Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

VOL. 5. | MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1859. | NO. 22.

Independent Republican
STEAM PRINTING OFFICE,
Below Searle's Hotel, in Hawley & Lathrops' Building,
UP STAIRS.

The Independent Republican.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY, AT MONTROSE, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PENN'A., BY

H. H. FRAZIER,

AT $1,50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Rates of Advertising.

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1 square,	$0 50	0 75	1 00	1 25	2 25	3 00	$5 00	$8 00
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S. S. Robertson,
DEALER in Foreign and Domestic Fruits, Vegetables in their Season, Ice Cream and Soda Water, Oysters, Clams, Pies and Refreshments of all kinds, Cigars, Nuts, Confectionery, and everything connected with a first class Eating House, Waverly, N. Y.
Waverly, N. Y., May 4, 1859.-6m

H. Garratt,
WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALER in FLOUR, GRAIN, SALT, &c. New Milford, Pa. Sales room, Post Office.
Will keep constantly on hand the best brands of Flour, by the Sack or hundred barrels, at the lowest market prices, also Salt by the single Barrel or Load. All orders from Merchants and Dealers will be promptly attended to. ☞ Cash paid for Grain, Wool, Pelts, Hides, and all kinds of Farmers produce in their season.
New Milford, Pa., March 30, 1859.-1y

Dr. A. Gifford,
SURGEON DENTIST, Office over F. B. Chandler's Store. Particular attention will be given to inserting Teeth on Gold or Silver plate—also on a new plan. All operations warranted. Good References given, if required.
Montrose, Sept. 8, 1858.-tf

John W. Cobb, M. D.,
BEING now prepared to practice MEDICINE and SURGERY, has located himself in Montrose, Pa., and will promptly attend to the calls with which he may be favored. OFFICE over Z. COBB'S Store, opposite Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, Susq. Co., Pa., March 2, 1859.-tf.

G. F. Fordham,
MANUFACTURER of SADDLES, HARNESS, & TRUNKS, and CARRIAGE TRIMMING in all its branches. Shop one door below Keeler & Stoddard's.
Montrose, March 1, 1859.

J. H. Smith,
MANUFACTURER of HARNESS, SADDLES, and TRUNKS, New Milford, Susquehanna County, Pa.
New Milford, January 19, 1859.-1y

William N. Grover,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, St Louis, Missouri. Practices only in the Circuit Courts of Bureau, and devotes himself chiefly to COMMERCIAL CASES. Business from abroad will receive prompt attention. OFFICE No. 46 Chestnut Street.
St Louis, December 23, 1858.-1y

C. Winkler,
TAILOR, New Milford, Susq. Co., Pa., opposite L. A. & O. Post Office.
New Milford, Nov. 24, 1858.-6m

E. H. Rogers,
STILL continues the MANUFACTURE of all descriptions of CARRIAGES, WAGONS, SLEIGHS, &c., in the best style of Workmanship and of the best materials, at the well known stand, a few rods east of Searle's Hotel, in Montrose, where he will be happy to receive the calls of all who want anything in his line. Montrose, September 12, 1858.-1y

H. D. Bennett.
BOOK BINDER, Smiley, Susquehanna County, Pa., respectfully informs the people of Susquehanna and neighboring counties that he is prepared to bind Periodicals and Books, and Repair old Books. E. W. FRAZIER will receive Periodicals, Books, &c., for H. D. Bennett.
Gilson, Sept. 9, 1858.-tf

William B. Simpson,
WATCH REPAIRER, having worked for the past nine years with the most skillful workmen, he feels confident that he can do the most difficult jobs on short notice. All work warranted to give satisfaction. Jewelry repaired neatly and on reasonable terms. ☞ Shop in Boyd & Webster's new Store, corner of Main and Turnpike Streets, below Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.

W. B. Simpson has worked for me for some time, and I can we commend him as a careful and skillful workman, competent to do as good work as can be done in the country, and worthy of confidence.
Towanda, June 10, 1858. WM. A. CHAMBERLIN.

REFER TO Wm. Elwell, E. W. Bond, L. D. Mercur, A. H. Goodrich, B. Kingsbery, Towanda; B. S. Beckley, L. Searle, C. D. Lathrop, J. Wilttenberg, Montrose.
Montrose, Sept. 12, 1858.-tf

Wm. W. Smith & Co.,
CABINET AND CHAIR MANUFACTURERS. Keep constantly on hand all kinds of CABINET FURNITURE, or furnished at short notice. Shop and Ware Rooms foot of Main Street.
Montrose, Pa., May 26, 1858.-tf

Hayden Brothers,
WHOLESALE DEALERS in YANKEE NOTIONS, Watches, Jewelry, &c., New Milford, Susq. Co., Pa.
☞ Merchants and Pedlars supplied at New York Jobbing Prices.
New Milford, May, 1858.-1y

WM. H. BOYD.....A. L. WEBSTER.

