

## P O E T R Y.

## A JEWISH FAMILY

In a small valley opposite St. Goar, upon the Rhine.

Genius of Raphael! if thy wings  
Might bear thee to this glen  
With faithful memory left of things,  
To pencil dear and pen,  
Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring Rhine  
And all his majesty,  
A studious forehead to incline  
O'er this poor family.

The Mother,—her thou must have seen  
In spirit, ere she came  
To dwell these rifted rocks between  
Or found on earth a name;  
An image too of that sweet boy  
Thy inspirations give;  
Of playfulness and love and joy,  
Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
How beautiful his eyes  
That blend the nature of the star  
With that of summer skies:  
I speak as if of sense beguiled;  
Uncounted months are gone,—  
Yet am I with the Jewish child,—  
That exquisite St. John.

I see the dark brown curls, the brow,  
The smooth transparent skin,  
Refined, as with intent to shew  
The holiness within;—  
The grace of parting infancy  
By blushes yet untamed;  
Age faithful to the mother's knee,  
Nor of her arms ashamed.

Two lovely sisters, still and sweet  
As flowers, stand side by side;  
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat  
The Christian of his pride:  
Such beauty hath the Eternal poured  
Upon them not forlorn,  
Though of a lineage once abhorred,  
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard! that, in spite  
Of poverty and wrong,  
Doth here preserve a living light  
From Hebrew fountains sprung;—  
That gives this rugged group to cast  
Around the dell, a gleam  
Of Palestine, of glory past,  
And proud Jerusalem.

The foregoing striking and beautiful lines, containing in themselves all the graphic force of a picture, are from a volume of detached Poems published last summer in England, by the celebrated, and not more celebrated than virtuous and pious Wordsworth, with the title of "Yarrow revisited, and other poems."

From De Lamartine's Travels.

The Dead Sea has been described by various travellers. I neither noted its specific gravity, nor the relative quantity of salt contained in its waters. It was neither science nor criticism that I came to seek; I came simply because it lay in my way, because it was in the midst of a famous desert, and was famous itself; because it had swallowed up all the towns that formerly stood where I now see its motionless flood extended. Its shores are flat on the eastern and western sides; on the north and south the high mountains of Judea and Arabia close it in, descending

nearly to its waves; those of Arabia, however, are not so near, particularly on the side of the mouth of the Jordan, where we then were. The shores are completely desolate, the air is foetid and unwholesome, and we felt its influence during the whole time we were in the desert. A sense of heaviness in the head and a slight fever attacked us all, and only quitted us when we left this injurious atmosphere. There is no island to be seen; about sunset, however, I fancied I could distinguish two, at the extremity of the horizon, towards Idumea. The Arabs knew nothing of them; the sea is in this place at least thirty leagues across, and they have never ventured to follow it so far. No traveller has indeed ever attempted the circumnavigation of the Dead Sea; it has never yet been seen at its other extremity, nor at its shores of Judea and Arabia. I think we are the first who have explored it freely on the three sides, and if we had had more time at our disposal, nothing would have prevented us from having planks of fir brought here from Lebanon, Jerusalem, or Jaffa, from constructing a skiff on the spot, and visiting in this way the whole extent of this wonderful internal sea. The Arabs, who do not generally allow travellers to approach it, and prejudices are opposed to all desire for navigating it, were at this time so devoted to our slightest wishes, that they would have offered no obstacle; and I should certainly have executed such a design if I had at all foreseen the favourableness of their conduct toward us; but it was too late, we must have sent back to Jerusalem for carpenters to construct the bark; this, with the time for navigating, would have occupied three weeks at least, and we had not so many days to spare. I therefore gave up the idea, though not without regret; another traveller in the same circumstances could easily accomplish it, and throw that light on this natural phenomenon and geographical question which science has so long demanded.

The aspect of the Dead Sea is neither funereal nor gloomy, except to the imagination. To the eye, it is a shining lake, whose immense and silvery surface reflects the rays of light like a mirror. The beautifully shaped mountains throw their shadows even to its borders. It is said that no fish exists in its waters nor birds on its banks. I cannot decide this; I certainly neither saw petrels, sea-gulls, nor those beautiful white marine doves, that swim all the day on the waves of the Syrian Sea, and accompany the skiffs on the Bosphorus; but at some hundred paces distance from the Dead Sea, I shot at and killed some birds resembling wild ducks, that rose from the swampy borders of the Jordan. If the air had been really mortal to them, they would not thus have braved so near its mephitic vapors. Nor did I either see any thing of the buried towns which are said to exist at a trifling depth below the surface, and which the Arabs who were with me pretend are sometimes visible.

I followed the borders of this sea a long time, sometimes on the Arabian side, where the mouth of the Jordan lies (which river is in this part precisely what travellers have described it, a stagnant pool of dirty water in a bed of mud); sometimes on the side of the mountains of Judea, where the shore rises and assumes occasionally the form of little downs. The sheet of water presented every where the same appearance of silvery brightness and perfect stillness. Mankind has well preserved the faculty given by God in Genesis, of calling things by their proper names. This sea is splendid, it illuminates, it inundates with the reflection of its waters the immense desert which it covers; it attracts the eye, it interests the mind—but it is dead! neither sound nor movement exists on it. Its surges, too heavy for the wind to act upon, roll not in sonorous waves, nor ever does the white edge of its foam break on the roughness of its sides. It is a sea that seems petrified!"

*Expedition to Africa.*—A small steamer has been launched at Greenock, having been fitted out by a Glasgow company for the purpose of trading with the inland ports of Africa. The little steamer is, when fully equipped and in working order, about ten tons weight, and is intended to explore the Niger and its tributary streams for the purpose of trafficking with the natives. Her cargo consists of ammunition, stores, fogs, and upwards of a hundred bags of small shells called cowries, from the East Indies, which are to be given for gold dust, ivory, and other valuable produce

of Africa. The Mischief sails for the Bight of Benin, and is well manned. Another vessel sails from the Clyde, part of the same expedition, in a short time.—*Eng. Paper.*

*Living unto Christ.*—He that has tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that has felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend against it.

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