

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.

We are always talking of advancements in science and arts, and of this age of novelty and wonders, but are often tempted to forget that the men of former and far-remote eras in the world's history, displayed a skill and science in many departments of labour, which have challenged the rivalry of modern times. Amongst the most extraordinary of the remains of ancient structures are the Pyramids, the rock-sculptured city of Petra, and the celebrated Cave which we are about to describe. But independent of these more striking examples of the grandeur of ancient times, many others of lesser importance might be detailed. The traveller, for instance, roaming in the forests of Brazil, and imagining that he looks upon nature, in the very aspect she received from creation's God upon creation's natal morn, will find upon close observation that sculptured stones, and the foundations of great cities lie enshrouded beneath these forests. History nor tradition know nothing concerning those records of civilization, but yet they tell, in their silent lonely ruin, that the ponderous hammer was once swung where the rank ground-vine grows; that the elegant lady and lovely child reclined where the adder hisses and the jackal makes his den; and that men once lived and laboured, and loved, and had attained to a great advancement in the mechanical arts, where the conger and the bear, and the linden and the palm tree, are almost the only dwellers, and sole representatives of life. In Yucatan, where the poor fragile savage trembles through an arid life, upon a parched and grainless shore, a race of men, whose energy and labour power find now no parallel in America, once lived. Who they were, what they were, neither records of brass nor marble declare; but their mighty founts of hewn stone, and their broken relics of a gigantic form of masonry, tell that they knew how to nobly labour. The mighty tumuli of a race who preserved the elements of elegant geometry in an unknown era, are yet to be traced from the great American lakes to Guatemala; and on the prairies, where wild Indians launch their flinty arrows at the wild buffalo and elk, artificers in brass, and hewers of stone, have dwelt. The lofty pyramids, with the ruins of Carnak, Thebes, and Luxor, declare the greatness of the age of the Pharaohs, and the former glory of a part of the now darkened Africa; and in India, too, there are vast monuments of what her native artists have been.

The men of former times in all their mighty works, have illustrated one grand idea, and that is one of endurance. To remain imperishable or immortal, in connection with some some great work, was their ambition. The immortality within them—dark, and material, and falsely directed though it might be—was still true to its nature, and sought perpetuity in some form or other. Cheops and Cephrenes built pyramids in order to preserve their memory on earth; Caesar had his temples, and Pompey his pillars; Omar and Ali their mosques; Constantine his churches; the Arab has his cairn, as has the Ossianic chief; and the Savane at this day has his mound, as the monarch has his marble mausoleum. The greater the power of the individual, the greater was the work which he raised, as if he sought to create a monument superior to the wasting capacity of time, and to marry his spirit to a material as immortal as his will. In India this spirit of perpetuity and vastness has left many splendid material monuments. The ideas of creation, existence, and destruction, were embodied in the mythological personages of the Brahminical superstition; and the visible types of those personages, Brahma, Siva, Vishnu, were sculptured in vast temples hewn from the solid rock. Amongst the mightiest monuments of Indian labour, and of the Indian religious mind, are the temples of Ellora, in the province of Hyderabad, about two hundred and thirty-nine miles east of Bombay. Here, in the centre of India, stands a huge granite mountain, about twenty miles west from Aurangabad, the capital of Hyderabad, which is completely scooped out into vast and beautiful chambers, galleries, temples, bridges, stairs, porticoes, and pillared halls. The labour required to consummate this magnificent work must have been immense, and the talent to design it vast and grand. The work is of the boldest and most ornate character, and the sculptures are in a high state of execution and finish. Bridges of rock are hewn out of the solid, over artificial canals, and temples of rock tower one above another in the bowels of the mountain. These stupendous and beautiful works are supposed to be of great antiquity, and to have long preceded the period when temples, built in the banana or plantain groves called pagodas, came into use. The notice of Europeans was first directed to this branch of Indian antiquity and art by the temple of Elephanta, situated in a beautiful little island in the bay of Bombay, and called by the natives Gopripa. This island, which Europeans call Elephanta, is about six miles in circumference, and is composed of two parallel hills, with a narrow valley between them. It derives its name from the colossal statue of an elephant which had been sculptured on a huge detached mass of black rock, and which had attained its isolated position in a manner unknown to any one. The figure was very large and very complete until 1814, when a great part of it fell away, leaving only a fragment to test the enterprise and skill of an unknown race of Indian masons.