Boyd & Webster,
DEALERS in Stoves, Stove Pipe, Tin, Copper, and Sheet Iron Ware; also, Window Sash, Panel Doors, Window Blinds, Lath, Pine Lumber, and all kinds of Building Materials. Tin Shop South of Searle's Hotel, and Carpenter Shop near Methodist Church.
Montrose, Pa., April 14, 1858.-tf

Dr. G. Z. Dimock,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, has permanently located himself at Montrose, Susquehanna county, Pa. OFFICE over Wilson & Co's store. Lodgings at Searle's Hotel.
Montrose, March 10, 1858.

Dr. Wm. L. Richardson
WOULD respectfully tender his professional services to the inhabitants of Montrose and its vicinity. OFFICE over Maynard's Store. LODGINGS at the Keystone Hotel.
Montrose, Oct. 13, 1858.-1yp

Dr. E. F. Wilmot,
GRADUATE of the Allopathic and Homeopathic Colleges of Medicine, is now permanently located in Great Bend, Pa. Office, corner of Maine and Elizabeth St., nearly opposite the M. E. Church. May 1st, 1857.-1y

Dr. H. Smith,
SURGEON DENTIST. Residence and office opposite the Baptist church, North side, in Montrose. Particular attention will be given to inserting teeth on Gold and Silver plate, and to filling decaying teeth.
Montrose, January 12, 1858.-tf

C. D. Virgil,
RESIDENT DENTIST, MONTROSE, PA. Office at the Franklin Hotel. Room No. 2.
Inserting teeth on Gold or Silver plate done in the highest style of the Art. All jobs warranted.
MONTROSE, April 7, 1858.-tod

R. Thayer,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MONTROSE, PA. Office in the Farmer's store. 3 yrs58

A. Bushnell,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW. Office over S. B. West's Drug Store, SUSQUEHANNA DEPOT, Pa.-11y 1

Keeler & Stoddard.
DEALERS IN BOOTS & SHOES, Leather and Findings, on Maine st., first door below Searle's Hotel, Montrose, Pa.—Real
GEORGE KEELER.....A. N. STODDARD

William H. Jessup,
ATTORNEY AT LAW & NOTARY PUBLIC. Office on Public Square, MONTROSE, PA.

Bentley & Fitch,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, AND BOUNTY LAND AGENTS.—Office west of the Court House, Montrose, Pa.
P. L. BENTLEY.....L. F. FITCH.

Albert Chamberlin,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Office over I. L. Post & Co.'s Store, MONTROSE, PA.

Wm. H. Jessup,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, for the State of New York, will attend to all business entrusted to him with promptness and fidelity. Office on Public Square, occupied by Hon. William Jessup.

Abel Turrell,
DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, Paints, Oils, Dye-stuffs, Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware, Nails, Glassware, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Spectacles, Musical Instruments, Trusses, Surgical Instruments, Liquors, Perfumery, Mirrors, Stationery, Brushes, Shoes, Yankee Notions, &c.

Chandler & Jessup,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Ready Made Clothing, Groceries, Boots and Stationery, etc., Public Avenue, MONTROSE, PA.

Post Brothers,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Leather, Flour, etc., corner of Turnpike street and Public Avenue, MONTROSE, PA.

J. Lyons & Son.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Tinware, Books, Melodeons, and Sheet Music, &c.; also, carry on the BOOK BINDING business.—Public Avenue, MONTROSE, PA.
J. LYONS.....T. LYONS.

Read & Co.,
DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Iron, Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Perfumery, &c. Brick Block, MONTROSE.
J. P. W. READ.....with.....G. S. READ.

William & William H. Jessup,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, MONTROSE, PA. Practice in Susquehanna, Bradford Wayne, Wyoming and Luzerne counties.

Baldwin & Allen,
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Flour, Salt, Pork, Fish, Lard, Grain, Feed, Candles, Clover and Timothy seed. Also GROCERIES, such as Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Tea, Coffee, &c. West side of Public Avenue, one door below J. Ellsbridge's.
MONTROSE, Oct. 30, 1858.-tf

Z. Cobb,
DEALER IN GROCERIES, &c., at the store recently occupied by Crane & Rogers, Montrose, Pa.
MONTROSE, March 17, 1859.-tf

News Office!
NEW YORK CITY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, MAGAZINES, &c., for sale at the Montrose Book Store by A. N. BULLARD.
Montrose, May, 1859.

