

THE EARTHQUAKE IN SYRIA.

The Rev. J. F. Lanneau, in a letter from Jerusalem, to his mother, brothers, and sisters, in Charleston (S. C.) dated on the 13th of January, gives the following particulars of this awful catastrophe:

"How little do we know what a day may bring forth! Had I waited one day longer I might have added as a sixth reason for special and heartfelt gratitude to God, His preserving mercy to me in a time of awful peril.

"The first day of January, 1837, will ever be a memorable one to the people of this land.—About sunset on that day (the Sabbath,) a severe shock of an earthquake was felt in this city, and throughout the whole length and breadth of the Holy Land, which has laid several towns in ruins, and destroyed many of their inhabitants. Our little missionary family were preparing to sit around the tea table, when suddenly the massive walls of our dwelling were shaken to their foundations, and threatened us with immediate destruction. But blessed be God, the shock though severe enough to throw down the tops of the Turkish Minarets on Olivet, and Mount Zion, and a part of the City walls, was but momentary, and so far as Jerusalem and the immediate neighborhood are concerned, very little injury was sustained. But the tidings which continue to come to us from the country north, is awful and distressing indeed. Nablous near the site of the ancient capital of Samaria, Nazareth, Tiberias, and Safet have each suffered severely. Reports have of course been exaggerated, and as yet authentic information has not been received. We have reason however to believe that 40 or 50 persons have perished amid the ruins of fallen houses in Nablous. A few days since a letter from Nazareth stated, that half of the Roman Catholic Convent there and a part of its splendid chapel had been thrown down, several other houses destroyed, and some lives lost. Tiberias and Safet, both holy cities of the Jews, are said to be almost entirely ruined and great numbers killed.—This intelligence has been peculiarly afflictive to the descendants of Abraham here. When the information arrived they all repaired to their synagogue and sat all day on the floor mourning and weeping, and bitterly lamenting this judgement of heaven, which they consider as sent upon them for their sins.

The Jews have dispatched messengers with clothing and money to assist in burying their dead at Tiberias, and we hope soon to have a definite and particular account of this heart rending catastrophe. Since the heavy shock on the 1st we have had four or five other slight ones, and the people are still alarmed and fearful of the repetition of them. There are not wanting Prophets, confined principally to the Jews, who predict another and a more severe one but they are not agreed as to the time when it will occur. The predictions vary from 17 to 24 days. After the last earthquakes here, in 1834, it was predicted by one of these Seers, that on a certain day, the whole city would be destroyed. The day arrived, and multitudes of Moslems, Jews, and Christians who were apprehensive that the prophecy might prove true left the city, and remained in the fields until night came on, when there being no signs of the predicted destruction, their confidence was restored sufficiently so as to allow them to return to their homes. Whether the fallacy of the prophecy then, will allay the fears of the people now, under similar circumstance, remains to be tested. So far as I have been able to learn, I think that but few will be found credulous enough to place any dependence upon their present predictions."

"I have not time to mention one half the reports to which this calamity has given rise. Would that I could say, that it had made any serious impression upon the minds of this ignorant, deluded, and perishing people. But alas, we fear that none have laid it seriously to heart, and drawn from it that lesson which it was undoubtedly designed to enforce.

"But I must close; I shall write again as soon as we receive more particular information concerning the effect of the earthquake."

TIME.

By the Rev. J. H. Clinch.

I.

I STOOD in thought beside an arrowy stream,
Holding its way through many a flowery mead
And woodland, where alone the fitful gleam
Of the sun pierced the gloom — then, quickly freed
From forest twilight, with a noisy speed
It dashed and bubbled onward down a slope
Where rocks arose its rushing to impede,
But rose in vain, like terrors against Hope
Or foes against Despair, where spears a path must open.

II.

On, on it flew, o'er every barrier springing
With mighty impulse and with headlong leaps,
To where, the ceaseless hymn of Nature singing,
Ocean's eternity of waters keeps
Perpetual music, and the voice of deeps
Callet to deep; — the wild brook swept away
To mingle with those tides where darkness sleeps
Far down in their abysses, and a ray
Entrance hath never found from the serene of day.

III.

And as the stream passed on, the dewy flowers
That decked its marge their silky petals threw
Upon its eddying waters, and the showers
Of pattering rain, when gusts of autumn blew,
Bade the tall trees their leaves by thousands strew
Upon its heaving bosom — and the bank,
Where with sharp turn the impetuous torrent flew
In foamy eddies onward, piecemeal sank,
Borne by the flood to fill the caves of ocean dank.

IV.

And ever and anon some goodly tree,
By woodsman's axe subdued or slow decay,
Swept by to ocean's broad eternity,
Rolling and plunging on its foamy way,
And spurning from its knotted limbs the spray
E'en like a drowning giant; now a rock
Grasping in vain its desperate course to stay —
And now some root which rears before the shock,
And now smooth bending reeds which all its efforts mock.

V.

In that swift brook I saw the flight of Time —
Of Time which, like a tributary tide,
Empties its waters into that sublime
And mighty torrent which shall ever hide
Its source in clouds and darkness — and the wide
Extension of whose stream forbids all sense
A limit to define on either side —
A shoreless ocean wrapped in vapours dense —
For ever to roll on — mysterious — dim — immense.

