

THE ROMAN BATHS. A TRAVELLING LETTER, APROPOS OF TRÈVES, AND OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S VISIT TO IT.

From Miss Fanny Jackson (now on the Continent) to Miss Julia Mornington, of Mornington House, Mornington Crescent, London.

Oh! dear Julia, what do you think ? I have just seen a German King. I'm in such a flutter, I can hardly write. I'm so happy, you don't know. If I could only see a Sultan now, think I should die happy !

You must know, dear, it was quite by accident. We had just been up the Moselle, which is a kind of pocket Rhine, a beautiful drawing-room tea-urn of a river, or you may call it a little hot-house of a ruin, filled with most beautiful grapes, — and we were going on our way to Paris through Trèves, where we heard by the merest chance — but stop, I must tell you first something about Trèves. It is the oldest place, I think, I ever was in. It is much older than Chester, or Canterbury, or Bishopsgate-street, or Westminster Abbey, or any body you know. They do say it is 1300 years older than Rome, but I cannot tell, and I confess I do think it is extremely rude for people to trouble their heads about any such ridiculous thing. Why can't they leave a person's age alone? However, there is no doubt of its antiquity. Some of the monuments are so old that they are obliged to be propped up with post and pillars, that look like crutches they are leaning upon to prevent them falling. Most of the houses have their ages ticketed upon them in large letters of rusty iron, and you cannot tell with what supreme contempt a crumbling old house, just tottering on the verge of the dust-cart, looks down scornfully upon some juvenile upstart of a building that is nearly bent double with age at its side, simply because it has the impudence to be a hundred years younger than itself. It frowns blackly, as though it would like to crush the "bold young thing" with its contempt if it could — and I have no doubt it will, some day, when it can't stand any longer. The whole place is stuffed full of antiquities, just like a curiosity-shop. Cousin Charles (who is with us, and he's a sad teazel!) calls it "Wardour street on the Moselle." He's wrong, dear, for there's not an antiquity in it that's not strictly genuine — with the exception, perhaps, of a few relics in the churches that are kept carefully under lock and key, for the moths and the Jesuits to play with. You can clearly see that the age of every monument has been the slow, venerable growth of years, and you respect it accordingly. It has not been the result of any early break out in youth, or brutal ill-treatment in after years. The statues have not been cut and trimmed and curled by some antiquated Truefitt, to suit the fashion of any particular mediaeval rage. Their well-worn features have not been branded into premature old age by hot irons, nor has the chisel been brought into play to mimic the caverns and pits of decay such as are generally produced, alas, by the gnawing tooth of time. Every wrinkle on the ancient face of the city attests its own age, and the deep furrows that run down its hollow cheeks are decidedly not furrows that were turned up only yesterday.

Such is Trèves, Julia, seen through an old pair of spectacles. There is undoubtedly, the Roman character legible, as far as I can read it, in a large, bold handwriting on almost every wall, as though Caesar himself had held the pen that had written it. You wander through Roman history as you walk through the Roman-bricked town. Occasionally, Tacitus darts out from under a dark gateway that is trembling with the weight of many hundred years upon its back, and explains it to you; or, a little further on, you are met by Caesar, who, with the "Commentaries" in his hand, acts in the

most obliging manner, as your cicerone, and describes to you all the wonders of this history-haunted city that has so often resounded with the tramp of his victorious, short-skirted, legions. The pavement under your feet — the porticos over your head; the noble arches that rear their arms on high to allow you to pass under them (as though, formerly, the long strings of aisles to which they belonged had been fond, on moonlight nights, of playing at thread-the-needle), are all the works of hands thousands of years ago. The very hotel in which we are stopping was an old justice house; and perhaps from the room in which the waiter is bringing in, now, our hot chops, Christians and heretics were cruelly led away to the burning stake. Charles says, "There is not a pebble the little boys throw at one another but what is an antiquated missile several hundred years old;" but there's no knowing, dear, when to believe him. As you pass cross after cross, as some monument still more decrepit than the last, and with the moss of centuries upon its head, breaks upon your view, you feel, dearest, as though you were strolling through the deserted tomb of the past, and a cold shudder comes over one. It is a kind of midnight churchyard feeling. You hear a rustling sound, you fancy it must be the ghost of some Roman gliding in his toga hurriedly by but no, it is only some fat pulled-in German, puffing asthmatically as he attempts to run to put a letter in the post. In truth, the dress of the moderns but ill assorts with the ancient buildings amidst which they move about like so many living anachronisms. It struck me, dear, as superlatively ridiculous, seeing ladies, with broad-brimmed bonnets and gay parasols, walking about full-dressed in the Roman baths; and gentlemen, with Gibus hats and Paris paletots, fencing with their gold-headed canes in the amphitheatre! As for myself, I felt as if, properly speaking, I ought to have been dressed like Rachel as Camille, but cousin Charles laughs at me. He says, "I'm all soul, like a Roman shoe," and he wonders I don't wear sandals.

Trèves, Julia, is composed of two parts — the Old and the New; but the old part, as with a Stilton cheese, beats the new completely hollow. So cousin Charles says. The two don't mix well, dear — any more than old and young women. Formerly the priests had absolute sway here. You don't see many of them about now; though, judging from the number of churches, there must be a plentiful number left still. Probably they stop at home, as they find they can do more work plotting quietly in their own ecclesiastical arm chairs. The few you do meet look crest-fallen, moody and dispirited. There is a dissatisfied air about them, as though they did not like being servants in a place of which they had been formerly masters.

The old Archbishops must have had a glorious time of it! All the finest palaces here belonged to them. If they wanted wine, they had the banks of the Moselle to draw upon to any extent they liked; and, if they were short of money or provisions, they only had to run down to the river side, and, stopping the first boat that came in their way, help themselves to whatever they pleased. More than this, they had soldiers, who went about in all directions as their tax-gatherers, and were not very particular in what they seized for their anointed masters. Even Englishmen were compelled to pay tribute to them; for, perhaps you may not know, Miss Julia, that Trèves at one time was the capital — the London of the United Kingdom; and ladies who wanted to be presented to Court had to travel all this distance. Only think: both Spain and France, as well as England, were under the Archbishop's thumb at the same time; so you can imagine what a large thumb it must have been. If you doubt me, ask Goldsmith, or consult the nearest Guy you have at hand. However, the old Archbishops — those unscrupulous Schinderhamms [sic!] of the Moselle and the Rhine — did all they could to ornament the place, and left some beautiful monuments behind them in the churches, of which, undoubtedly, they were the greatest knaves. The moderns, certainly, do not rob nor plunder beyond the legitimate amount of extortion that is

expected from all foreigners, and which is the kind of toll you pay for crossing their beautiful rivers; but then they do not beautify nor improve. They build *Bierbrauereis*, it is true, and do a little to keep the ruins in a convalescent state of repair, just as a medical man keeps a rickety patient alive for the sake of the fees he brings him in. Beyond this, dear, they are scarcely more alive than the ruins they show you. They have displayed some little energy in Layardising (excuse the word) this Roman Nineveh; but then, as if overcome with the fatigue, they have thrown themselves on the mound and barrows they have been excavating and fallen fast asleep. In their favour, however, I must say, poor fellows, that the antiquity of the place does induce one to doze and dream a bit, as though there was a possibility of walking in your sleep back to the period of which it is such a curious illustration. There is scarcely a stone but what gives you a lithographic view, as it were, of some past event, and I must say, Julia — and laugh at me as you will that the Dark Ages do not appear to me so very dark when examined by the light that Trèves throws as from an illuminated window upon them. What are our miserable pumps to their elegant fountains ? What our threads of waterworks to their miles of aqueducts ? What our Westminster and Blackfriars bridges — that crumble like a sponge-cake and shift like an old man's humour — by the side of theirs, the foundations of which have existed more than three thousand years? And what, pray, are our narrow cupboards of baths and wash-houses compared to their grand open Roman baths ? Moreover, take the largest Opera-house you will, and I am of opinion it would appear no bigger than a bird-cage when dropped into the middle of one of the amphitheatres ! As Mr. Ruskin has taken the "Stones of Venice" and extracted grand architectural harmony out of them, as out of a beautiful rock-harmonicon, let him take the "Stones of Trèves" now in hand, and see what eloquent music they would discourse, what a grand anthem of barbaric grandeur he would be able to elicit from them.

