

The southern angle contains residences for the Black Rod, and libraries, and there is a separate entrance for the bishops, who have also their robing rooms; there is also a public entrance for such members as may choose to come by water, in the centre of the river front, Nos. 20 and 21.

The Libraries of both Houses face the river, and are of ample dimensions, being each above 100 feet long and 30 wide.

We must beg to observe, that in the dimensions, we have abided by the best information in our power, but there is no point on which there is likely to be so frequent variation, as in the relative proportion of the apartments, but we believe the plan of the whole is so well established, that no material alteration will be found necessary. Having briefly examined what was proposed to be done, we will add a word on what has been left untouched, and here we think the judgment of the architect is as conspicuous as in the design itself.

The Abbey is not encroached upon,—Westminster Hall is preserved intact,—except in the removal of the south window from its late useless obscurity, to a position where its own beautiful proportions are brought into public view, and from whence it gives light to the Hall, as well as to St. Stephen's Porch.

The body of the Law Courts is untouched, though new fronts are given to them to harmonize with the new buildings.

The two open spaces of New and Old Palace Yards are left nearly in their present state, except that the unsightly tenements to the south of the former are removed, and the space better occupied by a portion of the new building, leaving, however, a considerable opening to Westminster Bridge.

So general was the desire for the preservation of the remains of the Old House of Commons (St. Stephen's Chapel), and the Crypt below (the Speaker's former dining room,) that the architect has evidently exerted himself to accommodate his plan to the general feeling, and in this he appears to us to have been particularly felicitous. He has retained the Old Chamber in its primitive form and feature, divested of none of its historical associations, and so located that each member must of necessity pass through it to reach the new hall which has succeeded to its duties, and thus, under the style and title of St. Stephen's Hall, forming a conspicuous and appropriate portion of an approach of surpassing interest and grandeur.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE PLAN.

No.

1. Entrances from Old Palace Yard.
2. St. Stephen's Porch, the old large south window of Westminster Hall forming the south end, marked W.
3. St. Stephen's Hall, the Old House of Commons restored, and forming the Vestibule to the Central Hall.

No.

4. The grand Central Hall, leading on the right to the House of Lords, and on the left to the House of Commons, and straight forward to the Libraries and other apartments of both Houses.

| No.  | No.   |
|--|---|
| 5. Lobby of communication from the Central Hall to the House of Lords. | approach to both Houses of Parliament, through St. Stephen's Porch. |
| 6. Ditto to the Commons.   | 18. Courts of Law.  |
| 7. Lobby of the House of Lords.  | 19. Peers' Entrance.  |
| 8. Ditto of the Commons.   | 20. Entrance for the Peers from the River Terrace.                  |
| 9. House of Lords.   | 21. Ditto for the Commons.  |
| 10. House of Commons.  | 22. Clock Tower.  |
| 11. Royal Entrance through the Great Tower.                            | 23. House of Sergeant at Arms.                                      |
| 12. Royal Staircase and approaches to the Robing Room.                 | 24. Refreshment Rooms for the Peers.                                |
| 13. Robing Room.   | 25. Ditto for the Commons.  |
| 14. Library of the Lords.  | 26. Bishops' Entrance.  |
| 15. Ditto of the Commons.  | 27. Residence of the Usher of the Black Rod.                        |
| 16. Speaker's House.   | 28. Commons' private entrance.                                      |
| 17. Westminster Hall, forming a grand                                  | 29. Speaker's Chamber.  |

The spaces marked X are left open for air and light.

The remaining spaces not numbered or marked, as well as the entire story over those apartments, are appropriated to offices and committee-rooms for both Houses.

### L'ADIEU.

ADIEU! plaisant pays de France,  
 Oh ma patria  
 Le plus chérie,  
 Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance.  
 Adieu, France, adieu! mes beaux jours,  
 La nef qui dejoint nos amours  
 Na cy de moi que la moitié  
 Une parte te reste elle est tiègne  
 Je la fie a ton amitié  
 Pour que de l'amitié  
 Il ta souvienné.

MARIE REINE D'ECOSSE.

