

Independence Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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

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For the Independent Republican.

CAUTION.

BY THE AUTHOR.

On a youthful heir that quaffs the wine
Which Lore pours on from his purple press,
He shall probably sup, his wine,
Pala Mistry bathed her sable tresses!

And thou shouldst seek, with slight and tear
Amid the thorns of grief that rent thee,
Through arid sands of dragging years,
In vain, to win, for some repentance.

The rose-leaves on the chalice beam,
In all its tempting recourses blending,
May pale, and press some phantom grief,
Forever through their memory rubbing.

The myrtle batted in rainbow-dew,
That found the golden cup is twining,
May change to express or to rick,
And wrap thy soul in dark repining.

Then youthful heir, that quaffs the wine,
Bright gushing from Lore's purple press,
Be sure to let the top of thine
Pala Mistry bathed her sable tresses!

LETTER FROM REV. H. H. JESSUP.

Duma, Mt. Lebanon, Sept., 1858.

My Dear Brother, I have just received your letter of the 15th inst. and I will give you a few of the incidents of a few weeks past, as they are of my time quite limited. On the 18th day of August, we heard of a terrible massacre of Moslems by the Christians in Aleppo, and soon learned that the story was false. A new line of steamers had been put on between Constantinople and Alexandria, stopping at Beirut and Tripoli, &c. They belong to Russia, and have some novel regulations. All priests and bishops go free of expense, and as well as the other passengers, under a certain class or the other, we shall probably go free if we have occasion to go to Beirut. Their general fare is ruinously low, intended, like the Vanderbilt steamers, to run out all others by competition. A priest from Duma went down to Tripoli some days since, intending to take this steamer to Beirut, but found that he had not yet come westward running from North to South. The steamers have all left Tripoli, and the Moslems are all quiet. There is now no disturbance in the country, and we can travel in security wherever we please, if we keep near Mt. Lebanon.

I have just returned upon a task of considerable difficulty, but it is a pleasant one. I am preparing a little Lexicon, in Arabic and English, for reference. I have written five thousand English words, and am writing out the corresponding words in Arabic. I think of Samny every time I open it to write. It will be of great use to him when he comes, in 1861; and if I live I shall know Arabic enough to teach him well. Studying Arabic is a work with a decided beginning, but no definite ending.

I have already written of the murder here in August. I wrote to our brother, Mr. Johnson, in Beirut, and found him to be a man of great energy and punctuality in his business. He went at once to the Pasha, and in a few days soldiers arrived here from Beirut, and were quartered upon the relatives of the murderers. On the 27th of August one of the murderers was caught, and sent in irons to Beirut. The other is still at large.

We walk every evening to the vineyard, to eat grapes, and once when in a vineyard, an old man told me stories of a famous swordsman who once lived on Lebanon, who had a handkerchief on a cushion and cut through the handkerchief without touching the cushion. He also told me a story of a woman who had an iron rod inside of her, and the rod, which was standing upright, did not fall.

One evening Carrie and I were walking out, and passed a house where a child was crying. The mother stood by the roadside, and said to us as we passed, "Do you hear what the child says? He is hardly old enough to walk, and he is crying, and he says, 'He is in haste to have me come and nurse him, and because I do not come, he says to me, 'May God curse your father!' Did you ever hear of anything worse—a nursing child cursing its mother?"

One day a Maronite from a neighboring village came to see us, and told us that on a certain feast-day he dug in the ground in many places, and wherever one should dig (as that day he would find charcoal), as he found great quantities. I told him to let us know next time, and we would get him to dig for us. Poor man, he is only one of the ten thousand victims of superstition in Syria.