But, dear me! all this time we have been keeping his Majesty waiting. It is too bad that a King should be detained in an antechamber, like any common subject. Let us be quick, dear, and, wiping this classic dust off our feet, hasten loyally to his Prussian Majesty's relief. It was about eight o'clock on Saturday evening — September the 22nd (the day is written carefully in the annals of the town in the very best gold letters) — that Frederic William, the fourth of that illustrious name, came galloping into the town, his postilions making all the noise they could with their whips, for I have noticed that your crack postilion invariably proportions his noise to the importance of the person he is carrying. They made so much noise on this occasion that they nearly muffled the church bells, that were ding-dong-ing away as though they must split their brassen cheeks with the loudness of the enthusiasm they were giving vent to. Then there was the populace, that fairly out-bellowed them all. It is not every day, dear, that they catch a King in these parts. They cannot send out, as formerly, into the highway, and bring one into the market-place, bound hand and foot, in which state he was locked up until he could send to his banker's (Ransom's, of course, Charles says) for so many thousand crowns for his release. So, the noise was all in proportion to the rarity. Each man shouted as though it would be the only opportunity he would ever have in his lifetime of so shouting. Down came the procession, through the principal street, in two or three humble travelling carriages, that certainly would have passed unnoticed if the postilions, and the bells, and the guns had not conspired to announce that there was some one unusually important inside. The town in a minute shot into light, and then shot out again as suddenly, as though the gas had been by some mistake turned off the very moment after it had been turned on. A light vivid enough for these dark streets, so that you

might, perhaps, have told the time by your Geneva watch, was succeeded by a darkness so intense that you could not have recognised your own lover if he had been by your side. The secret was, the people, the second after the procession had passed, all blew out their lights, cleverly reserving them to do duty the following evening. The consequence was, the Illumination lasted altogether — making allowance for the lighting, trimming, and snuffing — about two minutes and a half; but during that period it was, I must say, a most loyal display of rushlights and farthing candles, outshining in quantity, if not in brilliance, the stars above. His Majesty was hurraed as far as the Commandant's house ; but the people retired early, evidently reserving themselves for the labours of the following day.

About seven o'clock the next morning I was disturbed out of a most beautiful dream, all about ostrich feathers and a Court dress, by the sound of military music. I looked out of window, but not the smallest ray of a military man could I see. Still, as the sound continued, I raised my eyes from the ground gradually up to the windows of the houses. I had got as far as the fourth story, when I noticed the turret of a church that was concealed behind, and in that turret there was a long brass thing that kept protruding backwards and forwards out of the open stone-work of the balustrade, just like a pair of tongs that was being shaken between the bars of a grate. I soon discovered that the brass thing was the tube of an ophicleide, and that a whole band was stationed up in the steeple. They played a Protestant hymn of Luther's, and most beautiful was the effect. It was quite a new musical sensation to have the music of the spheres rained down upon one from a height of two hundred feet, and I would not mind being pulled out of my sleep every morning of my life as early as six o'clock, if I could only be refreshed with a similar shower-bath of harmony. You have no idea, my poor Julia — you, who hear of a morning nothing but the chirping of the dusty London sparrows — how delicious it was to have the notes come pouring down in a heavenly shower from the skies, and trickling coolly into one's ears, whispering into them thoughts of such pure joy that I dare not mention them. It filled me, dear girl, with devotion, lifting me from the earth to the heaven, to which the strains kept rising as a prayer from a grateful heart, and made me happy for the remainder of the day. I should like thus, every morning, to bathe my soul in music—I am sure, if we could, we should be all the better for it.

The town was all alive by eight. The country folks kept rushing in in all kinds of tumble-down carts — the most curious bundles of sticks, tied together with string, that ever were flung upon wheels. There was scarcely a carriage. You must not be surprised, dear, at this, for there is not a cab-stand in the whole place. You can hire a kind of hackney-coach at the hotel, if you like; but, unless you are fond of surgeon's bills you had better walk. The consequence was, the poor agriculturists, in their blouses, kept staring at the Prince of the Netherland's carriage, and his four beautiful grey horses, as though it fairly beat everything that ever grew in their country. The poor folks are very simple here. Do you know there was an ornament in a pastrycook's window, and it was supported by flags that drooped over a big drum, the front of which displayed a large Prussian eagle, in chocolate. Well, there was a crowd collected round that shop all day, as great, as eager, as any that you saw pushing round the Queen's diamonds at the Hyde-park Exhibition ! It surpassed their belief, and they came away muttering "Wonder-beautiful!" This "Wunderhübsch !" varied occasionally with a "Wunderschön!" contained their entire stock of enthusiasm. The Queen's parasol, the postilion's trousers, the coachman's cocked hat, the illuminations — everything was "Wonder-beautiful !" Then they are extremely good-tempered and orderly; the police drove them where they liked. They seemed to consider themselves so much dirt that any functionary with a sword had a perfect

right to shovel into any place or position that they pleased. A sight of the King or the Queen was their greatest reward. They would stand for hours opposite a window, whilst their Majesties were quite in an opposite direction. They would plant themselves in an avenue, and remain rooted there the entire morning, in the hope of seeing a procession pass that could by no possibility come that way. Frequently, too, they cheered the wrong person. A highly-decorated footman with a yellow fever of gold lace raging all over him, was more than once taken for his Majesty; whilst any well dressed lady was sure to be saluted as the Queen, though of course she who had the gaudiest colour on always came in, as a matter of savage pictorial right, for the largest share of the applause. Many a King and Queen reigned that day, who had to throw off their Royalty, with their fine clothes, when they went to bed. These mistakes became at last so frequent — and, I suppose, proved somewhat annoying to the real heroes — that towards the latter end of the day a functionary on horseback was deputed to gallop on in advance, and tell the gaping crowd in which carriage the King was. You would hear him calling out "The King is in the second carriage !" "The King's carriage has black horses !" "The Queen is dressed in a white bonnet !" and so on. How easily, thought I, might these mistakes have been remedied, if their Majesties had only appeared, as they appear on the coins, with their crowns on ! They would not have been cheated then of a single hurrah. The King seems to be a kind, simple-hearted man, as though he were perfectly incapable of mischief, or doing harm to any one. He is much older than I expected, and, though distributing his smiles with the greatest liberality, still you fancied you could see it was the result of a well learnt lesson, rather than the spontaneous act of a cheerful disposition. But illhealth may account for this feigned good-humour. Bad enough at the best of times, it must be terribly tiring work to keep smiling for ten hours consecutively, and smiling too when there is so very little to smile at! Poor King! he had a hard day's work of it; beginning at eight in the morning, and fagging away — talking, bowing, speechifying, listening to inflated addresses, receiving formal deputations, complimenting handsome nobodies, and elaborating elegant nothings ; besides rushing and being pulled about in all directions — now at a review, now to inspect the model of a pump; at one moment listening to a learned proposal to reduce the price of soldiers' caps a pfennig a head, and at the next congratulating a number of fashionable ladies who have been playing at charity; and doing this up to ten o'clock at night, without a moment's blessed repose. Even at dinner-time being stared upon by strange faces, noticing every mouthful he ate. I am sure, from my heart I pitied him. Why, he must have changed his dress three or four times! If any crosses were distributed that day (and most persons of distinction here carry a small jeweller's-tray of such decorations on their breasts), the King himself, I am positive, deserved the bigger one when Silver Candlestick in Waiting came to light his Majesty to bed. With what eagerness he must have rushed to the open door, as a happy escape at last from the day's long persecution of stupid ceremonies and forms!

With the greatest eagerness, dear, to praise a Queen, I cannot say that her Prussian Majesty, Elizabeth of Bavaria, is pretty. I must painfully confess she is infinitely more amiable than good-looking.

From the Commandant's house the King walked to the Protestant Chapel. Here he was mobbed, even at the church door, in right royal good fashion, the crowd rushing in, as I have seen them do at the Cattle Show in Baker-street. He was then hunted to the Parade Ground, where an army, mustering nearly as strong as Bombastes, was brought out for him to review; and from this spot, fortunately, he had no great distance to journey to the Basilica.

This Basilica is at the back of the old Electoral Palace, which — partly in ruins, and having one end completely lopped off — is now turned into an immense barrack. In fact, one half of the front of the Basilica is still masked by the Palace, of which it was formerly a wing. This, of course will have to be removed; and then the old Palace, supposed to have been built by Constantine, will be entirely swept away, and shot in that large cemetery and rubbish-ground (the largest, perhaps, in the world) — the Tomb of the Capulets. The surmises are as various as different kinds of ink, as to what was the original destination of this same Basilica. Some say it was the remains of a long Hippodrome — that is to say, of a covered way in which the Roman Consuls used to walk, planning, like a belle of the season, future conquests; others maintain, upon evidence just as strong, that it was a Hall of Justice, and, in bad weather, a Hall of Commerce — both of which places of resort the ancients were pleased to call Basilicas. It is not for us, dear, to enter into these learned controversies. However, it does strike me as absurd to say that it ever formed part of a Palace, for which it was in not the least fitted, unless it was used on grand occasions as a State Ball-room. The length is certainly beautifully adapted for a polka or a grand galop.