### TRANSLATION OF MARY STUART'S ADIEU TO FRANCE.

ADIEU! delightful land of France,  
 My own adopted land—adieu!  
 On cherish'd childhood back I glance,  
 And happy days were spent in you.  
 The bark, which severs thus our love,  
 Bears only a divided heart,  
 Its thoughts from thee can never rove,  
 For friendship resteth where thou art.  
 And trusting its unfading power,  
 For ever thine this heart must be;  
 Sweet France! of fairest lands the flower,  
 My fond remembrance is with thee!

M. G. S. L.

## ALICE GRAY.

## CONCLUDED.

The trial was at length appointed to take place, and for the better security of the peace of the metropolis, the city of Winchester was fixed upon as the scene of the judicial proceedings. An order came from the king from Greenwich to separate the maiden from her parent, and it was intrusted to the care of John Gibb, a Scottish gentleman, who executed his painful duty with propriety and kindness; she was conveyed into a carriage while she slept—the agonised parent pressed his fevered lips to her pale cheeks, and with a sigh tore himself from the sight of his lovely child, and she was conveyed by Gibb to the ferry stairs, where a boat was in readiness, and was speedily rowed to Greenwich. Upon her waking, she found herself in an elegant apartment, and shrieking at the strange sight, called for her beloved parent, but no parent's voice responded to her cries; the door, however, opened and Alice found herself in the presence of Henry Evelyn. "Oh! where is my father?" immediately inquired the agonised girl. "Believe me, lady, he is safe, rejoined the lover;" "excuse the little artifice we used to bring you hither; but, trust me, you will thank me when you've proved the truth of what I offer. It would be false were I to say that no danger hovers over your honored father's fate; but this I hope, that the mere sight of so much innocence and loveliness as thine, may move the rugged breast of James to pity and forgiveness." Alice gazed upon the face of Evelyn, and moving her head in token of the hopelessness of the project, sunk it again upon her breast in tears. The large door of the apartment was at this moment opened, and a tall broad figure entering the apartment with a quick step, advanced towards the couch of Alice: a slight emotion of surprise was the only effect that her appearance produced, and turning towards Evelyn, who watched every movement of his features with breathless earnestness, the monarch exclaimed with his Scottish accent, "Aye, aye, mon, it is a braw bonnie lassie; I do think she'll a helpit a bit wi thy attentions: sic a wee leetle thing will soon dry a few glowing tears, and Harrie, bonnie Harrie, thou'rt a bonnie laddie—eh!" and he leered at the distracted lover with a smile that almost rived his heart. "Sire, sire, you will be merciful! exclaimed Evelyn. "Aye, aye,—I leave it a' to the judges o' the land; but especial care be taken that his body does not suffer muckle insult frae the people. Alice started at the dreadful expression, and falling at the monarch's feet, she seized his gown, and exclaimed in frantic accents, "for mercy's sake—for the sake of that heaven we pray for, to which the supplications of the agonised heart are never breathed in vain, spare, oh, spare my father!" "Eh, woman!" exclaimed the monarch, and he gazed at her in admiration. "No, no; you will not take his life," hastily joined the maiden, "you will not tear the aged parent from

