

sink directly downwards, it falls over and forwards seeking its level. So awful is the spectacle of a storm at sea, that it is generally viewed through a medium which biases the judgment; and lofty as waves really are, imagination makes them loftier still. No wave rises more than ten feet above the ordinary level, which, with the ten feet that its surface afterwards descends below this, gives twenty feet for the whole height, from the bottom of any water valley to the summit.—This proposition is easily proved, by trying the height upon a ship's mast at which the horizon is always in sight over the tops of the waves; allowance being made for accidental inclinations of the vessel, and for her sinking in the water too much below her water-line at the instant when she reaches the bottom of the hollow between two waves. The spray of the sea, driven along by the violence of the wind, is of course much higher than the summit of the liquid wave; and a wave coming against an obstacle, may dash to almost any elevation above it. At the Eddy-stone Light-house, when a surge reaches it, which has been growing under a storm all the way across the Atlantic, it dashes even over the lantern, at the summit.—*Arnold's Elements of Physics.*

THE GERMAN STUDENT.

The scene brought to mind the instance of the German student, who, having pined with desire during many years to see the 'eternal city,' and hardly saved a slender sum from his poor resources, at last set out with an enraptured heart. He had calculated that, with rigid economy, there was enough to bear the expenses of the way, as well as a short residence in Rome. He travelled on foot, and was occasionally indebted by the way to the hospitality of the pastors of the villages, who gladly gave him welcome beneath their roof. But this resource failed when the distance between Heidelberg and the north of Italy was passed, and he found himself in a foreign land. Like the shipwrecked man who guards with a lynx-like suspicion and care the little store he had saved, the enduring student grudged himself almost every meal he ate, and for which he must surely pay. Yet amidst privations and fatigues the energy of the mind lived on; every day—and not one was given to rest—brought him nearer to the goal of all his hopes. Rome filled his thoughts by day and his dreams by night; in a thousand splendid and fantastic forms she stood before him in the desert plain, but all were glorious and indelible. In spite of every care, and daily, even hourly self-denial, when he arrived at Buccano his finances were brought low, very low, for the way had been long and weary. The day was breaking; he could not afford to rest at the desolate inn, but he hastened forward to the summit of the hill that bounds the little plain, and sat down, and looked long and with indescribable emotion. From this spot the dome of St. Peter's is distinctly seen far in the distance, and the rising sun now fell redly on it. He watched its glory as if it had been that of another and brighter world: all which he had yearned for so many years, which his heart had bled to behold, was there! And now to turn back again, after all his toils, and never, never enter Rome, was almost more than man could bear. He counted once more the scanty sum that remained, and saw that, if he entered Rome, he must solicit the charities of his countrymen either for his support there or his return home, and be scorned to be thus degraded. Even with the most rigid economy, there was scarcely a sufficiency for his journey back: he cast a farewell look towards the city, and rising from the earth with an almost broken heart, he bent his way over the plain.—*Carne's Letters.*

DESCENT INTO THE REAL DEL MONTE.

The vein of silver ore, now unfolded to our view, forms a closely compacted component part of the solid rock, on the surface of which are perceived the glittering particles of the precious metal. It is hewn in small pieces with prodigious labour, requiring the best and sharpest instruments, and a plentiful supply of gunpowder; in order to blast what cannot be otherwise procured. The dip of about 15°; so that in following the ore the depth continually increases, and the steam-engine is required to be in almost continual operation in order to discharge the water, that flows in upon the workmen, by means of shafts, levels and excavations made for that purpose. The veins of silver are principally found in primitive and transition rocks, of which the porphyries are esteemed the richest. I had no adequate idea whatever of the enormous toil and expence to be encountered before a single shilling is coined, from the first breaking of the stone to the subsequent smelting, amalgamation, and running of the metal into bars. The works are principally carried on by Mexicans, under the superintendance of Englishmen, many of whom are obliged to stand for hours together up to their knees and middle in water, hammering, boring, drilling and blasting, by the light of candles stuck on the points of the rock, and on their hats; the two porti-

ons of this period being assigned to distinct bodies of men successively relieving each other. The appearance of so many subterranean galleries, traversing and intersecting each other through an almost interminable length, and where, in some instances you are compelled to crawl on your hands and feet—the appalling sound of the blasting rocks reverberating through these dismal caverns with a terrific echo, as if the superincumbent mountain were rushing down upon you—the sickly and lurid glare of a hundred flickering tapers gleaming around you—and the anti-mundane aspect of this second race of Cyclops, driving their wedges and thundering away in their mining avocations,—produce as startling a sensation as an inhabitant of the upper regions of earth could well experience, and much more than he could imagine. Give me a crust of bread, and a glass of cold water, under the blessed light of the sun, and without ever seeing the face of a single shilling, rather than all the hidden wealth of the mine, if alone to be procured by working for it in these gloomy shades of 'Chaos and old Night.'—*Tudor's Narrative.*

KEENE, OR THE FUNERAL LAMENT OF AN IRISH MOTHER OVER HER SON.

