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MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM THE NATIONAL GAZETTE.

JERUSALEM, IN 1818.

From Count Forbin's Travels in the Holy Land in 1817-18.

To reach Jerusalem, the traveller has to cross, for the extent of two or three miles, plains tolerably well cultivated, those of the ancient Arimathea and Lydda. The rising sun illuminated our route, and we reached the hills of Latroun.—"This," said the Drogoman to me, "is the birth place of Barabbas, the murderer and thief; those who look down into this well for a considerable time are sure to see the figure of this man of blood."

We next entered deep valleys, the vegetation gradually becoming weaker and more scanty, until it ceased altogether. From these valleys to Jerusalem, the soil is broken, reddish and ungrateful, while in the distance, the only objects which meet the view are immense mounds of ruins, the beds of dried-up torrents, and winding roads, covered with flints. Decayed cisterns, at the bottom of which is a greenish water; steep and naked mountains in the contour:—such, agreeably to the lament of Jeremiah, is the terebithine vale which prepares the mind for the strong and terrible impression made on it by the sight of Jerusalem.

The sun was about to set, when, from the summit of a mountain, in passing along a flinty road, separated by two walls from fields, which were also covered with flints, I perceived at length long ramparts, towers, and vast edifices, surrounded by a barren soil, and blackened points of rocks which seemed to have felt the lightning's stroke: This was Jerusalem. A few Chapels fallen in ruins, were here and there to be seen, with Mount Zion, and, in the back ground, the naked chain of the Mountains of Arabia Deserta. Appalled and seized with an involuntary terror, we saluted the Holy City, the first sight of which has as powerful an effect on the senses, as the existence and dispersion of the Jewish nation can produce on the mind.

The Gate of Bethelhem or Ephraim, by which our caravan made its entry, is not far distant from the Convent of the Reverend Fathers, Missionaries of the Holy Land, by whose exemplary display of charity our reception was marked. They inhabit in immense house, the gate of which, while it is constantly open to pilgrims, and to all who suffer, is as constantly exposed to the insults of the Mussulmans; it is low and decayed, with iron fastenings. Having entered it a vaulted passage terminates in an inner court, provided with dark and winding staircases, which lead to several cloisters, and to the Church. It is there that these courageous monks lead a secluded life, having to struggle daily against the persecutions of the Turks, the hatred of the Greeks and a fond yearning for their native homes. Although belonging to so many different nations, I heard them blend their voices, in sweet accordance, with that of the native inhabitants of Israel. A Monk, whose skill in the arts had once acquired him celebrity in Europe, played on the organ; and incense smoked in the sanctuary, where the words of the God of Horeb and of Sinai still resounded.

I pity the traveller who, amid these noble ruins, is solely influenced by the doubts that perplex him, and the mazes in which he is plunged. I envy, on the other hand, the happiness of the man who has seen this singular land with a lively and confident faith. But what-

ever the religious opinions may be, intellectual torpor alone can resist the sensation of surprise and respect Jerusalem inspires.

Around this city all is mute and silent: the last exclamation of the son of God seems to have been the latest sound repeated by the echoes of Siloe & Gehenna. From the summits of Abarim, of Phasga, and of Achor, desolated nature presents herself to the view, like a witness still struck with terror by the scene which has just passed. The imagination portrays the sanguinary wars of the Crusaders, like those aerial combats which forbode great disasters to the children of the earth.

On the day of my arrival, I saw the whole of the Hebrew population of Jerusalem collected in the valley of Jehosaphat: the Motsallam* had sold the Jews the permission to celebrate there the festival of the tombs. On seeing these captives seated in silence on the tombstones of their ancestors, one might have said that the clamour of the last trump was heard, that generations were crowding to the banks of the Cedron, and that words of joy and of tribulation had already burst from the cloud.

