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THE TWO MAMMAS.

(FOR HENRY AND EDWARD.)

BY MRS. E. C. JUDSON.

'Tis strange to talk of two mammas,
Well, come and sit by me,
And I will try to tell you how
So strange a thing can be.

Years since, you had a dear mamma,
So gentle, good, and mild,
Her Father, God, looked down from heaven,
And loved his humble child.

"Come hither, child," he said, "and lean
Thy head upon thy breast."
She had toiled long and wearily,
He knew she needed rest.

And so her cheek grew wan and pale,
And fainter came her breath,
And in the arch beneath her brow,
A shadow lay like death.

Then dear papa grew sad at heart,
Oh, very sad was he!
But still he thought 'twould make her
To sail upon the sea.

He did not know that God had called,
But thought she still might stay,
To bless his lonely Burman home,
For many a happy day.

And so he kissed her little boys,
With white and quivering lip,
And while her tears were falling fast,
They bore her to the ship.

And Abby, Pwen, and Enna* went—
Oh! it was sad to be
Thus parted—three upon the land,
And three upon the sea!

But poor mamma still paler grew,
As far the vessel sped,
Till wearily she closed her eyes,
And slept among the dead.

Then on a distant rocky isle,
Where none but strangers rest,
They broke the cold earth for her grave,
And heaped it on her breast.

And there they left her all alone,—
Her whom they loved so well!—
Ah me! the mourning in that ship,
I dare not try to tell!

And how they wept, and how they prayed,
And sleeping or awake,
How one great grief came crushing,
As if their hearts would break.

At length they reached a distant shore,
A beautiful, bright land,
And crowds of pitying strangers came,
And took them by the hand.

And Abby found a pleasant home,
Pwen, and Enna too;
But poor papa's sad thoughts turned back,
To Burmah and to you.

He talked of wretched heathen men,
With none to do them good;
Of children who are taught to bow
To gods of stone and wood.

He told me of his darling boys,
Poor orphans far away,

With no mamma to kiss their lips,
Or teach them how to pray.

And would I be their new mamma,
And join the little band
Of those, who for the Saviour's sake,
Dwell in a heathen land?

And when I knew how good he was,
I said that I would come;
I thought it would be sweet to live
In such a precious home;

And look to dear papa for smiles,
And hear him talk and pray;
But then I knew not it would grow
Still sweeter every day.

Oh, if your first mamma could see,
From her bright home above,
How much of happiness is here,
How much there is of love,

'Twould gladden her angel heart, I know,
And often would she come,
Gliding with noiseless spirit-step,
About her olden home.

Much do I love my darling boys,
And much do you love me;—
Our Heavenly Father sent me here,
Your new mamma to be.

And if I closely follow Him,
And hold your little hands,
I hope to lead you up to heaven,
To join the angel bands.

Then with papa, and with mamma,
And her who went before,
And Christ who loves you more than all,
Ye'll dwell for ever more.
Maulmain, 1849.

[From the Courier and Enquirer.]

SCENES IN THE EAST.

JERUSALEM, June 1st, 1849.

Excursion to the Dead Sea—Bethany and the Tomb of Lazarus—the Desert—Bathing in the Dead Sea and in the Jordan—Jericho—A call on the Bedouins—the character of the Bedouins—Ride to Bethlehem.

I returned a day or two since from an excursion, with Captain Hill, to the Dead Sea and the Jordan. The country around is so infested with the Bedouins that it is indispensably necessary for all who visit these localities to hire the escort of a Bedouin chief and a few of his men. Five chiefs occupy the district, and they serve travellers alternately. They have a fixed price from which they never deviate, 100 piastres (or about \$4) from each person for the chief, and 40 piastres from all for the men. It is a regular black mail system to which all who have any regard to their own safety, must submit. At the appointed morning, our chief presented himself at our door mounted on a splendid Arabian. He was a fine, athletic, black-bearded fellow, with a red mantle over his head, a black cloth robe secured by a sash around his body, and red Turkish boots on his feet, and was armed with a Damascus gun, a pair of pistols and an enormous Bedouin spear. Four of his men followed on foot, each armed with a heavy gun, and dressed with mantle, tunic and sandals. Among them was a full-blooded negro who had been adopted into the tribe.

Starting at an early hour, we passed round the base of Olivet, and after a ride of a mile over a cultivated tract, we reached the village of Bethany. Here I dismounted a few minutes, to visit the Tomb of Lazarus, who was raised from the dead. Entering a small door

in the side of a hill, I made my way down some twenty steps cut into the rock, and then creeping through a small aperture, found myself in the so-called Tomb, which is simply a chamber some eight feet square, excavated from the solid rock. After leaving Bethany, the soil gradually lost its verdure, and became more and more arid and barren, till at last its sterility and dreariness was almost frightful. A more blasted scene of desolation it was impossible to conceive. The whole surface consisted of friable rock, covered with yellow-sulphureous heaps of sand, and here and there gullied by winter torrents into deep ragged ravines. A stunted, sapless shrub occasionally struggled above the ground, to mock its nakedness. Nowhere was a human dwelling visible, and nowhere a human figure. The meridian sun poured down its fiercest beams, and the heat and glare reflected from all around was almost insupportable. This scene continued unchanged for three hours, when, making a long descent, we approached the shore of the Dead Sea. A dim, sickly mist hung over its blue waters, and a slight bituminous smell infected the air. The ground was covered a long way from the water's edge by a thick saline crust, and was destitute of every green thing save a few canes and osiers.—Anxious to test the famous density of the sea, we were soon floundering on its surface, and our wildest fancies were more than realized.

