

corruption. He is an incarnate falsehood, a back-biter, with malicious intent, a most notable slanderer.

• He has no high and inspiring creed, no soul, no heart; but he has the jargon and seeming of them all. He utterly despises and sneers at the honor of women. He would connive at the shame of his wife, his sister, his mother, or his child, for his interest or convenience, without the smallest scruple. He would dishonor the hearth of his kinsman or best benefactor, by means which should send him to the galleys. He would commit a burglary unblushingly, if it was not likely to be brought home to him. He would cheat at play. He would dexterously pick the pocket of his mistress in folding her to his breast. He would receive the wages of crime from her without a pang. He would poison her mind till it became as black as his own. He would give her aid and counsel in the slow murder of her husband, if any gain were to be got by it.

His philosophy is pure materialism; he does not believe in anything but the present moment. His idea of the last crowning glory of human ambition is to have £50,000 a-year, and live at Paris. Whist, opera-dancers, dinners, suppers, music, dancing, and wit; his notions of perfect happiness do not go an inch beyond. Though an unrivalled diplomatist, and as clever as Brunnow in acquiring popularity and influence under difficulties, he secretly votes the whole thing a bore, and would be much rather left alone to shine in his own way. He knows far too well the nothingness and uncertainty of place and power to covet it very much. He would rather be a philosophical looker on, always having the last news from the best sources, however, and hand in glove with everybody, so that he could just pull the strings of political puppets now and then, and make them dance for his amusement. In other respects, he would take no more interest in public affairs than the Marquis of Steyne or Lord Lilburne.

He acts upon precisely the same convictions at Sebastopol as in Paris. He covertly laughs at the whole thing; he does not really care two straws about the issue of the struggle, except so far as it may some day affect his social position in Europe as a Russian officer. For the rest, he despises alike as fools those who are fighting with him or against him. He knows the commencement of the bother was a mere personal pique between two old men, or a political pretext for doing something which was excessively hazardous. He has not a grain of military enthusiasm; but, if a poor or an obscure man, he welcomes the war readily enough, as a possible means of personal aggrandizement. As for the danger, he neither thinks or cares much about it. What is the use of living, if you cannot have £50,000 a-year, and live in Paris? The rest is all bosh!

THE FRENCH OFFICER.

He is the very model of a soldier. Brave amongst the bravest, fertile of stratagem and invention; indifferent, or even proud of suffering and hardship. Military fame is as the idol of his worship. The charms of the most delightful life would not weigh with him a moment against the chance of a glorious death—a name in history. He is alike merciful in victory—undaunted in defeat. The happiest camaraderie and confidence exists between him and his superiors or inferiors. He is not gagged and cowed like a British subaltern; and if he thought he had a bright idea, he would state it to the commander-in-chief without the smallest hesitation, and it would be received without any feeling of impropriety on either side. He has the rare art of blending an easy and useful familiarity with the most perfect respect.

There is a more cordial and affectionate brotherhood among French officers than among ours; there is no tuft-hunting or toadying the rich among them. He is active, daring, a good forger, and a good cook. He thoroughly enjoys all that is enjoyable in a campaign, and knows how to seize passing pleasures as they fly. He will put a bottle of wine in his pocket, and some paper cigarettes, join a comrade, and extract a night of songs and gaiety out of the dullest guardhouse, or the bleakest bivouac. He has no longings after tea and comfort and clean shirts. He looks upon soldiering as the noblest pursuit in life. This is enough; his vanity is interested, and he is sure to follow it ardently.

THE ZOUAVE.

He is a small, fine-featured man, rather loosely put together. He has that expression of face which prepares you at once for any cool, intrepid, harmless piece of impudence. I say harmless, for among friends he is soft-hearted as a woman, perhaps more so. He is a braggadocio, but full of kindness and devoid of envy. He will believe of others, to the full as marvellous as he relates of himself; and give them entire credit for any species of impossible adventure to which they may lay claim. His mind is at once shrewd and imaginative, yet singularly free from suspicion.

The stupidest trickster might win his faith and deceive him; and do so with subsequent impunity, for he does not know what it is to bear enduring malice. In spite of his boyish simplicity, however, he is unmatched in invention and resources. He would live, and live well, where ingenuity would starve. He would succeed, where wisdom and experience incarnate would fail. He is brave to rashness, unselfish to chivalry, unexact, good-humored, ready to oblige and assist others to a degree that is inexpressibly graceful and winning. But he must be humored, for he believes in himself, and if you put him out, he will begin to talk about "La soldat Français voyez-vous," and then nothing in the world is to be done with him till he is pacified.

A word, however, will pacify him. I believe a single kindness would touch his generous heart, more than years of wrong, injury, or ingratitude. He is a curious study, but the more you think of him the more he will amuse you, and the more you will learn to love and admire him—the reckless, provoking, gallant, sharp-witted dare-devil.

