

AGENCIES.  
V. B. PALMER, North West corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.  
Tribune Buildings, (opposite City Hall,) N. York.  
South East corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore.  
No. 12 State street, Boston.  
JACOB M. WESTHAFFER, Lancaster city.  
WILLIAM A. PIERCE, Travelling Agent.

THE THADDEUS STEVENS.—Friend Simpson has just committed to the "mercy of the winds and the waves," an elegant Section Boat—which, with true Pennsylvania pride, he has christened after our distinguished fellow citizen, Thaddeus Stevens, Esq. This boat is none of the ephemeral affairs which section boats have of late got to be, but a staunch and beautiful specimen of boat building as ever braved "the dangers of the raging canal." In commemoration of the prominent part played by the gentleman to whom it owes its patronymic, upon the common school question, the Thaddeus Stevens is decorated with a landscape sketch, by Hunt, representing a pleasantly situated country school house, with a troop of incipient citizens playing about it—apparently oblivious of the birch and the foleesp, which doubtless reign within. A merry group are they, and much, very much do they owe to the exertions of Mr. Stevens, for the privileges they are now enjoying. Wonder if they ever think of it.

While speaking of this specimen of Columbia manufacture, we would request those who may produce any article worthy of note, and in which the public may feel an interest, to inform us of the fact—it being one of the few pleasures of the editor's task, to say favorable things of his neighbors, and to notice any thing excellent near home.

CAUGHT NAPPING.—A coon was caught in Bethel's woods, near this place, last Sunday. He was quietly snoozing on the branch of a tree, and awoke just in time to find himself "gone coon." To politicians this might be considered an ominous occurrence; but to us it argues nothing more than that the coon was caught napping.

THE NEW ORLEANS DELTA.—This is among the most valuable of our exchange papers, and, coming as it does from the nearest point of direct communication with the seat of war, derives therefrom an extra interest. The editorials and correspondence, although strongly spiced with wit and humor, have a higher value in their careful and unwavering adherence to facts. The Delta is a contemporaneous history of the war with Mexico, and its readers are posted up to the latest moment in all that pertains to that affair.

As an exponent of southern views, and a record of the news of the world, it recommends itself to the patronage of a northern public; and we recommend it to all who would possess a faithful transcript of the times.

The weekly Delta is published at \$3 per year.

PETER M. DESHONG.—We last week gave a letter from this gentleman setting forth his powers of calculation. These powers, to whatever extent they may be possessed by himself, it can be scarcely possible to communicate to others merely for a fee of ten dollars. A mind adapted to work of this kind, together with practice, are requisite. Thus a southern nigger, but little above an idiot in other respects, performs astonishing feats in calculation, without knowing the use of figures as the representatives of numbers; and Colburn did the same when a child, working from the left, the method adopted by Mr. Deshong.

We have recently seen a French treatise which professes to teach, in nine lessons, a *calculer aussi vite que la pensée*, (as quick as thought.) One of the questions will suffice as an example:—A piece of satin of 40 yards costs 260 francs; how much a yard must it sell for to make ten per cent? "

Mr. D. has taught his system for a number of years, yet we do not hear of other rapid calculators from among his pupils. They pay their ten dollars—"see the elephant," and are satisfied; being too honorable to start an opposition. A Philadelphia paper stated some time ago that Mr. D. was followed and abused in the street by some one, and another states that he called at their office and stated his willingness to demonstrate his ability to teach by giving the editor a lesson when convenient. The editor however wished to be taught "now," when some excuse was made, and the calculator has been patiently waited for ever since!

Mr. Buchanan has written a letter to the democracy of "Old Berks," in reply to a recent invitation to attend a democratic "Harvest Home," in that county, in which he takes ground against the Wilmot Proviso, and in favor of the extension of the Missouri Compromise.

LEAD ORE IN LANCASTER COUNTY.—A correspondent of the American Press, says:—"Lancaster County, Pa., has long since been noted for its prolific soil and production of its enormous yearly crops of grain, and now promises fair to rank also among the first of the mining districts of the State! Besides Iron ore, and of which new beds are daily being discovered, Roofing Slate, Chrome, Marble Magnesia, some Copper, and lately, also an enormous bed of Lead Ore has been discovered on the farm lately purchased by Mr. Henry H. Shenk, situate five miles northwest from the city of Lancaster, on the Harrisburg turnpike road.

