

lectures, illustrated by drawings; and also in a little work on the subject. Napoleon caused the guides to fix a cross on the top; but it was blown down in a day or two.—*London Mirror*.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF JERUSALEM.

November 20.—An hour before sunrise I left the poor and almost deserted village of Bir, and, accompanied by the Greek Pappas, the Damascus merchant, the Moslem woman, and the humble pilgrims, I struck into the narrow, rocky, bridle-path leading to Jerusalem. It was a dark and gloomy morning; and the surrounding country, dimly seen by the faint twilight, presented a wild and solitary aspect. When the sun rose, we were in the midst of a bare, arid, treeless landscape. There was no water, and no vegetation; and the whole country, far and near, presented a desolate surface of rock, or a succession of undulating hills covered with loose, jagged, dark stones. The prophecies and predictions of the olden time appear, indeed, to have been wonderfully and fearfully brought to pass; all things are "utterly consumed from off the land, man and beast, and the fowls of heaven." The desert between Damascus and Palmyra was cheerful by comparison, for there the little borrowing d'jerboas, or an occasional herd of gazelles, enlivened the solitude of the wilderness; but here, within a short distance of Jerusalem, no animated object was anywhere to be seen over the wide-extended landscape; and truly in the prophetic language of Jeremiah, "I beheld and lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heaven were fled."

We toiled a long and slowly moving cavalcade, over a rough road, amid jagged masses of rock, against which the horses and mules were constantly tumbling. A few olive trees, scattered along the sides of some distant hills, were the only symptoms of vegetation, except the few dried-up herbs and scattered clumps of camel thorn, which here and there found a scanty subsistence upon the rocky sterile soil. We ascended a lofty hill, and saw in the distance the long ridge of mountains bounding the great desert, and skirting the edge of the plain of Jericho. Through an opening in the barren eminences over which we rode, we caught, for a short time, a glimpse of a distant plain, which, from the blue mists that were hovering over it, presented an exact resemblance to a large lake.

The bright sunny weather we had so long enjoyed had now left us; dark, driving clouds flitted across the heavens, the wind blew cold, and howled fearfully among the rocks, and we approached Jerusalem through one of the wildest, gloomiest scenes of desolation I ever witnessed.

After riding for nearly three hours through the same dreary and solitary country, throughout which the dwelling of man was nowhere visible, we ascended a slight eminence, and the landscape then began to unbind and relax a little of its stern and barren aspect. Olive woods were seen in front, and above a short screen of refreshing foliage appeared a white cupola, which was immediately hailed as *El Khobbs! Jerusalem!* Pushing our horses onwards to the summit of the neighbouring hill, behind which, in our advance, the small portion of the city had disappeared, we suddenly came upon a scene, imposing from its contrast with the country we had lately traversed, and certainly one of the most interesting in the whole world. Above the olive woods in front, seated on the eminence, appeared a line of houses, domes, and minarets, conspicuous among which, and high above all, were the white cupola of the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the dark dome of the mosque of Omar. To the left of these rose the Mount of Olives, a lofty and picturesque hill, scattered over with olive trees, and crowned with a mosque and a christian church.

We descended to the olive groves, and, after passing several sepulchral excavations in the adjoining rocks, we came to a long range of stone battlemented Saracenic walls, and entered the city of Jerusalem by a lofty Saracenic gateway, called the *Bab el Scham*, or "the Damascus gate." We then traversed a narrow street, between dark gloomy buildings of stone, which were furnished with a few narrow windows, with pointed arches stuck here and there without any order or arrangement. The dulness of the day, and the gloomy silence and desertion of the streets, presented a most saddening and melancholy spectacle. The rain began to patter upon the stones, and the clouds, chased along by the wind, threw a mournful obscurity over every object. A few Arab women, shrouding themselves under the porch of a mosque, and here and there a solitary Turk gathering his scanty garments tight about his meagre person, and seeking shelter from the blast, were the only objects visible in the silent and deserted city.

"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people? how is she become as a widow; she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary?"

"How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven to earth the beauty of Israel?"

"The Lord hath caused the solemn fasts and the sabbaths to

be forgotten in Zion, and hath despised in the indignation of his anger, the king and the priest."