An old man named Haj Ibrahim, or Doctor Abraham, has lately been reading Robinson Crusoe in Arabic, and says that it is the greatest book in the world. He has the most amazing confidence and pretensions to knowledge. He has ever seen. When he read Robinson Crusoe, he said he had often heard of it before, when he was in Arabia, as the island on which he was cast, was near Arabia. One day Lorenzo told him of his Uncle Lorenzo's missionary life in the Sandwich Islands, and old Haj Ibrahim remarked very coolly, "O yes, I have often heard of him in my travels in Abyssinia. He is the man who converted a hundred and fifty thousand cannibals. That is something like a missionary work!" The old Haj is a kind of sorcerer. He writes on papers for the people to wear to keep off the Evil Eye, and he repeats charms to keep off serpents, &c. If a sheep is lost, he says that he can shut the mouth of the wolves by writing charms.

One day an Arab from Ghazuruz called upon us, and said that he had seen a great curiosity in Beirut. It was something like the English ladies there wear large umbrellas under their dresses. I am sure of it. I saw the framework. And when the Signoras passed along I followed them and saw the merchants move away their baskets and boxes in the narrow streets to let them pass.

I told him that when I go to Beirut I will see if I can see any of the umbrella Signoras and report to him as to the fashion in the case. On the 27th and 28th of August, we had the most trying weather we have yet experienced in Syria. The wind blew fiercely and hot from the southeast, parching everything, and oppressing us with a kind of heaviness and languor. The air was filled with fine dust, and our house was like a dusty oven, and the mercury did not rise above 83°, but the heat was fearful in its effects. On the 29th the wind changed, and the weather became more pleasant. On the 30th we walked out to a vineyard, and saw on the way a beautiful chameleon, which crawled on

color several times while we were looking at it. When nighty it turns a black color, and then varies to yellow, reddish, and greenish brown. Its length was about six inches, and it had a pouch under its chin which extended over its breast. On the 27th of August, Lorenzo returned from a trip of ten days to the north end of Mt. Lebanon, where he had a most interesting journey. I hope that he will write home an extended account of it, as it is a region which is not often visited.

On the 18th of September I left home for Ghazuruz, at 9 1/2 a. m., leaving C. and Elias the Deeb (wolves) of Tertij, Djaj, Leheid, and Hijich, and reached Ghazuruz at 4 p. m. I found our Protestant friend, Michael G. P. (Michael George) very well, and busily engaged in buying tobacco for some Beirut merchants. About a dozen mule loads of tobacco leaves dried arrived at his house during my visit. When I left Duma the grapes were in their glory, but here at Ghazuruz, the grapes are all gone, as it is lower and nearer to the sea. The region about Ghazuruz is called the people call as "thirsty land," as there is no living water for many miles. The only water to be found is gathered in cisterns in the Winter, and I could perceive the difference at once between rain water and the clear fountains of Duma. Yet with all its dryness, this region, called the land of Ghabal (from the city of Ghabal on the sea shore below), is famous for its tobacco and figs. I walked with Michael to his orchard to see the figs, and also of the white, ear, honey-like figs, until I could eat no more. People in America often ask if sugar is put on figs when they are dried. By no means. A ripe fig is as sweet as honey, and as it dries in the sun the honey or liquid sugar within it crystallizes and forms a sugary coat upon it.

Our friend Michael has had an interesting history. He is one of the strictest men on Mt. Lebanon. Years ago he was famous as a prophet or necromancer, but after he found the Gospel he abandoned this evil business, and he has now a card on his door stating that he has entirely left off all dealing of the kind, and asking forgiveness of God and men for ever having been so foolish and wicked. He was also once a famous impostor upon the people of the Lebanon, and he was united with our Church in Tripoli before many months. I remained with him two days, and like him better the more I become acquainted with him.