Many of these Keenes abound with touches of a wild and simple pathos. The following is not a translated one, but only an imitation of their peculiar style, which seems to bear much analogy to the characteristics of Irish music.

Darkly the cloud of night came rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

There is thy blood upon the threshold
Whence thy step went forth at morn,
Like a dancer's in its fleetness,
O! my bright first born!

At the glad sound of that footstep
My heart within me smiled;—
Thou wert brought me back all silent
In thy blood, my child!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

I thought to see thy children
Laugh with thine own blue eyes;
But my sorrow's voice is lonely
Where my life's flower lies.

shall go to sit beside thee
Thy kindred's grave among;
I shall hear the small grass whisper—
I shall hear it not long!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son!
Silent and dark!

And I too shall find slumber
With my lost son in the earth;
Let none light up the ashes
Again on our hearth!

Let the roof go down! Let silence
On the home for ever fall,
Where my boy lay cold, and heard not
His lone mother's call!

Darkly the cloud of night comes rolling on—
Darker is thy repose, my fair-hair'd son.
Silent and dark.

MRS. HEMANS.

VISIT TO 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 annointed 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 a 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 a low doorway, I entered the chapel, which is about eight or nine feet square, and not more than six or seven feet in height. It is paved with marble, and has marble ornaments on the sides, with a great number of massive lamps kept constantly alight. 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 too people to pass beside the tomb, at least while they are kissing and rubbing their faces upon it, which some pilgrims kept doing so 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 on 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 skreen 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 has only an iron network. On entering, the church appears smaller than would have been expected from the external ponderous appearance of the dome, but more lofty from the 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.—*Madow's Excursions.*

POWER OF MEMORY.

Seneca says he could in his youth repeat a thousand names in the same order as they were read to him. Themistocles made himself master of the Persian language in a year's time. Mithridates understood as many languages as he commanded nations; that is no less than twenty-two. Cyrus retained the name of every soldier in his army. Tully says of Julius Cæsar, in his oration for Ligarius, that he never forgot any thing but an injury. A girl at a Sabbath evening school in the north, repeated the 119th psalm without a mistake. A blind man who lived in the town of Sterling, could repeat the whole Bible, which he acquired by hearing children read at school. He used to say, that if he heard any thing read twice he never forgot it. But, though he could repeat the Bible, he seemed very ignorant of its great truths, not aware of their value. Mr Wesley remarks, 'Thomas Walsh was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, if he was questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New Testament, he would tell, after a little pause, not only how often one or the other occurred in the Bible, but what it meant in every place.

JUDGMENTS AND MERCIES.

If we felt nothing but fears, they might make us despair; if nothing but mercies they would make us secure. If the whole year were summer, the sap of the earth would be exhausted; if the whole were winter, it would be quite buried. The hammer breaks metal, and the fire melts it; and then you may cast it into any shape. Judgments break, mercies melt; and then, if ever, the soul is fit to cast into God's mould.—*Bishop Reynolds.*

CROMWELL'S ORATORY.

"Trust in the Lord and rely on your pikes," was on one occasion Cromwell's address to his soldiers on going into battle. On another occasion his general address was,—"Trust in the Lord, and keep your powder dry." Equally characteristic was his remark to his fatigued soldiers, when from the range of mountains called the Galtees, he pointed to the fertile vale of South Munster and said, "Soldiers of Israel, behold a country worth fighting for."

AMBULATORY ARTILLERY.

Another oddity in the same ship was one of the ward-room officers, Lieutenant G. M.—. This officer having at an early age lost his right leg in an action, had substituted a regular timber one, manufactured by one of the ship's carpenters on a new and improved principle of his own invention. The merits of this consisted in connecting with its original locomotive purposes (in the event of falling in with a land privateer or other belligerent) the additional one of attack or defence, as an ambulating gun, musket, or fire leg; being bored and lined with metal at the extremity, and furnished with a touch-hole about half way up. Astonishingly active, and full of humor and fun, whenever he went to beat up the quarters of the 'dignity' (a negro ball) on man-of-war-hill or other haunts, George, having loaded his engine with gunpowder and peas, and furnished his magazine with spare amuni-