

Medium officiously seized it, that she might read aloud to me the paragraph of my marriage, which, with modern foresight, had been sent to the press the day before. Alas! she had little need to give me the intelligence: I was painfully conscious that I was married, without finding it necessary to refer to the fact in print. Having read the announcement, she turned to the next paragraph. "Dear me," she exclaimed, "it is no wonder your friend Miss Danvers excused herself from attending you as bridemaid—she was married herself on the same morning!" "Married! to whom?" exclaimed I, eagerly, my fancy running through a long list of younger brothers with whom Louisa had sung, waltzed, and flirted during the last season. She read the name of the bridegroom with dreadful precision and emphasis—"The honourable Captain Mowbray, of the Guards!" The symptoms of my morning attack returned upon me; I pressed my hand on my forehead, and was obliged to have recourse to my embroidered pocket handkerchief and *eau de Cologne*; but the window was instantly thrown open for my benefit, and a relieve of foggy night air admitted, which enabled me to "sit it out!" "How strange it is, my dear," observed my unsuspecting husband, "that you should have twice been taken ill to-day, when you were hearing news about young Captain Mowbray!" My sister-in-law said nothing, but she fixed her keen gray eyes on my face, with an expression which denoted that she thought it any thing but strange.

This last *contre-tems* completely destroyed my spirits, and I said little more than yes and no for the ensuing two hours. Towards the close of the evening, the eldest daughter of my hostess, a pert forward girl just emancipated from boarding-school, said to me, "Now your wedding-day is nearly at an end, Lady Medium, has it not been the *happiest* day of your life?" Had I been in the palace of Truth, I should certainly have replied that it had been the most miserable; but I was not desperate enough to feel inclined to "electrify my audience," by so startling a burst of ingenuousness. Some author, whose name I forget, says: "As society can only be held together by lies, the old, which are already current, may serve the purpose just as well as the new!" I therefore determined to let the axiom in question pass uncontradicted; but like many other imperfect and minor moralists, although willing passively to sanction a falsity, I was not inclined actively to tell one. I therefore replied to the young lady's teasing question, with equal truth, politeness, and self-possession: "I only hope your own may be just as *happy*!"

FUNERAL OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

It is admitted that of all the ancient funeral pomps, none equalled in magnificence that of Alexander the Great, when his body was brought in state from Babylon, to Alexandria in Egypt.

The car was not only extremely rich and magnificent, but contrived also with a most wonderful art and workmanship: Hieronymus was the workman. First he made a golden coffin, not cast, but worked, and exactly fitted to the length of the body; he then half filled it with aromatics and perfumes, both to give an agreeable odour, and to preserve the body; upon this coffin there was a golden coverlid, and over that was raised a purple canopy embroidered with gold; the imperial arms were placed close to it. The car which carried this, had a golden vaulted roof adorned with scales covered with jewels. The roof was eight cubits high, and twelve long, and under it was placed a square throne, all of gold: there were two stags' heads in grand relievo, on the side of the throne, from which, two gold rings, each of two palms diameter, hung down, and from them a large festoon, expressing

all the various colours of flowers, of an inimitable beauty and art.

At the top of the car there was a fringe in form of net-work, from which little bells hung down, yet of sufficient size to be heard at a good distance. In each corner of the roof there was a victory carrying a trophy. The roof was supported by golden pillars, with chapters of the Ionic order, and within these pillars, there was a lattice-work of gold, about a finger thick, and four tablets, disposed parallel to each other, adorned with figures of animals.

On one of the tablets, Alexander was represented sitting on a car, holding a sceptre, attended by the *Macedonians* on one side of him, and the *Persians* on the other, and before him the armour-bearers. In the second tablet, elephants armed as for war, followed the king, carrying *Indians* before, and *Macedonians* behind, on their backs; both nations in their proper arms. In the third tablet there appeared squadrons of horse drawn up in line of battle, and on the fourth, ships disposed as if ready for a sea-fight. At the entrance of the vault lions were placed. Between every two pillars there was a golden *acanthus*, which reached nearly to the top of the chapters. Over the roof there was a purple canopy exposed to the air, and bearing a golden crown, but as if composed of branches of olive, and when the sun glanced on it, the reflected light shone on the beholders like lightning. This grand car was supported by two axle-trees, which went into four wheels of the Persian fashion. The spokes were gilt; but that part of the wheel which touched the ground, was covered with iron plates. All that part of the axle-tree which was seen was gold, and in the shape of a lion's head biting a javelin. In the middle of the vault there was a hinge placed so artfully, as to prevent its rocking from side to side in rough and uneven roads. The car had four poles, and each had four rows of four mules each, to draw it, so that sixty-four mules were used to draw the car, and those the strongest and the best that could be procured. Every mule had a gold crown on its head, and a golden bell on each jaw, and a collar of jewels around its neck. All the people of the cities through which this car passed thronged to see it, and could scarcely satisfy themselves with gazing at it. The train which attended it was pompous, and in accordance with the splendour of the car: a vast number of pioneers and labourers levelled the road for it to pass, and the choicest troops attended. Aridæus, who had the charge of the corpse, after having spent two years in making preparations for this pompous march, brought the body in this manner to Egypt from Babylon. Ptolemy went with his army to meet the body, as far as Syria, and when he received it, paid to it all possible honour. He did not send it to the temple of Jupiter Ammon, but to Alexandria, a city which Alexander had built and named, and which was one of the noblest in the world, and there built a mausoleum, which, for its grandeur and magnificence, was worthy the greatness of Alexander.

When he had placed the body there, he celebrated his funeral with heroic sacrifices, and the most pompous games of every description.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at, that the wisest men in all ages, have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and where it chiefly consists. An eminent writer named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred and eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to show the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any of his own.