

my feelings at that moment, ignorant on what body I had fallen?—I was half dead with fright and horror. I afterward learned that it was a faithful servant, who had a second before descended those stairs, when some stones from an adjoining Turkish house fell on him and killed him.

“ I quitted that melancholy spot, and, like a man deprived of his senses, ran amid the fallen walls to the gate of the town, which is situated at some distance from my friend's house. It was on my road, among narrow streets, that I was destined to witness the most horrible of all scenes. The sight of the houses whose sides had fallen, exposed to my view men and women clinging to the ruined walls of their houses, holding their children in their trembling arms; mangled bodies lying under my feet; and piercing cries of half-buried people assailing my ears—Christians, Jews, and Turks.

“ After a great deal of trouble and fatigue, running among the ruins, I arrived, exhausted, at the gate of the city, called Babelfarnige, the earthquake still continuing. But the gate of the city was shut, and no one dared to risk his life under its arch to open it. I threw myself on the gate. I felt in the dark, and perceived it was not locked, but the great iron bars that went across the folding-doors were bent by the earthquake, and the little strength I retained was not sufficient to force them. I went in quest of the guards, but they were no more. I fell again on my knees before the Almighty, and while in that attitude four or five Turks came near me, and joined hands to pray in their accustomed way, calling out, ‘Alla! Alla!’ Having in sight my safety, and that of thousands of individuals who crowded to the gate to escape, I made no more reflections, but began to entreat them to help me to open the gate in order to save our lives. Providing themselves with large stones, in a little time they forced the bars and opened the gate. No sooner had I quitted it, than a strong shock of an earthquake crumbled it to pieces, and several Jews were killed by its fall. When I recovered a little my senses, I began to feel new sufferings in the thoughts of what had happened to my brother and his family at Antioch, and the cruel fate of my friends in the city; besides, the melancholy objects around me—people wounded, others lamenting the death of their relations, others having before them their dying children taken from under the ruins—