

The earth is a great animal—it is alive; a vital fluid circulates in it; every particle of it is alive! it has instinct and volition, even to the most elementary molecules, which attract and repel each other, according to sympathies. Every mineral has the power of converting immense masses into its own nature, as we convert food into flesh. The mountains are the respiratory organs of the globe! The schists are the organs of secretion, the mineral veins are abscesses, and the metals are products of disease, for which reason most of them have a repulsive smell.”—*Patrin. Dict. d' Historie Naturelle.*

#### TO THE READERS OF THE PEARL.

The information given in the ensuing letters has been derived from a valuable work entitled “Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petræ, and the Holy Land,” by an American citizen (Mr. Stevens) a native of, and a present resident in the city of New York. This Tour was performed so late as the years 1836 and 7. At the end of the last year the author returned to his native city, and since that period, four Editions of his Travels have been published. The 4th Edition, published by the Harpers, is before me,—and if the reader will enjoy even a fair proportion of the gratification I have experienced in compressing the valuable information contained in a certain portion of these Travels, they may be induced to purchase the work, which abounds in interesting matter, recorded in an easy, unaffected style, well adapted to the general reader. America, North and South, contains by far the largest division of this Earth, and as *one American only*, has ever visited the remains of Petra, and thus, having become a living witness of the fulfilment of the denunciations of the Almighty against Edom and its territory, and as he providentially escaped the frauds, perfidy and extreme dangers of a personal intercourse with the Arabs,—his work in 2 vols. 12mo. is worthy of every encouragement. If the Arabs were honest, easily satisfied and kind to strangers, many travellers would visit these highly interesting regions. Stevens was afraid to remain for *even a single night*, at Petra,—and the French travellers, Linant and Laborde, were permitted, by giving bribes of great value, to these sons of Ishmael,—to take drawings of the temples of Petra, splendid views of which have lately been published in Paris. The Arabs are “to a proverb” destitute, and miserable; they have yet to learn the truth of the maxim that “Honesty is the best Policy.” but as many nominal christians are equally deficient in the knowledge of that great truth, we can less blame the untutored sons of the Desert. The time may not be distant, when the heralds of salvation may be sent even to these men who still sit “in darkness and in the shadow of death”—mean time few travellers will enter these forbidden limits. As even New Zealand has not been neglected, so may not Arabia, bordering on Judea, the favoured land of Heaven. That all may know God, and him whom he hath sent to seek and to save that which was lost: is the hope and prayer of

Your faithful servant,

HENRY HAYDEN.

#### PROPHECY FULFILLED.

##### PETRA, No. I.

“For my sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of my curse, to judgment. From generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever. But the cormorant and the bittern shall possess it; the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it: and he shall stretch out upon it the line of confusion, and the stones of emptiness. They shall call the nobles thereof to the kingdom, but none shall be there, and all her princes shall be nothing. And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof: and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls. The wild beasts of the desert shall also meet with the wild beasts of the island, and the satyr shall cry to his fellow; the screech owls also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow: there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate. Seek ye out of the book of the Lord, and read: no one of these shall fail, none shall want her mate: for my mouth it hath commanded, and his spirit it hath gathered them. And he hath cast the lot for them, and his hand hath divided it unto them by line: they shall possess it for ever, from generation to generation shall they dwell therein.”—ISAIAH XXXIV: 3, 10—17.

Mr. Stevens thus commences his Narrative:

I had now crossed the borders of Edom, standing near the shore of the Eranitic branch of the Red Sea; “the doomed and accursed land” lay stretched out before me, the theatre of the fulfilment of awful prophecies; given by the Lord of Hosts to Esau, as the fatness of the Earth, but now a barren waste, a picture of death, an eternal monument of the wrath of an offended and insulted deity and a fearful witness to the truth of the words spoken by his prophets. I read in the Bible prophecy upon prophecy, and curse upon curse, against the very land on which I now trod. I was on a journey through this land, and intended to see with my own eyes whether God had stayed his uplifted arm, or whether his avenging sword had indeed descended from heaven upon the doomed land of Idumea. Keith in illustrating the prophecies against Edom, “that none should pass through it for ever and ever,” after referring to the singular fact that the grand caravan routes existing in the days of David and of Solomon, and under the Roman Empire, are now completely broken up, and that the routes to Mecca, from Damascus to Cairo, lie along the borders of Idumea, barely touching, but not passing through it,

