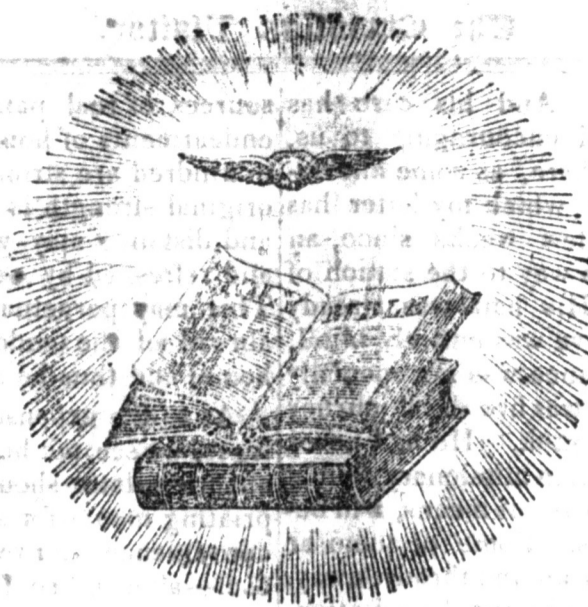


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REV. E. D. VERY,

"BY PURENESS, BY KNOWLEDGE—BY LOVE UNFEIGNED."—ST. PAUL.

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SUNDAY.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shorts of
Heaven once a week; [bliss!
The next world's gladness prepossessed in this;
A day to seek
Eternity in time; the steps by which
We climb above all ages; lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days; and the rich
And full redemption of the whole week's
flight:
The pulleys unto headlong man; time's bowers,
The narrow way;
Transplanted paradise; God's walking hour;
The cool of the day;
The creature's jubilee; God's parle with dust;
Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh,
of flowers,
Angels descending; the returns of trust;
A gleam of glory after six day's showers;
The church's love-feasts; time's prerogative
And interest
Deducted from the whole; the combs and hive,
And home of rest;
The milky-way chalked out with suns; a clue
That guides through erring hours, and in
full story;
A taste of heaven on earth; the pledge and cue
Of a full feast, and the out-courts of glory."
Henry Vaughan.

MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succor us, that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivants,
Against foul fiends, to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch, and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O! why should heavenly God to man have
such regard!"
Edmund Spenser.

THE GOOD LIFE—LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make a man better be;
Or standing long an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measure life may perfect be."
Ben Jonson.

[From the Courier and Enquirer.]

SCENES AT DAMASCUS.

Damascus, Syria, May 12th, 1849.

First view of Damascus—the population and the streets—the interior of the houses—visit upon a Jewish Family—Mishaki, the Syrian Physician—the morality of the people—Life in Damascus.

A ride of a day and a half through a country constantly alternating between great fertility and perfect barrenness, brought us to Damascus, the Queen of Eastern cities. Its first view was one of those pictures that live forever in the memory. For the last few miles we had been riding over a sandy, hilly tract, oppressed with heat and fatigue. Suddenly a *feu de joie* from our Arab advance guard saluted our ears. We at once knew that it hailed our destination, and pressing on to the brow of the hill, the scene at once burst upon us in all its striking effect. Below us was the plain of El Ghot, stretching northwards and southwards as far as the eye could reach, and bounded on one side by an undulating range of hills, and on the other by the snow-crested ridge of the Anti-Libanus. The plain was

but one vast expanse of aridity, save where the Barrada shot through it its flashing waters.—In its midst waved a grove a score of miles in circuit, and luxuriant with every tree an Eastern sun can warm into life, from the lowly pomegranate with its vermilion petals to the stately palm with its proudly nodding plumes. Inlaid was the city, like a pearl set in emerald, its domes and minarets glistening under the noontide sun, and everything mantled over with the enchantment that distance always gives to the view of an Oriental city. Hastening on, we soon passed the city gates, and slowly made our way among the astonished people, through streets and bazaars, until we finally entered the "street called Straight," of Apostolic memory, and reached the house of one Demetrius, a Greek, where we are now sojourning.

