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THE GATHERING OF THE NATIONS. A SONG FOR 1851.

Upon the ocean's bosom, where proudly rolling waves
Press on to sing their welcome to Old Britannia's caves—
The winds their glad song whistling, bidding the canvass swell,
And dashing wheels the ocean lash, the glorious truth to tell—
They are coming! they are coming! from far across the sea,
To weave a wreath of union in the Island of the Free:
Blow gently winds,
And calm ye waters roll—
Ye bear the world's
Great Heaven-inspired soul!

Upon the iron pathway, chasing the flying bird,
Where, snorting like a demon, the King of Space is heard!
Through tunnels and o'er arches they speed their gladsome way,
While lightning flies before them in eager haste to say—
They are coming! they are coming! from far across the sea,
To weave a wreath of union in the Island of the Free.
Safe in thy speed
Ye wondrous chariots roll—
Ye bear the world's
Great Heaven-inspired soul!

Great God! protect them on their trackless way!

For Art and Industry our souls in fervour pray!
In peace and happiness let nations now combine,
Be this the union, be our land its sacred shrine!
And may thy blessings fall, and in the future be
Upon this wreath, entwined in the Island of the Free:
Blow gently winds,
And calm ye waters roll—
Ye bear the world's
Great Heaven-inspired soul!

R. KEMP PHILIP.

[Foreign Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.]

JERUSALEM, PALAESTINE AND SYRIA, IN 1851.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

Barns are not required in Syria—no hay ever being cut, or in demand—cattle, goats, sheep, &c., having excellent feed the year round. Horses are far better managed in Syria than in England or the United States, more spirited and endure the severest kinds of fatigue better than in any part of Europe or our own best of countries. The system of feeding, which is uniform throughout the East, is to give them fine dry straw broken up by pounding, analagous to being cut. It is put in a small bag containing perhaps a peck, mixed with four quarts of barley or beans. In Egypt beans are preferred. When put up for the night, the bail of the bag containing their supper, is slipped over their ears, and they are left to make their meal, and then have a regular night's sleep. Early in the morning the mess is repeated—nothing more being given. Fresh hay is never given them:—in fact, no such article is known. I have ridden one horse twenty days—often ten hours at a time, without ever stopping to bait.

No such custom as luncheon for horses is recognised. Night and morning are the meal-times for them, for donkeys, mules and camels. Their endurance under immense loads, day after day, surefootedness and vivacity are extraordinary, and a theme of admiration. One month in the year, June, they are turned out leisurely to grass, and then the dry straw

and provender is invariably resumed. In this connection, it may be mentioned that in shoeing horses, the people of the Orient are far in advance of us. The shoe is a thin piece of iron plate, covering the entire under surface of the hoof, except a small oval hole for the exit of the frog, which is pressed through and recovers its position by an elastic movement when the foot is raised. The shoe, therefore, is not a burden, but a genuine protection, vastly better than ours of a pound weight each.

Mechanical ingenuity is not to be found in the country. Jerusalem especially, has not a mechanic in it who would be permitted to handle a tool in New England. Damascus, the oldest inhabited city on the globe, even when Abraham was wandering over the hills and through the ravines of Judea,—abounds with them, but a Yankee cannot suppress his laughter while looking at their odd machines, queer contrivances and bungling manufactures, all of which, aside from silk weaving, are two centuries behind the age. Every one of them sit at their work, flat on the floor. All the principal streets are covered, about thirty feet from the ground, in which shopkeepers and mechanics display their merchandize and wares. Dry goods merchants have a platform about two feet wide jutting out in front of a series of shelves,—four, five and six feet high. There they smoke and smoke on forever, if no customer appears. All the harness-makers and saddlers are in a bazaar by themselves; so are the shoemakers, cabinet-makers, tailors, &c., &c., beyond enumeration.

The jewellers and silversmiths are elevated on squares of raised earth, about nine feet on a side, four feet from the ground, with narrow lanes between them, where spectators and customers pass along. How they can produce the elegant specimens of chain work, embossed silver, and accomplish apparently very difficult feats in art with the rudest and most miserable apologies, is quite beyond comprehension. They all sit flat on the floor, blacksmiths belabour heavy iron bars on an anvil twelve inches only from the ground,—they being seated as gravely as statesmen, pounding away at the greatest possible disadvantage. Their habits cannot be changed;—any effort to do so would be abortive, as I am fully convinced from close observation, that legs are only used for ornament among the opulent, on horseback, as no one, rich or poor, pretends to use them while a spot of terra firma can be found to sit upon.

Damascus is the most purely an oriental city of any in possession of the Turks. What that is on a large scale, Jerusalem is on a small one. But the main business is the celebration of religious rites. Whoever resides here, or indeed in any section or corner of Syria, for a short time, becomes highly exalted in matters of faith. It always has been so—and I view it as a curious subject, the rationale of which is not readily explained, how every body, even aliens, in a short time become immensely active, determined, self-confident, bigoted, quarrelsome and intolerant. From the first knowledge we have of Canaan to the present moment, every race who have had possession of the Holy Land, have manifested the same extraordinary traits of character. While gazing intently on the dilapidated residence of the late talented, eccentric, dictatorial, witch-believing Lady Hester Stanhope, at the top of a mountain east of Sidon, and reflecting on the kind of insanity that characterised the last years of her eventful life, this tendency to religious enthusiasm came up for reflection.