On my return from Ghazuruz, I visited the famous Maronite convent or Monastery of Mayfouk, where there are about thirty monks. He is the chief man of the convent, and he is a very learned man. He is exceedingly polite and gentlemanly. I remained with him about two hours, in constant conversation, and he gave me an excellent dinner of bread, olives, cheese, eggs, beans, soured milk, tomatoes, pears, grapes, and Arab coffee. The monks who came into his room, asked me many questions, betraying in some cases a little ignorance of the Arabic language. I doubtless in some cases a degree of ignorance which would put them in the Freshman class in an American common school. One of them asked me to tell him the name of the country recently conquered by the French Emperor under the surface of the earth. I told him that I knew of but one kingdom under the earth, and that belonged to the Prince of the Apostles, the Duke of Rome, and I doubtless whether Louis Napoleon was strong enough to conquer that. Well, said the Monk, perhaps it was under something else, but I thought it meant under the earth. I told him it might be under the heavens, and if so, it might be anywhere on the earth. When I came out, I gave the raucous piece of paper from the English Bible for the Blind, to the convent, and I doubtless it will be of some use to them. The convent of Mayfouk is in a rich valley, surrounded by running water and fine gardens. I bought twelve pounds of fine tomatoes of the gardener, for which I paid eight cents. On reaching home at evening, I gave C. the tomatoes, a basket of figs from Ghazuruz, and a number of fine pomegranates. She had supper all ready, and I ate a fine plate of ripe Duma grapes.

On Saturday, the 4th, we had Lorenzo's family here to dinner. On Sunday, the 5th, the clouds were very thick, and threatened rain. The whole population of Duma were at work by permission of the priests, in tearing down an old ruined church which is to be rebuilt. I lifted up my voice against the oppression of such grapes every day, and some times even muddy. On Monday and Tuesday, the 6th and 7th, we had heavy rains, which quite astonished the people, and we among the rest. The water came pouring through our roof in a dozen places. We had at one time about ten bowls and pans placed around to catch the streams of muddy water. Our bed and dining table were not injured, but we had more of the mud-water. The rain will benefit the grapes, olives, figs, and the harvest is a pretty much all in. It seemed good to see and feel the rain, although it wet our floors and made them muddy.

Lorenzo's only companion on the road to Hums was our Moslem friend, Saleh, from Tripoli. He was intending to go through a dangerous region north of Balbec, but it is said to be quite safe at present. We expect him back on Monday, the 20th, and on the 22d we hope to leave for B'Hamdun. The weather is now very fine, the mercury being at 82°. The grapes of Duma are now in their prime. We have so many that we hardly know what to do with them. The grapes of the variety called "Dove's eggs" are almost as large as egg plums. Just imagine yourself eating two or three pounds of such grapes every day, and some times even muddy. One of our neighbors has fifteen varieties. The Dove's egg grape is as hard as a plum, and a clear yellowish white.

Some of the Duma young ladies have just been in. One of them is engaged to a young man, and whenever she sees him she runs and avoids him. It would be a very great breach of propriety for her to speak to him. I had intended writing to some of the rest of the family by this mail, but my time is limited. Mary Lyons has, been spending the day with us, to-day, Sept. 11th.

September 13th.—To-day I have made a contract with two muleteers of Duma to take us to B'Hamdun next week. Mr. Lyons is now absent on his journey to Hums, and we shall await his return with some interest. My bargain with the muleteers was a good specimen of dealing with Arabs. Last week I proposed to them that they go with us and

offered them sixty cents a day for the trip, reckoning it at five days, three in going and two in returning, making the amount three dollars for each mule. They demanded seventy-two cents a day for each mule, or \$3.60 for the trip, making a difference of three dollars in the amount paid for the whole journey. I told them that sooner than submit to such extortion I would send to Tripoli for animals, and this morning I wrote a letter to ordering animals for the journey, and was just about sending it when Ibrahim Butrus and Abu Yezbek, the muleteers, came and begged for the job, offering to do it for \$3.20 for each mule, and twenty cents additional in case they did well on the road. As this was much more reasonable, and would save us much trouble and uncertainty, I closed the bargain. I generally try to have as little to do with the Arabs in making bargains, but in this case I did the talking myself. This evening we went down to the vineyard of Haj Ibrahim, the doctor, to eat grapes and figs. The figs were unripe, and the grapes were blighted and sour, and we came away with not very sweet memories of our visit. My Arabic Lexicon is making very good progress, and I value it highly.