his distracted child, who lives but for him and him alone! besides him, I have no protector—no friend! oh, if you have a heart—if in your bosom nature still lives, her voice must sure be heard, and he will be forgiven, else shall I become thrown upon the cold, heartless world, a wretched orphan—despoiled of a home, of a father's care, of everything but misery. Oh! spare his aged life; let his vast estates, his honors and possessions be sacrificed to atone for crime, and I will bless thy generous deed, call down the choicest gifts of heaven upon thy head, and pray unceasingly for your prosperity: forgiveness is the first of human virtues, and mercy is divine. We pray for mercy, and that same prayer doth teach us to forgive—forgive my father!" "Lassie, lassie, you're a pure speaker; lassie, ye would na sacrifice muckle though for that said father's life." "For that I'd sacrifice my own," said the intrepid girl, in a tone that terrified the monarch. He gazed upon her with up-raised eyebrows, expecting every moment to behold a dagger produced from her girdle, and to James nothing was more dreadful than the sight of a drawn weapon. "Aye, aye, you're a vera gude girl," and the terrified monarch hastily quitted the apartment. Evelyn gazed upon the king as he left the room; his last hopes were vanished, and he beheld nothing but darkness in the future prospects of Alice and her father. "I will not say, lovely maiden," exclaimed he to the agonized girl, as he gazed upon her pale and hopeless face, "I will not say what I feel at this unkind reception—nor dare I speak of that undying theme which still reigns in my breast, unchecked by the hap of fortune, undestroyed by the disastrous turn of fate; but still allow me, to proffer you my friendship now as tenderly and truly as in thy proudest hour of joy; I will not speak of love—no! it is for a happier one to claim that blest reward—heaven knows how great! I proffer you a brother's kindness; and while the happy Clifford, blest with the noblest of enjoyments greets you with a husband's love, allow me but a brother's, and let me aid you as a sister!" The greatful Alice, unable to reply to the generous kindness of her lover, thanked him only with her tears; the strength of her affection for Clifford had been seared by the faithless sight her own eyes had witnessed, and the feelings that were heretofore associated with him alone, were rapidly absorbing in those she entertained for Evelyn. The worst fears were at length unhappily realised—the traitors were condemned to die! We will not dwell upon the agony which the result of the trial occasioned the heroic devotion of Alice—the persevering constancy of Evelyn, all apparently ineffectual—but proceed to the fatal day that was to behold the execution of Lord Gray. Brook, Cobham, Raleigh, and others, had already suffered, and upon Gray alone the sentence remained to be carried into effect. It was a dark and dismal morning; the glorious orb of day, unwilling to act his radiance upon a scene of death, was wrapped in clouds, and as the drizzling rain pattered against the latticed casements, Alice awakened from a fevered sleep, and beheld Evelyn pacing the chamber, anxiously waiting for the presence of the monarch for the

last time, to urge his suit for the life of the father of his beloved ; the riven-hearted girl hung silently upon her couch, counting the rapid moments as they rolled—her grief, her agony, too intense for utterance. At length the door of the apartment slowly unclosed in a trifling degree, and the head of the eccentric monarch appeared through the enclosure. "Go to Gibb," hastily exclaimed he, and his head was taken in with equal rapidity. Evelyn reluctant to leave the almost expiring Alice, dispatched a messenger for Gibb, and remained hanging over the couch of the lorn one, gazing upon her pale and delicate face, till his every thought rose above humanity, and the dying girl appeared to his fascinated sense as the angel of his happiness, ready, alas ! to fly from the verge of mortality, and with her flight his joy to vanish—thus gazing upon the maiden,

"Watching that pale and silent loveliness"

with all the bewildering enthusiasm of the most devout and holy love. But where was Edgar Clifford ? where was the lover who had so often breathed his passionate vows at the shrine of Alice, and heard her tender aspirations murmured in reply ? Where was the beloved one, for whom the beautiful girl, in those days of her splendour, had spurned the proffered love of the devoted youth, who, in her deepest misery, would not forsake her ; and now, when the sun of hope was casting its rays over the path of her existence, still rendered her the hand of kindness, cheering the hours of sorrow with his sympathy, and leading her agonised heart to peace and resignation. Alas by the one for whom she would have sacrificed all earthly goods she was forgotten. Alice, the splendid Alice, the daughter of the noble Gray, she was no more—the breath of fortune had destroyed her brightest characteristic in the eyes of Clifford, and another lovely one now heard his 'constant' vows ! another maiden held his heart ! Silent, but each distracted by contending thoughts, remained Alice and Evelyn in the monarch's anti-chamber—the latter all devotion, constancy, and truth—Alice, tender, melancholy, and unhappy ; she glanced upon the face of Evelyn, and read there all that her gentle heart could think of—pity, kindness, and benevolence ; she could not be insensible to his affection—his nobleness of love ; but what return could she offer ? her heart she thought too poor an offering ; but that was all he sought. "Evelyn," murmured she—her thoughts were too great for utterance, and she fell upon his neck in tears ; the enraptured lover caught her delicate hand, and instantly pressing it to his lips testified how dearly he esteemed those tears since they were shed for him. "Dearest, loveliest !" exclaimed he, "whatever the chance of fate may be, here, in this scene of darkest woe, I swear undying truth, fidelity, and love ; we'll meet the worst mishap with resignation, and by our mutual tenderness make smooth the rough paths of life, and give a ray of joy even to its darkest frowns. Nay, nay, cease those unavailing throbs ; heaven throws these bitter draughts of fortune into the cup of life but to prepare us for a happy eternity—it is our duty to receive them with a

