

son, without a cause? No, never. They give them all the influence and power that they can, in order that they may be bold before the people, and have influence to carry out the things that are given to them to accomplish. Where there is a lack of confidence and proper reverence, people are afraid of the prophet of God.

Does br. Brigham ever tyrannize? No, he blesses the saints all the day long, and bears with the sins of the people, as much so as any other prophet of God ever did, and asks God, all the day long, to forgive them; and he continues to do this so long as there is a spark of integrity left in the individuals over whom he is watching.

We do not expect to be purified and become perfect at once, so much so that the old cloven foot can have no influence among us, but I expect that the vision of the prophet Daniel will be fulfilled, and we are the persons to carry it out.

I feel to continue to work righteousness, and the time is soon coming when all will have to walk to the line.

Jesus says, "Except ye are of one heart and of one mind, ye are not mine;" and we have to shape our minds until they become alike. There are not many ways of getting to heaven, for God is one, and his way of saving mankind is one.

"But," says the old sectarian priest, "going to heaven is like going to mill, if your wheat is good the miller will never inquire which way you came."

Let others say as they please, we know that we have got to walk in that straight and narrow path which has been pointed out to us, and that the course which saved men in former days will save the people in these days, and that the same principles that will save us will save others.

If we would carry out practically all that we have received, and not trouble ourselves about any more until that was done, it would exalt us to a higher state than we now enjoy. I have something good to do; I am all right.

Here are our blessings now; we taste the blessings of this congregation to-day, and our place and our blessings are at present in this bowery, and not away off somewhere else. If our feelings are centered here, then are we blessed indeed; but if our minds are wandering, they cannot be full of joy, for they must be concentrated on the things of God and his kingdom so long as this meeting continues: then we shall feel refreshed, and I presume we all need to be.

[After making a few remarks about the traditions, habits and practices of the Indians, Elder Benson continued as follows:]

It is our duty, brethren and sisters, to go to work and bring these natives to an understanding of the principles of civilization, to teach them to till the earth, and earn their bread by the sweat of their brows; and if they are needy and ask us, we should feed them, and at all times be an example to them. We have not been as faithful as we ought to have been in many of these things.

I have a little Indian boy and girl, and certainly it is repugnant to my feelings to have to put up with their dirty practices, but I have passed a great many of these things by; and this I have done because I knew what our duties were.

In a short season we shall be rewarded for all that we do to civilize this lost and fallen race. The little boy will soon be quite bright, his mind is becoming clear and perceptive, and if he sees a horse, a man, or any other object, he will always remember them. True he yet has some of his Indian traits, and I presume it will be some time before they are all erased from his memory.

And even some saints are guilty of many filthy habits, for some, when they are sick and ought to observe cleanliness in the fullest degree, will send for the elders to lay hands upon them and say, "I was taken sick a week ago last Sunday, and have been so bad that I have not washed since, and I have not had a clean shirt on or clean sheets upon the bed."

God has condescended to speak to his saints, and has instructed them to wash their bodies with pure water, and to observe cleanliness of body as well as of spirit; this is necessary, and belongs to our religion.

We should also have wisdom and exercise it in both eating and drinking, ever keeping a guard over ourselves in all the practices of life, and listen to the still small whisperings of the Holy Spirit, which never leads a man into error.

I know that the Lord directed br. Joseph by his Spirit, and he never went wrong. What guides br. Brigham? The same Holy Spirit of promise, and blessed is that man who understands the things of the Spirit, for it will direct him aright and lead him in the way of life, and open up his mind to behold the things of eternity; and the very moment that a man sees with this Spirit, he understands the mind of God.

Many have been led astray, and have believed that they could get to heaven without being united with the body of the Church; but if we are ever saved, we must be concentrated in our feelings, and our power, objects, and faith must be one in the kingdom of God. When we are one, we feel to rejoice in the things of God, and all goes well.

May the Holy Spirit guide you from this time, henceforth. Amen.

Prest. Joseph Young followed, with some excellent remarks concerning the proper course to pursue towards the natives, in order that they may be induced to learn to cultivate the soil, raise stock, &c., and not be dependent upon the precarious results of hunting, of gathering the seeds of weeds, and living upon insects. He also urged the policy of properly considering their low, ignorant and degraded condition, and of treating them with all possible forbearance, not indulging in too much familiarity on the one hand, nor in undue churlishness on the other.

Choir sung, "Come sound his praise abroad." Benediction by Prest. Grant.