EMIGRAVIT.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

AH, broken, broken is the golden bowl!
The silver cord is severed,
And the ethereal dweller
Within the wondrous palace,
The fine, frail palace of clay,
Is launched upon the deep,
The Shadowy, and Irremeable Ocean,
Battling with the storms
And tides of the hereafter.

Searcher of unsounded mysteries,
Whither is the gentle spirit flown,
Now that the walls are broken down;
And the moth and the night-wind have entered?
What silence and barren desolation!
Appal her wanderings,
What wildernesses of green worlds
With crowns of amaranth,
And robes of woven beams shall hail her,
Swinging their rosy censers
In silver-throated triumph?
Early they call her—
Went she at the return of flowers
And many-songed birds,
What time the virgin grass
Pierces the dull, brown leaves
With transparent, tender spears:
With the lily on her brow
And the yellow light on her locks,
Went she to the City of the Silen!,
The mighty and marble Capital of death;
Our footsteps fall slower,
Our hearts moan like autumn,
And rustle like dead leaves,
Since she departed—
O how we loved her!
She whose life on earth
Was a Sabbath melody,
Was as the fall of fountains
Sentinelled by bending roses,
Hemmed by the fringings of May,
Gold of odorous clover and bands of pansies,
O how we loved her!
She whose young eyes rested
On the white columns of the Temple, Beautiful,
That shines and shines evermore
In the nave of the Heavenly Hills,
With the music of her steps,
And the glory of her brows,
Is gone, is gone
Unto the pale Metropolis of death!

The bell, the bell! that howls to the clouds
From a throat of thundering rust,
Is roaring and surging and sobbing—
Is drenching the thirsty air
With billows of iron foam,
Dropping its big and brazen tears
On the beard of the sorrowing pines—
Saying fearful is the sleep of sleeps,
The leaden-lidded slumber of Death,
Saying the Angel of the Flowers is flown,
To come no more—no more!
No, no! over the Sea of Shadows,
Into the golden and Twelve-gated City,
The palace of our Lord hath she entered
Victress; her from the arrow of slander
And the dull sickness of the heart
The gem-bright streets have taken—
Ye that tread the living pearl,
Open the Everlasting Gates!
Fill the golden air with a paean,
The tearless, groundless air of Heaven,
And with a diadem crown her,
The worthy and beautiful.

Letter from Rev. H. H. Jessup.

TRIPOLI, Syria, Jan. 4th, 1859.

MY DEAR FATHER:—Since our last letters were sent home we have passed the closing hours of one year and the opening hours of another. The past year has been one of signal blessings to us. We have journeyed safely across the sea, and become established in our missionary work. We have been preserved in health and strength, and at the opening of the new Year we are living in comfort and peace, with an open door for usefulness among the people, and strong hopes of seeing good fruits before the year has passed. The Revival in America will ever make 1858 a memorable year; but I hope and trust that 1859 will not be less distinguished, both in America and Syria, for great outpourings of the Holy Spirit. Since the 1st of December, I have written less than usual to my friends at home. Missionary traveling, sermon writing, and various other duties have quite taken up my time. We sent our last letters on the 21st of December. Previous to that there had been a great drought in the land.—The early rains had been long delayed, and the farmers feared the loss of all the coming year's crops.—The Tripoli Moslems made a great display in praying for rain, and when the rain came a few days after, they boasted that they had brought it. Mr. W's present of a beautiful curtain for the Church has arrived and been put up in its place. It is just the thing, and such a gift as our little Church will fully appreciate. We have had several calls of late from persons living in the villages around who are beginning to inquire on the subject of religion, and some of them give promise of becoming shining lights hereafter. It is very cheering to hear of men coming forward of their own accord to embrace the truth.

A Moslem Sheikh, who had just returned from the pilgrimage to Mecca, died here a few days since, and his body was washed as usual before burial. After his burial, the water in which he had been washed was carefully bottled and saved for medicine! On the way to the grave, they held down the body, to keep it from flying away.

The Maronite Patriarch on Mount Lebanon has forbidden the Maronites from having any dealings with the Protestants. Yanni's chief business has hitherto been to lend money to the mountaineers on interest, and many of his customers have been Maronites.—Now the Maronites are all bringing back their borrowed money before the time, so as to have no more dealings with a Protestant. Many of them express their regret, as they prefer to do business with Yanni on account of his honesty, but are obliged to yield to the power of their Patriarch. Yanni says it will be no loss to him as the Moslems and Greeks will be glad to borrow the money, but it shows how much the Maronites fear the truth, when they will not allow their people even to do business with a Protestant, lest they learn the way of life.

