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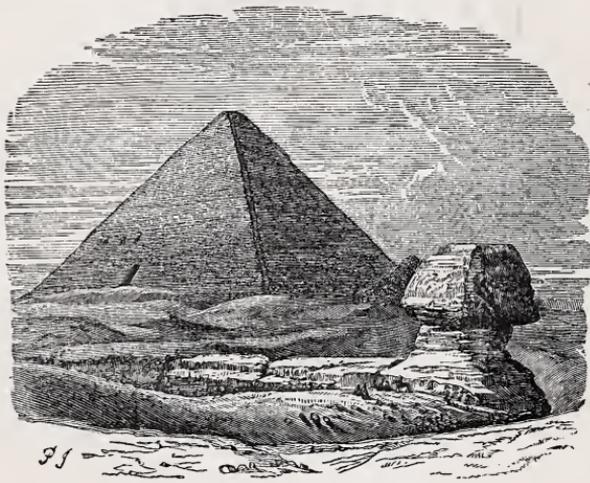
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FROM



WEST AFRICA

TO

PALESTINE.

BY

EDWARD W. BLYDEN, M.A.

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## TO MY MOTHER,

WHOSE careful and prayerful teachings, in my early years, produced impressions and awakened aspirations which, by God's blessing, have determined, thus far, the course of my life.



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## P R E F A C E.

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THE following pages contain nothing more than a record of the daily incidents and impressions of a voyage from Liberia to the Holy Land, copied from a journal regularly kept for the information of friends at home. Having to perform the entire journey alone, I laboured under peculiar disadvantages, with no sympathising friend of whose eyes and ears I could now and then avail myself—

“Who, whenever the way seemed long,  
And my heart began to fail,  
Would sing a more wonderful song  
Or tell a more wondrous tale.”\*

The attempt, however, to reproduce what I have seen and thought during my travels—to delineate occurrences which have interested me—has been to me a source of grateful relief and intense enjoyment in hours of loneliness ; and I trust that those who may have the curiosity to follow an African in his wanderings through sacred lands, may be able to participate, to some extent, in the pleasure and profit which my tour has afforded me.

E. W. B.

*Sierra Leone, December 25, 1872.*

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\* Longfellow.



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# FROM WEST AFRICA TO PALESTINE.

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## CHAPTER I.

To one who, living on the West Coast of Africa, has formed the purpose of visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, one of two ways in which he may accomplish his objects presents itself. There being no direct opportunity by sea, he must either make his way across the continent *via* Soudan, Abyssinia and Nubia, or he must proceed to some seaport in another country from which there are vessels leaving for the Mediterranean.

Having made up my mind to visit the East, I long pondered the question of *route*. After mature deliberation I chose the sea. I was not proceeding to the Holy Land in obedience to any irresistible impulse—I had not seen a vision or dreamed a dream; I was not moved by the inspiration of “Jerusalem on the brain,” which, from the time of the Crusades, has seemed to sway, with uncontrollable power, not a few good and otherwise discreet men, who, in

pursuance of the various enterprises which grow out of their one all-pervading idea, attempt the most impossible things. *I* was not guided by any infallible suggestions. In this respect I was less favoured than another resident of Liberia, who, about twelve years ago, attempted a pilgrimage to the "Holy City."

He came to Liberia with his wife and children from the western portion of the United States, having left nearly all his possessions in that country, bringing nothing with him but the clothing he wore, under the impression that, by some strange and supernatural "revelation," he was commissioned to go to Jerusalem by land across the African continent. His countenance wore a hard and repelling aspect, but he did not seem fitted for great physical exertion. In vain did those who became acquainted with his design endeavour to dissuade him from what appeared to them an insane purpose. He treated their admonitions with the utmost contempt—rather stigmatising those who would turn him from his delusion as "faithless and unbelieving"—"a crooked and perverse generation." His replies were always made in Scriptural phraseology.

