

Two kinds of wreaths from the lotus flower were made in Alexandria, one of which was called the garland of Antinous. The lotus growing in the marshes, in summer, bore flowers of two colors, as was noted by Calixenus, the Rhodian, when visiting that country. One of these colors, as he described it, was like that of the rose, and the garlands woven of flowers of this color were the ones properly called the garland of Antinous; but what was called simply the lotus garland was of the flowers having a dark hue. Also from that writer comes the account of the naming of the former garland: "And a man of the name of Pancrates, a native poet, with whom we ourselves were acquainted, made a great parade of showing a rose-colored lotus to Adrian, the emperor, when he was staying at Alexandria, saying that he ought to give this flower the name of the flower of Antinous, as having sprung from the ground, where it drank in the blood of the Mauritanian lion, which Hadrian killed when he was out hunting in that part of Africa, near Alexandria, a monstrous beast which had ravaged all Lybia for a long time, so as to make a great part of the district desolate. Accordingly, Hadrian, being delighted with the utility of the invention, and also with its novelty, granted to the poet that he should be maintained for the future in the Museum at the public expense."

The sending of gifts of flowers in token of regard came into practice at an early time. For it is related that it was owing to the present of a garland that Amasis, who had originally been a private individual of the class of the common people, became king of Egypt. Having made a garland of the most beautiful flowers which were to be had, he sent it to the king Patarmis, who was celebrating a birthday festival. Patarmis, being delighted with the beauty of the garland, sent to invite Amasis to supper, and after this treated him as one of his friends. Finally, on one occasion, he made the mistake of sending him out as his general when the Egyptians were in rebellion, and they, from hatred to Patarmis, made Amasis their king in his stead.

The time of distributing the wreaths provided by the host in the Grecian entertainment varied with different occasions. It was sometimes, however, and perhaps most generally, when the tables were removed, and before the libations commenced.

"Now is the time to clear the table, and  
To bring each guest some water for his hands,  
And garlands, perfumes, and libations."

But guests at other times were crowned at the beginning of a feast. At the noted entertainment of Caranus this ceremony was performed before the company entered the dining-room. The chaplets however in this instance were golden ones, each of the twenty guests having one presented him of the value of five pieces of gold. At royal banquets in Syria a very curious luxury was introduced. When garlands had been given the guests, some slaves would come in having little bladders full of Babylonian perfumes, and going round the room at a little distance from the guests, would bedew their garlands with the perfumes, sprinkling nothing else.

## Jaunts in and about Dublin.



YOU are wasting your time here, you are indeed," moralize much traveled friends, advising us to curtail our stay in Dublin; "you should be spending all this time in London or Paris." We listen to, agree with, and do not follow this sage advice, finding this city venerably but not oppressively ancient, stirring and cheerful, full of interest and delight.

Our artist makes sketching tours along the beautiful bay of Killiney, or into the heathery solitudes of the mountains of Wicklow, trusting to fate and the jaunting-car driver to conduct him to something interesting, and returning at night very tired, furiously hungry; with portfolio crammed with "delicious bits," and heart filled with enthusiasm. The architect will admire the public buildings, which, though neither remarkable for size, nor for richness and profusion of ornament, are built in a pure classic style at once simple and imposing. Those among us who love history find here many old landmarks, from the round tower, now part of Dublin Castle, whence, a thousand years ago, fierce Danes held absolute sway over the conquered Irish, to the obscure house where Dean Swift first saw the light. In these streets Goldsmith distributed his indiscreet but warm-hearted charities, or, loitering through these alleys he heard some belated wayfarer or houseless wanderer drowsily crooning the song, child of his brain, for which he had recently received the modest sum of five shillings. Through these streets ran Peg Woffington, the little bare-footed cress seller, attracting attention by her beauty, and her shrill cries, "All this young salad for a penny." Through these streets she afterwards drove as the great actress, the famous beauty, wealthy, courted and flattered.

On the south side of the Liffy, in the broad public square called College Green (for the inconsequent reason apparently that there is not a blade of anything green thereabout), historical interest centers

For here, when the cobble-stone pavement, over which all manner of vehicles are clattering, was dim woodland, or wild heath, Henry II., recent conqueror of Ireland, pitched his magnificent pavilion, and entertained the Irish chieftains with feasts, tournaments, and all the most splendid and costly amusements of those times.

That great semicircular pile on one side of the square, with its magnificent colonnade of Ionic columns, was formerly the Irish Parliament House, and those old walls have resounded in their day to mighty eloquence. Since the union of the kingdoms it has been used as the bank; many of the windows are walled up, others are protected by strong iron bars, and in the portico two grim-looking grenadiers, with shouldered arms, walk up and down in a manner painfully suggestive of the movements of caged wild beasts.