It is, without question, a most handsome edifice. It struck me as being even larger than Westminster-hall; but, as I send you the exact proportions, you will be able to judge for yourself. The height is 130 feet; the length, 220 feet; and the breadth, 87 feet. The interior is not supported by a single pillar. There are slender beams running across the roof, but these are so light and elegant that you imagine they are put up more for show than actual use. The beams are slightly touched with colour, as well as the edges of the windows, that have graceful arabesque borders running round them. The effect is far from unpleasant, as the colours have been most tastefully subdued. The proportions of the interior to me seem to be perfect, and I should say that, when finished, it will be one of the handsomest churches in Europe. I long to hear a good organ played in it. The exterior is poor and commonplace — a large, plain, red brick building, that is blushing all over from its vulgar attempt at grandeur. It reminds one of a temperance-hall, or the Ebenezer Chapel one meets in a London suburb, puffed out to a most unnatural size. To be admired in its full, regular beauty, it must be seen inside. I must tell you it is intended for the Protestant religion. With what jealousy must the cathedral of St. Peter's (founded by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, who endowed it with the wonderful seamless coat, that in 1844 attracted 1,100,000 poor pilgrims to it, many of whom starved on the way) already look down upon it. It does seem strange that Trèves, once the Popish capital of Europe, that furnished all Christendom with priests and monks, and bulls and decrees, and wonderful relics of every virtue and price; that in its time enjoyed power superior to that of Rome of the present day, should live to see a Protestant church rearing its head defiantly at the very door of its Notre Dame. The Basilica is built partly with the old Romish and partly with modern bricks, and, it is said, the two cement and hold beautifully together. The same is said of the Roman Catholic and Protestant priests of the town, who behave with the greatest courtesy to one another. It may be, and, I hope, is true, but still I cannot help thinking that, like rival Queens in a theatre, the one most heartily wishes the other away.

The King expressed his great satisfaction at the works in progress, and gave a half-promise to be present at the grand opening, which is expected to take place on the 15th May, 1856.

After dinner, which his Majesty was allowed to eat in peace, he was followed by hundreds of rich and poor people as far as Pallion — a hill in the neighbourhood of Trèves, where the Trévirois [sic!] saunter out of an afternoon with their pipes and knitting-needles to drink coffee. It commands for miles a beautiful view of the

Moselle. The mountains by the side of the river have in places a rich ruby-red appearance, as though they had been stained with port wine; and you see the vines covering them as with a kind of Bacchus cloak: it gives you a wild notion of a Titan that, flushed with imbibing too much, had slipped down amongst the vineyards, and fallen fast asleep. The road down the mountain was lighted all the way with pans of pitch and tar that, as evening drew on, had a most grim appearance, and made the trees assume most fantastic shadows. It was curious to see the groups of men, chits of boys not so tall as walking-sticks, assembled in grave circles round these pans, and every one of them smoking a pipe nearly as tall as himself.

In the evening followed serenades and the remains of the previous evening's illumination. The great art seems to be to dot the windowsills with little ends of candles; so that there appears, on looking down a street, as if there were running down it two or three long stitches of continuous light. Occasionally you would have the stitch broken in two by some grand ambitious display that scorned the straight line of monotony; but then the stitch was sure to be taken up by the next house, and so continued uninterruptedly to the end. Then the moderator lamps came out in great strength, being made the centre generally of a large bouquet of flowers. Every now and then a lamp-shop, or a candle-shop, would burst out with a tremendous blaze of triumph, completely snuffing out all surrounding efforts. At very long intervals you would see a small *???*igas that effectually blocked up the thoroughfare by the large crowd of admirers it would attract opposite. One brass man had exhibited the whole of his brass candlesticks outside. It gave one the notion as if some wag had been amusing himself in purloining all the candlesticks that are placed in the hall of a large hotel, and stuck them up there already ignited. A spirit-merchant had placed bottles of spirits of different colours in a row, and illuminated them by placing candles behind them. There were two English efforts, but their pale ineffectual fires were quite dim failures, and would not have been seen in sweet-stuff shops in Tottenham-court-road. The fountains that had an edging of small *lampions* round their principal figures, was the prettiest: at a distance you could fancy, dear, they had been embroidered with glow-worms. Our old Vauxhall illumination-lamps were completely absent; and of the French Chinese lanterns I noticed but one inferior display. Altogether, what with the flags waving above, the hearth-rugs and carpets hanging out of the drawing room windows half way, and the trees and flowers drawn up flat against the houses below, you had a moving scene that glowed to the greatest advantage, flooded as it was by the oceans of light pouring in streams out of every window, door, and pore, almost of every house. Though produced by very humble means, and totally unworthy of a grand London illumination-night, still it was a very pretty, animated, Carnavalesque night, and would not have disgraced a town with more bank-notes at its playful disposal to put in the fire than Trèves.

PORTA NIGRA.

The grandest effect, however, was that of the Porta Nigra — that magnificent old gateway, supposed to have been built previous to the invasion of the Romans. At each of the windows in each of the galleries was placed some combustible composition that threw a lurid red glare over the entire ruin, and brought out every detail with the richest brilliancy. It was indeed a warm bit of colouring, such as Danby would have clapped his hands at. There was about it a fine pictorial touch of Pandaemonium, at least, such as is pictured to us in pantomimes; and you expected every moment to see groups of demons with blazing torches in their hands dancing

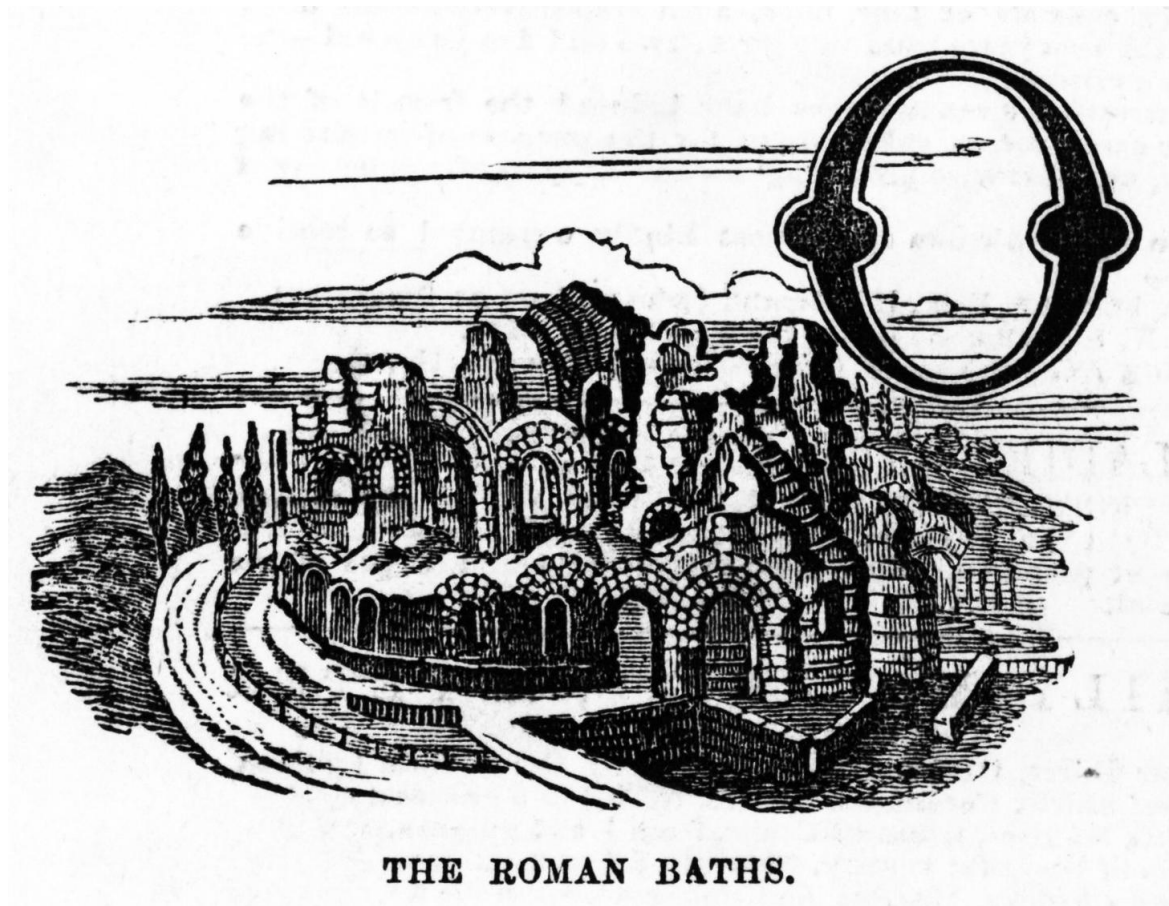
madly round it. It reminded me of that large painting of Martin's in which Lucifer is sitting in the middle on a large globe of fire. It was certainly the bouquet — the prize rose — the great Roman candle, of the evening.

