness

and simplicity in this specimen of monotheistic worship, affording a wide contrast to the elaborately sculptured shrines of the Savias and other polytheists of India. The extreme want of decoration best attests its antiquity, entitling us to attribute it to that period when Sumpriti Raja of the family of Chandragupta was paramount sovereign over all the regions (200 years before Christ); to whom tradition ascribes the most ancient monuments of this faith, yet existing in Rajast'han and Saurashtra. The proportions and forms of the columns are especially distinct from the other temples, being slight and tapering instead of massive, the general characteristic of Hindoo architecture: while the projecting cornices, which would absolutely deform shafts less light, are peculiarly indicative of the Takshac architect. Sumpriti was the fourth prince in descent from Chandragupta, of the Jain faith, and the ally of Seleucus, the Grecian sovereign of Bactriana. The fragments of Megasthenes, ambassador from Seleucus, record that this alliance was most intimate; that the daughter of the Rajpoot king was married to Seleucus, who in return for elephants and other gifts, sent a body of Greek soldiers to serve Chandragupta. It is curious to contemplate the possibility, nay the probability, that the Jain temple now before the reader may have been designed by Grecian artists, or that the taste of the artists among the Rajpoots may have been modelled after the Grecian.*

No sect of Hindoos have exhibited so much architectural genius as the Jains. Everywhere, at least so far as our experience extends, where their comparatively pure religion has prevailed, monuments of simple grandeur, or elaborate elegance, have remained, a testimony of their proficiency in the arts. At Benares, indeed, in the midst of shrines and temples of remarkable beauty, the sacred building of the Jains has little to distinguish it beyond the diminutive gilt cupola by which the roof is surmounted; but the Brahmins are here so powerful,

* Colonel Tod's *Annals of Rajast'han*, vol. i. p. 677.

and their enemies, for such are the Jains, so much at their mercy, that it is more surprising they should possess any place of worship at all, than that it should be destitute of magnificence. Wherever this sect, free from the apprehension of persecution, have deemed it prudent to indulge their natural taste, the case is different. Even in the small obscure town of Mouzabad in Rajpootna, Bishop Heber found their temple richly sculptured, with a beautiful carved dome, and three lofty pyramids of carved stone, springing from the roof.* At Calingera, a small village between Neemuch and Baroda, the same traveller observed the most spacious and elegant structure of the kind which he had anywhere seen in India. It was entered by a projecting portico, which led to an open vestibule covered by a dome. Numerous domes and pyramids, surmounting as many small chapels or sanctuaries, adorned the roof, and along its several fronts ran elegantly carved verandahs, supported by slender columns. "The domes admirably constructed, and the execution of the whole building greatly superior to what I should have expected to find in such a situation. Its splendour of architecture, and its present deserted condition, were accounted for by the Thannadar, from the fact that Calingera had been a place of much traffic, and the residence of many rich traders of the Jain sect."

At the city of Cairah, in Guzerat, there is a Jain temple, which, though distinguished by its striking façade, depressed domes, and pyramidal sikharas is chiefly rendered remarkable by a piece of curious mechanism which it contains. "Near the centre of the town are a large Jain temple and school, the former consisting of many small apartments up and down stairs, and even under ground, with a good deal of gaudy ornaments, and some very beautiful carving in dark wood like oak. In one of the upper rooms is a piece of mechanism, something like those moving clock-work groups of kings, armies, gods and goddesses, which are occasionally carried about

* Narrative of a Journey, &c. vol. ii. p. 429, 431.