Mr. Shenk, (naturally disposed to investigate cause and effect,) was led to the discovery of this ore from the fact that grain, grass or other vegetables growing in that part of the field where the ore is found, ripened prematurely, or rather turned yellow, and sometimes died altogether, long before the rest began to ripen, and while examining the roots of the wheat, he dug out several small masses of the ore, whose weight and shining fracture when broken attracted his attention. He then examined the ground at various places, and found that there was an almost entire mass of it, from ten to twenty inches under ground, and no doubt was the cause of the destruction of the grain."

EARLY RISING.—"Hallo, Jim, get up; the sun has been shining these two hours."  
"Well, if I had to travel as far as he has to-day, I'd have been up three hours ago."

The following correspondence, we believe, has not yet appeared in print. We publish it for the benefit of dentists in particular and the people in general:

Dear General:—I, a self appointed committee of the Dentists (do not flatter yourself that I am going to tell you of which branch) of the Union, in view of the importance of the question of amalgam or foil, as a material for filling teeth, and of your prominent position as a candidate for the highest office in the world, have felt it my duty to obtain your opinion, upon which you are willing to stake your chances of success, on the relative and positive advantages and disadvantages of the two systems. Expecting a reply, I am, with due respect,

Your friend or foe, as you may decide,  
MOLAR BICUSPID, D. D.

To Z. TAYLOR, &c., &c., Walnut Springs, Mexico

GENERAL TAYLOR'S REPLY.

Camp near Walnut Springs, Mexico.

Dear Sir:—I thank you for your letter, and hasten to answer your interrogatories—fully impressed with their importance, and recognizing the right of the citizen to question the candidate for office, on any and all subjects. Having had some experience in the treatment of teeth, I have found a judicious medium, alternating between the two plans, to be the thing. My troops require pork, beans and bread,—an excellent foil to hunger,—and when sick, as is sometimes the case in the best regulated armies, an amalgam of calomel and jalap. Our enemies thrive well upon the metallic regimen we have administered. I shall not, however, consent to "risk my chances of success" upon this or any other of my opinions, but throw myself upon the whole people, whose teeth it will be my earnest endeavor to keep busy, which I consider an excellent preventive of decay.

Z. TAYLOR,  
Maj. Gen. Com. Army Occ.

To MOLAR BICUSPID, D. D., U. S.

Mr. CLAY.—The Episcopal Recorder, in giving an interesting account of the late Episcopal visitations of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Smith of Kentucky, says:—"The rite of confirmation was administered by Bishop Smith on Sunday, July 18th, in the Chapel of Morrison College, Lexington, to seven persons. Among the candidates on the last occasion was the Hon. Henry Clay, of whose baptism an interesting account has recently been published.

Herman Melville, the author of "Typee," was married on the 4th ult., to Miss Shaw, daughter of the Chief Justice, of Boston.

Alas! poor Fayaway—the gentle, dark-eyed maid of "Typee." Little does she suspect the infidelity of her once attentive Tommie.

THE NORTH BRANCH CANAL.—The Bradford Reporter says:

There is now an assurance that this work will be again resumed and completed. Gentlemen from the Wyoming Valley have, during the last week, been among our citizens, procuring subscription to a bonus of \$50,000, to be paid the Company, provided the work is resumed and completed within the time allowed by law. We are gratified in being able to state, that about one-half the required sum was forthwith raised in this county, and more could have been procured, had it been necessary, our citizens having great confidence in the value and utility of this Extension, when connected with the improvements of New York. Luzerne and Wyoming have already subscribed the balance.

These gentlemen have the strongest assurances that the Company would immediately put the Canal under contract, and we trust that the hopes of the people of this section will not again be disappointed.

TO PREVENT THE RUNNING OF CANDLES.—If you wish to prevent the running or guttering away in an hour or two of an ordinary candle, place as much common salt, finely powdered, as will reach from the tallow to the bottom of the black part of wick, when, if the same be lit, it will burn very slowly all night, yielding a sufficient light for a bed chamber; the salt will gradually sink as the tallow is consumed, the melted tallow being drawn through the salt and consumed in the wick.