This island must have been formerly of great account, and the resort of numerous devotees. Its valley has been trod by pilgrims from the mainland, and its caves made the haunts of austere anchorites. The two mountains composing the high land of the island, form a junction at the head of the valley, and when the

traveller has ascended the path which leads to the summit of the hill, and has reached a flat open table land, he stands at the entrance of the magnificent temple of Elephanta. It is cut out of a solid rock somewhat resembling porphyry in colour and character; the magnificent front supported by huge pillars and pilasters, presents three entrances to the caves, above which tywers a perpendicular rock, overhung with wild rampant plants and brushwood. A solemn religious feeling immediately takes possession of the visitor as he enters this temple of an unknown age, and looks upon its long rows of fluted columns with their compressed capitals; and the dark flat roof that seems as if it would fall but for the pillars which bear it up. It is only lighted from the entrance, and the dim rays that fall upon the crumbling images of the mythology of India invest them with an awful majesty. The whole excavation consists of a great temple, and two minor ones, or chapels. From the northern entrance to the entrance of the cave is about 130 feet, and from the eastern to the western side about 133 feet. Twenty six pillars and sixteen pilasters, many of which are broken and crumbling, support the roof; and as the roof and floor are neither completely horizontal, the height of the cave varies from 15 to about 18 feet. Rows of pillars run from the entrance to the extremities of the temple; and then transverse rows of pillars extend from side to side, forming squares of pillars and pilasters intersecting each other at right angles. All these columns, together with the walls, are profusely ornamented with reliefs in good proportion, producing, so far as they have been examined, a very pleasing effect. The sculptures all relate to the Brahminical superstition, and the temple seems to have been specially dedicated to the god Siva, as his image frequently appears with his usual attributes; in one place assuming a semi-feminine appearance, with one breast and four hands, in one of which he grasps the snake. This temple, although scooped from the hard rock, and consequently of seemingly the most enduring fabric and constitution, is nevertheless falling rapidly into decay, and the reason assigned for this, that solid though it be it is still pervious to the rain. Although considerably elevated above the level of the sea, the floor during the season of the monsoons is continually flooded with water, the rain being driven into it by the wind, and this, it is supposed, accounts for its present state of decay. If these temples were built by individuals in order that their names might live in connection with them, they have failed of their purpose, for the memory of the very age in which they were formed has gone away from men; and architect and sculptor, and priest, and devotee, have perished, leaving not a whisper of their names or stations in those wind-haunted halls, nor a letter of their lives on the pages of recorded story. They tell, however, of an age of vast wealth, and power, and talent; of an energy that feared no obstacles, and a perseverance that sturdily scooped beautiful palaces from the rough rocky mountain. They teach us that powerful, and wealthy, and great though the modern nations may positively be, yet there are nations sleeping in the tomb of oblivion who may have been even more wealthy, powerful, and ingenious than they, the very ruin of whose palaces and churches possess a grandeur which strikes us with awe; and like the skeleton of the megatherium, which is all we possess of it, suggests something greater than we have any knowledge of.

From the North British Review.

## RAGGED SCHOOLS.

In one ragged school of fifty boys, (a fair sample of them all), sixteen were professed thieves, and twenty seven beggars and hawkers. The rest of them were engaged in the various shifts by which, in consistency with the laws, life is supported—crossing sweepers, donkey drivers, oyster boys, dodgers about omnibuses or cabs, to gain a penny by shutting the door, or helping "the gentleman in," and at the same time "helping" him of his watch, if they can "find" it safely; holders of horses in the streets, casual errand boys, costermonger boys, sellers of oranges, street singers, flower girls, water cross sellers, and sellers of lucifer matches, hunting you with boxes at two a penny; a pastry-coloured group, wild as birds of prey, ignorant of the duties of civilized life, and indifferent to its comforts, which they have never known; without moral culture or domestic training, without knowledge of good or evil, of heaven or hell; they are scattered units on the great ocean of life, apparently only existing to trouble it and themselves. Many of them are without relations and friends: others with step-fathers or mothers, who ill treat them; and all of them in a state of almost incredible ignorance of the very elements of human knowledge, they find no occupation too disgusting. On the banks of the Thames at low water, puddling amid the slime, they will be seen scrambling for pieces of coal; and the "mud-larks" are thus distinguished from the prevailing equal of the other children, by the super-addition of the foul deposits of the river. Accustomed to the freedom of their wild existence, they look at first with scorn upon the restraints which the ragged schools impose. They come as for a lark, shout, sing, and blasphemy, and are all in a state of frantic fun at the idea of any one schooling them. But they are susceptible of impression, and the sweetness of human sympathy is triumphant in the end. The novelty of disturbance wears away, and a better novelty comes in its room. The instruction offered them is seized with avidity, and comprehended with a quickness beyond their years. The impressions thus made on the minds of a migratory, restless race, may not be lasting; but experience has proved that

