

ing in decades long past, and even now of the foreign elements, with the various Syrian and Egyptian natives. So Jerusalem has all complexions, from the pale-faced American to the jet black Nubian, upon whom a piece of charcoal would make a white mark, as a wag suggested.

Walking down the bazaars along St. David street, one observes a dozen or more money-changers who are merely petty bankers, having fifty to seventy-five dollars in various silver and metal currencies.

Gold, especially that of England or France, is held at a good premium, is always of a standard value, and these money changers gladly give 20 shillings for a sovereign or 20 francs for a Napoleon; then, too, the current money, which is Turkish, varies extremely in value, particularly the smaller coin, which are often depreciated 15 to 35 per cent., and sometimes even at a greater discount, so that there is much opportunity for the shrewd Jew to make his coveted profit.

These insignificant bankers transact their business over a roughly-made stand in which there is a small glass case containing the specie. His bank outfit is often only this stand and a chair, in the open air, but sometimes he has a small 7x9 stone room with open front; this is the rendezvous of the "business men" who resort here to "drive bargains" or talk and gossip over the topics of the day. Here is a constant jargon all day long. Along here, too, are the street vendors, who have portable stands, or in most cases only a box, containing their goods, which they spread out on a cloth on the stone pavement—there are, of course, no sidewalks. I was so amused at the limited stock displayed by one of these vendors, that I took an inventory of his goods, which was as follows: Iron razors in wooden cases, padlocks, firecrackers, flint stones, three tin forks, wooden spoons, a few spools of thread, colored marbles, spectacles, brass rings, mirrors and various heterogeneous substances in small quantities.

This list well represents what most of these trinket vendors sell. Two dollars would probably buy out the whole lot. In the market streets, most of which are enclosed or arched over with dirty skylights sufficiently numerous to let in light enough to reveal detestable sights, the gloomy and filthy aspect, and the close and disagreeable odors are beyond decent description. In the meat bazaars (all stores of this nature are called bazaars in the Orient), one is disgusted and amazed to find food sold in such a filthy manner. The butchers handle the meat with dirty hands, on unclean blocks, never thinking of wrapping it up in paper, but allowing the purchaser to take it away exposed to dogs and cats, liable to be rubbed up against passing camels or donkeys, and soon covered with dust caused by some thoughtless sweeper, of which class there is not a few. Other edibles (?) no more appetising are sold here. A mixture of chopped meat and vegetables, worse than our minced meat sausages, looked like green speckled hash; a stringy paste resembling macaroni; sour milk and cheese like hard cakes of raw dough; sheeps' heads for soup; spices, flour, etc. Nothing but the bones and the skin of a sheep is rejected by the people; how they can eat such vile trash in despicable degradation and filth is beyond my imagination of human endurance.

The Jews are ruining Jerusalem, morally and financially, their lives are so low, so abject. They are content with 1 per cent. profit on their business transactions, while others want 10 per cent. to enable them to support their families. Three or four fried, or even raw eggs, and a few chunks of

bread is a sufficient meal for a Jew family of four or five.

A sheep will be meat enough to supply a small family of Jerusalem Jews the whole winter.

It is a pitiable sight to see a poor, wretched-looking peasant woman selling her basketful of firewood, roots or branches, for only ten or fifteen cents, when she has been obliged to bring it upon her head or back so far; as often wood, being very scarce round about the city, is brought from even as far as Bethlehem, six miles distant, where, too, during water famines, occurring occasionally at Jerusalem, the water carriers go, fetching skins of water to the city and selling them at 15 to 25 cents apiece. Women, too, help in these droughts, one of which happened when I was at Jerusalem. People must have water, and imagine the pestilence that would soon spread amongst the filthy poverty-stricken poor who cannot afford to pay more than a piaster a skin, 4 cents in Turkish value, 5 in Egyptian money. This might be avoided were the Turks more prudent and less lazy. It makes me mad to see such a rotten Government over the Holy Land. I will cease ere just causes lead me on, in my hatred and antipathy towards them, to severer accusations.

In the shoe bazaars, one is particularly attracted by the Bedouin shoemakers, who make clumsy box-shape boots, with very stiff thick camel skin soles, which are about as inflexible as boards. None but Bedouins would ever think of wearing them.