"All that pass by clap their hands at thee, saying, Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth?"

Truly we may now reply—"The Lord hath done that which he devised; he hath fulfilled his word that he commanded in the days of old; he hath thrown down, and hath not pitied; and he hath caused thine enemy to rejoice over thee."—*C. G. Addison*.

THE FOUND TREASURE.

A certain athlete had no provision for his daily wants, neither wherewithal to procure his evening or morning meal.

To appease the tyranny of hunger, he carried mortar on his back—for a subsistence is not to be earned by violence.

At the desolation of his fortunes, his heart was continually fraught with sighs, and his head aching with sorrow.

At one time he was waging war with the world, that oppresses the helpless; at another knitting his brows at his desperate fortunes.

Now, bitter tears would choke him at the sight of others reveling in pleasure;

And, anon, he would weep at the frustration of his plans, and say, "Did ever wight endure life of greater hardship than mine?"

"Others feast on honey—and fowl—and lamb; I have not eaten herbs to my bread!"

"If you talk of justice, surely this is not right, that I should go unclad while the cat has its warm coat of fur."

"Ah! would heaven but deal more kindly with me, and throw a treasure in my way;

"Haply I might yet for a while gratify my desires, and shake off the dust of sorrow!"

I have heard that, on a time, he was digging in the field, and found—a decayed jaw-bone;

The clasps loosened in the earth—the pearls of the teeth scattered.

The mouth—albeit tongueless—imparted a counsel and a mystery, saying, "Resign thyself, O mortal, to disappointment!"

"Reflect! is not this the plight of the mouth under ground, whether it hath fed on sugar or the wild herb?"

"Murmur not at the vicissitudes of fortune, for her mutations are perpetual, and beyond our control!"

The moment that this truth dawned upon his mind, care ceased to be the tenant of his bosom;

And he said, "Oh, unreflecting, erring, senseless appetite, bear the fardel of thy sufferings, and destroy not thine own self!"

"Whether man, the vassal of his Maker, hath his head bowed beneath the burden, or exalted to the cope of heaven;

"The instant that his condition is changed by death, both states fade alike from his remembrance.

"Grief and gladness then remain not; but the recompense of virtuous deeds, and the memorial of a good name—they remain!" —*Asiatic Jour.*

JERUSALEM FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

Leaving the "Garden of Gethsemane," we traversed a steep path which ascends from the bed of the brook Cedron to the summit of the Mount of Olives. Numerous olive trees were scattered along the sides of the declivity, and around a mosque and convent, which crown the lofty eminence. We hurried impatiently to the highest point, and then turning to the westward, a magnificent panoramic view of the whole of Jerusalem and of the surrounding country suddenly burst upon our sight.

The present city, with its churches, mosques, houses, gardens, and fortifications, lay extended immediately below, and the eye took in, at a bird's-eye view, every house and street, and almost every yard of ground. The scene was certainly very imposing, and the appearance of the city, with its domes and cupolas, and the minarets of the mosques, is from the point of view quite magnificent. The first objects which strike the eye are the two magnificent mosques occupying the site of Solomon's Temple. The one on the north is the celebrated mosque of Omar; that on the south is the Mount El Aksa. They are close to that portion of the city walls which immediately borders on the Mount of Olives, and with the courts, porticos, and gardens attached to them, they occupy a fourth part of the whole place, and present a most imposing appearance. The town rises gradually above these, and the most prominent object beyond is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, with its two domes of striking aspect; the one being white, and the other almost black. Here and there a lofty tower or a tapering minaret rises above the gloomy stone houses of the natives. Of these the lofty tower or minaret said to be built on the site of the house of Pilate, with its galleries and Saracenic decorations, appears most prominently to the eye, and the minarets of Ben Israel of the Seraglio, and the one said to be placed on the site of Herod's palace. Most of the private dwellings were covered with low domes, and my intelligent cicerone pointed out to me the different churches and convents, and a long range of stone buildings surmounted by small cupolas, which he said was a college of dervishes..

Altogether the city, as seen from the summit of the Mount of Olives, may be ranked as one of the finest of Oriental cities in its external aspect. A long line of battlemented walls, with their towers and gates, extends the whole way round the town, and a few cypresses and other trees throw up their leafy branches amid the porticos and gates of the mosques.

