

The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

C. F. READ & H. H. FRAZIER, EDITORS.

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Poet's Corner.

There are Two Ways to Live on Earth.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

There are two ways to live on earth—
Two ways to judge—to act—to view;
For all things here have double birth—
A right and wrong—a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
To make that sweet which seemeth small;
Where every lip its fondness speaks,
And every mild hand care for all.

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
Of pleasures, free from vain expense;
Whose thoughts beyond their means no'er range,
Nor-wise details give offence.

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
No wish—no impulse—to complain;
Who feel not—never felt—the mind
To envy yet another's gain!

Whom dream not of the mocking tide
Ambition's foiled endeavor meets—
The bitter pang of wounded pride,
Nor fallen power that stuns the streets.

Though fate deny his glittering store,
Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
For all that Gold can purchase more,
Are gems, it is no loss to lose!

Some things, whoso'er they go,
Find ought to please, or to exalt—
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others, in the ceaseless round
Of their wants and daily care,
Can yet call flowers from common ground,
And twice enjoy the joy they share.

Oh! happy they who happy make
Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!
Who something spare for others' sake,
And strive, in all things, for the best!

From Syria.

LETTER FROM REV. J. L. LYONS.

DUMA, MR. LEXANDER,
Sept. 19th, 1856.

DEAR PARENTS—A week or more ago I

sent you a journal of twelve pages, and I will

now commence another. Henry has been

absent three weeks, and will probably be

absent three weeks more. The last I heard

from him, he was exploring Mt. Hermon and

the river Jordan, making the same tour that

I made last summer. To-day, after I got

tired of studying, I strolled off on foot with

an Arab guide, to visit the ruins of an old

fort, on the top of a high mountain. An

hour's hard climbing brought us to the spot.

The ruins are quite extensive. The fortifica-

tion was strongly built, and probably belong-

ed to the time of the crusaders. The view

from the summit of the mountain is quite

imposing, looking far off upon the sea on

one hand, and down upon beautiful valleys

and extensive vineyards on the other. On

the way down the mountain, I visited a con-

vent of Maronite monks. Their convent is

perched far up on the top of a precipitous

ledge of rocks almost inaccessible, except by

gates and Arab mountaineers. The monks

received me very politely, brought me some

fine grapes, and asked me a great many

questions about my country. They inquired

whether America was far off, or near; whether

the climate was cold or hot; whether it was

a level country or mountainous, like Syria.

I talked with them half an hour or more,

upon various subjects, then descended the

steep mountain side, to the village below,

and just at sunset reached my home. Poor

ignorant monks! they spend all their lives

in the cloister, with no benefit to themselves

or their fellow men, and yet they think

in the way of salvation and laying up a

store of good works for the life to come.

Sept. 20.—To-day I visited the *Shikh*, or

chief of the village. He brought me sherbet

and coffee, &c., according to the custom, and

said he would make me home next to his if I

wished, for the next summer. I have learned

about how much value to attach to these

oriental modes of expression, and told him

after he got his house built, I should be glad

to call and take a look at it. Called on two

Greek priests, who frequently visit us. One

of them, priest Job, frequently attends our

Sabbath services, and has a considerable

knowledge of the truth.

Sept. 20th. Last night a woman whom I

mentioned in my last as being sick, died, and

to-day I attended her funeral. She was of the

Greek persuasion, and all the empty forms of

that church, as burning incense, kissing the

corpse, &c., were gone through with over the

body. At the close of these heathenish per-

truth, but, alas! how much delusion and error!

Sept. 30th. Yesterday I got back from a

visit to Ghurrovz (I venture to say you

could not pronounce that word *Ghurrovz*

correctly if you should try twenty times a

day for a month. The first letter, which I

have represented by *gh*, is one of the hardest

in the Arabic language.) Ghurrovz is a

village about seven hours (20 miles) from

Duma. My object in going was to see a

man residing there who has become an avowed

Protestant, and who I thought might make

a good school teacher, in his own village,

provided it should seem practicable to open a

school there. I spent the Sabbath there, and

preached to a few who came in, in the afternoon.

The people were very anxious to

have a school. I therefore made arrangements

to have a school commence on the first

Monday in November, under the care of my

Protestant friend. His name is Abo Habbib,

and he is quite an interesting and intelligent

man.

Oct. 5th, Sabbath. Ten persons present

at our religious exercises. Quite an important

movement took place here to-day. A

number of people of the village resolved that

they would, hereafter, neither make, buy, nor

sell on the Sabbath. They belong to the

Greek church, and I understand that they intend

asking their priest to co-operate with them.

How long it will last I know not, but I

hope this will be but the beginning of a

better order of things for Duma—the dawning

of a brighter day on this part of Lebanon.

To-day I have thought much of home and

my dear friends there. To-day is your com-

munion season. It is evening here, so that

you are just gathering round the Lord's ta-

ble in the sanctuary. I am with you in spir-

it, and would I could be with you in body also;

yet I see it all, just as I have seen it

many times in the precious communion seasons

that are past. I can see the worshipping

assembly; I can almost hear the faithful

pastor's remarks, and the earnest prayers,

and the solemn hymn; and methinks you are

rejoicing with the angels to-day that some

new lambs are being gathered into the fold

of Christ. Yes, I am with you in spirit, but

shall I indeed ever eat of that bread and drink

of that cup with my dear friends again? Perhaps

never, until we drink it anew in our Father's

kingdom! We have just concluded our

evening prayers, nor did we forget you; then,

nor the pastor, nor the communion.—How

encouraging and precious the thought to

us, that when you come around the throne of

grace to-night, we shall be remembered; and

at the monthly concert, too, fervent

prayers will go up from many hearts, in be-

half of the representatives of the Montrose

church, laboring far away from home on the

mountains of Lebanon. Your prayers not

only seem to strengthen us for our responsi-

bilities and duties, but they seem to cement

us more closely together, and to strengthen

that bond of Christian love that binds our

souls in one, so that, though widely separated,

our fears, our hopes, our aims seem one.