The quarter of the Jews was what attracted my earliest attention.—Eight or nine thousand of the children of the masters of Jerusalem still inhabit this capital of the past. A narrow, craggy space, covered with filth, which can scarcely be called a street, divides the houses of this quarter, which are falling in ruins. Pale and sickly beings, with strongly marked physiognomy, there engage in warm disputes about a few medins.† Having descended by a flight of broken steps, into cellars, the falling roofs of which were propped by pillars once sculptured and gilt, I learned with surprise that this was the great synagogue; children in tatters there learned from an old blind man the history of this city, where their ancestors adored the God of Israel and of Judeah, beneath marble porticoes, and roots supported by the cedars of Lebanon. They counted over again the miracles of him whom they also expected, of him who had guided the footsteps of their ancestors in the Deserts of Midan, and who so often brought them back triumphantly into this Land of Canan, where were to flow fountains of milk and honey.

Such are the remains of this nation, whose captivity left on every side such great remembrances, and who raised with their hands, and bathed with the sweat of their brows, the proudest monuments of Memphis and of Rome.

We had to cross the valley of Re-phaim to reach Bethelhem (in Arabic, Beyt elahm.) This name by which is denoted the house of bread, is said to have been bestowed on it by Abraham: it was likewise Ephrata (the fruitful) to distinguish it from another Bethelhem belonging to the tribe of Zabuion. Here it was that David tended his flocks. Abesan, Booz, and Ruth were Bethlehmites. The primitive Christians built a small chapel containing the Stable in which our Saviour was born; and in its place the Emperor Hadrian erected the altar of Adonis, which was thrown down by the order of Saint Helen, and on the ruins of which she built a spacious Church, the form and architecture of which resemble the Church of Saint Paul, without the walls of Rome. Forty eight columns of Egyptian red marble support a wooden fabric said to be of cedar: the mosaics and paintings with which the walls are ornamented, bear all the characteristics of the barbarism of the middle ages; but are in a better taste than the carvings of the capitals and bases of the columns.—The Armenians are in possession of this temple.

The monks in full procession, led me to the subterraneous church: they there pointed out to me the spot where the magi stopped, and the

* Governor.

† A small Turkish coin.

one where our Saviour was born: all the chapels are incrustured with marble, jasper, and thin plates of gilt bronze: they are lighted by gold and silver lamps.

The convent is spacious and closed by high walls: it has a strong resemblance to a fortress. The principal gate is very low and narrow, to guard against the Arabs making their way within on horseback, and in large bodies. There was a dreadful tumult at the time of my arrival: a contribution of ten thousand piasters had just been levied on the population of Bethelhem exclusively composed of Christians.—Cries and threats were to be heard on every side; but the good monks, who are accustomed to these storms, did not on that account forbear the honours of their modest refectory, which was spread out to us with all the display of the charitable and hospitable spirit I met with in the other convents of Palestine.

The inhabitants of Bethelhem cultivated a part of the coasts of Rama—of those coasts which heard the loud and pathetic plaints of Rachel. Of this resource they have since been deprived, and are now reduced to the necessity of making rosaries, wooden crosses inlaid with mother of pearl and imitations of the crib; these are all consecrated at the Holy Sepulchre, sold to pilgrims, and their produce paid to the Turks. The features of the daughters of Bethelhem are in general regular, and their forms graceful: over the face a veil is thrown, but without concealing it; and their arms are naked, and frequently of the finest form that can be imagined. We found them very affable and courteous. I visited several families; and on my departure these good people accompanied me, offering up their prayers to heaven for my safety.

The houses of Bethelhem which are low and square, like those of Jerusalem, are covered with a terrace or with a small dome: almost all the flights of stairs are without side. On leaving the city, the view to the right commands the mountains of Hebron, where they still point out to you the tomb of Abraham, and the valley of Mambre, where the ashes of Caleb repose. Still further are seen the mountains of Ergeddi, the hills of Odollam, the pointed rock which overlooks the cavern where David concealed himself to shun the fury of Saul, Masada, the vestiges of the fort of Herod, Bethulia, and the summits of Sennacherib.

