

escape of a prisoner so highly esteemed as was the bold crusader,—had ceased to agitate the Mussulman divan, and affairs had returned to their usual course, easily escaping from the vigilance of the harem guard, she had made good her flight to the sea-bathed towers of Venice, and thence to the classic plains of Italy. Then it was that the loneliness of her situation,—the perils, the toils, the miseries which she must necessarily endure, weighed no less heavily on her tender spirits, than the unwonted labor of so toilsome a journey, on her delicate and youthful frame. Ignorant of any European language, save the name of her lover, and the metropolis of his far distant country, her sole reply to every query was, the repetition, in her musical, although imperfect accents, of the words—"London,"—"Gilbert!" Marvellous it is to relate,—and were it not in good sooth history, too marvellous!—that her talismanic speech did at length convey her,—through nations hostile to her race,—through the almost uninhabited forest, and across the snowy barrier of the Alps,—through realms laid waste by relentless banditti; and cities teeming with licentious and merciless adventurers,—to the chalky cliffs and verdant meadows of old England! For weeks had she wandered through the streets of the vast metropolis, jeered by the cruel, and pitied, but unaided, by the merciful,—tempted by the wicked, and shunned by the virtuous,—repeating ever and anon, her simple exclamation, "Gilbert, Gilbert!"—till her strength was well nigh exhausted, and her spirits were fast sinking into utter despondency and despair. On the morning of the festival she had gone forth, with hopes renewed, when she perceived the concourse of nobles crowding to greet their king,—for she knew her Gilbert to be high in rank and favor,—and fervently did she trust that this day would be the termination of her miseries. Again was she miserably deceived;—so miserably, that perchance—had not the very assault which had threatened her with death or degradation, restored as it were by magic, to the arms of him whom she had tenderly and truly loved,—she had sunk that night beneath the pressure of grief and anxiety, too poignant to be long endured. But so it was not ordained by that perfect Providence, which—though it may for a time suffer bold vice to triumph, and humble innocence to mourn—can ever bring real good out of seeming evil; and whose judgments are so inevitably, in the end, judgments of mercy and of truth, that well might the minstrel king declare of old in the inspired language of holy writ,—

I have been young, and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well."
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seeds we reap in this abode."
I asked a dying man, before the stroke
Of ruthless death life's golden bowl had broke,
I asked him "What is Time?" "Time," he replied,
"I've lost it. Ah, the treasure!" and he died.
I asked the seasons, in their annual round
Which beautify or desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"Tis folly's blank and wisdom's highest prize."
I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled;
"Live, live to-day! to-morrow never yet
"On any human being rose or set."
I asked old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.
I asked the mighty angel who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land:
"By Heaven's great king, I swear, the mystery's o'er,
"Time was," he cried, "but Time shall be no more."

New Works.

The Rhone, the Darro, and the Guadalquivir; a Southern Ramble in 1842, by Mrs. Romer.

TRAVELLING IN SPAIN—A ROADSIDE INN.
The house was composed of but one room, adjoining the stable, and, like it, paved with sharp pebbles; and the smoke of the fire, which our arrival had been the signal for lighting, instead of ascending the chimney, revolved in dusky clouds through the room, and then, Irish cabin fashion, escaped through the open door and the single small casement that admitted a very dubious light into the gloomy interior. In this room was assembled all the passengers of the diligence, the two drivers included, the master and mistress of the inn, and their dirty Maritones, two pigs, four gaunt dogs, the genuine representatives of famine, two cats curled of their fair proportions of tails and ears, a tame partridge in a cage, and a ragged beggar-boy of eight or nine years old, a real desperado, having on no garment save a soldier's old coat "a world too wide" for his young limbs, and an old foraging cap stuck knowingly upon one ear, who had accompanied the diligence on foot from Loxa. Our hopes of finding the larder of this lone venta productive of something that might furnish forth a breakfast for us, were somewhat damped by

