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"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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Letter from Rev. J. F. Jessup.

DUMA, MONTROSE, July 31, 1858.

I have sent a short letter home giving an outline of the last fortnight. I wrote less than usual as my time was limited. Indeed I often wonder where I find the time for so much letter-writing when we have so much to do, and so many interruptions from the people, as they call at all hours, and we always are glad to see them. Lorenzo went down to Tripoli today, taking our American letters, so as to present them to our friends. We have all sorts of rumors of trouble in Tripoli between the Moslems and Christians, (Greeks, &c.), but the presence of a French War-steamer there will probably keep the Moslems quiet.

This morning we had quite a famous visit from the mountaineers of one of the neighboring Maronite villages. Our Moslem friend from Tripoli, who came to Duma, and returned to-day with Mr. Lyons, is one of the strongest men in Northern Syria. While here he cut a stone weighing about 150 pounds, and made a handle in the stone. This huge mass he would raise with one hand over his shoulder, and then throw it to the ground. The fame of his strength extended through all Lebanon, and the people of Beislah, a Maronite village near Duma, came down to-day to bring a herculean youth to try his strength with Salch. The company consisted of about fifty men, who came down for this sole purpose. They came into our house to see us and hear the music, and I entertained them for a long time, mingling my singing and playing with preaching. For instance, a man sat before me, who is the father or watchman of all the vineyards about Duma, and I asked him who looked after the vineyards in his absence. He said, no one. I then called the attention of the company to this watchman, and told them of a watchman who never leaves his vineyard and never sleeps—whose eyes are ever open, and who knows all our thoughts and words and deeds, and will call us to account for them. And then I spoke of a fire which is never quenched, and into which we are in danger of falling. Thus we have to mingle the serious with the entertaining, and try by all means to get the seeds of truth lodged in the hearts of men.

After talking some time, I went over with Mr. Lyons's, where the giant of their tribe lived, and saw him. He is a man of great strength, but actually held it up over his head in one hand: I was astonished at such great strength. I told them I hoped they would be good as they are strong. This lifting of stones in one hand is one of the great feats of the Lebanon fellahin.

When the company were at our house, our boy Elias made them all a Y. I know, however, that Arab coffee is not much larger than thimbles. This evening we have rumors again from Trablous (Tripoli) of impending trouble between the Moslems and Greeks.

Aug. 1.—Mercury at 70°. I preached about three times to-day—twice at home and once at Mr. Lyons's house. We have had so many of the people in the morning, and so many for the rest and quiet of Sabbath eve. The scenes of home and the memories of the sanctuary have been vividly before our minds, and this evening the monthly concert has been remembered, and you know not how much weight and interest we attach to this precious season. It cannot but be a great means of grace to us all, and we feel especially that it strengthens our faith, and gives us a new mind in mind the present financial troubles of the Board, and to be economical as possible, though the salaries of Missionaries generally are established on such a basis (to meet necessary expenses) that it would be difficult to reduce them. We will trust confidently in the Lord that all things necessary will be provided, and not give ourselves any trouble as to the future. We have one of the dark spots on earth to labor in, but we came here because it is dark, and we will cheerfully live and die here, if such be the will of the Lord. We rejoice to spend and be spent for Him.

Aug. 2.—Mercury 72°. This has been one of the coolest, pleasant days of the summer. The sky has been darkened with clouds the whole day long, and we have had out on our little porch, which has a roof of dried oak leaves.