On the following day I visited the church of the Holy Sepulchre, from which the convent of the Holy Land is distant about four hundred paces only. The streets of Jerusalem are crooked and badly paved; and the houses, which are for the greater part built of free-stone, are indebted for a scanty portion of light to a small door and one or two windows provided with wooden lattices. In a few paltry shops, olives, fruits brought from Damascus, rice, corn, and a scanty supply of dried leguminous plants are sold; while a group of Arabs, dying with hunger, eagerly survey these stores, the Turkish dealer smokes his pipe with indifference, as if utterly regardless of his profits.

The convents of the reverend fathers, Missionaries of the Holy Land, being situated in the most elevated part of the city, I had to descend, by a flight of steep steps, into the decayed vaults of Souqel-Nassara, to reach the site of the Holy Sepulchre. The facade of this monument is a mixture of the moresque and gothic styles of architecture; a square tower, deprived of its steeples, and levelled to the height of the church, has been thus mutilated since the epoch when the Turks regained the possession of Jerusalem. The exact drawing made by me of this place will perhaps help the reader to it. It was on a festival; the doors were thrown open; and pilgrims thronged either to enter or pass out. Turks, in the interim, squatted on a divan, mercilessly exacted the entrance tribute: the ear-

was deafened by importunate cries, and blows were struck; while the crowd mingled with the processions as they crossed each other; the ensemble presented a tumultuous and afflicting spectacle.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been described in so exact a manner, that I shall forbear a repetition of what has been so often said respecting it; the plan of the edifice is so regular, that it requires a considerable time to come at the distribution of the parts. The dome of the circular church in the middle of which the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre is placed, was burned on the twelfth of October 1807, and was rebuilt six months after, conformably to the plans of a Greek architect of Constantinople, named Comean Calfa. The Tatins ascribe this accident to the Armenians & Greeks without whose riches however, the restoration could not have been made. Accordingly, the Greeks find, in the rebuilding a pretext for excluding the Latin Catholics from the Holy Sepulchre.

The cupola, built of stone cemented with stucco, and open like that of Pantheon at Rome, is supported by pilasters, each separated by an arcade, which forms a circular gallery, divided between the different communions admitted in this basilic.

The Holy Sepulchre is a low marble altar, seven feet in length, and two and a half in breadth, enclosed in a small square chapel built of marble, lighted by rich and magnificent lamps, and entirely covered by hangings of velvet. A painting within, above the sacred stone, represents the triumph of Jesus Christ over death. It is impossible not to feel a profound emotion, not to be impressed with a religious awe, on seeing this humble tomb, the possession of which has given rise to more disputes than that of the finest earthly thrones; of this tomb the power of which has survived empires, which has been so often bedewed with the tears of repentance and of hope, and from above which the most ardent supplications daily ascend to heaven. In this mysterious tabernacle, before this altar of perfumes, to which our attention has been directed from our earliest infancy, we feel an irresistible influence, an overpowering delight. This is the land promised by the prophets, and guarded by angels, to which the tiara of Constantine, and the brilliant helmet of Tancred, did homage. Lastly, it would seem that the regards of the Eternal are more specially fixed on this monument, the sacred pledge of the pardon and redemption of man.

I quitted the chapel, and spent an hour in visiting the different stations, which the Italian monks who accompanied me explained. By several lateral naves, beneath lofty vaults supported by columns of an order of an architecture unknown to me, we proceeded, sometimes amid the glare of thousand of lamps, and at others feebly aided by the uncertain light let in by small glazed windows. "Here," said my conductors, "Christ was scourged; here," proceeding onward, "his head was invested with the crown of thorns;" and still further, "here lots were drawn for his garments." Having ascended by a flight of steps winding spirally round an enormous pillar; we entered another church, on the pavement of which they imprinted kisses; it was Golgotha. A monk who was still busied in reciting his prayers, pointed to a gate thro' which the cleft in the rock where our Saviour's cross was fixed was to be seen. "Here," said he, "is the place where opprobrium and sorrow aided death to consummate the triumph of sin. Here was committed the crime which dismayed the heavens, scared the sepulchres and shook the remotest foundations of the earth."

