

Jerusalem -

What gives this word its charm? Why sounds it so melodiously on the ear? What power has it to make the soul & thrill it with new-born delight? What power to kindle the fancy to a burning glow? what, to rouse the <sup>sleeping</sup> fountains of our tears & bid them gush unceasingly - What, to stay the surging tide of thought, to atone the tyrannous sway of the world withered, sub us of ourselves & transport us to a fancy's Eden?

We know of no other that can be compared with it in the universality & potency of its charm - When is the Christian, whatever be his name or sect when is there a worshiper of Christ, a reader of the bible, a believer in religion whose soul does not shudder, his eye brighten, his pulses quicken at the name

When is the wandering, wretched Jew, sunk in so low, suffering, woe so much, who ever had forgot his degradation & his pain when he hears the mention of a name, that reminds him of what his nation once was & that springs within him the hope he fondly hugs, he shall yet see his nation gathered from the earths four quarters, their fields, their sheeps, their flocks & their glory restored - when a heaven-born prince shall lead the fathers the conquerors of the world -

Even with the profane follows, Mecca & Medina have scarce <sup>like</sup> the power to arouse their stupor minds & call from their uncultured hearts responsive prayers to Allah - Through all the world of lights & learnings of activity & power the charm of this word is known & felt - Nor can you produce the word that will rival it in this respect - Those who have been born & bred to heathen clafics, may claim like power for the name <sup>as</sup> wrought in clafic poetry, philosophy & eloquence, such are the names of Jang & Kun - but they are charmed names, but their range is narrow & their power is weak, in the comparison - In each nation or country, tribe or state, person or spot home in their respective spheres, names that are wakeful of slumbering emotions, but their spheres are shorter & smaller -

We believe in the magic of words - To so much of the Pythagorean creed we readily & heartily subscribe, we cannot as others do believe, that we are inferior to consciousness - we do believe what we feel, than which what can be more unreasonable - Let us take the fact then & account for it if we can - Can we reveal the magic? Can we tell whence comes the power that lurks in certain words, ready to spring forth at its instant stroke strikes the ear, & seize the soul & bind it in surprise? Yes we can, the magic is not so magical after all, nor does the power lurk so secretly: as to errand <sup>all search</sup> ~~appearance~~ - The fact is, such words are the nuclei, small weak, powerless, unnoticeable perhaps of themselves, but their long trains, reaching far into the regions of the past, then & thenceforth other views in any one spot, by extending indefinitely on & on, perhaps again having another train, more unreal, yet more delusively bright, pushing off in the opposite direction - It is these trains that render certain such objects of amazement & interest - it is what they suggest that gives even words their peculiar power - they are keys to treasuries of accumulation through, they are castles to which & brilliantly fitted & furnished apartments of the memory -

What is evident needs no arguing, we pause only here then, but ask what gives Jerusalem the charm it has, a charm so sweetly & sorrowful so darkly bright, so mournfully joyous -

Whatever others may think, I am firm in the belief that the word, unconnected from all associations, is itself peculiarly harmonious, there is none of that ill-jointed suggestiveness about it, that some words here & there carry the case may differ, but in our own it is a sweet, smooth sounding word -

A far weightier consideration is that it is associated with our earliest remembrance, being a word, well-sounding, easily pronounced & readily retained it has remained with us long - we have read of it early, we have been taught of it early, we have used it ~~in~~ almost every language, in sermon & song; in history & travels - Now I care not what be the word, only

So that to be one with which we have been early & long & much acquainted  
& to which have gained a strong form with which to influence us, We can all  
of us remember names thus connected with our earliest recollections, not  
otherwise important or known, which have power at any time to stir up all the  
soul within us - There is no spot like home, there are no friends like those of our  
youth - So there are no names to which we are so much attached -

Arcadia from this, she is also much in situation - We are accustomed to regard  
Palestine as the most beautiful & most fertile land on earth, that which was  
chosen above all others for the chosen people of God - flowing in milk & honey -  
And Jerusalem was in the midst of this fertility, the varied & commanding  
& enchanting beauty - elevation to the summit of four hills, it could look  
down on smiling fields beneath & off on neighboring or distant hills  
combining all the variations of the most absorbing & enchanting beauty

In this respect I hardly think Jerusalem would suffer a rival among  
the most famous & favored cities - Rome could not present scenes so rich  
& varied, nor could Italy's *omnibus* & general climate compare with that of  
Jerusalem - And if Rome could not equal it, certainly no city in Greece  
nor in Asia Minor, nor indeed could any other be successfully compared  
with it - A place then in which all external nature invites & urges  
us to linger & even the soul itself, but lingers & love to linger on such scenes -

All that is beautiful & grand & sublime in nature is localized by fancy  
in various Jerusalem, We leave the vine-clad hills of France, the bright skies  
of Italy, the sublime mountains of Switzerland & all the single charms  
that in which the several countries are rich, for the lance & the spot where  
nature has brought her charms to a focus & pours them out ceaselessly,

again, eventful & well-known & full-believed histories create their  
charms - What echo of joy or thrill of pleasure could the mention of such  
names as <sup>Babylon or Tyre or Rome</sup> ~~By a Day a Day~~ call up in the savage mind? For us  
they would be as ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> horn of charm, and we know nothing of their history

History has introduced us to the living realities, we have seen them in the  
days of their power & wealth & magnificence - we have seen the giant heroes  
leaving their gates with mighty hosts in arms, we have followed them  
to battle fields & <sup>there</sup> seen their scepters extended or fallen - & gained their walls  
we have seen the waving surges of war roll down & perhaps dashed back  
over & again, but at last their gathering force has crushed these crumpled  
barriers, huge walls of solid stone have crumbled, proud temples have strewn  
in dust, the fruits of labour, science & art - trophies of peace & war have been  
consumed or dissipation - It is the mingled beauty & force of such remem-  
bered scenes, striking the soul in an instant, at the utterance of words, that give  
the magic to such novels.

What name we would ask can draw more magic from such a  
source - <sup>transgression</sup> What city has experienced such chequered fate; risen to such  
heights of glory & power as sunk so often & so low beneath the disastrous  
stroke of self-incurred misfortune? Here the father of the faithful had  
offered up his only & well-beloved Isaac - Here Melchisedek had exercised  
his royal priesthood - Here David's David destroyed the last remnant  
of the Canaanites from the promised land & built his royal city, this  
was the seat of his power, when trusting in the love of hosts, he paid to rout  
the armies of the aliens, & stretched his army over vast fertile lands & provinces  
& mighty kingdoms & cities & kingdoms - It was here that Solomon uttered  
his wide-famed oracles of wisdom, Here rose the gold clad Temple, whose  
richness has never been surpassed - The time of prosperity had risen high  
a wasting ebb ~~was~~ was to follow, Israel was never strong save when  
trusting its God, thus it rose to power & prosperity, then began to prosper, &  
in their pride forgetting God, they had their power, their prosperity deserted  
them - Then came the haughty Babylonian, despised their accumulated  
riches & splendours & led a captive nation to grinding servitude -

Now the waves of the city's fortune fluctuate, twice the temple was  
restored with imitative splendours - a long line of prophets sent  
from God, warned, exhorted, threatened - their prophets were rejected &  
put to death, sealed in their blindness, they oft & again rushed into  
the jaws of destruction, they were subjected & plundered by almost  
every nation - No less than seventeen times has this single city  
passed under the stretching hand of destructive war, On its surrounding  
plains have been marshalled troops from all quarters of the earth, a grand  
caravanary of warring nations - the soil has been made barren with  
blood