FREEMASONRY IN TURKEY.—Although for the last thirty years it has been supposed that

freemasonry existed in Turkey, yet it was only about five years ago that anything certain was ascertained on the subject. About that time a commercial traveler, a freemason, while at Belgrade, was introduced into a Turkish lodge by a Christian professor, and there met with a most brotherly reception. The Turkish freemasons call themselves Derviches, and continue to the Mussulmans, but they have the same ceremonies and the same signs as the freemasons of Europe, and pursue the same objects of humanity and benevolence. They appear to have raised themselves above the prejudices of Islamism, as they do not admit polygamy, and women were present, unveiled, at the banquets of the lodges. The Lodge of Belgrade, called Ali-kotch, is composed of seventy members. Its master, Tzani-Ismael-Zeholak-Mehemet-Saede, is at the same time grand master of all the lodges in European Turkey, and is in relation with all the lodges of the Turkish empire, and also with those of Arabia and Persia. Those in the Ottoman empire are numerous. Constantinople alone has nine, the most famous of which is the convent of the Turning Derviches of Sereksdshi Tecka. In Persia the order counts 50,000 members. The Turkish freemasons wear, as a distinctive mark, a small brown shawl, ornamented with different figures, and a dodecahedron of white marble, about two inches in diameter, highly polished, and having red spots, which signify spots of bloods, and are a remembrance of Ali, who introduced freemasonry into Turkey, and was punished with death for so doing. They wear this badge suspended round the neck by a white cord. The grand master of the lodge at Belgrade is a highly-respectable man, and is an honorary member of the lodge at Leipzig. The Turkish freemasons are in general very respectable men.

The Land of the Saracen.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

But when I climbed the last ridge, and looked ahead with a sort of painful suspense, Jerusalem did not appear. We were two thousand feet above the Mediterranean, whose blue we could dimly see far to the west, through notches in the chain of hills. To the north the mountains were gray, desolate and awful. Not a shrub or tree relieved their frightful barrenness. An upland tract, covered with white volcanic rock, lay before us. We met peasants with asses, who looked (to my eyes) as if they had just left Jerusalem.

Still forward we urged our horses and reached a ruined garden, surrounded with hedges of cactus, over which I saw domes and walls in the distance. I drew a long breath and looked at Francois. He was jogging along without turning his head; he could not have been so indifferent if that was really the city.

Presently we reached another slight rise in the rocky plain. He began to urge his panting horse, and at the same instant we both lashed the spirit into ours, dashed on at a break-neck gallop, round the corner of an old wall on the top of the hill, and lo! the Holy City! Our Greek jerked both pistols from his holsters, and fired them into the air, as we reined up on the steep.

From the descriptions of travelers, I had expected to see in Jerusalem an ordinary modern Turkish town; but that before me, with its walls, fortresses and domes, was it not still the City of David? I saw the Jerusalem of the New Testament, as I had imagined it.

Long lines of walls crowned with a notched parapet and strengthened by towers; a few domes and spires above them; clusters of cypress here and there; this was all that was visible of the city.

On either side the hill sloped down to the two deep valleys over which it hangs. On the east the Mount of Olives, crowned with a chapel and mosque, rose high and steep, but in front the eye passed directly over the city, to rest far away upon the lofty mountains of Moab, beyond the Dead Sea. The scene was grand in its simplicity. The prominent colors were the purple of these distant mountains, and the hoary grey of the nearer hills. The walls were of the dull yellow of weather-stained marble, and the only trees, the dark cypress and moonlit olive.

Now, indeed, for one brief moment, I knew that I was in Palestine; that I saw Mount Olivet and Mount Zion; and—I know not how it was—my sight grew weak, and all objects trembled and wavered in a watery film.

Since we arrived, I have looked down upon the city from the Mount of Olives, and up to it from the Valley of Jehosaphat; but I cannot restore the illusion of that first view.

A BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

I proposed a bath, for the sake of experiment, but Francois endeavored to dissuade us. He had tried it, and nothing could be more disagreeable; we risked getting a fever, and, besides, there were four hours of dangerous travel yet before us.

But by this time we were half undressed, and soon were floating on the clear bituminous waves. The beach was fine gravel, and shelved gradually down. I kept my turban on my head, and was careful to avoid touching the water with my face. The sea was moderately warm and gratefully soft and soothing to the skin.

