

in a supply from it, and continued my journey. On the twelfth day I came to a place which is called "The Gates." Here begins a long mountain-chain of black granite; we passed it in two days, and came at last to Coruscah, situated on the east side of the Nile, between the first and second cataract. I returned to Cairo by the usual way. I received my discharge and the arrears of my salary through the medium of the French Consul, Mons. Minaut. I presented him with the pillar of red granite, which I have mentioned as entrusted to the chief of Vod-Benaga. After having received my discharge, and endured still new dangers from the plague which was desolating this region, I at last obtained the happiness of seeing my native land again."

And who indeed would not congratulate Sig. Ferlini, after so much hardship, on finding himself at last at home in safety, with these remarkable treasures? Let no lover of art passing through Bologna omit to seek out the little dwelling, which still contains the greater part of these valuables, but from which they may ere long be dispersed to the great Museums of sovereigns. But whilst he enjoys these skilfully-wrought works, admires the elegant workmanship of the broad golden bracelets, and considers the mysterious forms adorned with four hawk's-wings, which form the clasp, whilst he scans the mystic signs upon the rings, and sees even the vases of the golden scarabæi ornamented with hieroglyphic figures, he will involuntarily recall to his mind the history of the singular presentiment, to whose powerful incitement alone we are indebted for their discovery; since however mysterious are these signs, and seldom as we are able to penetrate their meaning, yet is the region of these peculiar presentiments, these auguries, this unconscious life of the soul in us, far more dim and mysterious.

ANNA.

Thou golden figure of the shaded sun,
Thou stately streamlet singing on thy way,
Thou harp that beauty plays its notes upon,
Thou silver image of departing day,

O summer charm, how shall the winter glow,
While thou serenely shinest through the air,
Clothing with rosy tints the once pale snow,
Until the frosts rich crimson flowers upbear.

TO EVA AT THE SOUTH.

THE green grass is bowing,
The morning wind is in it,
'T is a tune worth thy knowing,
Though it change every minute.

'T is a tune of the spring,
Every year plays it over
To the robins on the wing,
And to the pausing lover.

O'er ten thousand thousand acres
Goes light the nimble Zephyr,
The Flowers, — tiny sect of Shakers,
Worship him ever.

Hark to the winning sound!
They summon thee, dearest,
Saying, "We have drest for thee the ground,
Nor yet thou appearest.

O hasten! 't is our time,
Ere yet the red summer
Scorch our delicate prime
Loved of the bee, — the tawny hummer.

O pride of thy race!
Sad in sooth it were to ours,
If our brief tribe miss thy face,
We poor New England flowers.

Thou shalt choose the fairest members
Of our lithe society;
June's glories and September's
Shall show our love and piety.