our own country by Italians and Frenchmen, in which sundry divinities dance and salaam with a sort of musical accompaniment. These figures are made chiefly of black wood. They at last showed us a cellar under ground, approached by a very narrow passage, and containing on an altar of the usual construction, the four statues of sitting men, which are the most frequent and peculiar objects of Jain idolatry. They are of white marble, but had (as seems to have been the case with many of the images of ancient Greece) their eyes of silver, which gleamed in a very dismal and ghastly manner, in the light of a solitary lamp which was burning before them, aided by a yet dimmer ray which penetrated from above through two narrow apertures, like flues in the vaulting. We were very civilly conducted over the whole of the building by one of the junior priests, the senior pundit of the place remaining, as if absorbed in heavenly things, immoveable and silent during the whole of our stay. While I was in the temple a good many worshippers entered, chiefly women, each of whom, first touching one of the bells which hung from the roof bent to the ground before one or other of the idols, depositing, in some instances, flowers of sugar-candy before it."

But their provincial temples, compared with those of the capitals of western India, are no more than so many village churches placed in juxtaposition with Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's. The bigotry of the Patans and Moguls, whom Colonel Tod very properly denominates the Goths and Vandals of Rajast'han, has deprived the lovers of the fine arts in Hindostan of many a beautiful "relic of noble days and noblest arts;" but a few exquisite structures have survived their devastating rage, and of these one of the most perfect and ancient specimens is found in the city of Ajmeen. This noble monument of Hindoo architecture stands on the western declivity of the fortress. It is termed by the natives, "the shed of two and a half days," for they

imagine it to have been the work of magic, and to have been completed within that time. "The temple is surrounded by a superb screen of Saracenic architecture, having the main front and gateway to the north. From its simplicity and antique appearance, I am inclined," says Colonel Tod, "to assign the screen to the first dynasty, the Ghorian sultans, who employed native architects." The entire arch is of the waving or Saracenic kind of architecture. The entire façade of this noble entrance is covered with Arabic inscriptions. The small frieze over the apex of the arch contained a Saracenic inscription, mingled with Arabic. The remains of a minaret still maintain their position on the right flank of the *muezzin*, to call the faithful to prayers. A line of gate, with a door and steps leading to it for the smaller arches of similar form, composes the front of the screen. The design is chaste and beautiful, and the material, which is a compact limestone of a yellow colour, admitting almost of a high polish, gave abundant scope to the sculptor. After confessing and admitting the taste of the architect, we passed under the arch to examine the more noble production of the Hindoo. Its plan is simple, and consonant with the more ancient temples of the Jains. It is an extensive saloon, the ceiling supported by a quadruple range of columns, those of the centre being surmounted by a range of vaulted coverings; while the lateral portion, which is flat, is divided into compartments of the most elaborate sculpture. But the columns are most worthy of attention; they are antique in design, and with the exception of the cave-temples, probably among the oldest now existing in India. On examining them, ideas entirely novel, even in Hindoo art, are developed. Like all these portions of Hindoo architecture, their ornaments are very complete, and the observer will not fail to be struck with their dissimilarity: it was evidently a rule in the art to make the ornaments of every part unlike the other, and which I have seen carried to a great extent. There may be forty columns, but no

two alike. The ornaments of the base are peculiar, both as to form and execution; the lozenges, with the rich drapery surmounting them, might be transferred, not inappropriately, to the Gothic cathedrals of Europe. The projections from various parts of the shaft, with the small niches still containing the statues, though occasionally mutilated, of the pontiffs of the Jains, give them a character which strengthens the comparison. The elegant Camacumpa, the emblem of the Hindoo Ceres, with its pendant palmyra-branches, is here lost, as are many emblematical ornaments, curious in design, and elegant in execution. Here and there occurs a richly carved corbeille; and the capitals are at once strong and delicate; the central vault, which is the largest, is constructed after the same fashion as that of Nadole; but the concentric amulets which in that are plain, in this are one blaze of ornaments, which, with the whole of the ceiling, is too elaborate and complicated for description. Under the most retired of the compartments, and nearly about the centre, is raised the numba or pulpit, whence the Mooliah enunciates there is but one God, and from which he dispossessed the Jain, whose creed was like his own, the unity of the Godhead. But this is in unison with the feeling which dictated the external metamorphosis."

