

selves: We should open our hearts beneath these great influences, and endeavour to learn that we possess the right, the power, nay, the wish, (though it may sleep) of doing good to others, to a degree that we little dream of. So persuaded am I of this truth, that I have invented a sentence wherein to enshrine it. And I hope that you will not entirely condemn this, until you have given it the consideration of a friend. It is this:—'Let but the heart be opened and a thousand virtues will rush in.'

For the Pearl.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF PROPHECY.

RUINS OF BABYLON.

No. 6.

"In following these heaps of ruin, I could not at every step help feeling convinced, that ancient Babylon occupied a very great portion of the western as well as the eastern bank of the Euphrates; and admitting this, the Birs Nemroud, by many (in my opinion most inaccurately) supposed to be the Tower of Babel, or Temple of Belus, will not be so far removed from a division of the city as I had at first supposed; and certainly, from its present situation, I conclude that this grand heap, apparently the remains of a bastion or battlement, erected as a defence to this quarter, stood in the south-west angle of the mighty city, on the western side of the river. It does not appear to me at all unaccountable, that as many traces of building should be found on this side of the river as on the other; because we are expressly told, that Babylon resembled a country walled in rather than a city; raising grain in a sufficient quantity to support the inhabitants during a long siege. I should not omit to state, that there are many urns containing ashes (the bones being in the smallest fragments) near Hillah, and visible traces of them on the opposite side. These are not placed horizontally only, but in every possible position; their dimensions vary in a great degree, while their contents differ from those urns at the Mujellibah, where the bones are in a perfect state.

I shall conclude with noticing a very remarkable conical ruin worthy the attention of the antiquary. It is distant from Hillah eight miles, in a direction E. N. E. and the natives distinguish it by the name of El Hamir. On reaching the foot of this ruin, I was immediately struck with the great similarity it bore to the Birs; particularly the upper portion or mass of deep red brickwork resembling the breastwork of a fort. It is not difficult to derive from this remain of antiquity, conceptions as grand as those suggested by the view of Birs Nemroud. Its circumference is 840 feet, its height 75 feet. The foundation is composed of sun-dried brick, which extends half-way up the pile, the remainder being furnace-burnt, of a coarse fabrication. This pyramidal ruin is crowned by a solid mass of masonry, the bricks of which were so soft, that pieces might easily be broken off; but those composing the interior were as firm and hard as at the Kasr, and rather larger. The brickwork on the summit faces the cardinal points, and is much dilapidated. The bricks are cemented together with a thick layer of clay, and between the courses of brickwork, at irregular distances, a layer of white substance is perceptible, not unlike burnt gypsum, or the sulphate of lime. In my judgment these white layers are not the remnants of reeds.

Throughout the ruin, small square apertures, similar to those at Birs Nemroud, are observable; but neither lime nor bitumen can be seen adhering to the bricks, though large pieces of the latter substance are very abundant at the base of the mound. The inscriptions appear to have been stamped on the bricks while in a soft state, by a block of wood, and greatly resemble the nail-headed writing of Persepolis, though their form and arrangement differ. In speaking of these most curious, Mr. Rich says, "No idea of the purpose these inscriptions were intended to answer, can be formed from the situation the bricks are found in, which is such as to preclude the possibility of their being read till after the destruction of the buildings they composed. At the ravine in the mound of the Kasr, I was present at the extracting of above a hundred of them, and found that they were all placed on the layers of cement with their faces or inscribed parts downwards; so that the edges only (which formed the front part of the wall) were visible: and from subsequent observation I ascertained this to be the case in every ruin where they are found; a proof that they were designedly placed in that manner.

"The prospect," Mr. Rich says, "of one day seeing these inscriptions deciphered and explained, is probably not so hopeless as it has been deemed. Leaving the attempt to those who have more leisure, ability, and inclination for such undertakings, than I possess, I shall content myself with suggesting, that from the specimens now before us, some points may be established, the importance of which those skilled in the art of deciphering will readily acknowledge. The language may safely be pronounced to be Chaldee; the system of letters are alphabetical and not a symbolical one; and each figure we see on the bricks, a simple letter, and not a word or a compound character; the number of different characters, with their variations, may be therefore easily ascertained. Any one, however, who ventures on this task, should have a thorough knowledge of the Chaldee language, as well as indefatigable application: aided by these qualifications,

and furnished with a sufficient quantity of specimens, he might undertake the labour with some prospect of success."