I have commenced preparing a dictionary of English and Arabic words, for future use. Our old friend, the Hajj Abraham the Hakim, (the pilgrim Abraham the Doctor) has called today, as he does almost every day. He is one of the characters of Duma. His manner is peculiar and dignified, and when he speaks the people listen with profound attention. He always has news in advance of any one else, and the people consult him in politics as well as in medicine. His gait is as stately as an Emperor, yet he is polite, affable, and entertaining, and treats us with great respect. Today he has news of a great outbreak among the Arabs of the Anazy tribe near Hums, but I suspect that it is only an Arab rumor. He also says that there is a new quarrel between the villages of B'Sherry and Ehdun, near the Cedars. At sunset Lorenzo arrived from Tripoli, bringing the latest news. Tripoli is all in a ferment. Yanni said all his family have gone to Ehdun to summer, and many of the people are leaving for the mountains. The Moslems, some show the idea that a French War-steamer will be the harbinger of fire-arms for the Greeks and Maronite mountaineers to use against the Moslems. This stirred them up, and they commenced buying guns, having bought 500, it was said, in one day. This also alarmed the Greeks, and they commenced arming, setting the whole city in confusion. This forenoon, before Lorenzo came up, he rode to the Meena, and saw the field, large pieces of cannon being drawn by oxen from the Meena to be put in the castle at Tripoli. They were sent from Beirut by the Pasha to keep the populace in order. As long as the War-steamer remains in the Meena, there will be no difficulty, and I have no fears of serious trouble at all. Tripoli is surrounded by a Greek and Maronite population, and moreover, French vessels of war have a very salutary influence in

restraining the passions of men who are in general the most cowardly part of the population. We hear again that the road to Hums is in the hands of marauding parties, some of which are of whom I wrote before. I have not heard of any fighting, but the outside of the gates near the Mosque of the Sacred Fish, has not yet returned to his province on the Hums road, but is still in Beirut or Damascus. Syria is from one end to the other in a ferment, but Mount Lebanon is like a strong tower into which one may run and feel safe. I am intending to travel several days in the next week, and shall go unarmed, and yet feel as safe as in Susquehanna County. Our boys' school in the Meena has been greatly diminished by an excommunication from the Bishop of the Greek Church against it and all who countenance it. Abu Selim, the teacher, says that the most of the boys have been taken away, but will return after the Greek Bishop of Tripoli has passed. The old Greek Bishop of Tripoli, who has so often warned his people against us, is dangerously ill, and, poor man, must soon go to his last account. Yanni sent us abundant salams by L. He has just been to Beirut to see Mr. Johnson, the new American Consul. He was delighted with Mr. J., who he says is an energetic, faithful man. Most of all he was pleased that the Consul felt an interest in the Missionaries, and was determined to protect them by all means. When Yanni was returning to Tripoli from Beirut, he met a band of twenty robbers on the road, who are taking advantage of the present state of things to plunder the passers by, but they treated him with great respect, and they threatened him that they were doing three on the highway, and that they would come down from the mountains to salute the Consul, as they heard that he was to pass that day.

The news from Jeddah is confirmed, that the Moslems slaughtered nearly all of the Christian population without provocation. The Jeddah is so near to Mecca that the Moslems there are easily fanatical, and the pilgrims who are now in Mecca, from all this region will return fired with wild fanaticism against the "infidels," unless the English and French Governments take some very decisive measures for the punishment of the offenders. You need not think from my writing so fully about confusion and outbreaks and robbery and murder, that we are or will be in any danger exposed to the uncertainties of that region of a very quiet population, and we can travel here without molestation. When we return to Tripoli in the latter of October the season of trouble will be all over in the city. If it is not safe we shall stay in Beirut or Abch until it is. Lorenzo is going to Hums to bring Sada on the first of September, and will be exposed to the uncertainties of that route, but in our missionary traveling we go on the principle that we are always safe when doing our duty.

Aug. 3.—71-73°. I am to make a journey to B'Sherry, Ehdun, and thereabouts, starting to-morrow to be absent several days, and Lorenzo will then make a journey far to the North, returning in time to go to Hums on the first of September. A young man from Hums he is going to Beirut and Abch by sea, and Carrie and I are going by land via the Cedars of Lebanon. This evening we had Arabic prayers, and then packed my things for the journey. I hope to be absent but a short time, and it is my intention to return on Saturday.

