

monster-king was shipped off, a prisoner, to the fortress of Vellore in India, where, after some years, he died. "He was," says Mr Bennett, "a stout, good-looking Malabar, with a peculiar keen and rolling eye, and a restlessness of manner, marking unbridled passions." The strength of the Kandy lay in its being difficult of access—its woods, fastnesses, and want of roads. These difficulties have already been to a great extent overcome. A fine road was soon made, connecting Kandy and Colombo, the two great cities of the Island; the distance between them being seventy-two miles. Various other roads have since been opened; and there is reason to hope that the natives are now beginning to appreciate our mild and just administration. The Kordians, however, showed great repugnance to our rule, for there have been no less than four rebellions since 1815. These appear to have arisen as much from our not understanding them, as from their not comprehending us. Dr. Davy conceives that too little respect was shown to their nobles, and no deference to their distinctions of castes. Their pride, too, always a strong feeling in a courageous and half-civilized people, was wounded. Accustomed to rejoice in the dingy splendour of a monarch in Kandy, they were not content with a king far over unknown seas, some thousand miles off. The last *emute* was easily repressed, and we have reason to regard Ceylon as henceforth our secure possession—secure not only by its insular position and our power, but from the attachment of at least a very influential portion of the population. This island will, in all probability, soon become the great depot of eastern commerce, the centre of steam navigation in that hemisphere, and connected not only with China and the islands of the east, including even perhaps Japan, but with Australia, Egypt with the countries round the Persian gulf, and by the Euphrates, with the Mediterranean. A railway of some fifty or sixty miles made from a little below Antioch, near the Orontes, might as has been suggested, facilitate communication with the Mediterranean, and Ceylon may thus be the connecting point between Asia, Australia, Europe, and Africa. (To be continued.)

From a recent work, entitled "Revelations of Russia."

SECRET POLICE OF RUSSIA.

There is a lady still living, who was stepping out of her carriage in her ball room dress, when she was quietly handed into a sledge—her destination was Siberia. When the long journey was accomplished, she was located—she knew not in what region or government—in a hut, containing two rooms, each divided from the other, and leading into two separate yards, each a few paces square, and surrounded by a high wall, which only admitted the light of heaven. A sentinel was mounting guard outside the walls; her coarse food was brought by a silent jailer, and here she remained for two years. At the expiration of this term, the door of the yard was one day opened and a prisoner was thrust into her, who turned out to be a Polish nobleman, who had long been confined in the adjoining cell, but was now removed to make room for another. In this room or den, she lived with her unfortunate companion for twelve years more, ignorant alike of the spot of earth she was inhabiting, and of the cause of her being banished thither. One morning the door was thrown open, and a voice called for number so-and-so, by which in the rare intervals of months and even years elapsing between the occasions on which her jailers answered her or spoke to her, they had been accustomed to address her. She stepped forward—the door was closed, without her even having time to take leave of her companion, whom she never saw again; she was hurried into a sledge, she retraced the journey of many months, and one night found herself in the office of the grand master of police; a little cupboard was thrown open, and she was presented with the identical ball dress which had been taken from her on the night of her exile; the jewels indeed were gone, but there was not a bow, a flower, or a piece of blackened and faded frippery wanting; even the withered nosegay and the fan, in which a long generation of spiders or brown beetles had nestled, were carefully restored to her. She was thenceforward at liberty.

This lady never knew the cause of her punishment, or of its cessation. "And did you never make the inquiry?" "What, be so long in Siberia, and not yet have learned discretion?" "And what was said on your re-appearance in society?" Nothing; those who had known me formerly made no comment; to those who inquired, who is Madame?—where is she from? where has she always lived? it was simply answered, "She has long been buried amidst her estates."