patient heart, nor murmur nor repine." Evelyn, pressed the lovely girl to his faithful bosom, and as he raised her white hand again to his lips, she murmuringly exclaimed—"I will be thine!" Evelyn was happy; the bliss of all his ardent wishes was attained; he clasped in his arms all that the world held dear to him—the tender creature of his hopes—his fears—his love.

"Tho' dark the hours—tho' dim the sky,  
Love lent them light, while she was nigh;  
Throughout creation he but knew  
Two separate worlds—the one, that small,  
Belov'd and consecrated spot  
Where Alice was—the other, all  
The dull wide waste where she was not."

John Gibb came at length to the palace; but he came not alone—with him there entered a being, at the sight of whom a shriek of joy was heard, and in an instant Alice Gray was clasped in tears upon the bosom of her parent. "Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the astonished Evelyn. "Aye, aye, mon, and the king," rejoined the honest John Gibb. "Heaven bless him!" replied Lord Gray, stretching his arm in an attitude of adoration, and the words were responded by every lip. "Ye maun thank the braw lassie too," exclaimed the king, as he entered from his chamber, "and praise the gude power above that gave you sic a child!" Lord Gray was forgiven—his forfeited possessions restored. Alice again shone in the splendour of her beauty; but "her heart was now another's"—that other Henry Evelyn; the "summer's sun" had again risen upon his hopes; his "weary toil was past"—for Alice Gray was his!

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#### FRIO GRANDA—RIO DE JANEIRO.

Now memory, faithful memory of the past,  
Record of pleasant hours which fled too fast,  
Record each feature of that much loved scene,  
And tints anon those forests evergreen.

The sandy beach—the bridge—the rocky way,  
The convent on the steep, the placid bay;  
All my delighted eyes once gazed upon,  
Beneath the splendour of a tropic sun.

There as a silver sound on air afloat,  
Is heard the Guiza pongas belt-like note;  
There flies Ma Betjafoz, a living gem  
Fit for a monarch's regal diadem.

Each in exceeding loveliness, and air,  
So fragrance filled, that it seems formed to bear;  
The song of praise, and draw from every heart,  
The exulting words, O God, how great and good thou art.

M. G. S. L.

## ON WINDS—THEIR INFLUENCE ON HEALTH, &amp;c.

[CONCLUDED.]

WHEN Marcus Varro was at Corcyra, while the army and the fleet were lying there, all the houses were filled with the dead and the dying from the pestilent south wind, which had introduced a plague among them; he changed the doors and windows from the south to the north, with other precautions of that kind, and by thus giving admittance to the north wind, and shutting out the malarious south, he saved his people, and brought back his family and his companions in health and safety.\*

Diogenes Laertius, and Plutarch, relate an action of Empedocles which gained him great fame. Empedocles, by filling up a deep cleft between two rocks of a certain mountain which gave passage to a pestilent and malarious south wind into the plain below, was believed to have stopped the plague which, by reason of that wind blowing through the gorge had formerly desolated the country. †

