

a new rocking horse when Jarndyce and Jarndyce should be settled, has grown up, possessed himself of a real horse, and trotted away into the other world. Fair wards of court have faded into mothers and grandmothers; a long procession of Chancellors has come in and gone out; the legion of bills in the suit have been transformed into mere bills of mortality; there are not three Jarndyces left upon the earth perhaps, since old Tom Jarndyce in despair blew his brains out at a coffee house, in Chancery Lane; but Jarndyce and Jarndyce still drags its dreary length before the court, perennially hopeless.

Jarndyce and Jarndyce has passed into a joke. This is the only good that has ever come of it. It has been death to many but it is a joke in the profession. Every master in Chancery has had a reference out of it. Every Chancellor was 'in it,' for somebody or other, when he was council at the bar. Good things have been said about it by blue nosed, bulbous-shoed old benchers, in select portwine committees after dinner in hall. Articled clerks have been in the habit of fleshing their legal wit upon it. The last Lord Chancellor handled it neatly, when, correcting Mr Blowers the eminent silk gown, who said that such a thing might happen when the sky rained potatoes. He observed, 'or when we get through Jarndyce and Jarndyce, Mr Blowers;'—a pleasantry that particularly tickled the maces, bags and purses.

From "Recollections of a Journey through Tartary, Thibet, and China." By M. Huc.

A DILEMMA.

Among the Tartars the tail is regarded as the most exquisite piece, and is of course offered to the most honored guest. These tails, of the Tartar sheep are of immense size, weighing, with the fat that surrounds them, from six to eight pounds. Great was our embarrassment at the distinction shown us, in the presentation of this mass of white fat which seems to tremble and palpitate under our fingers. The rest of the guests were already dispatching with marvelous celerity their portion of mutton—of course without plate or fork, but each with the large piece of fat meat on his knees, working away at it with his knife, and wiping on the front of his waistcoat the fat that dripped down his fingers. We consulted each other in our native language as to what we should do with the dreadful dainty before us. It would have been quite contrary to Tartar etiquette to speak frankly to our host, and explain our repugnance to it, and it seemed imprudent to put it back by stealth. We determined therefore to cut the unlucky tail into small slices, and offered them round to the company, begging them to share with us this rare and delicious morsel. We did so, but it was not without difficulty we overcame the polite scruples and self-denying refusals with which our hypocritical courtesy was met.

Proceeding on the tour, after various lively descriptions of the domestic and social customs of the Tartars, we came to an account of the peculiarities of Tartar taste in

THE INTERMENT OF THE DEAD.

The manner of interring the dead among the Tartars is not uniform. In the neighborhood of the great wall, and everywhere that the Moguls are mingled with the Chinese, the customs of the latter have insensibly prevailed. In the desert, among the veritably nomadic tribes, the whole funeral ceremony consists in carrying the corpse to the summit of a mountain or to the bottom of a ravine.

The rich Tartars sometimes burn their dead with much solemnity. The body is walled up in a sort of kiln of a pyramidal form, with a small door at the bottom, and an opening at the top to allow the smoke to escape, and maintain a current of air. During the combustion, the Lamas recite prayers around the monument. When the corpse is consumed, the kiln is demolished, the bones collected, and carried to the Grand Lama, who reduces them to a very fine powder, and, after adding an equal quantity of wheat flour, kneads the whole carefully, and with his own hands, fashions a number of cakes of various sizes, which he piles up in a regular pyramid. The bones thus prepared are afterwards carried, with great pomp to a small tower, built beforehand in a place indicated by the soothsayer.

The ashes of the Lamas are generally deposited in sepulchres of this kind; many of these little monumental towers may still be seen in the countries whence the Mongols have been chased by the Chinese. The convents, the shepherds, with their tents and flocks have disappeared; but these towers yet remain to attest the right of the ancient possessors of the soil.

