

Upon the walls are sculptured the emblems of Life and Death in such a way as to confirm Mr. Stephens in the belief that it was erected for the practice of the worship prevalent among the Egyptians and other Eastern nations.

He says that he once ascended the steps and that when he attempted to descend, he repented; his sight failed him, and he was in some danger. He adds that in the apartments of the building, were the idols, and that there they made sacrifices of men, women, and children. Beyond doubt this lofty building was a great "Teocallis," the great temple of idols worshipped by the people of Uxmal, consecrated by their most mysterious rites, the holiest of their holy places.

From the London Illustrated News. EXTINCT CITIES OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

The political convulsions of Central America, the wars of the Teixians, and the recent triumphs of the people of Yucatan, Guatemala, Honduras, and neighbouring Provinces, over the Mexican forces, having invested its "veiled domains" with fresh interest, we have determined on devoting a page to their historic illustration. These distracted states are situated between the tenth and twentieth parallels of north latitude, and the eighty-third and ninety-fourth of longitude west of Greenwich.

The climate is temperate but humid; the general surface raised about 150 feet above the level of the sea, and varied by innumerable piles of magnificent mountains. The bases of the hills, the valleys, and the banks of the streams, are clothed with dense forests of evergreen oaks, mahogany, cotton-tree, and many species of palms, besides vast parasitic tribes which climb from tree to tree, and branch to branch; and weave the woods into almost impenetrable masses.

principally characterizes these buildings is the numerous pyramidal structures, sometimes flanking the walls and angles of the buildings, but in the majority of cases occupying independent positions, and sometimes built on artificial or natural mounds of considerable elevation.

Another remarkable feature in these ruins is the presence of numerous curved pillars, of the average height of twenty-five feet, which still stand erect in the midst of the debris of ruined architecture and perished vegetation which imbed their lower portions. These pillars are square, and have bas-reliefs on each of their four sides: on the front a figure dressed in what we may suppose to be the costume of the country; and on the other side, rude scroll-like ornaments, which sometimes enclose monograms and other symbols, of what Mr. Stephens, in his "Incidents of Travel," considers to be the language of the people who erected them.

It appears that in the time of Cortez and Alvarado, who overran the country and broke the sceptre of its proud nationality, the states of Central America stood upon "power's high pinnacle" unshaken and undiminished. Herrera, the Spanish historian, says of Yucatan, "The whole country is divided into eighteen districts, and in all of them were so many and such stately stone buildings, that it was amazing; and the great wonder is, that having no use of any metal, they were able to raise such structures, which seem to have been temples, for their houses were always of timber and thatched. In those edifices were carved the figures of naked men, with earrings, after the Indian manner, and idols of all sorts."

The date of these ruins, and of the great dynasties who founded them, would appear, then to range through the five centuries from A. D. 1,000 to the period of the Spanish conquest. Their sudden extinction is one of the wonders of history; but, as a Christian people, we find its solution in that memorable prophecy of our faith, "the Idols he shall utterly abolish."

We take the following extracts from Sir E. L. Bulwer's new work, entitled "The Last of the Barons."

OLD LONDON. The narrow streets were, however, crowded with equestrians, whose dress collapsed his own—some bending their way to the tower, some to the palaces of the Fleet. Carriages there were none, and only twice he encountered the huge litters, in which some aged prelate, or some high born dame veiled greatness from the day. But the frequent vistas to the river gave glimpses of the gay boats and barges that crowded the Thames, that then, principal thoroughfare for every class, but more especially for the noble. The ways were fortunately dry and clean for London; though occasionally deep holes and furrows in the road menaced perils to the unwary horseman.

The streets themselves might well disappoint in splendor the stranger's eye; for although

viewed at a distance, ancient London was incalculably more picturesque and stately than the modern; yet, when fairly in its tortuous labyrinth, it seemed to those who had improved the taste by travel, the meanest and the murkiest capitol in Christendom. The streets were marvelously narrow, the upper stories, chiefly of wood, projecting far over the lower, which were formed of mud and plaster. The shops were pitiful booths, and the prentices standing at the entrance with cap in hand, and lining the passages, as the old French writers avers, comme idoles, kept up an eternal din with their clamorous invitations, often varied by pert witticisms on some churlish passenger, or loud vituperations of each other. The whole ancient family of the London criers were in full bay. Scarce had Marmaduke's ears recovered the shock of "Hot peas cods—all hot," than they were saluted with "mackerel," "sheep's feet—hot sheep's feet."