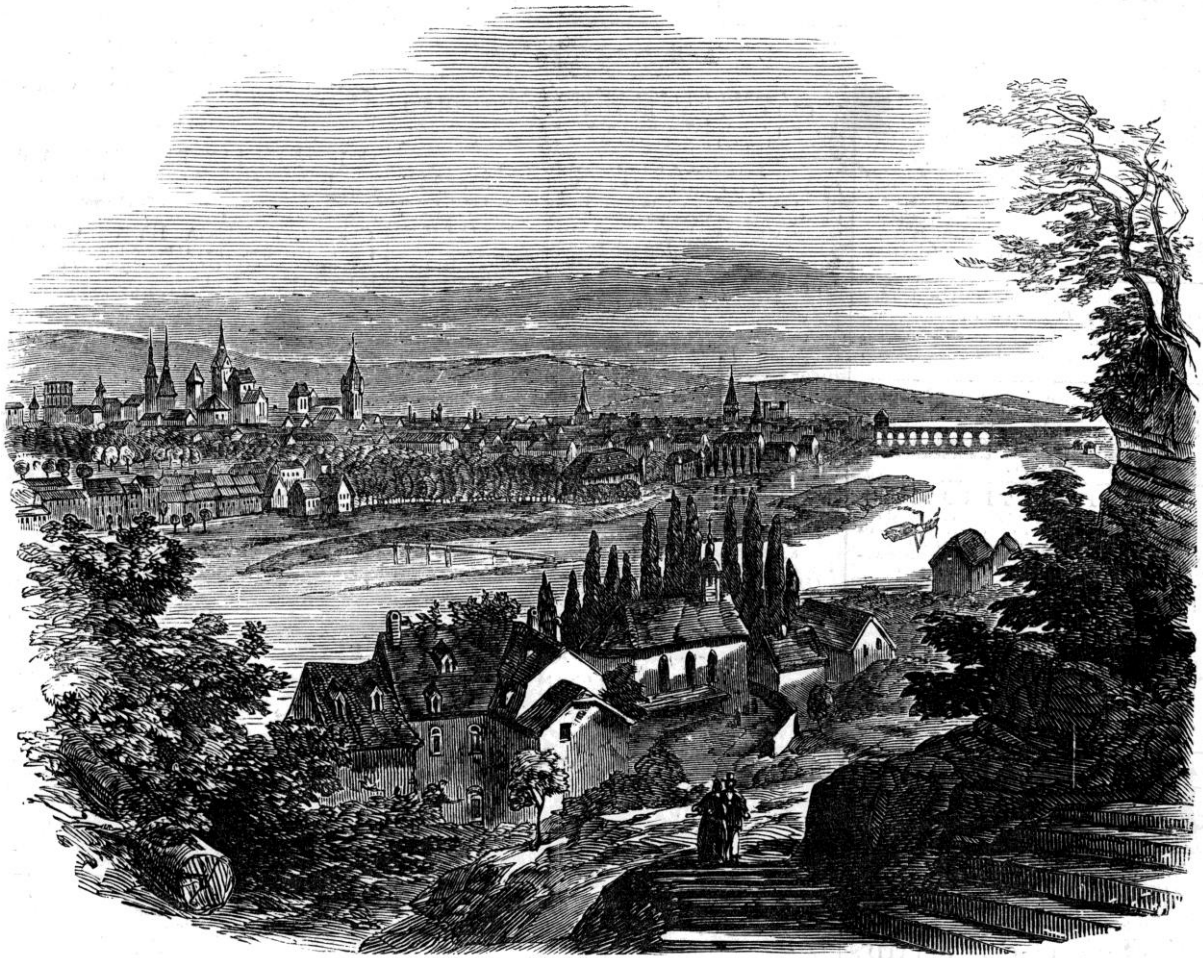
Their Majesties left early on the morning of the 24th. I listened for my aerial music, but the turret was mute. I closed the door with the smallest possible bang that a lady's disappointment could impart to it. On the whole, Julia, I am pleased that I have added his Prussian Majesty to my list of European Sovereigns that I have seen. I am pleased, also, to have observed how the wise Germans behaved themselves on such a solemn occasion. Since then Trèves has resumed its usual repose, natural to a town, of which one-half has been excavated out of the ground, and the other half consists of ruins — an antiquated compound of Rome and Herculaneum. The Porta Nigra is itself again — a fit door for a City of Tombs.

I send you a few hasty sketches, dear, the roughness of which you must excuse. They are taken with the usual number of spectators staring over your shoulders — an advantage that generally ensures accuracy.

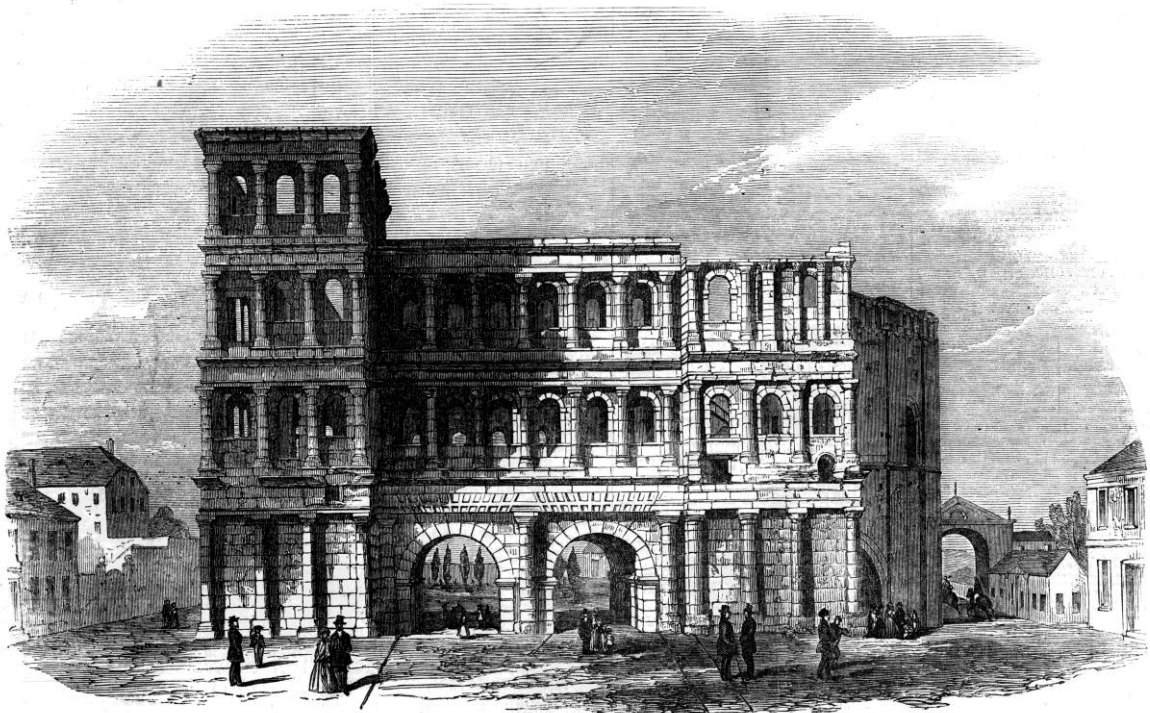
A German translation of this text with some commentaries has been published in the 2010 issue of *Landeskundliche Vierteljahrsblätter* (Vol. 56, Nr. 3).

The original edition of this text was accompanied by three illustrations:





TREVES.—GENERAL VIEW.

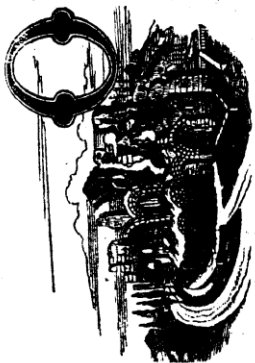


PORTA NIGRA, TREVES.

A TRAVELLING LETTER.

APROPOS OF TRÈVES, AND OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S VISIT TO IT.

From Miss Fanny Jackson (now on the Continent) to Miss Julia Worthington, of Mornington House, Mornington Crescent, London.



