

his own temperament and character for the rest. [By the way, we might write a whole chapter on hand-shaking, as an indication of character, did not our space and our readers' patience peremptorily forbid it.]

We remember a very nice little woodcut of Hood's, in the fine quaint style which gave so much character to all that he did, representing an open hand, with the punning motto, 'When taken, to be well shaken,' which might afford a primary hint to a pupil in the art. The great points are, to give your hand freely, and as a matter of course, give a shake which will last as long as the spoken greeting of 'How do you do? I'm very glad to see you!' or some such short conventionalism, and then immediately open your hand and release that of your friend. There are of course exceptions to this general rule. In some cases, for instance, 'it may be proper to retain the hand, as when you wish perhaps to lead a person into a room or otherwise, but in ordinary circumstances we are convinced our rule is good. But we must beware of being ourselves the first to infringe its principles, and, therefore, gentle reader, we shall not longer at present detain thee, but, with one cordial shake of thine hand, bid thee good-by until we meet again.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE SACRED CITY OF KERBELA.

A distinguishing feature of Mahometanism, as indeed of most forms of superstition, is the veneration paid to the shrines of saints and others distinguished for their real or supposed devotion. The city of Kerbela is one of the most distinguished and curious of these holy places, being only second in this respect, in the eyes of the Persians and other followers of the sect of Ali, to Medina itself. Kerbela, or Mushed Hussein, as it is otherwise called, is situated in the province of Irak Ajemi, (the ancient Chaldeæ,) in Asiatic Turkey, fifty miles to the south-west of Bagdad. It stands on a plain about six miles from the Euphrates, with which it is connected by a canal, said by some to be more ancient than even the reign of Alexander. Its chief celebrity, in addition to its advantageous position, has been derived from Hussein, son of Ali, by Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, who was slain in the neighbourhood, and to whose tomb innumerable pilgrims of the Schyite sect resort from all parts of Asia. Though subject to the Turks, the majority of the inhabitants are Persians; and it has always been a favourite object of the Shah to obtain possession of this town, as well as of some neighbouring places which are also the resort of pilgrims. The entrance to its sacred enclosure, is zealously guarded by the fanatical inhabitants, not only against Christians, as in the case of Mecca and Medina, but also of those Mahometans who belong to the Sunnite or Turkish sect. The following account of a successful attempt by a European to explore its secrets is so interesting in itself, and reminds us so forcibly of the enterprise of Burckhardt at Mecca, that we are induced to extract a translation of it which has recently appeared in the *Athenæum*. The hero of this spirited adventure is M. Lottin de Laval, an archaeologist of distinction, charged by the French Government with a scientific mission in the East, and who has given an account of his excursion, in a letter to M. Champollion, printed in the *Courrier d'Orient*.

Kerbela, like Mecca, (he says) is a holy city *par excellence*—possessed by the Schyites, who have erected there superb tombs to their Imams, Hussein and Abbas. Its entrance has been, from time immemorial, interdicted not only to Christians of the East, but even to the Omanis, who are masters of the country. Scarcely two years ago—before it was taken by Nedjid Pacha—had a Mussalman attempted to introduce himself, he would inevitably have been murdered. Every thing about the city was a mystery—the nature of its government and its very site. Each year 50,000 to 60,000 sectaries—sometimes 100,000—flock thither from the most remote parts of Russia, from Khorassan, the Great Bokhara, Cashmere, Lahore, and the farther parts of India. *Sefer* is commonly the month of the most celebrated pilgrimage. Numbers of caravans of hadjis arrive at Bagdad; and a curious sight it is to see those long files of horsemen clad in picturesque costume, women hidden beneath their thick veils, and dervises of every shade, mingled with the Moukaris, who conduct the famous caravan of the dead.

Furnished with the recommendations of the French Ambassador at Constantinople, and of the Consul-General of the same country at Bagdad, M. Lottin de Laval, determined upon making an effort to penetrate into a city of which the Orientals relate so many marvels. Crossing the Euphrates at Musceib, by a bridge of boats, he turned west-by-south, across the Arabian desert; and arrived, after two hours' march, on the banks of the Husseinie—a great canal, leading from the Euphrates direct to Kerbela.