Just opposite is the somber mass of Trinity College; statues of Burke and Goldsmith, two of her most gifted sons, are on either side of the door, and behind are the courts which have resounded to the dismal tootings of Goldsmith's unlawful flute. The students being absent on the summer vacation, we take advantage of the desertion of the classic halls to invade the precincts into which nothing feminine, except actually scrubbers and laundresses, and metaphorically the muses, is supposed to enter. Through two great flagged courts we are admitted to the library, a large building standing by itself, said to contain two hundred thousand volumes, and entitled by law to a copy of every work published in Great Britain. Verily of making many books there is no end. We stand in a large and very lofty hall, surrounded by shelves, tier above tier, every shelf crowded with books; spiral staircases ascend to the very ceiling, their tops still among books. The works are said to be printed in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Sanscrit, besides all modern European languages. Are *said*—for our rusty looking conductor, who volunteers this information, insists that it be taken on trust, and a lady of our party attempting to examine a heavy and ancient tome, in strange foreign characters, meets with a surly repulse quite unworthy of the land of chivalry and of blarney. We will but peep with awe at the unsightly literary treasure, though, were we unprincipled bibliomaniacs, bent on stealing it, we doubt whether its loss would be felt or regretted by the somber-gowned but frolicsome students, who seem for the most part to prefer pranks to ancient tongues, and flirting to conic sections.

We visit the museum, an entirely new and costly building, the lofty ceiling of the entrance hall being supported by polished pillars of variously colored Irish marbles, a dark-red from Cork, deep sea-green from the far west, orange, black, and a pure Italian marble, white as the driven snow. The museum contains a fine geological collection, shells, preserved insects, bottled snakes, ancient weapons, and ghastly skulls and bones; we found most entertainment in the school for engineers, where were models of bridges, tiny marvels of delicacy and exactness, and little locomotives and steamboats, which, could they be introduced into a nursery, would cause boundless delight.

The younger portion of our company find never-exhausted pleasure in a promenade down Sackville Street, the great artery of the city's life. Exceeding in width any other thoroughfare in Europe, this street is lined with fine stores and public buildings, and combines, like our own Broadway, the business and the pleasure of a great city. The young business man, hurrying from post-office or bank, the lawyer with anxiety in his brow and briefs in his bag, and the collegian going to lecture, are able to bestow a bow on the belle in quest of silks, laces, and flowers, wherein to dazzle them all at the next great ball. And besides the goods from all parts of Europe, displayed behind the plate glass windows, and the shifting crowd that gazes on them, the many picturesque costumes to be seen on Sackville

Street have, to American eyes, a peculiar charm. For here is the countryman from the pastures of Kildare, or the mountains of Wicklow, come to spend his money and to see the "sights," with cut-away coat, knee breeches, caubeen, and shillalah complete. Soldiers in bright scarlet jackets, with a diminutive black hat stuck over one ear, in defiance of the laws of gravitation, cavalry in burnished helmets and with clashing sword and spurs, and the Queen's Highlanders in kilt and plaid, carrying one's fancy to the lawless but chivalrous days of Montrose. Here also are boys from the Blue Coat School, dressed in a remarkable compromise between the fashion of the times of Edward the Sixth and that of our own day, nuns of several different orders, priests portly and benign, in long black robes, and, during the college term, students and professors in cap and gown.

The roadway presents a moving panorama of dashing carriages, humble hackney cabs, cars, carts, stages, and the traditional jaunting-car. And over all the rush and roar, the labor and enjoyment, the gayety and the sadness, towers Nelson's pillar surmounted by a colossal statue of the hero of Trafalgar. Nearly opposite this column stands the post-office, built, as are nearly all the public edifices of Dublin, in the purest Greek style, the lofty Ionic portico surmounted by statues of Hibernia, Commerce and Fidelity. These statues attracted the attention of a tourist "doing" Dublin, and likewise doing penance in a comfortable hackney cab, prompting him to enquire, "What do those figures represent?" "Sure them's the twelve apostles yer honor." "But," objected the gentleman, "there are only three." "Troth," replied Pat, "what would ye have? That's the post-office, and the other nine is inside sorthin the letthers." The gentleman was doubtless impressed with the superiority of a postal department presided over by so goodly a company.

Seeking among the disengaged jaunting-cars always standing at the foot of Nelson's pillar, for a vehicle to take us to the famous Phoenix Park, we have the good fortune to light upon a typical Jehu of the soil, whose eccentricities have impressed some of our party who have already had the honor and pleasure of his acquaintance. Mr. Micky Doolan, on the strength of a faded red and yellow waistcoat, a flaring neckerchief knotted under one ear, and a discarded quizzing glass, or rather the frame that has once held one, stuck airily into one eye, evidently considers himself quite a swell. Under his conduct, we drive along a broad road skirting the Liffey, its waters inclosed between high stone walls looking sluggish and sullen beneath the morning sun, save where enlivened by the crowds of white-breasted gulls screaming, wheeling, and fluttering above them. The crowds of young men hurrying to business excite the unbounded admiration of our belle. "I have never seen," she says with enthusiasm, "such magnificent looking men as the Dubliners. Now there are handsome men in New York, but they are undersized," this with a glance at her trig little beau, who has fallen from grace. "Now these are so tall and well grown, and carry themselves like

princes. I have been losing my heart to them all the way down the street."