The following occurrences, made known by the merest chance, and which took place two winters ago, which will furnish evidence of some of the foul deeds attributed to the guardians of public security. Three Russian merchants, who had been enjoying copious potations, were returning home much the worse for liquor, and one of them was so far intoxicated that his companions were obliged to leave him in the custody of the *boutouchnik* or watchman. In the course of a few hours, when they were a little sobered, regretting what they had done, they went back to fetch him, but the *boutouchnik*, and the two police soldiers declared that he had gone away long since. They were about to depart, satisfied at the truth of this statement, when one of them espied the boots and cap of his missing friend, which he immediately recognized. In consequence of the suspicions excited by this circumstance, they repaired to the grand master of police, in whose office they had some

friend, through the intercession of whom orders were obtained that an immediate search should be made at the watch house. Although the body of their companion was not at first forthcoming, his clothes, together with those of many other individuals, were discovered in possession of the *boutouchnik* and his assistants, and a hole was at last perceived, which communicated from the interior of the watch house with the canal, near which it was situated. Here the remains of the murdered man were discovered; and in the course of the investigation, which ensued, it was elicited that a wholesale system of murder had long been carried on in the watch-box, by its guardians, who were in league with the waiters of a neighboring tavern, who, when any of their guests were intoxicated, caused them to be conveyed away by the *boutouchnik*, who, after murdering them, stripped the bodies, which were cast through this hole below the ice of the canal, where, long before it broke up, they would be carried away by the current.

These assassinations were daily perpetrated in a little wooded box, scarce ten feet in diameter, in the Nevsky Prospect, the most populous street in St. Petersburg, and which is generally as much crowded as the upper end of Oxford street in London. The guilty parties were punished with the knout; but the whole circumstance acquired more than usual notoriety from the fact, that the emperor, to whose ears it came, caused some of the waiters who were accessories, to be flogged before the windows of all the tavern keepers of the quarter. But for this it might never have transpired beyond the walls of the *ghast*.

YOUTH AND AGE.

[The following beautiful lines originally appeared in the Etoman, a periodical started about 20 years ago, by the boys of Eton College. For truth, tenderness, and melody, they are incomparable.]

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequal'd pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passions, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes they could tell of tender lays
At midnight peened in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper far too dear,
For modern lips to give or speak
Of passions too untimely crossed;
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms that have all passed away,
And left them what we see them now!

And is it thus, is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing.

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?

Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must pass away from us.

FOUR YEARS OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.
[The following are extracts from a work under this title.]

It is rather an extraordinary circumstance, that all Wellington's glorious victories were ushered in the nights previous by thunder storms. They were also generally fought upon a Sunday; on those Sabbaths how differently were our more peaceful and happy countrymen employed in England, assembled in prayer to that God in whom we all equally trusted, and whose ear we knew to be as open to the short and piously-breathed orison of the soldier in the din of battle as to the quiet and peaceful congregation of our own friends and relatives in his sacred temples at home, fervently praying for the safety of a child or husband, sent perhaps at that very moment by the sword or the bullet to the presence of our great and beneficent Father in heaven. Our soldiers, too (I know not why except from the influence of such thoughts), seemed ever to remember the day, and appeared better pleased to fight, "The better day, the better deed," have I often heard them say. Salamanca, Vittoria, Waterloo, our three crowning victories, were all fought and gained upon Sunday; and on the night previous to each of them there was rain and thunder and lightning.

The first day we marched through the famous Pass of Gaudama, and as our division wound round the different turns of the mountain, our files extending back far as the eye could reach, our long train of mules and baggage bringing up the rear, the scene was truly animated and interesting. When we descended into the plain and came upon the royal road, we saw in every village evident proofs of how much the French were then detested, as they had everywhere been obliged to fortify the church, or some other large building, as citadels to throw themselves into on any sudden combined attack of the peasantry, who were ever on the watch for a favourable opportunity to attack and annoy them. Woe to the unfortunate Frenchmen in those days whom sickness or fatigue obliged to straggle or stay behind, for he was murdered without remorse by the enraged Spaniard; and although in these instances we must blame them for their savage ferocity, yet we never can sufficiently admire the untiring patriotism of this splendid people, beaten on every point, and yet army after army, composed almost entirely of undisciplined peasants, rushing to the conflict against the bravest and most veteran soldiery in the world, and seeking certain death in the then, to them, nearly hopeless effort of rescuing their country from a foreign yoke. When we reflect, too, on the manner in which they were first betrayed by the occupation of all their fortresses, the imbecility and treachery of their rulers, instead of reproaching them, as some writers have done, with lack of energy and want of good feeling to the cause, we shall in vain search the page of history for a more splendid example of national devotion and love of country, under every vicissitude of fortune, than that which Spain afforded during this war.