On the left bank of the Husseinie appeared plantations of date-trees; and shortly after these the gardens commence. During a march of several hours, the path traverses a forest of huge palms; and the canal is bordered on either side by apricot, plum, pomegranate, and lemon trees in flower, with the vine twining everywhere among their branches, presenting a rich scene of vegetation—still more enchanting after a journey of ten days across the deserts of Babylon and Arabia. We arrived in the afternoon at the gate, protected by a formidable bastion; and over which towers, to the south, the Mosque of Imam Abbas, whose cupola and minarets, covered with painted and varnished porcelain, glittered beneath the rays

of a burning sun. There, the order of our march was arranged, so as to have an imposing appearance in the eyes of the terrible and fanatic population of Kerbela. Sadeg Bey, mutselli of the country, and one of the most active and distinguished men of the empire, had given us, at Hilla, a considerable escort of Arnauts and Aguels—a very necessary precaution. A black Chawich marched at our head, beating rapidly on two small tabors, fastened to each side of his saddle—a mark, in this country, of great honour. I followed next to this man; then came my young companion and a Frenchman born at Bagdad, succeeded by our Persian servants, and our trusty horsemen, lance or musket in hand. The spectacle presented by this dreaded population was curious. At every step we stumbled on pilgrims, mollahs, and green turbaned Scids (descendants of the Prophet.) Women looked down upon us from the terraces. Every one rose at my approach, crossed his hands upon his breast, and then carried them to his mouth and to his head, giving me the salam-aleikoun. I suppose I must have played my part pretty well; for my aleikour-salam was wonderfully well received, with no suspicion of the fraud. Clad like a Kurdish chief, with long beard, and arms at my girdle, and followed by my companion in the uniform of a superior officer of the Nizim, and M. Nourad wearing his ordinary costume of an Arab of Bagdad, the Husseinie, no doubt, fancied their new mutselli had arrived—Sadeg Bey having quitted Kerbela seven days before.

I had been told that the two mosques of Kerbela were of unrivalled beauty—and I found it true: they exceed their fame. That of the Imam Hussein is the most sumptuous. A vast pile of masonry supports the cupola; and this cupola is entirely built in bricks of copper, about eighteen centimetres square, covered over with plates of gold of extreme purity. Three minarets spring up by the side of this sumptuous cupola, adorned with painted porcelain enriched with flowers and inscriptions as far up as the Muezzin's gallery. Above this gallery, are open colonnades on the two minarets which flank the southern gate; and these colonnades and the final shafts are gilt likewise. The interior is in harmony with this unheard-of splendour. The side walls are of enamelled porcelain having a dazzling effect. Wreaths of flowers, and friezes covered with inscriptions in Talik characters intermingled with remarkable elegance, and the cupola is adorned with mirrors, cut facet wise, and with strings and pendants of pearls. The tomb of Hussein is placed in the centre of this cupola. It is a square mass, of considerable height, covered over with veils wrought in pearls mixed with diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds. Cashmere shawls are of no account. Around the tomb are hung marvellous sabres and kamas (poniards of Khorassan) profusely ornamented with precious stones—bucklers of gold, covered with diamonds—jewels, vases, and all that Asiatic luxury can conceive as most costly. Three balustrades protect this mausoleum. The first is of massive gold, wrought with great art. The two others are of massive silver, carved with the skill and the patience of the Persian. The treasury of this mosque, before the taking of Kerbela, included riches incalculable; but Sadalla Pacha, after the massacre which took place near the tomb—paid his devotions there for a space of five hours, with some Sunnite devotees like himself; and it may be that Imam Hussein, irritated by such an outrage, removed to the seven heavens the treasure which had been collected during a period of three centuries—for certainly the serdabs were afterwards found empty.

The mosque of Imam Abbas, situate to the East, has no wealth of gold, silver, or precious stones; yet, in my opinion, it is, in an architectural point of view, far finer. Two minarets only flank its southern gate, and tower above its bold and magnificent cupola—built in porcelain, covered with wide arabesques of a very grand character, and with flowers of gold on a ground of tender green. When the hot sun of Araby darts its burning rays on this richly coloured mass, the splendour and magnificence of the effect are such as thought can scarcely picture and no painting can convey. The body of the edifice is octagonal—adorned in enamel of a lapis-lazuli tint, and enriched by interminable inscriptions in white. All around are pierced, moulded windows, retiring within indented frames; and the great door, of the same style—flanked by two galleries, sustained by light and graceful columns—projects boldly out, in a manner closely resembling the porch of our ancient basilicas. The court of this mosque is vast, square, and pierced at each angle with gates of great richness. A fifth gate, less sumptuous, opening on a street which leads to the Date Bazaar, fronts this porch. The interior is simple, for Abbas detested luxury; and I have been told by Arab Schyites, that all the presents offered at this tomb are carried off in the night by genii, who deposit them in the *koubbe* of his brother Hussein.