He is the good-humored despair of his officers. He will submit to no discipline, and he defies punishment. In fact, it is a positive temptation to him to do wrong, even where there is no other. He is a grown-up gamin, a street boy dressed in man's clothes, and longing to forget his dignity, and have a game at pitch-and-toss, or leap-frog. He is an artful dodger, masquerading with his tongue in his cheek, and laughing at the company. He has a strange, wild, rakish, good-natured face; the longer you look at him, the more you believe in his good-nature, and doubt of everything else about him.

He is dirty to a degree, and even slovenly, except at particular times, when his dress becomes strangely attractive and brilliant. His immense moustaches are rusty from want of care, one turns up, and the other turns down. If you are a person in authority, he will begin to twirl these these when you talk to him, as a ready resource to cover his confusion at being detected in some escapade. He is always in a scrape, yet you cannot be angry with him, that is altogether impossible; for his troubles are as absurd as those of an Irishman at a fair, and his doings, however reprehensible, are sure to be mixed up with some irresistible piece of fun, which absolutely strikes you speechless before you can begin a reprimand. While you are preparing to speak to him in a voice of thunder, he suddenly chokes you with laughter at his keen wit, or astounding unconscious impudence, or his consummate acting of absurd contrition.

You internally acknowledge that your dignity as a commanding officer can only be preserved by biting firmly into your cigar, and retiring as promptly as possible, to a place where you can conveniently give play to your risible muscles, without bringing discipline and the interest of the service into open contempt. The rogue understands this perfectly, and in spite of his assumed bashfulness, nothing is so reassuring to his mind, when he has been at any mischief, than a summons into the actual presence of the commanding officer; he knows that the game is won then, for it would be a shrewd colonel indeed that caught him tripping. * * He is wonderful as a cook, tailor, cobbler, washerwoman; but he usually applies all these gifts for the benefit of anybody but himself.

To please a vivandiere or an officer's wife, who knows how to manage him, he would sit up all night, and give up a petit souper to mind her baby. He would turn carpenter, blacksmith, housemaid, for her, with equal energy, good will, and success. He would risk his life to cull her a nosegay under the enemy's guns, or to bring her some coffee from a shop in Sebastopol.

Going into Sebastopol, indeed, is his favorite exploit just now. It is idle to attempt to look after him. He dresses himself in some Russian uniform, found on the field of battle, and joining some deserter, with whom he has contracted a sudden but affectionate friendship, they lay in wait, and bide their time. When there is a sortie, they join the retreating Russians and enter the town with them. If they are interrogated, they feign to be drunk or stupid; their Russian companions get them out of the scrape, for many of them return sound and unharmed with some indisputable trophy of their daring; but many others, probably, fall victims, in some way, to such inconceivable temerity. It would be a stern man, however, even for a Russian, who could hang a Zouave; and it must be a bad business, indeed, if he could not satisfy anybody who could speak French, of the purity of his motives, and, in all probability, turn his intended punishment into a reward.

The tales they tell about themselves, indeed, when they do come back, are far more extraordinary than all the stories of Baron Munchausen put together.—[Pictures from the Battle Fields. By the Roving Englishman.]

Description of Oxford University.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

In driving near to Oxford, I felt the zeal going up in the thermometer, and dusky shadows of olden histories began to arise. I had a distinct picture of the place in my mind, at least of the University. I had fancied it to be a group of buildings some eight or ten in number, opening upon a common front, but unlike the cotton factory style of architecture which prevails in New England colleges. I had no very distinct idea of their number or extent, but a clear impression that, more or fewer, they were grouped together upon some one spot.

Accordingly, I inquired with innocent simplicity of a gentleman next to me, in what part of the town the University buildings were, and was answered promptly, "In every part; they are scattered all over the city."

Imagine, then, a city of 25,000 inhabitants, not with narrow streets and continuous stone houses and shops, like commercial cities; nor yet like a rural city, full of yards and gardens; but something distinct from either, and peculiar—a city of castles and palaces!

The University comprises twenty distinct colleges and five halls. The colleges are incorporated, possessing their own own rights, buildings, grounds, revenues, laws and officers. The halls are not incorporated or endowed with estates; but in other respects, are not materially different from the colleges. Here, then, are twenty-five suites of buildings distributed throughout the city.

You must not for a moment imagine a strait-sided, bald rectangular, five story building. Exercise all such brick parallelograms from your thoughts; and call up instead, images of castles, palaces, ornate galleries and museums, and that too of the most imposing dimensions.