seeing our coachman pull out of his pocket a dirty newspaper parcel, containing something that looked very much like a roasted crow, but turned out to be a cold duck, and a piece of beef so long cooked, and apparently so often re-cooked, that it might have passed for petrified horse-flesh. These he began to cut up with an old rusty knife as long as a couteadeu chasse, while the maid broke up some eggs (the only provision the house afforded besides bread) for the eternal omelet; and, while she was occupied in beating them up, preparatory to their being fried, one of the dogs performed his part of the household business, and saved her the trouble of cleaning the frying pan, by licking it with all his might. At the same time the scene was agreeably diversified by the mules, which the supplementary coachman had just unharnessed, being unceremoniously walked through the middle of the group on their way to the stable; and the driver of the calesa who had sprained his ankle in the course of the morning, set himself down just within the door, and was operated upon by an old crone, who, holding his naked leg in her lap, and planting her foot against his stomach, tried to reduce the sprain by pulling the limb with all her strength; which novel mode of treatment extorted screams of pain from the luckless patient. We had brought with us tea, bread, and oranges, which rendered us independent of the delicate repast in preparation; but the Spanish part of the diligence party were not so nice as we were, and did ample justice to the above-mentioned viands; to which was added a preparation of eggs, which, I am very sure, is not included in the two hundred methods of cooking them already cited in the *Almanach des Gourmands*, and is therefore worthy of being particularized as the two hundred and first. It consisted in breaking a number of eggs into a large earthen vessel filled with boiling water, to which was added a quantity of bread crumbled by the dirty fingers of the hostess, and a seasoning of salt, pepper, and garlic; the whole mess being stirred up, until it assumed the appearance of a curdled soup. It was then placed upon the table, in the identical vessel in which it had been concocted; and the assembled party partook of it, without the addition of plates being deemed necessary; each individual in turn dipping in his spoon and carrying it brimful to his mouth, just as I have seen Turks fraternize (minus the spoon) round a smoking bowl of pilaf; or precisely as French soldiers partake of their meals, *mangent a la gamelle*.

THE CITY OF BARCELONA.

The appearance of the city, with its suburb of Barcelonette, which is of an oblong form, and occupies a plain upon the immediate shore of the Mediterranean, is seen to great advantage thus approached. The houses, with their shallow roofs and ranges of balconies—many of the facades being painted, like those of Genoa, in *fresco*—impart a certain air of elegance and regularity in the town, which recalls to mind some of the great maritime cities of Italy. To the left rises an abrupt and rocky eminence, of a reddish colour, called Mont Juich, crowned with a formidable fortress, which doubtless did good service during the war of succession, when the celebrated Lord Peterborough laid siege to, and got possession of Barcelona, by one of the most surprising *coups de main* in the annals of warfare: and in the back ground a tract of woody and cultivated hills stretches far away, dotted here and there with white buildings, and forming a most smiling *fond de tableau*.

History of the Church of Russia, by A. N. Mouravieff. Translated by the Rev. R. W. Blackmore.
The Russian Church traces its origin to St. Andrew, who ascending up and penetrating the Dnieper into the deserts of Scythia, planted the first cross on the hills of Kieff, where the Church first rose into note and distinction. The work before us abounds with historical notes, the author being remarkable for his desire to be exact in every particular.

CHRISTIANITY AND HEATHENISM.

After his return to Kieff, the Great Prince caused his twelve sons to be baptized, and proceeded to destroy the monuments of heathenism. He ordered Peroun to be thrown into the Dnieper. The people at first followed their idol, as it was borne down the stream, but were soon quieted when they saw that the statue had no power to help itself. And now Vladimir being surrounded and supported by believers in his own domestic circle, and encouraged by seeing that his Boyars and Suite were prepared and ready to embrace the faith, made a proclamation to the people, "That whoever on the morrow, should not repair to the river, whether rich or poor, he should hold him for his enemy." At the call of their respected Lord, all the multitude of the citizens in troops, with their wives and children, flocked to the Dnieper; and without any manner of opposition, received holy baptism as a nation, from the Greek bishops and priests. Nestor draws a touching picture of this baptism of a whole people at once. "Some stood in their water up to their necks, others up to their breasts, holding their young children in their arms; the priests read the prayers from the shore, naming at once whole companies by the same name." He who was the means of thus bringing them to salvation, filled with a transport of joy at the affecting sight, cried out to the Lord, offering and commending unto His hands himself and his people.

AN OLD RUSSIAN HERO.

Sviatoslaff I, son of Igor, was born A. D. 920, and succeeded his father's throne A. D. 955. He was killed A. D. 972, in a battle with the Pechenegians, who, it is said, made a drinking cup of his skull, and inscribed on it a

sentence to this effect, "In seeking for that which belonged to others, he lost his own."

A RUSSIAN CHRONICLE.

