

ON THE MARCH.

In the long marches which the Russian soldiers make, it frequently happens that on arriving in a village they find no food, because in all countries of the world the army supply department is inefficient. And, indeed, in the present case it would require all the intelligence of all the merchants of New York combined to foresee and supply all the needs, and even then they would not be likely to succeed. The result is, that the Roumanians, who are a very good-hearted people, give all they can spare to the soldiers, especially their bread. Those unfortunate peasants do all they can, but cannot do enough; hence it is that the soldiers who arrive first get something to eat while the laggards have to go without, and these have added to the sufferings of hunger the envy of seeing others eating. Then arrive the traders and speculators, who follow the column and sell at an outrageous price the very bread which the peasants had given for nothing. These vultures have a horrible dread of the Cossacks, who move about two by two along the line of the railway which they guard. Left to himself, the slightest opportunity awakes in the Cossack's breast the instinct of the marauder. He pounces on whatever comes in his way and clears out at a gallop much after the manner of a street Arab. From the window of the train in which I am caged I observe all this. I am obliged to keep my nose in the air, for the heat inside is insupportable, and these horrible Russians who are in the compartment of our drawing-room car will only permit one of the four windows to be let down, and then they wrap themselves in their cloaks. I have heard one of them when it was hot enough to melt butter regret that he had not his furs.

When day breaks I can see in the distance the snow-clad mountains, marking the horizon with a mass of blueish white, on which the sun throws the golden powder of his early beams. Pardon me this slight poetic sally: I return to the reality. This reality presents itself in the form of a Mayor, who has taken up his position in a railway station and offers a relic to be kissed. Everybody, officers as well as soldiers, gather about him, and he does not disdain to accept the coopecks which are poured into his hand, which has taken the permanent form of a cup.

As we approach Bucharest the Roumanian officers show themselves in greater numbers, and their bright-colored and somewhat theatrical uniforms make a curious contrast to the severe uniforms of the Russians. They are going to join their corps, which are about to receive their baptism of fire, because, as I have said in a former letter, the Roumanian army is quite virgin. It must be said that it has acted very well in the first engagements it has had with the Turks on the Danube. The first moment, which Monsieur de Bismarck might call the psychological moment, has passed rapidly, the sensations have been short, and on arriving on the spot Prince Charles, who alone in his army has seen service, was able to judge the good quality of his soldiers.

"Well, my children," said he to them, "those big shells make a funny effect."

"Oh," answered a soldier, "I've seen pumpkins bigger still." *N. Y. Herald.*

SCENES IN CAIRO.

THE traveller who desires to see the Mohammedan at home cannot do better than to seek him in Cairo, and he finds in the narrow, picturesque streets of the old parts of the town, scenes of interest which he may seek in vain elsewhere. When he emerges into the modern quarters the change is remarkable. Though all the tyranny of the Turks has not sufficed to alter the indelible characteristics of the place, and though the wide squares, the fountains, the gardens, the arcades, the watered roads, the rows of villas have a half-French look, the people who crowd every thoroughfare are as unlike anything European as they can be.

Here a long string of groaning camels, led by a Bedouin in a white capote, carries loads of green clover or long faggots of sugar cane. There, half-a-dozen blue-gowned women squat idly in the middle of the roadway. A brown-skinned boy walks about with no clothing on his long, lean limbs, or a lady smothered in voluminous draperies rides by on a donkey, her face covered with a transparent white veil, and her knees nearly as high as her chin. A bullock-cart with small wheels, which creak horribly at every turn, goes past with its cargo of treacle-jars. Hundreds of donkey boys lie in wait for a fare, myriads of half-clothed children play lazily in the gutters, turbaned Arabs smoke long pipes and converse energetically at the corners, and every now and then a pair of running footmen, in white shirts and wide short trousers, shout to clear the way for a carriage in which, behind half-drawn blinds, some fine lady of the viceregal harem takes the air. She is accompanied perhaps by a little boy in European dress, and by a governess or nurse whose bonnet and French costume contrast strangely with the veiled figure opposite.

A still greater contrast is offered by the appearance of the women who stand by as the carriage passes, whose babies are carried astride on the shoulder, or sometimes in the basket so carefully balanced upon the head. The baskets hardly differ from those depicted on the walls of the ancient tombs, and probably the baby, entirely naked and its eyes full of black flies, is much like what its ancestors were in the days of the Pharaohs. In the older quarters of the town the scenes are much the same, only that there is not so much room for observing them; for the streets are seldom wider than Paternoster Row, and the traveller who stops to look about him is roughly jostled by Hindbad the porter, with his heavy bale of carpets, or the uncle of Aladdin, with his basket of copper lamps, or the water-carrier, clanking his brazen cups, with an immense skin slung round his stooping shoulders.—*London Saturday Review.*

CORDOVA TO LISBON.

THE night before we left Cordova had been very wet, and the station was a perfect "slough of despond," through which waded passengers and their friends, porters, beggars, soldiers, *gens d'armes*, priests, and water-sellers. It took nearly three-quarters of an hour for our guide to get our tickets and luggage receipt, though we had only two little boxes, under weight. However, at last we started. A French gentleman, also going to Lisbon from our hotel, said if he could help us on the journey he would. He was in reality most kind at all the places where we changed, helped us with luggage and porters, told us about refreshment-rooms, and secured for us rooms at the hotel on our arrival at Lisbon. During our whole journey we were much indebted to strangers, especially to foreigners, for many acts of kindness.

From Cordoba to Lishoa (or Cordova to Lisbon, as we say) is about 350 miles. The journey took twenty-five hours to accomplish, not counting the time we wasted before we started and spent at the custom house after our arrival. We had to change at Belmez (after crossing the highest part of the valley traversing the Sierra Morena), at Almarchon (where the line from Madrid joins, and where we had breakfast), and at Badajos, the Spanish frontier town, where we had a bad and dear dinner, and where the Portuguese railway begins.

The journey was very interesting. In the next compartment to us was the Bishop of Badajos, returning to his diocese after assisting at the installation of the Archbishop of Seville. He was accompanied by three priests, one old and two young. The Bishop wore a long purple gown buttoned down to his feet. Over this was a black gown with a kind of tippet; this dress was corded with crimson. On his head he had a broad-brimmed hat with a green cord and tassels, and round his neck he had a thick gold necklet, with a large enamelled cross. On his right hand he wore a splendid ring. At all the stations there was much honour paid to him; but after we had passed Almarchon, and, I suppose, had got fairly into his diocese, the crowds that came to see him at every station were amazing. At Villanueva there were thousands, headed by ten priests. At a few stations, such as Montijo, only seven or eight people and no priests had come; and at one station a disaffected station-master evidently would not let the people come on the platform; but such places were evidently the exceptions, and the journey to Badajos was a sort of triumphal progress for the Bishop. As soon as the train stopped the Bishop went to the door of the carriage and shook hands with the clergy, who generally also kissed his hand. Then the better-dressed people came forward and kissed his hand; then everyone who could get near came—men, women, and children. Some of the children the Bishop took up and kissed. At many of the stations he threw money among the crowd; at others he gave little gilt medals; at others, again, nothing. He is a handsome old man; the people listened with great attention when he spoke to them. Some favoured men were admitted into the carriage, and were affectionately embraced. The Spanish men do not kiss each other, but they stand with their arms round each other's shoulders, which is curious when both are rather short and not thin. We noticed that at the stations where only a few people had assembled the Bishop did not show himself. He and his party left the train at Badajos, and, with their many boxes, they were conveyed away in an omnibus which came to meet them.—*Queen.*

GIANTS OF THE PAST.

In a memoir read before the Academy of Science at Rouen M. Le Cat gives the following account of giants that are said to have existed in different ages: Profane historians have given seven feet of height to Hercules their first hero, and in our day we have seen men eight feet high. The giant who was shown in Rouen in 1834 measured eight feet six inches. The Emperor Maximian was of that size. Shenkins and Platerus, physicians of the last century, saw several of that stature, and Gorebius saw a girl who was ten feet high. The body of Orestes, according to the Greeks, was eleven feet and a half; the giant Galbara, brought from Arabia to Rome, under Claudius Caesar was near ten feet high; and the bones of secondilla and Pusio, keepers of the gardens of Anan, were but six inches shorter. Funnam, a Scotchman, who lived in the time of Eugene II., King of Scotland, measured eleven feet and a half; and Jacob Le Marie, in his voyage to the Straits of Magellan, reports that on the 17th of December, 1865, they found at Port Desire several graves covered with stones, and having the curiosity to remove the stones they discovered human skeletons ten and eleven feet long. The Chevalier scory in his voyage to the Peak of Teneriffe says they found in one of the sepulchral caverns in that mountain the head of a gaunche, which had eighty teeth, and that body was not less than fifteen feet long. The giant Feigus, slain by Orlando, nephew of Charlemagne, was eighteen feet high. Roland, a celebrated anatomist who wrote in 1614, says some years before there was to be seen in the suburbs of St. Germain the tomb of the great giant Isoret, who was twenty feet high. In Rouen, 1500, in digging in the ditches near the Dominicans, they found a stone tomb containing a skeleton whose skull held a bushel of corn, and whose shinbone reached up to the middle of the tallest man there, being about four feet long and consequently the body must have been seventeen or eighteen feet high. Upon the tomb was a plate of copper, whereon was engraved:—"In this tomb lies the noble and puissant lord, the Chevalier Ricon de Vallemont and his bones." Platerus, a famous physician, declares that he saw at Lucerne the body of a man which must have been at least nineteen feet high. Vallance, of Dauphny, boasts of possessing the bones of the giant Bucart, tyrant of the Vivarian, who was slain with an arrow by the Count de Cabillon, his vassal.