

scene, for I cannot transfer to paper, the decaying form of the speaker, nor the fervor of his countenance, nor the light and benevolence of his eye; I cannot describe the solemn silence or the fearful attention of his auditors; nor can I tell how often we have reminded each other, when we have met, of the 'legacy' of our friend; still less can the reader know how much every one of us realized the increase of his responsibility, and the enlarged extent of his obligation to freedom, after listening to the swan-like song of this labourer, I had almost added, this martyr in the sacred cause.

SONG OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY J. H. R. BAYLEY.

I am the Isle of the old and the brave!
My banner is freedom, my weapon the wave!
"A thousand years," the star of fame
Hath shone o'er my borders, and hallowed my name.
And I, in the light of my glory, hath stood
As firm as the mountain, and fresh as the flood.
Where's there a nation from pole to pole,
But I've curb'd or advanced by my strong control?
Or sovereign power from east to west,
Whose pride I've not humbled, or wrongs redrest?
My inquiry was vain! for there's no degree,
Whether tyrant or slave, but has bowed to me.

Regions I've peopled of lands unknown,
Leagues away o'er the burning zone—
Made friends with the savage, and broke the spell
That nerved him to be fierce and fell;
And have I not striven with tribe and clan,
And civilized half the race of man?

My "wooden walls" are fierce and tough—
My stalwart mariners bold and bluff;
In prowess the greatest, in battle the best,
That ever cruised on the water's breast,
And where's there a power, whilst girt by these,
That dares my opinion dispute on the seas?

Commerce is mine! my merchant fleets
Sail whither he may, the seaman meets;
Laden with wealth, they heave in sight,
On the shores of the dark man, and clime of
the white;
And herald my fame by their numbers and
worth,
Through every kingdom of the earth.

I'm the centre of plenty, and source of wealth,
The bulwark of beauty, and land of health.
My fanes and temples, halls and domes,
May rival the beauty of Greece and Rome's;
And where will you find in story's scrolls
A name so exalted from Inde to the Poles?

The stranger is welcome, the pilgrim is free,
And the exile finds a home in me.
I shield the brave, and guard the good,
No matter their colour, condition, or blood;
To franchise the bondman my flag's unfurl'd,
And England, Old England's the home of the
world.

From Chambers' Journal.

BEFORE AND AFTER DINNER.

The various propensities and dispositions of different individuals have often been dissected and described by metaphysicians and moralists; but, so far as we know, few have undertaken to descend on the fact that every individual presents many, and sometimes opposite characteristics at different periods of the same day. Some men, though amiable enough in the main are remarked to be peculiarly tetchy on rising in the morning; others, when they feel sleepy at night; but there is no period when one is so likely to make one's self disagreeable as just before dinner. "No person," says a learned writer on digestion, "will deny that hunger is a painful sensation, whatever may be his opinion of appetite." When, therefore a man feels hungry (which he generally does a little while before dinner) he is in pain; and when a man is in pain, he cannot be expected to feel comfortable within, or to make himself agreeable to others. On the contrary, the moment his sensations glide from appetite to hunger, the out-works of philosophy give way; the enemy saps the very foundation of his character. When, therefore, you want to see a sanguine man despond, a cheerful one sad, a forbearing man impatient, or a benevolent one uncharitable, watch him while being kept waiting for his dinner. The best of tempers will not, at such a moment require much provocation to get ruffled. My friend Rollan offers an apt example of these frailties. For about twenty-three hours and three quarters out of every twenty-four, a better friend, a kinder husband or a more indulgent father, does not exist; but make your introduction to him during the fifteen minutes before dinner, and you will conclude him to be the reverse. His wife smiles unheeded, his children's prattle forbidden, his friends' remarks unanswered. And woe unto the household should the cook prove unpunctual! This is the dark side of the case. Most people are well disposed after dinner. In proportion as pain is great so are the pleasures of alleviation; and, when the cravings of appetite are satisfied, not only do the good qualities of mankind regain their ascendancy, but their bad ones hide their diminished heads. The Chinese believe that the intellect and affections reside in the stomach; and really, when one considers the entire moral revolution which occurs immediately after dinner, the notion loses half its absurdity. The change which takes place is so complete that to describe people who have dined, it is only necessary to invert every characteristic of those who have