The Hindoos. (Lib. of Ent. Knowledge.)

VISIT TO THE SALT MINES OF HALL.

IN the interior as well as outside, Hall bears upon its front the appearance of great antiquity. Gloomy old houses flank narrow winding streets; scarcely one modern building is to be seen: the ancient wall-towers and little gates yet remain, as well as the deep ditch; and recall to mind the wars of early times, of which Hall was so often the scene. One of these gates bears

an inscription in which the year 1315 is distinctly visible.

Almost immediately after reaching Hall, I presented myself at the gate of the salt manufactory; and was admitted immediately, upon shewing a permission from the superintendant. The building is of immense extent, and here the manufactory has been carried on ever since the commencement of the fourteenth century. The native salt at four leagues distance, after being dissolved in water at the mines, is conveyed to Hall in little rivulets which flow in troughs laid for the purpose, there to be reconverted into crystals. Nine cauldrons are employed—the five largest of them about thirty-six feet in diameter. They are made of iron, and have an opening at one side by a joint, in order that they may be cleaned from salt when necessary. The salt water being previously heated, is admitted into the cauldrons to the depth of eight inches, and is kept in a state of ebullition during three hours, at the end of which time two inches and a half have been evaporated, and a great quantity of salt deposited. Each boiling in each cauldron, will produce from twenty to twenty-four quintals, (from 2000 to 2400 lbs.); so that one cauldron will produce by the ordinary number of boilings 170 quintals of crystallized salt. Take this amount for each of the five large cauldrons, and the half of it for the four small ones, and the sum will be 1202 quintals, or 120,000 lbs. per day from the whole manufactory. The value of salt produced is about L.100,000 sterling, from which two florins (4s. 8d.) are to be deducted from every pound for expenses of the establishment. A clear revenue, however, of nearly L.80,000 is worth the Imperial notice. I think I have already said that the salt mines and manufactory are a government concern.

It is scarcely possible to conceive a more horrible abode than Hall; it is constantly enveloped in a dense atmosphere of smoke, which not only darkens the air, and blackens the houses, but throws a dinginess over the

dresses of the people, and makes the inhabitants appear of a sootier and duskier race. I was obliged to remain at Hall all night, but I spent as little of my time as possible in the town, passing the two or three hours that intervened between dinner and darkness, in a walk to the ruins of the castle of Grunegg, where formerly resided the Duke Sigismund, "a mighty hunter," and a valorous knight. At break of day next morning I left it to visit the mines.

In less than half an hour I found myself at the foot of the chain of mountains that bound the valley to the north, and at the mouth of a narrow ravine, traversed by a furious torrent. A path leads up the ravine towards the mines, which lie about eight miles farther in the heart of the mountain. I have seldom ascended a steeper path than this, or one more interesting, from the sublimity of the scenery that lay around. The grandeur of the views, and ruggedness of the objects, in traversing a gorge that penetrates so many miles into the recesses of the mountain, may be imagined; and perhaps it is better to leave all to the imagination, than attempt a description. Enormous masses of overhanging rocks seemed to be suspended above, almost by a miracle; old pine forests hung upon the rugged cliffs; the torrent that rushed by, was here and there spanned by bridges of snow, while huge melted avalanches lay in its bed. Cascades tumbled from a hundred heights,—some close by the path,—some at a great elevation above, while peaks, some dark, some snowy, many thousand feet high, almost closed over head, and seemed to jut into the sky. At length in the midst of this wild scene, a cluster of houses are seen above, where the gorge lost itself among precipices; and where the torrent has separated into a hundred tiny feeders, oozing from the beds of snow. At this wild spot stands the miners' inn; and here therefore, I began to think of satisfying the wants of the body. The superintendent of the mines, however, chanced to be close by; and pre-

senting to him the letter I brought, he politely invited me to his house, which lies upon a small platform a little higher up ; and soon produced a comfortable breakfast, and insisted that I should dine with him also, and spend the night in his house.

