

three steps he met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The Sanitor Ranaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart ; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, everything served to excite, to justify suspicion ; and no sooner had he entered the guard-house than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard ; and, smeared with blood—with blood not yet dry—it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye ; and when the dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained.—Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure : an energy when they speak, and a composure ; when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible ; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came ; and Marcolini lost his life, Giulietta her reason.—Not many years afterwards, the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessed his crime ; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that has long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, “ Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini !—Remember the poor Marcolini.” Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge directed that henceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church for his own soul and the soul of Marcolini, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for that purpose ; and still is the mass sung in the chapel ; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks towards the place of execution, the place where, on a scaffold, Marcolini breathed his last.—*Rogers’ Italy.*

#### THE GOVERNOR OF JERUSALEM.

The Governor of Jerusalem, as is the custom of governors in the east, and probably as Pontius Pilate did in the time of our Saviour, sat in a large room, ready to receive every body who had any complaint to make : his divan was a raised platform, as an iron camp-bedstead, covered with rich Turkey rugs, and over them a splendid lion-skin. His face was noble, and his long black beard the finest I ever saw ; a pair of large pistols and a Damascus sabre lying by his side, and a rich fur cloak, thrown back over his shoulders, displayed a form that might have served as a model for a Hercules. Altogether, he reminded me of Richard in his tent on the plains of Acre. At the moment of my entry he was breathing on a brilliant diamond, and I noticed on his finger an uncommonly beautiful emerald. He received me

with great politeness ; and, when I handed him the Pacha’s firmin, with a delicacy and courtesy I never saw surpassed, he returned it to me unopened and unread, telling me that my dress and appearance were sufficient recommendation to the best services in his power. If the reader would know what dress and appearance are a sufficient recommendation to the best offices of a Turkish governor, I will merely mention that, having thrown off, or rather having been stripped of, most of my Turkish dress at Hebron, I stood before the governor in a red tarbouch, with a long black silk tassel, a blue roundabout jacket buttoned up to the throat, gray pantaloons, boots splashed with mud, a red sash, a pair of large Turkish pistols, sword, and my Nubian club in my hand ; and the only decided mark of aristocracy about me was my beard, which, though not so long as the governor’s, far exceeded it in brilliancy of complexion.—*Stephen’s Incidents of Travels in the Holy Land, &c.*

#### THE INFLUENCE OF FLOWERS.

BEING desirous of seeing a large establishment for the reception of lunatics, I applied for admission and was shown through the various apartments, which were in admirable order, but some of them void of furniture ; in these the most violent and ungovernable were placed. On arriving at the garden, which was cultivated at a great expense, and with the most sedulous care, I was told that all the inmates were permitted at certain hours to recreate there, and that nothing was ever disturbed even by the most violent of the unfortunate. There flowers of every description were to be seen, and roses, violets, pinks, and jessamines, shone with more than usual splendour, and there was nothing to prevent their being destroyed. Notwithstanding many of the patients were without the least shadow of reason, and when in their own rooms obliged to be restrained, yet you saw them walking and apparently enjoying the harmony of nature and the fragrance of the flowers. The sight was irresistibly touching to a reflecting mind, for I was told that in the apartments they occupied nothing could resist their rage. Their furniture was made either of the hardest wood or of iron, and even then it was frequently destroyed. Although the greatest precaution was taken in their apartments, none was necessary in the garden, for you saw them stop with respect before the flowers, as by enchantment, and as though there was some secret intelligence between the flowers and the mind. This mystery of nature encloses something worthy of investigation, and proves that these fragile ornaments of the garden are more powerful than the most experienced and best informed of the faculty, and that if they cannot cure, they at least can assuage the anguish of the mind.