On Christmas day I called with L. and Yanni on the French and English consuls, two French families, and the Latin monks. The latter were so intoxicated that they received us with more cordiality than we had anticipated, and we were not sorry to leave. In the afternoon, C. and I rode on donkeys to the Meena to gather shells on the coast.

On Dec. 24th, Mr. L., Yanni, and I called on the Governor, and he was very affable and entertaining. He was greatly interested to hear that Mr. Williams, of Utica, had mentioned his name in a letter to an American newspaper. On Sunday, Dec. 26th, Mr. L. preached to the usual audience, and I conducted the Bible class.

We are greatly obliged for what has been done to procure a bell for us. We anticipate no trouble in putting it up. At present we shall probably put it (when it comes) on the top of Mr. Lyons's house, until we can get the lease of the two rooms over our church.

On Tuesday, the 28th, after my usual studies, I walked out beyond the Hums gate, and had a long conversation with a crowd of Maronites who were very ignorant and bigoted. I also met Abdullah Zeidan who was anticipating joining our church on the Sabbath, and conversed with him. He has an infant child, and is anxious to have it baptized by us, though his wife, who is an ignorant Greek, wishes it to be done by a Greek priest. On Wednesday I had a long walk with Yanni, and in the evening we had the Arabic prayer meeting, making it a season of preparation for the coming Sabbath. On Thursday, Dec. 30th, I walked again with Yanni, and in the evening was our English prayer meeting. The brother of our servant comes to visit him. He has red hair, like his brother, but is one degree more stupid. Friday, Dec. 31st, I was engaged in making a shell pyramid for C., and conversing with the people. I had a long discussion with a young man on the authority for the Christian Sabbath. Two men from a distant village called to get books and to talk about the Gospel. On Saturday, Jan. 1st, 1859, we received calls all day. As our boy Elias went home the day before to be gone ten days, C. arranged the refreshments for visitors. It was a rainy day, but we had many calls. In the afternoon we went to Mr. Lyons's to dine and spend the evening. On the Sabbath, Jan. 2d, we had the first communion season in our church. It was known that Abdullah Zeidan was to unite with the Church, and multitudes crowded in until the chapel would hold no more. There were eleven communicants. During the reading of the Articles of Faith and the Covenant, and the prayers and remarks before the distribution of the elements, the most profound silence prevailed. No one present excepting the communicants had ever witnessed such a scene before. It seemed as if the spirit of God were present, and we all felt that it was good to be there, and that some of those present must receive impressions for good. The aisle was filled with people standing, and the area outside was crowded full. May we have many more such seasons! Yanni's heart was full. Abdullah said that he had feared lest he tremble when he stood up before the crowd, but new strength seemed to be given him, and he felt happy and strong when he said "yes" to the solemn covenant. In the evening we had a Monthly Concert Meeting at our house, and brother Beebee gave us an account of the missionary work at Marash, where there are six hundred Protestants and ninety-five church members.

Yesterday, Monday, January 3d was a day of Fasting and Prayer in the Mission for the outpouring of the Spirit. In the evening we had a prayer meeting at Mr. Lyons's. Our subject of remark was "our sufficiency is of God." To-day, January 4th, we are all busy writing letters for the post. The weather is dark and stormy. The surf rolls and lashes on the beach at the Meena, with a thundering sound.

BEIRUT, February 1, 1859.

It will be three years next Monday since my first arrival in Syria. As I spent ten months in my journey to America, I have now been here about two years and two months, and I have reason for great gratitude to God that I am now able in some measure to impart instruction to this people. I am now visiting Beirut to attend a meeting which is to be held to-day for the purpose of transacting some business which could not well be deferred until the April meeting. I left C. on Monday, the 24th of January, and have been separated from her longer than ever before in this land, and of course I am very anxious to reach home again. It is pleasant indeed to have a home, and I love mine more and more every day. I left Tripoli on Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock; and traveled five hours and a-half that night, reaching the Khan il Hiree (where I once slept with Mr. Aiken,) at half-past-eight. The evening was very dark, but I knew the road, and Saleh, who was with me, was a very pleasant companion in the darkness. A Jacobite from near Diarbekir who wishes a place as school teacher, was with us, and assisted Saleh in fixing the load of baggage whenever it became disarranged. We had a pleasant night's rest at the Khan, and in the morning rode over the famous Mesciaha, or Cape of the Divine Countenance, in a heavy rain storm. As usual in such cases, my India Rubber protected me, and I gave Saleh an India Rubber blanket to throw over his head. As we approached the sea at Batroun, I saw several fine water spouts over the sea, a view of which I have given in S——'s letter. An Arab told me of a water spout which once came up on the land near Batroun, and passed through a flock of goats, seizing them by the horns and the tail and whirling them around much to the amazement of the shepherd boys.

