

you are her friend, and make the world understand you intend never to be more. I have secured her an independence, and provided that she shall remain for the present, with Mrs C. May the Father of the orphan guard her and bless her! She loved your mother, Arthur, and for that you must be to her a brother.

And now, my son, farewell! I feel my hour has nearly come; and I am ready and willing to depart. My last days have been, by the blessing of the Almighty, made my best. I have lived to the last, and been able to accomplish most of the plans which lay nearest my heart: Do not grieve that I am at rest; but arouse all your energies for the work that is before you. In a country and age distinguished by such mighty privileges, requires warm hearts, and strong minds, and liberal hands, to devise, and dare, and do. May God preserve, strengthen, and bless you!

Your affectionate father,

J. LLOYD.

I am glad, thought Arthur, as he wiped away his tears, after reading the letter for the third time in the course of the day—I am glad my father has left me perfectly free respecting Ellen.—Had he expressed a wish that I should marry her, it would have been to me sacred as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Yet I might have felt it a fetter on my free will; and so capricious is fancy, I should not, probably, have loved the girl as I now hope to love her, that is, if she will love me as a brother.

[To be continued.]

From the Illustrated Magazine of Art.

THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII.

ONCE upon a time there stood a town in Italy, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, which was to Rome what Brighton or Hastings is to London.—a very fashionable watering place at which Roman gentlemen and members of the senate built villas, to which they were in the habit of retiring from the fatigues of business or the broils of politics. The outskirts of all the houses were adorned with frescoes, and every shop glittered with all the colours of the rainbow. At the end of each street there was a charming fountain, and any one who sat down beside it to cool himself had a delightful view of the Mediterranean, then as beautiful, as blue and sunny, as it is now.—On a fine day crowds might be seen lounging here, some sauntering up and down, in gala dresses of purple, while slaves passed to and fro bearing on their heads splendid vases, like those which still excite our admiration at Marlborough House or the British Museum; others sat on marble benches, shaded from the sun by awnings, and having before them tables covered with wine, and fruit, and flowers. Every house in that city was a little palace, and every palace was like a temple, or one of our great public buildings. Any one of splendour would have been astonished, had he lived in those days, to find how completely the abodes of those Roman lords outshone the stately homes of England. On entering the former, the visitor passed through a vestibule decorated with rows of pillars, and then found himself in the *impluvium*, in which the *lares*, or household gods kept guard over the owner's treasure which was placed in a safe or strong box, secured with brass or iron bands. In this apartment guests were received with imposing ceremony, and the patron heard the complaints, supplications, and adulation of his great band of clients or dependants, who lived on his smiles and bounty, but chiefly on the latter. Issuing thence, the visitor found himself in the *tablinum*, an apartment paved with mosaic and decorated with paintings, which contained the family papers and archives. It contained a dining room and a supper room, called the *triclinium* and the *convicium*, and a number of sleeping rooms, hung with the softest of Syrian cloths, a cabinet filled with rare bijoux and antiques; and sometimes a fine collection of paintings; and last of all a pillared peristyle, opening out upon the garden, or *viridarium*, in which golden fruit hung temptingly in the golden light of a golden sky, and fountains which flung their waters aloft in every imaginable form and device, cooled the air and discoursed sweet music to the ear; while from behind every shrub there peeped out a statue, or the bust of some great man, carved from the purest white marble, and placed in charming contrasts with bouquets of rare flowers springing from stone vases. On the gate there was always the image of a dog, and underneath it the inscription, "*Cave canem!*" (Mind the dog!)—The frescoes on the walls represented scenes in the Greek legends, such as 'The Parting of Achilles and the beautiful maid Briseis,' 'The Rape of Europa,' 'The Battle of the Amazons,' &c., many of which are still to be seen in the museum at Naples. The pillars in this peristyle of which we have just spoken were encircled with garlands of flowers, which were renewed every morning. The tables of citron wood were inlaid with silver arabesques; the couches were of bronze, gilt and jewelled, and were furnished with thick

