

spotted white and pink, — inlaid as panels in the tomb of Edward the First. Whence, in the days of Edward, could the English stone-cutter have procured Egyptian porphyry? I was enabled to form at least a guess on the subject, from possessing a small piece of exactly the same stone, which had been picked up amid heaps of rubbish in the deep rocky ravine of Siloam, and which, as it does not occur *in situ* in Judea, was supposed to have formed at one time a portion of the Temple. Is it not probable that these slabs, which, so far as is yet known, Europe could not have furnished, were brought by Edward, the last of the crusading princes of England, from the Holy Land, to confer sanctity on his place of burial, — mayhap originally, — though Edward himself never got so far, — from that identical ravine of Siloam which supplied my specimen? It was not uncommon for the crusader to take from Palestine the earth in which his body was to be deposited; and if Edward succeeded in procuring a genuine bit of the true Temple, and an exceedingly pretty bit to boot, it seems in meet accordance with the character of the age that it should have been borne home with him in triumph, to serve a similar purpose. I was a good deal struck, in one of the old chapels, — a little gloomy place, filled with antique regalities sorely faded, and middle-age glories waxed dim, — by stumbling, very unexpectedly, on a noble statue of James Watt. The profoundly contemplative countenance — so happily described by Arago as a very personification of abstract thought — contrasted strongly with the chivalric baubles and meaningless countenances on the surrounding tombs. The new and the old governing forces — the waxing and the waning powers — seemed appropriately typified in that little twilight chapel.

My next free day — for, of the four days I remained in London, I devoted each alternate one to the British Museum — I