

MARVELS OF THE MIND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailors for the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hues seem taken
From some bright former state, our own no more;
Is not this all a mystery? who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way?

The sudden images of vanished things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset-hues of summers long gone by,
A rippling wave, the dashing of an oar,
A flower-scent floating past our parent's door;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meaning, now from this world flown;
Are not these mysteries, when to life they start,
And press vain tears in gushes to the heart?

And the far wand'rings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread,
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear;
These are night's mysteries; who shall make them clear?

And the strange, inborn sense of coming ill,
That oft-times whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low tone, which nought can drown or still,
Midst feasts and melodies a secret guest:
Whence doth that murmur wake, that shadow fall?
Why shakes the spirit thus? 'tis mystery all.

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Of viewless worlds, and haply know it not;
Yes, it may be that nearer than we think
Are those whom death has parted from our lot!
Fearfully, wondrously our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, but undismayed!

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way amidst these marvels of the mind;
Yet undismayed—for do they not reveal
The immortal being with our dust entwined?
So let us deem! and e'en the tears they wake
Shall then be blest, for that high nature's sake.

NINEVEH.

The Augsburg Gazette gives an interesting account of the prosecution of M. Botta's researches at Nineveh; where he has had one hundred and sixty workmen employed in excavating. It states that, besides the walls covered with sculptures and inscriptions, many antiquities of a peculiar, and as yet inexplicable nature are met with. For example, under the large bricks, of which the floor consists, are stone repositories, which are filled with small clay enamelled figures of men and beasts, without anything on the surface indicating their existence. In another place were discovered great rows of earthen vases, of a remarkable size, placed on a brick floor, and filled with human bones; and similar to those which have been found at Babylon, Ahwaz, and others places in South Persia. The palace seems to have been totally plundered before its destruction; for neither jewels, nor instruments, nor even the small cylinders so numerous in the neighbourhood, are anywhere found, merely some bronze images of beasts, for instance, a long pillar, and also a bronze wheel of a war chariot. But the most incomprehensible circumstance is, that the alabaster slabs with which the walls are cased, and which are covered with inscriptions and sculptures, bear on the back, likewise, inscriptions in narrow headed characters, and certainly not in the Assyrian but in the Babylonian language. As it is not to be supposed that the architects would have been so foolish as to have engraven these inscriptions where no one could have seen them without pulling down the wall, it must be presumed that the slabs have served

twice, first belonging to a Babylonian palace, and afterwards have been transposed by the Assyrians and freshly graven. At present no sculptures have been found on the back; which would, indeed be of the greatest interest. Some of the lately found bas-reliefs are especially remarkable; for instance, one representing the siege of a town situated on an island; the sea is covered with ships, the fore-part of which forms a horse's head, and which are occupied in bringing the trunks of trees for the purpose of erecting a dam. The water is covered with all kinds of marine animals—fishes, crabs, and winged sea-horses. The richness of the details, and the mass of sculpture which the palace contains, are amazing, and it is incomprehensible how so magnificent a building should have been so strangely buried in the earth.—The French ambassador, at Constantinople, has not yet obtained permission from the Porte, to send to Paris those articles of antiquity which will bear transport.

A FARMER'S LIFE.

I wish I could see in all our farmers a disposition to magnify their calling; but I have been grieved in many a farm-house, to listen to lamentations over their "hard lot." I have heard the residents upon a noble farm, all paid for, talk about drudgery, and never having their work done, and few or no opportunities for the children; and I have been especially sorry to hear the females lament over the hard fate of some promising youth of seventeen or eighteen, who was admirably filling his duties, and training himself for extensive usefulness and influence. They have made a comparison between his situation, coarsely clad and working hard, and coming in fatigued, with some college cousin, or young man who clerked it in a store, till at length the boy has become dissatisfied, and begged off from his true interests and happiness.

I am conversant with no truer scenes of enjoyment than I have witnessed in American farm-houses and even log cabins, where the father, under the enlightening influence of Christianity, and sound views of life, has gone with his family, as the world would term it, into the woods. The land is his own, and he has every inducement to improve it; he finds a healthy employment for himself and family, and is never at a loss for materials to occupy his mind. I do not think the physician has more occasion for research than the farmer; the proper food of vegetables and animals will alone constitute a wide and lasting field of investigation. The daily journal of a farmer is a source of much interest to himself and others. The record of his labours, the expression of his hopes, the nature of his fears, the opinion of his neighbours, the result of his experiments, the entire sum total of his operations, will prove a deep source of pleasure to any thinking man.—*Choules' Address.*

AN OCCUPATION THAT COMMANDS RESPECT.—While a lady was distributing tracts in a not very inviting neighborhood, a gentleman who had been standing by said to her, "May I ask you, madam, what induces you to come to such a place as this with tracts?" She explained to him that the people there needed such instruction, and that many of them would not receive tracts from any but ladies, and that since the duty must be performed by females, it as really devolved upon her as upon any other. "But, madam, are you never insulted?" She replied that she never had been. "Well," said he, "I saw you speaking to a sailor and giving him a tract; I was afraid so rough a man would have insulted you, and that was the reason I waited." Here he paused a short time, and then added, "But I see how it is—your occupation commands respect."

THE CLIMATE OF MEXICO.—It is said that there is a greater variety of climate in Mexico than in any other country of equal extent in the known world. The low situations are the hottest and most unhealthy. What is called the rainy season, usually lasts from the month of May till October; and it is then the yellow fever commits its ravages. But it is only on the coast, and a few leagues inland, and there principally to the newly-arrived, that the climate proves destructive to the human constitution. As you rise to the table-land, the air begins to cool, vegetation altogether changes, and tropical plants disappear, and those belonging to temperate regions supply their places. It is said that where the oak tree is found in abundance, the yellow fever seldom prevails; and in these regions a perpetual spring abides, the woods are never unclothed, and vegetable productions are always to be obtained in the markets. High winds are seldom known in the interior of Mexico, and whole years elapse without witnessing a single storm.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*