

filthy, ill paved streets for that lovely hill, climbing it by the same rocky path our Saviour and his faithful few so often trod, and resting on its brow as they did, when their divine instructor, looking down on Jerusalem in her glory, uttered those memorable prophecies of her fall, of his second Advent, and of the final judgment, which we should ever brood over in our hearts as a warning voice, bidding us watch and be ready for his coming! Viewed from the Mount of Olives, like Cairo from the hills on the edge of the Eastern desert, Jerusalem is still a lovely, a majestic object; but her beauty is external only, and, like the bitter apples of Sodom, she is found full of rottenness within,—

"In Earth's dark circle once the precious gem
Of Living Light—Oh, fallen Jerusalem!"

But her king, in his own good time, will raise her from the dust.

MR. ROBINSON'S APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

'As we approach Jerusalem, the road becomes more and more rugged, and all appearance of vegetation ceases. The rocks are scantily covered with soil, and what little verdure might have existed in the spring is now, in the autumn, entirely burnt up. There is a like absence of animal life; and it is no exaggeration to say, 'here man dwelleth not; the beast wandereth not, and the bird flieth not.' Indeed nothing indicates the immediate approach to the ancient metropolis of Judæa, unless it be the apparent evidences of a curse upon its soil, impressed in the dreadful characters just mentioned, whilst 'the inhabitants thereof are scattered abroad.' Oftentimes on the road was I tempted to exclaim, 'like the stranger that shall come from a far land,' 'Wherefore hath the Lord done this unto the land? What meaneth the heat of this great anger?'

'Impatient to catch the first glimpse of the city, I had rode on at the head of the party, when upon reaching an eminence, which for some time past we had seen before us, a line of embattled walls, above which a few cupolas and minarets raised their heads, suddenly presented itself to my anxious view. I did not inquire if this was Jerusalem. Indeed, I could not have satisfied my inquiry had I wished, for not a living creature was moving without the city wall. I FELT, however, that it was the Holy City; at the same time I was disappointed in its general appearance, and in the impressions I was prepared to receive, upon viewing for the first time, the place that had so long enjoyed the special favours of heaven, and which at the latter and ever-memorable period, was fixed upon by our Lord to be the theatre of his sufferings for our redemption. This surprise originated, not so much on account of the aspect of the town (for as yet we had seen but little of it) as from the singularity of its position; being surrounded by mountains, without any cultivated land within the range of vision, destitute of water, and not apparently on any high-road. As my companions successively came up, they evidently participated in this feeling of disappointment. We remained silent a few minutes, each one declining to communicate his sensations to the other; or, perhaps, unable to do so from the novelty of our situation.'

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

Near the palace of Venice, and separated only by a canal, is a prison; this prison is connected with the palace by a high covered bridge, called the Bridge of Sighs. This bridge has, or had, for it is now closed up, two passages: one leading from the prison into the council chambers, and another leading to other more private apartments and dungeons under the palace itself. These dungeons were also accessible from the palace by a secret passage, which was unknown to the public until the arcana of these apartments of death were laid open by the French. Indeed, it is said, that the citizens generally did not know of the existence of these wretched cells. Here the trembling victims were led to the torture and to death. We visited these gloomy prisons; they were as dark as night, and consisted each of one arch of heavy masonry, with a single hole for purposes of respiration, etc. They had been generally lined with wood; but Napoleon permitted the citizens to enter and tear out all that was movable in these horrid cells. Here was a grated window where the victims used to be strangled. They were seated on a block within, and a rope fastened at one end, passed through the grate and round the neck, and out again to a machine, by the turning of which the head and shoulders were drawn up to the grate, and the poor wretch was strangled by the cord that passed round his neck. Another place was fitted up for decapitation, like a guillotine. The heavy knife, fixed to a frame, was raised by machinery to the proper distance, (the victim being fixed in the right position,) when it fell and struck the head from the body, and a trench in the stone and holes made for the purpose, conveyed the blood down into the waters below. All this was done by night, and with the utmost privacy; and here was the little arches in the wall, where the executioner placed his lamp while he performed his bloody work. The whole was made so real and brought so near by the associations around us, that the blood was almost chilled with horror; and we were glad to leave those gloomy vaults where thousands had languished out years of solitary confinement, or perished miserably by the hand of the executioner.—*Dr. Fish's Travels.*

THE WAR SPIRIT.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

WAR-SPIRIT! War-Spirit, how gorgeous thy path,
Pale Earth shrinks with fear from thy chariot of wrath;
The king at thy beckoning comes down from his throne,
To the conflict of fate the armed nations rush on,
With the trampling of steeds, and the trumpet's wild cry,
While the folds of their banners gleam bright o'er the sky.

