

of the wild scenery through which we were passing.

'It is indeed magnificent!' said she. 'I can conceive of nothing more grandly beautiful than that view,' pointing as she spoke; the sunbeams play over it as if unwillingly to leave so fair a land. See, the rest of the gray twilight.'

'Really,' said Lawton, sneeringly, 'that last burst of poetry partook of the grandiloquent. Now that you are fairly mounted on your Pegasus, pray favor us again, and I will take notes of the most grandly beautiful passages for the benefit of the public.'

She blushed deeply, tears of wounded feeling suffused her eyes, and she was compelled to turn aside to conceal her emotion. My heart bled for her; I looked indignantly at the author of this cruel and unmanly speech; but his sarcastic smile showed that he enjoyed the sight of the anguish his words had occasioned. Shrinking from him as from a fiend, my eye fell upon my noble husband, and the two contrasted. Indignation and pity were expressed in Rupert's countenance. He was silent, but I read his thoughts; and when, at length, his eye beamed on me with a look of unutterable tenderness and I thought how freely his bosom would be presented to receive a shaft that threatened to pierce mine, I longed to cast myself upon his breast, and from the fullness of a grateful heart, thank Heaven that I had been saved from the misery which a union with my first love would have brought upon me. As soon as we were alone, I learned more of the history of the unfortunate being who was thus, in the spring time of life, doomed to such wretchedness.

'I have been acquainted with her from childhood,' said Mr. Elmer, 'and a more lovely character I have never seen. We were near neighbors for many years, and upon terms of the closest intimacy; but I never saw her sweetness of temper disturbed, or heard her speak an unkind word. Idolized by her parents and friends, she inhaled constantly an atmosphere of affection and indulgence. Her feelings were respected and guarded from injury as sacred things. Poor creature! She feels the change as keenly as a tender exotic transplanted from the nothouse into the biting air of a northern winter. I heard of her marriage, her friends feared an unhappy one, with one who, it was said, had sought her for her wealth. I knew his name, but did not dream that it was the Lawton whose virtues I had heard so much of. He must indeed be a villain to treat her as he does. There is nothing congenial in their natures: she is a true hearted, loving woman, clinging even in the death struggle of joy and hope to the object of her devotion; he a cold hearted, brilliant egotist, in love with himself, and despising the rest of his race, except as ministers to his pleasures. She was doubtless attracted by his handsome person and insinuating address, and is now suffering the penalty those must endure who allow such petty considerations to blind their reason and outweigh truth and sterling worth.'

'He little thought that he was describing what would have been my fate, had my ardent wishes once been granted.'

'I have not told you this true story, my dear girl, only to amuse you. I have noticed in you a love of the romantic, a longing after sentimental adventure, and a distaste for everything commonplace, which make me tremble for your future happiness. Believe me, who tells you upon the strength of her own experience, that no union can be happy that is not founded upon unobnoxious as is the phrase, I must use it once more—'prudential motives.'

From the London Working Man's Friend.

THE PRATAYA SALAKA.

A book of moral sentences, known as the 'Prataya Salaka,' is in great repute among the natives of Ceylon. One passage of it is as follows:—'Whoever is much bent upon another's destruction, prepares to do nothing but to pave the way for his own ruin, which will unawares fall upon his own head, as is evident from the case of the crane and the crab. The fable is this:—An evil designing crane frightened the fishes of a pond with the news of some impending danger, which would certainly fall upon them if they continued any longer to live in the pond, but which they might escape if they would listen to his admonitions, viz., to leave the pond, and seek for another. As the pond was unconnected with any other, they were unable to do this. The crane, out of kindness, promised if they would confide in his word, he would conduct them to an adjoining pond. He would take them one by one in his mouth, and carry them. All the fishes agreed, and the crane continued for a day or two to swallow all he carried. A crab, suspecting the wickedness of the crane, asked the crane to take him also. This, after some demur, he did. The crab, unlike the fish, took hold on the crane's neck, and squeezed him to death.'

From the London Working Man's Friend.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.—Misery and ignorance are always the cause of great evils. Misery is easily excited to anger, and ignorance soon yields to perfidious councils.—Education is the proper employment, not only of our early years, but of our whole lives.—It is not the accumulation of wealth but its distribution, which is the test of peoples prosperity.—Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.—Time, with all its celerity, moves

slowly on to him whose whole employment is to watch its flight.—Men are never so likely to settle a question rightly as when they discuss it freely.—What is not for the interest of the whole swarm, is not for the essential interest of a single bee.—Keep a low sail at the commencement of life; you may rise with honour, but you cannot recede without shame.