not; then the despondent are filled with hopes, the irritable appear patient; the melancholy are gay; the miser becomes philanthropic, and the misanthrope good company. Misfortune is never so stoically received as when it makes its appearance after dinner. Beside the inward characteristics which separate men who have and men who have not dined into two distinct classes, there are outward and visible signs by which they are readily separated and recognised. The man who has not dined may be known as he walks homeward by the impatience expressed in his gait and aspect, and the fidgetiness he manifests if you should stop him to have a little conversation. Wo to you if such conversation refers to any affairs of your own in which you wish to interest him for the sake of his assistance or advice. He cannot even be civil on such topics. Should your observations refer only to the chitchat of the day, the case is little better. He takes decidedly different views as to the merits of Roland's grand assault and cannot at all agree in opinion with you that the wind is promising to change from the East. With regard to the state of the country, he is clear and unhesitating; all is going wrong, and starvation is staring the country in the face. This however, does not make him a whit more tolerant of the beggar who now comes up as if to illustrate his argument. He silences the petitioner in an instant by threat of the police. Arriving at his door, he announces himself with a ring which puts the folks of the kitchen into fearful animation. Mary as she opens the door answers the question. "Is dinner ready?" with an affirmative at all hazards, and then plunges down stairs to implore Mrs. Cook to make her fib a truth. Talking abstractly into his dressing room, he fails to find first the boot-jack, then the soap, and it is well he does not summon half the household to show both, to his confusion, in their usual places. The slightest tumult among the children three floors up now annoys him. His wife, to fill up the time till dinner appears, asks his opinion of some new purchase which was made because she knew he would like it; but, to her extreme mortification, he wonders how she could choose such an "ugly thing." As the minute hand of the time piece approaches the figure twelve, he commences an anticipatory lecture on the advantages of punctuality, which increases in earnestness at every second after the clock has struck, and is gradually rising to the severity of reprimand, when—happy moment—enter the soup! Now commences an entire change in his external aspect—and in about twenty minutes he becomes *The man who has dined*. Behold him now, seated in his lounging chair. His countenance is o'erspread with a smile of satisfaction. The harsh and grating tones of his voice are mellowed to softness; and instead of addressing his wife in half snappish laconics, he converses in the most soothing terms of affection and endearment. On being enticed to take a second glance at the new dress, he thinks it not so ugly after all indeed, of one thing he is quite certain—though he does not pretend to be a judge—but the colors will become her complexion admirable. This is the moment generally seized upon by ladies of tact to put in practice that pretty process of getting their own way called "coaxing." At such moments new bonnets are promised and cheques written for milliners' bills. Evening parties are arranged "regardless of expense," and lessons from first rate music-masters contemplated for elder daughters. Should a friend drop in, instead of being wished almost any where else he is pressed to remain; and a quarter of an hour's conversation shows that the host's opinions concerning the weather and the state of the country have undergone a change. It is after dinner that Britain is pronounced the greatest, best and happiest nation in the world. The distress of the country fades gradually from the view; it dwindles down to a few interesting cases of operative manufacturers thrown temporarily out of employ, or of distressed agriculturists in picturesque cottages being kindly relieved by sentimental ladies or philanthropic country gentlemen. Then is the time when subscriptions to public charities are paid up, and coal and blanket societies planned for the ensuing winter. Nor does this sort of hopeful patriotism solely occupy the imagination of the man who has dined. His own affairs, present themselves in brighter colors than at any other time. He builds castles in the air, congratulates himself on the improved aspect of his affairs, and very likely asks his wife, in the event of their keeping a carriage, what color she would like the horses to be. He appeals to his friend as to the best mode of investing spare capital; and asks him if it be true that a certain estate in the neighbourhood is in the market, dropping at the time a hint that, if it should come to the hammer, he shall attend the sale. In short, after dinner, every thing seems colored with a pleasing pink, which speaking more strictly, is merely the medium through which we see the object of our thoughts. These, then, are the almost opposite effects often betrayed by the same man before dinner. Reader, when you have a favour to ask, a bargain to make, a contribution to send to a magazine, or a book to forward to a critic, be careful, if you can possibly help it, not to address yourself to an empty stomach.

From the New York Sun.

ANCIENT AMERICAN PYRAMIDS AND TEMPLES.

Prescott, in his work of the Conquest of Mexico, furnishes interesting accounts of the Pyramids and Monuments of Ancient Mexico. He notices a stupendous mound at Cholula, used in honor of the god Quetzalcoatl. It rivals in dimensions, and somewhat resembles in form the pyramidal structures of ancient Egypt. The

date of construction is unknown, for it was found there, when the Aztecs (Mexicans) entered on the plateau. It had the form common to the Mexican *teocallis*, that of a truncated pyramid, facing with its four sides, the cardinal points, and divided into the same number of terraces. Its original outlines, however, have been effaced by the action of time and of the elements, while the exuberant growth of shrubs and wild flowers, which have mantled over its surface, give it the appearance of one of these symmetrical elevations thrown up by the caprice of nature, rather than by the industry of man. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the interior be not a natural hill, though it seems not improbable that it is an artificial composition of stone and earth, deeply incrustated, as is certain, in every part, with alternate strata of brick and clay.

