

Nor was it only on the dying that the ancients bestowed this mark of fondness. Tibullus and Propertius tell us, that, as their bodies were laid on the funeral pile, they clasped them in a fond and last embrace.

In regard to the painted crosses, the chaplets, the garlands of flowers, which mark the hallowed resting-place of the departed, it may be said that they are but romantic and poetical expressions of grief. If it were only real grief that expressed itself by outward testimonials, how soon would mourning be banished as an idle expense!—the 'inky cloak,' and customary 'suits of solemn black—the trappings and the suit of woes,' be laid aside. What a different feeling does the splendid catafalque, covered with black velvet, studded with silver tears and illuminated by thousands of glaring tapers, excite, when compared with the simple and verdant graves which point out the spot 'where souls do couch in flowers,' blessed by affection's tears instead of lustral waters. At all periods, amongst every nation, flowers and certain trees seem to have been consecrated to the dead. The Romans planted the wild vine and the box around their tombs. Thus Martial to Alcimenes.

'Accipe, non Pharo nutantia pondera saxo,
Quo cineris vanus dat ruitura labor
Sed fragiles buxos, et opacæ palmitis umbras,
Quæque virent lacrymis humida prata meis.'

The wealthy assigned a beautiful garden to their departed favourites, as in the instance of Augustus and Mæcenæ. Not only did they suspend garlands over their tombs, but scattered flowers around them. Again in Virgil,

'Purpureosque jacit flores, actalia tatur.'

The same custom prevailed amongst the Grecians, who considered all purple and white flowers acceptable to the dead. The 'Tullianus strewed Achilles' grave with the immortal amaranth and lilies. Electra complains that the tomb of Agamemnon received no myrtle boughs; in short, instances of this practice are every where to be found. In addition to flowers and perfumes, ribands and hair were also deposited on their sepulchres. Electra adorns Agamemnon's tomb with her locks, and Canace laments that she had not been able to perform the same rite on her beloved Macareus. Poets tell us that precious ointments and wines were poured upon their monuments; and we find, in Euripides, Helen bidding Aermione to take locks of her hair, honey, mixed with milk, and wine, to the sepulchre of her aunt. Amongst the Chinese, to the present day, the cypress and the fir, shade their cemeteries, the former tree, the attribute of Plato, was ever considered funereal, hence called *feralias*; and the *feralia* were festivals in honour of the dead, observed by the Romans. Varro pretends that the cypress was called funereal from *funus*, as it emitted antiseptic aroma. Pliny and others pretend that it typified the dead, from its never shooting out fresh sprouts when the trunk was hewn down. At any rate, to this hour, it is planted in burying-grounds in every civilized country.

Let us then hope, both for the living and the dead, that this custom, which obtains in France and other countries, will be adopted by us, instead of becoming the subject of ridicule. It is far more desirable to see families repairing to the tomb of the departed on the anniversary of their death, than to behold them daily passing by their remains with cold indifference.

It would scarcely be believed upon the continent of Europe, that to this very hour bodies are buried in confined church-yards in the most crowded and dirty parts of the British metropolis, such as Russel-court, Drury-lane, and various other similar holes and corners; the rudest nations were never guilty of such a glaring impropriety. In the kingdom of Siam, the remains of the opulent are burnt with great ceremony, while the bodies of the poor are carried out and exposed on mountains; in Ceylon, the remains of the indigent are interred in the neighbouring woods; the rich consumed on gorgeous funeral piles.

The Chinese inhumate their dead at some distance from their cities and towns; it is only the bodies of the rich and noble that are allowed to remain on the premises of the family. Navarette mentions a curious custom prevalent in one of their provinces, Chan Si, where in the event of two betrothed persons dying at the same period, they are married while their coffins are still in their former dwelling, and afterwards burnt together. The Hottentots bury their dead in the wild clefts of rocks and caverns; the Peruvians bear theirs to the neighboring hills and mountains. The Greenlanders wrap their dead in furs and skins, and carry them to a considerable distance from their huts, in Kamskatka and Siberia bodies are covered with snow in caverns and caves; and the African savages perform the same funeral rites as the Irish; their dead are carried to the burying ground, followed by crowds of relatives and other people, who join the procession, bellowing and howling most piteously. 'Oh! why did you die? did you want any thing that was ever denied you?' and after the funeral the survivors invariably got drunk on palm wine, or any strong liquor they can procure; a custom similar to the *circumpotatio* of the Romans. [Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience, published in Bell's Select Medical Library, July, 1838.]