The Washington Whig mentions a report that Mr. Crampton, the British Minister pro tem., has submitted, by order of his government, to Mr. Buchanan an intimation that, in the event of an absorption of the existing territory by the United States, Great Britain will look to the United States for the reimbursement of the debt due by the present Mexican government to the subjects of the United Kingdom. And also, that the intimation goes even further—that, if the war with Mexico shall end in any serious dismemberment of Mexican territory, this government will be called upon by Great Britain to make good the English Mexican debt in proportion to the value of the territory dismembered.

SINGULAR NOTION.—Gen. Taylor's eldest daughter, the wife of Col. Jefferson Davis, has the queerest given name for a female we ever heard of, it being Thomas Jefferson Taylor.

The oddity of this name is thus explained by a friend of Gen. Taylor: The old General in his younger days, took a notion as young men often do, that he would get married, which he did; and being a great admirer of Thomas Jefferson, he declared his intention of naming his first child for him. In the course of human events, he became the father of a beautiful daughter. True to his purpose, as he never surrenders, he had her baptized Thomas Jefferson Taylor.

A TOUCHING SIGHT.—Standing a moment with a friend on Main street on Thursday evening we saw a spectacle which deeply stirred our sympathies. A man some forty years old, reeling with liquor and bearing the marks of habitual drunkenness, came staggering up the sidewalk. To his hand his little son—a boy some 8 years old—clung with a tight grip of both his own. As the father, once or twice stumbled and nearly fell, the little fellow braced his feet, and exerted all his strength to save him; his eyes all the time streaming with tears, and heavy sobs breaking from his young breast. What a sad change of duties and responsibilities! The father, impotent, not from the visitations of Providence, but from his own vices, led and protected by his tender offspring, whom he himself should protect and lead! Oh, damnable vice! that strips manhood of its strength and dignity, and drenches the cheek of youth with tears of premature sorrow. Cincinnati Atlas.

THE WELSH SUPPER.

The supper given in honor of our fellow townsman, Thomas Welsh, Esq., was served up at Barr's Hotel, last evening, (Friday, Sept. 10,) in a sumptuous and magnificent style, to which about eighty persons sat down.

After the cloth was removed, the company was organized by the appointment of the following officers of the evening: Col. Daniel Herr, President; Capt. James Haughey, Major Samuel Brooks, Capt. Thomas White, Col. P. S. Gossler, J. F. Houston, Esq., and J. W. Cottrell, Esq., Vice Presidents; S. D. Young, Nelson Sutton, and C. Westbrook, Secretaries.

The following letter was received and read: PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10th, 1847.

Gentlemen:—Your invitation to be present at the Supper to be given by the citizens of Columbia to Mr. Thomas Welsh who "volunteered to defend the honor of his country" and was wounded at the glorious battle of "Buena Vista" was duly received, and I had promised myself much pleasure in participating with you on that occasion.

Such manifestations of public approbation, as the contemplated by the citizens of Columbia, are due to those who peril their lives in the service of their country. The cause is that of our common country, and in honoring those who have stood "between their loved homes and wars desolation" we but exhibit the feelings which should animate the bosom of every true American.

I regret that an unexpected business call will prevent my being with you in person, but I will be with you in sentiment and feeling, and trust that the occasion may be a joyous one.

Yours, very respectfully,  
W. M. ENGLISH.

To Messrs. JAMES J. GIVEN, Wm. MATTHOT, and others.

REGULAR TOASTS.

General George Washington.—The Father of his Country. His name shall live in the memories of a grateful people, to the last syllable of recorded time. To his example, in peace and in war, we may safely turn "eyes right and dress."

The Sages and Heroes of the Revolution.—Great in council and mighty in war. Their wisdom and valor achieved a Nation's Independence; a Nation delights to honor them.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin.—The Philosopher and Statesman. As successful in controlling the Lightning of Heaven, as in defeating the will of tyrants.

General La Fayette.—The companion and confidant of Washington. Endearred to the Freedom of this Republic, by his valor and love of liberty, his name will be revered by the latest generations.

The surviving heroes of the Revolution.—Relics of an epoch rendered immortal by the splendor of their achievements; the blessings of millions rest upon them.

The 4th of July, 1776.—The principles it gave birth to, must be appreciated as long as Americans can appreciate the blessings of freedom, and the cost of obtaining it.

The President of the United States.

The Governor of Pennsylvania.

Our guest, Thomas Welsh, Esq.—A brave and faithful soldier, war-worn and wounded he has returned from the battle-field of Buena Vista. His fellow citizens, his companions and neighbors, by expressing their gratitude for his military services, show their just appreciation of his merits as a citizen.