The buildings of Magdalen College cover eleven acres; and of gardens and decorated grounds, there are one hundred acres more! Christ Church College is much more extensive than this. You

would suppose yourself under the battlements of an old warlike castle. The front line of the wall is four hundred feet, with turrets, bastions, and a huge octagonal tower for a gateway. The college buildings are arranged in systems of quadrangles, called familiarly quads.

Thus a central plat of ground is enclosed on every side by the magnificent and continuous college structures, running four hundred by about two hundred and sixty feet; and this forms the Great Quadrangle. A huge gateway opens out of this into another such quadrangle, named the Peckwater, but of less dimensions; and the Canterbury Quadrangle again, opens out of this.

The buildings are of different styles of architecture. Indeed, Christ Church College represents almost the history of architecture, from the times of the Saxons to Sir Christopher Wren. And the diversities and contrasts of architecture increase the impression of vastness and endless extent.

It was vacation, and the buildings were for the most part vacant. The frank and gay face of my guide seemed a charm to open doors seldom open to visitors. Had I come to Oxford to take an honorary degree, I should have failed to see much that was shown to me.

An inspection of the kitchens, butteries, and dining-halls, and a rehearsal of the habits of both students and professors, satisfied me that there was most excellent drill of the animal man, whatever befel the moral and intellectual development.

The plump, jovial, rubicund professors of *arvine* were obligingly communicative, giving savory explanations of everything that seems strange to me. They courteously proffered me a complimentary mutton chop; and give me a knowing laugh when I declined beer and wine, as articles that I never employed. A thing more utterly inconceivable than a deliberate rejection of good wine and beer, could not be told to an Oxford butler.

At Christ Church College kitchen I was shown an enormous gridiron, nearly five feet square, formerly used before the introduction of ranges. I could not but imagine a fancy heretic broiling upon it, like a shrunk robin. They seemed hurt at the suggestion, assured me that it had never served such uses, and swung it aside by its chain which suspended it, as if the associations of such a relic had been ungenerously offended.

When we speak of dining halls, pray dismiss all modern halls or hotel saloons from your mind. Summon up rather the noblest, cathedral-like apartment, of the highest architectural embellishments; impressive by its very space, and hung, often profusely, with portraits and pictures. You would suppose upon entering that you saw a table stretched in a Gothic church, or in some picture gallery.

The Hall of Jesus College is thirty by sixty feet in dimensions, with an arched ceiling, designed by Sir Christopher Wren. That of New College is seventy-eight by thirty-five feet. Wadham College Hall is eighty-two by thirty-five, and thirty-seven feet high. The Hall of Christ Church College is one hundred and fifty feet in length, forty feet wide and fifty feet high, having about one hundred and twenty pictures upon its walls.

These quite put to shame my ignoble ideas of college dining-halls, as the larders and butteries did the fare of college commons. These colleges resemble American institutions in the fact that they are resorts of students, that they have corps of tutors and professors, rooms and dormitories, libraries and halls; but, a visitor wandering through them in vacation, would think them literary hotels, as in many respects they really are.

One who has only seen the plain stone of American buildings, uncarved, and scarcely chiseled, will be struck with the beautiful carving and decorations in stone. The cornices were not wood painted like stone, but stone carved and carved—as if in olden times cutting stones had been the easiest of all occupations. We are accustomed to decorations in paste, in wax, in plaster, in wood.

We do not think it strange to see picture frames wreathed with vines, or furniture sculptured into flowers and fruits; but the time and expense required for working stone, has forbid such ornaments in America, with the exception of execrable carving on lamentable gravestones, that cannot but keep alive a sense of pain in the spectator as long as they last.

In Oxford, in all the colleges and other public buildings, uncarved stone would seem to be accounted as almost unseemly. The doorways, the window sills and caps, the cornices, the capitals, the pediments, are profusely decorated. Grotesque heads, lion's faces, satyrs, distorted human faces, birds, flowers, leaves, rosettes, seize upon every projection of the Gothic buildings. Where the buildings represented Greek architecture, they were decorated more severely, but with scarcely less profusion of carving.

I was even more delighted with the grounds and walks than with the twilight seclusion of the cloistered rooms. I sat down in the recess of the window, in one of the student's rooms, and looked out into an exquisite nook, with a large mound, not unlike some of our conical hills in the rolling lands of the West, planted with shrubs and trees to the very top. Is there anything more bewitching than to look up beneath the branches of trees upon the ascent of a hill?

The grass was like a pile of velvet, thick, even, deeply green, and with a crisp, succulent look, that made you feel that Nebuchadnezzar had not so bad a diet after all. The grounds were laid out with parterres of flowers, clumps of trees, gravelled walks, artfully traced to produce the utmost illusion, vines, and upon every unsightly subject, and along the stone fence, that glorious sheet of ivy that, everywhere in England, incases walls and towers in vegetable emerald. In these delicious coverts, birds hopped about in literary seclusion, or chatted with each other in musical notes, such as Jenny Lind might be supposed to sing to her sleeping cradle or to a pricking child. It is a very paradise of seclusion. Noise

seemed like an antediluvian legend as I sat and dreamed in the slumberous stillness.