AN INDIAN PICNIC.

PITCHED under the shade of some wide spreading mangoes are a variety of tents of all sizes, from the handsome and spacious marquee to the snug sleeping tent. Near them are picqueted a number of fine looking Arab horses, in prime condition, while the large barouche, which is standing close by, might have just emerged from a coach house in a London mews; a few servants are loitering about, and give life to this otherwise tranquil scene. Nobody can for an instant suppose that this is the camp of Jung Bahadour; his tents are green and red, and generally surrounded by soldiers; his horses do not look so sleek and fresh as these, he has not got a barouche belonging to him, far less a piano; and I think I hear the music of one proceeding from the large tent. No, this is an Indian picnic; none of your scrambling, hurried pleasure parties to last for a wet day, when everybody brings his own food, and eats it uncomfortably with his fingers, with some leaves for a plate and an umbrella for a roof, and then persuades himself and others that he has been enjoying himself. Let such a one come and make trial of a deliberate, well organized picnic of a fortnight's duration such as the one now before us, with plenty of sport in the neighbourhood while the presence of the fair sex in camp renders the pleasure of the drawing room doubly delightful after those of the chase.—*Elephant's Journey to Nepal.*

INGENUITY OF ROOKS.

A curious circumstance, illustrative of the ingenuity and reasoning powers of rooks, was witnessed at the South Inch rookery one Sabbath forenoon. One of the black fellows was observed hammering with his bill with great force at the joint of a twig on a tree, which he had evidently selected for a part of his new nest. Finding he could not strike the twig off, he threw himself on its point and hung awhile, trying, no doubt, whether his weight would bring it away. This however also failed; and, returning to his perch at the joint, with a croak brought his mate to his assistance. Both, after some apparent consultation about the matter, threw themselves to the point of the twig. Still it would not do, and they were compelled to return to the perch, from whence one of them flew off, and shortly arrived with two assistants. A long consultation then took place, and it was amusing to observe the conclusion they had come to as to their *modus operandi*. Three of the rooks threw themselves upon the point of the twig, while the fourth, with great vigour, attacked the joint, and ultimately the much coveted twig was severed from the branch, and was carried off to the nest, with a crowing of gratification which nearly drowned the noise of the denizens of the rookery.

THE LAKE OF HAARLEM.

THAT interesting inland sea, which burst through the dykes of sand and willows, and swallowed up some of the richest meadows of North Holland more than three centuries ago—has been nearly expelled from the territories on which it had seized in spite of Dutchman and Spaniard. In the year 1539, while the people of the district were groaning under the oppression which afterwards drove them into the insurrection now considered one of the noblest up risings of the world,—the North sea broke over the artificial dams and the triple ridges of sand formed by the action of wind and tide on that stormy coast, and showed the inhabitants how to isolate their cities and cut off a besieging enemy—a lesson afterwards turned to effective account by them at Leyden and elsewhere. But the invasion of the water brought horror and desolation into the fertile flats of North Holland. Twenty six thousand acres of rich pasture land, with meadows, cattle, and gardens, were covered with the waves which would not ebb;—and the village of Nieuweinkirk was submerged, and all its inhabitants were lost in the tremendous calamity. More than two centuries elapsed before any one began to dream of recovering this vast estate; and then, although the lake was only six feet in depth, the recovery was long believed to be impracticable.

Again and again the project has been started since the present century came in. In 1819 a scheme was submitted to the King for the drainage, and approved—but it led to no result. Even as late as the session of 1838 a motion for the same purpose was rejected by an immense majority in the Dutch House of Representatives. But as the engineering science of the age grew more daring and confident, even Dutch phlegm gave way, and the works were, as our readers are aware, commenced. They have been long in progress,—and it is now reported that the task is near its final accomplishment. The remains of the unhappy village of Nieuweinkirk have been found, with a mass of human bones, on the very spot where the old charts of the province fixed its site. In a few weeks it is believed that the Lake of Haarlem, famous for its fishing and its pleasure excursions, will have become mere matters of record.

WOMAN.

