

ing it entirely to the royal family, or those immediately in attendance on them.

At most of the public gardens where concerts are given, coffee is now the only refreshment; there are, however, others, over the entrance to which "Bier-Keller" is printed in large letters, literally "Beer-cellar;" but the building from which it is supplied is not unfrequently a Swiss cottage, or something equally romantic, and tables are ranged for the customers on terraces one above the other, where the vine is flourishing in all its beauty.

The members of the different colleges mostly keep to their particular "beer-cellars," which they have generally supported from generation to generation; and after the lectures they may be seen streaming into them, talking and laughing, certainly with more vivacity than is generally attributed to their national character. Should the owners of these places change their locality or give up business, a demonstration is immediately got up—perhaps a farewell dinner, or a tilting match. A stranger who had not been previously informed, would imagine that something very extraordinary was going to take place, on seeing some eight or ten mounted cavaliers, with coloured scarfs and flying banners, followed by all the public carriages which they have been able to seize for the occasion. Into these from one to four scramble, the whole being brought up with a great team, drawn by as many horses as can be begged or borrowed, in part of which some rather indifferent musicians are seated, the remaining space being filled with barrels of beer. Thus the "cellar" is patronized to the very last moment. Sometimes the return is effected quietly, sometimes by torchlight.

In a country where horses do scarcely any of the field labour, (as in Heidelberg, for instance,) they are not easily procured, and the most sorry looking animals head these gallant processions, and discompose their riders' equanimity to a fearful extent. There the poor oxen are cruelly used, only two being generally employed to drag masses of stone from a quarry, situated on one of the highest hills; the roads, however, are beautiful, and must excite the admiration even of the English, who have good reason to be proud of their public causeways. To add to the misery of the poor animals, they are actually fastened down by the horns to the shafts of the cart.

But they don't ill-use all their animals in the like manner, for in the north, horses are fattened up for food. In the daily papers, which are more than half filled with advertisements, and supplied at the charge of sixpence per month, a fine, fat, frisky-looking horse frequently heads an announcement to "sausage makers," that on such a day the same will be killed, when they are requested to make timely application. These sausages, and others made from pigs' liver, form a never failing resource to thrifty housewives who find themselves suddenly in want of an extra dish; let those eat them who can; where beef and mutton may be had as good even as in England, there is choice for all.

Torchlight processions, as we have previously said, seem to be most in favour in university towns; for there they may be made to serve two

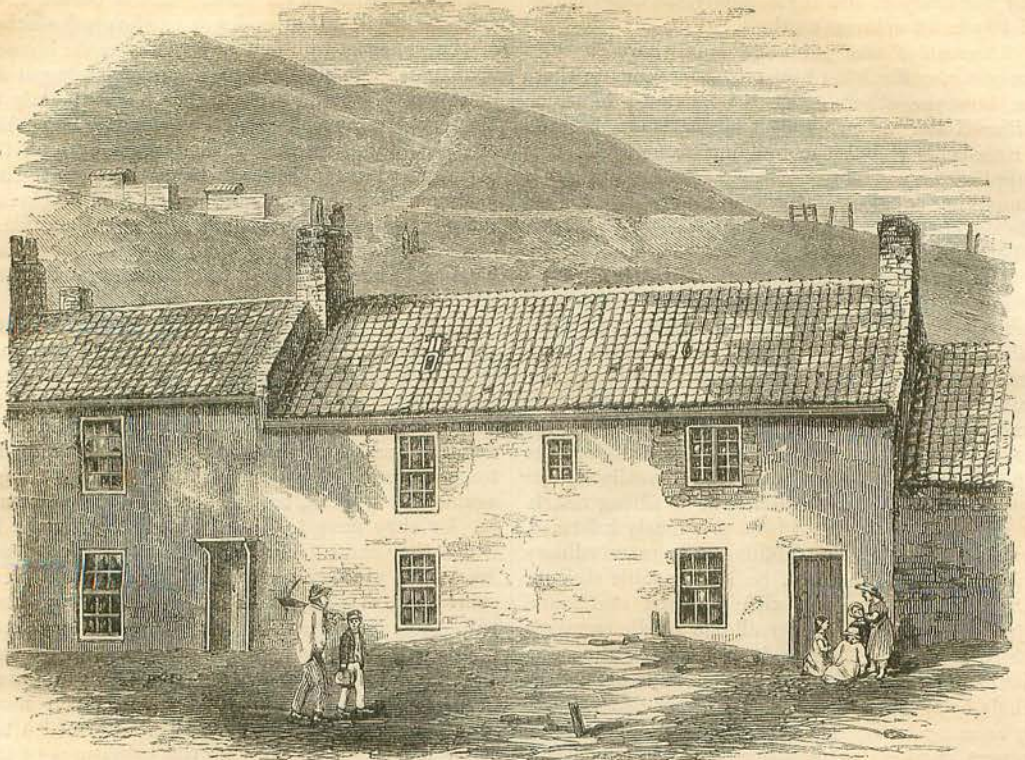
purposes—either to do honour to a favourite, or to spite his rival. If a professor be chosen for either of the colleges, who has in any way made himself obnoxious, a demonstration is immediately got up in honour of the most favoured one, frequently to his very great surprise and annoyance. The ladies of the family dilate with great bitterness upon the expense and inconvenience which these fluttering visits entail upon the household, such as blackened ceilings, soiled curtains, and a score of other minor domestic grievances, too long to relate here, but hard to be borne by those who have no part in the pageant.

