

are not a casual offshoot from some other human family, but a people so far indigenous, at least, and primitive as to be derived from a common root, endowed with specific and unique physical characters. The American race is obviously tending to extinction.—*Anglo American Magazine.*

ANCIENT BABYLON—ITS RUINS.

It may be known to many of our readers that the French government have employed a party of gentlemen to explore the site of ancient Babylon. From reports just received from them, it appears that they have ascertained, beyond reasonable doubt, that the ruins beneath a tumulus called the Kasr, are those of the marvellous palace-citadel of Semiramis and Nebuchadnezzar. They are in such a state of confusion and decay, that it is impossible to form from them any idea of the extent or character of the edifice. They appear, however, to extend beneath the bed of the Euphrates, a circumstance accounted for by the change in the course of that river. In them have been found sarcophagi, of clumsy execution and strange form, and so small, that the bodies of the dead must have been packed up in them, the chin touching the knees, and the arms being pressed on the breast by the legs. These sarcophagi have every appearance of having been used for the lowest class of society; but notwithstanding the place in which they were found, the discoverers are inclined to think that they are of Parthian, not Chaldean origin. There have also been found numerous fragments of enamelled bricks, containing portions of the figures of men and animals, together with cuneiform inscriptions, the latter white in color on a blue ground. According to M. Fresnel, the chief of the expedition, these bricks afford a strong proof that the ruins are those of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar, inasmuch as the ornaments on them appear to be sporting subjects, such as are described by Ctesias and Diodorus. The foundations having been dug down to in certain parts, it has been ascertained that they are formed of bricks about a foot square, united by strong cement, and that they are in blocks, as if they had been snapped in all directions. In a tumulus called Anram, to the south of Kasr, interesting discoveries have also been made. They appear to be the ruins of the dependencies of the palace situated on the left bank of the Euphrates; and they contain numerous sarcophagi, in which were found skeletons clothed in a sort of armor, and wearing crowns of gold on their heads. When touched, the skeletons, with the exception of some parts of the skulls, fell into dust; but the iron, though rusty, and the gold of the crowns, are in a fair state of preservation. M. Fresnel thinks that the dead in the sarcophagi were some of the soldiers of Alexander or Seleucus. Their crowns are simple bands, with three leaves in the shape of a fan on one side, and three on the other. The leaves are very minutely executed. Beneath the bands are leaves of gold, which it is supposed covered the eyes. From the quantity of iron found in some of the coffins, it appears that the bodies were entirely enveloped in it; and in one there is no iron but some ear-rings, a proof that it was occupied by a female. The sarcophagi are about two and three-quarters yards in length, by between half and three-quarters of a yard wide, and are entirely formed of bricks, and united by mortar. In addition to all this, a tomb containing statuettes in marble or alabaster of Juno, Venus, and of a reclining figure wearing a Phrygian cap, together with some rings, ear-rings, and other articles of jewelry, has been found, as have also numerous statuettes, vases, phials, articles of pottery, black stones, &c., of Greek, Persian, or Chaldean workmanship.

THE PARSEES.

Bayard Taylor, in his last letter to the *New York Tribune*, gives the following interesting description of the Parsees, a singular people of the Malabar Coast:

The Parsees settled on the Malabar Coast about eight centuries ago, after their expulsion from Persia. They are, as is well known, followers of Zoroaster, recognizing one Good and one Evil Principle, who contend for the mastery of the Universe.—They worship the sun as the representative of God, fire in all its forms, and the sea. Their temples contain no images, but only the sacred fire, and though they have fixed days for the performance of various rites, they repeat their prayers every morning, soon after sunrise. The dead are neither buried nor burned, but exposed to the air, within a walled enclosure on the summit of a hill. The bodies of the rich are protected by a wire screen, until wasted away, but those of the poor are soon devoured by birds of prey. The children are generally married at from two to five years of age, and brought up together, until of a proper age to assume the duties of married life. Most of the marriages are celebrated at this time of the year, and the streets continually resound with the music of the bridal processions. First comes a string of palanquins and carriages filled with children of both sexes—and very beautiful are the Parsee children, clad in silk bespangled with gold, and with pearl and emerald ornaments in their ears. Then a band of native musicians, generally playing "Lucy Long," or "Carry me back," &c.; after them the bridal dowry, covered with massive extinguishers of silver, and the procession is closed by a concourse of women, whose splendid mantles of scarlet, crimson, orange, yellow, and purple silk gleam in the sun,