Aug. 4.—Arose quite early this morning, and went to the mill at 9:30. The mill at Tenuria is a general factory, and the day here, is generally from sunrise until nine o'clock, as after that time the West wind generally comes up from the sea. We went up before six, and Carrie soon had breakfast ready, but owing to delays inevitable in Syria life, I did not get out until 8:10. I rode Mr. Lyons's white horse and had a pack horse to carry my tent, bed and bedding. My muleteer was a young man named Michael, with whom I have long been acquainted. I rode C. good bye at 8:10, and rode through the Duma olive orchards, shrubbery gardens, and vineyards, by the lower fountain, and on to the flour mill in the deep valley of the Nahj Joloz, or river of the Sultan tree. The descent occupied one hour and fifteen minutes, and I reached the mill at Tenuria at 9:35. And now before I describe my further progress, I will tell you my object in making this journey. It is partly as a Missionary journey to see the people in the villages in the great amphitheatre around the Cedars of Lebanon, where the Maronites have the greatest strength and influence, partly to see our friend Yanni who has just come up with all his family. This summer in Ehdun, and partly to visit Caunobin, the famous Maronite Monastery in which Assad Shidisk was put to death years ago, on account of his love for the truth. Rev. J. Bird, of Hartford, Conn., once a Missionary in Syria, is preparing a book on the Syrian Mission, and he requested me when in Hartford in February last, to visit Caunobin at my convenience, and send him a drawing of it. This I shall endeavor to do.

When I reached the mill at the bottom of the deep ravine, I stopped to rest and refresh myself and animal with the cool flowing water, and then commenced the ascent on the opposite side. It was literally going "up stairs," as the road was cut in the face of a perpendicular cliff several hundred feet in height, and was certainly the most steep and difficult road I have ever traveled in Syria. I was told before leaving Duma that it was a "dear old Sultan," that is a road Sultan, such as a Sultan might ride, but I conclude that the name must have been given by some enemy of the Sultan who wished that the Sultan might ride over it for the purpose of breaking his neck. I clung to the horse's mane for a time, but finally thought it too hard for him and too dangerous for myself to ride any longer, so I dismounted and walked to the top. On the table land above, I saw Duma behind me, and as there was a sign of our house when I left, I imagined one pair of eyes at least looking with interest at my progress. After losing the road and finding it again, I reached the familiar village of Keofar at 10:25, where I rested a few minutes and left a few tracts. Above Keofar I was still in sight of Duma for half an hour, a young lad joined us on the road, and I gave him a little book after ascertaining that his brother could read it to him. One difficulty in the distribution of books, here, is that the people can but few of them read, and I am sure to be careful not to give them those whose they cannot read, as they take them directly to the priests, who burn them. At

11:10 I reached Neaha, a little Maronite village bearing North-east from Duma. Here I found several old men gathered together around a large terebinth tree, and of course I dismounted, and after saluting them, asked and narrated the news. Two priests then joined the company, and one of them wished to buy a Bible, but I judged from his language that he cared but little about it, and talked for the sake of talking. The people are all greatly interested to hear the news from Tripoli and Jeddah, but seem to care but very little about the gospel. Proceeding from Neaha, I passed along a lofty ridge, overlooking the numerous ravines and enjoying a magnificent view of the mountains. A few cedars followed, with the plain of Tripoli and the blue sea beyond. This whole region is wonderfully rich, and for about twelve miles there is hardly a spot where an iron furnace might be erected, were there only fuel enough. But there is hardly a tree to be found, excepting here and there a terebinth, and in one place a grove of Cedars. A species of cedar known among the natives as the "Zed," this tree sends out thick green foliage on the very surface of the ground, and the foliage is one dense mass from the ground to the top of the tree. It is one of the most beautiful objects in the whole vegetable kingdom. They are mentioned in Dr. Robinson's book as the Cedars of El Hadeth, the place which I was now approaching. In this vicinity I passed a little orchard of pear-trees loaded down with fruit. These pear trees are grafted upon wild pear trees of Lebanon, and are scattered over the mountains when ever the wild trees happen to grow. Near this orchard sat a watchman *ad hoc*, with a booth of leaves over his head to protect him from the sun. The heat was now increasing rapidly.