The most renowned site of these Mongol sepulchres is in the province of Chan Si, by the famous Lama convent of the Five Towers (*Ou-Tay*): the ground is said to be so holy, that those who are interred there are sure to effect an excellent transmigration. This marvelous sanctity is attributed to the presence of the old Buddha, who has had his abode there, within the centre of a mountain for some ages. In 1842 Tokoura, of whom we have already spoken, transported thither the bones of his father and mother, and had according to his own account, the happiness of viewing Buddha face to face, through a hole not larger than the mouth of a pipe. He is seated in the heart of the mountain cross-legged, and doing nothing, surrounded by Lamas of all countries engaged in continual prostrations.

In the deserts of Tartary, Mongols are frequently met with carrying on their shoul-

ders the bones of their kindred, and journeying in caravans to the Five Towers, there to purchase, almost at its weight in gold, a few feet of earth whereon to erect a mausoleum. Some of them take a journey of a whole year's duration, and of excessive hardship to reach this holy spot.

The Tartar sovereigns are sometimes interred in a manner which appears the very height of extravagance and barbarism; the royal corpse is placed in an edifice of brick, adorned with stone images of men, lions, tigers, elephants and divers subjects from the Buddhist mythology. With the illustrious defunct they inter, in a large vault in the center of the building, considerable sums in gold and silver, precious stones, and costly habits.

These monstrous interments frequently cost also the lives of a number of slaves: children of both sexes distinguished for their beauty are taken, and compelled to swallow mercury till they are suffocated; by this means, it is asserted the color and freshness of the victims are preserved so well that they appear alive. They are then ranged standing round the corpse of their master to serve him as in life. They hold in their hands the pipe, fan, the little vial of snuff, and the other numerous baubles of Tartar royalty.

To guard these buried treasures there is placed in the vault a kind of bow, constructed to discharge a number of arrows one after the other. This bow, or rather these bows, are bound together, and the arrows fixed—this species of infernal machine is so placed that the act of opening the door of the vault discharges the first arrow, the discharge of the first releases the second, and so on to the last. The bow makers keep these murderous machines all ready prepared, and the Chinese sometimes purchase them to guard their houses in their absence.

Here is a specimen of Tartar diabolisms, in which the Amateurs of the "night side of nature" may find comfort.

DIABOLICAL CEREMONY.

On the fifteenth day of the new moon we met numerous caravans, following like ourselves the direction from east to west. The way was covered with men, women and children, mounted on camels and oxen, all going, as the said, to the Lama convent of *Rache Churin*. When they asked whether our journey had the same goal, and heard our answer in the negative, their surprise was extreme; and this and the number of pilgrims that we saw piqued our curiosity. At the turning of the defile we met an old Lama, who, having a heavy burden on his back, seemed to get along with great difficulty.

'Brother,' said we, 'you are advanced in age; your black hairs are not so numerous as your white; you must be much fatigued. Place your burden on one of our camels, and you will journey easier.'

The old man prostrated himself in token of gratitude, and we made our camels kneel down, while Samdachimba added the Lama's baggage to ours. As soon as the pilgrim was relieved of the load that weighed upon him, his step became lighter, and a pleased expression shot over his wasted features.

'Brother,' said we, 'we know very little about the affairs in your country; but we are astonished to meet so many pilgrims in the desert.'

'We are all going to *Rache Churin*,' he replied, in deep devotion.

'Some great solemnity, doubtless calls, you thither?'

'Yes; to-morrow is to be a great day. A Lama Bokte will display his power. He will kill himself, but will not die.'

We understood in a moment the kind of solemnity which had put the Tartars in motion. A Lama was to open his belly and take out his entrails and place them before him, and then return immediately to his former state. This spectacle, atrocious and disgusting as it is, is very common in the Lama convents of Tartary. The Bokte who is to display his power, as the Mongols say, prepares himself for the act by long days of fasting and prayer; and during the whole time he must maintain the most absolute silence, and refrains from all communication with men.