On the day appointed he set out with all his family, from one of the rural villages. When he reached the last civilised town on the St. Paul's River a number of the inhabitants turned out, determined to prevent his further progress, and he raved and foamed at the mouth like a madman. Finding they could do nothing with him, they applied to the local authorities, who interfered, and took away his wife and infant child. But this did not deter him : he insisted on going, taking with him his eldest son, a boy about twelve years of age. Seeing him bent, for weal or woe, upon a daring and romantic expedition of "forlorn hope," one of the bystanders gave him a valuable silver coin to assist in bearing his expenses. He dashed it from him in indignation into the river, declaring that he would take "neither purse nor scrip." And thus, turning a deaf ear to all "wise counsels," he went on his way,

"A halting pilgrim, staff in hand."

Surely, of all crotchets in the world the most mischievous, it has been well said, are religious crotchets. When any of these get possession of the mind it is almost impossible to dislodge them, because they take up their seat in the conscience, and, to the obstinacy

of nature brought into religion, they add the obstinacy of prejudice.

“Imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown ;”

and its unhappy victim attempts to follow, with implicit and unswerving obedience, the commands of the “bodied” divinity, which is only the creation of his own distempered fancy.

About six months afterwards we heard of the death of the “poor pilgrim” in the Ashantee country, whither he had drifted—a physical wreck—after being tossed to and fro, without chart or compass, in the vast interior. His son, also dilapidated in constitution, returned, by way of Cape Coast Castle, to the arms of his disconsolate mother. It is to be hoped that the deluded old man, forgiven for his unfathomable folly, has gained entrance into that higher and better Jerusalem.

Influenced by no such “inspiration” to turn my feet to the “land of promise,” I did not deem it safe to encounter the risks and fatigue of interior travel. I therefore took, as I have stated, the more reliable and safer route, at least to human calculation, which the great watery highway affords; planning the

journey as follows: Sierra Leone—Teneriffe or Madeira—Lisbon—Gibraltar—Alexandria—Jaffa—Beirut—Jerusalem.

On Friday, May 11th, at ten o'clock p.m., the little screw steamer *Pioneer*; in which I took passage for Sierra Leone, steamed out of the harbour of Monrovia, under the command of Captain Thomas Milbourne. The *Pioneer* had just been put on the coast by the "Company of African Merchants," to ply between Sierra Leone and the ports in Liberia. By the facilities which she afforded of regular and speedy transportation, it was hoped that she would succeed in developing a very important trade, and in multiplying the intercourse of the people residing at the different points with each other.

There was, however, a want of adaptation in other circumstances to the increased rapidity of locomotion with which she supplied us. For, while her speed could be depended upon, there was still considerable uncertainty as to the time when she would be able to leave any given point, on account of the slowness and inconvenience attending other things. She was, for example, expected to leave Monrovia for Sierra Leone on Saturday, May 5th; but, owing to various unforeseen causes of detention, she did not return

from the leeward coast until the 6th, and then, at last, did not get off until the 11th.

But nothing tends more to increase the movements, intellectual and physical, of a people than the presence of steamers, railways, and the electric telegraph. Among the numerous beneficial results, therefore, which it was hoped the little steamer and those that might follow her would produce on the coast, that of energetic and punctual activity was not the least important and desirable. Captain Milbourne was, without doubt, the right man in the right place; his example as a Christian and a gentleman being beyond all praise. No better man could have been chosen to initiate the development of an increased commercial activity along this coast.

#### CAPE MOUNT.

We arrived at Cape Mount—between forty and fifty miles from Monrovia—on the following morning at seven o'clock. We should have left again at twelve, but the tardy movements of the Company's agent here detained us until eight o'clock p.m. Many of these foreign trading agents, residing at isolated points along the coast, seemed to have attained to a kind of vegetable existence—if, indeed, the innocent

dignity of vegetable existence can be applied to the life they lead. Under the influence of the golden dreams which they conceived in their native land, and supported by the indomitable energy of their race, they settle themselves down in the most malarious districts to amass, in a short time, the means of comfort and respectability at home ; and the miasma seems to have a singular effect upon them : where it does not at once extinguish life it diminishes imperceptibly its force, sapping their physical energy and rendering the mind dull and spiritless—causing them to long unappeasingly, and, in many instances, not unavailingly, for something more exhilarating than water to give tone to their minds and vigour to their bodies. There are, however, some cases of remarkable physical vigour not requiring these extraneous aids.