It was impossible to sink; and even while swimming, the body rose half out of the water. I should think it possible to dive for a short distance, but prefer that some one else would try the experiment. With a log of wood for a pillow, one might sleep as on one of the patent mattresses. The taste of the water is salt and pungent, and stings the tongue like saltpetre.

We were obliged to dress in all haste, without even wiping off the detestable liquid; yet I experienced very little of that discomfort which most travelers have remarked.

Where the skin had been previously bruised, there was a slight smarting sensation, and my body felt clammy and glutinous, but the bath was rather refreshing than otherwise.

THE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

The native Jewish families in Jerusalem, as well as those in other parts of Palestine, present a marked difference to the Jews of Europe and America. They possess the same physical characteristics—the dark, oblong eye, the prominent nose, the strongly-marked cheek and jaw—but in the latter these traits have become harsh and coarse. Centuries devoted to the lowest and most debasing forms of traffic, with the endurance of persecution and contumely, have greatly changed and vulgarized the appearance of the race.

But the Jews of the Holy City still retain a noble beauty, which proved to my mind their descent from the ancient princely houses of Israel. The forehead is loftier, the eye larger and more frank in its expression, the nose more delicate in its prominence, and the face a purer oval.

I have remarked the same distinction in the countenances of those Jewish families of Europe whose members have devoted themselves to art or literature. Mendelssohn's was a face that might have belonged to the house of David.

On the evening of my arrival in the city, as I set out to walk through the bazaars, I encountered a native Jew, whose face will haunt me for the rest of my life.

I was sauntering slowly along, asking myself "I this Jerusalem?" when, lifting my eyes, they met those of Christ! It was the very face which Raphael has painted—the traditional features of the Saviour, as they are recognised and accepted by all Christendom.

The waving brown hair, partly hidden by a Jewish cap, fell clustering about the ear; the face was the most perfect oval, and almost feminine in the purity of its outline; the serene, childlike mouth was shaded with a light moustache, and a silky brown beard clothed the chin; but the eyes—shall I ever look into such orbs again? Large, dark, unfathomable, they beamed with an expression of divine love and divine sorrow; such as I never before saw in human face.

The man had just emerged from a dark archway, and the golden glow of the sunset, reflected from the white wall above, fell upon his face. Perhaps it was this transfiguration which made his beauty so unearthly; but, during the moment that I saw him, he was to me a relation of the Saviour.

There are still miracles in the land of Judah. As the dusk gathered in the deep streets, I could see nothing but the ineffable sweetness and benignity of that countenance, and my friend was not a little astonished, if not shocked, when I said to him, with the earnestness of belief, on my return: "I have just seen Christ!"

JEWISH MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES AT ALEPPO.

At one of the Jewish houses which we visited, the wedding festivities of one of the daughters were being celebrated. We were welcomed with great cordiality, and immediately ushered into the room of state, an elegant apartment overlooking the gardens below the city wall.

Half the room was occupied by a raised platform, with a divan of blue silk cushions. Here the ladies reclined, in superb dresses of blue, pink and gold, while the gentlemen were ranged on the floor below. They all rose at our entrance, and we were conducted to seats among the ladies. Pipes and perfumed drinks were served, and the bridal cake, made of twenty-six different fruits, was presented on a golden salver.

Our fair neighbors, some of whom literally blazed with jewels, were strikingly beautiful. Presently the bride appeared at the door, and we all rose and remained standing, as she advanced, supported on each side by the two "she-beeniyeh," or bridesmaids. She was about sixteen, slight and graceful in appearance, though not decidedly beautiful, and was attired with the utmost elegance.

Her dress was a pale blue silk, heavy with gold embroidery; and over her long dark hair, her neck, bosom, and wrists, played a thousand rainbow gleams from the jewels which covered them.

The Jewish musicians, seated at the bottom of the hall, struck up a loud, rejoicing harmony on their violins, guitars, and dulcimers, and the women servants, grouped at the door, uttered that wild, shrill cry, which accompanies all such festivals in the East.

The bride was careful to preserve the decorum expected of her, by speaking no word, nor losing the sad, resigned expression of her countenance. She ascended to the divan, bowed to each of us with a low, reverential inclination, and seated herself on the cushions.

The music and dances lasted some time, accompanied by the zughareet, or cry of the women, which was repeated with double force when we rose to take leave. The whole company waited on us the street door, and one of the servants stationed in the court shouted some long, sing-song phrases after us as we passed out. I could not learn the words, but was told that it was an invocation of prosperity upon us, in return for the honor which our visit had conferred.