When the appointed hour has arrived, the whole multitude of pilgrims repair to the great court of the Lama convent, where an altar is erected. At length the Bokte makes his appearance; he advances gravely amid the acclamations of the crowd, seats himself on the altar, and taking a cutlas from his girdle, places it between his knees, while the crowd of Lamas, ranged in a circle at his feet, commence the terrible invocation that prelude this frightful ceremony. By degrees, as they proceeded in their recitation, the Bokte is seen to tremble in every limb, and gradually fall into strong convulsions. Then the song of the Lamas become wilder and more animated, and the recitation is exchanged for cries and howlings. Suddenly the Bokte flings away the scarf which he has worn, snatches off his girdle, and with the sacred cutlas rips himself entirely open. As the blood gushes out, the multitude prostrate themselves before the horrid spectacle, and the sufferer is immediately interrogated concerning future events, and things concealed from human knowledge. His answers to all these questions are regarded as oracles.

As soon as the devout curiosity of the pilgrims is satisfied, the Lamas resume their recitations and prayers; and the Bokte, taking up in his right hand a quantity of his blood, carries it to his mouth, blows three times upon it, and casts it into the air with a loud cry. He then passes his hand over his

stomach, and it becomes whole as it was before, without the slightest trace being left of the diabolical operation, with the exception of an extreme lassitude. The Bokte then rolls his scarf again round his body, says a short prayer in a low voice, and all is over; every one disperses except a few of the most devout, who remain to contemplate and adore the bloody altar.

In the following little study of natural history we have something new.

ABOUT THE CAMEL.

This want of good pastures and fresh streams is very unfavourable to cattle, but the camel makes amends to the Tartars of the Ortoos for the absence of the rest. It is the real treasure of the desert; it can remain fifteen days or even a month without eating or drinking, and however miserable the country, it always finds something to satisfy it, especially if the soil is impregnated with salt or nitre; plants that other animals will not touch, brambles or even dry wood serve it for food. Yet little as it costs to keep, the camel is more useful than can be imagined out of the countries where Providence has placed it. Its ordinary burden is seven or eight hundred weight, and thus laden it can go forty miles a day. In many Tartar countries they are used to draw the coaches of the kings or princes, but this can only be on flat ground, for their fleshy feet would not permit them to ascend hills and draw a carriage after them.

Notwithstanding this softness of its foot, however, the camel can walk over the roughest roads, stones, sharp thorns, roots of trees, &c., without being hurt. But if obliged to walk too far, the real sole of its foot wears out, and the flesh is laid bare. The Tartars, under such circumstances, make it shoes with sheep-skin; but if, after this, the journey is still much prolonged, the creature lies down, and must be abandoned.

There is nothing the camel dreads so much as a wet and marshy soil. When it places its foot on mud and finds it slip, it begins to stagger like a drunken man, and often falls heavily on its side. Every year, toward the spring the camel loses its hair, and it all goes to the last fragment before the new comes on. For twenty days, it is as naked as if it had been clean shaven, from head to tail; and then it is extremely sensitive to cold and rain. You may see it shiver all over, like a man exposed to cold without clothes. But, by degrees, the hair grows again; at first it is extremely fine and beautiful, and when it is once more long and thick, the camel can brave the severest frost. It delights then in marching against the north wind, or standing on the top of a hill to be beaten by the tempest, and breathe the freezing air.

The milk of the camel is excellent, both for butter and cheese; the flesh is tough, ill-tasted and little esteemed by the Tartars.

From Harper's Magazine.

I AM NOT OLD.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though three score years and ten
Have wasted away like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men.

I am not old—though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves;
And left me alone to my joys and my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves.

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled and grey;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For early memories round me throng,
Of times and manners and men;
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of three score miles and ten.

I look behind and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold;
And my heart can sing as of yore it sung
Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shriveled and haggard and gray;
But I look on her blooming, soft and fair,
As she was on her wedding day.

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men;
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then.

And as my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he,
The bright-eyed little wight.

'Tis not long since—it cannot be long,
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
But now I am feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream—it is all a dream!
A strange, sad dream, good sooth!
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth.

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem'd
To grow old,
Is the heart forever young.

Forever young—through life's old age,
Hath every nerve unstrung;
The heart, the heart is a heritage,
That keeps the old man young.

KOSSUTH AT WORCESTER.