The gun makers are as poor workmen as ever I saw. Their chief business is to repair Bedouins' pistols and guns, which I would be very loth to use as fire-arms. One day at Bethany, a small village near Jerusalem, I asked a Bedouin to fire off his gun, as if desirous of seeing its merits tested, and so become a prospective purchaser. A piece of flint tied on the trigger, when pulled, strikes against a bit of steel, making a spark which sets the loose powder on fire, and hence, through the vent, ignites the powder within the barrel and causes a loud report like a small cannon. He pulled the trigger seven times unavailing, while all the time I was in terror of an explosion. His useful and "*semper paratum*" gun failing, another Bedouin successfully fired his over my head, with all the gusto of doing military honors, for which I was not at all eager.

There are scores of things I have omitted, as time and space limit me, but I fear you will find this tedious reading already.

The Wonderful Storm King.

From England to Melbourne in a Life Boat.

A BRAVE AND A CLEVER MAN—SUCCESS OF THE EXPERIMENT—A DARING VOYAGE.

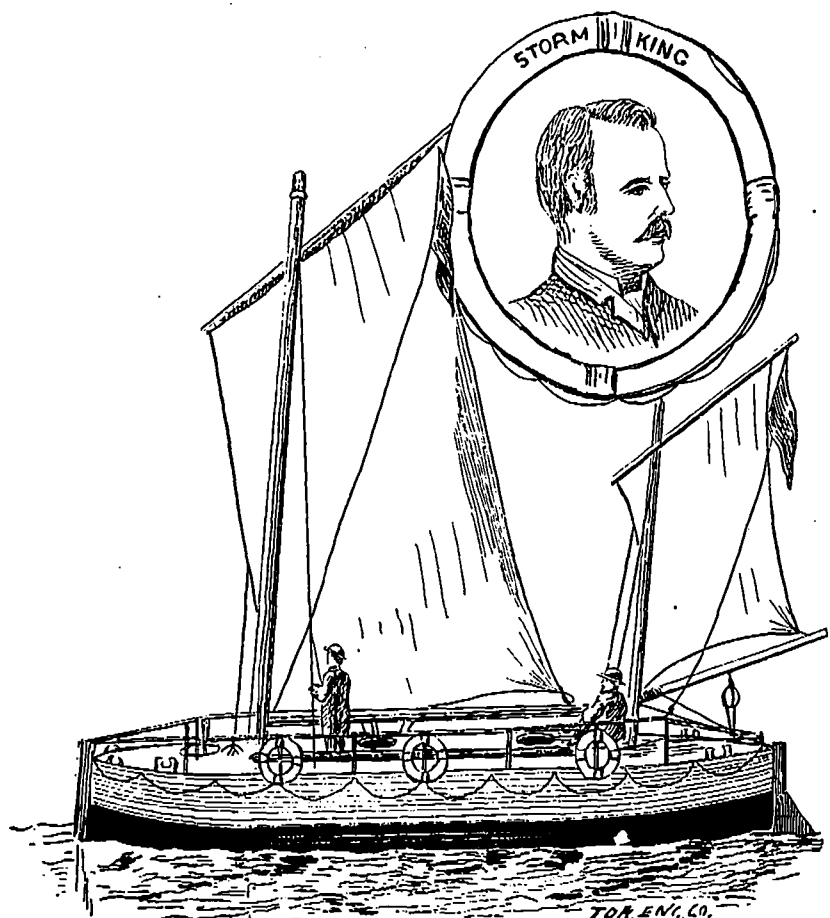
(From our Australasian Correspondent.)

Long ere this reaches the readers of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, they will have been informed of the success of the daring voyage undertaken by Captain Jorgensen, who left London on September 5th, for Melbourne in a life boat. The voyage is a thrilling one, and the success one to be gloried in by every inhabitant of the civilized world, and more especially those men, who "go down to the sea in ships." The wonderful life boat invented by Captain Jorgensen is appropriately named the "Storm King" and when the little craft with the brave captain and the mate, Mr. Neilson, rode quietly in the waters off Albany, Western Australia, on June 30th, after nearly ten months of a voyage, it may be said that an incalculable benefit was then bestowed on all mankind. Did any one ever before hear of a journey over 17,000 miles of stormy and treacherous sea in a life boat, a little craft that could be knocked hither and thither by the angry waves with as much ease as the battledore would move high into the air the shuttlecock!

Captain Jorgensen, at the time I write, had arrived at Adelaide, but frequent opportunities have arisen for interesting chats with him as to events that took place during the progress of his remarkable venture. With all the stories by me, and strong in the belief that the good people of Canada will read with interest the narrative of this daring sailor may I ask your readers to draw round me while, as Shakespeare hath it

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

This gallant little craft left the West India Docks



THE STORM KING AND HER CAPTAIN.