"The Babylonians had three different styles of written characters; answering to our large hand, small text, and round hand. With the greatest difficulty, in my examination amongst the fallen edifices of Babel, and laborious search after every fragment and vestige of antiquity that might remain of a people of the primitive age of the world, I had the good fortune to find one of those beautiful specimens of Babylonian brick-writing, in one of the innumerable unexplored winding passages, at the eastern side of that remarkable ruin the Kasr, or great castellated palace. It was deposited within a small square recess, near a fine perfect wall, the kiln-burnt materials of which were all laid on in bitumen, and the ground was strewed with fragments of alabaster, sarcophagi, and enamelled brick, still retaining a brilliant lustre. Many fractured masses of granite of inconceivable magnitude, (some chiselled in a pyramidal form,) prevented my penetrating far into this intricate labyrinth; which must be entered in a creeping posture. The cylinder measures nine inches in length, by sixteen in circumference. Bronze antiquities, much corroded with rust, but exhibiting small figures of men and animals, are often found amongst the ruins: these are valuable and interesting, as early specimens of science.

Diodorus Siculus observes, that in the walls of the palace were colossal figures in bronze, representing Ninus, Semiramis his wife, the principal people of their court, and even whole armies drawn up in order of battle. Lib. II. p. 97. These designs must have required the greatest skill, and no small labour. The art of fusing the most stubborn metals was known from the earliest days, as we find in Genesis, that Zillah bore Tubal Cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron; and the innumerable golden statues that ornamented the temple and palace, are proofs of the knowledge of this art. I was unsuccessful in tracing any samples of those mill-stones mentioned by Xenophon, in his Anabasis, lib. I. c. 2.

"At some distance to the northward and eastward of El Hamir, a very large assemblage of mounds, the remains of some extensive buildings, are divided by a canal running south. The ground surrounding this spot is covered with nitre, and cut by countless canal beds of great antiquity; while very visible vestiges of ancient edifices exist: but the place being so far removed from the site of the venerable city, and seeing no end to my searches if attempting to prosecute them farther to the eastward, which I well knew would have ended in disappointment, from the unsettled and unsafe state of the country; I was induced, however reluctantly, to retrace my steps to Hillah. An hour and a half brought me to the bridge a little after sunset. It is not improbable that the above noticed mounds may have formed some exterior building to the great metropolis; and the circumstance of the arrow-headed writing being engraved on the lower face of every brick, bears ample testimony to the great antiquity of the spot, were any doubt entertained, from its being so far removed from the position of the walls of the city. Speculation alone is left to us: until the ruins about this celebrated spot are more correctly observed and clearly delineated, little more can be gained with truth as the basis of the assertion.

On the 6th December 1827, I bade adieu to Hillah and the majestic Euphrates. I could not but reflect, that the masses of the most ancient capitals in Europe bore no comparison with the mighty ruins which still exist on its banks. From an elevated spot near the village of Mohawwil, I turned to take a parting glance at the tenantless and desolate metropolis. It was impossible not to be reminded of the fulfilment of the predictions of Isaiah; and I involuntarily ejaculated, in the words of that sublime and poetical book:—"Babylon, the glory of Kingdoms, the beauty of the Chaldee's excellency shall be as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation; neither shall the Arabian pitch his tent there; neither shall the shepherds make their fold there. But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there. And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate houses, and dragons in the pleasant palaces." (Isaiah, chap. xiii. ver. 19, 20, 21, 22.) How wonderful is the fulfilment of these predictions, and what a convincing argument of the truth and divinity of the Holy Scriptures!

It was after sunset: I saw the sun sink behind the Mujellibah; and, again taking a long last look at the decaying remains of Babylon and her deserted shrines, obeyed, with infinite regret, the summons of my guides. After traversing the vast wastes of Babylonia for three days, I reached Bagdad in safety; inexpressibly delighted with the scenes I had contemplated during the ten days of absence from that city, the recollection of which, no time can ever efface from my memory.

Your most obedient Servant.