'As the vine' says Washington Irving, 'which has long twisted its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is razed by the thunderbolt, cling round it with caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the dependant and ornament of man in his happiest hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.'

THE REPORT COURTEOUS.—When Baxter was on one occasion brought before Judge Jeffries, 'Richard,' said the brutal Chief Justice, 'I see a rogue in thy face.' 'I had not known before,' replied Baxter, 'that my face was a mirror.'

THE GREAT HEART OF MAN.—The heart is a small thing, but desireth great matters. It is not sufficient for a kite's dinner, yet the whole world is not sufficient for it.

OLD AGE is coming upon me rapidly,' as the urchin said when he was stealing apples in an old mans garden, and saw the owner coming, horse whip in hand.

WHY is a lawyer like a tailor?—Because he is always ready to commence a suit.

WHY is it nearly fatal to fall down a well?—Because your pretty sure to kick the bucket.

WHY is a married man like an opposition steamboat?—Because he is liable to be blown up very often.

WHY do tight boots lead to intemperance?—Because a man is likely to get corned after it.

Sketches of Lectures.

From the New York Tribune.

ATHENS AND THE ACROPOLIS.

BY PROF. KOEPPEN.

The subject of this lecture was Athens, the Acropolis and the Temples, especially the Parthenon. The Lecturer is a distinguished Professor of History, recently of the Othobian College at Athens. He is a native of Denmark.

Professor Koppen's Lecture was illustrated with several views of the Parthenon, exhibiting the temple as it stood in antiquity with its polychrome decorations, and its ruins in their present condition, after the recent excavations around its foundations and the partial restoration of its columns by the architects of King Otto. The levelled platform of the Acropolis which in antiquity was occupied by a vast number of sanctuaries, altars, and statues of gods, heroes, and celebrated Athenian and Roman statesmen and poets, is at the present day covered with immense heaps of marble blocks, among which many precious sculptures and inscriptions have been found, now deposited in the halls of the Propylæa. On the left of the entrance are still seen the square foundations of the pedestal on which stood the colossal bronze statue of Minerva Promachos, the masterpiece of Athenian statuary. The great temple of Minerva (the Parthenon) was built in the year 440 B. C. on the foundation of an older temple which had been burnt down during the Persian wars. The eloquence of Pericles excited the enthusiasm of the Athenians to undertake this great national monument. Every citizen hastened to have his share in the labours on the Acropolis; the whole city was transferred into a working place, while thousands of mules and oxen were dragging the huge marble blocks from the quarries on Mount Pentelicon to the height of the castle rock. The Parthenon signifies the dwelling of the Virgin, and was a Doric temple, with a double row of eight columns in each front and seventeen in each flank, sixty-four in all. The height of the fluted columns is thirty-four feet, their diameter six feet two inches. The length of the temple is two hundred and twenty-eight feet, its breadth one hundred and two feet. It is raised on an immense platform, having stairs all around the building. The cell of the temple was divided into two compartments; on the east the *thalamos*, or virgin's hall, where the impression of the base of the colossal statue of Minerva is still seen on the marble pavement. The western apartment was smaller; it was called *opisthodomos*, or back-room, and served as the treasury of the Athenian Republic, thus placed beneath the immediate protection of the tutelary deity of Attica. A large collection of inscriptions, lately discovered on the Acropolis give the most minute account of the state of the public treasury during different periods of Athenian history, and contain a highly curious register of the precious arms, vases and other votive offerings adorning the interior of the sanctuary. After an interesting detail of the various bas reliefs of the frieze and metopes, and of the statues in the two pediments, and a lucid explanation of the late discoveries from elegant paintings by M. Leon de La Borde, the lecturer dwells with enthusiasm on the beauty and taste of the polychromatic and golden ornaments of the ancients. Not only the celebrated ivory statue of Minerva was richly adorned with golden decorations, but the same precious metal was profusely employed in the ornaments of the other sculptures and on the glittering shields on the *iacades* of the temple. Their relief was set off with the most brilliant colors. On the Parthenon the two pediments and the ground of the metopes were painted in purple; the triglyphs and the ground of the frieze was of a brilliant azure blue, and the