cushions and tapestry, embroidered with marvellous skill. When the master gave a dinner-party, the guests reclined upon these cushions, washed their hands in silver basins, and dried them with napkins fringed with purple; and having made a libation on the altar of Bacchus, ate oysters brought from the shores of Britain, kids which were carved to the sound of music, sea eels fattened on the blood of slaves, and fruits served up in ice on the hottest days of summer; and while the cup-bearers filled their golden cups with the rarest and most delicate wines in all the world, other attendants crowned them with flowers still moist with the dew, and dancers executed the most graceful and voluptuous *pas*, and singers, accompanied by the lyre, poured forth on ode of Horace, or of Anacreon, the song of the flowers, or a hymn to Eros. After the banquet, a shower of scented water, scattered from invisible pipes, spread perfume all over the apartment, and everything around, even the oil, and the lamps, and the jets of the fountains, shed forth the most grateful odour; and suddenly, from the mosaic of the floor, tables of fresh dainties, of which we have at the present day no idea, rose, as if by magic, to stimulate the palled appetites of the revellers into fresh activity. When these had disappeared, other tables succeeded them, upon which senators, and consuls, and proconsuls, gambled away provinces and empires by the throw of dice; and last of all the tapestry was suddenly raised, and young girls, lightly attired, their snowy bosoms wreathed with flowers, and bearing lyres in their hands, issued forth, and charmed sight and hearing by the graceful mazes of the Panathenaic dance.

One day, when festivities such as these were in full activity, Vesuvius sent up a tall and very black column of smoke, something like a pine tree; and suddenly, in broad noon-day, darkness black as pitch came over.—There was a frightful din of cries, groans, and imprecations, mingled confusedly together.—The brother lost his sister, the husband his wife, the mother her child; for the darkness had become so dense, that nothing could be seen but the flashes which every now and then darted forth from the summit of the neighbouring mountain. The earth trembled, the houses shook and began to fall; and the sea rolled back from the land as if terrified; the air became thick with dust; and then amidst tremendous and awful noise, a flood of seething, hissing lava, poured over the town and blotted it out for ever. The inhabitants died just as the catastrophe found them—guests in their banquet hall, brides in their chamber, soldiers at their post, prisoners in their dungeon, thieves in their theft, maidens at the mirror, slaves at the fountain, traders in their shops, students at their books. Some few attempted flight, guided by some blind people who had walked so long in darkness, that no thicker shadows could ever come upon them; but of these, many were struck down on the way. When, a few days afterwards, people from the surrounding country came to the place, they found naught but a black, level, smoking plain, sloping to the sea, and covered thickly with ashes. Down, down, beneath, thousands and thousands were sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, with all their little pomps, and vanities, and frivolities, and pleasures, and luxuries buried with them. This took place on the 23rd day of August, A. D. 79, and the name of the town thus suddenly overwhelmed with ruins was Pompeii. Sixteen hundred and seventy-six years afterwards, curious persons began to dig and excavate on the spot, and lo! they found the city pretty much as it was when overwhelmed. The houses were standing, the paintings were fresh, and the skeletons stood in the very positions and the very places in which death had overtaken their owners so long ago. The marks left by the cups of the tipplers in the taverns still remained on the counters; the prisoners still wore their fetters, the bells their gold chains and bracelets; the miser held his hand on his hoarding, and the priests were lurking in the hollow images of their gods, from which they uttered responses and gulled the worshippers. There were the altars, with the blood dried and crusted upon them, the stables in which the victims of the sacrifice were kept, and the hall of mysteries, with its symbolical paintings.—The researches are still going on; new wonders are every day coming to light, and we soon shall have almost as perfect an idea of a Roman town in the first century of the Christian era, as if we had walked the streets and gossiped with the idle loungers at the fountains. Pompeii is the ghost of an extinct civilisation rising up before us.

It is right to observe that according to some authorities, the destruction of Pompeii was much less sudden, and attended with far less fatal results than the account we have given above implies, and was the effect of several successive eruptions, which occurred at sufficiently protracted intervals to enable most of the inhabitants to save both themselves and their property.

