

and anon breaking forth on the nations, in cruel, desolating war. The work of giving peace to the earth awaits those divine harmonies which breathe from the Lyre of Inspiration, when swept by the Spirit of God. And yet the harp of Orpheus does exert an auxiliary power. It is of the nature of its songs, — so rich in the human sympathies, so charged with the thoughts, the imaginings, the hopes, the wishes, which it is the constitution of humanity to conceive and entertain, — it is of their nature to make us feel that the nations are all of one blood, — that man is our brother, and the world our country.

The sepulchres of the old English monarchs, with all their obsolete grandeur, impressed me more feebly, though a few rather minute circumstances have, I perceive, left their stamp. Among the royal cemeteries we find the tombs of Mary of Scotland, and her great rival Elizabeth, with their respective effigies lying atop, cut in marble. And though the sculptures exhibit little of the genius of the modern statuary, the great care of their finish, joined to their unideal, unflattering individuality, afford an evidence of their truth which productions of higher talent could scarce possess. How comes it, then, I would fain ask the phrenologist, that by far the finer head of the two should be found on the shoulders of the weaker woman? The forehead of Mary — poor Mary, who had a trick of falling in love with "*pretty men*," but no power of governing them — is of very noble development, — broad, erect, powerful; while that of Elizabeth, — of queenly, sagacious Elizabeth, — who could both fall in love with men and govern them too, and who was unquestionably a great monarch, irrespective of sex, — is a poor, narrow, pinched-up thing, that rises tolerably erect for one-half its height, and then slopes abruptly away. The next things that caught my eye were two slabs of Egyptian porphyry, — a well-marked stone, with the rich purple ground