SPEECH IN THE HEART OF THE COMMON-WEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Let me not speak, gentlemen. It is not possible for any eloquence to equal the rising majesty of the people's spirit. Well, now, that is an ocean before me. Sometimes God stirs the waves; then no man can dominate over them. But when God stretches his hand in peace over the waves, then the slightest breeze may be heard. See how the waves move now.

Gentlemen, like as the Holy Scriptures are the revelations of religious truth, teaching man how to attain eternal bliss, so History is the revelation of eternal wisdom, instructing nations how to be happy and immortal in this world. The rising and decline, the standing and the fall of nations are equally instructive to the contemplating mind. Unaccountable changes may alter on a sudden the condition of individuals, but in the life of nations there is always a logical concatenation of cause and effect; therefore History is the book of life.

I like to look into that book of life. To me it is an enchanted mirror, wherein the past assumes the shape of future events. The history of old Massachusetts is full of instruction to those who know how to read unwritten philosophy in written facts. Besides, to me it is of deep interest, because, from the very time that the Colonial system was adopted by Great Britain to secure the monopoly of the American trade and to prevent the rising of the Colonies to strength and independence, down to Washington's misfortunes and final victories; from James Otis pleading with words of flame the rights of America before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, breathing into the nation the breath of life, out of which American Independence was born, down to the Declaration of Independence, first signed by a son of Massachusetts, there are such striking resemblances between your country's history and that of mine, that in reflecting upon them, I often believe I read Hungary when I read Massachusetts. [Cheers.] But then, when the kind cheers of your generous-hearted people rouse me out of my contemplative reveries, and looking around me I see your prosperity, a sadness of nameless woe comes over my mind, because that very prosperity reminds me that I am not at home—the home of my fathers—the home of my heart—the home of my affections and of my cares, is in the most striking contrast with the prosperity I see here.

And whence this striking contrast in the results, when there exists such a striking identity in the antecedents? Whence this afflicting departure from the logical necessity in history? The resemblance in proceedings goes so far that I act precisely that part in the United States which Massachusetts's immortal son, Franklin acted in France—acted it is true, supported by infinite personal merit, whereas I have none, but I dare say, acted not with more devotion than I myself. Well, the cause which accounts for the mighty difference in the results is, that your struggle for independence met the good luck of monarchical France, stipulating to aid with its full force America, struggling for independence, whereas Republican America delayed even a speedy recognition of Hungary's achieved independence. However the equality of results may yet come. History will not prove false to poor Hungary, while it proves true to all the world. I certainly will never meet the reputation of Franklin, but I may yet meet his good luck in patriotic mission. It is not yet too late. My people like the damsel in the Scriptures is but sleeping, and not dead. Sleep is silent, but restores to strength. There is apparent silence also in nature before the storm, only the stormy petrel sweeps along scenting instinctively the approaching storm. I am somewhat of a storm-bird, only I do not scent the storm instinctively but know it consciously.

Then why should I despair to see yet history true to logic? Why should I despair to meet in my mission the good luck of Franklin yet? We are not down trodden it is true, but was Washington not in a dreary retreat with his few brave men, scarcely to be called an army, when Franklin drew nigh to success in his mission? My retreat is somewhat longer to be sure, but then our struggle went on from the first moment on a more gigantic scale. And again the success of Franklin was aided by the hatred of France against England—so I am told, and it is true that I have for me the love of America for liberty and for right. And God knows my people's cause is the cause of liberty. I trust that the love of liberty in Republican America will prove such a source of generous inspiration as hatred of Great Britain did prove in monarchical France. And should it be the doom of humanity that even Republics like yours could be more mightily moved by hatred than by love, I may be permitted to ask, is there less reason for Republican America to hate the overwhelming progress of absolutism than there was reason for France to hate England's prosperity? The United States, torn from the dominion of England, did not injure her prosperity, rather it has increased it in ultimate results; but the predominance of absolutism absorbing Europe would injure your prosperity, because you are we, China—no Japan; you cannot confine yourself within your own boundaries. Having entered the family of nations, nations' intercourse has become a life artery to you. And that being the case the condition of the outward world with which you have, and must continue to have a national intercourse, cannot be indifferent to you. The effects of intercourse,