

accessible by flights of stone steps, very finely cut and sculptured. These buildings are of various dimensions, some of them three hundred feet long, about two hundred and fifty feet broad, and one hundred feet high above the highest platform of the terraces. All are made of stone, nicely hewn and sculptured; the sculptures consisting of rows of skulls or death's heads, hieroglyphics, and Arabesque works, or ornamental foliage. The relief of these sculptures is very bold, and they are so placed as to require four distinct stones, united in the wall, to form one complete figure. The floors and the inside of the walls are stuccoed and painted; and among the colors yet discernible are black, white, blue, yellow and red. The interior sides of the walls are ornamented with cornices, covered with very finely wrought sculpture. The pyramids, or obelisks, are about fourteen feet high, and three feet wide at the base. On one side is a human head, in bold relief, and of colossal size, with a facial angle of only forty degrees, and a skull shaped like that of the flat-headed Indians. On the other side are hieroglyphics, and round the whole is a row of skulls. Before obelisk, on the side bearing the human figure, is an oblong stone block, about fourteen feet long, and three feet wide and high, also sculptured, and which was probably an altar.

The age of these remains cannot be ascertained; for though gigantic trees are growing upon them, yet how many generations of trees grew and perished there before the present growth began, or how many years past after their desolation, before any trees grew there, is beyond all our means of calculation. That they are the work of a highly civilized people, and acquainted with the use of iron, cannot be doubted. Some will attempt to trace their origin to the ancient Egyptians or Phœnicians. But we see no necessity for travelling so far for their origin, when it can be found nearer. Our own opinion is that their origin is Chinese or Japanese, and that their authors were swept away by more barbarous tribes from the North. The Chinese have been conquered by Northern barbarians on the old continent, and so might they be on the new.

THE JEWEESSES.

FONTANES asked Chateaubriand if he could assign a reason why the women of the Jewish persuasion were so much handsomer than the men? To which Chateaubriand gave the following truly poetical and christian one: 'the Jewesses have escaped the curse which alighted upon their fathers, husbands, and sons. Not a Jewess was to be seen among the crowd of priests and rabble who insulted the son of God, scourged him, crowned him with thorns, and subjected him to ignominy and the agony of the cross. A woman of Bethany poured on his head precious ointment, which she kept in a vase of alabaster. The sinner anointed his feet with perfumed oil, and wiped them with her hair. Christ on his part, extended his mercy to the Jewesses. He raised from the dead the son of the widow of Nain, and Martha's brother, Lazarus. He cured Simon's mother in law, and the woman who touched the hem of his garment. To the Samaritan woman he was a spring of living water; and a compassionate judge to the woman in adultery: The daughters of Jerusalem wept over him; the holy women accompanied him to Calvary, brought balm and spices, and weeping sought him in the sepulchre. 'Woman why weepest thou?' His first appearance after the resurrection was to Mary Magdalene. 'Mary.' At the sound of his voice, Mary Magdalene's eyes were opened, and she answered 'Master.' The reflection of some very beautiful ray must have rested on the brows of the Jewesses.

From Kane's Chemistry.
LIGHT.

The impression of light was, at one time, considered to be produced by a series of exceedingly minute particles, of a peculiar substance, emanating from the sun and from burning and luminous bodies, and which strike upon the eye. This idea has been, however, now almost totally abandoned, and all the phenomena are considered to arise from the vibrations of an exceedingly attenuated medium, thrown into waves by luminous bodies of every kind, and which, filling all space, and being diffused through the substance of the most solid bodies, and occupying the spaces between their more substantial molecules, transmits and modifies these vibrations, and confers upon substances transparency or opacity, colours, and all other properties of acting upon light which they may possess. This medium, or luminiferous

ether, as it is termed, is supposed capable of vibrating in waves of different lengths; and from this difference of length in wave arises the difference of the light produced. The shortest wave produces violet, the least refrangible light: the length of the wave being, in all cases, inversely proportional to the refrangibility of the light. The impression of the different color arises, therefore, precisely as the impression of different sounds is produced, by a difference in the length of the waves in the vibrating air; the shortest wave, in sound giving the highest note, and, in light, giving the violet color. The actual length of these waves of light is extremely small; for violet light there are 57,490 in an inch; for red, 39,180; the average of the different colors being 50,000, and hence in white light there acts upon the eye, in every second, in 610,000,000,000,000 luminiferous vibrations.