Harsh words are like hailstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down.

Envy is a mean man's homage.

From Graham's Magazine for January.

THE TWO TEMPLES.

BY J. M. A. BONE

CHERFUL and loud rang the minster peal,
And sweet was the organ's strain,
As baron and knight, stepped forth to kneel
On the floor of the sacred fane;
The priestly robes were heavy with gold,
And the blaze of the altar light,
Revealed in many a silken fold,
Gems like the stars of night.

Huge and grand was the sacred pile,
Like a forest the pillars stood,
Wealth and power had formed the style,
From the porch to the Holy Rood.
Quaint were the carvings over head,
Bright was the storied pane,
Rich was the blazonings of the dead,
Who slept 'neath the sacred fane

The minster gray was a noble pile,
Wealth shone on the altar stone,
And many who knelt in the vaulted aisle,
For warriors brave were known.
The organ pealed forth its harmony,
And the incense was scattered wide,
And he who taught us humility,
Was worshipped with pomp and pride.

Solemn and low was the ocean's hymn,
And the chant of the forest drear,
As the traveller knelt in the evening dim,
To offer his humble prayer;
The vaulted roof that o'er him spread,
Was the arbing azure sky,
And the lamps that light on the altar shed,
Were the twinkling stars on high.

The scented flowers their incense gave,
The sighing breeze was the bell,
The choristers were the woods and wave
And the surf as it rose and fell.
The daisied turf was the jeweled shrine,
Where he knelt from care apart;
The falling dew was the sacred wine,
And the priest was his truthful heart.

Years have passed, and a mouldering wall
Stands where the minster stood,
And brambles grow, and reptiles crawl,
Round the base of the Holy Rood;
Fallen are pillar and fretted arch,
And the toad leaves its noisome slime
On the pavements, crushed 'neath the heavy march
Of the grim destroyer, Time.

Gone is the wealth from the altar stone,
Rotten the vestments gay,
Dimmed forever the lamps that shone
Near the shrines by night and day;
Naught is heard but the shrieking owl,
Or the distant hunter's horn;
Laid in the dust are casque and cowl,
And their faith is a thing of scorn.

But the daisied turf still forms a shrine,
And the skies their blue arch spread,
The lamps of night no longer shine,
And the flowers their incense shed;
The woods and waves raise their hymns again,
As they raised it in days of yore;
Man's temples fall, but nature's fane
Forever stands secure.

THE DUEL IN THE BUSH.

In the story of "Emily Oxford, or life in Australia," we find the following incident of George Flower, a famous mounted policeman who was sent out to hunt up a notorious bush-ranger, named Millighan:

He met Millighan as a fellow-ranger—and who supposed Flower to be dead. After some conversation, Flower said: "Now suppose a mounted policeman or thief-taker—a fellow of real pluck—was to come upon you were alone, and was to challenge you to surrender, what would you do? Would you draw your trickster at once, and not give him a chance?"

"No," cried Millighan, "I'd tell him to stand off and have a fight for it."

"Millighan," said Flower, still keeping his eagle eye fixed on him, "are you speaking the truth?"

"Yes, so help me Heaven."

"Now let us suppose," continued Flower, "that such a man as that fellow George Flower—that fellow that was drowned the other day—was to be in the same position with you as I am now?"

"I'd tell him," said Millighan, "that one of us must die, and challenge him to fight fair."

"How fight fair?"

"Why, I'd ask him to measure off fifty yards to walk backwards five and twenty paces, and let me do the same."

"And do you think he would do it?"

"Yes I do, for he was a man. I have often wished to meet that fellow in the field, for what I most want in this life is its excitement and to be killed by the hands of a man like Flower, or the escape by killing him in fair fight—either way would be something to suit me."

"Millighan," said Flower slowly, "I believe every word you uttered. Now listen to what I am going to tell you. I am George Flower!"

Millighan started. He gazed on Flower, whose eyes were now riveted on that of his adversary. Millighan's carbine dropped from his hand, but he did not change color or betray any alarm.