Hippocrates says, that the health of the towns will differ materially even when they are placed the distance of only one furlong from each other. Those cities which are exposed to the rising of the sun are likely to be more healthy than such as are exposed to the north and hot winds, even if there be but a stadium between them. ‡ A stadium, which is only the eighth of a Roman mile, or about an English furlong, appears but a small space to occasion any remarkable difference in the moral or physical condition of the inhabitants of two cities so circumstanced. Such, however, is frequently the case, but no where more remarkable than in two small states of Bœotia and Attica, which offers sufficient proof of the correctness of our author's observation. Bœotia is an extensive circular basin, or rather mountain valley, nearly surrounded by high mountains. Parnassus bounds it on the west, Cithæron on the east, Helicon on the south, and on the north it is defended by a long range of high lands. A great portion of this basin is occupied by the Lake Copais, which receives all the rivers descending from these elevations without any outlet, except some precarious subterranean passages on the north-east, which convey its redundant waters into the sea: consequently the country is sometimes inundated by the accidental obstruction of these channels. From the cold, from its high situations and proximity to the mountains, as well as from the marshiness of the soil and the natural position, it is often covered with thick and humid fogs in winter; and in summer, subject to all the deleterious influences of malaria, from the decomposition of animal and vegetable substances by the sun acting on its lakes and

\* Varro de Re Rustica, I. 4.

† Plutarch de Curiosit. Diogenes Laertius, in vita Empedoclis.

‡ De Aere, Aquis, et Locis, Sect. 22.

marshes. The physical and moral character of the inhabitants of this country is every way analogous to the climate, dull, heavy and stupid to such a degree, that they were proverbial for their habitude of intellect, which has been noticed by many of the ancient writers. Thus Horace, speaking of a dull fellow says—

“*Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.*”\*

Athens, “rocked in a cradle of encircling hills,” and contiguous to Bœotia, is no less peculiarly distinguished on the other hand by the dryness and bracing quality of its atmosphere, and the beauty and variety of its climate, being less mountainous than the former, but hilly, and not so fertile. Its inhabitants, it is well known, were remarkable for the acuteness of their genius, their polish, and their excellence in the arts. These two familiar examples testify how differently the same race of men will be affected under a trifling difference of climate. Cicero has alluded to the two people thus, “*Athenis tenue cœlum, ex quo acutiores etiam putantur Attici; crassum Thebis, itaque pingues Thebani, et valentes.*”† But we have only to refer to the Alps of Italy and Spain, or the high and lowlands of any country for surprising variations in the physical and moral characteristics of the same race of inhabitants stamped on them by the influences of locality, that is, soil, atmosphere, and water. The higher valleys of the Alps, from their thorough perfation, are the abodes of health and comfort; but you no sooner descend into the rich and level plains lying between the Appennines and the Po which formerly produced so many instances of health and longevity, than you are in the midst of the most frightful scenes of pelagia. If you proceed into the valley of the Rhone, or what is more properly called the Valais, where there is less ventilation, and there the heart is sickened and the eye disgusted with the contemplation of the most lamentable of all human miseries, Goitre and Cretinism. These calamities are confined to a certain height above the sea, while at the distance of but a few thousand feet above them, the higher valleys and mountain passes are entirely free from these frightful maladies.‡ In Sicily the one side of a hill is frequently found to be extremely unhealthy, while the other is entirely free from the least inconvenience to health. Ibesso about eight miles from Thessina is situated upon some secondary mountains lying on the side of the primitive ridge running northward towards the Faco. It stands very high but at a few miles distance it is overlooked by some higher ground. There is no marsh in the neighbourhood and even the water is scarce. The unhealthiness of this place arises therefore from the malarious exhalations perspiring from the earth. These exhalations are common over the whole of Italy and disfigure the otherwise lovely face of that sweet land. These vapours have been observed from an early period in society. There is a

\* Horace, Epist. lib. ii. Epist. 1.

† Cicero de Fato, chap. 4.

‡ Dict. de Science Med. vii.



story recited of Empedocles that the Gelinuntines being distressed with frequent pestilence by reason of the noisome vapours ascending from the river which environs it, and causing not only a great mortality among the men but carrying off the women with difficult labours; Empedocles bethought himself of a remedy by cutting and letting into the said river at his own charges, several other not far distant rivulets, in the hopes by the intermixture of their streams to dulcify and attenuate the infectious viscosity of the greater and more stagnant flood, which proved so successful that the pestilence ceased.\* Cities built on the slopes of hills will often suffer from the effects of miasmata impinging against its sides at a certain height, while the inhabitants of the plains, though nearer the source of the malaria, will escape; at the same time, if the part inhabited be sufficiently high, no mortific influence reaches them as at Vera Cruz Quito, or other parts of the same coast, where the inhabitants of the high localities are almost entirely free from the inroads of the destructive fever which ravage the lower grounds. Therefore a city whose situation exposes it to the influence of a malaria, may be rendered more healthy than another at the distance of a stadium by the interposition of a natural or artificial skreen, such as a wall or a forest between it and the source of disease.