VI.

Time's stream flows into that eternity —
Eternity its secret source supplies —
And as its troubled billows swiftly flee,
Passing Earth's shifting scenes and changeable skies,
It bears to that far ocean as its prize
The dewy flowers of youth — the searer leaves
Of manhood — and at times her agonies
A dying nation o'er its current heaves,
As, like the shattered tree, her wreck Time's flood receives.

VII.

The monument or pyramid that seemed
Ere perennius when it first arose —
The castle-towers where War's red beacon boomed,
Frowning defiance on a thousand foes —
Have slowly crumbled to the noiseless blows
Of Age's ceaseless hand — and one by one
Have sunk beneath the tide that ever flows
To bear them to Oblivion's chamber dun,
E'en like the streamlet's bank, where eddying waters run.

VIII.

On hastes Time's current, with perpetual sweep,
Spurning all interruption: — Strength may fling
His rocky barriers in its torrent deep —
Pleasure's bright flowers and rank weeds clustering
May seek to check its progress. Fame may bring
Her garlands to its eddies, and essay
To plant them in the waters, till they spring
Into far spreading palms — and Wealth may lay
Broad dams of golden sand, its onward course to stay

IX.

All, all in vain: — in foamy letters traced
Labiter et labiter tells its tale,
And man, borne downward by its ceaseless haste,
May e'en outrun the current, for the gale
Aids the descending voyager — but to sail
Upward against the tide to none is given; —
The strongest anchor in that stream is frail,
And none may pause — all, all are onward driven —
Happy, whose compass points untremblingly to Heaven.

Dorchester, Mass.

J. H. C.

VULGARITY.

If we are not the most elegant and refined people on the face of the earth, it is not for want of preceptors. But as many doctors are symptomatic of sickness, so there is too much reason to apprehend that many instructors in good behaviour are indicative of a deplorable natural and national deficiency in that particular. When we consider what things are taught, it is alarming to think how much is to be learnt. Many persons of both sexes fancy that they perform a thousand common operations tolerably well, of the true and proper manner of performing which, they are, if we are to believe the professors, utterly and shamefully ignorant. The other day, there was an artist (M. Vestris) who, for half-a-guinea a lesson, taught persons of honour how to eat soup. This man, who was born with the organ of spoons, whatever it may be, extraordinary developed, on coming into the world discovered that nobody knew how to eat soup—that is, how to eat soup as soup should be eaten—with an air, with an indescribable something which is only to be taught by a master, at half-a-guinea a lesson. He accordingly proclaimed himself skilled in the science of the spoon, set a high price upon his talent and was employed by all the first persons of fashion, who thus confessed the former error of their soup-eating. Whose this individual's pupils gave origin to the slang use of the word *spoony*, we know not; nor can we determine whether he was the first man to whom the proverb was applied, "he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth;" but certainly he was a striking example of the good luck expressed by it, for he amassed a considerable fortune by his peculiar talent, and went about spooning in his chariot. There was another genius, who perceived that no ladies know how to get into their carriages. He proclaimed the fact to the world, and denounced the practices of scrambling, scuttling, or being thrust in by the footman; he bewailed the accidental discovery of thick ankles, and the too obviously intentional display of neat ones, giving his disciples to understand that he could show them how to prevent the first unwilling exposure, or to give the appearance of the most elegant accident to the last disclosure. The women of fashion were readily convinced that they did not know how to get into their carriages, and the professor was in general requisition; among his pupils he had the honour of numbering the late Princess Charlotte of Wales. Another superior spirit discovered that mankind had been eating salad for ages without understanding how to make it. He went from house to house in his chariot, instructing persons of quality to dress salad at half-a-guinea a lesson; and great was the rage for triturating hard eggs, and effecting a smooth mixture of the well-ground material, with amalgamated oil and vinegar. Before the advent of this man, no one knew how to make salad. But it were tedious to specify examples. Is there not Captain Clius now teaching mankind for the first time how to walk? And is there not Mr. Theodore Hook unceasingly teaching us how to eat and drink like the quality? And is there not the author of a book now before us who teaches us "to speak pretty," as they say in the nursery? The melancholy truth is, that we must be in a frightful state of barbarity. Do any other people in the world need all this schooling in genteel behaviour? Do other people learn the nice conduct of a silver spoon after they have arrived at years of discretion? Do ladies of other nations require instruction in the art of stepping into their carriages? Do the gourmands of other civilised countries confess that their forefathers have dressed their salads for ages in ignorance of the true principles of mixing them? Are the French, the Spaniards, the Dutch, the Germans, and other old people, just about to learn to walk? Do they need a Mr. Hook to teach them the polite course, method, and manner of eating and drinking; and a book in two hundred and sixty-eight pages, expressly, "for the use of those who are unacquainted with grammar?"—*Atlas*.

MOORISH CONCERN.—The Moors consider Spain as a country to which they still have a right to aspire; and many families in Morocco and Tetuan to this day preserve the key of the houses of their ancestors in Castile, Arragon, Leon, &c. and hope one day to use them again.