From the Literary Gazette.

SABBATH CHIMES.

BY C. SWAIN.

THERE'S music in the morning air,
A holy voice and sweet,
Far calling to the House of Prayer
The humblest peasant's feet.
From hill, and vale, and distant moor,
Long as the chime is heard,
Each cottage sends its tenant's poor
For God's enriching Word.

Still where the British power hath trod,
The cross of faith ascends,
And, like a radiant arch of God,
The light of Scripture bends!
Deep in the forest wilderness
The wood-built church is known;
A sheltering wing, in man's distress,
Spread like the Saviour's own!

The warrior from his armed tent,
The seaman from the tide,
Far as the Sabbath chimes are sent
In Christian nations wide,—
Thousands and tens of thousands bring
Their sorrows to His shrine,
And taste the never-failing spring
Of Jesus' love divine!

If, at an earthy chime, the tread
Of million, million feet
Approach where'er the Gospel's read
In God's own temple-seat,
How blest the sight, from Death's dark sleep
To see God's saints arise;
And countless hosts of angels keep
The Sabbath of the Skies!

NEW WORKS.

From Reminiscences of the year 1818, in Germany.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

I was lately an eye-witness of a terrible scene. The regiment of the body guard that acquitted itself so manfully at Minsk, has, in the retreat from Moscow, been altogether cut up, mainly by the frost. Of the whole regiment only about seventy men remain. Single bodies arrive by degrees, but, in the main, in a most pitiable plight. When they reach the Saxon border, they are assisted by their compassionate countrymen, who enable them to make the rest of the road in some carriage or waggon. On Sunday forenoon last I went to the Linke-schen Bad, and found a crowd collected round a car, in which some soldiers had just returned from Russia. No grenade or grape could have so disfigured them as I beheld them, the victims of the cold. One of them had lost the upper joint of all his ten fingers, and he showed us the black stumps. Another looked as if he had been in the hands of the Turks, for he wanted both ears and nose. More horrible was the look of a third, whose eyes had been frozen: the eyelids hung down, rotting, and the globes of the eyes were burst, and protruded out of their sockets. It was awfully hideous, and yet a more hideous spectacle was yet to present itself. Out of the straw, in the bottom of the car, I now beheld a figure creep painfully, which one could scarcely believe to be a human being, so wild and so distorted were the features. The lips were rotted away, and the teeth stood exposed. He pulled the cloth from before his mouth, and grinned on us like a death-head. Then he burst out into a wild laughter; began to give the word of command, in broken French, with a voice more like the bark of a dog than anything human, and we saw that the poor wretch was mad, from a frozen brain. Suddenly, a cry was heard, 'Henry! my Henry!' and a young girl rushed up to the car. The poor lunatic rubbed his brow, as if trying to recollect where he was; he then stretched out his arms towards the distracted girl, and lifted himself up with his whole strength. A shuddering fever-fit came over him. He fell collapsed, and lay breathless on the straw. The girl was removed forcibly from the corpse. It was her bridegroom. Her agony now found vent in the most terrible imprecations against the French and the Emperor, and her rage communicated

itself to the crowd around, especially the women, who were assembled in considerable numbers; they expressed their opinion in language the most fearfully frantic. I should advise no Frenchman to enter into such a mob; the name of the King himself would help him little there. Such are the dragon-teeth of wo which the Corsican Cadmus has sown. The crop rises superbly; and already I see, in spirit, the fields bristling with lances, the meadows with swords. You and I, doubtless, will find our place among the reapers.