Nor was I flattered by the painful contrast which my memory supplied of American colleges, with frigid rooms, without gardens or secluded walks, with grounds undecorated, except by chips, ashes, and the dank and moulded droppings of paper, rags, and various fragments of nocturnal feasts, which may often be found beneath the windows, among rank and watery weeds, on the neglected side of college buildings, where every side is neglected. But if all the stories told me be true, or the half of them, cloistered rooms are not necessarily productive of profound study, any more than cloistered cells of profound piety.

The Fellows of the colleges are unmarried men, who have suites of rooms, ample gustatory provision for the earthly man, and revenues for gentlemanly support, that they may give themselves utterly to study. And in many cases, study, that makes other men lean, is blessed to these Fellows, even as was the simple pulse to the companions of Daniel.

One can scarcely realize the treasures of literature and of art which are gathered into this city. Besides the libraries of each college, which are large, there is Bodleian Library, with books and manuscripts enough to turn the heads of the whole nation.

Each college has in profusion, besides architectural treasure, busts and statues of distinguished men, pictures by all the great masters of art, in great numbers; prints, coins and literary and archaeological curiosities without number, and cabinets of natural history. I stood in the midst of such treasures as helpless and as hopeless of ever looking at them with a more individual incognition, as I was when I first trod a prairie, journeying from dawn till dark through the dwarf floral groves, and beheld millions of acres of flowers. I passed by rare treasures without a look, which, at another time, would have eagerly occupied hours. The mind was sated with literary riches.

In the same mood I stood before the busts and portraits of England's most illustrious names. But a volume would not suffice to record the experience of a single hour, even if my memory could compass the blessed illusion with words.

Few places affected me more than the libraries, and especially the Bodleian Library, reputed to have half a million printed books and manuscripts. I walked solemnly and reverently among the alcoves and through the halls, as if in the pyramid of embalmed souls. It was their life, their heart, their mind, that they treasured in these book-urns. Silent as they are, should all the emotions that went to their creation have utterance, could the world itself contain the various sound?

They longed for fame? Here it is—to stand silently for ages, moved only to be dusted and catalogued, valued only as units in the ambitious total, and gazed at, occasionally, by men as ignorant as I am, of their name, their place, their language and their worth. Indeed, unless a man can link his written thoughts with the everlasting wants of men, so that they shall draw from them as from wells, there is no more immortality to the thought and feelings of the soul than to the muscles and the bones. A library is but the soul's burial-ground. It is the land of shadows.

Yet one is impressed with the thought, the labor and the struggle, represented in this vast catacomb of books. Who could dream by the placid waters that issue from the level mouths of brooks into the lake, all the plunges, the whirls, the divisions and foaming rushes that had brought them down to the tranquil exit? And who can guess through what channels of disturbance and experiences of sorrow the heart passed that has emptied into this Dead Sea of books?

It seemed to me that I was like one who walked in the forests of the tropics, astounded at the gigantic growths, and at their uselessness. Centuries had nursed them to their present stature; but not one in ten thousand of them will ever be sought for commerce or for use. Where they stand they will drop, and where they fall they will decay. It is always so—life striking its roots into the dead, and feeding upon decay.

NUTRITION.—Mutton is the most nutritive of animal food, and contains 29 per cent of nutritive matter to 74 pounds of water.

Wheat flour contains 90 per cent of nutriment to 10 of water.

Corn meal 91 per cent of nutriment to 9 of water.

Potatoes contain 22 1-2 per cent of nutriment to 77 1-2 of water.

Turnips contain 4 1-2 per cent of nutriment to 95 1-2 of water.

Cabbage is a little more nutritious—containing 7 1-2 per cent of nutriment.

The most nutritious of all vegetable food, however, is the white bean, which yields 95 per cent of nutriment to 5 pounds of water.

Of the fruits, the cucumber is the least nutritious, and plums the most.

Fish are the least nutritious of animal food.

GRAPES.—The method of training vines which produce the famous grapes that supply the Paris market, consists in allowing the plants very little room to grow either with their branches or their roots, and in keeping the latter very near the surface of the ground, each vine is only allowed to occupy a space of about six feet, so that the walls are supplied by a multitude of plants. The error in growing grapes in Britain consists in training them into elevations. They ripen best when trained near the ground, in open air. The heat of hot-houses is an exception.—Vineyards, in France, resemble plantations of gooseberry bushes, with the bunches close to the soil, the heat of which ripens them.