[Mr. Welsh responded to this toast, in a brief but appropriate manner, which was followed by three hearty cheers by the company.]

The victory of Buena Vista.—Unparalleled in the history of nations; twenty thousand of the veteran troops of Mexico put to flight by five thousand American Volunteers.

The Army and Navy of the United States.—Their progress, a shield for a nation's rights. May nothing prevent a repetition of their victories but a never ending peace.

The United States.—An Asylum for the oppressed of all nations.

The Constitution of the United States.—May it stand unaltered whilst the Republic endures.

The 10th of September 1814.—A day ever memorable in the history of our country, when the gallant Perry humbled British pride and insolence on Lake Erie.

Pennsylvania Volunteers.—The foremost to meet and chastise a Foreign Foe. With such troops, a General may well and proudly say "he never surrenders."

Our Country.—The best evidence of man's capability for self-government; and "right or wrong," the enemies of civil Liberty, always find it "right side up."

Our victories in Mexico.—Daring, glorious and unexampled, achieved by a few over many. They are proof that American Soldiers are invincible.

The Ladies.—Heaven bless them!!! Their smiles, the soldiers best reward. "None but the brave deserve the Fair."

Our Host and Hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Barr.—The splendid entertainment of the evening does them honor, and plainly shows there are no cross-bars between them. May they never want musquito bars, bars of music or bars of gold, and always be de-barred from all bars that may bar up their road to happiness and prosperity.

The company was then ably addressed by Messrs. Frater and Ford of Lancaster city, J. F. Houston Esq. of Columbia and Capt. Smead of the Regular Army.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

James Haughey.—Columbia had her Cochran at Palo Alto and at Resaca de la Palma, and her Welsh at Buena Vista. The former gave his life in his country's cause; the latter offered his services and received a certificate of acceptance.

By Daniel Herr.—General Taylor and his army, the heroes of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey and Buena Vista.

By P. S. Gossler.—Major Cary H. Fry, of 2nd Regiment of Kentucky Volunteers.—A good friend of our guest, Mr. Welsh, a gentleman, and a brave and generous officer.

By Samuel F. Lockard.—Thomas Welsh, our guest and citizen.—Although not epauletted, has

distinguished himself, and proves that worth makes the man, and the want of it the fellow. Exemplary in courage and patriotism. May others seek to emulate him by acting well their part. There all the honor lies.

By D. F. Griffith.—The memory of our fellow citizen, Lieut. R. E. Cochran.

By Hugh Boyle.—Our fellow townsman, T. Welsh.—Our republican institutions are in a healthful state, while our citizens appreciate merit in private as well as public life.

By D. F. Griffith.—The Ladies.—Always ready to fly to "arms" when their lovers call.

James J. Given.—Gen. Wool.—The rigid disciplinarian, the great tactician, the watchful sentinel, the brave General. When in command, the Army is always safe.

D. F. Griffith.—Why was Gen. Taylor at the battle of Buena Vista like the owner of a splendid Vineyard. Because he could Bragg on his Grape.

On motion of H. Boyle, Esq., the thanks of the company were tendered to the speakers of the evening.

In the course of the evening a beautiful wreath of flowers was presented to Mr. Welsh by J. F. Houston Esq., in behalf of the ladies of Columbia. The above is but a brief sketch of the festivities of the evening. Time and limits will not permit us to give a more extensive report. The main features however are here embodied.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.

Defeat of Santa Anna—The City of Mexico at the Mercy of our Army.

We are indebted to the Ledger for the following important news:

From the Pucayuca of the 2d inst.

The news by this arrival is the most important that we have received in many months from Mexico. Our army has not only advanced to the city of Mexico, but it has had two engagements with the enemy close under the walls of the city, and defeated them. The Mexicans have been brought to supplicate a suspension of arms, and Gen. Scott has granted it. The Mexican Congress has been convoked to take into consideration Mr. Trist's propositions.

The news was received in Vera Cruz on the evening of the 26th ult. by an express courier from Orizaba, who brought down the following letter to Mr. Dimond, the collector at Vera Cruz, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the use of the letter which we proceed to give:

ORIZABA, August 25th, 1847.

