

Poetry.

THE NATIVITY.

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds through the night
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light:

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujah's stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky!
Heaven bursts her azure gates to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious hosts of Zion came:
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,
While thus they struck their harps and sang:

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn;
Behold, she binds, with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.

He comes, to cheer the trembling heart,
Bids Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.

O Zion! lift thy raptur'd eye,
The long expected hour is nigh;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

General Miscellany.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE, and the return of the ten tribes.

The venerable author of *The Sacred Calendar of Prophecy*, G. S. Faber, B. D., has published a little book with the above title in which he offers a solution of the questions arising out of the difficulties between Russia and Turkey from the pages of the Apocalypse and the Hebrew prophets. In the events which are now occurring, he discerns the approaching fulfilment of those prophecies which are generally supposed to foreshadow the downfall of the Ottoman empire. That event, according to received interpretations, is to take place on the pouring out of the sixth Apocalyptic vial:—"And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates, and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of kings of the East might be prepared."

The Euphrates being the principal river of the Ottoman dominions, is the symbol of the Turkish empire. The same river, is used by Isaiah to typify the Assyrian empire. "The Lord bringeth upon them the waters of the river strong and many, the King of Assyria and all his glory, and he shall come up over all his channels and overflow all his banks," (Isaiah viii. 7.) The drying up of the river symbolizes the dissolution of the empire which it represents, that is, in the present case, the Turkish empire.

The pouring out of the sixth vial is to take place before the close of the Prophetic period of 1,260 years. The date from which that period is to be reckoned is uncertain, therefore, the time of its expiration is uncertain also, but there is great reason, says Mr. Faber, to believe that they will expire in the year 1864. The revival of the Emperors of the French, which is identified with the seventh head of the Roman empire, is, to use our author's expression, "the last solemn warning which has been struck upon the bell of prophecy." The fifth vial has been poured out, we may, therefore, now expect the outpouring of the sixth.

The downfall of the Turkish Empire, which will mark the effusion of the sixth vial, is to be the signal and the cause of a terrible and general war having its commencement in Europe, but at the close of the 1,260 years, that is at the beginning of the outpouring of the seventh vial, it will pass into Palestine. The agents who stir up this war will be the three unclean spirits like frogs, whom St. John saw issuing from the "mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet, for they are the spirits of devils working miracles, which go forth unto the kings of the earth, and of the whole world, to gather them to the battle of that great day of God Almighty."

In these three spirits Mr. Faber recognizes infidelity, military despotism arising out of anarchy,

and Jesuitism of the most arrogant and tyrannical ultramontane school,—fit agents for mischief.

Of this war, which is to be the last under the present order of things, "a wonderfully minute account is given in the prophet Daniel.

"The progress of the wilful king and his ally the False Roman Prophet will be opposed by two powers, which at that time will be lords respectively of Egypt, and of Syria, whence those two powers are called the King of the South and the King of the North, but the event only can determine with certainty what those two powers will be."

"They will, however, be unable to prevent the progress of the wilful King when he invades the glorious land; but notwithstanding this inability, Edom and Moab and the chief of the children of Ammon, whatever may be the states designated by those ancient names, will escape out of his hand. Nevertheless Egypt will not thus escape, and while he has power over its treasures, the Libians and the African Cushim will be at his steps."

"Yet when disturbed by tidings out of the East and out of the North, he shall plant the tabernacles of his palaces between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; he will, in exact conformity with other parallel prophecies which treat of the same time and subject, come to his end, and none shall be able to help him."

In the application of these types to particular individuals or nations, we are "not to venture further than Scripture takes us by the hand," but "a general war may clearly be set down as the consequence of the downfall of Turkey, and in the course of its evolutions Israel will be restored."

"Of this we may be sure that the downfall of Turkey will be the harbinger of the restoration of Israel."

We will not venture an opinion on the probable truth of these speculations. Time will pass an impartial and unerring judgment upon them. What God has said will assuredly come to pass. If acknowledged talents and great acquirements earnestly applied during a long life to the interpretation of prophecy have failed to enable Mr. Faber to delineate, even in dim outline, the features of coming events, we may fairly conclude that such is not the true use of prophecy; that we are only permitted in past or passing events to see its fulfillment, and so to recognise the hand of God both in Scripture and in the government of the world.

The prospect which Mr. Faber sets before us is a terrible one. We are on the eve of that "time of trouble such as never was since there was a nation." Yet we are not left without help or hope. The same Revelations whose shrouded figures cast their dark shadows on our future, assures us in terms which cannot be mistaken, that the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.—*Record*.

(From the Correspondence of the N. Y. Tribune.)

THE PESTILENCE AT NEW ORLEANS.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 8, 1853.