THE ROMAN BATHS.

was quite by accident. We had just been up the Moselle, which is a kind of pocket Rhine, a beautiful drawing-room teeming of a river, or you may call it a little hot-house of a ruin, filled with most beautiful grapes,—and we were going on our way to Paris through Trèves, where we heard by the market chance—but stop, I must tell you first something about Trèves. It is the oldest place, I think, I ever was in. It is much older than Chester, or Canterbury, or Bishopsgate-street, or Westminster Abbey, or any body you know. They do say it is 1200 years older than Rome, but I cannot tell, and I confess I do think it is extremely rude for people to trouble their heads about any such ridiculous thing. Why can't they leave a person's age alone? Ho never, there is no doubt of its antiquity. Some of the monuments are so old that they are obliged to be propped up with rock and pillars, that look like crutches they are leaning upon to prevent them falling. Most of the houses have their age tickered upon them in large letters of rusty iron, and you cannot tell with what supreme contempt a crumbling old house, just tottering on the verge of the dust-cart, looks down scornfully upon some juvenile upstart of a building that is nearly as old as the tower of Babel, and you cannot tell with what contempt it seems to be a hundred years younger than itself. It frowns bleakly, as though it would like to crush the "bold young thing" with its contempt, if it could—and I have no doubt it will, some day, when it can't stand any longer. The whole place is stuffed full of antiquities, just like a curiosity-shop. Cousin Charles (who is with us, and he's a suit case!) calls it "Wardour-street on the Moselle." He's wrong, dear, for there's not an antiquity in it that's not strictly genuine—with the exception, perhaps, of a few relics in the churches that are kept carefully under lock and key, for the monks and the Jesuits to play with. You can clearly see that the age of every monument has been the slow, venerable growth of years, and you respect it accordingly. It has not been the result of any easy break out in youth, or brutal ill-treatment in after years. The stones have not been cut and trimmed and curbed by some antiquated Treaditt, to suit the fashion of any particular mediæval age. Their well-worn features have not been branded into premature old age by hot irons, nor has the chisel been brought into play to mimic the caverns and pits of decay such as are generally produced, alas, by the gnawing tooth of time. Every wrinkle on the ancient face of the city attests its own age, and the deep furrows that run down its hollow cheeks are decidedly not furrows that were turned up only yesterday.

Such is Trèves, Julia, seen through an old pair of spectacles. There is no doubt, however, that the Roman character legible, as far as I can read it, in a



TRÈVES.—GENERAL VIEW.

weight of many hundred years upon its back, and explains it to you; or a little further on, you are met by Caesar, who, with the "Commentaries" in his hand, acts in the most obliging manner, as your cicerone, and describes to you all the wonders of this history-battered city that has so often resounded with the tramp of his victorious, short-skirted legions. The pavement under your feet—the porticos over your head; the noble arches that rear their arms on high to allow you to pass under them (as though, formerly, the long strings of ladies to which they belonged had been fond, on moonlight nights of playing at thread-the-needle), are all the works of hands thousands of years ago. The very hotel in which we are stopping was an old justice house; and perhaps from the room in which the water is bringing in, now, our hot chops, Christians and heretics were orally led a way to the burning stake. Charles says, "There is not a pebble the little boys throw at one another but what is an antiquated missile several hundred years old;" but there's no knowing, dear, when to believe him. As you pass across after cross, as some monument still more decrepit than the last, and with the moss of centuries upon its head, breaks upon your

is only some fit pulled-in German, puffing aesthetically as he attempts to run to put a letter in the post. In truth, the dress of the moderns but ill accords with the ancient buildings amidst which they move about like so many living anachronisms. It struck me, dear, as superlatively ridiculous—seeing ladies with broad-brimmed bonnets and gay purses, walking about full-dressed in the Roman baths; and gentlemen, with Gibba hats and Paris pascotes, fencing with their gold-headed canes in the amphitheatre! As for myself, I felt as if, properly speaking, I ought to have been dressed like Rachel as *Comilla*; but cousin Charles laughs at me. He says, "I'm all soul, like a Roman shoe," and he wonders I don't wear sandals.

Trèves, Julia, is composed of two parts—the Old and the New; but the old part, as with a Sifton cheese, beats the new completely hollow. So cousin Charles says. The two don't mix well dear—any more than old and young women. Formerly the priests had absolute sway here. You don't see many of them about now; though, judging from the number of churches, there must be a plentiful number left still. Probably they stop at home, as they find they can do more work plotting quietly in their own

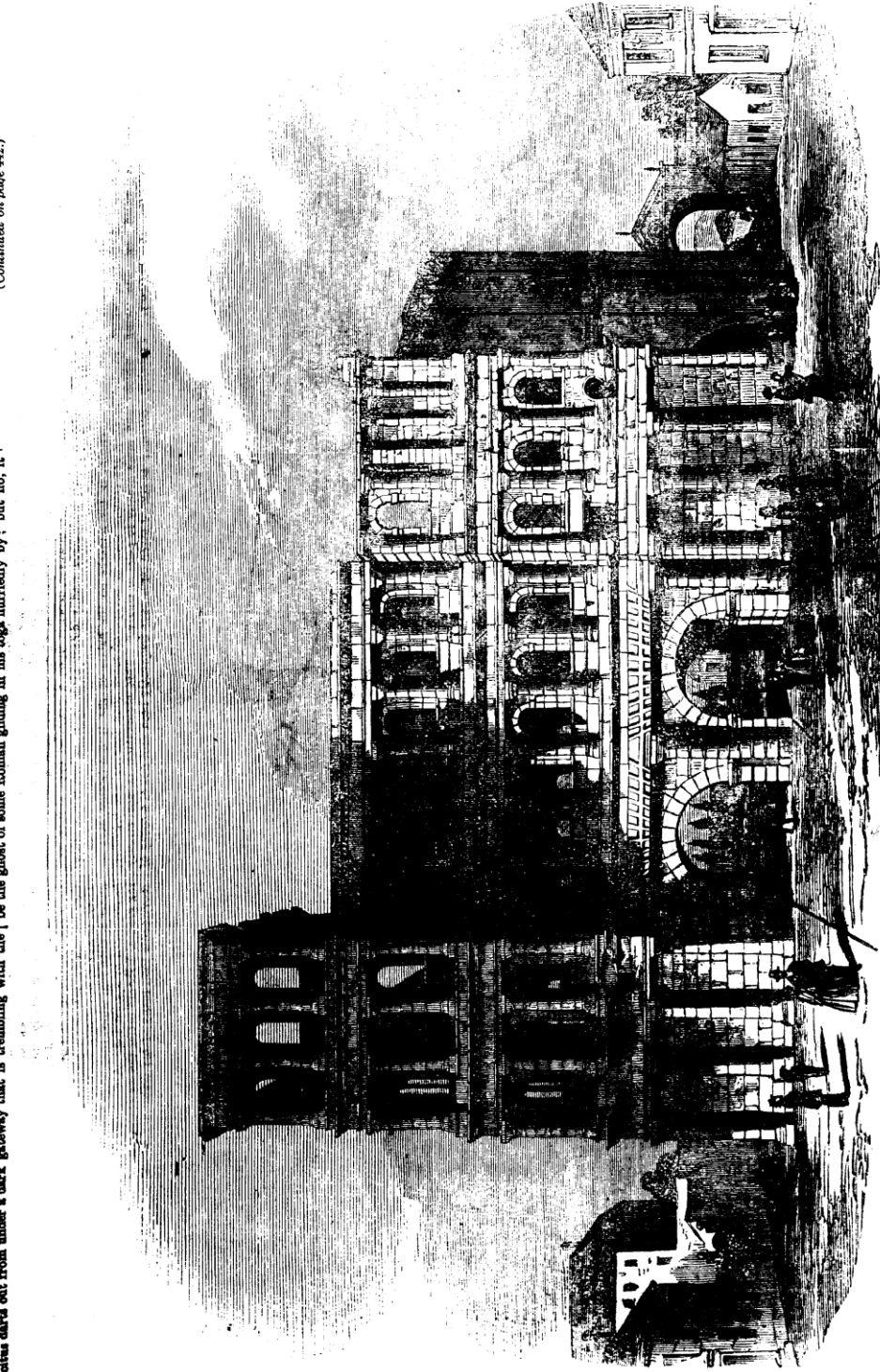
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were turned up only yesterday.