"Like tulip beds of different dyes,
Bending beneath the west wind's sighs"

My good fortune in making the acquaintance of Dausabhoj Merwaje, and other members of the celebrated Lorjee Family, to which he belongs, has given me some insight into native society at Bombay; an imperfect experience, it is true, but enough to satisfy me that in none of the English works on India which I have read has justice been done to the character of the native population. The Parsee, especially, form a community distinguished for its intelligence, enterprise and public spirit. It would be no exaggeration to say that more than half the wealth of Bombay is in the hands of this class, which comprises less than 10,000 souls, out of a population of 400,000. Sir Jamesjee Jeejeebhoy, the Parsee Baronet, presents one of the most striking examples of commercial success, to be found in the history of any country. This gentleman, whose splendid benevolence has imperishably connected his name with his native city, was the son of a poor man, and commenced his career in life as a buyer and seller of empty bottles. By prudence, economy and intelligence he rose from one success to another, till at present his fortune is estimated at three crores of rupees (\$:5,000,000). He has given away in charities of various kinds upwards of \$2,000,000, and

scarcely a day passed without recording some further evidence of his generosity.

Among other works which owe their existence to him—and for which he was knighted by the Queen, being the first native who received that distinction—are the Hospital which bears his name, the causeway from Bombay island to Salsette (called Lady Jamesjee's Causeway), and the aqueduct for supplying the city of Poonah with water. He is now verging on his eightieth year, and very infirm. His eldest son, Cursetjee, inherits his enterprise and boldness, and possesses a large fortune of his own making. Another of his sons has distinguished himself as a Persian scholar, and published a work on the Era of Zoroaster.

Dr. Bhawoo Dajee, a distinguished Hindoo physician, of whom I shall have more to say, kindly accompanied me to Sir Jamesjee's town residence, a large and elegant mansion within the fort. The old gentleman was absent, but we were received by his son, Torabjee, who inquired after Mr. Charles Norton of Cambridge, and showed me a North American Review, containing Mr. N.'s biography of Sir Jamesjee. The residence is very elegantly furnished, in a style combining European comfort with Oriental display. Portraits of the different members of the family occupied the walls, and in the centre of the principal saloon stood a splendid testimonial, in wrought silver, three feet high, presented to Sir Jamesjee by three Bombay merchants.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men.

"NEVER MIND THE MITTEN, JOE."

Look up, dear Joe, with brow of brass,
Forget that giddy, fluting lass,
Though sorely fancy-sick en, Joe!
There's good fish in the deep, broad sea,
Sporting there, bright, fair and free,
And one, I trow, thine own might be—
So never mind the mitten, Joe!

Forget the girl's ensnaring glance—
She skims right prettily in the dance;
Her vain, proud airs, and dress, perchance,
To hats of much are fitting, Joe!
But mark my words—with such a wife,
Tied to thy hand and purse for life,
Thy flask and blue days must be rife—
So never mind the mitten, Joe!

I know one—she never wore
Upon her fingers golden ore,
Embracing pearls and gems a score;
(Mayhap thou'lt think I'm twitting, Joe)
She's rarely at amusement seen;
In simple robes, with modest mien,
And face and form like beauty's queen—
She never gave the mitten, Joe!