September 14th.—Mercury 79°. This morning an Arab from one of the villages near Tripoli came from Elden bringing a basket of vegetables from Yami, and a letter on business. The man's name was Sata Ghazza, and he has recently been greatly oppressed and imposed upon by some of his stronger neighbors, who have seized his property. Yami wished me to write him a letter to the Consul in Beirut asking his interference. I did it as a kindness to the man, though I doubt whether it comes under the Consul's jurisdiction. In return for Yami's present we sent him a basket of Dove's egg grapes, which are the finest fruit I have seen on Lebanon. You will remember that we live in the house of a priest, Nicola, who does not know his own wife's name. We hired the whole house consisting of two rooms and a basement, but the priest vacated only one room, leaving us in rather close quarters. I lately several articles have disappeared and I have not hesitated to charge the thief upon his friend. Our boy, Elias the Wolf, was horrified when I suggested to him that the priest would probably will probably, but he left his chest open, and about three-quarters of a dollar in money was taken out in his absence. We also missed a knife, a spoon, a pair of scissors, and two plates, and Elias exclaimed that he had never heard of such a state of things. We called the Priest to account at once and he produced the plates and spoon, stating that the plates had been taken by the thief, and the spoon was found in the mud below the house. We shall keep a good lookout hereafter on our neighbors. This evening we had Arabic prayers as usual. A heavy fog came up from the sea this afternoon covering everything, and making the air damp and chilly.

September 15th.—Mercury 70°. This morning the old Metwaleh Sheik from Keft Hilda called to see me, and in the evening he called to see me again. The ophthalmia is very prevalent in Duma, and C. has constant applications for medicines.

September 16th.—70°. We have news from the plains to-day. The new line of Russian Steamers do not touch at Tripoli in going South, so that their cheap rates will be of little service to us. A day since a Greek in Amunah killed another man of the same village. Two men were found murdered on the road to Tghurta about two hours from Tripoli. A man of the Metwaleh sect in Beza, a village three hours from Duma, asked another for his daughter. The father refused, and as he was walking along the road, the rejected suitor drew his pistols and shot him, in broad daylight. The priest Nicola had been to Amunah to attend the funeral of the murdered Greek, saw the blood of the Metwaleh on the stones, and he passed through Beza. Murders among the natives are so common as hardly to be noticed. Franks are comparatively safe, they are protected, but the natives have no redress from the rotten government.

September 17th.—75°. This morning I walked down the mountain to a vineyard by a few bottles of grapes to prepare for winter's use. The rot is about six pounds, and we pay four cents a bottle. In New York the Croton Plant grapes cost about twenty-five cents a pound. For twenty-five cents we can buy nearly forty pounds. The grapes are so wholesome as an article of food that we eat them with great relish every day. There are so many varieties that it is hard enough to choose from, and do not become tired of them. If I can get a good opportunity next winter, I intend to send to America a quantity of grape cuttings of the finest varieties.

September 18th.—We have been busy as usual to-day in our studies and home duties. The evening we had a fine view for the first time of the comet of Donati, which appeared in the north-west. The Arabic name for a comet is "mejan aboo denab," this "star, the father of a tail," on the same principle that they call a man who wears a hat, the "father of a beard," or "Aboo beard." The people ascribe all sorts of evil influences to the comet, and they have been in to ask us whether there would be sickness and famine and war after this terrible "father of a tail." I told them that there are nearly seven millions of comets in existence, and astronomers see them through the telescope almost constantly, and they have nothing to do with plague or pestilence or war. Some believed, and others were too superstitious to believe, and the air damp.

September 19th.—Mercury 64°. We were awakened this morning by the noise of thunder and the beating of a heavy rain upon the roof. We had fewer leaks than before, as we had been particular to roll the roof with a heavy stone roller. The rain was so violent in the forenoon that it bit few came in, yet we had an Arabic service, and in the afternoon a number of young men came in and kept me talking about four hours. Some of these young men have a good deal of light, but they are not yet willing to come out from their connection with these corrupt churches. It costs more trial and self-denial than they can yet bear. This is our last Sabbath for the summer in Duma. We are thankful for the privilege of living in peace among this people, and preaching to them the Gospel of Christ. We have seen more of the wickedness of this people than ever before, and feel more and more the importance of teaching them the way of life.

