

me from perceiving the stones and rubbish on the stairs, which had fallen from a part of the house; I stumbled, and was precipitated into the court-yard, and fell on a dead body. How can I express my feelings at the moment, ignorant on what body I had fallen? I afterwards learnt that it was a faithful servant, who an instant before had descended those stairs, when some stones of an adjoining house fell on him, and killed him.

"Like a man deprived of his senses, I ran amidst the falling walls to the gate of the town, which was at some distance. On my way among the narrow streets, I witnessed the most horrible scenes. The lights of the houses, whose sides had fallen, exposed to my view men and women clinging to the ruined walls of their houses, holding their children in their arms; mangled bodies lying under my feet; and piercing cries of half-buried people assailing my ears; Christians, Jews, and Turks, were imploring the Almighty's mercy in their respective tongues, who, a minute before, perhaps, did not even acknowledge him.

"After great exertions, I arrived at the gate of the city, the earthquake still continuing. Naked and cold, and dreadfully bruised and cut in my body and feet, I fell on my knees, among a crowd of people, to thank the Almighty for my happy deliverance from the jaws of death. But the gate of the city was shut; and no one dared to risk his life under its arch to open it. After recommending my soul again to my Creator, I threw myself on the gate. I felt in the dark, and perceived that it was not locked; but the great iron bars, that went across the folding-doors, were bent by the earthquake, and the little strength I retained was not sufficient to force them. I went in quest of the guards, but they were no more!

"I fell again on my knees before the Almighty, who alone could save me from the immediate peril of being crushed to death. I did not forget in my prayers the miserable creatures around me. While I was thus engaged, four or five Turks came near me, and joined hands to pray, in their accustomed way, calling out, 'Alla! Alla!' I entreated them to help me to open the gate, in order to save our lives, and those of so many individuals who crowded around, and were in danger of perishing.

"The Lord inspired them with courage; and providing themselves with large stones, according to my instructions, in a little time they forced the bars, and opened the gate. No sooner had I passed it, than a strong shock of an earthquake crumbled it to pieces, and several Jews were killed by its fall.

"A new and affecting scene was now exhibited. A great crowd of people rushed out, and with one accord fell on their knees to render thanks to the Almighty for their preservation; but, when the first transports of joy were over, the thought of having left their friends and relations buried in the city, made them pour forth such piercing lamentations, that the most hard-hearted person would have been penetrated with grief. I crept, as well as I could, about twenty yards, to a place where I saw a group of people, who had saved themselves from the suburbs, where no gates prevented their quitting the town; there I fell, half dead with cold, and with the pain from my sores.

"Two or three people, who recognized me in that miserable condition, immediately gave me a cloak, and brought me a little water. When I recovered my senses, I began to feel now sufferings, thinking of the affecting loss of my friends in the city, and the melancholy objects around me; people wounded, others lamenting the death of their relations; others having before them their dying children, taken from under the ruins; so that it is impossible to give an adequate idea of my feelings. I spent the whole night in prayer and anxiety. Early the next morning, I was conveyed to the nearest garden, to profit by the shade of the trees. I did not remain long before the French dragoon joined me, and gave me the agreeable news, that all the European Christians, excepting a little boy, had been saved, but many, like myself, were greatly bruised. Of the European Jews, the Austrian Consul, and a few others, were crushed to death; and many thousands of native Christians, Jews, and Turks, perished with them. Antioch has likewise been destroyed, as well as Latakia, Gisser Shogre, Idlib, Mendun Kullis, Scanderoon, and the rest of the towns and villages in the pachalic of Aleppo.

"I remained four days without being able to move, owing to my bruises and sores, having only a sheet to screen me from the scorching rays of the sun. I then began to walk again, but with great pain.

"My heart bleeds for the poor Europeans, who, without the least prospect of having, for some time, a roof to preserve them from the scorching rays of the sun, must soon, from the heavy rains of the autumn and winter, be deprived of every resource; for the

few effects they have been able to save must be sold for their sustenance."

*Edmund*—That is a most fearful account of an earthquake, indeed; and it was only a few years ago.

*Gilbert*.—I could almost fancy that I was at Aleppo, surrounded by the ruins, and the dead and the dying.

*Traveller*. How different must the narrative of an earthquake, years after it has happened, appear, to a sight of the destruction which such a calamity occasions? Here is a prosperous and wealthy city, strongly built, and crowded with inhabitants. The sun shines upon the busy throng, who thoughtlessly and exultingly pursue their interests and their pleasures. The sun sets; the shadows of night prevail; and two hundred thousand human beings retire to slumber, not one of them the least apprehensive of danger. At the dead of the night, when all are wrapt in sleep, a crash is heard, louder than thunder, bursting the bands of sleep, and summoning the terrified population to meet their God. The destroying angel is abroad; the earth is smitten; every edifice totters to its foundation; the city is overthrown in one wide ruin; and vast numbers of its inhabitants are hurried into eternity!

*Edmund*—An earthquake is the most fearful thing in all the world.

*Traveller*.—It may be so in appearance; but sin is the most fearful in reality, for that separates us from Him who can arrest, the whirlwind in its fury, and the earthquake in its destruction and bid us dwell in safety. If we have God for our enemy, we may we tremble at the terrors of an earthquake; but if the Friend of sinners be our friend.

Though storms and earthquakes rage around,  
And earth be rudely riven,  
Yet shall we every shock endure,  
And feel as peaceful and secure,  
As though we were in heaven.

I have spoken of mountains that raise their heads to the clouds, and of precipices that would make you giddy to approach them. I have described the caverns which lie deep in the ground, and dwell on the earthquakes which have disfigured the world, because you wish to be informed about them; otherwise I might have chosen subjects more amusing, that would have lighted up your faces with a smile; but shade is sometimes as useful as sunshine even to the young; therefore, some good may arise from the narrative which you have heard, especially if, while you think on the amazing works of God's providence, you reflect on the greater wonders of his grace; and connect the passing shadows of time, with the enduring reality of eternity.

As the traveller concluded his remarks, the three brothers thanked him for the great entertainment and instruction he had afforded them. During the following day wherever they were, and however they were occupied, mountains, precipices, caverns, and earthquakes were the things which chiefly occupied their minds.

## AGRICULTURE.

### PRESERVING CHEESE.

For the benefit of the cheese-making sisterhood, please to insert in your valuable paper the following recipe, to prevent new made cheeses becoming fly-blown and maggoty. Take common garden peppers, let them be well dried and pulverized, then simmered in bacon-fat thirty or forty minutes. Strain the fat off through a thin cloth, and it will be fit for use.

When a cheese comes new from the press to the shelf, rub it all over with this preparation, and repeat it every time the cheese is turned, and 99 in 100 will be preserved free from skippers. Dark rooms and screens are useless appendages to the cheesery, if this preparation be constantly and faithfully applied. A cheese room should have a window partly open day and night, and if a fly attempts to deposit its eggs in a cheese that has been well prepared in this way, it will "surely die"—*Yankee Farmer*.

### STIR THE EARTH.

Somebody has said, that "a rusty hoe in June was a sure sign of a poor farmer," and we are inclined to believe the remark correct. It is an indication that there are weeds in the garden, weeds and grass in the corn, and that the thistle, dock, johnswort,