Christians of Coptos of Yemen, and of Abyssinia, were there prostrated at the side of the pilgrim of Tobolsk, of Novogorod, or of Teflis.

From the New-York Daily Advertiser. GENERAL EATON.

It is well known that the United States were indebted to the adventurous spirit, undaunted bravery, and unexampled perseverance of the late Gen. EATON, of Massachusetts, for the release of a large number of their seamen who had been captured, and were held in the most cruel slavery by the Tripolitans. The services that he rendered his country were never remunerated; and this enterprising officer fell a victim to a broken spirit, at the age of 47, leaving a young and amiable family not only to mourn the loss of a parent, but oppressed with the evils of straitened and embarrassed circumstances. In the year 1800, when Gen. Eaton was Consul for the U. S. at Tunis, he was instrumental in procuring the redemption of 6 Danish vessels that had been captured by the Tunisian Corsairs, with their crews, and the latter held in bondage. The King of Denmark, desirous of manifesting his respect and gratitude to our countryman, for the above act of kindness and generosity, transmitted to him, in July of the following year, a gold snuff box, ornamented with the initials of his own name, and brilliantly set with diamonds. This handsome present was accompanied by a letter from "The Members of the Board for the affairs relative to the States of Barbary, expressive of his majesty's feelings on the subject.

In November, 1800, Gen. Eaton, in a letter to Mrs. Eaton, says, "In my last I mentioned that I had redeemed six Danish prize vessels. But I have restored them to the original proprietors. Ask you why? Because there is more pleasure in being generous than rich. I could undoubtedly have saved \$8 or 10,000 by the speculation. I have had the pleasure of seeing 36 unhappy captives embark in these vessels and shape their course for their native country." Such sentiments as these will in some measure explain the reason why General Eaton at his death left his affairs and his family in embarrassed circumstances. The snuff box presented to him by his Danish majesty, is an elegant, and indeed splendid trinket. Its form is oval, nearly three inches and a half by two and a half and is richly ornamented. On the lid are the royal initials of Christian VII. set with diamonds, and surmounted with the figure of a crown finished in the same manner. The letters and crown are surrounded by a row of diamonds, originally near 50 in number, but several of them have been taken out since the box passed out of the hands of the family. More than thirty of them still remain. The form, workmanship, and ornaments, are of the most elegant description.

This box was delivered by General Eaton during a fit of sickness, to a creditor as security for a debt, and to prevent the attachment of other more necessary articles of furniture. As the family could not redeem it, it has since passed from one hand to another, either as an article of merchandize, or as a pledge; and is now held by a person from a distant part of the country, into whose hands it came in the ordinary transactions of his business, as security for a debt. The present possessor had no agency in its being taken from the family, and knew nothing of it until it came, as just mentioned, into his possession. Being under the necessity of raising the money from it, he must dispose of it for that purpose. Upon being made acquainted with the foregoing facts, he has consented to let it remain at this office for a few days, that an attempt may be made to accomplish his object in another mode—one we trust more gratifying to the public.

It is therefore respectfully proposed, from a just regard to the eminent services rendered to his country by General Eaton, particularly in his unexampled enterprise across the African Desert from Egypt to Tripoli, and the redemption by his firmness and bravery, of a large number of American citizens from Barbarian slavery, that two hundred and fifty dollars be raised by voluntary subscription (that being one half the amount for which the box is pledged) and paid over to the person who now holds the same, with the view of redeeming it, and for the express purpose of restoring it to the family of Gen. Eaton, that they may possess such a memorial of his distinguished services in the cause of humanity and benevolence.

We cannot but believe, that this amount for the purpose mentioned, can easily be raised in this city—a small contribution from a few individuals will be all that is necessary to accomplish the object. That the object, when accomplished, will be a source of cordial gratification to the children of this gallant officer, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt.