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ART. I.—THE WONDERFUL NATURE OF MAN.

SCIENCE, as it has to do with the world of Nature, unfolds to our view, in every direction, objects and scenes of surpassing interest. Each different province of knowledge is found to embrace a whole universe of wonders, in some sense, within its own separate bounds. Who shall pretend to set limits to the grand significance, in this way, of Astronomy, of Geology, of Chemistry, of Natural History in all its divisions and branches? Nay, who may pretend to exhaust the full sense of any single object or thing, included in these vast fields of scientific research? The relatively small here has its mysteries of wisdom, its miracles of power, no less than the relatively great. Vistas of overwhelming glory, stretching far away in boundless, interminable perspective, open upon us through the microscope and telescope alike. Every drop of water shows itself to be, in the end, an ocean without bottom or shore. The flowers of the field, the leaves of the forest, the worm that crawls upon the ground, the insect that sports its ephemeral life in the air, all, all are telling continually—in full unison with the everlasting mountains, with the rolling waves of the sea, with the starry firmament on high—the endless magnificence of God's creation; the music of earth rising up everywhere, like the sound of many waters, responsive to the music of the spheres, and echoing still forever, in universal triumphant chorus, *The hand that made us is divine.* In whatever direction our eyes are turned, under the guiding light of science, above, beneath, around, we are met with occasions for adoring admiration, and may well be

ART. VIII.—THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham alone is worth a trip to Europe. Such a collection and reproduction of the wonders of the world has never been seen before. You may spend there days and weeks and months in the study of the works of nature and art, representing the most distant climes, and all the ages of history, from the first dawn of civilization to the immediate present. Only the universal culture of our century could conceive the idea of such a microcosmos of art, and only by a nation like the English, and in a city like London, could it be carried into actual existence.

The Crystal Palace of Sydenham is a reconstruction, on an enlarged plan, of the Crystal Palace erected in Hyde Park, at London, for the celebrated Exhibition of 1851, and a transformation of this temporary receiving-house of the world's industrial wealth into a permanent temple of art and education. An attempt was first made to induce the Government to purchase the building in Hyde Park for the benefit of the nation, but without success. Then a company of private gentlemen and business men of London, at the suggestion of Mr. Joseph Leech, resolved to save the wonderful structure, by taking it down and rebuilding it on a more comprehensive and magnificent scale at Sydenham, on the London and Brighton Railroad, for permanent service. Their intention was "to form a palace—the first marvelous example of a new style of architecture—for the multitude, where, at all times, protected from the inclement varieties of the English climate, healthful exercise and wholesome recreation should be easily attainable; to raise the enjoyments and amusements of the English people, and especially to afford to the inhabitants of London, in wholesome country air, amidst the beauties of nature, the elevating treasures of art and the instructive

marvels of science, an accessible and inexpensive substitute for the injurious and debasing amusements of a crowded metropolis; to blend for them instruction with pleasure, to educate them by the eye, to quicken and purify their taste by the habit of recognizing the beautiful; to place them amidst the trees, flowers and plants of all countries and of all climates, and to attract them to the study of the natural sciences, by displaying their most interesting examples; and making known all the achievements of modern industry, and the marvels of mechanical manufactures."

These gentlemen bought the Crystal Palace in May, 1852, and a tract of three hundred acres of ground at Sydenham, formed a company of stockholders, with the proposed capital of half a million of pounds—but the building has already cost five times as much—entrusted the work of reconstruction to Sir Joseph Paxton and other eminent men, who had distinguished themselves by their labors for the building in Hyde Park, and made the most extensive arrangements for the collection of works of art and specimens of natural history. They procured casts of the most remarkable monuments scattered over England; they sent a delegation to the Continent, with the best recommendations, which were regarded everywhere, except in Rome, Padua and Vienna, to secure copies of the great works of architecture, sculpture and painting, from the times of ancient Egypt to the present era. No trouble and expense was spared to raise the new Crystal Palace above the richest institutions and collections of the kind in the world, and to make it, as far as lies within man's power, a depository of all the wonders of creation, for the benefit and enjoyment of the people.

With an energy and dispatch peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon race, and with a host of artists and laborers of almost every nation of Europe, such as only English wealth could command, the building was completed in the incredibly short time of two years, and solemnly consecrated by the Queen on the 10th of June, 1854.

The collections and internal arrangements, as well as the

improvements of the pleasure-grounds around the building, have also sufficiently progressed to afford the visitors a full idea of the whole; and the danger is only, that the establishment might be so overloaded as to destroy the character of unity, and to make it impossible to see the forest on account of the trees. The *μηδὲν ἄγαν* of the Greeks, and the *Ne quid nimis* of the Romans, is after all a golden rule, applicable also to such an institution. Already the palaces and collections of Versailles, the Louvre of Paris, and the Vatican of Rome, have such an overwhelming, not to say crushing, effect upon the senses and imagination; how much more the Crystal Palace, after it shall be once fully completed. Then it is well known that the English have better taste in the comfortable arrangement of a parlor than an artistic collection. In this respect the British Museum is far behind the Louvre at Paris, the Pinakothek and Glyptothek at Munich, and the old and new Museum at Berlin.

Ever since the opening of the new Crystal Palace in June, 1854, it has been visited by thousands and thousands of persons every day, excepting Sunday, which the Company and the Government, in spite of many plausible petitions, have very wisely refused thus far to have secularized and profaned by amusements, however innocent, in their proper time and place. Trains of cars leave London Bridge every twenty minutes from morning till evening, and bring the visitors in less than a quarter of an hour to the small village of Sydenham, in Kent.

The first object of attention is, of course, the Palace itself, the like of which the world has never seen. The late Crystal Palace of New York can give but a very faint idea of it. Imagine a building covering an area of nearly six hundred thousand superficial feet, extending over three-quarters of a mile of ground, and rising, in the central transept, to a height of 208 feet; consisting of a grand central nave of 1,608 feet in length, two side aisles, two main galleries, three transepts, two wings of 574 feet each, and a colonnade of 720 feet; constructed almost entirely of iron

and glass, the panes of which, if laid end to end, would extend to the almost incredible length of 242 miles; yet with all these vast proportions, simple in design, consistent in execution, and presenting a harmonious whole of transparent brilliancy and ærial lightness; erected on a beautiful elevation, with a commanding view over the silent country around, and the largest city in Christendom at the distance—imagine all this, and you have a structure which, for grandeur and magical effect, for union of strength and lightness, of ease of erection and capability of endurance, throws the famous ruins of ancient Thebes, Baalbec, Palmyra, Nineveh, Susa and Persepolis, the Parthenon of Athens, the Alhambra of the Moors, the Vatican of Rome, the Louvre of Paris, and the Palace of Versailles into the shade, and seems to have descended from fairy-land, to pay simply a passing visit to this lower world.

But then the contents! After I had ascended the steps of the magnificent covered colonnade and passed the Refreshment Rooms, and after I had somewhat recovered from the overpowering effect of the general appearance of the central nave, with its fountains and innumerable objects of curiosity, I was first struck with the Screen of all the Kings and Queens of England, including as I was glad to see, even Oliver Cromwell, and then with the *Natural History department*. This is arranged on a plan which has never been attempted before. Its peculiar merit consists in the geographical groupings of men, animals and plants, so as to enable the visitors to study Ethnology, Zoology and Botany at one glance, and in their natural relations and connections.

There you see, surrounded by the vegetation of South Africa, a group of tall, brown-faced, woolly-haired, warlike Zulu Kaffres, with a giraffe, a Cape hunting-dog, and close by a lion and cub, a hyena, and a battle between a leopard and a duyker-bok. India is represented by Hindoos and a tiger hunt, one tiger lying on his back in consequence of a wound from the howdah, or car, on the elephant's back, the other seeking to revenge his companion

by an attack upon the persons in the howdah, and causing the elephant to start off from the scene of action with the speed of terror—all this in the midst of rhododendrons, the Indian-rubber tree, the tea-plant, the drooping juniperus recurva, and other products of the luxuriant soil of the East Indies. The Indian islands are illustrated by a party of natives from Borneo in their war dresses, a group of Sumatrans, with three opium-eaters from Java, a black leopard, two Malay bears, and a case of birds. The New World has likewise received its large share of attention. There you have, first, a graphic illustration of the Arctic regions, a number of short, broad-faced, long-haired, plump and fat Esquimaux, different kinds of fox, and four Esquimaux dogs on snow-covered rocks, two polar bears, the reindeer feeding upon the moss, and close at hand the seal-skin summer tent of a Greenlander, with one of their canoes. Passing the tent, you see the red Indians engaged in a war-dance, and surrounded by the animals, trees and shrubs of North America. Then the natural life of Central and South America is exhibited by specimens of the various Indian tribes, Peruvians and Botocudos, the spotted and the black jaguar contesting the prey of a deer, the harpy eagle, waiting on the rocks to pick the bones of the hapless animal, the llama, the tapir, or elephant of the New World, the ant-eater, the Brazilian ostrich, a puma crouching at the sight of a rattlesnake, the Chilian eagle devouring a curassow. The collection is already so rich as to give you a clearer and more vivid idea of the wonders of natural history than you can get anywhere on so small a space and in so short a time.

From the works of nature, I passed to the productions of nature's king. Here I was especially interested in the reconstructions and recasts of the most celebrated works of architecture and sculpture from the remote ages of Egypt to the sixteenth century after Christ. Remarkable in themselves, they embody at the same time, the genius and character of the different nations represented, and thus give you a visible history of art, civilization and religion, for a period of more than three thousand years.

Let us walk through the whole central nave alongside of Osler's Crystal Fountain, and hundreds of statues, busts, and trees and plants from all climes, to the north end of the building, and commence with the *Assyrian Court*. It is the largest, (120 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 40 feet high,) and in some respects the most interesting. For it illustrates a new and singular style of art, which has only become known since the recent discoveries and excavations of the gigantic ruins of Nineveh, first by Botta, the French Consul at Mosul, and afterwards by Layard—ruins which corroborate, in a most remarkable manner, certain statements of the Old Testament connected with Jewish history. The Court represents the general style of palaces, which prevailed in the once mighty Assyrian Empire, between the reign of Sennacherib and that of Xerxes, from the eighth to the sixth century before Christ. The most striking and imposing features are the works of sculpture on the walls, copied from the originals, which Mr. Layard excavated at Nimroud, and deposited in the British Museum, especially the colossal winged man-headed bulls covered with arrow-headed figures, and serving as door-gates, the giants strangling lions, (supposed to represent the Assyrian Hercules,) on each side of the front, and the winged lions behind the central hall.

Regaining the nave we pass into the *Egyptian Court*, through an avenue of lions, cast from a pair which Lord Prudhoe brought from the shores of the Nile. It exhibits a temple of the Ptolemaic period, about 300 years B. C. ornamented with colored sunk-reliefs, and pictures illustrative of Egyptian history and religion, and a hiéroglyphic inscription stating that "in the seventeenth year of the reign of Victoria, the ruler of the waves, this palace was erected and furnished with a thousand statues, a thousand plants, &c., like as a book for the use of man of all countries." Eight gigantic figures of Rameses the Great, form the facade of another temple, representing a much earlier period of about 1,300 B. C. A few steps more take you into a dark tomb, the most antique piece of architecture

in the Crystal Palace, (about 1,600 B. C.) copied from one at Beni Hassan ; and passing on, you meet a great number of scattered statues and other remains of bygone days, from the land of hieroglyphics, sphinxes, mummies, pyramids, and enduring tombs for the long sleep of death. But the most imposing works which affords us the best idea of the enormous magnitude and massive grandeur of ancient Egyptian art, are the two colossal statues of Rameses the Great, sixty-five feet high, towering to the roof of the transept. They were reproduced on the scale of the originals in the temple of Rameses, at Aboo Simble, in Nubia, whose origin goes back to the sixteenth century before Christ.

From the stupendous proportions, the monstrous grandeur, the repulsive austereness, and mysterious gloom of these Oriental monuments, we gladly step into the more genial clime, and the bright sunshine of *classical* art, to admire those simple, graceful and ideal forms, which to this day are justly regarded as models of beauty and pure taste.

Here we must mention first, the *Greek Court*, containing an admirable model of the incomparable Parthenon and other temples, with mythological decorations; the Agora; a gallery of the noblest statues and groups of the classical period, such as the inimitable remains from the frieze and pediment of the Parthenon, Laocoon, Niobe, the Belvedere Torso, the Venus de Medici, &c. ; also busts of the illustrious poets, philosophers, orators and statesmen of that wonderful nation whose special mission it was to develop the idea of beauty, and the first principles of philosophy and art, while law and policy was the peculiar department of the Romans, and religion the sacred trust of the Hebrews.

The *Roman Court* is adorned with Roman arches, decorated marble structures, and a great number of busts of Roman warriors, Kings, Emperors, and Empresses, and mythological statues from the most successful imitations of Greek models, as in the case of the Apollo of Belvedere, and the Diana with the Deer, down to the lowest degrada-

tion of art, to wanton luxuriousness. There we see also, the representation of a part of the Coliseum, which at the time of Vespasian and Titus, could accommodate 87,000 persons for the contemplation of chariot-races, naval engagements, and combats of wild beasts, but is now a magnificent pile of ruins—a fit emblem of the humbled pride, and the departed glory of the Roman Empire.

Equally instructive and interesting is the *Pompeian Court*, an exquisite reconstruction of one of the old Roman houses, as they were brought to light by successive excavations since 1721, after the sleep of seventeen hundred years, from the grave of cinders and ashes vomited forth by Vesuvius in the terrible eruption of 79. As you pass through the narrow "prothyrum," with the caution on the pavement "*cave canem*," into the open court, or "atrium" with the marble basin, ("impluvium,") which received the rain from the roof ("compluvium;") and then turn to the left of the "tablinum" into the "cubicula," the close, but richly decorated dormitories; from here to the dining room or "triclinium," on the opposite side, and crossing the "peristyle," with its red columns, to the bath and back to the "lararium," or the domestic altar, with the lamp and the picture of the patron god—you seem to be transferred as by magic to the long departed times of ancient Roman virtue and vice, heathen piety and superstition, and to converse with Tacitus and Pliny on that awful flood of burning lava which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii, and at the same time perpetuated their story in death for the benefit of future generations.

Again you are transformed into a different world by stepping into the *Alhambra Court*, and gazing at the dazzling walls and mosaic pavements of the richest specimens of Moorish architecture, copied from the very ruins of the vast fortress-palace near Granada in the south of Spain. The arabesque ornaments, the gorgeous splendor and romantic richness of decorations, the lines of the marble fountains, the pleasant music of the falling waters, the fragrant perfume of flowers, and the inscription: "There is no conqueror but

God," places you amidst the luxuries of Oriental life in the proudest days of Mohammedanism.

But we must turn to the other side of the nave towards the garden of the Palace, and take a short glance at the Courts which exhibit to us the various phases of *Christian art*. They are, however, not complete architectural restorations, as the pagan courts, but rather as many collections of characteristic ornamental details, or entire portions of the most remarkable works of English, German, French, Dutch and Italian architecture and sculpture, from the sixth to the sixteenth centuries. As to selection and arrangement, I would have many objections to make, were I disposed to be fault-finding. But we would rather learn and admire here, than criticise.

How different is the atmosphere into which we now enter, as different as Christianity is from heathenism. The Greek and Roman temples express a perfect satisfaction with this present world of sense, and the entire absence of a longing after the infinite and eternal. But these Byzantine and Gothic churches, with their crosses, arches, towers, sculptures, windows, sepulchres, seem to embody deep and solemn mysteries, and point from earth to heaven, from time to eternity, from the passing vanities of the natural to the unchanging realities of the supernatural world.

The oblong Basilica, the oldest style of Christian churches, founded on the Roman halls of justice, is not represented. But the *Byzantine* Court gives us an idea of the characteristic features—the Greek cross, the round arch, the central dome, and the mosaic ornament—of that architecture which flourished from the sixth to the eleventh centuries, and of which Santa Sophia in Constantinople, built by Emperor Justinian, several churches in Ravenna, and San Marco of Venice are the most perfect specimens. In the same department we have various illustrations of the *German Romanesque* and the *Norman* styles, copied from several cathedrals of Germany, Northern Italy, France, England and Ireland. On either side of the black marble fountain

in the centre—an exact copy of one at Heisterbach on the Rhine—are the well-known effiges of Fontevrault Abbey, (the burying-places of the Plantagenets,) from the thirteenth century, representing King Henry II., Eleonora, his wife, Richard I., and Isabella, wife of King John.

Next comes the *German Mediæval Court*, devoted exclusively to examples of the Gothic style, with its pointed arches, its lofty towers, its solemn gloom, its stained windows, from the twelfth down to the fifteenth centuries.—The specimens are taken from the sublime cathedrals of Nuremberg, Cologne, Mayence and Prague. The walls are adorned with the admirable reliefs of Adam Krafft, and Veit Stoss, of Nuremberg, representing the Betrayal of Christ, the Mount of Olives, and the Last Supper, and a rose, wreath and cross.

The *English Mediæval Court* contains some of the most characteristic illustrations of the Gothic style of architecture and sculpture, as it prevailed in England during the same period. They are taken from the beautiful cathedrals, chapels, and sepulchral monuments of Ely, York, Canterbury, and Westminster Abbey, and form a most valuable and interesting museum of English mediæval art.

The *French and Italian Mediæval Courts* represent arches, arcades, statues and altar-pieces of Notre Dame at Paris, the cathedral at Chartres, San Michele at Florence, &c.

A few steps further southward is the *Renaissance Court*. This exhibits the revival of the antique style in Italy at the beginning of the fifteenth century, when Brunelleschi reared the dome of the magnificent Madonna del fiore, at Florence, and Ghiberti constructed, in its immediate vicinity, the wonderful bronze doors of the Baptistery which Michael Angelo pronounced worthy to be the “gates of Paradise.”

The adjoining court is devoted to the architecture and sculpture of the age of Queen *Elizabeth*, or the latter part of the sixteenth century, which is characterized by rectangular ornamentation, palatial grandeur and striking picturesqueness. Here are, among other monuments, the

sepulchres of the two rival Queens from the originals in Westminster Abbey, Elizabeth proudly holding the sceptre, the unfortunate Mary Stuart piously folding her hands; both proclaiming, on their cold marble bed, the vanity of earthly glory and physical beauty.

The *Italian Court* is enriched with various specimens of the modernized Roman style of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to which belong St. Peter's at Rome, the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, the Colonnade of the Louvre in Paris, the Escorial, near Madrid, and St. Paul's at London. This court is founded on a portion of one of the finest palaces in Rome, that of Farnese, commenced by Sangallo, and finished by Michael Angelo. Here are also copies of some of those world-renowned frescoes of Raffaele in the loggie of the Vatican, and Michael Angelo's monument of Lorenzo de Medici.

This is but a very cursory view of the Fine Art Courts. To give a full description of the Crystal Palace, we would have to introduce the reader into the *Industrial Courts*, with their rich display of the practical and useful arts of modern England and the Continent. Then we should glance at the hundreds of statues and busts of the illustrious monarchs, statesmen, captains, scholars, poets, artists and benefactors of the civilized nations, scattered through the nave and central transept, alongside of the choicest trees and plants from all parts of the world.

Having thus explored the length and breadth of the ground floor, we descend to the basement story, which is partly devoted to the exhibition of machinery in active motion. Then we ascend the main upper galleries, to admire the collection of paintings, photographs, philosophical instruments, and an endless variety of articles of industry and fancy, and especially, also, to obtain a bird's-eye view of the unrivaled *ensemble* of wonders below.

Finally, overwhelmed with impressions of the works of nature and man, we leave the Palace, and standing on the magnificent terrace, we see spread out before us, on two hundred acres of ground, the beautiful park and gardens,

the symmetrical order, the straight walks, the regular alleys, the well-trimmed trees and hedges, the artificial beds, the ornamental fountains, and the architectural and sculptural display of the Italian style, as well as the irregular beauty, the natural ease and freedom, the wild luxuriance, the green meadows, the noble groups of stately trees, the winding walks, the gentle slopes of English landscape; then, further on, the geological illustrations and the zoological islands, with the restored forms of extinct animals, the ichthyosaurus or fish-lizard, the teleosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the hylæosaurus, the megatherium, the palæotherium, the anoplotherium, and other strange figures of the antediluvian world, as described, from their petrified relics, by the learning of Cuvier and Owen, and reconstructed by the art of Waterhouse Hawkins; and beyond the precincts of the Palace, stretching away into the far distance, the great garden of nature herself, the work of God's finger, the temple of the Almighty, with heaven's blue dome.

In view of such an unrivaled panorama of nature and art, you will be amazed at the wealth and genius of the English nation, and understand why we said at the beginning, the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, alone, is worth a trip to Europe.

I spent several days in this instructive and delightful temple of science and art. The 28th of October, 1854, presented a sight of unusual grandeur and interest at Sydenham, which I shall never forget. The celebration of the bloody victory of Alma, for the benefit of the fallen and wounded soldiers of Albion, attracted at least fifty thousand visitors to the Palace. People from all classes of society, and all nations of the earth, came pouring in every ten minutes from London Bridge station, and in an endless succession of omnibuses, cabs, and carriages, from every direction. The Emperor Napoleon III. had generously sent his best musical bands, in richest military costume, to join with those of Queen Victoria, and thus to give additional solemnity to the occasion. I went this time in a private conveyance with the excellent family of Mr.