Such is Trèves, Julia, seen through an old pair of spectacles. There is undoubtedly, the Roman character legible, as far as I can read it, in a large, bold handwriting on almost every wall, as though Cæsar himself had held the pen that had written it. You wander through Roman history, as you walk through the Roman-brooked town. Occasionally, Tullius darts out from under a dark gateway that is trembling with the

dread years old ; but there's no knowing, dear, when to believe him. As you pass cross after cross, as some monument still more decrepit than the last, and with the moss of centuries upon its head, breaks upon your view, you feel, dearest, as though you were strolling through the deserted tomb of the past, and a cold shudder comes over one. It is a kind of midnight churchyard feeling. You hear a rustling sound, you fancy it must be the ghost of some Roman gliding in his toga hurriedly by ; but no, it

don't see many of them about now ; though, judging from the number of churches, there must be a plentiful number left still. Probably they stop at home, as they find they can do more work plotting quietly in their own ecclesiastical arm-chairs. The few you do meet look crest-fallen, moody, and dispirited. There is a dissatisfied air about them, as though they did not like being servants in a place of which they had been formerly masters.

(Continued on page 442.)



PORTA NIGRA, TRIER.

soot and sootiness, and is likewise capable of enduring a great amount of smoke, if liberally supplied with water, which is an essential element to his comfort and success.

The favorite feeding place of the Ruffed Grouse are open and grassy spots, such as old and unfrequented paths and byways, abounding with tender grasses and sorrel. When the ground becomes covered with snow, the birds seek the groves of beech and birch, in order to feed upon the nuts of the former and buds of the latter. All restrictions in the shape of game laws, which are to be found very numerous in many localities; though, ere long, like the aboriginal inhabitants of the country, they will retire before the white man—the effects of whose axe and the devastation of whose fires are yearly making inroads into the most remote parts of the forests.

THE SHIP "OCEAN MONARCH," OF LIVERPOOL.

This noble ship presents another instance of the rapid strides towards perfection now being made in shipbuilding, and more particularly in the British coasts of North America. In her are united many of the great capacity for cargo, light draught, and speed, which are the desiderata of a good freight between decks for passenger or troops, and the desiderata of all in these days of clipper ships—speed. The *Ocean Monarch* presents the happiest combination of all these essentials. This vessel was built at Quebec last year, by Baldwin and Dimming, for her present owner, Charles E. Levy, Esq., and is of the following dimensions:—Length, 247 feet; beam, 36½ feet; depth of hold, 22½ feet; height between decks, 8½ feet; length of loop, 96 feet.

Her Commander, Captain Lawson, has recently completed with the *Ocean Monarch* the fastest passages out and home on record; and, considering the many difficulties encountered on both passages, it is not to be wondered at that she has attained the greatest achievement yet accomplished by any of the clipper ships, and has been the fastest vessel in the world on the voyage. By extracts from the log we find the *Ocean Monarch* left the Liverpool light-ship on the 11th of November, at midnight; crossed the Equator in 33 W. longitude on the 5th of December; twenty-four days after leaving Liverpool; thus, up to this point, doing nothing very remarkable, in consequence of many westerly gales in and near the Channel. On the 1st she entered upon the great racing ground of the American California clippers, which lies between the Equator in the Atlantic, and the parallel of 50 south lat. in the Pacific Ocean. From the Line to 30 south lat. in the Atlantic she was checked by a heavy gale, which obliged her to stand back, and she did not reach the Equator until the 11th of January. Her onward progress for many days, she, however, crossed the parallel of 20 south lat. in the Pacific on the 5th of January, being then only thirty days from the Equator, and eleven days from the same parallel in the Atlantic—thus beating the whole of the American clipper passages recorded by Lieut. Maury in his valuable work on the "Winds and Currents of the Ocean" (last edition of 1854). Jan. 20, Captain Lawson anchored at Callao, having accomplished the quickest passage that has ever been made (89 days).

After having on board a cargo of 2500 tons of guano, she had an excellent crew of thirty-five men, a mate with two first-class and two second-class American clippers, similarly laden, the *John S. Pillsbury*, the *Black Warrior*, Captain Murphy, both of which left Callao, March 20th, for New York; the *Ocean Monarch* following on the 24th April, at noon, led these two ships round Cape Horn by twelve hours, and beat them seven days between Callao and the Equator; and accomplished the home run to Cork in 80½ days. Her heaviest log homeward was 225 miles in 48 successive hours. Her crew consisted of thirty-seven hands, all told.

FRENCH ALLIANCE MONUMENT AT BULLOGNE.—The municipal council of this place have unanimously resolved upon the erection of a monument to commemorate the landing of her Majesty at Boulogne, on her recent visit to France. The monument will be erected upon the neighbouring dunes, and will be a noble and beautiful monument to the memory of Napoleon I., which her Majesty landed on the shores of France, and that it shall be of some similar proportions to the column erected in the memory of Napoleon I. when he visited the grand army on the heights of Boulogne, and distributed the medals to the soldiers of the army.

A TRAVELLING LETTER,

A PROPOS OF TREVES, AND OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA'S VISIT TO IT.

(Continued from page 440.)

The old Archbishops must have had a glorious time of it! All the finest palaces here belonged to them. If they wanted wine, they had the banks of the Moselle to draw upon to any extent they liked; and, if they were short of money or provisions, they only had to run down to the river side, and, stopping the first boat that came in their way, help themselves to whatever they pleased. More than this, they had soldiers, who went about in all directions as their tax-gatherers, and were not very particular in what they seized for their annotated masters. Even Englishmen were compelled to pay tribute to them; for, perhaps you may not know, Miss Julia, that Treves at one time was the capital—the London of the United Kingdom; and ladies who wanted to be presented to Court had to travel all this distance. Only think: both Spain and France, as well as England, were under the Archbishop's thumb at the same time; so you can imagine what a large thumb it must have been. If you doubt me, ask Goldsmith, or consult the nearest Guy you have at hand.

However, the old Archbishops—those unscrupulous Scholasticisms of the Moselle and the Rhine—did all they could to ornament the place, and, undoubtedly, they were the greatest knaves. The moderns, certainly, do not rob nor plunder beyond the legitimate amount of extortion that is expected from all foreigners, and which is the kind of toll you pay for crossing their beautiful rivers; but they do not beautify nor improve. They build *Bierbraueries*, it is true, and do a little to keep the ruins in a convalescent state of repair, just as a medical man keeps a rickety patient alive for the sake of the fee he brings him in. Beyond this, dear, they are scarcely more alive than the ruins they show you. They have displayed some little energy in *Layschdich* (excuse the word) this Roman Nineveh; but then, as if overcome with the fatigue, they have thrown themselves on the mound and barrows they have been excavating and fallen fast asleep. In their favour, however, I must say, poor fellows, that the antiquity of the place does induce one to doze and dream a bit, as the job there was a possibility of walking in your sleep back to the period of which it is such a curious illustration. There is scarcely a stone but what gives you a lithographic view, as it were, of some past event, and I must say, Julia—and laugh at me as you will—that the Dark Ages do not appear to me so very dark when examined by the light that Treves throws as from an illuminated window upon them. What are our miserable pumps to their elegant fountains? What our threads of waterworks to their miles of aqueducts? What our Westminster and Blackfriars bridges—that crumble like a sponge-cake and shift like an old man's humour—by the side of theirs, the foundations of which have existed more than three thousand years? And what, pray, are our narrow capboards of baths and wash-houses compared to their grand open Roman baths? Moreover, take the largest Opera-house you will, and I am of opinion it would appear no bigger than a bird-cage when dropped into the middle of one of the amphitheatres! As Mr. Kuskin has taken the "Stones of Venice" and extracted grand architectural harmony out of them, as out of a beautiful rock-harmonium, let him take the "Stones of Treves" now in hand, and see what eloquent music they would discourse, with a grand anthem of barbaric grandeur he would be able to elicit from them.

But, dear me! all this time we have been keeping his Majesty waiting. It is too bad that a King should be detained in an antechamber, like any common subject. Let us be quick, dear, and, wiping this classic dust off our feet, hasten loyally to his Prussian Majesty's relief. It was about six o'clock on Saturday evening.—September the 32nd (the day is written

coach at the hotel, if you like; but, unless you are fond of surgeon's bills you had better walk. The consequence was, the poor agriculturists, in their blouses, kept staring at the Prince of the Netherlands' carriage, in his four beautiful grey horses, as though it fairly beat everything that ever grew in their country. The poor folks are very simple here. Do you know there was an ornament in a pastrycook's window, and it was supported by flags that drooped over a big drum, the front of which displayed a large Prussian eagle, in chocolate. Well, there was a crowd collected round that shop all day, as great, as eager, as any that you saw pushing round the Queen's diamonds at the Hyde-park Exhibition! It surpassed their belief, and they came away muttering "Wonderful! Wonderful!" This "Wonderhilsch!" varied occasionally with a "Wonder-schön!" contained their entire stock of enthusiasm. The Queen's parcel, everything was "Wonder-beautiful!" Then they are extremely good-tempered and orderly; the police drove them where they liked. They seemed to consider themselves so much dirt that any functionary with a sword had a perfect right to shovel into any place or position that they pleased. A sight of the King or the Queen was their greatest reward. They would stand for hours opposite a window, whilst their Majesties were quite in an opposite direction. They would plant themselves in an avenue, and remain rooted there the entire morning, in the hope of seeing a procession pass that could by no possibility come that way. Frequently, too, they cheered the wrong person. A highly-decorated footman, with a yellow fever of gold lace racing all over him, was more than once taken for his Majesty; whilst any well-dressed lady was sure to be saluted as the Queen, though of course the who had the grandest colours on always came in, as a matter of savage pictorial right, for the largest share of the applause. Many a King and Queen reigned that day, who had to throw off their Royalty, with their fine clothes, when they went to bed. These mistakes became at last so frequent—and, I suppose, proved somewhat annoying to the real heroes—that towards the latter end of the day a functionary on horseback was deputed to gallop on in advance, and tell the gaping crowd in which carriage the King was. You would hear him calling out "The King is in the second carriage!" "The King's carriage has black horses!" "The Queen is dressed in a white bonnet!" and so on. How easily, thought I, might these mistakes have been remedied, if their Majesties had only appeared, as they appear on the coins, with their crowns on! They would not have been cheated then of a single hurrah.