After breakfast, I proceeded to visit the mines, clothed in a suitable dress, and with a staff in my hand, and preceded by flambeaux, I followed my conductor into the mine. The visit commences with a descent of 300 steps, when one may fairly believe himself in the bowels of the mountain. 'Tis a strange empire one finds in these dismal abodes : life is a different thing, when sun-light is withdrawn ; and there is an icy feeling falls upon the heart as well as on the senses, when we look around these dismal galleries and dark walls, dimly lighted by a few ineffectual flambeaux that convey truly the idea of "darkness visible ;" and scan the dark subterranean lakes, whose extent and profundity the eye cannot guess but by a plunge of a fragment of the roof, and the dim glimmer of the lights ; and hear the distant stroke of the miner's axe, far in the interior of the caverns ; and still more do we feel the difference between the world above, and regions such as these, when we reach the solitary miner in some vast cavern, with his single candle, striking his axe ever and ever into the dull wall ; but along with these feelings, astonishment and admiration are engendered, at the power of man whose perseverance has hollowed out the mountain, and with seemingly feeble instruments—his hammer, arms, and little axe,—has waged war with the colossal works of nature.

The results are, indeed, almost incredible. No fewer than forty-eight caverns have been formed, each from one to two acres in size. One of the galleries is three leagues in length,—and I was assured, that to traverse all the galleries, *six* whole days would be required. The manner of proceeding is thus : when these subterraneous caverns are formed, the miners detach fragments of the

native salt from the roofs and walls; and when the cavern is sufficiently filled with these, pure water is let in, which dissolves the salt, and the water thus impregnated, is, as I have already said, conveyed by the conduits from the mines to the manufactory of Hall. When I visited the mines, some of these caverns were dry, and the miners were employed in them,—others were salt lakes, in which the more silent operation was going on. Occasionally, a distant hollow sound is heard, approaching nearer and nearer, which one easily mistakes for the rushing of water; this is occasioned by the little chariots which carry away rubbish to the mouth of the mine; the path is a rail-road, and these little chariots fly along it with frightful rapidity. When the sound is heard approaching, it is necessary to retire into one of the niches that are formed in the wall,—and the young miners, seated in front of their chariots, seem, as they pass by, like Gnomes directing their infernal cars.

The number of miners employed is 300, and the pittance of wages which they receive is miserable. They are paid according to seniority,—the oldest gets thirty kreutzers, the youngest about fifteen. Their labour is not, however, without intermission; they work and rest four hours alternately. Interesting and curious as a spectacle of this kind is, it is impossible to be restored to “the common sun and air,” without a feeling of satisfaction; we are almost surprised to find how genial the sun-shine is, and how beautiful the sky,—and we drop with cheerfulness a mite into the poor miners’ box.

Before leaving the house where I had put on my dress, they showed that which had been worn by the emperor when he visited the mines: it is of satin trimmed with gold lace, and very fit for an emperor.

I had spent nearly three hours in the mine,—and when I reached the superintendent’s house, it was not without satisfaction that I saw the cheerful blaze of an enormous wood fire; for although it is not cold in the lower galleries, there is a damp chill which is more felt

than the keenest air. I found a dinner awaiting me, which might have been called *recherché* even at Bouveliers; for besides chamois of the most exquisite flavour, we had woodcock, and another bird which I had seen before: in vegetables, indeed, our table was scanty; but good wine of Trent, and French brandy, made up for many deficiencies. I found the superintendent a well informed man upon all that regarded his own affairs,—and a staunch Imperialist. There are two superintendents, who live by turns, each time two months at Hall, and at the mines. Their salary is 800 florins, (L.93, 7s.) upon which they may live even affluently,—especially as house and fire-wood cost nothing. During the winter months, however, I should think that even free fire-wood, and brandy *ad libitum*, will scarcely be sufficient to keep these wooden houses warm; and I was told, that the long continuance of a storm frequently obliges one person to remain at the mines four months in place of two.