September 20th.—81°. This morning Saleh, Moslem friend, called upon me. He arrived at Mr. Lyons's house on Saturday night from Hums, via Tripoli. He left Mr. Lyons with Tripoli with Sada. They made the whole journey to Hums and Hamath without an accident of any kind. They passed crowds of Bedouin Arabs near Hums, but no one molested them. At 2 p. m. Lorenzo arrived from Tripoli, having left Sada there to open her school to-day. He is well, and gives a pleasant report of his journey. He found a very interesting state of things in Hums. Quite a number of young men come constantly to the house of Mr. Wilson, tho' they are bitterly persecuted, and the opposition seems to make them the more firm. I hope that L. will write home a full account of his journey. He brought us an American letter from a friend in New York, noting that he had just sent us the cloth for the curtains of our church. It is a most noble and generous gift. May the Lord reward the giver. This has been a very busy day with us. During the evening we heard the report of guns, and a man came in to tell us that Abu Shihl, one of the Sheikhs of the village, had been robbed on the mountain near hours from Duma. His horse and all of his weapons were taken from him. A crowd of men rallied at once to pursue the robbers by moonlight, but there is no probability that they will overtake them. It is no more than I expected, as this same Abu Shihl recently stole a horse from a party of men on the road to Beirut. We have news that Givrogis, the man who murdered his wife here for her money and was imprisoned in Beirut, has made his escape and is now at large.

September 21st.—To-day we have been very busy all day in finishing our packing up for our journey. We took dinner and tea with Lorenzo, as our things were all in confusion and when night came on we were quite wearied out. Some of our native friends came in to give us little news of our journey across the desert. The old Priest Nicola was on hand all day asking for one thing and another. C. gave away some of her old dresses and broken crockery to the natives, but we had not things enough to give to all who asked for them. At evening, Elias the Deeb, commenced cooking a chicken for a lunch on the road to-morrow. He had it on a lolly ridge and then when he awoke in the night it was burned to a cinder. We slept in camp style, nothing remaining in the room but our traveling beds and bedsteads.

September 22.—A pleasant morning, but much warmer than usual. We left Duma at 8:40, having been delayed only about half an hour by the late arrival of the priest Nicola, who had intended to remove his family to Tripoli either on Friday or Monday. I rode Mr. Lyons's white horse, Carrie rode a bay mare belonging to Abu Yezbek, Elias the Deeb rode a mule, and three mules carried the baggage. The first three hours from Duma on the road to Akoura, take us over one of the worst roads in Syria. The descent from a mountain top is fearful, and we all walked, though it was difficult to keep our footing. At the foot of this descent there is a famous cavern descending perpendicularly, like a great well, 100 feet in diameter. The people call it the Belush or the Swallowing place, and say that it has no bottom. From this place to Akoura, we were two hours and a half, over first an ascending ridge and then a descending one, and in the end we all walked, though it was difficult to keep our footing. At the foot of this descent there is a famous cavern descending perpendicularly, like a great well, 100 feet in diameter. The people call it the Belush or the Swallowing place, and say that it has no bottom. From this place to Akoura, we were two hours and a half, over first an ascending ridge and then a descending one, and in the end we all walked, though it was difficult to keep our footing.

September 23.—This morning we arose quite early. The wind had all died away, and it was quite warm when we left Akoua at 8 a. m. For two hours we ascended gradually towards the southwest along the base of a high range of cliffs, and then turning to the left we crossed directly over the range, reaching the summit at 11 o'clock. After dark we descended, leaving the mountain green plain, and around the mountain slopes, reaching Neba Asal or the Fountain of Honey, at 12.10. Here we stopped to take a lunch. The water was so cold that we could hardly drink it. It is said to have a temperature of 41° the year round. A Maronite monk and a small boy were at the fountain drinking the water. The monk said it was the best of the change, but on my return from Damascus, I intend to embrace the truth offered by the Gospel of Christ. I was a Turkish Moslem in Constantinople, but I learned the truth of Mr. Williams, the converted Turk, and now I am a believer in Christ. My friends in Constantinople do not yet know of the change, but on my return from Damascus, I intend to embrace the truth offered by the Gospel of Christ. I was a Turkish Moslem in Constantinople, but I learned the truth of Mr. Williams, the converted Turk, and now I am a believer in Christ. My friends in Constantinople do not yet know of the change, but on my return from Damascus, I intend to embrace the truth offered by the Gospel of Christ.