much has been done, for which the world should be thankful. Ignorance has been supplanted by a little knowledge; some idle have been made industrious; the virtues of filth have been rendered doubtful; the wild freaks of mud-larks even have been exchanged for the orderly deportment of our common schools; and, amid the screams and yells of their out door recreations, there will be heard the humming of the hymns that they have learnt. They got up concerts in the courts; and sometimes, on the holidays, raise their voices high and gloriously above the ribaldry and blasphemy there. When we find such effects from such small beginnings, and when in the improved morale of society we perceive its results in the diminution of crime, is there not in it all something more than a sentimental sympathy with a new specimen of humanity, and merits that will sustain the noble scheme long after its romance has yielded to more startling things?

From the Cork Examiner.

## AN IRISH GENTLEMAN'S MANSION IN 1849.

Irish poverty is fast doing its work—positively shoving property out of house and home—involving its most cherished sanctuaries, and rioting in reckless squalor amidst the scenes of former luxury and refinement. Reader, take a single illustration. Perhaps in Ireland there is not a nobler house and domain than those which once owned a gentleman of the ancient name of Massey for their master. The proprietor of Massey Town House, was said to possess, at one time, a rent roll of £10,000 a-year. Whether he possesses that now it is not for us to say; it is with his house we have to do. That splendid mansion is now in the possession of the guardians of the Macroom union, and used by them as an auxiliary work-house, it having been surrendered to them at a rent of £150 a-year. This house which was at one time the abode of luxury and wealth, a model of order and elegance, is now tenanted by five hundred miserable human beings—filthy, unwashed, reckless, and utterly insensible. Some few of the poor creatures may be seen roaming through the domain, beneath overhanging trees, or sauntering down walks and alleys now overgrown with weeds, and almost obliterated with neglect. But it is as you approach the mansion, and ascend its magnificent flight of sixteen broad stone steps, that you are impressed with the dismal change. Instead of the master of the master of the house or a well-appointed servant standing in livery, standing in the door way, you may see some half dozen ragged, unwashed, and unkempt human beings loitering against the door-post, and gazing listlessly about them, their legs gently crossed one over the other, and their whole appearance exhibiting a painful blending of stupid apathy and luxurious ease; in fact, but for the melancholy dilapidation of their clothes, and their general air of misery and desolation, one would imagine these poor fellows to be joint proprietors of this noble Irish mansion. Even poor relations could not attempt the slightest approach to the ease of their attitudes, and the complete unreserve of their manner. But what a spectacle is presented as you enter any of the once beautiful rooms, grand in their proportions, and still bearing abundant evidence of former grandeur! Chimney-pieces of pure Italian marble debased and sullied, perhaps broken, paper torn off the walls, as high as a man's arm could reach—windows smashed—floors already rotting away from indecent abuse—and, to crown all, the air thick and fetid with the foulest exhalations. Visit the out-offices—by the way, a spacious range of buildings; and where the stately horse and pure-breathed cow were tended and stabled in other days, there lie heaps of human beings—men—on straw, in their squalid rags, wearing upon them the shirts which they had worn for six weeks before!

It would be amusing, were it not painful, to witness the perfect ease and sang froid with which some paupers approach the mansion, which was to them, once, as sacred as a temple, a seat of unimagined luxury, and a throne of despotic power. These were formerly small farmers on the property, or laborers on the domain. Then, they approached with fear and trembling, hat in hand, and hearts almost in their mouths. Now, they saunter idly towards it, as if it were their own mud hovel; so complete is their air of indifference to all things and people on earth, save him who doles out their porridge, and the porridge itself.

In an old coach house might be seen two or three more luxuriously-inclined paupers taking a delicious loll in an ancient vehicle of that class which in Ireland is termed as a *shandru dan*, a number of listless loungers looking on with evident admiration at the enjoyment of their more ambitious brethren.