THE EARL OF WARWICK.

The earl was in the lusty vigor of his age. His hair, of the deepest black was worn short, as in disdain of the effeminate fashion of the day, and, fretted bare from the temples, by the constant and early friction of his helmet, gave to a forehead naturally lofty a yet more majestic appearance of expanse and height. His complexion, though dark and sunburned, glowed with rich health. The beard was closely spare, but of prodigious width and depth of chest, more apparent from the fashion of the short surcoat which was thrown back, and left in broad expanse a placard, not of holiday velvet and satins, but of steel polished as a mirror, and inlaid with gold.

And now, as concluding his task, the earl rose and motioned Marmaduke to a stool by his side, his great stature, which from the length of his limbs, was not so observable when he sat, actually startled his guest. Tall as Marmaduke was himself, the earl towered above him—with his high, majestic, smooth, uncrinkled forehead—like some Paladin of the rhyme of poet or romancer; and perhaps, not only in this masculine advantage, but in the rare and harmonious combination of colossal strength with lithe and graceful lightness, a more splendid union of all the outward qualities we are inclined to give to the heroes of old, never dazzled the eyes, or impressed the fancy. But even this effect of mere person was subordinate to that which this eminent nobleman created—upon his inferiors, at least—by a manner so void of all arrogance, yet of all dejection, so simple, open, cordial, and hero like, that Marmaduke Neville, peculiarly alive to external impressions, and subdued and fascinated by the earl's first word, and that word was, "Welcome!"

KING EDWARD THE FOURTH.

The Tower of London, more consecrated to associations of gloom and blood, than gaiety and splendor, was nevertheless, during the reign of Edward IV., the seat of a gallant and gorgeous court.

That king, from the first to the last so dear to the people of London, made it his principal residence when in the metropolis, and its ancient halls and towers were then the scene of many a brawl and galliard. As Warwick's barge now approached its huge walls, rising from the river, there was much that might either animate or awe, according to the mood of the spectator. The king's barge, with many lesser craft, reserved for the use of the courtiers, gay with awnings and streamers, and painting and gliding, lay before the wharfs, not far from the gate of Sir Thomas, now called the Traitor's Gate. On the walk raised above the battlemented wall of the inner ward, not only paced the sentries, but there dames and knights were inhaling the noon-day breeze, and the gleam of their rich dresses of cloth of gold flashed upon the eye at frequent intervals from tower to tower. Over the vast round turret, behind the Traitor's Gate, now called the "Bloody Tower," floated cheerily in the light wind, the royal banner. Near the Lion's Tower, two or three keepers of the menagerie, in the king's livery, were leading forth, by a strong chain, the huge white bear, which made one of the beasts of the collection, and was an especial favorite with the king and his brother Richard. The sheriffs of London were bound to find this grizzly mission his chain and his cord, when he designed to amuse himself with bathing by "fishing" in the river, and several boats, filled with gape-mouthed passengers, lay near the wharf to witness the diversions of Bruin. These folk set up a loud shout of "A Warwick! a Warwick!" "The stout earl, and God bless him!" as the gorgeous barge shot towards the fortress. The earl acknowledged their greeting by veiling his plumed cap, and passing the keepers with a merry allusion to the care of his own badge, and a friendly compliment to the granting bear, he stepped ashore, followed by his kinsman. Now, however, he paused a moment, and a more thoughtful shade passed over his countenance, as, glancing his eye carelessly aloft to-

ward the standard of king Edward, he caught sight of the casement in the neighboring tower of the very room in which the sovereign of his youth, Henry VI. was a prisoner, almost within hearing of the revels of his successor; then with a quick stride, he hurried on through the vast court, and passing the White Tower, gained the royal lodge. Here, in the great hall, he left his companion, amid a group of squires and gentlemen to whom he formally presented the Neville as his friend and kinsman, and was ushered by the deputy chamberlain (with an apology for the absence of his chief, the Lord Hastings, who had gone abroad to fly his falcon) in the small garden where Edward IV. was idling away the intervals between the noon and evening meals—repasts to which already the young king inclined with that intemperate jest and ardor he carried into all his pleasures, and which finally destroyed the handsomest person, and imbruted one of the most vigorous intellects of the age.