In Italy the south winds carry malaria upwards along the hills while the northerly winds have no such effect, consequently the north side of the hill will be healthy while the south side breathes pestilence and death. Even one side of a city will be permanently unhealthy from the nature of its site, while the opposite side is perfectly healthy. Thus the suburbs of Rome are more exposed to malaria than the city, and the open streets and squares than the narrow lanes in the centre of the metropolis. The unequal distribution of malaria in the same city has puzzled the medical and philosophical inquirer. There is no doubt that it is owing to the shelter from an exposure to certain currents of air carrying with them the deleterious miasms rather than the exhalations from the unhealthy spots themselves.† Dr. M'Culloch, speaking of the progress of malaria through Rome, observes, "It appears to enter at the Porta del Popolo, or from the north-eastward, while it may be suspected here that, as far as the occurrence is now as it is assented to be, the immediate cause must be sought for in the extirpation of the mass of wood just mentioned, which formerly sheltered this quarter of the city from that which crossed the pestiferous plains."‡ They carried their principles of medical police even into the arrangements of their apartments. The winter dining and bath rooms were so disposed as to look to the winter sun setting, because, according to their customs, it was necessary to use the evening light, and the light of the sun setting reflects his heat and renders that quarter more warm in the evening. The bed rooms and libraries were exposed to the east, for use re-

\* Diogenes Laertius, lib. viii.

† Dr. J. Johnston, on Change of Air., &c.

‡ M'Culloch on Malaria, vol. 1.

quires the light of the morning ; besides it was supposed to prevent the books in the library from rotting. The spring and autumnal dining rooms were directed to the east, for when exposed to the light while the sun advances to the west, it renders them temperate by the time it is usually necessary to use them. The summer dining rooms were to front the north, because that quarter being opposite to the sun's course is always cool and therefore more conducive to health and comfort.\*

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### DESCRIPTION OF A NATURAL TUNNEL, NEAR BATHURST.

BY H. G. W.

THIS magnificent tunnel, or archway, was discovered by Mr. Davidson, a short time back, and it is surprising that so little notice has been taken of a work of nature, which is in every way calculated to awaken in the mind of the visitor, feelings of pleasure and admiration ; but although it was known to some of the stockmen that there was such a place as "the bridge," somewhere in the neighbourhood, I could not hear of any one, with the exception of Mr. Davidson, (from whom I gained all my own information,) who had ever explored it, or could even point out its exact situation.

It lies about forty-five miles to the westward of Bathurst, on the Grove Creek, about four miles above the confluence of that stream with the Abercrombie, and seven miles from Mulgunia, a cattle-station belonging to Mr. Askill.

On descending from the hills, we found ourselves in a small valley, which contained just sufficient room for us to leave our horses ; and after pursuing our course to the right, a short distance down the creek, the mouth of the tunnel opened to our view.

Upon first entering, all was darkness, but after advancing a few paces, a gleam of light was visible at the further extremity ; and as our eyes became less and less affected by the sudden diminution of light, every part became more and more distinctly visible.

The roof is thickly covered with stalactites, which display a rich variety of colour, some of them hanging down to a length of as much as twenty feet. The sides, more especially upon the left hand, have the appearance of galleries raised one over the other, and supported, if it may be so called, by natural carved work, and ornamental pillars, and adorned with splendid stalagmites of every form and appearance.

The whole length of this grand archway is about three hundred paces, and its northern entrance seventy feet broad and fifty feet high, towards the centre it increases in breadth, to about ninety feet, and in its most lofty part reaches a height of 100 feet, and

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\* Vitruvius de Architect, vi. 7. Columel, I., 4. 5. 6.