

"What, still a barbarian! I remember his nation. I once saw an auxiliary legion of them marching towards Rome. They were a bold and brave, blue-eyed troop. The whole city poured out to see these northern warriors; but we looked on them only as savages. I have one more question, the most interesting of all. I saw you raise your hand, with a small truncheon in it; in a moment something rushed on, which seemed a portion of the fire from the clouds. Were they thunder and lightning that I saw? Did they come by your command? Was that truncheon your talisman? and are you a mighty magician? Was that truncheon a sceptre commanding the elements? Are you a God?"

The strange inquirer had drawn back gradually as his feeling rose. Curiosity was now solemn wonder, and he stood gazing upward in an attitude that mingled awe with devotion. The German felt the sensation of a superior presence growing upon himself, and he looked on the fixed countenance of this mysterious being. It was in that misty blending of light and darkness, which the moon leaves as it sinks just before morn. There was a single hue of pale gray in the east, that touched its visage with a chill light; the moon, resting broadly in the horizon, was setting behind; the figure seemed as if it was standing in the orb. Its arms were lifted towards heaven, and the light came through its drapery with the mild splendor of a vision; but the German, habituated by the vicissitudes of "perils by flood and field," shook off his brief alarm, and proceeded calmly to explain the source of this miracle. He gave a slight detail of the machinery of the pistol, and alluded to the history of gunpowder; "it must be a mighty instrument in the hands of man, for either good or evil," said the former. "How much it must change the nature of war! How much it must influence the fate of nations! By whom was this wondrous secret revealed to the treads of earth?"

"A German," said the latter, and the form seemed suddenly to enlarge; its feebleness of voice was gone; its attitude was irresistibly noble. Before it uttered a word it looked as if made to persuade and command. Its outer robe had been flung away: it stood with an antique dress of brilliant white, gathered in many folds, and edged with a deep border of purple; a slight wreath of laurel, dazzling green, was on its brow. It looked like the genius of eloquence.

"Stranger," it said, pointing to the Appennines, which were then beginning to be marked by the twilight, "eighteen hundred years have passed since I was the glory of all beyond these mountains. Eighteen hundred years have passed since I entered Rome in triumph, and was honored as the leading mind of the great intellectual empire of the world. But I knew nothing of these things. I was as a child to you; we were all children to the discoverers of those potencies. But has Italy not been still the mistress of mind? She was then first of the first: has she not kept her superiority? Show me her noble inventions. I must soon sink from the earth—let me learn still to love my country."

The listener started back. "Who, what are you?"

"I am a spirit. I was Cicero. Show me, by the love of a patriot, what Italy now sends out to enlighten mankind!"

The German looked embarrassed; but, in a moment after, he heard the sound of a pipe and tabor. He pointed to the narrow street from which the interruption proceeded. A ragged figure tottered out with a barrel organ at his back, a frame of puppets in his hand, a hurdy-gurdy round his neck, and a string of dancing dogs in his train. Cicero uttered but one sigh—"Is this Italy?" The German bowed his head. The showman began his cry—"Raree show, fine raree show against de wall! Fine Madam Catrina dance upon de ground. Who come for gallant show!" The organ struck up, the dogs danced, the Italian capered round them. Cicero raised his broad gaze to heaven. "These the men of my country! These the orators, the poets, the patriots of mankind! What scorn and curse of Providence can have fallen upon them!" As he gazed, tears suddenly suffused his eyes; the first sun-beam struck across the spot where he stood; a purple mist rose around him, and he was gone!

The Venetians with one accord, started from their seats and rushed out of the hall. The prince and his suite had previously arranged everything for leaving the city, and they were beyond the Venetian territory by sunrise. Another night in Venice, and they would have been on their way to the other world.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

The following graphic and thrilling sketch of an incident which occurred some years since, at the Natural Bridge in Virginia, comprises a passage in a Lecture on Genius delivered by the celebrated Elihu Burritt, the learned Blacksmith.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to the vast arch of unheavened rocks, with the almighty bridge over these everlasting abutments when the morning stars sang together. The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars although it is mid-day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of the vast arch, which appears to them only the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads as if

standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone abutments. A new feeling comes over their hearts, and their knives are in hand in an instant. "What man has done man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men, who had been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Caesar, and Bonaparte, shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of Washington. Before he marched with Braddock to the fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of a boy to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firm hand—and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; but as he puts his feet and hands into those grains, and draws himself carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in huge capitals, large and deep into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart.

Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions he cuts and climbs again. The graduations of his ascending scale grow wider apart. He measures his length at every grain he cuts. The voice of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the haft. He can hear the voices but not the words of his terror-stricken companions below. What a moment. What a meagre chance to escape destruction. There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet, and retain his hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions, Swift as the wind he bounds down the channel, and the fatal situation of the boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on, and there were hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds on the bridge above all holding their breath and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices, both above and below. He can just distinguish the tones of his father's voice, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! Don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here praying for you. Don't look down. Keep your eyes towards the top."

The boy didn't look down—his eyes are fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest place in that pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economises his physical powers—resting a moment at each, again he cuts. How every motion is watched from below. There stands his father, mother, brother, sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is half way down the west. The lad had made fifty additional niches in the mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction to get over this overhanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat is fed by the increased shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty grains more must he cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade again strikes into the limestone.

The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart—his life must hang upon the last grain he cuts. That niche is his last. At the last faint gasp he makes, his knife, his faithful knife, falls from his nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet.

An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of near-

ly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark!—a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge, has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, with the words God! and mother! whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in heaven, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over the fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the fearful, breathless multitude, such shouting, such leaping and weeping for joy, never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

STANZAS

Written after the Funeral of Admiral Sir David Milne, G. C. B.

ANOTHER, yet another! year by year,
As time progresses with resistless sweep,
Sever'd from life, the patriots disappear,
Who bore St. George's standard o'er the deep;

Heroic men, whose decks were Britain's trust,
When banded Europe scowl'd around in gloom;
Nor least, though latest Thou, whose honor'd dust
Our steps this day have follow'd to the tomb.

Yet, gallant Milne, what more could'st thou desire,
Replete in fame, in years, and honors, save
To wrap thy sea-cloak round thee, and expire,
Where thou had'st lived in glory, on the wave?

From boyhood to thy death-day, 'mid the scenes
Where love is garner'd, or the brave have striven,

With scarce a breathing-time that intervenes,
Thy life was to our country's service given.
A British sailor! 'twas thy proud delight
Up glory's rugged pathway to aspire;

Ready in council, resolute in fight,
And Spartan coolness temper'd Roman fire!

Yes; sixty years have pass'd, since, in thy prime,
O'erboard

Amid the moonlight waves, 'twas thine to climb
La Pique's torn side, and take the Frenchman's sword.

And scarcely less remote that midnight dread,
Or ventures less that daring, when La Seine,
Dismay'd, dismay'd, cumber'd with her dead,
Struck to the ship she fled—and fought in vain.

And veterans now are all, who, young in heart,
Burn'd as they heard, how o'er the watery way,
Compell'd to fight, yet eager to depart,

The Vengeance battled through the livelong day—
Battled with thee, who, steadfast, on her track,
Not to be shaken off, untiring bent;

And how awhile the fire from each grew slack,
The shatter'd masts to splice, and rigging's rent,—
And how, at dawn, the conflict was renew'd,
Muzzle to muzzle, almost hand to hand,

Till useless on the wave, and carnage-strew'd,
The foe lay wreck'd on St. Domingo's strand;

And how huzza'd his brave triumphant crew!
And how the hero burn'd within his eye,
When Milne beheld upon the staff, where flew
The Tricolor, the flag of Britain fly!

And yet once more thy country calls!—beneath
The towers and demi-lune of dark Algiers
The Impregnable is anchor'd, in the teeth
Of bomb-proof batteries, frowning, tiers on tiers.

Another day of triumph for the right,—
Of laurels fresh for Exmouth and for thee,—
When Africa's Demon, palsied at the sight
Of Europe's Angel, bade the slave go free!

But when away War's fiery storms had burn'd,
And Peace re-gladden'd Earth with skies of blue,
Thy sword unto the pruning hook was turn'd
And Caesar into Cincinnatus grew.

The poor's protector, the unbiass'd judge,
'Twas thine with warm unwearied zeal to lead

Time to each duty's call, without a grudge;
The Christian, and the Patriot, and the Friend.