"For why? She ne'er with frothy arts
Raised idle flames in silly hearts,
Then feasted on the dying smart
Of fools so quickly bitten, Joe!
So 'woo her like a man of sense,
Secure such worth and innocence—
Forget that tinsel'd jilt's offence,
And bless her for the mitten, Joe!

JEDEDIAH SEES THE TWINS.—After dickerer some time with the long-legged door-keeper, Jedediah homespun up and spent a quarter to see the Siamese Twins. Looking at the curious pair for some time, Jed bustled—

"How long you fellers been in that kind o' hitch?"
"Forty-two years," was Eng's reply.
"Du tell! Guin' kind o' used to it, I calculate, ain't you?"
"We ought to be," said they.
"Yes, I vow, you ought. You fellers b'long to the same church?—speak you do."
"Yes, indeed," said Chang.
"Want to know? Well, I swan, yeou are hitched queer," said Jed, minutely examining the ligature. "If one o' yeou fellers dies, 't'other feller 'll be in a pucker, I reckon."
"Would he be?" said Chang.
"Dont drink nothin' I guess,—ever go in to swim?"
"Sometimes," said they.
After gazing at them a few minutes in silence, Jed again bustled—
"Look here—'spose one o' you fellers got into a scrape, and was about to be put in jail, how'd you manage that?"
"Oh," said Eng, "I'll go Chang's bail?"
"Oh, yes, could do that, by hokey!"
And Jedediah, having exhausted his cross-examination, went off whistling, giving a fresh lot of examiners room to put the twins through a course of similar sprouts.—*Y. M. C. Blade.*

A NOSEGAY.—A man's knowledge consists in what he knows, but who knows so much about noses as the genius knows who wrote the following?

"Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence that flows?
Knows he the twilling joy
Which my nose knows?
Oh, nose! I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee and feel the joy
A Roman knows!"

At a temperance meeting in London, recently, the lecturer made some remarks on the subject of courtship, and the folly of women marrying men addicted to intemperance, when a note was handed up to him from a young lady at the other end of the room, reading, "I have a lover who is a moderate drinker. If I discard him will you warrant me a teetotaler in his stead."

APRIL JOKE.—A very significant joke was played off in Philadelphia on the 1st of April. Somebody enjoyed the reputation of not being so kind to his wife as he had promised to be; and there appeared on Wednesday morning, April 1, a placard on the corners of the streets in startling capitals, as follows:—"Anybody who sees his wife whisper, send her to No. — Street. We hope the medicine had the desired effect."

Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL.]

STANZAS TO —

My musing meditations to thee each day and hour do roam,
While methinks I gaze upon thee in thy far off forest home;
Or across the heaving waters thou to me doth swiftly glide,
And again my eyes behold thee moving slowly by my side:
While thy tender whispering accents falling gently on mine ear,
Breathing forth thy heart's emotion, oft methinks I sadly hear,
Till my waking senses call me to the duties of the day,
Or the passing hours remind me that I've mused my time away.

Each evening through the forest grove, beside the same oak tree,
And by the little marshy stream, where last I walked with thee;
Homeward I retrace my steps, and every leaf and flower,
Reminds me of the vows we made there in that woodland bower.
And when the silvery moon doth shed her lovehest beams of light
Around the silence and the gloom of dark surrounding night,
Then I remember all the buoyant pleasures of the past,
And recollections then of thee crowd o'er my brain too fast.

Dost thou then ever think of me at twilight's lone'y hour—
Do recollections of the past o'er thee still hold their power
To concentrate, but for a time, thy lone musing upon one
Thou didst vow to love for ever in happier days bygone;
Or is it, as the meddling say, that thou art changed to me,
And by so doing thou hast become the child of perjury?
That thou hast pledged thy solemn truth henceforth to cast aside,
Whom thou didst vow to love and cherish, thy future promit'd bride.

Or art thou still unchanged, and dost thou think of me,
With the fond love thou once did bear in ardent ecstasy?
If so, heed not rumour's talk, nor shall I ever cease
To treasure still in memory thy much lov'd form and face;
It matters not where'er I go, whatever realm I view,
My heart will still remain unchanged to friendship and to you;
Far sooner shall the ocean deep, yes, the deep and boundless sea,
Forget to heave their waters high than I to think of thee.

ELIZA SHERWOOD.

Stouffville, June 20th, 1853

CONDUCT OF AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS.

Defterdar Bey; that pious member of the Geographical Society of Paris, and his daughter. Among the many stories told of the ferocity of this wild beast in human shape, not the least interesting are those of the tamed tigers he kept on the divan beside him, and which frequently amused themselves in devouring his Nubian slaves. His daughter lived upon the west side of the river in her palace, and it was her common amusement to walk through the streets of Cairo, and if she saw a young Frank that attracted her attention, she would send her eunuch to bid him follow her. Were he unfortunate enough to do this, he never returned from her house. One young Frenchman, upon whom she thus cast her eyes, was thus bidden by a eunuch, and not daring to disobey the summons from such a powerful person, took the precaution of arming himself with pistols. After passing the night in her harem, in the morning she parted with him most affectionately, giving him presents to disguise her intentions, as she had doubtless done frequently to her previous lovers. He left the harem and two of the eunuchs accompanied him to the top of some stairs, which he perceived led rather mysteriously down a dark passage. Suspecting foul play, and observing both of the eunuchs had their hands on their sword-hilts, he pulled out both pistols, and ordered them to lead the way. This they did, and on arriving about half way down, he perceived a sort of landing-place, or trap-door, which was raised, and below ran the river. Here the eunuchs paused, and drew their swords; but he cocked his pistols, and placing one to the ear of each, ordered them to proceed. Upon reaching the bottom, he leaped from the steps, while they ran back to get assistance. He was unable to cross the river, as it was scarcely day-light, succeeded in getting into the outskirts, and concealed himself in the strag in an old hut of a ruined village about a mile up the river. He heard the voices of several of the black eunuchs, who had traced him through the villages by the barking dogs, but remained quiet till night, when, proceeding further up the river, he crossed there in a boat; and going to the Mokattam mountains, arrived at Cairo on the other side next day, having not dared to enter a village for food. He went immediately to the French Consul, and told his story; but what would his protection have been to one who had the character and secret of the daughter of Defterdar Bey in his hands? and any "dog of a Christian" would be easily disposed of. So, upon the advice of the Consul, he left Cairo, and went to Alexandria, where he took passage for France. The disappearance of many young and handsome Franks, more adventurous than prudent, was thus accounted for; and this was the last instance known of one who had been in danger of being sacrificed to gratify the passion and save the reputation of the Egyptian "Lucrezia Borgia." Franks in Egypt were not protected as now, and the despotic and ferocious will of the daughters of the Beys and Pachas, particularly under the Mamelooks, caused many a parallel circumstance.—*Journal of a Voyage up the Nile.*

Mrs. DISRAELI.—A dreadful accident occurred to this lady which we have not seen alluded to in any English papers, but which is described in the following extract from the letter of the London Correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, dated London, June 8th:—"The unparalleled enthusiasm with which Disraeli was received at Oxford has taken every one here by surprise. He was quite the hero of the day. Mrs. Disraeli, as the world call her, showed an admirable instance of fortitude lately. Her husband wished to be conveyed in the carriage to the House of Commons where he was prepared to make one of his great speeches. After he alighted he had walked some yards when he heard a frightful scream. Mrs. Disraeli had inadvertently let her hand touching the hinge of the door, and the servant slamming it together had crushed off a joint of Mrs. D's finger. She had the resolution to pretend nothing was the matter, so her husband went away in peace, and made his most eloquent oration which he could not have done had he known she was carried fainting to a doctor, and was most severely injured, though he loved for her husband's fame enabled her to conceal her accident. It was well directed courage."