John Gladstone, (not the distinguished Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, but a distant relative of his) in whose beautiful home at Stockwell Lodge, near London, I enjoyed, for several days, all the comforts and pleasures which the most hearty and thoughtful English hospitality could suggest and which I shall always gratefully remember. I did not know what to admire most, the magnificent building, with its endless variety of curiosities, or the inspiring strains of the finest military music resounding from the Palace and the terraces, or the dazzling brilliancy of beauty and fashion displayed by the aristocracy and gentry of England. The eyes, the ears, the imagination, and the feelings were drunk with delight, and seemed to move amongst the visions and melodies of fairy land. Perfect order and dignity reigned in this ocean of men. All was joy and gladness, patriotism and enthusiasm. The *entente cordiale* between the two greatest civilized nations appeared to be complete, and broke out in bursts of applause and hurrahs, in hopeful anticipation of the speedy down-fall of Sevastopol, and the complete triumph of the allied armies and fleets over the mighty empire of the Czar.

But yet one dark cloud overshadowed the festivity. The mournful sounds from the battle-field of the Crimea and the hospitals of Scutari re-echoed in the Crystal Palace, amidst the strains of "God Save the Queen;" and many of the noblest families of England and France deplored, at this very hour, the loss of brave fathers, brothers, and sons. The news of the brilliant but disastrous charge of the Light Brigade, at Balaklava, on the 25th of October, was already on its way to proud and happy mansions, to fill them with the mingled feelings of joy and gloom :

"Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them,
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell,
 Bode the six hundred.

“ Flashed all their sabres bare,
 Flashed all at once in air,
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while

 All the world wondered :
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 With many a desperate stroke,
 The Russian line they broke;
 Then they rode back, but not—
 Not the six hundred.

“ Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them

 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 Those that had fought so well,
 Came from the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell,
 All that was left of them—
 Left of six hundred.”

A few days afterwards, on the 5th of November, the terrible victory of Inkermann was won at a still greater sacrifice of the flower of the finest army which ever left the British shores, with the brightest hope of military renown. Then followed, in rapid succession, the inglorious return of the Armada from the Baltic, and the heart-rending news of the disasters in the Crimea, which incredible mismanagement and the Czar's fearful ally, the Russian winter, brought upon that noble army, and reduced it to a few spectral figures—to the deepest humiliation of the pride of England. Alas, she had boasted too much of her own strength, and too lightly forgotten the tragedy of Moscow, and the destruction of the great army of the greatest captain on the snow fields of Russia.

I could, of course, not foresee at that time these unexpected reverses of fortune, from which, however, our sister nation soon afterwards recovered. But when I returned with my kind friends to their happy home and cheerful fireside, winding our way through a wilderness of carriages, and looked back, for the last time, to the fairy Palace, I asked myself the question, How long will this magnificent structure stand, a microcosmos of nature and of history,

and the proudest monument of the wealth and genius of the mighty ruler of the world? And I was overpowered with the feeling of the vanity of all earthly beauty and glory. The temples of Thebes, Baalbec and Palmyra have crumbled to dust; the palaces of Nineveh and Babylon lie buried in the ground; Diana's sacred shrine at Ephesus, one of the seven wonders of the world, is the habitation of owls and serpents; the Parthenon, once the fit abode of the goddess of wisdom, the "blue-eyed maid of heaven," has become a prey to wasting war and flame, to paltry antiquarians and high-born robbers; and the imperial Rome, the "lonely mother of dead empires," in the language of a British lord and bard:

"The Niobe of nations—there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago,"

And will not the time come when the Crystal Palace, like the Coliseum, shall be a shapeless pile of ruins, Sydenham a graveyard of departed glory, and when—to use the words of England's eloquent historian—"some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's?" Yea, all flesh is grass, and all the glory of the flesh as the flower of the grass, which flourisheth to-day and withereth to-morrow.

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind!"

But while these melancholy thoughts depressed my mind, I lifted up my eyes in faith and hope to heaven, and I saw a structure not made with human hands, fairer and brighter than the Crystal Palace—adorned with richer treasures and enduring monuments of faith and love—resounding with nobler strains of music, the hallelujahs of angels and arch-angels, of martyrs and saints of all nations and tongues—subject to no ravages of time—unchangeable and eternal as its builder,—the heavenly city, where the weary pilgrim of Zion will find his true home and everlasting rest.

P. S.