We reached Ghurzoor at 1 o'clock, and spent the night. I found Michael Giurgius very well. The air was very cold, and I wore my overcoat and thick shawl to keep warm, as the only fire they had was one built on the floor in the middle of the room, which sent out far more smoke than heat. Our Jacobite friend was quite sick and dizzy from the effects of eating coarse bread, bought in Tripoli, made of wheat and tares mixed together. The tares have a very soporific and sickening effect, often making men dizzy for a whole day.

On Wednesday I made a missionary visit to Jeddah, a village where there is some light, and then passed on to Khan Mamiltang, where I spent the night. On Thursday, after a pleasant ride along the coast, I reached Beirut at 12 p. m. Near Beirut the coast is strewn with wrecks, and I saw the poor English sailors of five wrecked vessels encamped in canvass tents along the shore. I found all well in Beirut. On Saturday I went out to see the new carriage road which the French are building from Beirut to Damascus. Heard of a recent fight between some Moslems and Maronites near the Beirut river, where two men were killed. On Sunday I preached in English and Arabic. The English audience is now very large, and it was very pleasant to preach to them in my own language once more. On Monday I made a ground plan of the Beirut cemetery for the use of the English and American residents. In the afternoon I visited the Quarantine station to see several American travelers, one of whom is Rev. Mr. Bettinger, Chaplain of the "Macedonian," an American war vessel in Alexandria, and another is Rev. Mr. Orton, of Binghamton, an old schoolmate of L., in Oxford. The English and American residents of Beirut propose to have a course of lectures this winter, and have asked me to give one of the course.

TRIPOLI, Syria, March 15, 1859.

If you will look on your map of Western Asia, and trace out the Red Sea, you will find on the eastern shore a city named Jeddah. The Moslems say that when Adam and Eve fell out of Paradise down to this world, Eve landed in Jeddah, and Adam somewhere else, far in the interior. This city Jeddah is now the seaport of Mecca, the holy city of the Mohammedans, and all the Moslem pilgrims to Mecca from the North and West, pass through Jeddah. This fact has made it a very center of Moslem fanaticism, and there is no place where all foreigners and Franks are so cordially hated. For some years past, English and French Consuls have resided there to attend to the business of the merchants, and the steamers plying in the Red Sea. Last Summer, as you may remember, the Moslem population arose, and put to death all the Frank population, including the French and English consuls. It was supposed that the city Governor had something to do with it, as he had just sent off all of the Turkish soldiers garrisoning the place, when the outbreak took place. An English man-of-war was sent there and bombarded the city until the Pasha gave up eleven men and put them to death. This did not satisfy the foreign powers, as they suspected the city officials of complicity in the massacre. A few months ago a commission was appointed, consisting of a commissioner from England, France, and Constantinople, to investigate the case. The result is that three great officials have been condemned to death, and eight others to exile. The city inspector of markets and Saieed Ahmoody, a great religious Sheikh, were immediately executed. The Governor of Mutasellim was condemned, and sent to Constantinople for punishment. Of the eight sent into exile, one was once a Sherif (Shereef) of Mecca, one of the most sacred offices known to the Mohammedan religion. His condemnation will create a more profound impression on the minds of the Moslems than that of a dozen Governors. It is now to be hoped that the Moslems will learn that the life of a Frank is something not to be trifled with. The result at Jeddah is not published in the Beirut newspaper, as every article must pass under the notice of the Pasha, and he will not allow anything to be published against the Moslems. Not even the account of a murder is allowed to be published.

