

- “ I feed the muscles, blood, and bone,  
That make our farmers strong,  
And furnish bread for the little ones  
That round their table throng.”
- “ I move in a somewhat loftier sphere,”  
The foreign guest rejoined,  
“ As the chosen friend and companion dear,  
Of men of wealth and mind.
- “ I’m the chief delight of the gay young spark ;  
O’r the wise my sway I hold ;  
I lurk in the book-worm student’s cell—  
In the dowager’s box of gold.
- “ Thousands of hands at my bidding work ;  
Millions of corn I raise ”—  
He ceased to speak and in angry mood  
Responded the tasseled Maize :
- “ You’re in secret league with dyspeptic ills—  
A merciless traitor band ;  
With clouds of smoke you pollute the air,  
With floods of slime the land.
- “ You tax the needy laborer sore ;  
You quicken the drunkard’s thirst ;  
You exhaust the soil—and I wish you’d go  
To the place whence you came at first.”

*Student and Schoolmate.*

### Notes of Travel in the East.

(Concluded from our last.)

#### JERUSALEM AND VICINITY—JERICHO AND THE DEAD SEA.

On Sunday, the 1st of April, we attended the English Cathedral. The church was well filled; the service was conducted most impressively; the singing was good, and an excellent sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Bishop Gobat, on the text (peculiarly appropriate): “ He was numbered among the transgressors.” The Bishop’s delivery was slow, but very distinct for a foreigner; some of his hearers are said to complain that his discourses are rather long. I was not furnished with any letter to the Right Reverend Prelate, but he had the kindness to call and invite me to spend the evening with him; I had, however, previously proceeded to the Jordan.

The church is a very handsome building, though plain in style. The number of Protestants resident in Jerusalem does not much exceed an hundred and fifty; yet, at this season of the year, the congregation generally amounts to two or three hundred persons, so many English and American tourists constantly flocking to the Holy City at the time of Easter. The number of travellers from America is greatly in excess of that from Britain; but all, being accounted of the same Anglo-Saxon origin, are treated alike, and meet with the same attention in the East.

The Russians are acquiring a large portion of the city, and are building a spacious embassy; during my visit, they were digging out the foundations, and had gone to a great depth, some twenty feet below the present surface, but had found nothing save rubbish and heaps of stones. The Russians, indeed, seem as intent on acquiring a broad footing in Palestine, as the French are desirous of obtaining one in Syria and in Egypt. This eagerness probably arises, on the part of Russia, from a cherished policy to extend the influence of the Greek Church; for otherwise, in a political point of view, the possession of Judea must, from the rugged nature of the country and its almost impassable roads, be little worth.

On the 2nd of April, Mr. Brown, young Denny and myself, after an early breakfast, started for Jericho, Jordan, and the Dead Sea. We were in all a formidable party, for there is still, in going down to Jericho, some danger of “falling among thieves.” We were accordingly accompanied by a Sheikh, or a Head of a Jordan tribe, mounted on a superb Arab, and armed to the teeth. Our infantry consisted of two Arab boys, clad in coats of sheep-skin—their only uniform—and armed with muskets about seven feet long. Then there was our dragoman; also, a cook, with other servants, and thirteen or fourteen mules and horses. Our excursion would, in all

probability, only extend to a three-days’ journey; but we took with us tables, chairs, iron bedsteads, and, in fact, every article which we could have occasion to use.

Woe to the traveller who essays to make this journey without the protection of the sheikh; when he gets to Jericho, some of the Arabs will make him repent of, and pay for, his temerity. The very day after we started, two Frenchmen, who were determined to resist the imposition, and were desirous to avoid the expense (about two dollars and a half each), were robbed of everything which they had with them. A few weeks previously, the Consul at Aleppo paid a visit to the land of Moab, on the other side of the Jordan; and, although he had a numerous escort with him, he was not only robbed of everything, but was obliged to send to Beyrout for a large sum of money as a ransom.

The author of “Eothen” describes his excursion to that region, but apparently his own hardihood, and the smallness of his retinue, proved his safety; for the utter indifference, which he manifested, conjoined with these other causes, might induce the Arabs to consider him no great quarry.

On our way, we passed through Bethany, and visited the tomb of Lazarus; and then entered on our journey in good earnest. The road soon becomes, as it has been described, dreary and toilsome, running among white desolate hills, and wild rugged valleys, without a tree or shrub, or green grass-tuft, to relieve the eye. It has been justly remarked, that it would be almost insupportable, were it not for the associations connected with it, and a certain sense of danger and adventure. We travelled on, however, under the dazzling and broiling sun, over rock and hill, while the glare of the white, stony sand, reflecting the sun’s rays, rendered our progress very oppressive; but, at length, after eight hours’ riding, we found ourselves approaching Jericho.

From Jerusalem to the Valley of the Jordan, the country is “a vast howling wilderness;” and the great plain of this renowned river is truly described, as opening up suddenly before the eye of the traveller, with the green banks of the stream sunk down in a fissure in the middle of it, some thirteen hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean. On entering the valley, the mountain of Quarantania (according to tradition, the scene of Christ’s temptation) is pointed out to strangers; and, as it rises abruptly, white and bare, from the verdant plain, it certainly presents a striking and interesting appearance. From this point to Jericho, patches of green are to be seen every here and there; but the ground is covered with a coating of hard, dry sand.

On our way, we visited the celebrated “Fountain of Elisha,” now sometimes called the “Spring of the Sultan.” This is supposed to be the place mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in his admirable tale of the Crusaders “The Talisman,” and called by him the “Diamond of the Desert,” near which Soliman and Sir Kenneth repused and refreshed themselves after their fierce encounter. I may be excused for quoting, on such an occasion, the beautiful passage immediately connected with a description of the well:—

“They had now arrived at the knot of palm-trees and the fountain, which welled out from beneath their shade in sparkling profusion. We have spoken of a moment of truce in the midst of war; and this, a spot of beauty in the midst of a sterile desert, was scarce less dear to the imagination. It was a scene, which perhaps elsewhere would have deserved little notice; but as the single speck in a boundless horizon, which promised the refreshment of shade and living water,—these blessings, held cheap where they are common,—rendered the fountain and its neighbourhood a little paradise. Some generous or charitable hand, ere yet the evil days of Palestine began, had walled in an arch over the fountain to preserve it from being absorbed in the earth or choked by the flitting clouds of dust, with which the least breadth of wind covered the desert. . . . Stealing from under the arch, the waters were first received in a marble basin, much defaced indeed, but still cheering the eye by shewing that the place was anciently considered as a station, that the hand of man had been there, and that man’s accommodation had been in some measure attended to. The thirsty and weary traveller was reminded by these signs, that others had suffered similar difficulties, repused in the same spot, and doubtless found their way in safety to a more fertile country. Again, the scarce visible current which escaped from the basin, served to nourish the few trees, which surrounded the fountain; and where it sunk into the ground and disappeared, its refreshing presence was acknowledged by a carpet of velvet verdure.

“Ere they remounted to resume their journey, the Christian Knight again moistened his lips, and dipt his hands in the living