Thy glories are sought till the life-throw is o'er,
Thy laurels pursued, though they blossom in gore;
Mid the ruin of columns and temples sublime,
The arch of the hero doth grapple with time,
The muse o'er thy form throws her tissue divine,
And History her annal emblazons with thine.

War-Spirit! War-Spirit! thy secrets are known,
I have looked on the field when the battle was done—
The mangled and slain in their misery lay,
And the vulture was shrieking and watching his prey;
But the heart's gush of sorrow, how hopeless and sore,
In the homes that those loved ones revisit no more.

I have traced out thy march, by its features of pain,
While Famine and Pestilence stalked in thy train,
And the trophies of sin did thy victory swell,
And thy breath on the soul, was the plague-spot of hell!
Death lauded thy deeds, and in letters of flame
The realm of perdition recorded thy name.

War-Spirit! War-Spirit! go down to thy place,
With the demons that thrive on the wo of our race;
Call back thy strong legions of madness and pride,
Bid the rivers of blood thou hast opened be dried—
Let thy league with the grave and Accedama cease,
And yield the torn world to the Angel of Peace.

THE MERCY SEAT.

BY THE REV. HUGH STOWELL.

From every storm of wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat.
'Tis found beneath the Mercy Seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place, than all besides more sweet—
It is the blood-bought Mercy Seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Though sundered far—by faith they meet
Around the common Mercy Seat.

Ah! whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed—
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no Mercy Seat?

There! there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down, our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the Mercy Seat.

SONNET—TO QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

LADY, amid the pomp that circles thee—
The ceaseless round of homage, and the set
And stately forms of courtly etiquette,—
Dost thou not sometimes wish that thou wert free
To leave thy golden cage, and chainless flee.
Like some bright bird, a quiet home to find
With those thou lovest, leaving far behind
The cumbersome crown and robe of royalty?—
Dost thou not pant for some such quiet shade,
With no attendant flatterers by thy side—
No public eye to mark each look and tone—
Where thy pure thoughts, unchecked and unbetrayed,
May find expression unto none denied
But those who wield a sceptre on the throne?

ETERNITY.

COEVAL with the Deity, who always was—
Coeval with Jehovah, who shall always be
Immeasurable as space, and boundless as
The universe—our world is unto Thee
No source of change; for still thou rollest on,
As unaffected by its destiny,
As is the rolling of the mighty sea
By some frail skiff upon its bosom borne,
With rudder lost, sails rent, and spars and masts all gone.

A CHINESE BRIDE.

The following description of a Chinese bride is given by a modern traveller:—The son of our host having been married a few days, we were honoured, according to the usage of the country, during the honeymoon, with permission to look at his wife, as she stood at the door of her apartment, while we were passing out. The lady was surrounded by several old women, who held tapers and lamps above and about her, that we might have a more complete view of her figure and attire. She was a young person, apparently about seventeen years of age, of middling stature, with very agreeable features and a light complexion, though she seemed to have used paint. She wore a scarlet robe, superbly trimmed with gold, which completely covered her from the shoulders to the ground: the sleeves were very full, and along the bottom

was a beautiful fringe of small balls. Her head-dress sparkled with jewels, and was elegantly headed with rows of pearls, encircling it like a coronet; from the front of which, a brilliant angular ornament hung over her forehead and between her eyebrows. She stood in a modest and graceful attitude, having her eyes fixed on the floor, though she occasionally raised them, with a glance of timid curiosity, towards the spectators. Her hands, which were joined together, and folded in her robe, she lifted several times towards her face, and then lowered them very slowly. Her attendants, presuming that the guests would be gratified with a view of what the Chinese consider the consummation of female beauty, raised the hem of the mantle from her feet for a moment or two: they were of the most diminutive kind, and reduced to a mere point at the toe. The shoes, like the rest of her bridal apparel, were scarlet, embroidered with gold. Her demeanor, during this exhibition, was natural and becoming, and, once or twice, a smile for an instant showed that she was not unconscious of the admiration which her appearance excited.