September 24th.—This morning we arose at 4 o'clock, struck our tent and prepared our breakfast by moonlight, and left for B'Hamdun at a little after 6. We rested well at night and were quite refreshed. I exchanged horses with C. and gave her Mr. Lyons's horse. As soon as we had started, I regretted that we had not exchanged before, as Mr. Lyons's horse has a far easier gait than the other. In three hours we came to a narrow ridge of Lebanon from which we could look off in both directions, east and west. We saw the sea below on the west, and eastward and south were the Bukas, Anti Lebanon, Mt. Hermon, and far to the south the mountains of Galilee around the Sea of Galilee. C. was greatly interested. After riding three hours along Jehel Kenez, we took our lunch at noon. We then rode around south of the mountain on a fine road, and came out upon the great Damascus road to Beirut. Here we came upon an Arab Bey or Prince with four armed guards, and we rode in their company for an hour. Two of the guards rode by my side and I preached to them for some time. At half past 3 we reached B'Hamdun, having been in our saddles about nine hours. The day had been very bright and hot, and we were well heated through. It was with much gratitude that we entered the hospitable house of our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Benton. We were most cordially welcomed, and I feel quite at home. We received our letters and papers with dates up to August 20th, and were made doubly grateful to hear of the Lord's continued goodness to you all.

Mr. Benton has given me more news this afternoon than I can well write to you. Much of it is sad. When I went to Jerusalem I said with my companions Mr. Thompson, Mr. Aiken, and Mrs. Jones, at the house of the late Mr. Jones, who had just died. The lady who had charge of his house, was Miss Crady, a very interesting and intelligent lady who had lived there many years, and who has more recently been housekeeper for Mr. Finn the British Consul. Mr. Finn has a Summer residence on the Mount of Olives, and a few days since, as Miss Crady was returning to Mr. Finn's house from Jerusalem, just before night she was attacked and murdered by some Arab ruffians, and her body was not found until some time after, when it was discovered, having been greatly mangled by the jackals. The English residents in Jerusalem are greatly excited about it, and the Moslems are making bold threats against them all. It is very similar to the case which occurred in Jaffa last Winter, when a Baptist missionary was murdered. This latter case is about being decided. There were five murderers at Jaffa. Four of them have been arrested, and are now in prison in Bel-

rut, and sentence of death has just been pronounced upon them. One of these four is a wealthy man, and was a member of the Medjlis, or City Council of Jaffa. The fifth one has not yet been taken. He is a member of a powerful Arab tribe, and quite a famous religious character. Through the influence of our Consul, five of the Sheikhs of that tribe have been arrested and are in Beirut in prison, to be kept there until the murderer is caught. Five hundred soldiers are in the vicinity of Tyre and Sidon, looking for him, and five hundred more east of the Jordan in the Houran. The execution of those murderers will be a most salutary lesson to this nation. They have come to the conclusion that there is no government and no punishment for crime. A few days since a party of Druzes murdered a family of four Arabs in a village near B'Hamdun. I mentioned in one of my letters some time since that Mr. Dodd and Mr. Bentlie missionaries of the Covenanters Church in Pennsylvania had been forcibly driven out of Zable, a town about six hours east of B'Hamdun, in the valley between Lebanon and anti Lebanon. They have not yet gone back, and are spending the Summer here. They were driven out by a party of twenty priests, and the state of feeling here is such that it is not safe for them to return. Zable is a stronghold of the papacy, and the people are given to rebellion against the Sultan, always refusing to pay their taxes. The Pasha of Beirut has no power there, or he would send the missionaries back at once. As it is, they are thinking of going to Latakia.