In the evening, the superintendent was obliged to attend to his duties,—and I took the opportunity of climbing up some of the neighbouring heights. Nothing could be more solemn and imposing than the coming on of evening in these far up solitudes,—the majestic precipices,—the dark forest,—the deep stillness,—the dusky depth of the torrent far below, now and then sending up its voice through the silent eve; and in its pauses, heightening the perfect hush of nature. I gathered many beautiful flowers blooming, as they always do, upon the edge of the fallen avalanche, and of the deep hollows full of snow; and before I found my way back to the superintendent's house, the stars were twinkling through the fir-woods that fringed the mountain ridges. I never slept sounder than I did that night,—and as it had been covenanted that I should be called soon after sun-rise, I was on my way descending the ravine a little after five o'clock, after having complied with the old mountain practice of fortifying the stomach by a mouthful of *eau-de-vie*. In these high elevations, the morn-

ings are seldom without frost: all the little patches of snow were crisped over; and here and there, icicles hung from the rocks. The descent was soon accomplished, though I often paused, and turned to look at the sublime scene I was leaving for ever, and at a good breakfast hour I reached the black town of Hall, and the inn which I had left the day before, greatly pleased with our excursion, which had shewn me alike the triumphs of art, and the magnificence of nature.

Inglis's Tyrol.

IRON MINE IN SWEDEN.

For grandeur of effect, filling the mind of the spectator with a degree of wonder which amounts to awe, there is no place where human labour is exhibited under circumstances more tremendously striking. As we draw near to the wide and open abyss, a vast and sudden prospect of yawning caverns and prodigious machinery prepared us for the descent. We approached the edge of the dreadful gulph whence the ore is raised, and ventured to look down; standing on the verge of a sort of platform, constructed over it in such a manner as to command a view into the great opening, as far as the eye could penetrate amidst its gloomy depths; for, to the sight, it is bottomless. Immense buckets suspended by rattling chains were passing up and down; and we could perceive ladders scaling all the inward precipices, on which the work-people, reduced by their distance to pigmies in size, were ascending and descending. Far below the utmost of these figures a deep and gaping gulph, the mouth of the lowermost pit, was, by its darkness, rendered impervious to the view. From the spot where we stood down to the place where the buckets are filled, the distance might be about seventy-five fathoms; and, as soon as any of these buckets emerged from the gloomy cavity we have mentioned, or until

they entered into it in their descent, they were visible; but below this point they were hid in darkness. The clanking of the chains, the groaning of the pumps, the hallooing of the miners, the creaking of the blocks and wheels, the trampling of horses, the beating of the hammers, and the loud and frequent subterraneous thunder from the blasting of the rocks by gunpowder, in the midst of all this scene of excavation and uproar, produced an effect which no stranger can behold unmoved. We descended with two of the miners and our interpreter into this abyss. The ladders, instead of being placed like those in our Cornish mines, on a series of platforms as so many landing places, are lashed together in one unbroken line, extending many fathoms; and being warped to suit the inclination or curvature of the sides of the precipices, they are not always perpendicular, but hang over in such a manner, that, even if a person hold fast by his hands, and if his feet should happen to slip, they would fly off from the rock, and leave him suspended over the gulph. Yet such ladders are the only means of access to the works below; and, as the labourers are not accustomed to receive strangers, they neither use the precautions, nor offer the assistance usually afforded in more frequented mines. In the principal tin-mines in Cornwall, the staves of the ladders are alternately bars of wood and iron; here they were of wood only, and in some parts rotten and broken, making us often wish, during our descent, that we had never undertaken an exploit so hazardous. In addition to the danger to be apprehended from the damaged state of the ladders, the staves were covered with ice or mud, and thus rendered so cold and slippery, that we could have no dependence on our benumbed fingers if our feet failed us. Then to complete our apprehension, as we mentioned this to the miners, they said, "Have a care,—it was just so, talking about the staves, that one of our women fell about four years ago, as she was descending to her work." "Fell!" said our Swedish interpreter rather simply,