I have been busy the last few days in visiting the Hospitals and Cemeteries. The scenes I witnessed there cannot be described so as to give you any idea of the reality. At the Hospitals the sufferings are very great, and it is a wonder any recover. In one room I visited there were about forty females. They are placed in cots on either side of the room, with just room enough between the cots for the attendants to give the poor sufferers their medicines. On one cot was a mother who had just died of the black vomit; in the next cot the daughter was not only suffering with the fever, but what must she have suffered in her mind on seeing the lifeless body of her mother! On another cot was a young woman from Tennessee (the only American in the Hospital.) She had just been received, and was in the first stage of the disease. On one side of her was a woman raving mad, with the black vomit, and *laid down* to her cot. On the other side was the mother who had just died. I concluded the poor Tennessee woman would soon die, after witnessing such scenes. In another part of the room were two sisters. One was doing very well, the other had the black vomit. On another cot were three children, whose parents had already died, and I could not but think that it would be better if the poor children should follow their parents to the spirit world. In the room below were about forty men in the various stages of the disease. There were some three or four tiers of cots in this room. Many of the sufferers had the black vomit, others were raving and lashed down

to their cots. Some were groaning others cursing, and a few were quiet. How any of the patients can ever get well, surrounded as they are with the dead and dying, and obliged to see every dead body as it is removed is truly surprising. No doubt many die through fright, and others, no matter how calm they may be, must lose all hope and give up in despair. As soon as life is out of the body, they are put into a rough box made by the prisoners of the workhouse. The box is *painted* black with *lampblack*. The Corporation cart backs up to the Hospital, the boxes or coffins are taken into them—say from three to four at a load—and they are thus taken through our streets, without even a cover to the cart, or anything covered over the coffins. Exposed to the hot sun, they are taken a long distance through our principal streets to the cemeteries. There are a large number of persons calling at the Hospital to see their friends, but of course cannot be admitted, as the patients must be kept as quiet as possible. One poor old man came to the window of the Infirmary to ask after his daughter, a young German girl seventeen years of age. He was told he could not see her, but that she was getting well, and if he would come the next day he could see her. The poor old man cried with joy on hearing of his daughter's being convalescent, and left with a light heart, no doubt thinking of the pleasures of "to-morrow," when he should embrace one who was so dear to him, and his sole prop in old age. He said he had only her. You can judge of my surprise, after the old man left, when the keeper of the Hospital remarked, "He will never see his daughter again. She will be dead before night, and when he comes to-morrow, he will find the Corporation have taken her off to Potter's Field in one of those black boxes." I asked the keeper why he deceived the old man. His reply was, that "if he told him the truth, he would have the *old fellow* crying about the Hospital all night." Poor old man! what must his feelings be when he calls again, to find his daughter dead and buried. And when he inquires the place of her burial, the reply will be, "I do not know." There is no way of ascertaining where the grave is, of any one who dies in these Hospitals, as the bodies are placed in the black boxes without any mark to designate the tenant within; and they are buried without any stake or mark being placed to designate the grave. The citizens of the Fourth District of our city were in a great state of excitement yesterday, (Sunday morning.) On account of the great number of bodies sent to the Fourth District Cemetery, they could not, or, I should say, did not, bury them as fast as they should do. On yesterday morning there were about fifty bodies not buried. Many had been there forty-eight hours. The decomposition of the bodies in the hot sun caused the coffins, or boxes, to burst open. Many of the bodies also burst open, and the stench was such as to drive people from their houses.

I visited the ground this afternoon. Some squares distant the odor from the bodies was very offensive. On arriving at the gate of the Cemetery, the first thing which attracted my attention was an old negro woman stationed at the very gate of the Cemetery, selling apples, peaches, pies, ice-cream and beer. No doubt she was well patronized by the numerous Irish and Germans who go to the burial-place with funerals. I think she would have made more money selling camphor, as I found camphor a great luxury for the hour I passed in the Cemetery. I found the chain-gang at work digging trenches, about eighteen inches deep and about fifty feet long; into these the coffins were crowded six abreast; lime was then thrown upon the coffins, and dirt piled up upon them. The tops of the coffins were *from five to eight inches above the level of the ground*. There were about twenty coffins, or I should say bodies, to be buried when I left, but as the trenches were dug, and the chain-gang had only to place the bodies into them and cover with earth, they soon got through. The negroes were all drunk, and they would let the coffins fall several times before getting them into the trenches. I will leave it to the imagination of your readers as to the scene presented at this Cemetery, without attempting to describe it. In company with a friend, I left the Lafayette Cemetery and proceeded to the Ridge, to visit Potters Field, St. Patrick's, Odd Fellows', Firemen's, Hebrew, and Charity Hospital Cemeteries, all of which are situated on the Ridge about three miles from the city: On our way there we noticed, on Carondelet-st., one of the city carts backed up at