Sometimes when the hall-door happens to be shut, an impatient pauper thunders at the knocker with all the air and decision of a first-rate London footman. Why not? Is he not the master? Has not poverty shovelled property out of doors?

This is, simply, and without the least exaggeration, a picture of Massey Town House and its inmates in 1859. Say, gentlemen of Ireland, do you like the picture?

## THE FUTURE.

It cannot be that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment on its waves and sink into nothingness. Else, why is it that the high and glorious aspirations which leap from the temple of our heart, for ever wander about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of this earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded

loveliness? Why is it that the stars holding their "festival about the midnight throne" are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, for ever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that brighter forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back to Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful, which begins here and passes before us like shadows, will stay in our presence for ever.

From Hamilton's Happy Home.

## THE CHRISTIAN GRACES.

But over and above its golden treasures and rich commodities, this vessel brings some rare exotics. Perfect only in the bitter land, there is a skillful Cultivator, who even in these cold climes, has cherished and carried through some glorious specimens. With snowy petals, and drenching all round its contagious sweetness, blooms the lily of the valley. Christian Love, and beside it, with ruby blossom, court, ing all the radiant firmament, holy Joy may be recognized. By its silken stem and subtle branches, hiding its florets from blistery weather in a pavilion of its own, Peace may be identified; while, near it, Long suffering strikes its bleeding fibres deeper, and with balm requites the hand that wounds it.—As if from one source springing, Gentleness and Kindness twine together, whilst Faith, erect and Heaven-pointing, bears them each aloft. Scarce opening its modest eye, but bewaring its presence in the scented air, Meekness nestles in the mossy turf; and Temperance reveals in its healthy hue the tonic hidden in its root. These flowers of Paradise are sent to grace the Christian and cheer his friends; and it matters not whether they adorn the pent-up attic or the rural mansion—the spiritual mind their true conservatory.

Man's first home was a garden, and the race seems to inherit the love of those gentle shapes and glorious tints which were his silent comrades in Eden. These exotics which we have just enumerated are independent of atmosphere and latitude, and some of the most splendid specimens have been cherished in workshops and cellars, amidst the dust of factories, the smoke of cities, and in the depth of airless mines. Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith meekness, temperance—these are the brightest beauties and the most fragrant ornaments of any dwelling—Pray that the Spirit of God would transfer them from the Bible to your character and that he would tend and water them there. For should the graces flourish, the frost upon the fields and the snow-flakes on the gale will never touch the fadeless summer of your soul.

## TEST OF A DAMASCUS BLADE.

My own object in visiting the bazaar was to effect the purchase of a sword or scimitar, in order to complete my costume du pays; but as I found that those exposed for sale in the Turkish quarter were of a better quality than I needed, and of a price far beyond what I intended to give, we repaired to another portion of the bazaar, where I could select from among some thousands of all kinds and qualities. As the weapon was to be used as an ornament only, and would have answered my purpose equally well had the blade been firmly screwed to the scabbard, or altogether wanting, I selected an undeniable "Brummagem" with a truly ornate horn handle and a goodly external appearance. For the silken cord and tassels which form the appendages I had to walk to an entirely different quarter, where such articles are exclusively manufactured; and, after a due proportion of bargaining, I succeeded in completing my purchase. On returning to the hotel, I submitted my weapon to the judgment of Raven and Dr. A—; who resolved to test its value by actual experiment. A sword-blade is considered to be of good quality when it will sever a nail at one blow.—Placing therefore, a full-sized ten-penny on a wooden door-sill, Dr. A., who acted as Scharfrichter, took a deliberate aim, and let fly. The nail vanished, and I was about to pronounce my blade a genuine "Damascus," when the doctor, lowering his point, coolly requested me to withdraw the nail; which was fairly notched therein, and was found unmarked by the blow. I then dared the doctor to a similar experiment with his own sword; which was unhesitatingly agreed to and tried, but with a very different result, the nail being severed; but as there is a knack in directing the blow so as to fall at a particular angle, I doubt if he would have allowed me to perform his part in the ordeal.

## DIFFUSION OF BOOKS.

It is true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without a book; there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool that which, being restrained, will be no hindrance to his folly.

## HATCHING FISH.

Hatching eggs by artificial heat is well known and extensively practiced in China, as is also the hatching of fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. The fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of the water,