Damascus has a population of about 125,000, of which about 12,000 are Syrian Christians, 3,000 Jews, and the remainder Mahometans. The city lost last year quite a fraction of its population by the cholera: no less than 21,000 were swept off in twenty-five days. I have now been here four days, and the time has been to me one of the liveliest interest and enjoyment. I here for the first time see genuine Eastern life, uncontaminated by contact with Europeans. The bazaars are richer, the people are more picturesquely attired and luxuriously lodged, and everything is more redolent with Oriental spirit than in any other place I have visited. The inhabitants excel in beauty, and especially in clearness and purity of complexion. No people in Europe have whiter or more delicate skins, and I was at once struck by the fact because I had always before associated the turban with a swarthy visage. No city is so well supplied with water as Damascus. The Barrada as it enters the city walls, is artificially divided into six channels, which are made to enrich every house with fountains, and to send life and beauty through all the surrounding vegetation. The streets are narrow but uniformly paved, and have elevated walks on both sides for foot passengers. No vehicle of any kind is ever seen, and but few camels or other beasts of burden. The houses are of stone, plastered with a grayish cement; they are two or three stories in height, flat-roofed, and their exterior presents only a bare dead wall, relieved here and there by a low unseemly door and perhaps a latticed window, but let us glance at the interior, taking, as we justly may, the house in which I now am as a specimen, as all are built after the same pattern.—Coming from the street through an arched passage, I find myself in an open court, some 60 feet square, flagged with marble set in mosaic. In the centre is an elevated reservoir, 8 feet by 12, constantly fed with living water, and shaded by vines and orange, lemon and pomegranate trees. The high stone walls which inclose the court are striped with paint in bright tri-colours; they are indented by spacious matted and divanned alcoves, and pierced with many doors and windows, opening into the various halls and chambers of the house. The principal rooms are planned much like the ancient Greek saloon. The door from the court admits you into a square space some fifteen feet in breadth, paved with marble and inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and having in its centre a large perennial marble-enclosed fountain. On three sides of this square, and elevated about two feet above it, are estrades, each nearly as large as the lower area. They are divided from it by arches of beautiful form and workmanship, and are furnished with elegant seats and divans. The windows are either of stained glass, or are draped with rich curtains. The walls are provided with shelved niches for vases of wa-

ter, sherbet, and flowers; and are painted to a certain height in imitation of parti-colored marble, and further up with arabesque tables of flowers, fruits, and emblematic devices.—The ceiling, which is at least forty feet above the floor, is panelled and beautifully pictured in the Eastern style. Everything is on the most extensive scale, an Oriental mansion usually occupying three or four times as much ground as a European. The rent of such a house is only about 1,800 piasters, or 80 dollars a year.

With Captain Hill and an *attache* of the British Consulate, I visited yesterday one of the richest Jewish families of the city. Passing from the street through a long vaulted arch-way, we entered the court, which as usual was paved with marble, and ornamented with fountains and fruit trees. Here we were received by the family. First, the master of the house, a gentleman about thirty years of age, with keen eyes, light complexion, black beard and mustaches, and attired with a white turban, and a light silk robe, secured by a sash. Next was a young Rebecca of eighteen, (I say *next* for she was of course the next to claim my attention, being a bachelor,) with rich brunette complexion, with full forehead, eyebrows shaven into a perfect circle and coloured with Kohol, dark limpid eyes, and gloriously wreathed lips, and with a small and yet finely rounded figure. A jaunty velvet cap, bordered with a broad fillet of rose-diamonds, covered her head, and her silky brown hair hung behind in long braided plaits, each of which was decorated at the extremity by a gold sequin. A green, loose-sleeved silk vest, with its front just open enough to show the silk tunic beneath, reached down to her waist, which was girded by a beautiful silk sash.—Full trousers, of colored silk, tightly gathered at the ankles, white stockings and yellow slippers, completed her costume. Lastly the wife of our host, a beautiful lady of some twenty-four years, and an elderly matron, his mother; both were attired in much the same style as the damsel, but with greater simplicity. We duly made our salaams, and were forthwith ushered into a spacious and most elegant saloon. A white linen cushion, lying directly on the floor, bordered it on all sides; on this, according to Eastern usage, we all took, at proper distances, our reclining positions. Such attitudes and such grace! Nestor himself would have sworn the scene was laughable. Coffee, sweetmeats and Turkish pipes were brought, and through our Arab interpreter, we carried on a lively conversation, which I have no room to describe. In due time, we took our leave, with all the ceremony Oriental etiquette requires.