The usual West wind had not come up as usual, and although I had ascended nearly a thousand feet since leaving Duma, I was almost melted by the heat. I reached El Hadeth at 1:15, but did not stop long, as most of the people were assembled on the threshold of the village, busily engaged in dust, and I passed on to the next village, where I might get my tent for the night. Just after passing El Hadeth, I reached the head of a deep ravine from which I had a fine view of the convent of Caunobin about a thousand feet below me to the Northward, and so far that I could hardly see the outline of the huge pile of buildings plain enough to see in the distance. I was sketching the landscape under a mulberry tree, I rode on. I was now on the border of the great amphitheatre of the Cedars, with the finest landscape in Syria before me. Far in the distance rose the great Lebanon range of three sides forming a great horse-shoe curve on the North, East, and South. The Cedars, and just at my left I could see down into the heart of Lebanon, the present residence of the Maronite Patriarch, and of which I have spoken as running down from El Hadeth. Across the gorge and far up the Northern mountain, Ehdun was in full view, but it seemed almost an impossible thing to cross from El Hadeth to the North side of the ravine, a task, however, which I intended to attempt on my return from Ehdun. As it is my intention to go down a visit to Caunobin, and to see the present residence of the Maronite Patriarch, I had been my intention to visit this Convent and call upon the Patriarch, but I began to be oppressed by the heat, and, after taking a second sketch of Caunobin from the head of another ravine which runs down into the main gorge near the Convent of Demnan, I rode on thinking that I might accomplish more good by pitching my tent in one of the villages where I could talk with the people than by encamping under the walls of an isolated Convent, where I might perhaps pay a formal visit to one who is the head of a sect of papists, and one of whose predecessors was the cause of the death of Assad Shidisk. A company of fellahin now found me on the road, one of whom was carrying on his back a huge box about seven feet long, which had been sent up from Tripoli to El Hadeth, but could not be taken further on account of some trouble with the muleteer. After doubling several little ravines, we came to the village of Hasoun, which I once visited when on my way to the Cedars in 1856. It is a beautiful village built on a terrace and almost detached with water in the form of a fountain in the vicinity. I pitched my tent under a huge walnut tree in the borders of the village, where I was surrounded by mulberry gardens. A stream of water ran by my tent door, and the hum of the reeds on which the people were winding off the silk from the cocoons, filled the air. The shade of that magnificent walnut tree was truly refreshing to one wearied with a long ride in the sun, for it was nearly four o'clock when I reached my place of rest. Before I had fairly driven my stakes and strengthened my cords, the people began to gather around. Their soon found out my vocation, and a sharp discussion sprung up between myself and several of the priests. I soon saw that they were very uneasy, as many of the people were listening and when I produced a book and commenced reading, they ordered the people off as there was danger of their hearing heretical doctrines. One very bright-looking young man came to me and asked if I had any good books, and as I was about to reply, a nephew of the Patriarch stepped up and asked him "if he had any permission?" that is, the Patriarch. The young man said "no," and stepped aside, but soon after he preached me unnoticed and took several tracts. I never saw more complete spiritual subjection, and it seemed as though the Egyptian darkness which prevailed when the lovers of the truth were martyred in yonder Convent, might still be felt in this region of the Maronites. When the priests withdrew, the people were a little more free in speaking with me, and I gave them some tracts, but only a very few of them can read. The nephew of the Patriarch was particularly impudent and sarcastic, but I answered him very faintly, and was far more anxious to talk with the people, than with him. One of the Missionaries once remarked to me that no class of the people in Syria is so hopeless as the priests. They have become hardened by teaching a lie, and their consciences seem to be seared. How often could it be asked

in Syria now, as in the days of Christ, "Have any of the rulers or the Pharisees believed on him?" I think that some of the priests in Syria are as hardened characters as can be found. After talking with the people an hour or two, I began to feel the effects of my long ride in the sun. My broad-brimmed hat and white umbrella shield me fully from the sun, yet the great heat of to-day and the motionless air affected me more than I had supposed. As night came on, the air grew very cool, and even after I had changed my dress and put on a thick woolen coat, I was chilled through and was quite uncomfortable. From the severity of my headache, I could not get to sleep, and I prepared myself for any of the punishments provided for me by God before I left. So I retired without my supper and soon found relief in sleep. I slept soundly from eight o'clock p. m. until half past six in the morning, when I awoke greatly refreshed, and perfectly well.

