

artist had represented the superstitions of the Egyptians. On one side was the procession in honor of Apis. The stately bull, larger than life, stalked along, while thousands of worshippers followed him. On the other side was the marriage of Isis and Osiris, and all the vacant spaces were covered with the sacred golden beetle, which glittered in the light, the lotus, the laurel, the heliotrope, the precious onion; and in each corner of the hall, on golden and silver tripods, were a bronze ibis, crocodile, cat, and hawk, all sacred to Osiris, and beloved, nay worshipped by the Egyptians. There was scarcely any light from without admitted; like most of the Egyptian buildings, it was of almost cave-like darkness, but there were hanging lamps, pending from the ceiling, filled with perfumed oil, which shed a soft and solemn light over the whole room, dimly revealing every thing, and investing it with a shadowy greatness. In the centre of the hall, was a raised platform, on which was a couch of purple velvet, a grotesque bronze table, upon which was a small silver statue of the Grecian Minerva, placed there in compliment to Hypatia, who was supposed to be her protégée. There was also a small goblet of Egyptian clay, filled with the water of the Nile.

To this platform, Hypatia was led by the magistrates; on her appearance, a wild, but musical rhythm in honor of the gods, was chanted by all present, mingled with the sound of wind instruments, which, strange as it appears, exceeded in variety, and beauty of shape, those of a more modern day.

When the song was ended, Hypatia threw aside her veil, and appeared before the audience, not as an intellectual Amazon, but a delicate, noble-minded woman. She was dressed with exceeding simplicity; a robe of white, fastened around the throat with a band of pearls, confined at the waist with a girdle of the same pure gems, and with no other ornament, but around her head a laurel wreath, which had been decreed her at Athens. In her hand she held a roll of parchment.

When she began to address the audience, a stillness like death prevailed, and at first her voice sounded tremulous and low, but she soon regained her power over it, and it swelled full and harmonious; there was no harshness or roughness in it, but clear, full, melodious, and feminine. She spoke in Greek, which was now quite as well understood in Egypt, as the Coptic, and never was that rich language more beautifully spoken. She commenced with a sketch of Plato, announced herself as a disciple of his school; she pictured him listening humbly to the teachings of Socra-

tes, and drinking in the elements of his immortal mind. She detailed the death scene of the Father of Philosophers; his conversation with his pupils,—for it had stirred within them all, and more particularly in Plato, thoughts of immortality, and led him to study the nature of the soul. She opened the Phædras, and read from it what related to these divine doctrines. She gave an earnest appeal to all present, that they would receive that faith which could alone give a depth and meaning to this life, and closed, with describing his works, as a vast and consecrated fabric—vistas, and aisles of thought, opening on every side, high thoughts, that raise the mind to heaven; pillars, and niches, cells within cells, mixing in seeming confusion, and a veil of tracery and foliage, of grotesque imagery, thrown over all, but all rich with a light streaming through dim apertures, all leading up to God, and blessed with an influence from him.

A listener would almost have believed her a Christian, so much of the true spiritual influence was in her words—but the *Holy Name* was wanting.

When she closed her remarks, and seated herself, a murmur of approbation rose in the hall, and the walls echoed with the shouts and praises of the excited people. Hypatia, unmoved by the enthusiasm she had excited, remained quiet, till the throng had passed out. Then, Orestes, the governor of the city, approached where she stood; thanked her for the pleasure she had bestowed, and led her through the halls to her chariot, which he mounted beside her, and escorted by his guard, so attended her home. Orestes was a firm and true friend of Hypatia, he trusted in her clear mind, he thought her free from prejudice, she was a worshipper of the Grecian gods, but yet she tolerated all religions; her mind was eminently enlarged, and he often sought advice from her, and was guided by her counsels, when those of the priesthood, who formed his state cabinet, seemed injudicious and unreasonable. Hypatia never took advantage of this; her whole aim was to purify and improve her native city.

A few days after her lecture, as Hypatia was walking in her gardens, meditating upon the beautiful world which surrounded her, a Coptic slave approached, and kneeling before her, presented, on an exquisitely formed bronze salver, a small roll of papyrus; it was bound with a golden serpent, the tail in its mouth, and the small and delicate scales were formed of wrought gold.

"Whence comes this, Seroc?" asked Hypatia as she hesitated to take it.