There are more heavy expenses than these. When the procession arrives at the residence of the popular individual, he has to appear at an open window or balcony, to bow to those below. A few are then admitted, who are treated to choice wines and other dainties, and while the address is being read, the torch-bearers below keep dashing the sooty things against the ground, or the house, as the case may be, for they have to return in the same order in which they came. One lecturer had no less than four such processions in his honour in a very short space of time, out of pure disinterested goodwill. The damage, therefore, done to his property was naturally not very trifling; for his house was situated in a very narrow street, and the high garden wall which fronted it, and was on most occasions of a tolerably pure white, formed a too ready means for keeping up the brightness of the torches. Those who looked at them at the Crystal Palace were at a comfortable distance; let them beware how they ever get nearer.

#### ROBERT STEPHENSON.

At the period when the Americans were fighting their way to become a great independent cotton-growing nation—just after the completion of remarkable mechanical inventions at home for the preparation of the downy material, the spinning-jenny, water-frame, and mule-jenny, with the improved steam engine—just before horse posts, loitering at every village inn to gossip with "mine host" or the ostler, began to be superseded on the highroads by mail coaches for the conveyance of letters, travelling some six miles an hour—about the time that Sunday-school instruction dawned in its blessedness upon the land—and the very year that Herschel doubted the known bounds of the solar universe—George Stephenson was born. We string these facts together, because he lived to achieve no mean victory over space and time by quickening locomotion; alter postal arrangements completely; render tens of thousands of juveniles belonging to the impoverished classes happy excursionists on their school holiday, passing from dingy towns to the clear streams, green fields, and sylvan scenes of the country; and because the great work of his life, the First Grand Experimental Railway, was originally conceived with no other object in view than that of facilitating the transport of cotton from the quays of Liverpool to the factories of Manchester.





BIRTH-PLACE OF ROBERT STEPHENSON, WILLINGTON QUAY, (NOW PULLED DOWN.)

"His task has lessen'd labour, vanquish'd space;  
And through remotest years, beheld afar,  
His spirit leaves her everlasting trace,  
Where'er impetuous speeds the fiery car."

Mark the spot where, in the family Bible of a Northumbrian couple in the humblest social position at Wylam colliery, near Newcastle, the record was entered of their second child, George—"born June, 9 day, 1781;" and be willing to render all possible aid to the development of every child, however poor the homestead and lowly the condition. Little thought father and mother, if an answer could have been returned to the question, "What manner of child shall this be?" that it would have indicated one combining the most invincible resolution, with patient painstaking and marvellous capacity, the fruit of which has been a total revolution in the internal communications of the civilized world, and a name henceforth

"In our island history enrolled,  
Among the glorious dead,  
The mighty unforgotten men of old."

Life was a bard up-hill trudge for boy, youth, and man for many a weary year. Yet on he went gallantly, as if a consciousness possessed him of a high destiny hinging upon surmounting the difficulties incident to straitened circumstances, which inspired the resolution to strain every nerve in the grapple with them rather than be defeated. Many were the avocations successfully followed, and multifarious the handicrafts incidentally mastered. Originally a cowherd, then a hoer of turnips, next a clearer of coal from stones and dross, he was promoted, at the age of fourteen, to be

assistant to his honest old father, who was fireman at a colliery pumping-engine, then appointed plugman at 12s. a week, and next breaksman at nearly 20s.; while to a night school he repaired to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic, and exhaust the accomplishments of its master. At the same time he contrived to be proficient in cutting out suits of clothes, which the colliers' wives made up for their husbands, making shoes and lasts, mending clocks and watches, and became so well up in the latter art and mystery as to be known to common fame as the best clock-doctor in the north country. Such a man,

"O'er whose young morn  
Celd penyur her wintry shadows threw,  
Alone in toil, in contumely, and scorn,  
Still to his heaven-appointed mission true,"

deserved to succeed; and never was success in great ends more complete than his.

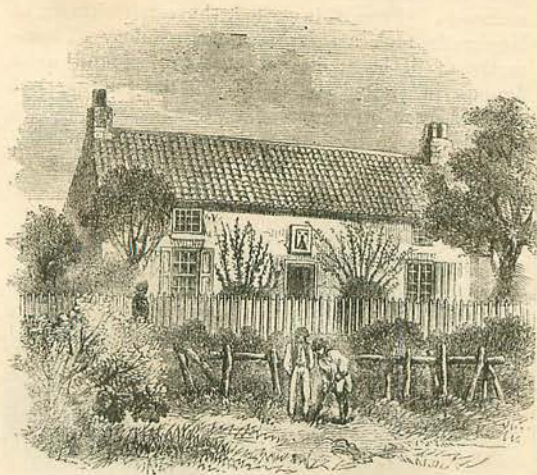
Twenty-one years had passed away, when the breaksman entered Newburn church with pretty Fanny Henderson, about to become his wife. Poor Robert Gray was there likewise to act the part of bridesman, and had a pension ultimately bequeathed to him for life for his services. Joyfully the young husband, with his bride behind him on a pillion, took her on horseback to his home, then at Willington Quay, on the north bank of the Tyne, about six miles from Newcastle. Mark another spot, as unpretentious as the preceding. In the second story of this house, and in the room lighted by the window next to that built up with brickwork, the wife became a mother, and gave birth to a boy, Robert, worthy his sire's renown, who lived to



send the locomotive whistling through the land of the Pharaohs, span the mighty St. Lawrence, and leave monuments of his constructive ability upon four continents. This house no longer exists. It was taken down to make way for the Stephenson Memorial Institute, and we cannot but regret that its removal was considered necessary. Nor refrain we from expressing the natural wish, that Fanny Henderson had survived to witness the fame of her

he might be seen morning and evening cantering to and from school at Newcastle, with his wallet of provisions for the day, and bag of books slung over his shoulder.

School-days were followed by an apprenticeship to the well-known Nicholas Wood, as an under coal-viewer, at Killingworth; and at this subterranean occupation some three years were passed, not without the experience of great peril. Once, while with



COTTAGE AT KILLINGWORTH, AND SUN-DIAL OVER DOOR, MADE BY ROBERT STEPHENSON.

husband and son, and share their prosperity. But she died when the child was too young to appreciate the bereavement, and for a time the loss of his first love covered the father's hearth with darkness.

Robert Stephenson was born on the 16th of December, 1803. Cast upon the sole care of his father in tender years, he was almost constantly by his side, watching him while poring over models, plans, drawings, and diagrams, and while attending to the details of practical engineering. His boyhood was passed at West Moor, Killingworth colliery, seven miles north of Newcastle, where the elder Stephenson laid the broad foundation of his lofty renown while an engine-wright in the service of Lord Ravensworth. The cottage he occupied still stands, with the sun-dial over the door, the joint work of the inmates. Having procured a copy of Ferguson's "Astronomy," the boy drew out on paper, under his father's direction, a dial suited to the latitude of Killingworth. A stone proper for the purpose was then obtained, and, after much hewing and polishing, the stone dial was fixed in front of the cottage, to the wonderment of the villagers. It bears the date, "August 11th, MDCCCXVI." Many now alive in the neighbourhood can well remember Robert, dressed in a homespun coat of George's own cut, full of life and fond of pranks, which, however, had generally some intelligent object in view. On one occasion the sire found the mischievous youngster busily engaged, by means of a kite, in imitating Franklin's experiment, and drawing down electric sparks into the hind quarters of his pony. On this pony



COTTAGE AT WYLLAM: BIRTH-PLACE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

the master and a fellow workman in an unfrequented part of the pit, there was an explosion of fire-damp. Instantly the party were blown down, and the lights extinguished. They were a mile away from the shaft, and quite in the dark. Robert and his comrade, under the first impulse, on recovering, ran towards the shaft at full speed, till the latter halted, saying, "Stop, laddie, stop, we maun gang back, and seek the maister." Gallantly they returned, and rescued him, stunned and bruised, from danger. As the father's circumstances improved, the son's prospects brightened; and, to qualify him for a higher position, he was taken from coal-viewing, and sent in the year 1820, at the age of seventeen, to the University of Edinburgh. Only the expense of a single session could be afforded. But so diligently was it improved, that at the end of six months he came back with the prize for mathematics, and with the better prize of the knowledge how to teach himself.

At this period, the elder Stephenson was engaged in surveying a line for the Stockton and Darlington railway, the first iron road constructed for the purposes of general traffic, and the first public highway on which locomotive engines were regularly employed, but originally intended to be worked by horse-power. Robert trudged by his side, entering the figures while his father took the sights. They began their task with the first blush of dawn, and continued it till dusk, taking their chance of getting bread and milk for refreshment, or a homely dinner in some cottage by the wayside. Eager discussions passed between the two respecting the locomotive, as alterations and improvements in matters



of detail were suggested; but both agreed in confident anticipations of its ultimate triumph over every other species of tractive power on railways. After assisting for a short time in the steam-engine manufactory, then in its infancy at Newcastle, Robert Stephenson accepted a mining appointment in South America, as it was conceived that the voyage thither, with change of climate, would be of service to his health, injured by severe application. From this engagement, which extended over three years, he returned towards the close of 1827, meeting with a singular adventure by the way.

Having reached Carthagena, on the Gulf of Darien, he was compelled to halt in that miserable town, one of the strongholds of the yellow fever, awaiting a ship to convey him to New York. In the comfortless public room of the wretched inn, he met with an Englishman, tall, gaunt, and careworn, evidently in the last stage of impoverishment. The stranger proved to be a brother engineer, well known by name, Mr. Richard Trevithick, the Don Ricardo Trevithick of Peruvian celebrity, to whom we have had occasion to refer.\* All the brilliant prospects placed before him by the authorities of that country, founded upon the drainage of the silver mines by steam-power, had been utterly disappointed; and he was making his way to England almost penniless, a living example of the truth of the Spanish proverb, that "a silver mine brings misery, a gold mine ruin." It was a most fortunate meeting for him, for he was at once relieved of further embarrassment by an advance of £50. The parties were soon in earnest conversation upon a subject in which both took the deepest interest—the steam-horse. But Trevithick's ideas never went beyond a steam-carriage adapted for use on common roads, an example of which, as successful as any other, he had invented and patented before Robert Stephenson was born. Coleridge used to tell an anecdote with great glee respecting this machine, during a trial of it, in an obscure district of Cornwall, by the inventor and his partner Vivian. While at the top of its speed, they suddenly saw a closed toll-bar before them. Vivian called to Trevithick, who was behind, to slacken speed; but the momentum was so great, that the engine was only brought to a stand close to the gate, which the keeper quickly threw open in utter consternation. "What's to pay?" shouted Vivian. But not a word could the man articulate. "What's to pay?" was again demanded. "No-noth-nothing to pay," he at last replied, shaking from top to toe; "do, my de-dear Mr. Devil, drive on as fast as you can; no-thing to pay." It is remarkable of the two Englishmen who so unexpectedly met at Carthagena, that some sixteen years previous, Trevithick had exhibited his steam-carriage in the metropolis, which conveyed a load of passengers in an inclosed piece of ground near Euston Square—the very spot from which, seven years later, Stephenson started the North Western Railway.

On returning again from the western world, Robert Stephenson again joined the factory at Newcastle. He had indeed been expressly recalled to aid his

father with the locomotive, and prepare the iron steel for the opening day of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, the 15th of September, 1825. The triumph then was complete. Though clouded by the melancholy accident to Mr. Haskisson, yet that event served to illustrate its efficiency, for, to obtain medical help, the wounded body of the statesman was conveyed some fifteen miles in twenty-five minutes, or at the rate of thirty-six miles an hour—a speed which came upon the world with the surprise of a new and unlooked-for phenomenon. From this period, the establishment at Newcastle took a start as a manufactory of locomotives; it became one of the largest and most famous in the world, as it still is, sending out engines, as railways spread, to the various countries of Europe and the United States of America.

[To be continued.]



THE ENGINE-HOUSE AT KILLINGWORTH COLLIERY.

## SKYE: FROM THE TOP OF CUCHULLIN.

### PART II.

ON the far west, the Atlantic was scarcely hidden from us by the low-lying islands of North and South Uist, on which kelp fires were now sending forth long streams of smoke. North of these lay a more mountainous island, the upper part of which is called Lewis, and the lower, wilder, and more interesting, Harris. These are the Hebrides, or, if Skye be also admitted into their number, the Outer Hebrides. The word is literally a *mistake*, and has no meaning; it arose from some typographical error in reading the true name—Hebuda. On the south, and near us, were the Islands Canna, Rum, and Eigg, with its queer-looking scaur, something like a camel's hunch. The mainland from north to south presented almost every variety of surface. Here parallel vertebræ of mountain groups ran down to the sea; there a loch thrust itself for miles into the interior: here a crest rose eccentric and defiant; there a ridge, smooth, regular, and sloping, prostrated itself before some tyrant peak. East of us and almost at our feet, marked

\* No. 389. "First Steam Engine in South America."



The man who told me this was bronzed and weather-beaten with many years of sun and storm, but his eye glistened and his voice faltered as he spoke; and I was glad to find that his heart could understand me when I talked with him of One whose love to his people is more than a father's love, from whose arms no waves of earthly trouble can sweep his children; whose strong embrace not even the storm of death can be strong enough to overcome.

One side of the churchyard at Llanallgo, about a mile away, is filled with the graves of those whom the waves have given up from the wreck. There they lie, four together in their narrow bed, for the most part nameless and unrecognised. The care of some pious ladies has planted the hillocks with flowers, and they blossom in rich profusion over the unknown dead. As I passed away from that sad churchyard, I paused for a moment at the door of the village school, where the children were singing in English a favourite hymn in those parts, concerning the resurrection from the dead and the reward of the just. It was pleasant to turn to such reflections from the affecting memorials of death which I had just been contemplating; pleasant to leave the wreck, and meditate upon the land "where there shall be no more sea."

## ROBERT STEPHENSON.

### PART II.

For nearly thirty subsequent years, or to the time of his lamented decease, the life of Robert Stephenson was one of astonishing activity for a man never of robust constitution. His name was perpetually before the public, in connection with some important undertaking; and his career as an engineer was an uninterrupted success. The objects specially contemplated in his constructions—simplicity, permanence, and utility—contributed to this result, together with the care with which he elaborated his plans, and attended to the minutest details, before attempting to carry them into effect. Unlike Brunel, his great contemporary, whose genius was more splendid in designing than cautious in executing, Stephenson, while equally bold in conception, was eminently practical. He thought over the whole problem to be solved, in all its bearings, before committing himself to the actual solution, and enhanced his own reputation by consulting it in connection with the commercial interests of those who intrusted him with their confidence. Brunel, on the other hand, aiming at brilliancy in the line of inventive art, was apt to leave many difficulties unheeded, to hamper him in execution, and produced the most glorious growths of a scientific intellect, to disappoint expectation in their economic results. The career of the two has some striking coincidences. They were both the sons of eminent fathers, who opened up to them the path to distinction. Both were engaged in the same description of gigantic works, which will remain, for centuries to come, monuments of their skill and of the enterprise of their era. They were also nearly the same in age, and both died prematurely, within a

month of each other. Though often in antagonism, warmly advocating their respective views, as in the celebrated "battle of the gauges," they were firm and fast friends to the last. Brunel was on the Menai, to aid Stephenson in floating and fixing the enormous tubes of the Britannia bridge; and Stephenson was on the Thames, to assist Brunel in the launch of the "Great Eastern."