How difficult a thing it is to persuade a man to reason against his own interest, though he is convinced that equity is against him.—*Trusler.*

For the Pearl.

PROPHECY FULFILLED.

PETRA.—No. 5.

Mr. Stevens here describes a race between two camels, which terminated in a fight, and the upsetting of the baggage containing the provisions for the travellers—one of the camels lay dead on the sand. This animal is invaluable to the Bedouin; he alone is adapted to the Desert, as he can travel several days without food or drink. His milk they use; his flesh is their food; and with his hair they manufacture their rude garments and tents. The camel feeds from his master's hand, kneels to receive his burden, and rises, as if glad to carry his beloved master. The only lament of the Arab sheik was, however, that they had lost twenty dollars. Two vultures were observed hovering over the dead beast, and probably, assisted by others, soon devoured their prey. The sheik had a most beautiful mare. Stevens says she reminded him of the war horse of Idumea so finely and poetically described by Job, xxxix: 19—26:—"Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

Before leaving the valley, they found in one of the gullies a large stone; veined as I before described the stones were at Petra. It had been washed down from the mountain of *Wady Moussa*; and was to be found in no other place (if we credited the Arabs.) That evening Stevens noticed a circumstance which reminded him of the accounts of Strabo and other ancient historians, of large cities built of salt, having stood at the southern extremity of the Dead Sea. In the upset by the camels, the salt was lost, but the Arabs, well used to privations, knew where to find the little that their barren land could produce:—and one of them soon returned, with a cake or incrustation as large as the head of a barrel. Singular strata of salt were observed, and in large quantities, in the sides of the mountains. An American traveller will make allowance for the natural wildness of the country—the want of carriages or horses—but still he is both surprised and disappointed;—here was a road leading to the ancient city of Gaza—a regular caravan route for four thousand years—and yet so perfect in the wildness of nature, that a stranger would probably have passed by without noticing it, and certainly without imagining even for a moment that the wild track or path, of which it formed the entrance, would conduct him to the ancient capital of King David, and to Jerusalem also. The solitary trail of the Indians over the American prairies and forests is more perfectly marked as a road than either of the great routes;—and yet, near the spot where the two roads diverge, are situated the ruins of an ancient city. The ruins were a confused and shapeless mass: no columns—no blocks of marble,—and the remains indicated those of a third or fourth rate city only. At night-fall they arrived at another field of ruins, where the relics of an Arab village were mingled with those of a Roman city; two square buildings of large Roman stone were standing like towers, while all the rest had fallen, and the stones which once had formed palaces, were now worked up into fences around holes in the rocks, the hiding-places of the miserable Arabs. And even here, the proofs of "Man's inhumanity to man" were clearly visible; the boundaries of war had been levelled against the wretched village; the houses were in ruins, and the inhabitants whom the sword had spared were driven out. On the very borders of the Holy Land we saw that Ibrahim Pacha, "the great Egyptian warrior," was ruling this conquered land with the same rod of iron which his father swayed in Egypt. He had lately visited this frontier village with the brand of war burning, and desolation had marked his devastating path. One might expect to find the Arabs (children of nature) free from the reproach of civilization, "the love of Mammon;" but, fearful to relate! the savage has far outstripped the citizen in his love of "filthy lucre." When an Arab asks for money and receives it, his eyes sparkle with wild delight—his fingers clutch it with rapacity—and he departs, like the miser, to count it over one, and to hide it from the world.

Mr. Stevens thus concludes his pleasing, highly interesting, and instructive notices of Idumea:

I cannot leave this wonderful land without again expressing my regret at being able to add so little to the stock of useful knowledge. Having due regard to my former observations, relative to the interpretation of the Prophecy, "None shall pass through it (Edom) for ever and ever," I can say I have passed through Idumea. Burckhardt entered from Damascus, on the east side of the Dead Sea, and struck the borders of Edom, at such a point that he cannot be said literally to have passed through Edom. The reader will perceive by my map, that I did pass directly through the land of Edom, lengthwise, and crossed its northern and southern border; and although I did pass through, and

was not cut off, God forbid that I should count the prophecy a lie. Even though I had been before a confirmed infidel, I had seen enough in wandering through the Desert with my Bible in my hand, to tear up the very foundations of infidelity, and to scatter its very fragments to the winds. In my judgment the prophecy is abundantly fulfilled in the desolation of the ancient Edom, and the complete breaking up of a great public highway; and it is neither necessary nor useful, to extend the awful denunciation against a passing traveller.