proves by abundant references that to this day no traveller has ever passed through the land of Edom. The Arabs (Bedouins) who roam over the land of Idumea, have been noted by travellers as the ‘worst of their race, as robbers, and at war with all mankind.’ Mr. Joliffe calls it the ‘wildest and most dangerous territory in all Arabia, and the celebrated Burckhardt says that the first time he had ever felt fear was during his travels in this savage desert; that his route was most dangerous, though he had no kind of property to attract their cupidity, and was even stripped by the savages of some rags that covered his wounded ankles.’ Messrs Leigh and Banks, and Captain Irby and Mangles, were told that the Arabs who formed their escort were a most savage and treacherous race, that they would use their blood as medicine, and they heard also that 30 pilgrims from Bombay had been savagely murdered at Petra, the previous year, by the Arabs, and they speak of the opposition of these tribes, as similar to the case of the Jews under Moses, when Edom refused them a passage through his territory. None of these men passed through it, nor had any traveller done so save Stevens, who says the ignorance and mystery which hung suspended over this fated land added to the interest he felt thoroughly to explore it, but he scarcely felt confidence in his natural strength for so tremendous an enterprise, with the awful denunciation before his eyes that none should pass through Edom for ever. To add to his embarrassment his faithful servant refused to accompany him. Stevens now advanced to Petra through a valley in breadth from four to eight miles; on each side were vast, dreary and barren mountains bounding the valley like a wall; on the left were the mountains of Judea, and on the right those of Seir, the portion of territory given to Esau as an inheritance; and included in those rocky deserts was the excavated city of Petra, the “accursed and blighted Edom of Prophecy!” Idumea lay before him in rugged barrenness and utter desolation; like the Moon, no trees in her valleys, no verdure on her mountains, all a savage wilderness, an awful prospect of utter ruin. The beauty of the weather in some degree relieved the dreary prospect. From day to day the same savage prospect appeared. Crossing to the right they arrived at the foot of the mountains of Seir, and towering above all the rest in terrific sublimity, surrounded by a circular dome was the bare and rugged summit of mount Hor—the grave of Aaron, the brother of Moses the Prophet—visible in every direction, situate in the centre of vast ridges of highly elevated mountains, forming one of the landmarks of the Arabs in their journeyings through this terrific wilderness.

Soon after Stevens and his escorts turned in upon the mountains, at times passing small spots of verdure, contrasting with the surrounding general desolation. Towards evening in a small mountain on the top they observed an excavation in the rock, which the Arabs said had been a fortress. On a fine evening, gazelles were sporting in the valleys, and partridges running wild on the sides of the mountains, and they pitched their tent partly over a carpet of grass with the door open to the elevated tomb of Aaron. Before day the next morning they had struck their tent, and with provisions for one day only (we conceive this very imprudent) they started for the venerable city of Petra. The course was a continual ascent, the mountains as formerly were barren, solitary and desolate; as they ascended they became still more wild, and rugged, and then rose to grandeur and sublimity. Streams gushed from the mountains; the effect was beautiful, and sometimes appeared valleys of small extent where was a prospect of early spring. The ascent was very difficult; the camels toiled, and even the sure-footed Arabian horses often slipped on the steep and rugged paths. Here the Arabs had from time to time sacrificed sheep to Aaron, as their bones were heaped on the plains; the stones were black with smoke, the accumulation of ages. From the plain they wound along the base of Mount Hor, which commenced rising into a vast mountain. Not far from its base, they arrived at tombs cut in the sides of the rocks, and standing at the threshold of the entrance to the excavated city.

We will give a succinct history of this wonderful city “the rock of ages” (in a terrestrial sense,) the long lost Capital of the doomed Idumea or Edom, all the edifices public and private in which city were hewn out of the native rock—desolate as it now is, as was foretold by the Prophets. We learn that dukes and kings reigned in Edom before any king yet reigned in Israel or Judah. We also recognise it as the central mart to which came the caravans from the interior of Arabia, Persia, and India, laden with all the precious merchandize of the East, from which point they reached Egypt, Palestine, and Syria; even Tyre and Sidon had their purple and other dyes from Petra. 300 years after the last of the Prophets, and nearly 100 years B. C. the King of Arabia proceeded from his Palace at Petra at the head of fifty thousand men, horse and foot; entered Jerusalem, and uniting with the Jews, pressed the siege of the Temple, which was only raised by the advance of the Romans,—and in the 2d Century of our era, though its independence was lost, Petra was still the Capital of a Roman Province. After this period it rapidly declined—its history became more and more obscure; for more than 1,000 years it was completely lost to the world, and until its happy discovery by Bruckhardt in 1812, except to the wandering (Bedouin) Arabs, its very site was unknown.