Aug. 5.—The morning was cool and delightful when I arose, and after striking my tent and preparing for journey, I got out at 7:45 for B'Sherry and Ehdun. I bargained with a boy to act as guide, and the next morning, nearly twelve miles, for 3 piastres, or 12 cents. The gardens about Hasoun reminded me strongly of home. The Irish potato, Italian corn, tomatoes, cabbages, beans, egg-plants, and squashes, grow in great profusion, and there are pear, apple, quince, plum, poplar, and walnut trees, in addition to the fig, mulberry, olive, almond, and apricot trees, and the vineyards. Great fountains of water gush out on every side, and the air is delightful at this hot season of the year. At 8:45 I reached the village of B'Koor Kesh, where my guide urged me to drink of the fountain of Abch in the middle of the village. I did not do so, but I made the water my own by drinking a few drops, owing to the severe coldness of the water. From this village the road wound gradually down to B'Sherry by a very easy descent, and with the Cedars of Lebanon just above me, the river Kadisha rushing below me, and the beautiful village of B'Sherry before me on the opposite side of the stream, the view was as fine as one could wish. It did not seem right to pass by the Cedars within an hour's ride, and not visit them, but I have already visited them, and intend to come this way when we go to Abch in September, so I descended to B'Sherry, on my way to Ehdun. The village of B'Sherry is the largest in this part of Lebanon, having an estimated population of 500 or 1000 souls, that is, men, women and children. The people are all Maronites, are strong and vigorous in appearance, but are in entire subjection to their priests. They have the reputation of being the most ignorant of all the people of Lebanon, and I have often heard it said, by way of illustration, that they are so ignorant that they do not know black sheep might grow, and when, so far as a black sheep is concerned, the Emir was riding along, they seized him, supposing that he had grown from the charcoal. This of course is only a story, but it shows what people think of the people of B'Sherry. As I rode through the street I stopped for a moment, as I did not feel remarkably well, but I inquired of the Emir what he had to say to me, and for some time between B'Sherry and Ehdun. A young man told me that there was a temporary peace, but it was only on the surface, and I afterwards learned that this was true. This war broke out in the spring of summer of 1856, and has continued in a series of unsuccessful forays by one party or the other until the present time. The Maronite Patriarch has done his best to stop it, but only partially succeeded. The Maronites of Lebanon have a feast on the 5th of August, called the Feast of the Transfiguration, and it is the custom for thousands of them to assemble at the Cedars of Lebanon at the time and hold a great festival. This would occur to-morrow in the regular course, but this year the Patriarch has forbidden it, fearing lest old feelings might be stirred up, and make it a scene of bloodshed.

I left B'Sherry at 9:15, and rode in a North-Westerly direction towards Ehdun. The B'Sherry people were in their fields reaping wheat and the face of the country presented a very busy scene. When I reached the ridge which separates Ehdun from B'Sherry, I saw several priests assembled at a place called the "High" near the summit of the men of our village from inflicting upon the domains of the others. At 11:15 we reached Ehdun, the Eden of travelers, and one of the finest villages in Lebanon. Yanni had been expecting Mr. Peters, the American Consul agent from Constantinople, for some days, and when I rode through the street, the people ran and told him that the Consul had come. He hurried to his house and gave me a welcome which I assure you was received as heartily as it was given. His family seemed delighted to see me, and I felt indeed at home. "In America," "mother of Antoinette," said it seemed as though her own brother had come, and they all had many inquiries to make about C. and Lorenzo and family. Several priests and a large concourse of the people came in, supping at a place called the "High" near the summit of the men of our village from inflicting upon the domains of the others. At 11:15 we reached Ehdun, the Eden of travelers, and one of the finest villages in Lebanon. Yanni had been expecting Mr. Peters, the American Consul agent from Constantinople, for some days, and when I rode through the street, the people ran and told him that the Consul had come. He hurried to his house and gave me a welcome which I assure you was received as heartily as it was given. His family seemed delighted to see me, and I felt indeed at home. "In America," "mother of Antoinette," said it seemed as though her own brother had come, and they all had many inquiries to make about C. and Lorenzo and family. 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