The garden, if bare of flowers, supplied their place by the various and brilliant covered garbs of the living beauties assembled on its straight walks and smooth sward. Under one of those graceful cloisters, which were the taste of the day, and had been recently built and gaily decorated, the earl was stopped in his path by a group of ladies playing at closheys (ninepins) of ivory; and one of these fair dames, who excelled the rest in her skill, had just bowled down the central or crowned pin, the king of the closheys. This lady, no less a person than Elizabeth, the queen of England, was then in her thirty-sixth year, ten years older than her lord, but the peculiar fairness and delicacy of her complexion still preserved to her beauty the aspect and bloom of youth. From a lofty head, gear, embroidered with fleur-de-lis, round which wreathed a light diadem of pearls, her hair of the pale yellow, considered then the perfection of beauty, flowed so straight and shining down her shoulders, almost to the knees; that it seemed like a mantle of gold. The baudekin stripes (blue and gold) of her tunic attested her royalty. The blue courtship of satin was bordered with ermine, and the sleeves, fitting close to an arm of exquisite contour, shown with seed-pearls. Her features were straight and regular, yet would have been insipid, but for an expression of cunning rather than intellect; and the high arch of her eyebrows, with a slight curve downwards of a mouth otherwise beautiful, did not improve the expression, by an addition of something supercilious and contemptuous rather than haughty and majestic.

The king rose as Warwick now approached him; and the appearance of these two eminent persons was in singular contrast. Warwick, though richly and even gorgeously—nay, with all the care which in that age was considered the imperative duty of a man of station and birth owed to himself, held in lofty disdain whatever vagary of custom tended to cripple the movements or womanize the man. No loose flowing robes—no shoon half a yard long—no flaunting tawdriness of fringe and aiglet, characterized the appearance of the Baron, who, even in peace, gave his dress a half-martial fashion.

But Edward, who, in common with all the princes of the House of York, carried dress to a passion, had not only introduced many of the most effeminate modes in vogue under William the Red King, but added to them whatever could tend to give an almost Oriental character to the old Norman garb. His gown, a womanly garment which had greatly superseded, with men of the highest rank, not only the mantle, but the sarcoat) flowed to his heels, trimmed with ermine, and brodered with large flowers of crimson wrought upon cloth of gold. Over this he wore a tippet of ermine, and a collar or necklace of uncut jewels set in filigree gold; the nether limbs were, it is true, clad in the same manly fashion of tight fitting hose, but the folds of the gown, as the day was somewhat fresh, were drawn around so as to conceal the only part of the dress which really betokened the male sex. To add to this unwelcome attire, Edward's locks, of a rich golden colour, and perfuming the whole air with odors, flowed, not in curls, but straight to his shoulders, and the cheek of the fairest lady in his court might have seemed less fair beside the dazzling clearness of a complexion at once radiant with health and delicate with youth. Yet, in spite of all this effeminacy, the appearance of Edward IV. was not effeminate. From this it was preserved, not only by a stature little less commanding than that of Warwick himself, and of great strength and breadth of shoulder, but also by features, beautiful indeed, but pre-eminently masculine, large and bold in their outline, and evincing by their expression all the gallantry and daring characteristic of the hottest soldier next to Warwick, and, without any exception, the ablest captain of the age.

From the London Illustrated News. THE TEMPLE OF SOMNAUTH.

PROBABLY no place in the vast territory of India, possesses more interest at this time than the Temple of Somnauth. The almost interminable controversy which has been raging in the columns of our daily contemporaries with regard to the conduct of Lord Ellenborough in reference to these gates, and the recent debate in both houses of Parliament on his Lordship's ostentatious restoration of a pagan temple, have doubtless rendered the subject sufficiently familiar to our readers to render it unnecessary for us to repeat all that has been said and written of these far-famed relics.

This great fane of the early worship of India, is situated in the peninsula of Guzerat, near the ancient Hindoo town of Patun, which is now inhabited by a Mahomedan population. The Temple of Somnauth stands on a sea-girt cliff, and was dedicated to the Lord of the Moon, whom, according to the old Persian historians,