Appointed to execute the London and Birmingham railway, the first sod for which was cut at Chalk Farm on the 1st of June, 1834, Mr. Stephenson fixed his residence in the metropolis, and is said to have walked over the ground of the projected line twenty times before he was satisfied with his survey. Often did the scene in his offices, Great George Street, Westminster, resemble the levee of a minister of state. He superintended altogether the construction of no less than 1850 miles of railway, at an outlay of about £70,000,000 sterling; served as an engineer in Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Egypt, Canada, and Norway; received the ribbon and cross of the order of Leopold from the king of the Belgians, and the grand cross of the order of St. Oliff from the king of Norway and Sweden; declined the offer of knighthood at home; became M.P. for Whitby in 1847; and succeeded to his father's fortune upon his decease in 1848. The latter died at Tapton House, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, beautifully situated on a woodland hill, which had been his residence about ten years—a striking contrast to his homely cottage at Killingworth. Immense demands were made upon the time of both father and son, by all kinds of contrivers and projectors, anxious for an opinion in favour of their schemes as a passport to success. They were often as crude as the following lines are doggerel, in which a disappointed candidate for patronage vented his displeasure in one of the railway papers.

"I saw your son Robert, oh fie! oh fie!  
He looked upon me with disdain:  
His father could see, with half an eye,  
Far more than I could explain.

"He wouldn't allow me to leave him my models,  
Or a drawing, nor yet read my rhyme;  
For many came to him with crack'd noddles,  
Which occupied half of his time."

To real merit neither father nor son were inattentive, and considerably respected the feelings of the deserving, however humble their station.

Elected President of the Institution of Civil Engineers for the year 1856, Mr. R. Stephenson laid before that body an interesting *resumé* of British railways, on taking the chair. They exceeded in length, he stated, the ten chief rivers of Europe united; and more than enough of single rails had been laid down to make an iron girder round the globe. The cost of these lines had been £286,000,000, equal to one-third the amount of the national debt. Hills and mountains had been penetrated with tunnels to the extent of nearly 70 miles. The earth-works measured 550,000,000 of cubic yards. In comparison with the pyramid which these works would rear, St. Paul's would be but as a pigmy to a giant, for the pyramid would rise a mile and a half high, from a base larger than St. James's Park. At least 25 000 bridges had



been built. Not less than 80,000,000 of miles were annually traversed, to run which, two and a half miles of railway must be covered with trains during every second of time, throughout the entire year. The engines, placed in a line, would stretch from London to Chatham, and the vehicles from London to Aberdeen. In every minute of time, four tons of coal were consumed, and twenty tons of water were flashed into steam of high elasticity. As to the wear and tear, 20,000 tons of iron required to be annually replaced; and out of 26,000,000 of sleepers on the railways, 2,000,000 annually perished. To provide the new sleepers, 300,000 trees must every year be felled, or about 5000 acres of forest be cleared of timber.

The works with which the great engineer is more immediately identified in the public mind are the Royal Border Bridge over the Tweed; the High Level Bridge, Newcastle, across the Tyne; the Britannia Tubular Bridge, over the Menai Strait; and the Victoria Bridge, upon the same principle, across the St. Lawrence at Montreal. The idea of a tubular bridge was a perfectly original conception. No model for it existed. It was utterly incomprehensible to multitudes, and originated ominous headshakings, that iron tubes, which, set upright, would rise far above the top of the cross of St. Paul's, could be thrown across a tidal channel, without support from end to end, and at the height of a hundred feet above the water. "You have no doubt," Mr. Stephenson was asked in a parliamentary committee, "that the principle applied to this great span will give ample security to the public?" "Oh, I am quite sure of it," was his reply; and the result fully justified his confidence. But it was a marvel of engineering skill, to construct four iron tubes of the length stated, each heavy as thirty thousand men, float them to their respective places, and then raise them by hydraulic pressure to their elevated permanent position. The Montreal bridge is an enlarged edition of the Britannia, seven times and a half longer than Waterloo Bridge, and not much less than two miles. At the end of the summer of 1852, Mr. Stephenson went to Canada at the request of the Directors of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, and made his report in the following year, on the description of bridge best calculated to prove efficient, the proper site, and the desirableness of such a structure. As the river brings down an enormous quantity of ice on the breaking up of the winter, the problem to be solved was to erect a permanent bridge that would resist an amount of pressure which seemed incalculable, of ice four or five feet thick, in a running stream of a certain inclination, velocity, and breadth. The engineer mastered these elements of the case, and proposed the Victoria Tubular Bridge, opened about the time of his death, all the plans for which issued from his offices at Westminster. The span between the central piers is 330 feet wide; and the other spans, twenty-four of them, 242 feet. The faces of the piers looking towards the current terminate in a sharp-pointed edge, while the sides present to the avalanches of ice only smooth, bevelled-off surfaces. The stone used in the piers is a dense blue limestone, scarcely a block of which is less than seven

tons weight, and many of those exposed to the full force of the breaking-up ice weigh ten tons.

