

Pepe, clothed with the jacket containing the ingots, and pierced through with the barpoon. In eager haste the Spaniard emptied the pockets of their contents, and the corpse was suffered to sink again to the bottom. The fatal treasure was safely placed on board the schooner, after which we returned to the shore.

Cayetano's vengeance was now complete. But all that I had seen and heard made a powerful impression on my mind. The scenery, in the morning which appeared so attractive, now seemed blackened by crime. I was glad to escape from it, and rode back to the city, regretting that so fine a country should be occupied by so lawless a population—offering so striking a contrast to those of the civilized states of Europe.

From the Christian Treasury.

### MOUNT CALVARY.

BY THE REV. J. T. HEADLEY, NEW YORK.

MOUNT CALVARY is lord of the 'sacred mountains,' and, by its baptism of blood and agony, its moral grandeur, and the intense glory that beams from its summit, is worthy to crown the group. Its moral height no man can measure, for though its base is on the earth, its top is lost in the heaven of heavens, the angels hover around the dazzling summit, struggling in vain to scale its highest point, which has never yet been fanned by even an immortal wing. The divine eye alone embraces its length and breadth, and depth and height.

What associations cluster round Mount Calvary! what mysteries hover there! and what revelations it makes to the awe-struck beholder! Mount Calvary!—at the mention of that name the universe thrills with a new emotion, and the heavens tremble with a new anthem, in which pity and exultation mingle in strange yet sweet accord. Glory and brightness are on that hilltop, and shall be to the end of time; but there was a morning when gloom and terror crowned it, and heaven itself, all but God the Father, gazed on it in wonder, if not in consternation.

The strange and painful scene in the garden had passed by, and the shameful examination in the lighted chamber of the high priest was over. Insult and contempt had marked every step of the villainous proceedings, till at length one wretch, more impious than the rest, advanced and struck Jesus on the face. The cheek reddened at the blow, but not with anger or shame, yet methinks as the sound of that buffet was borne on high, there was a rustling of myriad wings, as angels started from their listening attitude, waiting the thunderbolt that should follow.

This too passed by, and also the second mockery of a trial in Pilate's Hall; and the uprisen sun was flashing down on the towers and domes of Jerusalem, and the vast population was again abroad, thronging every street. But a few took any interest in the fate of Jesus of Nazareth; yet those few were filled with the bitterest hate. The victim was now in their power—given up to their will, and they commenced the bloody scene they were to enact, by spitting in his face, and striking his unresisting cheek with blow after blow. To give greater force to their insults, they put a crown on his head, made of thorns, and mocked him with sarcastic words, and strove with fiendish skill to irritate him into some sign of anger or complaint. After having exhausted their ingenuity, and failing in every endeavour, they led him away to be crucified.

It was a bright and beautiful day when a train passed out of the gates of Jerusalem, and began to ascend the slope of Mount Calvary. The people paused a moment as the procession moved boisterously along the streets, then making some careless remark about the fate of fanatics, passed on. The low and base of both sexes turned and joined the company, and with jokes and laughter hurried on to the scene of excitement. Oh, how unsympathising did nature seem! The vines and fig tree shed their fragrance around—the breeze whispered nothing but love and tranquility, while the blue and bending arch above seemed delighted with the beauty and verdure the earth presented. The birds were singing in the gardens, all reckless of the roar and jar of the great city near, as Jesus passed by in the midst of the mob. His face was colourless as marble, save where the blood trickled down his cheeks from the thorns that pierced his temples; his knees trembled beneath him, though not with fear; and he staggered on under the heavy timber that weighed him down, till at last he fainted. Nature gave way, and he sank to the earth; while the hue of death passed over his countenance. When the sudden rush around him, caused by his fall, had subsided, the cross, or rather cross piece, which he had carried was given to another, and the procession again took up the line of march. But suddenly, over the confused noise of the throng and rude shouts of the mob there came a wild lament. Friends were following after, whose sick Christ had healed, whose wounded hearts he had bound up, and on whose pathway of darkness he had shed the light of heaven; and now they lifted up their voices in one long, mournful cry. He turned at the sound, and listened a moment, then murmured in mournful accents: "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." Jerusalem on fire suddenly rose on his vision; together with its famine-struck and bloated population, staggering and dying around the empty market-places—the heaps of the dead that loaded the air with pestilence, and all the horror and we and carnage of that last dreadful siege and forgetful of his own

suffering, he exclaimed, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children."