It was made far without toppling over was impossible, and swim with ease we could not, because it required continual effort to keep our arms from striking out of water. But we could sit or stand upright without any other exertion than that necessary to keep our equilibrium. The water though very clear was most nauseous to the taste, and caused a tingling sensation wherever it touched the body. We dressed, feeling as if we were coated with briny slime, and hastened on to the Jordan, about four miles distant, for purification. Our course lay over a baked sandy plain, down upon which the sun was streaming as it were a flood of fire. A long green line of trees and bushes soon told us that we were near the sacred river, and dashing on we were speedily on its banks. The river at this point is about twenty five yards in breadth, and at all seasons is deep, turbid, and impetuous. It was not long before Frank, Bedouin, negro, and dog, were splashing together in its swift current. Its refreshing effect upon us you cannot realize; but our luxury was prematurely cut short by word from the Bedouin chief that we must hurry away to avoid an attack from a hostile tribe over the river. After a hasty lunch we again mounted, and a brisk ride of two hours and a half over a barren waste brought us to Jericho. This village is but a squalid group of shapeless stone hovels, but its vicinity is watered by a beautiful little rivulet, which imparts fertility and verdure to the soil. On this stream we pitched our tent for the night, and at an early hour the next morning we turned into the highway between Jericho and Jerusalem. This road is as much infested with robbers as in Scripture days; but, thanks to our Bedouin guard, we did not "fall among thieves." The country for the most part is extremely rough and sterile, and does not afford a single object on which the eye can rest with satisfaction. Numerous cells in the rocks, where anchorites and hermits have dragged out their solitary lives, only added dreariness to the scene.

In five hours from Jericho, we reached an encampment belonging to the tribe of our Bedouin chief. It consisted of some scores of large tents, made by stretching black camel-hair sackcloth over poles. The chief invited us to visit his quarters. We assented, and dismounting, were conducted into a tent in no

way distinguishable from the rest. Carpets and cushions were at once spread on the ground for our accommodation, and coffee, without milk or sugar, was soon presented us in little Turkish *finjans*. About a dozen of the better class of the people dropped in, one after another, and seated themselves on the ground in a circle around us. The mother and the aunt of the chief were the only women present. They were half-veiled in the Egyptian style, were meanly clad, and were old, wrinkled and ugly. The men were dressed simply with a robe girded around them, and with turbans and Turkish slippers. They were rather spare in figure, but were hardy and sinewy in appearance, and had remarkably well-turned limbs. Owing to exposure and privation, they all looked much older than they were; yet they assured us that their people were never sick, and that they frequently lived 120 years.

There was an Indian-like dignity in their attitudes, and perfect propriety marked both their conversation and behaviour. Before we left many children were brought in. The youngest wore little red caps, profusely hung around with silver coins. Of the older ones, some had their heads shaven completely bald, some only in a broad band between the forehead and the crown, and others merely in patches here and there at random. At best, nature had not favored them with much beauty; but with their heads thus tricked out, they were as ugly little wretches as one would care about seeing.

The Bedouins call themselves Mahometans; but on account of their inability to read the Koran and their isolation from other people, they know little of their religion excepting its simplest rudiments. They hardly recognize any title to property except that which superior force gives, and are constantly plundering not only the Syrians, but one tribe or another. Yet, they never fail to welcome and treat kindly one who trusts to their hospitality. They never taste spirituous liquors—are never guilty of falsehood or treachery—are always honest in their business transactions, and are totally exempt from the most degrading sensual vices of the Eastern nations. Polygamy is allowable among them as among all Mahometans; but few, except the chiefs, have more than one wife. The bride, instead of bringing a dowry, is paid for in horses and camels according to previous stipulation. All of the mutual dealings of the Bedouins are done by barter; the coin which they obtain from travellers they hoard with the greatest care.—They emigrate from district to district as the seasons vary and the wants of their stock require, and with perfect freedom encamp anywhere except on private property. They pay a tribute to the Government; but, otherwise, they enjoy complete independence.

An hour's ride over a tolerably well cultivated country, brought us to Jerusalem. After dinner, I mounted my horse alone, and rode southward over the plains of Rephaim, famed in Scripture story, to Bethlehem, six miles distant. The village is situated on a hill side, and looks very pretty in the distance. Passing a cavalcade of priests and monks I entered the place, and was at once struck by its superior appearance. The houses were of hewn stone and two stories high, the streets were regular and clean, the population good looking and well clad, and comfort and thrift were apparent everywhere. The children were the prettiest I have seen since I left the Christian villages of Lebanon. The people are Catholics, and chiefly support themselves by carving representations of Scripture characters and scenes on shells procured from the Red Sea. This they do with no little artistic skill. I proceeded at once to the Church of the Nativity, which claims to cover the iden-

*Pwen and Enna, names of endearment among the Burmans, very commonly applied to children.