It is stated in the Chronicle of Nestor, that in the year 6491, (or A. D. 983 according to our computation) Vladimir went against the Yatvagers [a Finnish tribe, up to that period still unconquered] and gained a victory over them, and took possession of all their country. On his return to Kieff, he and his attendants, and all the people, celebrated their victory by a religious festival in honour of their gods, and the elders of the land, and the boyars said unto him, "Let us cast lots upon our sons and daughters, and on whomsoever the lot shall fall, him will we sacrifice with the sword unto our gods." And there was a Vagarian, whose residence stood on the spot now occupied by the Church of the Holy Mother of God, which Vladimir built. This Vagarian had come from Greece, from the Imperial city, together with his son, whose name was John. He dwelt in Kieff, and was firmly attached to the Christian faith. His son was still young, and endowed with personal and mental charms. Upon this man fell the lot through envy of the devil. And the people who were sent to him declared as follows—"Behold the lot has fallen upon thy son, and it is resolved to offer him up as a sacrifice to the Gods." And the Vagarian answered them, and said, "Yours are no gods but senseless idols, they remain for a day and then become rotten; they are the works of men's hands, formed with the axe and knife. But God is one only, who dwelleth in Heaven. Him the Greeks serve and worship as the Creator of the heaven and the earth, who has made the stars, the sun, and the moon, the Creator of man, and of all creatures, whose lives are in His hands. But as for your gods, what have they created? they who are themselves the work of men, and will soon perish and be forgotten! I will not give up my son to such an infatuated people." The persons who were sent to him returned and related this to the assembly; upon which the people came armed, and destroyed every thing that was round the house. He stood on a covered balcony with his son, and the people said to him, "Give us your son, that we may offer him to the gods." But he replied to them, "If they be really gods let them send one of their number to seize upon my son; but why do you wish to offer up a sacrifice to them?" Upon this the people cried out; and hewed in pieces the beams which supported the balcony, and in this manner destroyed both the Vagarians.

A WEDDING CUSTOM.

The placing of crowns on the head of the bride and bridegroom, is an indispensable part of the marriage ceremony in the Eastern Catholic Church, so much so, that "to crown" or "to be crowned" is the received expression for marrying or being married, and the 'crowning' is the wedding of the espoused parties.

ORIGIN OF THE PEASANT'S VASSALAGE.

Theodore I, son of John IV. was born in May 31, A. D. 1537, began to reign after the death of his father on the 19th of March, A. D. 1584, died June 1, 1598, and was buried in the church of Archangel. He was, perhaps, unintentionally, the author of the present state of vassalage of the peasantry, by his edict that that they should remain on those estates on which they had settled, and should not be allowed to remove from one village to another without the permission of the proprietor. Through an abuse of this law, the peasantry are now sold with the estate, and landed property is not so often reckoned by the number of Estates it contains, as by the number of Souls (male peasants) which inhabit it. By a fiction of law, certainly never intended by the lawgiver, individuals, both male and female, are even separated from their families, and from the estates to which they are attached, by selling a portion of land with them.

From the Irish Sketch Book.

THE DUBLIN DANDIES.

After wondering at the beggars and carmen of Dublin, the stranger can't help admiring another vast and numerous class of inhabitants of the city—namely, the dandies—such a number of smartly dressed young fellows I don't think any place possesses. They assume a sort of military and ferocious look not observable in other cheap dandies, except in Paris now and then; and are to be remarked, not so much for the splendor of their ornaments, as for the profusion of them. Thus, for instance, a hat which is worn straight over the two eyes, costs very likely no more than one which hangs on one ear; a great oily bush of hair to balance the hat (otherwise the head would fall, no doubt, hopelessly, on one side), is even more economical than a crop which requires the barber's scissors oftentimes; also a tuft on the chin may be had at a small expense of bear's grease by persons of proper age; and, although big pins are the fashion, I am bound to say I have never seen so many or so big as here, large agate marbles or "taws"—globes terrestrial and celestial—paw-broker's balls—I cannot find comparisons large enough for these wonderful ornaments of the person. Canes also should be mentioned, which are sold very splendid, with gold or silver heads, for a shilling on the quays; and the dandy not unfrequently finishes off with a horn quizzing glass, which, being stuck in one eye contracts the brows, and gives a fierce determined look to the whole countenance. In idleness, at least, these young men can compete with the greatest lords; and the wonder is, how the city can support so many of them; or they themselves, how they manage to spend their time; who gives them money to ride hacks in the "Phoenix on field and race days; to have boats at Kingstown during the summer; and to be crowding the railway coaches all the day long."

