

brought to light, we may mention some invaluable MSS. of Greek authors, with whose works we should otherwise be unacquainted. These catacombs, destined for all classes of the people, are far surpassed in magnitude and splendor by the tombs of the kings, which are situated in a separate and dismal place, well fitted to be conceived as the abode of the dead. Many of them have been opened and ransacked. These and a hundred other remains furnish us with the means of forming some idea of the ancient magnificence of that capital of Egypt, and no historian or poet could do this more effectually or strikingly. The execution of these works required an amount of skill and taste which no one would expect at so remote a period; for it is an indubitable fact that the greatest and most important of them must have been built long before the year 1000 B.C.; and as Egyptian art was then at its highest, we must date the beginning of its cultivation some centuries earlier.

—SCHMITZ.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

And thou hast walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes's streets three thousand years ago,

When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow

Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy—
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;

Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon.

Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?

Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?

Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade;

Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise play'd?

Perhaps thou wert a priest,—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.