

from their size and elevation, they are the most conspicuous. The vast extent of the ancient city is proved by the ruins of the walls, which have been completely traced. They form a square of which each side is sixteen miles in length; and, although we know very well that such cities were not like our own—that they contained large gardens, tanks, and fields within them—yet there can scarcely be a doubt that, in this case, the population must have been large, and its wealth and importance great, if it was thought worth while to build so ample a defence.

The tanks—now sources of malaria and fever, from neglect and the breaking down of their sides—were formerly works of much importance. Many of them, in the neighbourhood of the capital (that is, in the north of the island), were from ten to fifteen miles in circumference, and supplied water to extensive tracts of country. Those within the walls were surrounded by dykes formed of gigantic blocks of granite, which astonish even the European traveller by their enormous size. The natives of the vicinity gravely tell us, and firmly believe too, that these works were the works of giants, and not of ordinary men. It was estimated by an intelligent officer who visited the district in 1830, that it would be beyond the power of the British Government in the island, with its present resources, to restore one of these vast excavations to its first condition.

The native annals tell us, that in the second century before our era, one of the greatest of Ceylonese Kings, Gaimour, erected a great palace for the accommodation of several hundreds of priests; it was two hundred and seventy feet square, and as many in height, containing nine stories, and in every story one hundred apartments. It stood upon sixteen hundred granite pillars. On account of its having been roofed with metal, it was called the *Lowa Maha Paya*, or Great Brazen Palace.

When we read a narrative like this in the early annals of a remote island, we feel disposed to regard it as a fiction. Possibly it was not. The building has disappeared; but the granite columns remain to attest the truth of at least one part of the description. Massive, grand, and dark—exposed to the rain and winds of nearly two thousand years—the majority of them yet rise above the surface of the ground; some have fallen, and some have been removed, but the places of all are clearly to be distinguished; and the traveller, by pacing the district, can satisfy himself of the general correctness of the measurements given by the Cingalese historian, for the ground plan, at any rate. The building was visited by a Chinese traveller, Fa Hian, in 412 A.D., and the account he gave of it, as translated by M. Remusat in Paris, exactly corresponds with the description I have quoted. A spacious hall occupied the centre, adorned

with gilt statues of lions and elephants. At one end of it an ivory throne of beautiful workmanship was erected for the high priest; on one side shone a golden image of the sun; on the other side a silver image of the moon. It was probably to these ruins that Knox referred in the quotation we have given from his very interesting work.

It is worthy of observation, that the ruins in Anurajapoor, which strike the visitor as most worthy of notice, are not the remains of royal palaces. The dagobahs and the great brazen palace were evidently erected by the zeal of mistaken piety. The walls of the city, massive and extensive as their foundations prove them to have been, seem to have been raised for the protection of the people, and there cannot be a doubt of the utility of the immense embankments of the tanks, when we consider the tropical situation of the island, and the fact that its supply of rain is only periodical.

We retired to the cool grot afforded by the *cella*, or inmost fane, of a tremendous temple; and, in the presence of at least twenty centuries—lunched. Before, however, falling to in earnest, we thought it but decently respectful to dedicate the first glass of champagne to the founder of the place; and we drank, in the solemn silence the scene demanded—a bumper to the immortal memory of Anuraja.

#### A TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN APPARITION.

ON a wintry afternoon in the month of February—carnival time—in Paris, I sat in my room, in the Rue Rambouillet, Quartier Latin, alone. The course of lectures in the Collège de France which I had been following, were suspended for the holidays. All serious things were put aside for that round of gaiety which was to fortify the Parisians against the supposed privations of Lent. I, however, had determined to eschew all pleasures for awhile. Upon a serious review of my career for some months previously, I had come to the conclusion, that nothing short of hard study and moderate fare, in my hermitage, far removed from the gaiety of Paris, in the time of carnival, could atone for the past, and bring me upon good terms with myself. So, upon this afternoon—being the third day of my voluntary confinement—I had returned from the *restaurant*, and putting on my dressing gown and Greek cap, sat down with my book open before me.

There is a solemn sensation in a wintry afternoon, when the dusk comes on early, and we sit quietly alone, which belongs to no other season. Mine was a retired street, and my room being *au sixième*, I was as much removed from the bustle of Parisian life as if I had been in Palmyra or Pompeii. Yet, sometimes, in the pauses of my reading, out of the very solitude and stillness, perhaps from

an involuntary listening for some sound, there grew up a low noise in the air, which seemed always about to become more distinct; but dying away, returned again, in a manner that perplexed me. I speculated upon the cause of it. I fancied it was the whole noise of the city blended and softened down into one deep murmur. I imagined the variety of sounds of which it was composed. I analysed it into the rumbling of vehicles, voices of people, bells, shutting of doors, working of machines, falling of waters, music, laughter, wailings: and, letting my fancy take such shapes as it would, I saw, in my reverie, many scenes from which such sounds might arise. I found pleasure in such fancies, and gave myself up to them easily. When I aroused, the sound was hushed; but on waiting awhile and listening attentively, the same murmur seemed to fill the air. A suspicion that it was a deception of a sense overstrained by listening, set me meditating; for with this, as with most trifling things which baffle our inquiries into their causes, I was reluctant, having begun my speculations, to give them up without coming to some satisfactory conclusion.

I rose from my seat and looked out of the window. In the square yard below, the bare branches of the trees were not stirred by a breath of wind. The sky was cloudy as if snow were about to fall: in the dusk, here and there, I saw lights at the windows. My neighbour, the daguerreotypist, who lived with his wife—a Norman woman—and four children, in a little erection upon the next roof, I could see smoking and reading by the fire. For three weeks, nobody had been on his roof to *pose* for a portrait; the sun having altogether withdrawn his smiles from the people of Paris during that time, and the secret of taking photographic portraits *par tous les temps*, not having been then discovered. He was a cheerful man, and his wife was a cheerful woman, yet he was poorer even than I was. He had a little glass-case beside a shop-door in the Rue Dauphine, with an announcement that he would take portraits, in a style there exhibited, at two francs fifty centimes; or in family groups, of not less than four, at one franc per physiognomy; and directing the public to "M. Brison, Rue Rambouillet, No. 2, top of the house." His roof was never crowded at the best of times, and in dull weather his occupation was gone. At such times, with the wind that way, I have missed the savoury smell of soup or bouilli at the accustomed hour of eleven in the morning. A Frenchwoman can make soup of anything; and the poverty must be sad indeed, when she can no longer provide this.

I took an interest in this family. I climbed up their dark staircase one day, six flights of stairs and a ladder, and as soon as I could recover my breath, demanded a portrait at two francs fifty centimes. They had attracted my attention from my window, and I was prompted more by curiosity than aught else