Farewell! 'tis dust to dust within the grave;
But while one heart beats high to Scotland's fame,

Best of the good, and bravest of the brave,
The name of Milne shall be an honor'd name.

DELTA.

New Works:

From the Library of Travel.

FEMALES OF DAMASCUS.

The women of Damascus are esteemed the handsomest in the East and though the fame of their charms has no doubt been much enhanced by the difficulty of seeing them, they sometimes from behind their tantalizing clouds, pour forth a light that might dazzle the most discreet beholder. There is a very graceful style of coquetry in the manner in which an Eastern belle displays her arms, which are the roundest and most perfect imaginable. The fingers, covered with rings and dyed pink under the nails play about the folds of drapery, as if anxious to restore it to its place, in which somehow or another, they can never succeed, when there is a sly opportunity of disclosing the beauty it is meant to conceal. Large blue eyes are common among the Christian women, some of whom are exceedingly fair; and there is a grace in the turban beyond all the art of a civilized toilette.

From the New Sporting Magazine.

FEROCITY OF AN ELEPHANT.

It is impossible to imagine the ferocity of the elephant when he is excited to revenge. The melancholy end of Major Haddock, of the 97th regiment, was horribly illustrative of this; he had fired his last barrel when an elephant gave chase, and Haddock made the best of his way, to a small patch of jungle close by, hoping to dodge the elephant round it until he got tired of the fun and sheered off; but before five minutes had elapsed he unfortunately ran round the very corner behind which the animal kept itself concealed, and in a moment he was laid hold of. He had no one with him but natives, who, at a pinch, are about the greatest fools ever born; the consequence was that the elephant having crushed poor Haddock to death by kneeling on him, began to dissect him; and so cleanly was it done that scarcely two joints were left together in the body of the victim. How an animal could have thus completed such a task by means of that unwieldy-looking instrument it possessed in the shape of a trunk, is utterly inexplicable.

From the Chinese Olio.

CANTON.

The streets are very numerous, being thirty to us, and have rather an ambitious air. Dragon street, Golden street, Flying Dragon street, Martial Dragon street, Flower street, Golden Flower street, &c., are high sounding enough; but some of them, it is said, have names which would hardly bear to be translated for "ears polite." The Rev. Mr. Bridgman states that they vary in width from two to sixteen feet, and gives it as his opinion that the general average is from six to eight feet. Mr. Dunn thinks this is an over-estimate by one or two feet. They are all paved with large flag stones chiefly granite. Wheel carriages are seldom used. Those who can afford to ride are borne in sedan chairs on the shoulder of coolies, and all heavy burdens are carried by porters. The streets are generally crowded and present a busy, bustling, animated appearance. They all have gates at each end, which are closed at night, and guarded by a sentinel. The houses are but one story high. A few of them of wood or stone; many, belonging to the poorer classes, of mud, and with but a single apartment; but the largest portion of bricks. The dwellings of those in easy circumstances contain various well furnished apartments, the walls of which are generally ornamented with carvings, pictures, and various scrolls, inscribed with moral maxims from Confucius and other sages. The houses of the wealthy are often furnished in a style of great magnificence; and the occupants indulge in the most luxurious habits.

An exchange paper tells the story of a man who was found on a Sunday morning without a hat, sitting on a block of granite with his bare feet in a brook, trying to catch a bad cold, so as to sing bass at church.

"My dear," said a wife to her husband, "did you ever read of the plague in London?"

"No, I don't want to read it. It is enough to have a plague in my own house."

"Imprudent fellow!" said the unmarried Miss Star, to a bashful wooer.

"I do not know," said the green one, "because I am a lone star."

"Then," said the fellow, brightening up, "propose annexation."

A sporting schoolmaster, a few days since, bought a dog of the pointer breed, but the animal on a fair trial, not possessing the necessary qualifications, was returned by the purchaser, accompanied by a note quaintly stating that "the dog knew nothing of punctuation."

By means of his monster Telescope, Lord Rosse has been able to determine that the moon is a green cheese. It is hinted that the chief inhabitants are Welsh Rabbits. This is quite a reflection on that body, but what else could be expected from a reflecting telescope.