"Pick up your piece," said Flower, pointing to the carbine and assuming a proud and careless attitude. "I am all that you have said of me, Millighan. I might have shot you like a dog before I spoke to you just now; but I could not do that, for you are a man as well as myself, and you are as brave as generous. Pick up your piece and walk backward five and twenty paces; but let us shake hands first." Millighan took Flower's hand and signed heavily as he shook it. "Do not surrender," suggested Flower, half fearing that Millighan would do so and break the very charm that bound him to the man.

"Surrender!" cried Millighan, with a smile and a sneer; "no! I'll never do that." And knowing you to be a brave foe, I have still a chance; for I shoot as straight as you do. But tell me in earnest; are you George Flower? Yes you must be. But hear this—(his blood began to warm)—if you are not we must fight this day, for we cannot after this live together." And Millighan took up his carbine, and satisfied himself that there was powder in the pan and with his left thumb he pushed the corner of his flint round so as to insure ignition when he drew the trigger.

Flower placed his carbine against a huge stone, and put his hands into his pockets and looked at Millighan; "I am George Flower," said he, "and who but George Flower would deal with you as I do? Don't let us talk much, or I may forget my mission and become a bush-ranger myself." And Flower took up his carbine, and examined the powder in his pan, and touched the flint as Millighan had done.

"Flower! for Flower you must be," said Millighan, "grant me, if you shoot me, one desire, that has haunted me. I do not dread death, but I have a horror of burial. If I fall, suffer me to lie on the very spot. Let the eagle come and feast upon my carcase, pluck these eyes from their sockets and the skin from this brow; let me lie here in this lonely region, and let my bones bleach in the sun, and the rain fall, and the moon and stars shine on them."

"My God!" exclaimed Flower, seizing Millighan by the arm, "the same dread of being buried has ever haunted me. If I fall by your hand, let me rest here, with my head pillowed upon this gun. Let no man living be shown the spot where I fell."

"Take your ground," said Millighan. "I am ready."

"There is my hand," said Flower, "and should we meet in another world we shall not be ashamed of one another, my boy."

Tears were standing in the eyes of both Flower and Millighan when they parted.—Each stepped backward pace for pace. Millighan followed by his little terrier, Nettles. When they were about fifty yards apart, they halted and looked at each other for several minutes. Both simultaneously levelled their carbines, and each was indisposed to be the first to fire. At last Millighan discharged his piece. He had aimed at Flower's heart. His bullet whizzed past Flower's head, and carried away part of the left whisker. Flower fired—and Millighan fell flat on his face.—The ball had entered his left breast. Flower ran to the spot to catch any last word Millighan might desire to breathe. But Millighan was dead.

TREATMENT OF THE NATIVES IN INDIA.

"Most Europeans treat the natives more like brutes than men: they seem to think a native is made to be abused and beaten, and the most vulgar parvenues treat native gentlemen as the dirt beneath their feet. I will give you two instances of the ungentlemanly and unchristian tone of Indian society and opinions in this respect. In some notes of a journey from Agra to Bombay, in 1841, now publishing in the Delhi Gazette, the writer says, 'I managed to bag a few peachicks, though the people do not like them to be shot, and at one place we met with some grey partridges which the Zamindars (landholders) wished to be spared. As we had no occasion for their good offices for supplies, but rather required the birds, there was little hesitation in bagging all I could.' Again, the Delhi Gazette announces that 'an unfortunate accident has occurred to a young officer, who, of course, is a kind-hearted man and greatly beloved in his corps.' What do you think this accident is? When out shooting, he became enraged with his unfortunate Sáis, and gave him a kick on the back, of which the poor man died in a few minutes, the spleen having been broken by the kick. Men can restrain their tempers when a stout hackney coachman or coalheaver is abusive, because they are afraid; they can even keep from striking their servants in England, because they would be punished by law; but here, because they know that they are the strongest, they are cowardly enough to tyrannize over every one who happens to thwart their childish humours."—Mrs. Mackenzie Six years in India.