From the terraces of the serai, or fortress of Kerbela—where I remained three days—the view of the city is extraordinary. It detaches itself vigorously and burningly from a forest of gigantic palm trees, against which it is reared. On all sides float garments of dazzling colours over the terraces of the white Persian houses—the minarets and cupolas of enamel and gold glisten in the sun—pilgrims are praying, mollahs declaiming with tears the tragical end of their reverend Imams—caravans are coming and going—and, far in the distance for background to this animated picture, is seen on the reddened horizon, the long reach of the Arabian desert.

I have already spoken of the caravan of the

dead, and I have myself travelled in its silent company. The corpses, embalmed with camphor, which is the sacred scent of the Persians, and with certain spices, are wrapped in shrouds covered with inscriptions, very handsome and very dearly paid for to the mollahs of the Mosque of the Kaseme, near Bagdad. They are then laid in rude coffins, and placed on mules—one of which often carries two of them. A Turcoman whom I questioned, said he had been on his journey a hundred and ten days! He came from Kohband, on the frontiers of Eastern China. Each sectary, well-to-do in Persia or India, leaves a portion of his wealth to the Mosques of Kerbela, that his body may be received there. There is a tariff, regulated by the place sought to be occupied by the body. It varies from five krans to five hundred (10,000 Bagdad pisters)—the maximum being applicable to those who desire to lie near the tomb of Hussein. The fixed population of Kerbela numbers from 9 to 10,000; but there is a considerable floating population, which pays enormous imposts to the pacha of Bagdad. The air is very unwholesome, owing to the stagnant waters, and the great number of corpses brought there: fever makes cruel ravages there every year.

New Works.

Sketches from Scripture History. By the late William Scott, Esq.

THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath was made for man. It is an institution accommodated in mercy to his nature and his wants. Its observance is no doubt sanctioned by a divine command, but the command is not an arbitrary one; it is founded on the most substantial and salutary reasons, and is conducive in the highest degree to the welfare and happiness of our species.

The Scribes and Pharisees, following the strict letter of the commandment, thought that they obeyed it by sustaining from labour on the Sabbath, and by strictly refraining from doing upon that day any work whatever, good or bad. Our Saviour sufficiently exposed this error, when he told them, that the 'Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;'—when he asked them the question, to which they could return no answer, 'Is it lawful to do good on the Sabbath day, or to do evil, to save life, or to destroy it?'—when he showed by his own example, the true mode of hallowing the Sabbath—by works of charity and mercy. Notwithstanding this lesson, and others which will be afterwards noticed, there are still among us many excellent persons who seem more inclined than is reasonable, to the narrow, rigid, literal, and as it may be called, Judaical observance of the Sabbath, which was followed by the Scribes and Pharisees of old. They generally admit as allowable exceptions, acts of necessity and mercy; but there are acts which do not fall strictly within either of these categories, which we have the authority and example of the Saviour himself for declaring to be perfectly lawful and innocent, and no infringement of the rest of the Sabbath. There are some so strict as to object to the smallest recreation on that day, particularly to that so conducive to health, of enjoying fresh air, and exercise in the fields. We may say as to this, that every thing depends upon the spirit in which this recreation is indulged in. No one will dispute that to be engaged in idly strolling about the fields, and indulging in foolish and unprofitable discourse, is a profanation of the Lord's day, and ought by all means to be discouraged and repressed;—but, on the other hand, there can, it is conceived, be no harm, but the contrary, after the duties of public and private devotion have been properly and carefully attended to—in going forth in a calm and cheerful frame of mind, to enjoy the beauties of nature, and to inhale the fresh breezes of heaven.

I can conceive nothing more innocent, and indeed praiseworthy, than a family in this frame of mind, accompanying their parents in a Sunday evening walk, the latter pointing out to them, from time to time, some natural phenomenon not previously observed, explaining its causes or its effects, and leading them from thence to admire the wisdom, the power, and the beneficence of the Great Author of all.

In addition to the above, it may be mentioned that, to many in the labouring and middle classes of society, particularly those 'in populous cities pent,' this is the only day on which they have any opportunity of relaxation; that, in the other days of the week, their time is entirely occupied, and their strength wasted by severe toil, or close unremitting confinement, many of them in ill-aired and unwholesome apartments; and that, but for the interval of the Sabbath, many would have no means or opportunity of ever seeing or enjoying the green verdure of the fields, or the blessed light of Heaven. Would we have the cruelty to deprive them of this? to confine them all the Sabbath to their narrow lanes, and low roofed, dark, and stifling houses? Surely this cannot be the will of the Almighty in ordaining the Sabbath. The Sabbath was intended to promote the ease, the comfort, and the happiness of man. It was intended to be, and it ought to be, a delight—and not a punishment.