In the evening I went to view a Christian marriage procession, which, about midnight, conveyed the bride to the house of the bride.

groom. The house, it appeared, was too small to receive all the friends of the family, and I joined a large number of them, who repaired to the terrace of the English consulate, to greet the procession as it passed.

The first persons who appeared were a company of buffoons; after them four janissaries, carrying silver maces; then the male friends, bearing colored lanterns and perfumed torches, raised on gilded poles; then the females, among whom I saw some beautiful Madonna faces in the torchlight, and finally the bride herself covered from head to foot with a veil of cloth of gold, and urged along by two maidens: for it is the etiquette of such occasions that the bride should resist being taken, and must be forced every step of the way, so that she is frequently three hours in going the distance of a mile.

We watched the procession a long time, winding away through the streets—a line of torches, and songs, and incense, and noisy jubilee—under the sweet starlit heaven.

Manufacture of Artificial Stone.

THE ARTS OF DESIGN.

LECTURE BY PROFESSOR MAPES.

Last week, Professor, Mapes delivered a lecture in this city, on a new invention by which artificial stone is manufactured out of sand, plaster of Paris and blood. Several specimens were produced, some of them very beautiful, designed for architectural ornaments, which of this material, can be made so cheap as to supersede, not only wood, but iron and natural stone. They resemble brown stone, and, as Mr. Wood, the inventor, explained, are made in moulds, without heat or pressure, the mixture being put in in a soft state, and, after two or three hours, coming out stone. Persons residing in Brooklyn may see specimens of it ornamenting the new store of the druggists Pyle, in Columbia street.—[The Citizen, N. Y.]

Professor Mapes lectured on the invention as follows:—

GENTLEMEN.—It may be supposed that it would be difficult to give the rationale of this artificial stone; but it is that simple kind of composition which it is not difficult to trace through its anticipated changes, and thus prejudice the effects of time upon it.

We have here a mixture of sand, sulphate of lime, and blood. Of course the sulphate of lime would be selected from that which has no excess of lime, thus differing from the plaster of commerce.

The blood produces several chemical changes, differing widely from combinations which have preceded it; thus we find that blood contains a considerable amount of potash. The potash seizes hold of the sand, and renders it soluble as silicate of potash, in which state it is diffusible through the mass, being for a time soluble in the slight amount of moisture contained in the blood; and it is to this silicate of potash that all material analogous to this owes its adhesive property; for after the silicate of potash is formed, it is not decomposable by solution.

Albumen—one of the constituents of blood, becomes divided by manipulation, through the plaster and sand, and while so divided, is coagulated by the silicate of potash, and rendered insoluble.

Silicate of potash is the material used by chemists, to prove the presence of albumen in fluids; for by its use, a single drop of the white of an egg diffused through a gallon of water, may be coagulated, in which state it will rise to the surface, precisely as it would if the water had been heated so as to cook it; and differing only in the fact that after once having coagulated by silicate of potash, it is never again soluble in water.

Here the chemical change is slow. The albumen is divided into portions, forming locks, in every direction, and if it be caught in that chemical position, and there be coagulated, it forms at once, a close mechanical binding between these parts; and if the coagulated substance be not destructible in water, you have all the conditions of perfect stone; for, in all our stone, the hardness and strength are due to the silicate of some alkali, the silic playing the part of an acid, combining with an alkali in proportion to its quantity.

Thus in feldspar we have a hard stone, because the potash acts on the silic, and the result is hardness. In blood, also, is a small portion of iron, and this diffuses itself throughout the mass; and its further oxidation, until it becomes sesqui-oxide must occur; for all the conditions are present; and thus we have added to the silic, this peculiar combination of iron.

You know that in the building of Fort Lafayette, large quantities of oxide of iron were mixed in the cement, the Roman cement being the only kind then known; and that the combination of the iron with the silic, traveling over its surface, has rendered that mortar as hard as the stone.

Of these conditions Mr. Wood has availed himself in his combination; hence we have a material here, capable of bearing a considerable amount of weight soon after leaving the mould, and capable of taking its place in a building in a few days. Still it becomes harder every day, every month, and every year; and eventually will arrive at that state when it may be placed in water, and the continued formation of silicate of potash will render the blood as insoluble as stone itself.

This, (holding in his hand a specimen recently made) however, does not apply to material freshly made. This would soften in a day, in a month less, and the power of water