My Dear Friend:—The Mexican mail, which has just come in, brings the following intelligence, which I copy from the Diario Oficial del Gobierno. Being of so great importance, I send you this express courier, which will be with you, to-morrow about 12 o'clock.

On the 20th two brigades commanded by Gen. Valencia and Santa Anna went out to attack the Americans near San Angel. Valencia's division has been completely defeated, and Santa Anna, after the first rencontre, fell back also in disorder to the city.

They immediately after this asked for a suspension of hostilities, and offered to hear the propositions of peace from Mr. Trist.

The next day the Minister of Foreign Relations invited the Congress, through the newspapers, to meet for that purpose.

These are the great facts which no doubt will bring after them peace.

Yours, truly,  
F. M. DIMOND, Esq.

A DISCOVERY.—Our readers may remember that some time ago, the Mayor received from the Hon. Michael Stanton, Lord Mayor of Dublin, a letter of thanks from the Corporation of that city, for the gift of \$5000 made by this city, to the suffering poor of Ireland, which letter was published in the city papers. Yesterday morning a respectable lady, a tenant of the Mayor's called upon him to see the letter and compare the signature with that of one she had received some two years since from her brother in Dublin. Each was a fine simile of the other, and the lady had the satisfaction of knowing that her brother, from whom she had heard but once in twenty-eight years, had risen to the high and honorable station of Lord Mayor of Dublin.—N. Y. Courier.

PLAIN TALKING.—An editor somewhere this side of sun-down, walks into a lady in this wise because she has a greater taste for writing poetry than washing dishes.

"An interesting female correspondent sends us a very uninteresting piece of poetry, and timidly begs a request for its publication. The moon is called bright—the stars are flattered with the original appellation of "meek-eyed"—the trees come in for a full share of eulogy, and the Falling Spring is pronounced silver plated, or something to that effect. Besides this, the poem is equally instructive on other important subjects. If Mary will send us an affidavit that she has washed the dishes, mended the hose, and swept the house for a week after she was "blasted with poetic fire," we will give in, and startle the literary world from its lethargy. For the present, we say darn your stockings and darn your poetry too."

Letters received by the Caledonian from reliable sources, announce that on the 28th day of July last the King of Denmark issued a decree declaring that all persons who should thereafter be born in his dominions should be born FREE, and that all persons in servitude in his dominions on the 28th of July last, and remaining so on the 28th of July 1859, shall then be absolutely free, without compensation to the owners.

In the negotiation with the colonists which preceded the issuing of this decree, he offered them the alternative of three years with a compensation of \$60 per head for each slave, or twelve years without any compensation, and they chose the latter.

Denmark has three small islands in the West Indies, viz: St. Croix, St. Thomas, and St. John's. St. Croix contains about 80,000 slaves. St. Thomas and St. John perhaps 5000 more.—N. Y. Jour. Com.

"If you children quarrel so about that doll, I'll break it up; there's no peace where you are!"  
"Oh, do, mamma," screamed the young hopefuls, "then we shall all havea littlepiece!"

From the London People's Journal:  
THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Entrance.

It was on Sunday, March 28th; that we were to enter the Holy Land. I had been too much engrossed by the objects which interested us at every step in Egypt and Arabia to think much of this beforehand; but when I came forth from our tent in the dawn of that morning, there was enough of novelty in the scene around me to make me feel that we were about to enter upon a new country, and a new set of interests; and I became eager to know at what hour we were to pass the boundary which separated the desert from the Holy Land—the home of the old Faith from that of the new. We had followed the track of Moses from the spot where his mother placed him in his bulrush cradle to that on which he died; for to the east we should this morning see the mountains overhanging the Dead Sea; and among them the summit of Nebo, whence he looked abroad over the Land of Promise; and now we were to enter upon the country of Jesus—certain to walk in his very footsteps, and see what he saw—perhaps this very day. I never remember feeling such an interest in every wild flower, in the outlines of all the hills, and the track of all the water courses.