H. H.

CEDARS OF LEBANON.

Tradition asserts, and the people believe, that these aged trees are the remains of the forest that furnished timber for Solomon's temple three thousand years ago: and every year, on Transfiguration-day, the Maronites, the Greeks, and the Armenians celebrated a mass here, at the foot of a cedar, upon a homely altar of stone. It is certain that they were very ancient, even several hundred years ago: two centuries since, they were twenty five; Pococke, a century ago, found fifteen standing, and the sixteenth was recently blown down; Burckhardt, 1800, counted eleven or twelve: there are now but seven, and these are of so prodigious a size, of an appearance so massive and unperishable, that it is easy to believe they actually existed in biblical times. Those which have fallen within the last two centuries, have either perished through extreme age and decay, while the occasional violence of the winds probably contributed to their fall. "The oldest trees," observes Burckhardt, "are distinguished by having the foliage and small branches at the top only, and by four, five, and even seven trunks springing from one base. The branches and foliage of the others were lower, but I saw none whose leaves touched the ground, like those in Kew Gardens." The trunks of the old trees are covered with the names of travellers, and other persons who have visited them. The trunks of the oldest trees seemed to be quite dead; the wood is of a grey tint.

The enormous tree to the left is the one that Maundrel says he measured, and found it twelve yards in girth, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs: at above five or six from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree. They are difficult of approach, and are surrounded by deep snow, which is not passable until the middle of summer, when it begins to melt away: the ground on which they stand is uneven, being covered with rock and stone, with a partial but luxuriant vegetation springing up in the interstices: their position on the brow of the mountain, surrounded on every side by deep and solemn valleys, rocky and almost perpendicular descents, waterfalls, and dreary dells, has something sacred and awful in it: they seem as if placed in their splendid and perilous site like sentinels between time and eternity—the sad and deathless memorials of the days of the first temple, when God dwelt among his people in the visible glory between the cherubim, and in the blessings of earth and heaven, gave proofs of his love. All else has perished: the temple, the city, the generations of men, "like the sands of the sea-shore for multitude;" thrones, religions, principalities, and powers, have passed like the winds that howl through these branches: and the cedars have stood on their mountain brow, immortal! no voice has yet gone forth to hew them down utterly: the voice of time is hushed on this cloud-like brow. How often have they heard the rushing of his wings, "going forth utterly to destroy, and have put forth their leaves and their glorious branches with each season, fresh and strong as in the days of their youth."

To the fancy of the spectator, seated on the grey rock by their side, there is something mysterious, yet beautiful, in the murmur of the wind through their recesses, like the wild tones of a harp, said to be touched by the hand of the distant dead, whose spirit is passing by: the hearer knows that he shall never listen to that sound again, in which there seems to be the voice of eternity. The tree near Jerusalem, a venerable sycamore, beneath whose branches the prophet Isaiah was slain,—the aged olives of the valley of Jehoshaphat, do not come on the memory or fancy like these cedars of Lebanon,—whose image is blended with the earliest pictures of our childhood,—with the ceiling, the wall, the pure gold, and all the glory and history of the first temple of the true God. Shall they live till that temple be again rebuilt, and the restored race of Israel again worship there? Perhaps, before they die, Palestine shall resound with the praises of the Lord, and the name of the Redeemer shall be borne even to their mountain brow, from the lips of those who now despise Him. Then, and not till then, had they a voice that might say as of old, "Now let us depart in peace—we have seen the first dispensation, the second also has been fulfilled, and we have waited on earth till the third and last manifestation to our lost land: it is time to depart."

Of their past as well as present appearance, the words of Ezekiel are beautifully descriptive: "The fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches, nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty; they all envied him; the cedar, with a shadowing shroud, and of a high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs: under his shadow dwelt the people." The voice of prophecy has per-