Soon the procession reached the hill-top, and Jesus was laid upon the ground, and his arms stretched along the timber he had carried, with the palms upturned, and through them spikes driven, fastening them to the wood. Methinks I hear the strokes of the hammer as it sends the iron, with blow after blow, through the quivering tendons, and behold the painful workings of that agony-wrung brow, and the convulsive heaving and swelling of that blessed bosom, which seemed striving to rend above the imprisoned heart.

At length he is lifted from the ground—his weight dragging on the spikes through his hands; and the cross piece inserted into the mortice of the upright timber, and a heavy iron crushed through his feet, fastening them to the main post, and he is left to die. Why speak of his agony—of his words of comfort to the dying thief—of the multitude around him, or of the disgrace of that death? Not even to look on that pallid face and flowing blood could one get any conception of the suffering of that victim. The gloom and terror that began to gather round the soul, as every aid human and divine, withdrew itself, and it stood alone in the deserted, darkened universe, and shuddered, was all unseen by mortal eye. Yet even in this dreadful hour his heart did not forget its friends. Looking down from the cross, he saw the mother that bore him gazing in tears upon his face, and with a feeble and tremulous voice, he turned to John, who had so often lain in his bosom, and said, "Son, behold thy mother." Then turning to his mother, he said, "Behold thy son." His business with earthly things was now over, and he summoned his energies to meet the last most terrible blow, before which nature itself was to give way. He had hitherto endured all without a complaint—the mocking, the spitting upon, the cross, the nails, and the agony—but now came a woe that broke his heart.

His Father's, his own Father's frown began to darken upon him. Oh! who can tell the anguish of that loving, trusting, abandoned heart at the sight. It was too much, and there arose a cry so piercing and shrill and wild that the universe shivered before it; and as the accents, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" fell on the ears of astonished mortals, and filled heaven with alarm, the earth gave a groan, as if she too was about to expire; the sun died in the heavens; an earthquake thundered on to complete the dismay; and the dead could no longer sleep, but burst their ghastly cerements, and came forth to look upon the scene, that was the gloomiest wave that ever broke over the soul of the Savior, and he fell before it. Christ was dead; and to all human appearance, the world was an orphan.

How Heaven regarded this disaster, and the universe felt at the sight, I cannot tell. I know not but tears fell like rain drops from angelic eyes, when they saw Christ spit upon and struck. I know not but there was silence on high for more than half an hour, when the scene of the crucifixion was transpiring—a silence unbroken, save by the solitary sound of some harp-string on which unconsciously fell the agitated, trembling fingers of a seraph. I know not but all the radiant ranks on high, and even Gabriel himself, turned with the deepest solicitude to the Father's face, to see if he was calm and untroubled amidst it all. I know not but His composed brow and serene majesty were all that restrained heaven from one universal shriek of terror, when they heard groans on Calvary, dying groans; I know not but they almost feared God had given his glory to another. But one thing I do know—that when they saw through the vast design, comprehended the stupendous scheme, the hills of God shook to a shout that had never before rung over their bright tops, and the crystal sea trembled to a song that had never before stirred its bright depths, and the 'GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST,' was a 'sevenfold chorus to Hallelujahs, and Harping symphonies.'

Yet none of the heavenly cadences reached the earth, and all was sad, dark, and despairing around Mount Calvary. The excitement which the slow murder created vanished. With none to resist, and none to be slain, a change came over the feelings of the multitude, and they began one by one to return to the city. The sudden darkness, also that wrapt the heavens, and the throb of the earthquake, which made those three crosses reel to and fro like cedars in a tempest, had sobered their feelings, and all but the soldiery were glad to be away from a scene that had ended with such unnatural exhibitions. Gradually the noise and confusion around the cross receded down the slopes—the shades of evening began to creep over the landscape, throwing into still more ghastly relief those three white corpses stretched on high and streaked with blood—and all was over. No, not over, for the sepulchre was yet to open, and the slain Christ was yet to mount the heavens in his glorious ascension.

I will not speak of the moral grandeur of the atonement—of the redemption purchased by the agony and death on Calvary, for they are familiar to all. Still they constitute the greatness and value of the whole. It is the atonement that makes Mount Calvary chief among the 'Sacred Mountains'—gives it such altitude that no mortal eye can scan its top, or bear the full effulgence of its glory. Paul called on his young disciples to summon their strongest energies and bend their highest efforts to comprehend the length and breadth, and depth and height of this stupendous theme—a length which reaches from everlasting to everlasting;

a breadth that encompasses every intelligence and every interest; a depth which reaches the lowest state of human degradation and misery, and a height that throws floods of glory on the throne and crown of Jehovah.