“and pray, what became of her?” “*Became of her!*” continued the foremost of our guides, disengaging one of his hands from the ladder, and slapping it forcibly against his thigh, as if to illustrate the manner of the catastrophe,—“*she became a pancake.*”

As we descended further from the surface, large masses of ice appeared covering the sides of the precipices. Ice is raised in the buckets with the ore and rubble of the mine. It has also accumulated in such quantities in some of the lower chambers, that there are places where it is fifteen fathoms thick, and no change of temperature above prevents its increase. This seems to militate against a notion, now becoming prevalent, that the temperature of the air in mines increases directly as the depth from the surface, owing to the increasing temperature of the earth under the same circumstances, and in the same ratio. But it is explained by the width of the aperture at the mouth of the mine, which admits a free passage of atmospheric air. In our Cornish mines, ice would not be preserved in a solid state at any considerable depth from the surface.

After much fatigue, and no small share of apprehension, we at length reached the bottom of the mine. Here we had no sooner arrived, than our conductors, taking each of us an arm, hurried us along through regions of “thick-ribbed ice” and darkness into a vaulted level, through which we were to pass into the principal chamber of the mine. The noise of countless hammers, all in vehement action, increased as we crept along this level; until at length, subduing every other sound, we could no longer hear each other speak, notwithstanding our utmost efforts. At this moment we were ushered into a prodigious cavern whence the sound proceeded; and here, amidst falling waters, tumbling rocks, steam, ice, and gunpowder, about fifteen miners were in the very height of their employment. The magnitude of the cavern, over all parts of which their labours were going on, was alone sufficient to prove that the iron ore

is not deposited in veins, but in beds. Above, below, on every side, and in every nook of this fearful dungeon, glimmering tapers disclosed the grim and anxious countenances of the miners. They were now driving bolts of iron into the rocks, to bore cavities for the gunpowder, for blasting. Scarcely had we recovered from the stupefaction occasioned by our first introduction into this *Pandemonium*, when we beheld close to us hags more horrible than perhaps it is possible for any other female figures to exhibit, holding their dim quivering tapers to our faces, and bellowing in our ears. One of the same sisterhood, snatching a lighted splinter of deal, darted to the spot where we stood, with eyes inflamed and distilling rheum, her hair clotted with mud, dug naked and pendulous, and such a face, and such hideous yells, as it is impossible to describe. If we could have heard what she said, we should not have comprehended a syllable; but as several others, equally *Gorgonian* in their aspect, passed swiftly by us, hastening tumultuously towards the entrance, we began to perceive, that if we remained longer in our present situation, *Atropos* might cut short the thread of our existence; for the noise of the hammers had now ceased, and a tremendous blast was near the point of its explosion. We had scarcely retraced with all speed our steps along the level, and were beginning to ascend the ladders, than the full volume of the thunder reached us, and seemed to shake the earth itself with its terrible vibrations.

Dr. Clarke's Travels.

PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

THE most lasting monuments of the power and policy of Napoleon Bonaparte are the artificial roads across the Alps which connect Savoy with France, and Valais with Italy. The first leads over Mount Cenis, a mountain