DEXTEROUS CONTRIVANCES OF THE ARABS.

The following anecdote is given by M. de Brussierre, as an illustration of the adroitness and audacity of the Arabs in some of their thefts:—An Arab introduced himself, by creeping on all fours, like a quadruped, into the tent in which one of the Beys was reposing, carrying off his clothes and arms, with which he attired himself. On quitting the tent very early in the morning, and assuming the manner and haughty carriage of the chief, whom he left asleep, he so imposed upon the attendants by his appearance, that they led forth their master's horse, which the Arab mounted and rode off, without creating suspicion. An hour afterwards, the servants were surprised at hearing the voice of the Bey, proceeding from the tent, calling for assistance. The latter was still more astonished than his servants, the boldness and adroitness of the thief appeared to him totally incomprehensible. After several weeks spent in fruitless endeavours to discover the delinquent, the Bey announced a free pardon to whomsoever would acknowledge in what manner his arms had been removed from under the pillow on which he slept. Some days afterwards, the identical Arab presented himself before the Bey, and reminded him of his proclamation, motioned him to recline on his couch and remain silent, whilst he should explain the mode by which he effected the robbery. The Arab forthwith dressed and armed himself as before, left the tent, and again deceived the domestics, who brought out for his use a valuable and favourite horse, and moreover, handed him a most magnificent pipe, supposing all the time that they were waiting on their master. During the whole of this scene, the Bey, who saw what was passing, was convulsed with laughter, but his merriment was soon checked, when his prototype fairly made off, at full gallop, with his weapons and baggage.

ESSAY WRITING.

To the unpractised nothing appears easier than Essay-writing. But this is altogether a mistake. The simplicity of Addison, in particular, and the easy flow of Goldsmith, will be found very difficult of imitation. We know that Addison's papers, with all their smoothness and apparent spontaneity, were elaborated slowly and with great pains. And the style of Goldsmith was the result of many years passed in study, the fruit of laborious days and nights of penury and want, endured by a hack-author writing for his bread. To success in this department of literature, elegance appears to be almost an essential requisite. This is a quality which is very difficult to define; but the cultivated mind perceives it at once. It requires delicacy of taste, and an exquisite ear, in the author; for language is a kind of music, and its nice construction demands no less skill than in the musical composer. A tolerably good prose style is not uncommon in the present day; but the 'curiosa sollicitas,' the 'words that burn,' are the result of a rare combination of genius and taste. This felicitous collocation, this perfect charm of words, is more frequently found in poetry than in prose, and is an essential element in poetical composition. It is beautifully exemplified in the eclogues and the *Æneid* of Virgil; in the poetry of Milton, who, realizing his own description in *Comus*,

'Takes the prison'd soul, and laps it in Elysiun';

and, among modern poets, in Gray, Rogers, and Campbell. We have seldom felt the magic spell of language so irresistible as in these authors. Poets have been thought to write the best prose, having gained facility by their poetical efforts. Of this Goldsmith and Cowper are illustrious examples; to whom may be added Scott, Byron, and Southey. But perhaps no English prose author of the present day altogether equals the late Robert Hall for that charm of language, which at once delights the ear, and penetrates the heart. It is a charm which is indescribable and irresistible. Beauty of style is one great means by which many of our Essayists gained their celebrity. And we wish that our young readers, who are meditating attempts of a similar kind, would labour to acquire the same simplicity of thought and expression, and the same elaborate polish. The labour will not be lost. Beautiful sentiments, on whatever subjects, have a ten-fold charm when accompanied with the fascination of musical words.—*Eclectic Review.*