I also called yesterday upon the celebrated Syrian physician, Mishaki, who has lately left the Syrian Catholic Church, and is now with wonderful power sustaining a controversy with the Patriarch, and whose name is, doubtless, familiar to your religious readers. I found him bare-footed on the floor, with an Arabic Bible by his side, and penning on a cushion before him the last paragraph of a new letter. He is about fifty years of age, has large lambent eyes, a glorious beard, and one of the most magnificent heads I ever beheld. He rose and received me with the greatest courtesy. Through an interpreter, I had an hour's conversation with him on various subjects, and then left him, scarcely knowing which to admire most, his profound learning or his lofty earnestness of spirit. I was much struck at the coincidence of his opinion of Mahomet with Carlyle's. Mahomet, he said, was no impostor, but an earnest, thoughtful, deep-sighted, though illiterate man, who had himself a conception of the true religion, but yet, in order to destroy the idolatry and corrupt

superstitions of his native land, was obliged to compromise in a measure his own convictions, and temper the truth to the capacities of his countrymen. I cannot help believing that Mishaki will exercise an immense influence upon the religious future of Syria.

The Turks consider Damascus as a peculiarly holy city, and regard Frank intruders with great aversion; yet, excepting being occasionally spit at and stoned by little boys, we have been in no wise insulted. There is very little truth or honesty among the people of Damascus generally, but more among the Turks than either the Jews or Christians.—In few cities is morality at a lower ebb. Licentiousness abounds everywhere; but the Jewish women surpass as much in corruption as in beauty. Among all classes, marriages take place at a very early age, and females are frequently grandmothers at thirty. Yet the population is rather diminishing than increasing. Most illegitimate children are destroyed, and of the others not one out of four survives the mistreatment and neglect of infancy. Few parents have more than one or two children, husbands preferring to spend their means in enjoying themselves, than in supporting families.

The people pass most of their time smoking in blissful repose in the public gardens, at the coffee-houses, which are built over running streams, and shaded and perfumed by the loveliest fruit trees. If, according to the Mahometan idea, ethereal skies, aromatic airs, luxuriant foliage, delicious fruits, sparkling waters, melodious birds, and beautiful women, make a paradise, Damascus is an earthly elysium.

WEALTH OF THE ENGLISH.

We find in a digest of Mr. Colman's recent book on Europe, prepared for the *Boston Transcript*, some interesting particulars of the wealth of several of the noblemen of Great Britain.

Althorpe, the residence of Earl Spencer, consists of 40,000 acres, all lying together in wood, meadow, pastures, gardens, parks, and every thing in a style of superior beauty and order. His house contains sleeping rooms for seventy guests—the entries and rooms are filled with pictures and statues. A gallery of pictures, one hundred feet long, contains many of the works of the first masters. His library comprises more than 50,000 volumes, and is said to be the finest library in the world.

The Duke of Richmond's home farm (Goodwood) consists of 33,000 acres. His whole domain at Goodwood is 40,000 acres. He has a summer retreat in Scotland of between 200,000 and 300,000 acres. "Of the beauty and magnificence of this establishment," says Mr. Colman, "I cannot give you an adequate idea,—extensive parks, through which you ride for miles and miles—herds of deer, sheep, and cattle—twenty-five race horses in the stable, and a groom for each—an aviary, filled with a variety of splendid birds, fish ponds, grottos, &c.

The annual income of the Duke of Devonshire, the proprietor of Chatsworth, is said to be £200,000, or one million of dollars. This is said to be the most splendid nobleman's seat in the kingdom. His *arboretum*, covering many acres, contains one or more specimens of every tree that can be acclimated—the kitchen garden covers 12 acres—a conservatory, 327 feet long, 417 wide, 67 high, with a carriage way. This conservatory is covered with 7600 square feet of glass, and warmed with hot water, passing through an extent of seven miles. The fountain at Chatsworth throws the water to the height of 276 feet. Here the Duke owns 3,500 acres and 96,000 in Derby-