

whole to be out of level, or what was the cause, I never could learn; but down the whole tumbled, thousands of loads, burying the poor guide beneath in everlasting oblivion, and leaving me, although unhurt, yet in the most dreadful state of alarm and in utter darkness, the torch having been knocked out of my hands. The crash of breaking and broken bones that accompanied this fall, and the dust that followed, added to the awful stillness that ensued, not a cry or a groan being heard from the poor guide. Oh! never can I forget the horrors of that moment. As soon as I came a little to myself, I called loudly on the guide, but no reply came. I then endeavoured to group my way back to the friends I had left, and proceeded better onward than I had expected to do, the path not being impeded on the side I followed. I continued my progress for full half an hour before it occurred to me that I might have mistaken my route; and the circumstance of my changing my position while the guide was climbing up the pile of bones then, for the first time, came across my mind. I was now puzzled to know whether I had, in my haste to look for help, returned by the path I had come, or had proceeded onward. I endeavoured, by feeling with my hands, to find if there were any opening to the right or to the left of the path on which I was then proceeding, and it was not long before I discovered, that I could pass on either side. In this difficulty, in total darkness, and under the circumstances of my late fright, I hardly knew what to do. At length, as it appeared to me to be equally uncertain whether I should do right or wrong, by proceeding onwards, returning, or turning off to the right or left, I determined to keep straight on, and leave the rest to Providence. I, therefore, kept walking on, as I conceived, in a direct line, sometimes tumbling over loose heaps of bones or rubbish; at other times running my head against the piles of bones with which these caverns were filled. I became quite exhausted, and found that I must either rest or fall to the ground. Gladly would I have sat me down could I have found a resting place, but the horrors of sitting down upon the moist, cold earth, on which numerous reptiles were crawling about, had hitherto prevented me. I, however, now found it necessary to stop, and, resting my body against the masses of bones with which I was surrounded, I fervently prayed for that assistance from above by whose help alone I had now any hopes of escape. At this period I felt myself sick, even, as I thought, unto death, and my mouth parched with thirst. Fortunately I found in my pocket a few acidulated drops, which very much relieved my mouth and throat. Still, I felt very weak and ill. How long I remained in this situation I am unable to say, for, when I came to myself, I was lying upon the ground, cold, and almost covered with various reptiles, which I felt crawling over me.

It was now that I began to feel all the horrors of my situation, and the probability of my being left to perish in this my wretched abode. I endeavoured to rouse myself, and commenced again my search for my companions; but my path was much impeded, and I felt weak and exhausted for want of food and fresh air. I continued, however, toiling on in the best way I could, until at length I fell over a large stone flat upon my face. This rather stunned and obliged me to rest upon the stone, where I sat me down hungry, thirst, and worn out with fatigue, and a mind filled with the most gloomy apprehensions. How long I had been in these dreary dungeons I could not tell, but, in referring to my watch, I found it still going. I therefore, wound it up, and, placing my arms upon my knees, I rested my head upon my hands and fell asleep, if sleep it could be called, that was accompanied by such horrid dreams, which, to my fancy, appeared frightful realities. At one time I saw the whole mass of bones with which I was surrounded rising up as if at the word of command, and felt as if my every limb was crushed to nothing, and the breath squeezed out of my body. At other times there was nothing but confusion, noise, and fighting for the bones of each individual, who appeared fitting itself up as if preparing for a review. Whether awake or asleep, I must have remained in this state for some time. At length I opened my eyes, and saw at some distance from me, a glare of light; benumbed and stiff as I was, I sprang up in the best manner that I could and went towards it, but on proceeding a few paces, it suddenly disappeared. I then began to doubt the correctness of my intellect, and my imagination began really to form the most extravagant notions: I raved and called aloud in the most vehement manner, stamping and running to and fro with all the strength I possessed, until at length, I struck my left eye and temple with all my force against some hard substance which led me to the ground.