5879 feet high, and before it was formed, travellers were obliged to pass over the steepest height on mules, and with very considerable danger and fatigue. The second road, which is one of the stupendous works of art, leads over the Simplon, a mountain 10,327 feet in height from Valais in Switzerland to Piedmont in Italy. Valais is a territory composed of the valley of the Rhone, situated in the midst of precipitous mountains, glaciers, rocks, and torrents. The population of this wild country amounted in 1811, to 63,533. Sion is its capital. Napoleon formed the project of making a highway into Italy, which would traverse their country from end to end. It was arranged, therefore, by a decree, that the Valais should cease to be the Valais, and become a portion of France, under the name of the department of the Simplon; and this decree was carried into effect at the point of the sword. The manner in which the first military body penetrated the passes of the mountains, in order to establish the possibility of having a regular thoroughfare by way of the Simplon, is among the most interesting passages of the life of Napoleon. In May 1800, General Balthazard set out at the head of 1400 men, and eight pieces of cannon, to seek this new route over the Alps, with the view of an attack upon the Austrian forces in Italy. The difficulties encountered were such as would have terrified any army but that of the French republic. "At one place, in the midst of the mountains, they found that the rude bridge over which they expected to pass had been swept away by an avalanche. The chasm was sixty feet broad, with perpendicular sides, and a torrent roaring at the bottom, but General Balthazard only remarked to the men that they were *ordered* to cross, and that cross they must. A volunteer speedily presented himself, who, clambering to the bottom of the precipice, eyed deliberately the gloomy gulf before him. In vain 'The angry spirit of the waters shrieked,' for the veteran—a mountaineer, perhaps, himself—saw that the foundations of the bridge, which were nothing more than holes

in the bed of the torrent to receive the extremities of the poles which had supported a transverse pole above, were still left, and not *many feet* under the surface. He called to his companions to fasten the end of a cord to the precipice above, and fling down the rest of the coil to him. With this burden on his shoulders, he then stepped boldly but cautiously into the water, fixing his legs in the foundation-holes of the bridge.

“As he sunk deeper and deeper in his progress through the roaring stream, bending up against the current, and seeming to grapple with it as with a human enemy, it may be imagined that the spectacle was viewed with intense interest by his comrades above. Sometimes the holes were far apart, and, in striding from one to another, it seemed a miracle that he was not swept away; sometimes they were too shallow to afford sufficient purchase; and as he stood swaying and tottering for a moment, a smothered cry burst from the hearts of the spectators—converted into a shout of triumph and applause as he suddenly sprung forward another step, plunged his leg into a deeper crevice, and remained steady. Sometimes the holes were *too deep*—of still more imminent danger—and once or twice there was nothing visible of the adventurer above the surface but his arms and head, his wild eyes glaring like those of a water-demon amidst the spray, and his teeth seen fiercely clenched through the dripping and disordered moustachio. The wind, in the meantime, increased every moment; and as it swept moaning through the chasm, whenever it struck the river, the black waters rose with a burst and a shriek.

“The spirit of human daring at last conquered, and the soldier stood panting on the opposite precipice. What was gained by the exploit? The rope, stretched across the chasm, and fastened firmly at either side, was as good as Waterloo Bridge to the gallant Frenchmen! General Bethencourt himself was the first to follow the volunteer; and after him a thousand men—knapsacked, armed, and accoutred—swung themselves, one by one, across the

abyss, a slender cord their only support, and an 'Alpine torrent' their only footing.

"The dogs of the division, amounting to five, with a heroism less fortunate but not less admirable, next tried the passage. They had waited till the last man crossed—for a soldier's dog belongs to the regiment—and then, with a quick moaning cry, sprung simultaneously into the gulph. Two only reached the opposite cliffs, the other three were swept away by the torrent. These gallant beasts were seen for several minutes struggling among the surge: they receded imperceptibly, and then sunk at once in an eddy, that whirled them out of sight. Two died in silence; but a wild and stifled yell told the despair of the third. The adventurers, at the foot of an almost perpendicular mountain, which it was necessary to cross before nightfall, had little time to grieve for their faithful friends. With the assistance of their bayonets, which they inserted, while climbing, in the interstices of the rock to serve as a support, they recommenced their perilous ascent, but even after a considerable time had elapsed, they often turned their heads, as some sound from the dark river below reached them, and looked down with a vague hope into the gulph.