From the Penny Cyclopædia.

FOSSIL RAIN.

Singular as may appear the notion that the impressions of rain should be recognisable and be recognised on the surfaces of stratified rocks, the opinion is held by some eminent geologists, on the evidence of specimens of newred sandstone taken from the Stourton quarries, near Liverpool. In March, 1839, Mr. Cunningham, to whose researches in the Stourton quarries we are indebted for much of our knowledge of the foot-prints of Cheilotheria and other ancient animals, communicated a paper on the subject to the Geological Society of London. In examining some of the slabs of stone extracted at the depth of above 30 feet, Mr Cunningham observed, that their under surface was thickly covered with minute hemispherical projections, or casts in relief, of circular pits in the immediate adjacent layers of clay. The origin of these marks, he is of opinion, must be ascribed to showers of rain, which fall upon an argillaceous beach exposed by the retiring tide, and their preservation to the filling up of the indentations by sand. On the same slabs are impressions of the feet of small reptiles, which appear to have passed over the clay previously to the shower, since the footmarks are also indented with circular pits, but to a less degree; and the difference Mr Cunningham explains by the pressure of the animal having rendered these portions less easily acted upon. If these impressions on the clay be really the marks of rain or hail, (a specimen is before us, and it certainly resembles such impressions on clay,) perhaps the easiest way of comprehending the preservation of them is to suppose dry sand drifted by the wind to have wept over and filled up the foot-prints, rain-pits, and hollows of every kind which the soft argillaceous surface had received.

From a Sermon by Dr. Bethune.

DEATH OF GEN. HARRISON.

What a severe rebuke does this sad event give to political bigotry and rash invective against the motives of those who differ from us in opinion!

Standing, in our imagination, this morning, beside the grave of our departed patriot, who even of those that struggled most against his rise, can look down upon his sleeping dust, nor feel a pang of keen reproach, if ever he hath done his honor wrong, or breathed a hasty word that might have touched his honest heart, or cast an insult upon his time-honored name? And vile, yes, very vile is he, whose resentments the grave cannot still.

Whence this sacredness which death throws over the memory of character and life? It is because the dead are defenceless, and return not an answer again? It is because God hath come in between us and our fellow creature, and vindicated His right to be judge alone? Is it because in the humiliation of the sepulchre, we see the frailty of that nature we share with the departed, our own aptness to err, and how liable are we to be misjudged? O my friends, why should we wait for death to teach us charity, when it is too late to practice it, and repentance hath become remorse?—Why not remember that the living require our candor and forbearance? Nay, that we used our candor and forbearance? Why reserve our gentleness of judgment, for the dead, who are beyond the reach of our absolution? They were once as the living, and the living shall soon be as they. It is, indeed, enough to bring us back to a better trust in human nature, to witness such a spectacle of union in sorrow and honour for our departed chief among those who, a little while since, were divided into earnest and opposing factions; but oh! would it not be far more ennobling, to see the living pledging themselves to the living over the fresh earth of his grave, that henceforth though they may honestly differ in their doctrines and policy, they will yet believe in the uprightness of each other's motives, and the sincerity of each other's belief? How hateful do censorious bitterness and sneering suspicion look in the face of your opponent? Yet such is your deformity in his sight, when you revile his principles, and rail against his friends. When oh! when shall this rancor, this cruel persecution for opinion's sake, this damning inquisition after false motives, this fratricidal rending of heart from heart, because our mental vision is not the same—this exiling of the honourable from the honourable, because they have not the same sibilant in their

Shibboleth—this was'e of wealth, of mental power and untiring zeal, which our country and our whole country should enjoy—when shall it cease? Must it be perpetual? I know that the words of a poor preacher are weak against this strong and vast spreading evil; but as I love my country, and God knows I love her from my inmost heart, and never more than in this hour of her sorrow, I must speak. I cannot believe that I have a right to hate my brother because he reads another book than my own, or that he should hate and despise me, because conviction forces me to cling to mine.