## The Politician.

### The British Press.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

### CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF WESTERN ASIA.

[Continued from our last.]

The worst consequence perhaps, resulting from feelings and ideas so reprehensible, is the sense of degradation experienced by the sufferers; whatever may in this country be imagined to the contrary, the Jew of the east almost acquiesces in the judgment of his Turkish neighbours. He feels himself to be weak and powerless, and perpetually breathing an atmosphere of scorn and obloquy; withers and dwindles under its deleterious influence, into the wretched creature he is supposed to be. He crawls about the city in fear and trembling, and never experiences the dignified feelings of a man, but when bending over his gold, the whole staff of his life, with which he sometimes is enabled to smite the heathen, and return them a portion of the scorn they lavish on him. In England a Jew may always be respectable if he pleases. The laws recognise in him most of the rights of citizenship, and will shortly grant him all he can desire, or that humanity can contend for in his behalf. But how different is the case in the east? There he has no rights is acknowledged by no law, protected by no institutions; but simply suffered to exist as a necessary evil, like a drain or a kennel; but his own people shun him in the street, and consider themselves polluted by his very touch. Even the fascinations of beauty, which reconcile the nobles and princes of the east to the women of all other nations, seldom or never subdue their aversion for a Jewess, which they generally regard with as much abhorrence as a vampire. We never knew of a female Yehoud having been admitted into a harem. The ineradicable prejudices of creed and race forbid the shocking idea. All the other inmates, at the first glimpse of that accursed physiognomy, which our less fastidious taste often regards as handsome, would immediately take to flight, and leave the perumed chambers and luxurious gardens a desert to their possessor.

Nothing, therefore, can be more preposterous than the idea of seeking, among the unfortunate Yshoodis of Syria, the germs of a new revelation, to ameliorate the condition of the human race. The mind of Asia, from Behring's straits to the Isthmus of Suez, is burnt out. Nothing but the elders, as it were, of creeds and dogmas, bespreads its empires and kingdoms. The dwellers in secluded fastnesses—the pastoral wanderers over steppes and plains—the ignorant and uncivilized populations which congregate together, and carry on rude trades and callings, in large but disorganised cities, still cherish the wreck of outworn religions, sometimes with warmth and enthusiasm, but for the most part with a lassitude and indifference which it is painful to witness. When brought, therefore, accidentally into contact with an European, the Oriental, in spite of the stupid prejudices which he has inherited from his forefathers, experiences the most humiliating consciousness of inferiority. He sees that the man from the West, of colossal stature and iron-mould, can do what he can't—that he can subdue to his own uses the powers of the elements—that he is irresistible in war, and wise and full of resources in peace—and the pride which besotted ignorance engenders melts away in the light of facts.

This is more especially the case with respect to Englishmen, a wonderful idea of whose power and character has penetrated even into the wildest deserts and least enlightened portions of Asia. Who and what we are they frequently fail to comprehend. With the resources, and even, perhaps with the geographical position of our islands, they are unacquainted. They only know that we have marched as conquerors over half the east; that from central Asia to the Chinese wall, our banners have waved, and our soldiers deposited their bones; and that our fleets have swept like hurricanes, along the coast of every maritime nation in the habitable world—that we possess more colonies than they can number, and that we have acquired everything, by the exertion of an intellectual energy, never hitherto displayed by any other people known to history. If the project, consequently, were proposed to them, of reconstructing our social system, by means of any mental influence originating in the East, they would treat the idea with the most contemptuous ridicule. To discover the gigantic proportions of Great Britain, we must detract from her as we do from the Pyramids, and take our stand among the tribes and races which contemplate her from a distance. That Asiatics thoroughly comprehend us, and are able to infer our future destiny, from what we have already accomplished, we are very far from affirming. But the slightest possible knowledge of their opinions and manner of thinking will suffice to convince us that they would as soon think of deranging the march of the constellations, as hope to give a bias to our civilisation, by any process of thought or modification of belief originating among them, in their present helpless condition; and if Asia, generally, be a spent volcano, Syria may be regarded as its most exhausted crater.