The King seems to be a kind, simple-hearted man, as though he were perfectly incapable of mischief, or doing harm to any one. He is much older than I expected, and, though distributing his smiles with the greatest liberality, still you fancied you could see it was the result of a well-learned lesson, rather than the spontaneous act of a cheerful disposition. But ill-health may account for this feigned good-humour. Bad enough at the best of times, it must be terribly tiring work to keep smiling for ten hours consecutively, and smiling too when there is so very little to smile at! Poor King! he had a hard day's work of it; beginning at eight in the morning, and fagging away—talking, bowing, speechifying, listening to inflated addresses, receiving formal deputations, complimenting handsome nobodies, and elaborating elegant nothings; besides rushing and being pulled about in all directions—now at a review, now to inspect the model of a pump; at one moment listening to a learned proposal to reduce the price of soldiers' caps a pleming a head, and at the next congratulating a number of fashionable ladies who have been playing at chess; and doing this up to ten o'clock at night, without a moment's blessed repose. Even at dinner-time being stared upon by strange faces, nothing very mouthful he ate. I am sure, from my heart I pitied him. Why, he must have changed his dress three or four times! If any crosses were distributed that day (and most persons of distinction here

one another. It may be, and I hope, is true, but still I cannot help wishing that, like the rival Queens in a theatre, the one most heartily wishes the other away.

The King expressed his great satisfaction at the works in progress, and gave a half-promise to be present at the grand opening, which is expected to take place on the 15th May, 1865.

After dinner, which his Majesty was allowed to eat in peace, he was followed by hundreds of rich and poor people as far as Pallion—a hill in the neighbourhood of Tréves, where the Trévirois saunter out of an after-noon with their pipes and knitting needles to drink coffee. It commands a beautiful view of the Moselle. The mountains by the side of the river have in places a rich ruby-red appearance, as though they had been stained with port wine; and you see the vines covering them as with a kind of Bacchus cloak; it gives you a wild notion of a Lillan that, flushed with imbibing too much, had slipped down amongst the vineyards and fallen fast asleep. The road down the mountain was lighted all the way with pans of pitch and tar that, as evening drew on, had a most ghin appearance, and made the trees assume most fantastic shadows. It was curious to see the groups of men, chis of boys not so tall as walking-sticks, assembled in grave circles round these pans, and every one of them smothering a pipe nearly as tall as himself.

In the evening followed serenades and the remains of the previous evening's illumination. The great art seems to be to dot the window-sills with little ends of candles; so that there appears, on looking down a street, as if there were running down it two or three long stiches of continuous light. Occasionally you would have the stich broken in two by some grand ambitious display that scorned the straight line of economy; but then the stich was sure to be taken up by the next house, and so continued uninterrupted to the end. Then the cooler-lamps came out in great strength, being made the centre generally of a large bouquet of flowers. Every now and then a lamp-ship, or a candle ship, would burst out with a tremendous blaze of triumph, completely snuffing out all surrounding efforts. At very long intervals you would see a small light that effectually blocked up the thoroughfare by the large crowd of admirers it would attract opposite. One brass man had exhibited the whole of his brass candlesticks outside. It gave one the notion as if some way had been amusing himself in purloining all the candlesticks that are placed in the hall of a large hotel, and stuck them up there already ignited. A spirit-marchant had placed bottles of spirits of different colours in a row, and illuminated them by placing candles behind them. There were two English efforts, but their pale inefficacious fires were quite dim failures, and would not have been seen in sweet-stuff shops in Tottenham-court-road. The fountains that had an edging of small lamps round their principal figures, was the prettiest: at a distance you could fancy, dear, they had been embroidered with glow-worms. Our old Vauxhall illumination-lamps were completely absent; and of the French Chinese lanterns I noticed but one inferior display. Altogether, what with the flags waving above the hearth-rugs and carpets hanging out of the drawing-room windows half way, and the trees and flowers drawn up flat against the houses below, you had a moving scene that glowed in the greatest edging, flooded as it was by the oceans of light pouring in streams out of every window, door, and pore, almost of every house. Though produced by very humble means, and totally unworthy of a grand London illumination-night, still it was a very pretty, animated, Carnival-esque sight, and would not have disgraced a town with more bank-notes at its playful disposal to put in the fire than Tréves.

PORTA NIGRA.

The grandest effect, however, was that of the Porta Nigra—that magnificent old gateway, supposed to have been built previous to the invasion of the Romans. At each of the windows in each of the galleries over the

COMING EVENTS IN ROME.

(From "Egeria, and other Poems," by CHARLES MACKAY.)

Rome Imperial! Rome maledicta!
Shade of greatness, vanished all—
Looking down th' abyss of ages
To behold thy rise and fall,
We can trace upon thy forehead,
Queen and wonder of thy day,
Broadly marked the awful sentence—
"Pass away!"

Great, but woe-fair, but cruel—
Scattered mischiefs, worshipp'd long:
Never yet did men or nations
Prosper finally in wrong.
Justice did her work upon thee,
Mightier than thine her sway,
'Twas her voice pronounced thy judgment—
"Pass away!"

Modern Rome! thou mirr'd Phoenix!
Risen from those embers cold;
Looking dimly through the future,
The same shadow we behold—
Shadow of a power departing,
Spectre of a great decay,
Bearing on its front the motto—
"Pass away!"

Whither went the ancient Cæsar,
With the pomp of peace or war,
Thither go the modern Pontiffs,
Fall in ripeness of the day,
Papal stote and regal pur,
Cæsar's crown and Pope's tiara
"Pass away!"

Priestly Rome! thy cup is filling;
In our era dauntless Truth
Feeds her life and struggles upwards
With the energy of youth.
Thou shalt bind her wings no longer,
Never more her progress stay;
Thou hast liv'd thy generation—
"Pass away!"

If hereafter from thy ashes
A new Phoenix shall ascend,
May she learn to dwell with Virtue,
And take freedom for her friend.
If as thou she clogs the spirit,
And denies the truth of day,
On her head thy doom be spoken—
"Pass away!"

COUNTRY NEWS.

NAVYERS IN THE CAMEL.—At the annual dinner of the Bakers' and Confectioners' Association, at the Wellington Hotel, last week, Sir Joseph Paxton, in making some remarks on the way in which public affairs are managed, said he knew marks on the way in which difficulties in carrying out matters of detail; but still he

Mr. C. DICKENS'S READING.—Mr. Charles Dickens read his "Christmas Carol" to 500 persons on Friday evening, which has been fitted up for the occasion. The spacious building, which has been holding 600 persons, was gaily decorated with evergreens and flags of all nations. Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. Leech, and other literary celebrities were present, as also Mrs. Dickens and her family. Mr. Dickens was clear but not loud; altogether it was a great treat, and such an assemblage has never before been seen at Folkestone at any lecture or reading.—*South Eastern Gazette.*

FATAL BOLLER EXPLOSION.—A boiler explosion occurred upon the works of Messrs. Losh, Wilson, and Bell, Walker-on-Tyne, on Monday. The boiler, after exploding, was thrown a distance of 160 yards, and fell in a quarry. Six men have been dug out dead, and many are seriously injured.