The perpendicular height of the pyramid is one hundred and seventy-seven feet. Its base is one thousand four hundred and twenty-three feet long, twice as long as that of the great pyramid of Cheops. It may give some idea of its dimensions to state, that its base, which is square, covers about forty-four acres, and the platform on its truncated summit, embraces more than one. It reminds us of those colossal monuments of brick work, which are still seen in ruins on the banks of the Euphrates, and, in still higher preservation, on those of the Nile.

On the summit stood a sumptuous temple, in which was the image of the mystic deity "god of the air," with ebony features, unlike the fair complexion which he bore upon earth, wearing a mitre on his head, waving with plumes of fire, with a resplendent collar of gold round his neck, pendants of mosaic turquoise in his ears, a jewelled sceptre in one hand, and a shield—curiously painted, the emblem of his rule over the winds, in the other. The sanctity of the place, hallowed by hoary tradition, and the magnificence of the temple and its services, made it an object of veneration throughout the land, and pilgrims from the furthest corners of Anahuac, came to offer up their devotions at the shrine of Quetzalcoatl. The number of these was so great, as to give an air of mendicancy to the motley population of the city; and Cortes, struck with the novelty, tells us, that he saw multitudes of beggars, such as are to be found in the enlightened capitals of Europe;—a whimsical criterion of civilization, which must place our own prosperous land somewhat low in the scale.

The historian also gives us an account of the Monuments of San Juan Teotihuacan, which, with the exception of the Temple of Cholula, are the most ancient of the Mexican soil.

"They were found by the Aztecs, according to their traditions, on their entrance into the country when Teotihuacan, the habitation of the gods, now a paltry village, was a flourishing city, the rival of Tula, the great Toltec capital. The two principal pyramids were dedicated to *Tonatiuh*, the Sun, and *Metztli*, the Moon. The former which is considerably the larger, is found by recent measurements to be six hundred and eighty-two feet long at the base, and one hundred and eighty-two feet high, dimensions not inferior to those of some of the kindred monuments of Egypt. They were divided into four stories, three of which are now discernible, while the vestiges of the intermediate gradations are nearly effaced. In fact, time has dealt so roughly with them, and the materials have been so much displaced by the treacherous vegetation of the tropics, muffling up with its flowy mantle the ruin which it causes, that it is not easy to discern, at once the pyramidal form of the structures. The huge masses bear such resemblance to the North American mounds, that some have fancied them to be only natural eminences shaped by the hand of man into a regular form, and ornamented with temples and terraces, the wreck of which still covers their slopes. But others, seeing no example of a similar elevation in the wide plain in which they stand, infer, with more probability, that they are wholly of an artificial construction.

The interior is composed of clay mixed with pebbles, incrustated on the surface with the light porous stone *tezontli*, so abundant in the neighbouring quarries. Over this was a thick coating of stucco, resembling, in its reddish colour that found in the ruins of Peleque. According to tradition, the pyramids are hollow, but hitherto the attempt to discover the cavity in that dedicated to the Sun has been unsuccessful. In the smaller mound, an aperture has been found on the southern side, at two-thirds of the elevation. It is formed by a narrow gallery, which after penetrating to the distance of several yards, terminates in two pits or wells. The largest of these is about fifteen feet deep, and the sides are faced with unbaked bricks; but to what purpose it was devoted, nothing is left to show. It may have been to hold the ashes of some powerful chief, like the solitary apartment discovered in the great Egyptian pyramid. That these monuments were dedicated to religious uses, there is no doubt; and it would be only conformable to the practice of Antiquity in the eastern continent, that they should have served for tombs, as well as temples.

Distinct traces of the latter destination are said to be visible on the summit of the smaller pyramid, consisting of the remains of stone walls, showing a building of considerable size and strength. There are no remains on the top of the pyramid of the Sun. But the traveller, who will take the trouble to ascend its bald summit, will be amply compensated by the glorious view it will open to him;—towards the south east, the hills of Tlascala, surrounded by the green plantations and cultivated corn fields, in the midst of which stands the little village, once the proud capital of the republic. Somewhat further to the south, the eye passes across the beautiful plains lying

around the city of Puebla de los Angeles, founded by the Old Spaniards, and still rivaling, in the splendor of its churches, the most brilliant capitals of Europe; and far in the west he may behold the Valley of Mexico, spread out like a map, with its diminished lakes, its princely capital rising in still greater glory from its ruins, and its rugged hills gathering darkly around it, as in the days of Montezuma.