Nevertheless, the material prosperity of the country might be indefinitely promoted, could we but impart to it some few of these institutions, to which Europe owes all its greatness. Mr. D'Israeli ridicules parliaments, and declaims with bitterness against what he calls the tyranny of self-government. At present, the Syrians if consulted, might possibly, for want of knowing better, agree with him; but if they would ever emerge from the miserable state of servitude in which they now grovel, they must consent in these matters, to imitate the Franks, and be at the pains to tyrannise over themselves. Upon careful inquiry, it would, we think, be found that the desire for some such revolution already exists among them, though the unfortunate circumstances in which they have long been placed—their sectarian divisions, the obstacles, material and political, which have obstructed the development of trade and industry—and the jealousy of certain European powers, have prevented them from acting in obedience to their impulses. If we run our eye along the mountains and valleys which intersect and diversify the face of the land, reasons will present themselves more than sufficient to explain the existing moral lethargy of Syria. That which may be denominated the basis of the population and is composed of Arabian elements, has hitherto proved unsusceptible of all political amelioration. We mean the partizans of the Sunnee sect or followers of the first three caliphs. Scattered indiscriminately among these, are the sectarians who uphold the pretension of Ali, known elsewhere in the East under the name Sheahs, but in Syria denominated Metwalis. Between these two divisions of Mohammedans there exists a degree of rancorous hostility, which they who are versed, in the history of the Inquisition may, perhaps, be able to understand. Their hatred, in fact, is exactly proportioned to the sightness and futility of its cause. But what will not men convert into a pretext for destroying each other? Look at the Mussulmans of Northern India, how they break forth at stated periods into lamentations for the death of Hassan and Hussein; how they parade with frantic gestures through the streets; listen how they wail and howl and lash themselves into a frenzy of grief; observe how in the paroxysms of this madness, the inoffensive Hindoos, the fierce and truculent Sikhs, towards whom they have comparatively no cause of quarrel; and then imagine with what deadly fury they would be likely to fall upon those who represent to them the murderers of their prophets.

In a distant part of Syria, consisting of almost inaccessible mountains, we find in great numbers, the indomitable followers of the mad caliph Hakim Beamrillah. Into the peculiarities of their creed and customs we cannot just now enter; more jesuitical than the Metwalis, they industriously disguise that heresy; affect to think in accordance with all those who converse with them, but secretly in their own secluded shrines, practise rights, and give utterance to opinions, which, if openly proclaimed would excite one universal shudder through the Mohammedan world. These formidable heretics are the Druses, who, without being at all understood by Europe, have attracted so much attention by the remarkable part they have always played in the intestine quarrels of their country.

Close neighbours to these are the Maronites or Christians of the Lebanon, who, though far more numerous than the Druses, have generally been inferior to them in power, because much less passionately addicted to a military life. The history of this fragment of Christendom surviving in the midst of the Mohammedan world, is full of interesting vicissitudes, which would be instructive did men in reality derive any practical advantages from the annals of past times. Even the existence of the Maronites, however, may be regarded as an extraordinary circumstance, though less so than that of the Armenians, who, driven forth from the cradle of their race and faith, live scattered throughout the east like the Jews, finding all the delights of home and country in their chests and money bags. These patient economical people, who are ever ready to compass sea and land, through devotion for the breeches pockets, constitute an important part of the population of Syria, where they contend with the Ishmalites and Israelites, for the mastery in all matters of cash. Among these who do not believe in the Book, few are more disliked or more fiercely persecuted by the Armenians from the banks of the Nile to those of the Orontes, Abnana, and Pharpar, we find innumerable anecdotes in circulation, illustrative of their aversion and worthlessness. Pashas and Kadhis acquire popularity by oppressing them. Mohammed Ali, who possesses some original ideas, and loves to depart from traditional policy of the Turks, has sought to attach the Armenians to his government, by bestowing on them titles and places, and enabling them like another money-making race of old, to spoil the Egyptians.

But his plan had been attended with little success; none of his discontented subjects being more bitterly hostile to him than the Armenians in his service, upon whom he had lavished favours, whom he had fed and educated, and who would still be buried in the darkest night of obscurity, but for his unaccountable partiality.

Another Syrian tribe far more obscure to Europeans, is that of the Ansari, upon whom Mr. D'Israeli has bestowed so large a share of his admiration. Two things belonging to the people, deserves special notice; first, they preside over the cultivation of that wild and odorous tobacco, which under the name of Jabel Latakia, whence the wearers some marches of travellers in the East; and second, they uphold some strange form of