From James's Corae de Leon.

ONE CRIME PRODUCES ANOTHER.

Thus it is with the world: every one act of weakness, of folly, or of crime, we judge must be followed by another, to conceal or to justify it. Let men or ministers place themselves in a dangerous situation by some capital fault, and then they think expediency requires them to commit another to obviate the effects of the first, forgetting that each fault is written down in the two eternal books—the Book of Fate, God's servant, and the Book of God himself; and that there must be a reckoning, a terrible reckoning, for the whole amount, in this world and in the next.

From Ingoldsby's My Cousin Nicholas.

WEEKLY LODGERS.

It is a singular circumstance connected with the temporal prosperity of weekly lodgers, that in proportion as their pecuniary resources sink in the scale, they themselves rise to a more elevated situation. Their persons, lightened of all superfluous metal, acquire, it is to be presumed, a buoyancy resembling that noticed by philosophers in the human mind when freed from the oppressive influence of super incumbent meat and bottled porter. Mr Robert Croyton afforded a very complete example of this sort of personal elasticity; and having passed in succession through every story of a tall, thin house, was now, at length, brought into the closest possible approximation to the roof-tree, and pleasantly domiciled in what vulgar people denominate 'the garret.' 'Mary Anne, my dear,' he inquired timidly of the lady, who might with difficulty have been recognised as the same who had heretofore presided at his hospitable board when it was groaning beneath mighty bowls of punch, 'May I venture to ask, my love, if we are to have the pleasure of each others company at dinner to-day?' 'If you can earn one,' was the brief reply. The prospect thus conditionally held out did not seem to affect Mr. Croyton with the liveliest satisfaction. 'Consider, my love,' he began again, in a deprecating tone. 'I have considered,' returned the lady; 'I have considered that I have parted with every thing—almost to the very clothes on my back—to keep you from starving; while you will not move a finger to support yourself; but sit idle there, pretending to expect remittances from that precious major. I have considered sir; and the conclusion which I have come to is, that you don't get another penny from me.' 'Upon my honour,' commenced the gentleman—'You may dine upon your honour' interrupted his companion. Now, admitting that honour not only set a leg, but could provide and roast one also, it might even under such favourable supposition seem a little questionable how far Mr. Robert Croyton would have benefitted thereby. After a silence which lasted for some time, he thrust his hands into the very bottom of his coat pockets, and giving a slight preliminary hem, observed, with a little hesitation of manner, that he thought there was a little trinket—a gold watch, a pledge of love in happier days—which might on such an emergency be advantageously exchanged for a reasonable supply of cold meat and pickles. 'It is gone; you know it is;' replied Mary Anne; 'it barely paid our rent.' Mr Croyton withdrew one of his hands from his coat pocket, and feigned to employ it, as well as his eyes in the arrangement of a very dirty shirt frill. 'Ah, I remember,' he said musingly, 'Rent, not time, is your regular *edax rerum*. Let me see; is there nothing else?—no: By the bye, what have you done with the little pearl locket?' 'Would you have me sell that?' exclaimed the lady, in a reproachful tone, fixing her eyes upon the somewhat embarrassed countenance of Mr. Robert. 'Why, really,' returned the latter, 'did I see any alternative—but, as the poet says, 'Est natu. ahominum, pickles et roast beef invida,'—which means my dear 'man must have meat,' and my man,—my inward man, man,—has not taken any for four and twenty hours at least.' 'Then take it,' cried his companion, tearing the article in question from her neck, and dashing it violently upon the table; 'I was a fool for ever placing it there.' Mr. Croyton's adjourner was cut short by a distinct single rap at the door. 'Come in,' he said, desperately. 'Devil or dun, it don't much matter which; but Old Nick for choice.' A dirty little boy entered; the fond couple were evidently much relieved at his appearance, unengaging though it was. 'Well