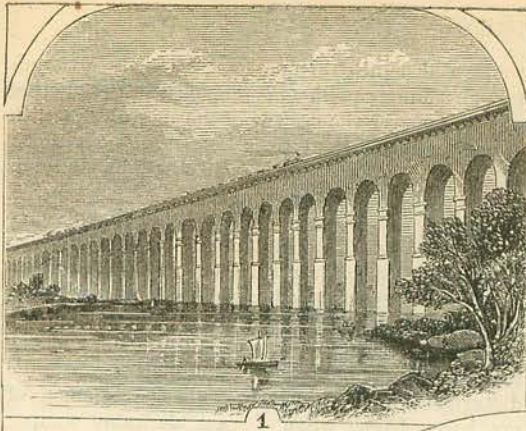
The force employed on the river and its banks, during the last season of the construction of the bridge, amounted to a small army. It consisted of six steamers and seventy-two barges, besides small craft. They were manned by 500 men, which, with 450 labourers in the two stone quarries, and 2090 other artificers of all kinds, makes a total of 3040 workmen. This remarkable structure was formally completed by the Prince of Wales, August the 26th, 1860. He laid the last stone on the Montreal side, proceeded to the centre arch, where two rivets were fastened, and then across to St. Lambert's. In commemoration of the event, a gold medal has been struck, on which a train is represented just emerging from the bridge, with a steamer ascending and a raft coming down the river in the fore-ground. Above are the arms of the Canadian provinces; the names of Stephenson and Ross, the engineers; and the inscription: "The Victoria Bridge of Montreal. The greatest work of engineering skill in the world. Publicly inaugurated and opened in 1860. Grand Trunk Railway of Canada." On the reverse are three circular medallions, exhibiting the busts of the Queen, Prince Albert, and the Prince of Wales, with the royal arms and legend of England in high relief.



TAPTON HOUSE, THE SEAT OF ROBERT STEPHENSON, M.P.

Fond of the sea, Mr. Stephenson kept for many years a steam yacht, the "Titania," in which he was accustomed to spend a portion of each season. In 1856, he placed this vessel at the disposal of Professor Piazzzi Smyth, to convey him, with large astronomical instruments, to Teneriffe, for observation at great heights on the elevated peak; and the crew rendered most effective assistance to the astronomer during the whole of his residence on the mountain. From this yacht, after a voyage to Norway, its owner was carried to his house in Gloucester Square to die, on the 12th of October, 1859, having nearly completed the fifty-sixth year of his age. Robert Stephenson, thus cut off

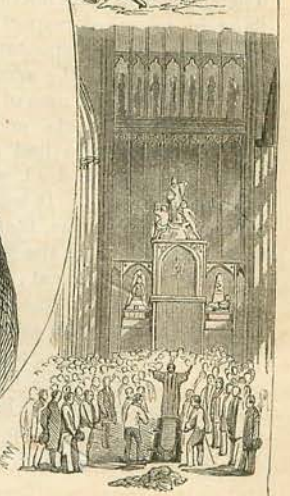




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1. The Royal Border Bridge over the Tweed.  
3. The Victoria Bridge across the St. Lawrence at Montreal.

2. The High Level Bridge at Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
4. The Britannia Tubular Bridge across the Menai Straits.



"— in the prime of honourable days,  
In the full noon of reputation's blaze,"

was eminently

"Rich in esteem of all his fellow men,  
With love and reverence known in life's familiar ways."