A short time since one of the Protestant young men from Akoua was on his way to Damascus, and when he found that this young man could speak Turkish he invited him to join his party for mutual protection on the road. At night when they stopped at a khan, they were engaged in conversation, when the Turk asked the young man about his religion. "I am a Christian," said he. "But what kind of a Christian?" said the Turk. "A Greek, or Armenian?" "Neither," said the young man, "but a Gospel Christian, a Protestant." "Is it possible?" said the Turk. "And so I am a Gospel Christian. I was a Turkish Moslem in Constantinople, but I learned the truth of Mr. Williams, the converted Turk, and now I am a believer in Christ. My friends in Constantinople do not yet know of the change, but on my return from Damascus, I intend to embrace the truth offered by the Gospel of Christ. I was a Turkish Moslem in Constantinople, but I learned the truth of Mr. Williams, the converted Turk, and now I am a believer in Christ. My friends in Constantinople do not yet know of the change, but on my return from Damascus, I intend to embrace the truth offered by the Gospel of Christ.

September 25th.—To-day we have been resting from the weariness of our journey, and visiting with our friends. We walked out with them this afternoon, and saw a peculiar species of spiders' nests, formed by a tube running down into the ground, lined with a substance like white satin, and covered at the top with a beautiful lid opening on a hinge, which the spiders spins and sheds when he goes out to work. The lid is exactly the color of the ground, so that it is very difficult to find them. It is a most wonderful proof of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator.

October 2d.—We left B'Hamdun on Wednesday, Sept. 20th, and came on to A'lay and to A'beih on Thursday. We shall remain here a week or ten days longer. I am to preach here in Arabic, to-morrow. The weather is now fine. It is not yet decided who will take charge of the Female Seminary. May the Lord give us wisdom to make a right selection. With very much love to all inquiring friends, and to all the dear ones at home.

Your affectionate brother,
HENRY HARRIS JESSUP.

A DOG OF YOUR OWNERS.—Oh Sam, besides being not for his legal attainments, was remarkable for his fondness for the "weed." Fine cut, coarse cut, old cut, dog leg, the quality made no difference, he went in for quantity and juice. His chin and the two wrinkles that led from it to the corners of his mouth, looked like well worn boot-leaves with brown straps.

Once, while trying a case before the Criminal Court, he was taken short for a show. No mortal near him used it—nobody had a horse. He espied a Jerseyman luxuriously manipulating a plug with his jack-knife, but he dare not speak to him. A happy thought struck him. While looking into the body of the Court he espied among the throng of spectators an inveterate devotee at the shrine of Tobachus.

Old Sam leaped over to the clerk and whispered, "Call Nehemiah Nubbins." "Nehemiah Nubbins, Nehemiah Nubbins," bawled the clerk.

"Here," gasped Nubbins, elbowing, crushing and brushing his way through the mass of humanity.

"Here," shouted Nehemiah Nubbins, plunging recklessly, panting, out of breath, into the witness box, his face steaming in red with perspiration, the juice oozing from his lips, and his collar distended with astonishment.

Old Sam deliberately arose. "May it please the court, we design to show by this witness" he paused, touched his forehead as if in thought, then added, "excuse me a moment" and walked over to Nubbins and whispered, "Mr. Nubbins give us a chew." Nubbins, trembling all over with excitement, brought forth the plug. Sam "froze" to the half of it, then resuming his seat, an expression of calm contentment irradiating his countenance, said—

"Clerk, Mr. Nubbins says he don't know anything about the case."

"Nehemiah Nubbins, you are dismissed from further attendances."

The bewildered Nubbins smelted a little more, twiggled the self—and with a smile on his face and an execration in his mind, disappeared.

This is one way of getting a chew.

A goose-quill is more dangerous than a lion's claw.

English Grammar.

TO WHICH AN EXCHANGE PAPER ADDS: And remember, though Greece In the plural is Greece, That the plural of Greece, Aren't you sure no Greece.

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