"Micky says," remarked the crushed beau, determined to be even with her scornful ladyship, "that he has never seen a fine girl from America yet." But his unkind purpose is frustrated by the ready blarney of Micky, who looks with undisguised admiration at our youth and beauty, saying reproachfully, "Oh now, yer honor, sure it was yesterday I said that."

We pause at the park gates to admire one of the finest views obtainable in Dublin. The city with its multitudinous crowding roofs, lies at our feet, the Liffy winding through its midst spanned by graceful stone bridges—we count eight. Below us rises the lofty square tower of Christ Cathedral, where, amid the acclamations of a great congregation, a crown was removed from an image of the Virgin, and placed upon the head of Lambert Simnel, proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland. Northward Nelson's Pillar towers, bold and lofty, against the sky, and looking down the river toward the east we see the swelling domes of the Custom House and the Law Courts, a forest-like confusion of masts, the dim masses of the Mountains of Moern, and the far-off sea.

Most travelers, I believe, are disappointed in the Phoenix, which, in beauty of landscape, and richness of culture, will not bear a moment's comparison with Hyde Park of London, Fairmount, Prospect, or our own Central Park. It excels these lovely pleasure grounds as a sunflower does a daisy, or Wallack's drop curtain a painting by Hart or Gifford, in mere point of size, for this park is said to be the largest in Europe, and among the largest in the world. The phrase of one of our party—"an immense common," aptly describes its general appearance. The land was flat, sparingly planted with trees of two or three of the varieties commonest in the east of Ireland. There were few, if any, of the clumps of evergreens, trees of variously tinted foliage, and flowering shrubs, which delight the eye in Central Park, though such diversified groves could be easily cultivated in Ireland, where copper-leaved beeches, flowering hawthorn, and many varieties of evergreen abound, and where foliage is kept bright and luxuriant by the frequent showers and mists. The grass was kept under control by the primitive method of converting the land into pasturage for flocks of sheep and picturesque herds of deer. Except in a small portion called the People's Gardens, where stands an imposing granite monument to the Iron Duke, surrounded by seats, clumps of flowering shrubs, and tastefully diversified garden-beds, we saw no ornamental parterres or flower-beds.

In the park is the country seat of his Excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, with its stables and conservatory, the residence of his lordship's secretary and under-secretary, the home of the park gamekeeper, and of the superintendent, who, being obliged to pass and repass continually over such untidy roads as these, may be aroused eventually to a sense of his duty.

But before gathering up our belongings, squandering our substance on ornaments of the carved bog oak, and bidding farewell to

the "land of heroes and of song," we must pay our respects to Erin's patron saint by visiting the cathedral built in his honor, and called by his name.

St. Patrick's formerly stood in the heart of the city's life, but the crowds in pursuit of business or pleasure have gradually receded, leaving the old cathedral in the midst of a network of poor and narrow streets. The shouts of many children at play on the street and in the gutter, the crying of unkempt babies, and the scolding or gossiping of untidy women standing in shabby doorways, have taken the place of the roar of wheels and the sound of many feet. The pile itself is in the Gothic style, and so modern in appearance that we can scarcely credit the guide-book which tells us that the structure was raised in the year 1190; it has, however, been recently put in complete repair, the heavy expense being defrayed by Sir B. L. Guinness, a wealthy brewer, who, in recognition of this service, has been knighted by the Queen.

Rich stained glass windows, and elaborately carved woodwork beautify the interior. The grand simplicity of the Gothic arches, is relieved by little of the stone-cutter's work, but the carving of the blocks of stone from which the smaller arches spring, is in itself a study; each is a head, delicately chiseled, and no two in the building, so far as we could discover, are alike. There are faces of angels and of demons, mitered bishops, helmeted soldiers, crowned kings, beautiful women's faces, cherubic child heads, heads of animals, and of imaginary creatures half human and half beast.

In one of the walls is a semicircular recess, looking into which we find ourselves peering into the cool depths of a spring, bubbling up as naturally as if overarched by ferns and boughs, instead of solid masonry. Here, according to tradition, St. Patrick baptized Alcuin, King of Leinster, and his wild train of followers, recent converts to the Christian faith. The converted monarch consecrated the spot by laying on it the foundations of a small church, on the site of which the present cathedral stands.

Near the center of the structure are two rows of high-backed, elaborately-carved stalls, with overhanging banners, emblazoned with the arms of the Knights of the Order of St. Patrick, by whom, on state occasions, these seats are occupied.

But no emblazoned banners, carving or gilding, or soaring Gothic arches, engross our interest like the two plain tablets near the door, marking the last resting-places of the brilliant Dean Swift and of the much-loving and much-slandered Stella.

AUGUSTA WENTWORTH.

### From the German of Goethe.

BY LYDIA M. MILLARD.

WITHIN the breast of every one,  
A God doth whisper clear,  
To tell us what to seek or shun,  
And what to love or fear.