We had left the stony desert behind us, and were encamped in a nook of the hills where the ground was green, and weeds grew thick. There was grass under my bed in the tent; and when I came out this morning, the dew was heavy on the daisies and buttercups and flowering mallows which grew abundantly on the turf. After breakfast, while the camels were loading, I walked in the early sunshine on a strip of sand overlooking the valley, impressing on my memory every feature of the landscape, and impatient of the rising ground to the north, which prevented my seeing where we were going. It was about ten o'clock when we passed the boundary. It was impossible to tell the exact moment; but within a mile or two we felt that we were indeed in the native land of Christ, and probably on his very track. He might have been there. His relations lived at Hebron; and during the first thirty years of his life he had probably visited them, after meeting them at the feasts of Jerusalem. He might have walked over these hills which swelled higher and higher as we advanced, and rested beside some of the wells which gawned beside our track. At any rate, the trees and flowers which we saw must have been familiar to his eyes; the thorny acacia which began here to rise and spread from the stunted shrub of the desert to the dimensions of a tree; the scarlet anemone—with us a precious garden flower— which here strewn the ground for acres round; the cyclamen, which pushed forth its tufts of white and lilac blossoms from under many a stone and bush; and the poppy, mallow, hemlock, and wild oats, which grew as thickly as in any English hedge. I did not know before that these weeds were as common here as with us; and never before did the sight of them give me so much pleasure. It would have been pleasant any where to meet these familiar weeds so far from home; but the delight of to-day was to think that He and his disciples were as much accustomed to them as ourselves, and that a walk in the early spring was, in the pure country, much the same thing to them as to us.

But we soon came upon the traces which showed that the expanse of pure country here was small in those days, compared with what it is now. The towns must have been more thickly set here than in any country I ever was in. Patches and masses of ruins showed themselves on every hand, so near each other as to indicate that the land must have been peopled to a degree now nowhere known. The first ploughing we had seen for many weeks was a striking sight to us; a mere scratching of the soil at the foot of the hills; but close by lay a heap of building stones, the remains of a town or village. Presently we saw a rude plough, with a single camel at work; and at hand was a long foundation wall, laid in a far distant century. On a height further on, were the remains of a large ancient building with two broken pillars standing, marking the site of the Arcof of scripture.—Then, though there were water courses about every hill, wells began to abound; substantial, deep wells, built with a rim with holes in it, to receive the covering stone; such wells as tell of a settlement beside them. We stopped early this day—partly because it was Sunday, and partly because our Arab guards who knew nothing of our Sunday, found a convenient place among the hills, somewhat sheltered from the cold wind; and here, a very few miles from the boundary, the gentlemen of the party discovered that we had set down in the midst of what was once a large town, though the place appeared a mere stony tract, like many that we had passed.

In the morning early, I went out to see for myself, and was astonished at the extent of the ruins which I should not have observed while merely riding by. I could trace the lines of foundation walls for half a mile; and building stones, overgrown with grass, lay in hillocks for a considerable distance round. The many caverns in the limestone rocks, now used as beds for the goats, were found to be the vaults of large buildings now gone to ruin. In a few minutes, we traced three temples, or other such buildings, by their overthrown pillars. Our eyes being now opened, we this day saw more and more remains, till we were convinced that all the way from the boundary to Hebron, the land was thick-set with towns, and swarming with inhabitants in the days of its glory—the days when the Teacher went up and down in it, meditating the changes which must make it what I have seen it now. Its hills and streams, its skies and flowers, are to-day what they were before his eyes; but where he saw towns on every height, and villages in every nook, there is now hardly left one stone upon another. A group of black Bedouin tents on a hillside, a camel or two browsing here, and flock of goats there, are all that relieve the utter solitude where there was then an innumerable throng of men.

As we advanced, on the Monday, the soil became richer, and field was joined to field, so that we began to look for the landmarks which are here used instead of fence, to bound field property. We entered upon the thickets and shrubberies, where white roses, the cyclamen, convolvus, and fragrant

herbs abounded. Soon after a new scene opened upon us. On our left hand lay a wide, deep basin among the hills, full of vineyards and olive grounds, where the stones from the soil were built up into fences, and in almost ever plot rose a garden-house. This was a sure sign that we were near a town; and as we rounded the hill on our right; we came in sight of the two eminences on which Hebron is built. There stood the town where John the Baptist was born; and here were the scenes which he must many a time have talked of with his cousin, in their boyish meetings at Jerusalem for the feasts. Hebron, too is only twenty miles from Bethlehem; only twenty-six from Jerusalem; and in the those days, when a large amount of yearly travelling was a solemn religious duty incumbent upon every family, it is scarcely possible but that relatives must have often visited each other, and that Jesus and his parents must have come to Hebron.