#### LAVATER.

The following sketch of Lavater, the far-famed physiognomist of Zurich, is from the pen of the celebrated Helen Maria Williams.

Lavater received us in his library, which was hung thick with portraits and engravings, of which he has a considerable collection, forming a study of the ever-varying expression of the human face divine.

He is a venerable-looking old man, with a sharp, long face, high features, and a wrinkling brow; he is tall, thin, and interesting in his figure: when serious, he has a look of melancholy, almost of inquietude; but when he smiles, his countenance becomes lighted up with an expression of sweetness and intelligence.

There is a simple eloquence in his conversation, an effusion of the heart extremely attractive; he speaks French with some difficulty, and whenever he is at a loss for an expression, has recourse to German, which I in vain begged a Swiss gentleman, who was of our party, to translate for me; he told me that for the most part the German words Lavater employed were compound epithets of his own framing, which had peculiar energy as he used them; but which would be quite vapid and spiritless in translation.

The great rule of moral conduct, Lavater said, in his opinion, was, next to God, to respect time. Time he considered as the most valuable of human treasures, and any waste of it as in the highest degree immoral. He rises every morning at the hour of five; and though it would be agreeable to him to breakfast immediately after rising, makes it an invariable rule to earn that repast by some previous labour; so that if by accident the rest of the day is spent to no useful purpose, some portion of it may at least be secured beyond the interruptions of chance.

Lavater gave us a most pleasing account of morals in Zurich. He had been a preacher of the Gospel, he said, in that town thirty years; and so incapable were the citizens of any species of corruption, that he should have rendered himself ridiculous, had he ever, during that long period, preached a sermon against it, since it was a vice unknown. “At what a distance, thought I, am I arrived from London and Paris!”

One of my fellow-travellers, who was anxious to wrest from the venerable pastor his confession of faith, brought in review before him the various opinions of the fathers, orthodox and heretic, from Justin Martyr and Origen, down to the Bishop of St. David and Dr. Priestley. But Lavater did not appear to have made polemics his study; he seemed to think right and wrong, in historical fact, of far less importance than right and wrong in religious sentiment, and, above all, in human action. There was more of feeling than of logic in his conclusions; and he appeared to have taken less pains to examine religion than to apply its precepts to the regulation of those frailties and passions of the human heart, the traces of which, hidden from others, he had marked with such admirable accuracy in the character and expression of outward forms. For myself, I own, the solemn, meek, affectionate expression of Lavater’s pious sentiments were peculiarly soothing to my feelings, after having been so long stunned with the cavils of French philosophers, or rather the impertinent comments of their disciples, who are so proud of their scepticism, that they are for ever obtruding it in their conversation.

ROMANCE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—A circumstance has lately occurred in the south of France, realizing a fairy tale. An old man, now aged seventy-nine, was obliged to leave France during the revolution. He had lost his wife, and left behind her two sons and a daughter. Forced to fly for his life, penniless and destitute, he passed the period of the exile of the Bourbons, in procuring a scanty subsistence in Italy, Germany, and other parts of Europe, and afterward served in the armies of the empire. Having returned to his native town, finding himself forgotten by his friends, dispossessed of his estate, and unable to gain any intelligence of his children, he resigned himself with content to all the privations of poverty, and, with a courage worthy of fewer years, endeavoured to prevent his becoming a burden to the charitable, by making himself useful in the office of a lawyer of some celebrity at Marseilles. One of the students in the office, who had travelled in Italy, was struck with a resemblance between the old man and a lady he had met in society at Milan. He asked him if he had a daughter, in Italy. “I once had three children, but they are all dead!” said he. The young man persisted in his inquiries, and the result was, a conviction that the lady in question was the daughter of the emigre. “Sir!” said he, “your daughter is alive, and lives in a palace at Milan. I know her; she is the Countess Ottolini Visconti, the wife of a dignitary of the Austrian empire.” It was true. Mr. Napollon had given his daughter in charge to a Milanese lady, when two years old. All his letters, written to her during his exile, had miscarried. He supposed her dead. She had been well educated, and the beauty of her person and the graces of her mind had captivated an Italian of a noble family, who sought her hand. She knew the history of her family, and had long supposed her father dead. She was made acquainted with the circumstances, and the result is an union of father and daughter, after a separation of forty-seven years.