H. H.

It is incumbent on every one, to make himself as agreeable as possible to those whom nature has made, or he himself has singled out, for his companions in life.—Seed,

THE FIRST PRINTED BIBLE.—The earliest book, properly so called, is now generally believed to be the Latin Bible, commonly called the Mazarian Bible, a copy having been found about the middle of the last century, in Cardinal Mazarin's Library at Paris. It is remarkable that its existence was unknown before; for it can hardly be a book of very great scarcity; nearly twenty copies being in different libraries, half of them in those of private persons in England. No date appears in this Bible, and some have referred its publications to 1452, or even to 1450, which few perhaps would at present maintain; while others have thought the year 1455, rather more probable. In a copy belonging to the Royal Library at Paris, an entry is made, importing that it was completed in binding and illuminating at Mentz, on the feast of the Assumption, (Aug. 15) 1546. But Trithemius, in the passage above quoted seems to intimate, that no book had been printed in 1452; and considering the lapse of time that would naturally be employed in such an undertaking, during the infancy of the art, and that we have no other printed book of the least importance to fill up the interval till 1457, and that also that binding and illuminating the above mentioned copy is likely to have followed the publication at no great length of time, we may not err in placing its appearance in the year 1455, which will secure its hitherto unimpeached priority in the records of bibliography. It is a very striking circumstance, that the high-minded inventors of this great art tried at the very outset so bold a flight as the printing an entire Bible, and executed it with astonishing success. It was Minerva leaping on earth in her divine strength and radiant armor, ready at the moment of her nativity to subdue and destroy her enemies. The Mazarian Bible is printed, some copies on vellum, some on paper of choice quality, with strong black, and tolerably handsome characters, but with some want of uniformity, which has led perhaps unreasonably, to doubt whether they were cast in a matrix. We may see in imagination this venerable and splendid volume leading up the crowded myriads of its followers, and imploring, as it were a blessing on the new art, by dedicating its first fruits to the service of Heaven.—Hallan's Introduction.

POETRY.—"Poetry is born not only of the lofty and imaginative, but of the simple and pathetick. The attendant of human feelings and human passions, it exists alike for the means and the extremes of life. Wherever man is separated from the gross earth beneath him, and connected by any link with the east and beautiful above him; wherever there exists an image of a greater good than the conditions of sense offer; wherever the limited, intellectual and moral part of our nature sighs after the great and the perfect; wherever any of the mysterious links of the chain binding together the present with the untied future are visible—there, in their just degree, live the nature and spirit of poetry. 'Soaring in the high region of its fancies,' it may approach 'the azure throne, the sapphire blaze,' it may be 'choiring to theyoung eyed cherubin,' and it may sing of 'the humblest flower that decks the mead,' or speak of the smallest hope that breaks the darkness of the least educated. It is not to be limited in its application. It is not built on learning, or founded on the canons of the critick. It is itself the foundation of all just critical laws. Its fresh source is in the human heart; its province is in the wide map of human relations; it is bounded only by the horizon of human emotion; its heritage is the race of man, and its task-work is to connect and blend the sentiment of the true, the good, the beautiful, the infinite and eternal, with all the passions and emotions that beat in the heart of universal humanity."

The glory of the summer is gone by; the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all—were there no associations of moral desolation—of faded hopes—of hearts withering in the bosoms of the living—connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not indulge in a moment's melancholy. The season of flowers will come again—the trees will again toss their cumbrous load of greenness to the sunlight—and by both stone and winding rivulet, the young blossoms will start up, as at the bidding of their fairy guardians. But the human heart has no change like that of nature.—It has no second spring time. Once blighted in the hour of freshness, it wears forever marks of the spoiler. The dews of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it—but the sore root of blighted feeling will never waken into life—nor the crushed flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty.

TIME TO SPEAK.—I have often heard a first-rate anecdote told of some student of Chapel-hill University. What his name was I know not, but I do think his reply is worthy of preservation. The college commons were at the time very poor, particularly the article of butter. One day a plate of it was placed upon the table, which, from long keeping, had become rancid. One of the students, upon tasting it, was so exasperated as to seize the dish and throw it, hutter and all, against the wall. The dish, of course, was shattered to pieces, but the butter stuck to the side of the room. One of the tutors instantly rose and demanded who was the perpetrator of the mischief. There was no answer. The demand was repeated, when, after a few moment's silence, a sharp voice replied, 'Ask the butter—it is old enough to speak for itself.'—New Yorker.