This event put a period to my troubles in the catacombs, for when I came to myself I found I was snug in my bed at the Hotel Montreux, with my faithful Sandy at my side. It was a long time before I could collect myself as to satisfy my mind that this had not all been a horrid dream, but the wound on my head was a fact which I felt, and I therefore, was the sooner convinced that it was reality. Sandy's torn now came to detail to me his alarms, and his exertions to recover me. They had heard the crash of the bones, and Mrs. P. had been carried out of the caverns. Assistance had been procured and more guides. The bones had been the first object of search, as it was the general opinion, that the guide and myself were both buried beneath the heap. The first thing then, to be done was to turn these over; this took up a considerable time, and it was not until the night was far advanced that the guide was found; he was, however, although much hurt alive, and recovered afterwards; but finding no traces of me, my Sandy suggested, that the caverns ought to be searched and torches left at every turn of an avenue, to guide me, should I be living. The search of this faithful attendant was continued uninterruptedly for eight hours before I was discovered, and had it not been that one of the guides stumbled over me in his progress, it is probable that I should have ended my days in these awful vaults. I had been twenty-seven hours in these caverns from my first entrance to the time when I was discovered, and was found at a considerable distance from the place where the bones had fallen. Mr. and Mrs. P. had had great anxiety about me, and rejoiced much at my recovery, which was accomplished in a few days; and after I had received Sandy's admonition never to attempt such an excursion again, for that no good could be expected to come from gratification of a curiosity which was not earthly, we agreed to set out altogether on our way home; my fellow-lodgers to the south of England, and I to the north.

INDIAN SAGACITY.—An Indian, upon returning home to his hut one day, discovered that his venison, which had been hung up to dry, had been stolen. Af-

ter going some distance he met some persons, of whom he inquired if they had seen a *little old white man* with a *short gun*, accompanied by a *small dog* with a *bob tail*? They replied in the affirmative; and, upon assuring them that the man thus described had stolen his venison, they desired to be informed how he was able to give such a minute description of a person he had not seen. The Indian replied thus:—The thief I know is a *little man*, by his having made a pile of stones to stand upon, in order to reach the venison from the height I hung it, standing on the ground; that he is an *old man*, I know by his short steps, which I have traced over the dead leaves in the woods; and that he is a *white man*, I know by his turning out his toes when he walks, which an Indian never does. His gun I know to be *short*, by the mark the muzzle made by rubbing the bark of the tree on which it leaned; that his dog is *small* I know by his tracks; and that he has a *bob-tail*, I discovered by the mark it made in the dust where he was sitting at the time his master was taking down the meat"—*Cox's Travels in North America*

VISIT TO NICÆA.

As this city has been distinguished by the general councils called there to determine some of the most important doctrines of the Christian Church, and the first assemblies that ever met since the time of the Apostles, I was curious to pay it a visit, and I availed myself of the opportunity of some friends who felt a similar curiosity, to form a party for the purpose. Towards the evening we arrived at a large plain surrounded by hills; at one end was a very extensive lake, and on the shores of the lake a large and magnificent city. We stopped at a distance to admire the beauty of the scene. The walls of the city were six miles in circumference, with parapets and battlements. We approached the gate next us by a fine aqueduct, which conveyed a river of pure water, on arches, into the walls. The entrance was by three gates, one inside the other, ornamented with marble figures in sculptured relief. The centre, or second gate, was of magnificent size and workmanship, with frieze, cornices, and all the ornaments which mark the pure age of architecture, and in perfect order and preservation. Over the gate, on the frieze, was an inscription in brazen letters, intimating that it had been erected by the Emperor Hadrian, and the whole exterior had the appearance of being a rich, large, and populous city, far exceeding anything we had seen in all the east either in Europe or Asia. We were at first surprised that we met no one going in or out of the gate, as is usual in a large town; but when we passed the inside gate, our astonishment cannot be expressed—there was neither street, nor house, nor inhabitant, nor the remains of such things! The whole space inside these extensive and magnificent walls, was a wide desolate field as far as the eye could reach; as if the earth had opened, and closed over the houses and inhabitants, and left the walls of the city perfect and uninjured. After wandering about this dreary plain for some time, we at length came to a few Greek houses in a corner of the walls, and in one of them we knocked. We were now in the famous city of Nicæa, or as it is at present called, Isnik. Nicæa is surrounded, on the east and south, by mountains, which are distant about three miles. The interval is a plain of exceeding richness and beauty, which extends in length for a considerable space. At one extremity is the lake of Ascanius, expanding for several miles into the recesses of the hills, which surround it on three sides, and form wooded promontories, projecting into it, giving it a highly picturesque character, not so sublime, but full as beautiful, and more extensive than any of the Lakes of Cumberland. Between this picturesque lake and this fertile valley, stands the town of Nicæa, on the edge of the water, slumbering in solitary magnificence, and now silent and desolate as Tadmor in the desert. The walls are twenty five feet high, and fourteen feet thick at the base, having round or elliptic towers at intervals, along the whole extent. They are still so perfect and undecayed, that we ascended to the summit, where we found a broad walk between the parapets, and continued in an uninterrupted course round the city. Along this we pursued our way, looking down on the enclosures below, where nothing presented itself to our view but an immense empty space, in