If these arguments are not considered sufficient—may it not be allowed to adduce the example of our Lord and his disciples, who, we are told, 'walked through the fields of corn, on the Sabbath day.' No reason is assigned for their being so employed; nor is there any ever supposed to be necessary. It is mentioned simply, as indeed it was, as a perfectly lawful and innocent act, on the Sabbath no less than on any other day of the week; and what was done

by them may surely now be done, without offence, by their followers.

It is with no desire whatever of justifying idleness and folly, that I am led to make these remarks; but to point out what I conceive to be the error of some most excellent and worthy persons, who not only themselves practise, but also wish to impose upon the community, an overrigid Judaical observance of the Lord's day. The outward act signifies nothing; every thing depends upon the disposition of the mind. One may spend the day entirely at home, and indulge in the grossest vice, or in the most unhallowed imaginations. Another may walk out into the fields, and store his mind with the most beautiful images of nature, or raise his thoughts to Heaven in the most sublime contemplations. It is evident, from many parts of his history, that much of our Saviour's time was passed with his disciples in the open fields; and it may be mentioned for the benefit of those who are fond of out-door exercise, how he improved such opportunities of social converse, and drew moral reflections from every object that met his view. Pointing at the flowers with which the earth is covered in spring, he told his followers to 'Behold the lilies of the field,' and added 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' He pointed to the birds of the air and said, 'Consider the ravens—they neither sow nor reap, but your Heavenly Father feedeth them.' And on the evening of that day when he had eaten his last repast with his disciples, as passing through the vineyards that surrounded Jerusalem, he began that beautiful discourse, 'I am the true vine.' He who like Him, is prepared to turn every thing to profit,—to draw a useful lesson from every object, and, whatever he does, to do all to the glory of God, will find—

'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

Another purpose to which among the labouring classes, the Sabbath is often made subservient to enjoyment, is its enabling them to meet with their friends, and to be happy for a short time in the society of those from whom they are separated during the week. Those who would debar them from this gratification, have not sufficiently considered, or at any rate do not fully understand, what is meant by the saying—'I will have mercy and not sacrifice.'

From Hogg's Instructor.

BOUNDLESS SPACE.

In wafting ourselves in imagination to our own satellite, the moon—the nearest of our celestial bodies—we have passed over a distance equal to thirty times the diameter of our globe. In advancing to the sun we travel over a distance equal to 400 times that of the moon; and before we reach Uranus, the remotest of the planets, we have travelled a space equal to twenty times the earth's distance from the sun. Thus placed at the limits of a system, enclosed in a circle 1,800 millions of miles in radius, our appreciation of distance would appear to be exhausted, and we seem to be on the margin of an unfathomable abyss. The telescope, however, and the mural circle, have enabled us to span the void; and the genius of man, proud of the achievement—and justly, if humbly, proud—has crossed the gulf 12,000 times the radius of his own system, that he may study the nearest world in the firmament of heaven. Beyond this frontier lies the whole universe of stars—their binary systems—their clusters, and their nebulous combinations. The observed parallax of one fourth of a second, Lyra, carries us four times as far into the bosom of space; but though beyond this we have no positive measures of distance, it would be as unphilosophical to assign limits to creation, as to give it an infinite range. In this rapid flight into space we have traversed it but in one dimension, and the line which we have traced is but an unit in the scale of celestial distance. Creation, in its wide panorama, is still beyond us, around us, and above us. If from this bourne, from which the astronomical traveller alone returns, we look back upon our course, our own planetary system ceases to be perceived. Its sun is dim—itsself but an invisible point in the nebulous light which intervenes. Where, then, is our terrestrial ball—its oceans, its continents, its empires, its dynasties, its thrones? Where is our father-land—its factions, its Christian dissensions, its slave crimes, and its unholy wars? Where is man, the intellectual monad—the only atom of organic life that can pierce the depths and interpret the enigma of the universe?—and yet the only spark of a spiritual nature which disclaims the authority and resists the will of the universal King! They have all disappeared in the far off perspective—the long vista of space, whose apex, were it a sun, the hugest telescope would fail to descry. No living thing here meets the eye, and no sentiment associated with life presences on the affections. The tiny organisms of earth and ocean—everything that moves and breathes, that grows and dies—all are engulfed in the great conception of the universe. The straining mind cannot unite the incalculable extremes. The infinite in space, the eternal in duration, the omnipotent in power, the perfect in wisdom, alone fill the expanded soul, and portray, in their awful combinations, the Creator of the universe.

A staid and demure looking lady called on Dr Christies a few days since. 'Will the galvanic rings cure depression of the spirits?' asked the lady. 'What has caused the complaint, madam?' replied the doctor. 'The loss of my husband,' mournfully ejaculated the lady. 'Then you had better get a wedding ring,' said the doctor.