THE NATIONAL SUNDAY LEAGUE.—Upon the recommendation of a Select Committee appointed to report upon the propriety of establishing such an association, the League was formed on September 7, 1865, and its efforts in regard to the improvement of the minds and conduct of officers, the support of officers, and the issuing of addresses to the public, have attracted the attention of the committee was naturally directed to those gentlemen who had already performed active service in the cause; and in the choice of a president their unanimous decision fell upon Sir Joshua Walmley. The committee also unanimously decided to call the attention of the members of the League to Lord Stanley, Lord Godolphin, Viscount Ebrington, Sir Benjamin Hall, and Mr. Charles Dickens, in favour of the general question.—*First Report of the Committee.*

CARLEIST MOVEMENTS IN SPAIN.—The Paris papers publish several documents showing that the Carlists are busy in Spain. One of the documents is a letter from the Carlist chief to the Carlist chief, in which he says: "My countrymen! I beg of me to call you and your friends to arms, and to fight for the cause of the King. The Carlist chief, in fact, has produced an immense moral effect among the Carlists. In fact, the rumour runs that, in a month or two, you shall see some wonderful things.

The *New York Daily Times* of the 22nd ult. announces that "a French company with a large capital has undertaken to consolidate all the omnibus lines of London, as has already been done in Paris."

INAUGURATION OF THE KING OF PORTUGAL.

LISBON.

THE Inauguration of the new reign has been duly solemnised at the Cortes; and Dom Pedro V., adhering to the policy of the Saldanha-Magalhães Cabinet, has confirmed the old Ministers in their portfolios; and his Majesty's acclamation has been enthusiastically received, by the Cortes, the people, and the army. The King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, took the oath prescribed by the Charter; and, having resumed his seat on the throne, delivered his speech.

The inauguration was distinguished by several imposing ceremonies. All the Monarchs of Europe were upon this occasion represented by Ministers and special envoys, as also Brazil and the United States; nor did the exigencies of our war with Russia prevent English men-of-war from appearing in the waters of the Tagus to do honour to the new reign. The *Nevada*, accompanied by the *Rossmore* steamer, reached her moorings on the 10th, just in time to join in the salute which announced the King's proclamation. The *St. George*, 120, and the *Malacca* steamer were not so fortunate, as they only arrived on the morning of the 17th ult. There was no other foreign vessel of war in port except the French steamer *Néron*.

The festivities and gaieties of the inauguration extended through three days. On the 16th, after the speeches and ceremonies at the Cortes, the King, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, proceeded through the principal streets from the Parliament-house to the cathedral, and thence after the "Te Deum," to the pavilion erected in the great commercial square, where the President of the Chamber of Commerce, accompanied by the Mayor, the

placed some combustible composition that threw a lurid red glare over the entire room, and brought out every detail with the richest brilliancy. It was indeed a warm bit of coloring, such as Dandy would have clasped his hands at. There was about it a fine pictorial touch of Fand monium, at least, such as is pictured to us in pantomimes; and you expected every moment to see groups of demons with blazing torches in their hands dancing madly round it. It reminded me of that large painting of Martin's in which Lucifer is sitting in the middle on a large globe of fire. It was certainly the brightest—the prize rose—the great koman candle, of the evening.

Their Majesties left early on the morning of the 24th. I listened for my arial music, but the turret was mute. I closed the door with the smallest possible bang that a lady's disappointment could impart to it. On the whole, Julia, I am pleased that I have added his Prussian Majesty to my list of European Sovereigns that I have seen. I am pleased, also, to have observed how the wise Germans behaved themselves on such a solemn occasion. Since then Treves has resumed his usual repose, and not a town, of which one-half has been excavated out of the ground, and the other half consists of ruins—an antiquated compound of Rome and Herculaneum. The Porta Nigra is itself again—a fit door for a City of Tombs.

I send you a few hasty sketches, dear, the roughness of which you must excuse. They are taken with the usual number of spectators staring over your shoulders—an advantage that generally ensures accuracy.

NEW PRIZE ESSAY.—A prize of twenty guineas has just been offered by the London Stereoscopic Company for the best Essay on the Stereoscope. Sir David Brewster acting as arbitrator. Such a publication is much to be desired; for, while many are delighted with the stereoscope, very few deprecate it. With Sir David's admirable judgment, we may anticipate an excellent selection.

A TORCH RISSAY. DIZROUMART.—A very disagreeable incident took place at the state dinner given by the King of Portugal, on the 18th of September, at the Alhambra Palace. M. Ozeroff, the Russian Minister, could not find the place which had been destined for him at the Royal table, and being the only one of temper with news of the fall of Sebastopol, his Russian colleagues, who gave up his own place; he was ultimately placed by the production of the card which bore his name, and had been carried off the table by Madame Ozeroff's dress.—*Letter from Lisbon.*

COURT NESTLEBROE.—I have to communicate to you the opinion which prevails here generally among the usually well-informed Russians, that it is not improbable that Count Nesselrode will retire from public life. The Emperor has been long and anxiously engaged in settling the Eastern question, allowed it to become unenvisioned until war became inevitable in Europe the opinion prevails that Count Nesselrode was always peaceably inclined. Here, on the contrary, the Russians accuse him openly of having deceived them, and they are inclined to suspect him of secretly exciting as usual they have many sources of discord there are between the Russian and German factions. So much is certain, that Count Nesselrode has not received any mark of distinction, either from the Emperor Nicholas or the Empress Alexander, since the commencement of the war. The Chancellor is not mentioned in the will of the late Emperor. It is rumored that the Chancellor will be replaced by M. Siniavine before the end of the year.—*Letter from Warsaw, Oct. 22.*

SALTPETRE GOING UP IN AMERICA.—The immense consumption of saltpetre which has been for some time going on between the believers in the Eastern war has begun to tell upon the prices of lead and saltpetre. Since the outbreak of the war, the price of saltpetre has risen from 10s. to 15s. per cwt. and the price of lead from 10s. to 12s. per cwt. The stock of saltpetre in the United States has become very small, and prices have undergone a great rise. There is now a great scarcity of saltpetre in the United States. It must be had in large supplies, or the system of war must go back to the use of hand-made implements. Our Government, having experienced great difficulties in the way of it during the Revolution, as well as in the war of 1812 has since been very anxious to secure a supply of saltpetre. It is estimated that the stock of saltpetre, so far as we are concerned, will probably stand a five or ten years' war, even without entirely exhausting our supplies.—*New York Herald.*

SCARCITY OF LABOUR IN WALES.—Owing to the large amount of railway and dock building in South Wales, common labourers are earning 3s. 6d. while blacksmiths earn from 3s. to 6s. per day. Shipwrights are getting even higher wages.

A GALLANT MAID SERVANT.—One night last week an attempt was made to break into the Abbey farmhouse, Little Coggeshall, near Ipswich, in the occupation of Mr. J. Sach. Mr. Sach was from home at the time, and the servant states that, hearing a noise in the kitchen, she opened the parour window and a second standing at a little distance, as if upon the watch. She immediately procured her master's gun, which was fortunately loaded, opened the window, and fired at one of the fellows, where the burglar made off.

RAILWAY CLASSES INSTEAD OF THREE.—The Aberdeen Railway Company is just now trying an experiment, and are now running first and third only, so going away with the second-class altogether; and they now carry passengers in the first-class at what were formerly second-class fares. The object is economy—by reducing the number of carriages running in each train, which will be a saving of 10 per cent. It is a clear gain to second-class passengers as they now travel first class for the same fare.

THE COMING ECLIPSE.—A total eclipse of the moon will take place on the 25th of October. It will commence at fifty-three minutes past six, and at its height at thirty-eight minutes past seven. The moon will begin to emerge at twenty-three minutes past nine. We shall only see it partially, as on that day the moon sets at thirty-three minutes past six. The astronomers of Australia will alone be able to watch its phases.

RUABOK.—COLLIERS' STRIKE.—The strike of the colliers employed by the New British Iron Company at the collieries in the neighbourhood of Ruabok has been a most disastrous one. The funds allotted for the relief amounted to 2000, of which only 1000 has been paid out, and the number of men being thus thrown out of work. It has been calculated that at least £1500 per week has been withdrawn from circulation in the neighbourhood. The distress thus occasioned is most deplorable. The colliers and their families have been reduced to the most wretched state, and the rates have been where they doubled. Some hundreds of the men have left to seek work elsewhere.

DEATH BY DROWNING OF THE HON. MRS. MATHESON.—The Hon. Mrs. Matheston, wife of Mr. Matheston, M.P. for Aylesbury, left the house at 10 o'clock on Monday morning, and was seen to enter the carriage at 10.15. She was found dead in the river at 11.15. The cause of her death is not yet ascertained.

THE CASE OF A CRIMINALS' COURT.—A woman, named Mrs. M., was arrested on the 18th inst. in connection with the case of a criminal's court. She was charged with the murder of her husband, who was found dead in the river. The case is now before the court, and is expected to be tried in a few days.

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