Cape Mount is certainly a most attractive spot. The town, built on the northern slope of the mountain, reminds one, in general picturesque appearance, of portions of the city of Funchal, Madeira. The rich tropical vegetation, amid which the small, tidy houses of the settlers are scattered—banana and plantain, and orange and plum trees, flowers of brilliant hues, and the lofty and venerable trees that crown the summit—imparts a romantic aspect to the scene.

From the town the beautiful Cape Mount river can be seen, with its lake-like breadth and calmness of waters, gliding quietly by on the north, while the landscapes around are dotted with beautiful clusters of palm-trees, whose wide-spreading branches are thickly fringed with colonies of innumerable rice birds. The lively singing of these tiny feathered colonists, with its rich, full gush of joy, blended with the rippling murmur of the noble river, supplies an animation to the settlement which compensates, in a great degree, for the absence of the hum and bustle of a large and stirring population. To the charm of situation and surroundings Cape Mount adds, according to its settlers, the very important advantage of salubrity. The thermometer in the shade never rises higher than 85° Fahrenheit, and the atmosphere is so tempered by refreshing land and sea breezes, as to render the climate always enjoyable and often invigorating. The water is pure, cool, and delicious. The river and sea in the neighbourhood abound with excellent fish, while the forests teem with a marvellous variety of game, easily and constantly accessible. One of the early French travellers to this coast, Vaillault, I think, said—and if he had not said so it would not be less

true—that if all Africa were like Cape Mount, it would be preferable for residence to Europe. This settlement, however, has always suffered for the want of regular immigration, and, latterly, on account of the disturbing influence of war.

On the morning of the 13th, about eight o'clock, we were opposite the famous sea-bar, remarkable for its boisterous and dangerous character in the rainy season. We were no sooner in sight than the pilot—a Mendi native—came off in a small canoe over the most perilous breakers. But he was thoroughly skilled in the management of his frail vessel; and in about half an hour after his canoe appeared in sight he was standing on the deck of the *Pioneer* almost perfectly dry. We then steered for the bar. Everything in the cabin had to be “made fast” as we went over; for the little thing rolled as she encountered those huge swells as much as she would have done in a gale in the Bay of Biscay. In a few minutes it was all over, and we were steaming pleasantly in the placid waters of the Sherbro’ river. We saw as we entered the bar, on a reef a little to the leeward of us, the remains of the ill-fated *Cleopatra*, which went ashore here in August, 1862, when the gallant and courageous Hanson, the British African consular agent at

Sherbro', lost his life in an heroic attempt to rescue some of the shipwrecked sufferers.

We wound our way, under the guidance of our intelligent pilot, through the narrow channels in this wide river, around numerous islands, passing by multitudinous factories of European traders, until we reached *Bendo*—the trading station of the Company of African Merchants, about twelve miles from the bar. It being Sunday, we lay quietly at anchor until next morning, when, before the sun had fairly risen, the agent on shore, a native, had several boats at work between the steamer and the shore, and, in a very short time, the cargo to be put out was out, and that to be taken in was in. At sunset, having done a splendid day's work, we were ready to leave, but had to wait for the tide.

On the invitation of M. P. Horton, Esq., a native in affluent circumstances, then residing at Bendo, but since dead, we—that is, myself and a friend on his way to England—went ashore to spend the day. We found Mr. Horton living in tasteful and cultivated style, having every possible comfort around him, with all the conveniences for performing, in the most unexceptionable manner, the rites of hospitality. Situated conveniently for the steamer, his house was

a place of rendezvous for the European traders, whom he treated with great generosity, and who, of course, were rapturous in their esteem for Mr. Horton. He had the tact of receiving all their expressions of solicitude for his welfare in the most lively and humorous manner, or with the most imperturbable gravity. We found on this occasion, enjoying his hospitality, a German, residing at Bonthe, a station not far from Bendo, whom ill-health had overtaken, and who, with his wife, had come up to take passage in the *Pioneer* for Sierra Leone, there to join the mail steamer for England. They were a friendly and interesting couple.