whole peristyle and both the eastern and western porticoes were richly painted with elegant and fanciful decorations. These colors are all metallic, and were applied on the marble by means of a thin coating of wax. The *encaustic* painting, burnt on the marble by fire was used by the ancients in order to give gloss and brilliancy to their colors and to preserve them from injury by air or moisture. The Greeks, with their bright creative imagination and their high sense of beauty, living surrounded by a scenery which nature had touched with the most brilliant tints of the rainbow, boldly took up the hint thus given them and adorned their sanctuaries with bright and glittering colors in perfect harmony with the natural objects around them. The Götter the Danes, the Anglo-Saxons, beneath their cold and cloudy sky, admired the immense gray and gloomy piles of their Christian Churches the vaulted aisles of their convents, and their battlemented castles. The Greeks, on the contrary, were fond of light and life; they consecrated darkness and death to the austere deities of the infernal regions, and called the Furies the sable sisters of night! The dazzling light of day surrounded the snowy abode of their Olympian gods, and the luminous sanctuary of Pallas Athene or her lowering Acropolis. Thus the painted decorations on the Hellenic monuments may be considered as being in the most perfect harmony of character and execution with their sculpture; but it was only during the palmy days of Athenian art—the age of Pericles and Phidias—that forms of such excellent, accurate, and delicate design were produced. Mr. Koepfen then gave the history of the Parthenon from the earliest times down to the present day. In the year 1687 this celebrated temple was partly destroyed by the explosion of a powder magazine; but the most barbaric treatment which it has received was in the early part of the present century, when Lord Elgin, then English Ambassador at Constantinople, obtained a firman from the Grand Signor to allow him to collect some 'old stones' in and about Athens. He proceeded with his authority to dislodge the friezes, and other ornamental parts of the temple, especially of the Parthenon—to remove the statues, after grossly mutilating them, and rendering almost worthless what he could not take away. The right of this indiscriminate plundering was too much even for Turkish indifference to endure. Strong remonstrances were made to the Porte and another firman was issued forbidding any further removal of 'old stones.' Fifty-three slabs of the frieze of the Parthenon, and 25 out of 92 metopes, were included in the 80 boxes which, in 1812, were received in England, sold to the British Government for about \$200,000, and placed in the British Museum, where they still remain. When these dislodged, expatriated, mutilated groups were viewed by an honest countrywoman of the iconoclast, she inquired if these were the Elgin marbles for which the Government paid £40,000, and being answered in the affirmative exclaimed, 'Bless my heart, are there not living men enough in England that have had their limbs broken or cut off, that our great folks must be bringing so many dead ones a long way over the seas, without arms or legs, or heads, and paying such a deal of money for them, too? This incident showed the estimation in which the act of those who received and paid for the plunder is viewed by honest people even in England. The triple temple of Minerva Polias, called the Erechtheum, is standing on the north side of the platform, near the precipice of the rock from which the daughters of Cecrops had precipitated themselves after opening the forbidden box of Pandora's. This splendid building, with its three porticoes in the elegant Ionic order of architecture, was in good preservation until the late war of independence, when a Turkish ball striking the corner column of the northern portico, the whole gave way and buried the family of the Greek Commander, General Gouras, beneath its ruins. The greatest ornament of the Erechtheum is the hall of the Caryatids, six beautiful colossal statues of Athenian Virgins, supporting on their heads the entablature. Lord Elgin carried off one of the maidens, and on the plaster pillar which he placed in the place of the Caryatid was afterward seen the following inscription of Lord Byron:

Quod non fecerunt Gothi,
Hoc fecerunt Scoti.
'Ah, Athens! scarce escaped from Turk and Goth:
Hell sends a paltry Scotchman worse than both!'

Numerous inscriptions found near the Erechtheum give interesting details of the rebuilding of the temple during the Peloponnesian war, of the splendid encaustic paintings with which the porticoes were adorned, and the registers of all the precious votive offerings and trophies deposited in the sanctuary of Athens Polias. The lecture closed with an animated description of the grand spectacle of the illumination of the Acropolis by large bonfires on the fete of King Otto, June 1, 1835. All the unpleasant spots and splinters on the columns, occasioned by the Turkish shells and balls during the late war, which, in the day time, checker and disfigure the noble front of the temple, had then vanished in the oblique illumination of the blazing flames and the mellow moonlight. The gigantic virgins of the Erechtheum emerged from the deep shade in the combined light of the ruddy flames and the pale moon as supernatural beings from another world, while in the depth below the plain and the distant City of Athens, beneath the influence of the illumination, appeared as an immense lake reflecting the twinkling of the stars on the firmament above.