which not a trace or vestige of the streets or magnificent edifices which once filled it, were to be seen; not a single human being of all the large population that once crowded it. Such depopulation of ancient cities is very common in the Turkish empire; but this is, perhaps, the only city in the world where the walls remain as entire and perfect as when they were raised, while the edifices which they enclosed, have entirely disappeared. The only traces which indicated their existence were a small Greek chapel, having on part of its walls and ceiling, tracery in Mosaic, with Greek inscriptions and figures worked like embroidery through the small square stones, and some fragments of a large building, which, tradition says, was the palace of Constantine, in which he held the celebrated Council. The stones composing it were oblong blocks, of twelve or fourteen feet in length, and put together without any cement. These were generally marked with monograms CAK, AIK, and others, in which the letter K was to be found, supposed to be the initial of Constantine. It was in this palace the celebrated Council was held. From the time of these Councils, Nicæa continued to be not only a celebrated, but a large and populous city, till the invasion of the Greek Empire by the Latin Crusaders; it was then besieged and taken, and became the centre and capital of a dynasty established by the Lascaris family; and so continued till the expulsion of the Latins, and the invasion of the Turks. Even so late as the year 1677 it was a flourishing and populous town; it contained a population of 10,000 Christian Greeks, and many precious remnants of antiquity to attest its former splendour. But the desolating hand of the Turk has since effaced every trace of this; and it is a subject of melancholy contemplation now to behold it, the shadowy phantom of a magnificent city, on a beautiful and fertile spot, where bountiful nature has provided every thing necessary for human life; an extensive plain exuberant with fertility, sloping lawns verdant with pasture, wooded hills covered with timber, expanded waters teeming with fish, and a climate the most bland and delicious that ever refreshed a mortal frame. Yet here human life is actually extinguished, human habitations totally obliterated, and the solitude rendered more striking by the irrefragable testimonies of its former splendour, and the visible evidences of what it really was, and what it might still be. In the corner of this solitary place where we knocked, the inhabitants gained a livelihood by feeding silk-worms. We passed three days in the vast vacuity, searching in vain for remains of antiquity, and copying the very fragments of inscriptions which are yet legible on one or two half buried stones; this employment we varied by bathing every morning in the lake, and afterwards dining on the finest carp and tench, which were taken out of it almost by only putting in the hand to catch them. Our last day was Sunday, which we observed by performing the service of the Protestant church, perhaps the first time that it was ever celebrated at Nicæa, and repeating in the church the creed, on the very spot where it was composed. The next morning, at daylight, we left this most interesting but melancholy place, where there is a lovely and fertile plain, fifteen miles long, and no one to cultivate it; a lake like an inland sea, full of fish, and nobody to eat them; and the magnificent walls of a city, six miles in circumference, and nobody to inhabit it; and we could not but feel the strange perversity of the human race, that while God and nature had presented this place ready for and inviting a million or more of men to come and live in it, as in a social paradise, nobody is to be found; yet people are murdering and destroying each other, even in our own country, for a patch of barren waste, because there are more inhabitants than the country can accommodate.—*Dr. Walsh, in the Amulet.*

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.—In one of the latest days of Fox, the conversation turned on the comparative wisdom of the French and English character. "The Frenchman," it was observed, "delights himself with the present; the Englishman makes himself anxious about the future. Is not the Frenchman the wiser?" "He may be the merrier," said Fox; "but did you ever hear of a savage who did not by a mirror in preference to a telescope?"—*Drawing-room Scrap Sheet.*