As I am writing on political subjects, I will add a word about another matter. If you remember anything about the famous Hatti Shereef, or firman of the Sultan at Constantinople, given in 1855, you will remember that it declared that hereafter the nominal Christian population of the Empire, instead of paying a military tax, shall enrol themselves and serve as soldiers. This law was demanded by the foreign powers as an act of justice to the people. Formerly and even now the Greeks, Armenians, and all excepting the Moslems, had to pay enormous taxes in the place of serving in the army. This new law compels them either to serve as soldiers, or pay a heavy tax. The fact is that the Sultan does not wish this nominal Christian subjects to serve as soldiers. It is a Mohammedan Empire. All its officers are Mohammedans, and its soldiers must be, too, or its prestige is gone. In any foreign war, the christian soldiers would all fight against the Sultan, and the Sultan is afraid to put so much power into anti-Muslim hands. And then, on the contrary, the christians as a general thing do not wish to serve as soldiers. They dread being under Moslem officers, and they pay enormous sums rather than serve. But there are some of them who wish to serve, and are determined to enforce the late firman. A few weeks since, the Pasha of Damascus demanded the usual military tax from the nominal christian population of the city.—They refused to pay the money, but offered to furnish soldiers according to the law; but the Pasha declared that he would not accept the men, as he wanted money. He then seized twenty of the leading men among the Greek Catholics, and imprisoned them.—They appealed to the Consuls of all the foreign powers, and were released. But the matter is not yet at rest. The Pasha has imprisoned others, and there is a general apprehension that the firman will not be respected. This violation of the great charter of religious and political liberty to the subjects of the Sultan, is regarded by many as a more serious matter than even the affair at Jeddah.

The two young men who committed the murder in Duma last summer, have escaped from the Beirut prison, and are at large. The criminals now in prison in Beruit and convicted of the murder in Jaffa, have not yet been executed. The Sultan's government is desperately slow in doing justice. It is a great outrage that the murderers were not executed long ago. When the "Wabash" Steam Frigate comes back again, we shall have some hope that the Turkish authorities will awake from their slumbers. A renegade murderer came to us the other day, to ask for employment, saying that he had become Englees (English) or Protestant. His eye had an evil look and we held off from him. At length he said he was falsely accused of murder, and put in the Beirut Prison, whence he escaped a year ago. Afterwards, on being questioned by Yanni, he admitted that he did the deed. We refused to have anything to do with him, but he tried to get us to help him in money matters, saying that twelve hundred dollars is the price of a man's life in this country, and he could go free by paying his uncle, the father of the murdered boy, that amount. He then left us, and after a few days got into a quarrel with a Moslem in the street, and has been sent handcuffed to Beirut. Thus we often have men of the most strange and varied characters coming to us for relief, almost reminding one of David when he lived in the Cave Adullam: "and every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him."—(I Samuel, 22:2.)

Since our last letters home, we have been looking for a house again. Our lease of this house expires in four months, and then we go to Duma. From that time onward we wish to have another house which we can keep for a term of years. In two weeks we go to Beirut to the General Meeting, and on our return we go to Hums, accompanied by Yanni and Miss Temple, so that we shall be absent from home about a month. I find it very difficult to find a good house. The most of the houses are dark and damp, and full of vermin, and the people are now raising the rent of their houses so enormously that I do not see how I can get along very well without paying one hundred and twenty dollars a year, and pay all in advance for five years. If I do so, the Mission will advance me the money, and I pay it back in annual payments out of my salary. We have two houses in view which are tolerable, and we may conclude to take one of them.

We told you that Mr. Beebee left here for Smyrna, taking Saleh as servant. Yesterday Saleh came back, stating that Mr. B. arrived safely in Smyrna, and his children were both well. Mr. B. sailed March 1st, on the bark "Race Horse," from Smyrna, and will probably reach home by the 1st of May. He has promised to visit Montrose, and he will tell our friends there about our situation here, though he will not have the latest news.

Last week we received papers from home giving an account of the latest fire in Montrose by which a part of F's building was consumed.

We had a fire here a few weeks since. The wood work of the house was burned out, and the Bim Pasha or commanding officer of the Turkish soldiers here who occupied the house, escaped by the roof, his maid servant, a black Abysinnian slave being burned to death, and his black slave juniped into the street from the second story. Fires are very rare in Tripoli.

On Sunday the 6th of March, we had communion in the Chapel, and though our numbers were but few, it was a refreshing season to us all. We expected a native to unite with us, but he was prevented from arriving in time. Our bell is a great comfort to us and an object of much interest in the city. The Arabs listen with great wonder to the statement that it is the gift of the children in America.—Its tone seems sweeter and sweeter every time it is rung. Last Sabbath I preached on the merits of Christ, from the text, "and of his fulness have we all received, and grace upon grace."—(Jno. 1:16.) It is to me one of the most glorious of all the doctrines of the Christian religion that we are regarded as righteous for the sake of Christ, when we have no righteousness at all of our own, and that God should regard such miserable creatures as we are, as righteous in his sight, because his son has borne our sorrows and griefs, and suffered death in our stead.

We had intended to send a box home by Miss J., but they are going this week, and we shall not be able to prepare it. We shall probably wait until fall. We have a great quantity of shells, and I have some pieces of the great Pyramids in Egypt to send home.