At the Escorial, the far-famed Escorial, the burying-place of the Monarchs of Spain, we were not likely to forget the enjoyments of Madrid; for here, though the town was a very fine and well-built one; yet it looked quite deserted, and the tall and massy buildings of the famed convent, lifting its towers to the sky, at the base of a dark rocky mountain, and the distant heavy woods of cork-trees, gave it a sombre, though beautiful and romantic appearance. I went over the building, which had lost much of its ancient splendor and magnificence, the French having robbed the church of its paintings and ornaments; but they had not overturned a stone of its architecture, and had left untouched and unprofaned the great source of interest in the place, the grey marble vault in which lay the ashes of the Spanish monarch. Here crafty Philip slept as quiet and unconscious of the English heretic's visit to his sepulchre as our own heroic Elizabeth, who little imagined (when the Armada, sent by the spirit that once animated the worthless dust before us, to invade the shores of our beautiful island,) that her brave countrymen should ever as conquerors and deliverers, stand over the tomb of her bitterest and deadliest foe. Such thoughts as these flashed upon my mind, as I read the short and simple inscription, "Philip II." The chamber was small and exquisitely beautiful; round it were ranged in marble tombs the other monarchs of Spain. Our sojourn at the Escorial did not exceed a few weeks; for we received orders to move upon Burgos along the banks of the Pisuerga and Carrion rivers, and passing close to Valladolid and Placencia, but without entering either of those cities.

From Major Price's Memoirs.

PLUNDER AT SERINGAPATAVA.

Some conception may perhaps be formed of the magnificent expectations which we were led to entertain, when I state, that on the first day on which we were occupied in taking charge of the specie, we counted not less than 1,200,000 sultanny pagodas, which, at four rupees to the sultanny, was equivalent with forty eight lacs of rupees, or nearly £500,000 sterling. The pagodas being sealed up in bags of 1000 each, it needed only to ascertain the contents of the first bag (for so we were apprized by the shraufs or money changers) and to take the remainder by weight, in which there was never found the smallest deficiency. The prize agents, seven in number, were therefore, perhaps, well warranted in congratulating each other on being each £10,000 richer than in the morning of that day. In the meantime, although the whole of the palace had been consigned to the safeguard of a detachment of Europeans, ever since the evening of the storm, the Towshah Khannah, or baggage depot, in the S. W. angle of the first court, was discovered, in the morning of the 5th, to have been the scene of indiscriminate plunder.

What led to this discovery was a train of pagodas, strewn from the door of the depot along the floor of the west virandah, to the entrance of the court, or quadrangle. The question agitated was, whether this unfortunate spoliation had taken place prior to, or after, the period at which the palace had been put under safeguard. But the loss to the captors in general could never be ascertained: while but little advantage accrued to the soldier. Nevertheless, some conception may be formed on the subject when it is stated, that Dr. Mein, a surgeon in the army, purchased from a soldier of the 74th Regiment, for a mere trifle, two pair of solid gold bangles, or bracelets, set with diamonds; the least costly of which was valued by a Hyderabad jeweller, at 80,000 sultannies, or 320,000 rupees, at the lowest exchange equivalent worth £32,000, sterling. The other pair he declared to be of such superlative value that he could not pretend to express any opinion. It was, moreover, notorious, that a quantity of the most valuable pearls was to be bought in the bazaars from the