Oct. 6th. To-day the first rain fell since

May last. It was a slight shower, but enough

to warn us that it is about time for us to

abandon our mountain cottage, and return to

the plains; for these mountain houses, with

their flat mud roofs, afford rather inadequate

protection from a driving storm. We are

only waiting to hear from Henry, that we

may know whether he intends to meet us

here or at Tripoli; and shall probably leave

Duma before the week closes.

Oct. 8th. Received a letter from Henry

informing me that he was en route for Tripoli,

along the sea coast, accompanied by Mr.

Wilson and Mr. Aiken.

We shall therefore

pack up Henry's and our things and go down

to-morrow or day after. At dinner to-day

some of the natives, who were in, staid to

see us. They frequently do so, for it is

a matter of great curiosity to them see people

eat in Frank style with knives and forks,

sitting on chairs instead of on the floor. After

the blessing was asked; one of them wished

to know what I had said. I then repeated it

to them in Arabic, and asked if they ever

returned thanks to God for their food. This

gave me a good opportunity for lecturing to

them on the duty of gratitude to God for all

His unnumbered mercies and blessings.—

They admitted the truth of my remarks, but

poor, erring people, while they are convinced

that prayer is a duty, they are willing that

their ignorant priests should do all the pray-

ing for them.

Oct. 9th. Packed up our things. Abo

Saleem, our Arab teacher, who has been with

us all summer, returned to his home in Me-

na, near Tripoli, to-day. As we intend to

return here next summer, I made a con-

tract with the owner of the house we have

occupied, in which he agreed to add another

room, and then rent the whole to us for 75

pistres (\$3.00) a month. The contract was

written and sealed, the houseowner stamping

his name from the seal of a large ring, while

I made an impression in red sealing wax with

an American three cent piece, which having

the words "U. S. America" on it, gave the

document somewhat the air of official author-

ity and dignity.

Oct. 11th, Saturday eve, Tripoli. We

came down from the mountains yesterday,

and took possession of our new home. Found

Mr. Wilson, Mr. Aiken, and Henry, and

they had already moved most of our furniture

from the house we formerly occupied;

but we found everything *makloot* as the

Arabs say, that is mixed up, and we have

been busily engaged all day in attempting

to bring some order out of the chaos. The

owner has finished the house in very good

style, and doubtless intends to make money

out of it after our lease expires, if he lives

long enough. The house has been covered

with a white coat of hard finish outside, and

makes a very neat appearance. It is three

stories high, including the basement, and

contains fourteen rooms. The four rooms on

the ground floor are rough, unplastered, and

damp, and at present only fit for store rooms.

Oct. 13th. Yesterday, about 4 o'clock

in the morning, we felt the shock of an earth-

quake. It was not violent, and continued but

one or two minutes; but the sensation was awful;

the shaking of the walls, and the deep rum-

bling sound in the earth; the consciousness of

entire helplessness and impossibility of escape,

were enough to make the stoutest heart

to quake. The people rushed from their

slumbers, rushed panic-stricken into the

streets, and the Moslems, filling the air with

their shrieks and cries, fled to their

Mosques for protection. As far as I have

learned, no damage was done in this vicinity.

It being Sabbath day, we had services

in Arabic, which were conducted by Mr. Wil-

son. Some ten persons were present. In the

evening we had a little meeting in English,

as is our custom. This morning Mr. Wil-

son, Mr. Aiken, and Henry, set out for Ilioms,

two days' journey to the N. East, the station

which Messrs. Wilson and Aiken commene-

ed to occupy, but which sickness and death

have compelled them for the present to

abandon. They go to look after the farm

and the mill, which they left there, and then

return to spend the winter in Beirut. Poor

Mrs. Aiken will be left to rest far away,

all alone, like Harriet Newell on the lone isle

of the sea. But she is with Jesus in her heav-

enly home, and needs none of our sym-

paties. Brother Aiken, who can know the

loneliness of his sad heart? We cannot sym-

pathize to deeply with him, or pray too ear-

nestly for him.

Oct. 14th. We have been busily at

work all day to-day and yesterday, getting

our rooms and furniture in order. Last night

we witnessed a fine eclipse of the moon. It

was nearly total at midnight. I see, by re-

fering to the Christian Almanac, that the

middle of the eclipse at N. York was at six

o'clock in the evening. Here the middle of

the eclipse was at quarter after one in the

morning, by which it appears that the differ-

ence in time between New York and Tripoli

is 7 1/4 hours—so that when it is noon in N.

York it is 7 1/4 in the eve here. I thus had

the satisfaction of determining by personal

observation, that the difference of time be-

tween the two places, as ascertained by an

eclipse, is the same as the difference found

by reckoning on the degrees of longitude.—

The Moslems were almost as much fright-

ened by the eclipse, as by the earthquake.—

The Mohammedans believe that all eclipses

are caused by the attempts of a huge whale

or serpent to swallow the sun or moon,

whichever it be, and hence whenever they

see the huge monster approaching, they use

all the means in their power, shouting, drum-

ming, and various other noises, to frighten

him away. Accordingly, last night, when

they discovered that the old demon had got