After the surprise and admiration which this prospect at first naturally excites has subsided, the bare, rocky, and desolate aspect of the surrounding country, and the solitude and silence of the city itself, most forcibly attract the attention. Neither in the streets, at the gateways, nor along the rocky mule-tracks leading therefrom, is there aught of life or animation. Some solitary woman, with her water-pitcher, climbing the craggy eminence, or some slowly moving pilgrims, are alone seen. The eye, on a closer scrutiny, discovers large tracts of open and waste ground within the walls, and many a ruined house and dilapidated building. There is none of the bustle and animation ordinarily perceptible about a large town. No moving crowds traverse the public thoroughfares; the ear strives in vain to catch the noise and hum of a large city, for such it appears to be;—all is strangely and sadly silent. "The noise of the whip, and the noise of the wheels, and of the prancing horses, and of the jumping chariots," are no longer heard in Jerusalem.

If we search for some carriage-road or great public thoroughfare leading from the provinces into the city, we shall discover nothing beyond a narrow rocky mule-path winding along the valley, and among the opposite precipitous elevations. We see no luxuriant foliage and verdant gardens watered by running streams, as at Nablous, and at Damascus, and at many other places to the northward; but on all sides bare rocks rear their sharp and craggy points, and a few wandering zig-zag paths lead between them. Everywhere around the city is extended a wild and solitary country, and to the eastward the eye ranges over the summits of bare arid elevations, and at last rests on the lofty and majestic ridge of blue mountains bordering the Dead Sea.

"For here of herbage is the country round,
Nor springs nor streams refresh the barren ground.
No tender flower exalts its cheerful head;
No stately trees at noon their shelter spread."—*Tasso*.

Here, on the summit of the Mount of Olives, we may legitimately indulge in the varied associations and recollections which the surrounding landscape is so eminently calculated to draw forth. Here, undisturbed by the doubts which must invade every mind with regard to the identity of the different sacred places pointed out below, we can leisurely survey the whole prospect, and take in at glance the theatre of the great events in Jewish history, and of all the interesting circumstances attending the close of our Saviour's life. On that consecrated enclosure immediately beneath our feet once stood the gorgeous temple of "the wisest of kings," and in place of the clear deep chant of the muezzin, which is the only sacred music now heard proceeding from the spot, once issued the sublime sounds of praises and thanksgivings to the one true God, which accompanied the solemnities of the Jewish worship, when "the Levites, which were the singers, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals, and psalteries, and harps, and with them an hundred and twenty priests, sounding with trumpets, were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord, when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals, and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever."

Although the frail structures of man soon pass away, yet these rocks, and the neighbouring eminences upon which stood the ancient Jerusalem, "the city of David," still remain. Here, or shortly distant, must be the spot where "Jesus sat upon the Mount of Olives over against the temple," and all this ground he must oft have traversed, "for he was wont to go to the Mount of Olives, and his disciples with him."—*C. G. Addison*.

ACCIDENT AT THE CIRQUE OLYMPIQUE.—M. Jules Janin, the celebrated Feuilletoniste, thus pathetically describes an accident which took place some evenings ago, at the Cirque Olympique:—"The inauguration of the summer circus was last night most cruelly disturbed. Eight horses were galloping under one man (Paul Cuzent); the horse inside thrust his fore leg between the legs of the horse outside, the poor animal fell, got up again, his leg broken, and Paul Cuzent continuing his leaps. Then took place the most mournful drama I have witnessed at any theatre—and many have I witnessed. The poor limping horse, mortally wounded, alas! him self broke loose, leaving the other horses to run! He came upon his remaining three legs to the middle of the circus, close to Franconi, his skilful master; and as Franconi, who was wholly occupied in restoring order, paid but little attention to the wounded horse; the latter softly dropped his head upon his master's shoulder, looking at him with a moist eye, and showing his broken leg! At this sight Franconi wept, and so did many others. The poor horse was killed to prevent his suffering. Believe me, I have seen all the Kings, all the Queens, all the heroes of the world die upon the stage—from Oedipus down to Napoleon Bonaparte—never was my heart moved so much as by the death of this horse."