soldiery, for a bottle of spirits. * * *

On one occasion, Sir David Baird made his appearance at the prize-table, exhibiting, with anger ill suppressed, a large ruby ring, which he said had been allotted to him at the value of 1,000 sultannies; but which, on being taken out of the setting, proved to be nothing more than a lump of coloured glass, not worth even as many cowries. Fortunately, on referring to the register, it was found that I had entered in a parenthesis—(if real)—"1,000 sultannies." This was not less satisfactory to ourselves than it was to the general, and we rejoiced at the opportunity of doing him justice, by exchanging the allotment, for another of sufficient value. Much about the same time, also, we had the mortification of receiving, from Major Gen. Popham, a most grievous complaint, that we had valued the allotment which fell to his share at 10,000 sultannies; whereas they appeared to him nothing better than a bunch of chipped glass. When the parcel was handed over to the jeweller, for re-inspection, he declared that the article was fully worth the sum, and that he had not a doubt but the money would be given for it in the bazar. The general consented to make the trial; and actually received for the article, not less than 1,000 sultannies beyond the valuation. We rejoiced at the circumstances; but I do not recollect that the general felt it expedient to relinquish the surplus. The article consisted of a bulse of table diamonds, which certainly did not appear better than so many chops of tale, or isinglass. They are, however, much used in the formation of native ornament, and have therefore, generally, a very ready sale. * * * As it is something in illustration of character, I cannot forbear mentioning that one day, while Major Ogg and myself were turning over the leaves of these multitudinous MSS., one of the young princes, which had been permitted to look on upon us, was overheard, in rather an audible whisper, to observe to his attendants: "Only see how these hogs are allowed to contaminate my father's books."

From Prairie and Mountain Life.

THE DEAD FOREST.

A scene here opened upon us, such as I had never before conceived, and, perhaps, quite impossible to convey in description. A petrified forest formed the subject of our sketch. Here was found something not quite strange in reality, but full as startling and singular to the eye. Thick forest covered the mountain, half the trees standing, half the prostrate, and every one dead. Not a particle of bark remained among all these ghost-like remnants of a gigantic, but now blasted and extinct vegetation. The huge rocks were swept bare of earth, by the violent winds from which this chain derives its name. Nothing meets the eye, in any direction, but naked granite and blasted trees.—A feeling of intense awe chilled through our veins, and crept into our hearts, as we gazed upon a scene that forced into the mind a new and vast conception of desolation in sublimity! Big rain drops were still beating against us, with the force of hailstones, as they were driven almost horizontally across the bleak mountain top by the screaming wind. The tall pines, leafless and branchless, stood in gaping clefts and fissures, pointing their spires into the sky, like ghostly fingers upbraiding their destroyer! Many were pulpy with rotteness, though still standing, upheld by the firm twining of their roots among the rocks.—Those that had fallen, seemed as though they had crumbled to their decay without a crash, so silent was every thing except the fierce wind, to which the white speeres appeared listening, in desolate grandeur, as it flew over the mountains, screaming the requiem of giants gone! We had never before seen, and only once read, a spectacle so singularly wild and strange as this. It was darkness in day! It was midnight without moon, stars, or obscurity? It was the hush of death over nature and the sun yet rolling! It seemed all that should be vague, and nothing that could be real! It was something resembling on actual presentment of Byron's appalling conception of the death of motion:

"Ships sailorless, lay rotten on the sea,
And their masts fall down piece meal; as they
dropp'd,
The slept on the abyss without a surge!"

Just so these rotten pines seemed to have fallen, "piece-meal," and without a sound.

AFFECTION FOR THE DEAD.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound would we seek to heal—every other affection forget—but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affection we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother that would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is like a pang. Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament. Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns—who, when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portals, would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love that survives the tomb, is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delights, and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle recollection, when the sudden anguish and convulsive agony over the present ruins of all we most loved, are softened away into meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out