

THE VIADUCT OF RIGOLE FROIDE ON THE SEMMERING RAILWAY, ALPS.

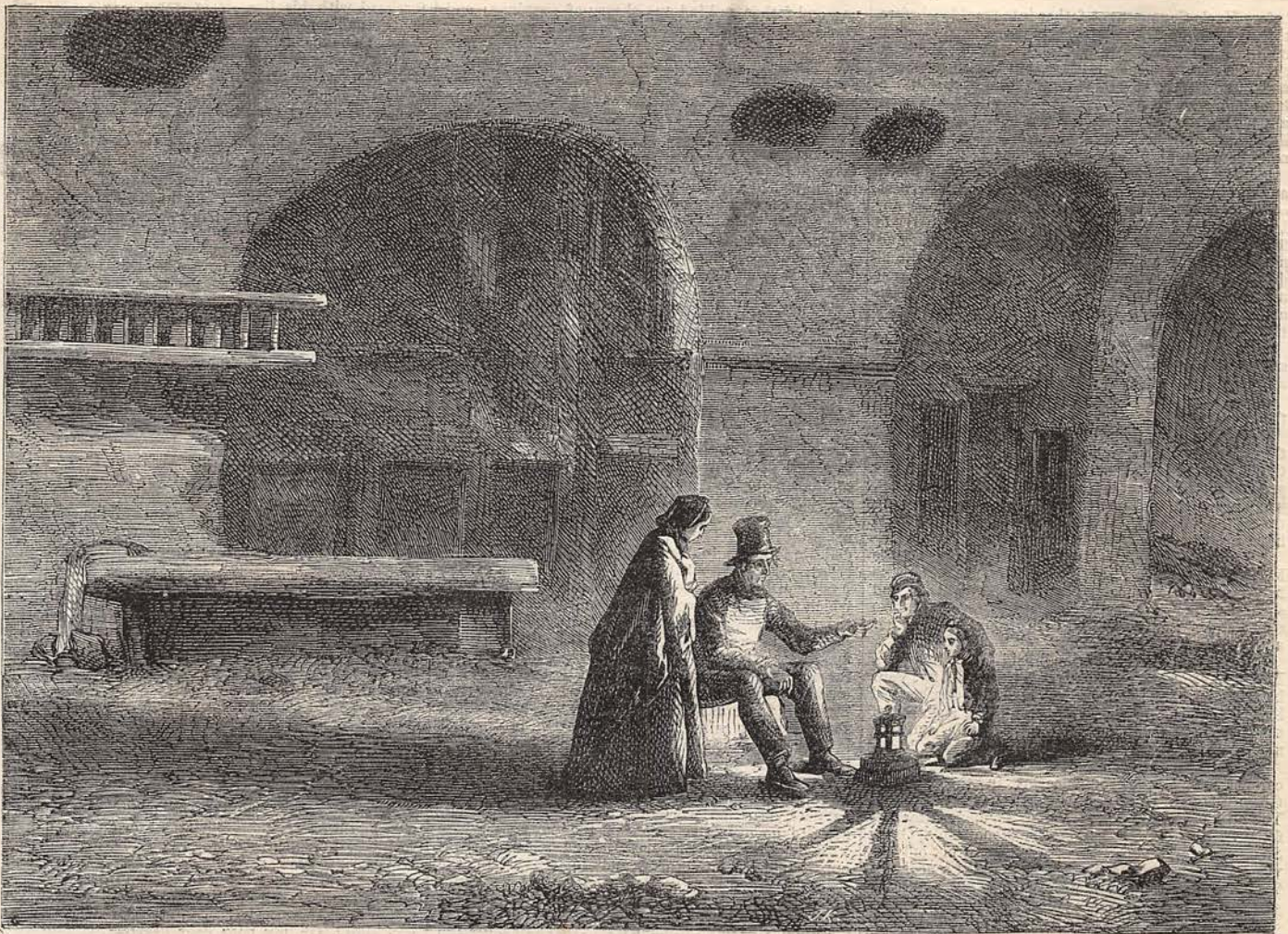
SEMNERING RAILWAY.

THE invention of steam inaugurated an entirely new era in the world's history; and the application of steam to travelling by land and water accomplished more towards a better mutual understanding between rival nations than any improvement on record. A comparatively few years ago, Stephenson the elder was working as a day labourer, and filling up his leisure as a "clock doctor;" but the subsequent achievements of this great man as an engineer changed the face of our country—and not of ours only, but of all the civilised world. Railways stretched out in every direction, stations and termini sprang up as at the wand of an enchanter; the old coaches were driven off the road; railway hotels jostled the old inns; a metallic network of broad and narrow gauge tripped up some scrip-mad speculators, and produced first a frenzy and then a

panic; but the utility of railways was so evident that the opposition at first offered to them gave way, and so they spread throughout Europe and America, and other parts of the world—they gave sudden importance to obscure places, and shrouded in obscurity places of old importance.