Accustomed to superintend great works, and have thousands of workmen at his command, it is remarkable how modest and unassuming was his demeanour, while fully conscious of the strength of his position, and by no means lacking in energy when occasion called for its display. His expenditure was princely—not upon himself, but on his friends—for no man ever delighted more in making others happy. In society he was fascinating in the highest degree, blending frankness with refined courtesy in his manner, laying open his stock of knowledge without a trace of pretension, conferring favours as if receiving them, and gracefully blending sprightly chit-chat with philosophical exposition. High-minded and warm-hearted, few men have been attended to the grave by a larger company of sincere mourners. Upwards of three thousand persons were admitted by tickets into the nave of Westminster Abbey at the funeral, while the ships in the Thames and at the northern ports lowered their flags in token of respect for the deceased. The gathering—quite a spontaneous one—included men of rank, officers of the army and navy, learned professors, artists, and men of letters; directors of great companies, architects and engineers, contractors and operatives, who had assisted in carrying out the designs of the dead, with ladies habited in the deepest mourning. It was not merely as an act of homage to his genius, that the promiscuous multitude collected round the grave, but as an expression of personal attachment; and few more impressive scenes were ever witnessed, than when the choir took up the exquisite anthem,

"His body is buried in peace,  
But his soul liveth evermore,"

after the sad words had been said, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," and a handful of soil had rattled on the coffin.

## THE WOODCUTTER'S STORY.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

ONE beautiful afternoon in spring I was sitting with my old friend the woodcutter on the skirt of the wood which crowns the hill that looks down upon my native village. The sun began to decline in the west, and the still warm rays made golden chequered lights in the inviting shade of the forest. Clear and far-sounding was to be heard the song of the sprightly blackbird, whom I watched, and whose intelligent gold-bordered eyes I could see; the woodpecker hammered busily away at one of the hollow invalids of the wood, and a finch called his absent wife. No other sound but these interrupted the reigning agreeable quietness; not the slightest breathing of wind was there to move the tops of the green firs. It was one of those moments in which creation seems to keep sabbath, and to which the lively singers of the air give the sacred music. All at once, unexpected,

there glided into this peaceful harmony a tumultuous rushing sound, as if the spirit of destruction was flying over the crowns of the mighty firs with gigantic wings; the tops of the trees bent down and came in contact with each other, like human beings going to mutual attack.

I was terror-struck, and, expecting and fearing the downfall of those high trees, I ran wildly into the open field. I ran till I was about a hundred paces away from the edge of the forest, and then I took courage to look back for my old friend. He also had gone away a little from the wood, and was now standing there, quietly watching the strange disturbance of the elements. I felt ashamed of my hasty fright when I saw his calm composure, and approached the wood again. Wonderful enough, the hurricane blew thus furiously over only a small piece of the wood, of scarcely one hundred fathoms. The crowns of the fir-trees bent like feeble reeds in a whirlwind, but further off no branch moved, no leaf trembled. Staring in wonder, I looked on the strange mysterious phenomenon. It lasted about ten minutes; and then, as quickly as it had come, the movement subsided; the trees stood again straight, like soldiers under a rigid command; no leaf whispered, no branch moved.

"What was that?" I asked, awaking from my surprise.

My friend, who looked earnest and gloomy, but not frightened, answered: "I knew both of them, though they have now been buried these thirty years. They possessed, each of them, some land hereabouts; they were rich men, and respected, and yet they let themselves be tempted by the Evil One to move the marking-stone further into the wood; and it is exactly that piece upon which you saw the storm blow that they appropriated by their crime. But it brought them into a legal dispute with their neighbours; and it came to pass that they had to prove their *bonâ fide* (or whatever the lawyers call it) possession by a solemn oath. The parson, who instructed them about what a thing an oath is, spoke words piercing to the soul; how the perjurer cuts himself off from his God and Lord; how he renounces for ever a happy immortality, and binds himself over to the demon of darkness. On hearing this, the two men shuddered to the inmost fibre and marrow of their bodies, and mutually vowed, when going home, to desist from so infamous a deed.

"During the time of the process, their wives had lived in furious enmity with the wives of their husbands' adversaries. Now, the thought of giving in, and of leaving victory in the hands of their enemies, put these women in a state of fire and rage. They called their husbands cowards and fools, who were going to ruin their families on account of a silly fear. Thus upbraided, the good resolutions of the men were at length destroyed. The day for the sitting of the court had come. From far and near the people were collecting. The room was full; head appeared beyond head, and the two men had to stand forth. Doors and windows were then opened, and the judge read with impressive voice the warning against perjury. In thick drops stood