I had an orange tree in my garden full of fine red oranges, and sold the whole crop of 500 oranges for ten cents. They were *bitter* oranges. I have three fine rows of peas in my garden. Our peach trees are in blossom. Would that I could speak of some blossoms of spiritual promise among this people.

WEDNESDAY, March 16.—To-day has been a charming warm spring day. C. commenced cleaning house up stairs, and had Elias id Deeb assisting her. As usual when he is much needed he is very obstinate and impudent to her, and I immediately paid him off and showed him the door. Our patience has been very much tried by him, but we have hoped for gradual improvement. His persistence in evil ways has disappointed us, and we feel relieved to have him out of the house. Yakobe, the Armenian young man from Oorfa, (Ur of the Chaldees,) has consented to take his place until our new servant comes from Deir el Komr. I requested Mr. Bird some time since to secure a cook for me, and he wrote a few days ago that one would be ready to return with me from the Annual Meeting next week. We hope then to have some comfort and peace, though there will always be some peculiar trials in getting along with Arab servants.

I hope that you will not think that I am always "house hunting," but I am now actually engaged again in this delectable employment. The rent of this house expires at the time of our going to the mountains, and I must busy myself and secure a house soon, as I do not wish to be crowded into a corner as I was before. Several houses are offered, but only one suits us.

THURSDAY, March 17.—Another balmy pleasant day. Our Arabic prayer meeting last evening was pleasant, but Lorenzo was not able to attend on account of a severe headache. He suffers very much at times. I have finished my lecture on Geology for Beirut. A Moslem Effendi called to-day to see me, in return for a call which I made upon him a few days since. The English meeting was here this evening, and we read extracts from Henry Martyn's Memoirs.

FRIDAY, March 18.—To-day I have concluded the bargain for a house for five years from October 1st, 1859. The house is entirely new, has not an old room or nook in it. It is dry, clean, white, in a good situation, and the most convenient house I have seen in Tripoli. It is about half way from Mr. Lyons's house to Yanni's, and only a little ways from the Chapel. The sitting room, dining room, bedroom, kitchen, and store room are all on the same floor, an arrangement which will be much better for C.'s health than the house which we now occupy. My study and two spare rooms will be on the floor above, up a flight of stairs. The rent is large, three thousand piastres, or one hundred and twenty dollars a year, but no house can be obtained now in Tripoli for any less than that price, and this house is the most desirable one I know of. The three upper rooms are not yet built, but are to be made at once and will have time to get dry before October. Yanni helped us as usual in making the contract, and relieved us of much care. The landlord was once under American protection, and it was on his account that all the trouble was made last summer. The lime which was brought, and on account of which the kawass was struck by Effendi Sandruay, belonged to Michael it Tromb, our landlord. He is a polite, accommodating man, and promises to fix up the house in admirable style. This gives us two spare rooms, one of which is for Sam. while he is staying with us, to learn the language previous to entering upon his station as a Syrian Missionary. Yanni says that it is a cheap house at three thousand piastres.

On the first of July the owner gives us permission to remove all of our things to the house, and on the first of October we are to have full possession. From this time onwards for five years I expect to have no more trouble with houses.

This afternoon I was calling at Yanni's to see about the house, and I met a Moslem Sheikh named Sheikh Kalleeny. He is Governor of Kolaat il Hosson, an ancient Castle of great strength, about half way to Hums. He repeated the invitation given some time since to us, to visit him during our journey to Hums. Shortly after my return home, he called, accompanied by an old Jew, his Secretary, and an armed Kawass. After the usual salutations, and listening to the music, &c., he drew his chair up to me, and after declaring how much he esteemed me and how much I might favor him, he asked my aid in securing for him the appointment of Governor of the Hosson district. He said that the office had been held by his family for several centuries up to about five years ago, when a Turk was made Governor. The Turk has now gone away, and he applies for the office. He showed me a great firman of the Sultan given to the family years ago, and letters from all the leading men of all the various religious sects in all the district, and promises to bring letters from Sheikh Reschid and from the Governor of Tripoli and all the Effendis. I told him that I was only a Missionary, and could not be expected to meddle with political matters, as my office is simply religious. He said he understood that, but still, he knew that Missionaries were always conscientious and honest men, and hence anything they might say to a Consul would have weight. He said that he would assure us of perfect security in traveling in his district, and perfect protection in preaching the Gospel. He asked me to forward his letters and documents to the Consul, requesting him to forward them to the Pasha or to the Sublime Porte at Stamboul. I liked his manner and tone very much, and promised to do all in my power to aid him. It is very important for the peace of the country that the local Governors should be natives of the country.—This man belongs to one of the most respectable Moslem families in northern Syria, and is recommended by all the leading Greek monks, priests, and Moslem Sheiks of the district. Yanni knows him well, and has confidence in him, and promises to aid him. Yanni's conversation with him brought out some facts very familiar to us in this land, but which may be new to you. Said Yanni to him, "If you send this matter to the Pasha, he knows that you are immensely wealthy, and he will wish to eat a little from your pocket. This taking of bribes is a great shame and disgrace, and I cannot consent to be a party to any business in which it is practised, and if you do anything of the kind it must be through other means than through me." Kaleeny replied, "You need not give yourself any trouble on this point. If the Pasha is hungry, I will find means and ways to feed him until he wants no more."