The cave of Machpelah is there; and the burial-place of Abraham and his family was a sacred locality, and an object of pilgrimage to Jews of all ages. As we inquired for it, and walked round the inclosure, which the Mahomedans now permit no Christian to enter, I could not but think who might have been before us in the same quest.

PART II.  
BETHLEHEM—ZION—JERUSALEM.

As I sat on a tomb in the Turkish cemetery the next morning (March 30th) watching the preparations for our departure, I almost dreaded the interest which would every day now bring, after the calm and quiet weeks we had spent in the desert. Our encampment looked much the same as it had done every morning for a month past; the Arab servants busy in taking down and packing the tents, and a noisy quarrel going on in the midst—(this morning about a pistol having been stolen from one of the tents)—and the differences were only that there were spectators standing by, and that our camels had given place to horses and asses. But, instead of the rocks and sands of the desert, Hebron was before my eyes, and the hills where Abraham spread his flocks, and the spot where he and his family lay buried. And before night, I should see the place where David was born and lived his shepherd life, and where Jesus was born. We had only twenty miles to travel this day to Bethlehem; but it was quite enough, for we were eager about every old tree and well, and hill-top. The shrubs grew finer, and the wild flowers more abundant, the whole way; though the hills of Judah were wild and stony in parts, and no longer fit for pasturing such flocks as covered them when Abraham lived among them, or when the Hebrews drove in their cattle from the desert, or when David in his boyhood amused himself with slinging smooth stones from the brook while his father's sheep were feeding on the slopes. We sat down to rest and eat under the shade of a rock and a spreading tree; and for the hundredth time since we left Egypt it occurred to me how little we in England can enter into the meaning of David when, in his divine songs, he speaks of the shade of rocks, and of the beauty of "a tree planted by rivers of water" and all such cool images. When one has been slowly pacing on, hour after hour, over glaring sands or heated rocks, under a sun which makes every bit of leather or metal, and even one's outer clothing, feel scorching hot, and oppressing one's very breathing, the sight of a patch of dark shade is welcome beyond belief; and when one has dismounted and felt the coolness of the rocky wall and the ground beneath it, and gathered the fresh weeds which cluster in its crevices, phrase after phrase of the Psalms and Prophecies comes over one's mind, with a life and freshness as sweet as the blossoms in one's lap.

Our first sight of Bethlehem was beautiful. We came upon it suddenly, just when the yellow sunset light was richest. Bethlehem was on the rising ground on our right, massive looking (as all the villages of Palestine are) and shadowy, as the last sun-rays passed over it to gild the western hills, and another village which there lay high up, embosomed in fig and olive orchards. The valley between, out of which we were rising, lay in shadow. Before us, perched on a lofty ridge which rose between us and Jerusalem, was the convent of St. Elias, which we were to pass to-morrow. I was sorry to turn away from this view; but we had to take to the right hand road, and ride through the narrow streets of the village to the great convent built over the spot where Jesus was believed by the friars to have been born.

It was too late this evening to see any of the sacred localities; but it was quite enough to have the moonlight streaming in during the whole night in the window of my lofty convent chamber, and to think that on this hill took place the greatest event in the history of the world; and that in the fields near, the gentle Ruth went about her gleanings, little dreaming in those days of her poverty, that from her meeting with Boaz among the reapers of his harvests, would arise such events to the human race; that the shepherd grandchild, whose divine songs were to soothe her old age, should be the mighty king he was, and father of a yet mightier, who should build the great temple of the Lord; and that a more distant descendant should make these glories appear as childish toys in the presence of his greater sovereignty over the universal human soul. A wise man of a late century has nobly said that "Prosperity is the promise of the Old Testament, and Adversity that of the New." On this hill was born the prosperity of the old dispensation; and on this hill was born the Man of Sorrows who knew the secret of true peace, and taught it in the saying that it profits not a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul.

In the morning we went into the church of the convent. I cared little for the upper part, with its chapels for Greek, Latin and Armenian worship; and not much more for the caverns underground, where the friars believe that Joseph and Mary remained while there was no room for them in the inn. If the town was too full to receive them while the people were collected for the census, it is hardly probable that they would repair to an underground cave; but in this cave, mass was going on this morning; and striking was the effect, after coming down from the sunshine, of the crowded cavern, with its yellow lights and their smoke, and the echoes of the chanting. We returned when the service was over, and saw the star in the marble floor which marks the precise spot where Jesus