The summit of this larger mound is said to have been crowned by a temple, in which was a colossal statue of its presiding deity, the Sun, made of one entire block of stone, and facing the east. Its breast was protected by a plate of burnished gold and silver, on which the first rays of the rising luminary rested. An antiquary, in the early part of the last century, speaks of having seen some fragments of the statue. It was still standing, according to report, on the invasion of the Spaniards, and was demolished by the indefatigable Bishop Zumarraga, whose hand fell more heavily than that of Time itself on the Aztec monuments.

Around the principal pyramids are a great number of smaller ones, rarely exceeding 30 feet in height, which, according to tradition, were dedicated to the stars, and served as sepulchres for the great men of the nation. They are arranged symmetrically in avenues, terminating at the sides of the great pyramids, which face the cardinal points. The plain on which they stand was called *Micoatl*, or "Path of the Death." The labourer, as he turns up the ground, still finds their numerous arrow-heads, and blades of obsidian, attesting the warlike character of its primitive population.

What thoughts must crowd on the mind of the traveller, as he wanders amidst these memorials of the past; as he treads over the ashes of the generations who reared these colossal fabrics, which take us from the present into the depths of time! But who were their builders? Was it the shadowy Olmecs whose history, like that of the ancient Titans, is lost in the midst of fable? or, as commonly reported, the peaceful and industrious Toltecs, of whom all that we can glean rests on traditions hardly more secure! What has become of the races who built them? Did they remain on the soil and mingle and become incorporated with the fierce Aztecs who succeeded them? Or did they pass to the South, and find a wider range for the expansion of their civilization, as shown by the higher character of the architectural remains in the distant regions of Central America and Yucatan? It is all a mystery—over which time has thrown an impenetrable veil, that no mortal hand may raise. A nation has passed away—powerful, populous, and well advanced in refinement as attested by their monuments—but it has perished without a name. It has died and made no sign!

A SPECTACULAR VIEW.

In one of Mr. Ghiddon's recent lectures on the Pyramids of Egypt, speaking of the view from the great Memphite pyramid, he remarked that "standing upon the summit now a platform of about 33 feet square, the spectator is raised above the level of the low Nile about 612 feet; or 590 feet over the adjacent alluvial country, and about twice and a half times higher than Bunker Hill." To the westward, the eye stretches over the Libyan Desert, which is here an undulating table land of lime stone rock, on the surface of which pebbles and gravel of a light brown hue, as far as the eye can reach, betoken the dreary waste. Unbroken by vegetation, the arid tract extends from the Pyramids across the Sahara to the distant Atlantic ocean. On the north is the Delta of Lower Egypt, and the Nile diversified on the left hand with the edge of the Desert, and on the right with verdant fields, lofty sycamores, groves of palms, villages and distant towns, boats, cattle, and all the adjuncts of agriculture, all gathered in charming contrast with the Desert on the other. On the east, on the plain below, beyond the edge of the Sandy Desert intervening between the Hill of the Pyramid and the Alluvial, a breadth of about a thousand yards, the eye swept over a cultivated plain intersected by canals and broken by villages, to the sacred Nile, and across the river at the foot of the Brown Mountain of Mokattan, or Eastern Chain of Hills, rises Cairo, the "Victorious," the "Mother of the World," with her citadel, mosques, minarets, palaces and gardens; and the view of the "guarded city," as it is termed by the Arabs, at ten miles from the Pyramids, is one of the most picturesque and romantic prospects in the world. On the South close at hand, are two other large Pyramids of Ghezeh, and along the edge of the desert successively rise the Pyramids of Abooseah, Sacara, and Dashour—thirty-one Pyramids in sight, on a line of twenty miles. A little to the left but hid from the view, by a dense forest of Palm Trees, lie the ruins of ancient Memphis, some of whose monarchs and once teeming population 2000 years ago, still slept in the vast Necropolis, of which the Pyramid whereon the Spectator was standing, formed the wonder amid wonders 3000 years before. At his feet lay the countless tombs of one hundred generations of life, and here in every stage desecration and decay, lie the Sepulchres of those whose epoch reaches beyond Abraham in Antiquity."

COCKNEY AND ELEPHANT.

"That's a very knowing animal of your," said a cockney gentleman to the keeper of an elephant—"Very," was the cool rejoinder. "He performs strange tricks and has, does he?" inquired the cockney, seeing the animal through his glass. "Surprisin'," retorted the keeper, "we learned him to put money in that box you see away up there. Try him with a dollar." (The cockney handed the elephant a dollar, and sure enough he took it in his