When I go to Beirut I will probably speak to our Consul about the man's claim, and there leave the matter. When we go to Hums, he will undoubtedly receive us in great style. I shall have no objection to securing his good will, if we can only secure a foothold in the dark and benighted region over which he wishes to have rule. It will also be a comfort to us to feel that the Hums road is safe for travelers. When we go in April, we shall have a large company, and the country is now so secure that there will not be the least difficulty.

SATURDAY, March 19.—To-day the old Greek Bishop of Tripoli died just as usual. He is the person of whom I have often spoken. He was a very old man, having been bishop here since 1832. He left about eight or ten thousand dollars, to the Greek church, the convents, and to the poor. The Patriarch, who is higher in office than the bishop, generally takes a good part of the bishop's property, but this bishop did not leave him one cent. Elias Sudy says he was with the bishop when he died, and his last words were that he put his trust in Christ alone. I hope that he was sincere. After his death, the corpse was dressed up with a crown of gold, and robes of gold cloth, and a cross of gold in his hand, and then it was fastened to a chair with the face and hands exposed, and placed in the middle of the Greek church. The whole population turned out to kiss the hands of the corpse, dressed in this gorgeous robe. I saw men, women, and children kissing the bloated fingers to get a blessing. One woman bro't her little child to have him blessed by the corpse, and the child was so frightened by its hideous appearance that it refused to go near. The mother then carried up the child, struggling and shrieking, and it has been sick ever since, from the effect of the fright. The people have the most superstitious ideas of the sanctity of the corpse of a priest or bishop. A few years ago they even went so far in Hasbeiya as to carry off, as relics of a dead Patriarch, the hairs of his horse's tail!

This afternoon we signed and sealed the contract for the house of Michael Tromb for five years from October, 1859. I pay six hundred dollars for the five years, all in advance, and borrow it from the Treasurer to be paid back each year.

Mr. Lyons pays sixty-eight dollars a year for his house, but rents have risen so much in three years that I am obliged to pay one hundred and twenty.—Yet my house is all new, and in some respects preferable to Mr. Lyons's. I have a special provision in the contract allowing me to put the church bell on the roof, and as the house is quite near the church and very high, it will be even preferable to putting it on the church itself. The men promise to have the three rooms finished at once.

SABBATH, March 20.—A warm beautiful day. The Bishop's funeral was attended this morning, and we had intended to attend, but we were told it would be the third hour of the day, or 9 o'clock, and just as I was going out, the procession, or rather crowd, was coming away, as the funeral was at the second hour, or eight o'clock. There were Turkish soldiers, consuls, kawasses, fellaheen, and Greeks of the city, all crowding and jamming together through the narrow streets, and a crowd of Greek priests had a fight, as all were anxious to get the sanctifying influence of the coffin. The body was buried at a convent about four miles off, and the whole Greek population walked out there. There were several fights, and one poor deaf and dumb boy was knocked down and badly wounded in the head. The pall was torn from the coffin, and torn up into a thousand rags, and carried off by the barbarous crowd, as sacred relics of the bishop. The people cursed each other with loud shouting and imprecations until they reached the convent. The body was buried clothed in a robe of gold cloth, and sitting upright. One would think from the howlings and groanings made by the people as they passed our house, that a set of wild barbarians of the South Sea Islands were engaged in their orgies, but no, they are all members in good and regular standing in the Orthodox Greek Church! There is much more outward decency and order at a Moslem funeral than at this one of a Greek bishop. Our usual religious services were held to-day. A Moslem, a Jew, and a number of other strangers were present. I conducted the Bible Class and Mr. Lyons preached. In the evening I read a sermon of Dr. Beecher's, in the National Preacher, of February.

TUESDAY, March 22.—We now have a weekly mail to Trieste, but I have my doubts whether it will be worth while to send oftener than once a fortn