THE CLIMATE OF EGYPT.

Residents in Egypt often speak in high terms of the climate of the country. "It is an excellent climate," they will tell you, "but against the epidemic maladies you must be on your guard." Now, what are these maladies? Plague cholera, dysentery, ophthalmia, and painful and disgusting eruption. Cholera, to be sure, is a recent importation, but it has domesticated itself in Egypt, and seems to be quite at home there now; all the others are native there, and to the manner born. At their head stands the plague. In Egypt not a year passes away in which cases of plague do not occur, but only so far as the periodical inundations extend. The wretchedness and dirty habits of the population may aggravate the malady and keep up the infection, but cannot be the original cause of it. In Upper Egypt and Nubia, where the Nile does not overflow its banks, the plague is but little known; further to the south, where the country is inundated by the tropical rains, it appears again periodically. While the water is on the ground, both countries remain healthy; and when the ground is thoroughly dry again, the epidemic disappears; but while the process of drying is going on, it has reached its maximum. It is in the coolest months of the year that Egypt is most afflicted by the pestilence, which is unknown in summer, when the ground is parched up by the intense heat.

GERMANS AND FRENCH.

The French are perhaps, more fascinating, more gay, and often pleasanter for the present moment, but their conversation does not leave such agreeable impressions on the mind, and seldom is so profitable; it is more brilliant, but not half so just. I have seldom talked for half an hour with a well-educated German without feeling I had gained something; at all events acquired food for thought. The French make one laugh, and their lively wit is delightful; but they seldom make one think. The middle classes of Germans appear much more civil than persons of the same rank in France. I doubt whether Frenchmen of the present day are so civil as those of other countries; perhaps, because they have had the reputation of being more so, and therefore take less trouble.

FERTILITY OF CHINA.

All writers who have visited China agree in their account of its fertility. Duhalde has a long chapter on the plenty that reigns in China, in which he observes that almost all that other kingdoms afford may be found in China; but that China produces an infinite number of things which are to be found nowhere else. This plenty, he says, may be attributed as well to the depth of soil as to the painful industry of its inhabitants, and the great number of lakes, rivers, brooks, and canals, wherewith the country is watered.

ADVICE TO FEMALES.

As the time of your marriage draws near, you will naturally be led with ease and pleasure into that kind of unlimited confidence with the companion of your future lot which forms in reality the great charm of married life. But even here a caution is required; for though all the future, as connected with your own experience, must belong to him, all the past must belong to others. Never, therefore, make it the subject of your confidential intercourse to relate the history of your former love affairs, if you have had any. It is bad taste to allude to them at all, but especially so under such circumstances; and although such details might serve to amuse for the moment, they would in all probability be remembered against you at some future time, when each day will be sufficiently darkened by its own passing clouds. With regard to all your other love affairs, then, let "by gone be by-gones." It could do no good whatever for you to remember them; and the more you are dissociated from every other being of his own sex, the more will the mind of your husband dwell upon you with unalloyed satisfaction. On the other hand, let no other ill-advised curiosity induce you to pry too narrowly into his past life as regards affairs of this nature. However close your inquiries, they may still be baffled by evasion; and if it be an important point with you, as many women profess to make it, to occupy an unsullied page in the affections of your husband, it is wiser and safer to take for granted this flattering fact than to ask whether any other name has been written on that page before.

ADDRESS.

Every one has a peculiar address. The address of the young men consists in deceiving the women, the address of old men in being deceived by them. With the courtier, address is the art of convenient submission. With a woman, dissimulation; with a coquette, being now complying, now repulsive. With a man of intrigue, it is cunning; and with the ambitious man, policy. The address of a parasite, is shown in accidentally dropping in at the hour of dinner; and the address of most debtors is to conceal their address from their creditors.

WHYS AND WHENS.

Why is a pig in a parlour like a house on fire? Because the sooner it's put out the better. When is a lady like trout? When she takes a Fly that brings her to the bank. Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's light when it rises. Why is a bird a greedy creature? Because it never eats less than a peck. When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is rung for dinner. Why isn't a boy like a pretty bonnet? Because one becomes a woman, the other don't.

Why does a penny pie man shed such scalding tears?—Because he cries "all hot."
He that smarts for speaking the truth hath a plaster in his own conscience.—Fuller.