Among Austrian railways that of Semmering especially deserves notice. It was begun in 1848, and inaugurated in 1854. It forms a part of the noble line which unites Vienna to Trieste. In descending to the first of these two cities, near the Adriatic, we arrive at Gloggnitz, a town of Lower Austria, situated at one of the extremities of the green valley of Reichenau. Thence to Murzzusching, in Styria, the scenery is exceedingly magnificent—lofty heights, wooded declivities, rich pasture land, hamlets nestling amongst forests, open country dotted with cattle and clumps of trees, forming altogether one of the most

delightful and varied of panoramas. Sometimes the verdant prairies are commanded by a black and bare summit; sometimes it is pierced by deep ravines; sometimes broken by a strong castle, such as that of Schottwien, which belongs to the Prince of Liechtenstein. The railway itself is a very skilful piece of engineering, as the route presents many physical difficulties which it required considerable skill to overcome. Viaducts are employed in several places on the line—that of Rigole Froide is shown in the accompanying illustration. This viaduct and others on the line present very much the appearance of old Roman structures, and at the same time are worthy to be compared with the highest modern engineering triumphs of a similar description either in Europe or America. There are also numerous tunnels; one of these, which passes under the loftiest summit of the Semmering, is 4,518 English feet in length. The



THE ADELPHI ARCHES.

express trains make the journey from Trieste to Vienna (a distance of 363 miles) in about fifteen hours, at a cost of (second class) about £2 10s.

The scenery on the route is full of interest and beauty; Modling, Wiener, Neustadt, Baden, Gloggnitz, Muzzusching, Bruck, Gratz, Marburg, Cilly, Laibach, and Adelsberg, all possess attractive features. Every traveller, with leisure at command, should pay a visit to the celebrated grotto at the last-named place. The stalactite cave is one of the greatest natural curiosities in the world.

LEFT TO THEMSELVES;

Or, Arab Life in London.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOPE EVERMORE."

CHAPTER IX.

Night comes with poppies crowned, and sorrow sleeps.
BRIDE OF SIENA.

"WHAT will you do, sir," said Harry, "if you cannot find the paper?"

"Oh, in that case, I'm done for," said Jack; "but I may have dropped it in the cellar of an unfinished house, near Field-lane, where I slept last night, as the Refuge was full; I may have lost it at the Good Intent, the Jolly Tar, or the Rose and Crown. I must try to get it by the time the printer's ready, else he'll throw me over. There are two other chaps, street authors, too—a young and an old fellow—'Squint-eyed Squib' and 'Pudding-faced Paul'—who'll be sure to be ready, if I'm not; and though they're poor, maudlin, milk-and-water fellows compared to me, yet, as a broad sheet must come out with letter-press to answer to the illustrations, if mine isn't forthcoming, they'll have the job."

"I wish I could help you, sir," said Harry.

"Ah! you can't in this matter, my lad; but some

day I may find you a job that'll help me and yourself too. I've felt all day as if some misfortune was hanging over me. These days—Christmas-day, and New Year's-day, and many others—make me so low—they bring back thoughts of home and old times! By Jove! when I heard the bells, I was like Mephistophiles, in 'Faust and Marguerite!' I stamped, and writhed, and tried to stuff up my ears—the sound brought back childhood, youth, early manhood, hope, love, joy; Christmas at the Hall; my mother—I saw her loving eyes; my sister—I felt her soft kiss; I think what I was, and what I am! If I can't get some gin, I shall hang myself—thought drives me mad! So good night to you all; and may you never feel what I feel gnawing at my heart, and shall feel, unless I can drown conscience in blue ruin!"

He left them a lighted candle-end, as he had promised; but, before he departed, he looked back. Sim was lying in Harry's arms, with his feet in Mercy's lap; and Jack said, "God bless you, poor children. It's your first night in this den, and I wish Fortune may smile on you to-morrow, so that it may be your last. Be as comfortable as you can, and get to sleep. Nothing passes the time away like sleep—except gin—and you'll sleep like tops, for you don't know the pang of that which keeps one awake, however tired one may be—REMORSE."

He dashed away a tear, and strode off.

"Don't I!" sobbed Mercy; "that's all he knows about it. Oh my! oh my!—and he's gone after that blue ruin!"

Yes! Jack-o'-Lantern went away in search of that evil spirit who had brought him from a high and honourable estate to misery, shame, and despair, but whom he yet could not shake off—the familiar demon, drink—to whom he had sold himself, body and soul.

When Jack-o'-Lantern was gone, Harry said, "Poor gentleman—for he is a gentleman born and bred—how sorry I am about his paper! and

how I wish I could help him to find it! He's very kind and pleasant, poor fellow, wretched as vice has made him; and what a lesson is his miserable state, and how thankful I am, Sim, poor dear father and mother never accustomed us to spirits:—I own I think a glass of clear spring water beats everything."

"I'm not against water," said Mercy, "except I like a drop of something good in it; but I see no harm in a working man or woman having a pint of beer. Now I'm used to half a pint at my dinner and half at my supper, and I'm sure I'm the better for it."

"Well, that's a matter of opinion," said Harry. "I don't blame those that take a glass in moderation; but, at the same time, those that don't, run no risk of exceeding; and you'd be surprised, Mercy, to hear what your two half pints of porter a day would come to in the course of a tolerably long life—at least, if you never heard poor father make the calculation, which I have many a time. Now, for instance: he'd have asked you if you'd any notion what you'd save by never drinking anything but water."

"Well, I can't argufy that point," said Mercy. "I remember, when I was first in service, your dear, kind mother's was my first place. She drank nothing strong, and I, of course, had nothing either, and never wanted anything, except milk—pure new milk; and plenty of it we had then; but when I got to Dunn's, up early and late, and worked like a horse, and beer allowed, I took to it, and now it comes quite nat'ral, and seems to give me strength."

"Oh! mother always said beer puffed people out, but never gave any real strength," said Harry. "For mother's sake, I'll never touch it."

And at the thought of that good and tender mother Harry felt his heart sink with unutterable regret, and Sim wept bitterly.

"Don't cry, Sim, dear—dear Sim, pray don't cry! Think what poor, dear mother has escaped by dying