

another in a similar situation, and the large foot-print of a lion was so fresh, that the beast must have stolen away on our approach. From the summit we had a distinct view of the vast heaps which constitute all that now remains of ancient Babylon; a more complete picture of desolation could not well be imagined. The eye wandered over a barren desert, in which the ruins were nearly the only indication that it had ever been inhabited. It was impossible to behold this scene and not to be reminded how exactly the predictions of Isaiah and Jeremiah have been fulfilled, even in the appearance Babylon was doomed to present; that she should "never be inhabited;" that the Arabian should not pitch his tent there;" that she should "become heaps;" that her cities should be "a desolation, a dry land, and a wilderness!"—*Captain Keppel's Travels.*

BAGDAD.

A TRAVELLER coming by water from Bussorah is likely to be much struck with Bagdad on his first arrival. Having been for some time past accustomed to see nothing but a desert, there being no cultivation on that side of the city by which he arrives—he does not observe any change that would warn him of his approach to a populous city. He continues winding up the Tigris through all its numerous head-lands, when this once renowned city of gardens bursts suddenly on his sight. Its first view justifies the idea that he is approaching the residence of the renowned Caliph, Haroun Alraschid, in the height of his splendour; a crowd of early associations rushes across his mind, and seems to reduce to reality scenes which, from boyish recollections, are so blended with magic and fairy lore, that he may for a moment imagine himself ar-

rived at the city of the enchanters.

Bagdad is surrounded by a battlemented wall; the part towards the palace, as was the case in ancient Babylon, is ornamented with glazed tiles of various colours. The graceful minarets, and the beautifully shaped domes of the mosques, are sure to attract his eye. One or two of these are gaudily decorated with glazed tiles of blue, white, and yellow, which, formed into a mosaic of flowers, reflect the rays of the sun; the variegated foliage of the trees of these numerous gardens, which most probably have given the name to the city, serve as a beautiful back-ground to the picture. Thus far the traveller is allowed to indulge his reverie; but on entering the walls, this vision is dispelled.

The walls are of mud; the streets, which are scarcely wide enough to allow two persons to pass, are so empty, that he could almost fancy the inhabitants had died of the plague; he looks upwards—two dead walls meet his eyes; he now enters the bazaar, and finds that he has no reason to complain of want of population; a mass of dirty wretches render his road almost impassable; with some difficulty he jostles through a succession of narrow cloistered passages, traversing each other at right angles; the light, which is admitted by holes a foot diameter from the top, gives to the sallow features of the crowd below a truly consumptive appearance, agreeing well with the close, hot fulsome smell of bad ventilation. The traveller, by this time, has seen sufficient to cure him of the dreams of earlier life; and, on arriving at his destination, he makes a woeful comparison between the reality of the scenes and the picture imagination had drawn. Such, or nearly such, was the impression first made by my arrival in Bagdad.—*Ibid.*

VARIETIES.

MEXICAN MANUSCRIPT.

An Italian traveller, of the name of Beltrami, has discovered, in an old

convent in the interior of Mexico, a manuscript, which may be regarded as unique, and of the most rare and