Idol worship, to which the primitive inhabitants were excessively devoted, was the cause of their extermination under the victorious Joshua. The Jews and their history, certainly teaches us that they were religious bigots,

without charity for those worshipping in any other form. The Mussulmen are extremely bigoted, but far more tolerant to Christians, than the latter would be to them were they politically in the ascendant. In a word, every body in Jerusalem has a right way of his or her own, and all the rest as positively wrong.—The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, embraces a Greek chapel, an Armenian, a Copt, and a Roman Catholic—each hating the other;—and if either could expel his neighbour, it would certainly, be accomplished. Nothing but the strong arm of Government exercised there keeps the different parties in a tolerably quiescent condition.

Very many who take up a permanent residence in Jerusalem, conceive themselves, after a while, to bear a special commission from God to the Jews. This is another anomaly, in which two curious illustrations were brought under my own eye. An English gentleman—a Mr. Johnson, has been there eleven years—and each returning sun convinces him more and more of the importance of the great work that has devolved upon him,—viz., the conversion of the Jews. He assured me that his life was sought by the Mohammedans, and traps frequently laid to cut him off, that he might not bring about the revolution he was designed by Providence to effect. Like Lady Stanhope, he firmly believes in the evil eye, the power of magic, charms, &c., and gravely assured me that his deafness was caused by making change in the market, and receiving some money that had been prepared by the magicians to destroy his senses. His foes had discovered that he was particularly fond of cauliflowers, and consequently trains were laid repeatedly to poison him with them.

His means enable him to occupy a large house, quite alone—regular remittances being sent from England—and there he is, perpetually brooding over the one idea, that he is to be the instrument by which the stiff-necked Israelites are to be converted to Christianity. God alone can change the hearts and overcome the intolerable prejudices of those people.

Miss Harriet Livermore, of Cambridge, Mass., is also in Jerusalem—a perfect facsimile of Lady Hester, on a diminished plan. Had she the means she would turn Jerusalem upside down. Her conversation is elevated and refined—for she is a woman of unquestionable talents and energy; but, unfortunately, she conceives herself as having more to do than she can accomplish; but she intends dying at the oar—so she is tugging away in the most hopeless of all undertakings. She never will convert a flea from the instincts of its nature, nor will she alter the constitutional bias of a single Jewish mind, if she lives to the age of Methuselah, and remains at Jerusalem all the while.

So strictly does the government watch the movement of the different religious sects, protecting all alike, impartially, that a nail cannot be driven or alteration made in an edifice held in common, without a special permission. Several large patches of plastering in the dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre have been falling off from time to time, leaving the laths directly over the tomb in which our Saviour was laid, when taken from the cross, yet no one dares to repair it till a special firman is received from Constantinople, granting the prayer of the petitioners to do it.

A Mine Under the Sea.

The following description of a visit to Bottalack copper mine, in England, is from a work recently published, entitled "Rambles beyond Railroads." In complete mining equipment, with candles stuck by lumps of clay to their felt hats, the travellers have painfully descended by perpendicular ladders and along dripping-wet rock passages, fathoms down in-

to pitchy darkness; the miner who guides them calls a *halt*, and their exact position with reference to the surface of the "terraqueous globe," is thus described:

"We are now four hundred yards out, under the bottom of the sea! and twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet below the sea level. Coast-trade vessels are sailing over our heads. Two hundred and forty feet beneath us are men at work, and there are galleries deeper yet, even below that! The extraordinary position down the face of the cliff, of the engines and other works on the surface, at Bottalack, is now explained. The mine is not excavated like other mines under the land, but under the sea!

Having communicated these particulars, the miner next tells us to keep strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could have beheld us now, dressed in our copper-coloured garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with a flame burning on our heads and darkness enveloping our limbs—he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes.

After listening for a few moments, a distant, unearthly noise becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes—that is felt on the ear as well as heard by it—a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance—from some far invisible height—a sound unlike any thing that is heard upon the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the first.

At last the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation; so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But, when storms are at their height, when the ocean hurls mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful, that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labour—all ascend to the surface to breathe the upper air and stand on the firm earth; dreading, though no catastrophe has ever happened yet, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the cavern below.

Hearing this, we got up to look at the rock above us. We are able to stand upright in the position we now occupy; and flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, can see the bright, pure copper streaking the gallery in every direction. Lumps of ooze, of the most lustrous green colour, traversed by a natural network of the red veins of iron, appear here and there in large, irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible cranies in the rock. On stormy days it spurts out furiously in thin, continuous streams. Just over our heads we observe a wooden plug, of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole here, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea!

Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but it remains, and will always remain untouched; the miners dare not take it, for it is a part, and a great part of the rock which forms their only protection against the sea, and which has been so far worked away