"The terror of the Austrian posts may be conceived, when they saw 1000 men rushing down upon them from the Alps, by passes which nature herself had fortified with seemingly inaccessible ramparts! This expedition was completely successful, both as regarded its immediate and ulterior purpose; and, indeed, with all the disadvantages attending the opening a new and hazardous route, the column reached the point of rendezvous several days before that of General Mincey, which had debouched by the pass of St. Bernard. The famous battle of Marengo took place immediately after; and the construction of the military road of Simplon was decreed."^{*}

The road of Simplon was constructed between 1801

* Letich Ritchie's Picturesque Annual.

and 1800, and it is the only one from Switzerland, over the Alps, passable by wheel-carriages. It is about thirty-six miles long, and twenty-five feet wide throughout. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of the scenery through which it passes. It winds up romantic deep passes, crosses ravines, cataracts, and water courses; and when it can neither cross over nor wind round a precipice, it penetrates the rocky barriers, and is thus carried through the solid mountains. Some of these passages, or galleries, as they are called, are several hundred paces in length, and are lighted by openings. From them you step into lovely valleys, adorned with cottages, and see above them dark forests of pine, glaciers, and peaks covered with snow shining in the blue sky. There are six of these galleries, and eight principal bridges, with some hundreds of smaller size. There are also huge embankments of walls and earth, filling up hollows and forming terraces along the face of the ascents. The number of workmen occupied in forming the road, in all its parts, day and night, for four years, was from 4000 to 6000; and it is mentioned that they blasted 169,800 cubic metres of rock. A metre is about forty cubit inches. The expense of the whole route was, in sterling money, no more than about £680,000, which was defrayed in nearly equal portions by the French and Italian governments. It is by this famous route that the most of the tourists from France and Switzerland now proceed into Italy, and is spoken of in glowing terms by various writers of travels. The approach to Italy, on the emerging of the road from the mountain passes and galleries is thus rapturously described.

"The valley widened slowly; the trees grew richer and more numerous as we advanced; fields, houses, vineyards, cattle, men, and women, all came gradually in sight. Still we were not in Italy—the Italy of our imagination. We were yet in the Alps. The *wildness*, indeed, was a little *tamer*; but it was not tameness our

eyes and our hearts longed for, but softness, and beauty, and richness, and voluptuous luxuriance.

“A struggle seems to take place between the genius of the mountain and that of the vale. Here we meet fertility—there barrenness; here are cultivated fields—there naked rocks; here gently swelling hills—there a narrow and rude defile. Are we on the Alps? are we in Italy? The questions appear to be decided *against* the hopes that had unconsciously arisen within us, and we are thrown back in imagination many a weary league. The mountain-rock heaves itself, according to custom, over the road, and plunges into the torrent below. We enter, with something between a shudder and a sigh the gallery of Crevola; mid-way, we stretch our neck out of the carriage, and look wistfully through a rude window, which is bored in the side next the river; soon we emerge again, after having traversed about 180 feet of subterranean passage, and shut our eyes upon the glare of daylight.

“By and by, we re-open them, as we hear, by the sound of the waters, that we are crossing a bridge. A new world bursts at one flash upon our sight. It is Italy—it is the Italy of our imagination! A vast plain lies before us, covered with the richest vegetation. Two rivers glide through it. Groves, orchards, vineyards, corn-fields, farm houses, villages, are thickly intermingled; and everywhere around, villas, of a dazzling whiteness, gleam like pearls in the rich ground-work of the picture. We are in Italy. The roads are strewn with fragments of marble, and the walls adorned with portraits of the saints. We are in the land of the sculptor, the painter, and the idolater. The bridge of Crevola has shut in the valley of the Simplon. The Val d'Ossola is before us. A new costume amuses our eyes, and a new language falls like music on our ear. Yes, we are in Italy!”

Chambers's Journal.

THE END.

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