Mr. Horton took us around his plantation. He informed us that, during the season just then closing, he had made fifty barrels of sugar. He had over one hundred acres of cleared land, and intended to plant one-third as much cane as he had already planted. His farm was a very promising one.

Mr. Horton was certainly engaged in a very important work. The example he set to the surrounding natives of continuous and persevering industry, and the influence he indirectly exerted upon them, by employing them in the various operations connected with his farm, had a wonderful power in promoting a

healthful civilisation among them. A fresh department of industry was thrown open to them, and they were becoming acquainted with new appliances of labour. It would be an immensely useful thing, in various ways, if the numerous mission stations on the coast could connect such a system of operations with their other most important work.

I think it is to be regretted that the missionaries have not more generally united a system of handicraft with their operations. The Basle missionaries on the leeward coast adopt such a plan of training; and the consequence is, that when their pupils leave them they are not thrown out helpless beings, with nothing but a smattering of book knowledge, at the mercy of their own uncivilised relatives and acquaintances—who envy and sometimes persecute them—and the butt of the ridicule of unthinking foreigners, who point to them as illustrations of the injurious influence of Christian missions upon the native African.

At the Basle mission stations at Accra, Akropong, Christiansborg, &c., everywhere their work is making permanent progress. Christian workmen brought up by them—carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, coopers, bookbinders, cartwrights, shoemakers—are

supporting themselves by their trade. "Others are largely cultivating cotton, coffee, arrowroot, tobacco, groundnuts, corn, and many fruit-trees. Houses are built of sun-dried bricks and of stone; and even the heathen people imitate the Christians in farming enterprises and in building fine houses. In several places young congregations have built their own chapels and houses for the catechists."

Thus are these faithful German missionaries carrying out the true idea of the work of missions, which is to develop the heathen into a Christian, civilised man—to make of the listless, careless native an active, intelligent, productive being in the region of mind and matter. To this work, arduous, difficult, and complex, but most glorious in its results, all true missionaries are anxious to and should devote themselves. For while, on the one hand, they are doing, perhaps *partially*, through lack of proper system, the work of reclaiming, there are those, on the other hand, who are doing *wholly* the work of demoralisation, and are ever ready to attribute all the mischievous consequences that flow to the poor native from their own unsympathising treatment and pernicious examples to the work of the missionary. Let every faithful ambassador of Christ heed the

admonition of his Master: "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Let them see to it that their *protégés* become capable and productive as well as religious—for "to be weak is to be miserable." Let not the children of this world be "wiser in their generation than the children of light."

At Bendo I had the pleasure of an interview with two of the brothers Tucker, native chieftains belonging to a powerful ruling family in that section of the country. They spoke English almost perfectly, having little of the native accent. I heard the elder of the two give a very intelligent exposition to some of the European traders, of a certain law which they had just enacted for the regulation of trade in their portion of the country, and of which the foreign traders were disposed to complain. I think the law forbade foreign traders from going for purposes of trade beyond a certain point up the river—a kind of Port of Entry law. One of the traders suggested—doubtless without any foundation, but by way of menace—that the law would bring some trouble upon the country from the English Government. "What trouble," replied Charles Tucker, with great dignity and firmness of demeanour, "what trouble can the English Government bring upon our country in consequence

of this law? Is not the country ours, and have we not a right to make such laws as we think best for our own preservation and protection? *All I have to say is, it is the will of the people, the law of the land.*" With this last outburst of patriotic eloquence, which seemed to be a poser, the debate ceased.

## CHAPTER II.

ON the morning of the 15th, about seven o'clock, we weighed anchor, and steamed from Bendo down the river for Sierra Leone, going out by a different passage from that through which we had entered. We arrived at Sierra Leone on the morning of the 16th, at six o'clock.

At Freetown I spent a very profitable and pleasant time with some of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, from whom I received most interesting accounts of the work in which they were engaged. There are, doubtless, sufferings and privations connected with the enterprise of carrying the spiritual warfare into Africa; but there are also comforts and encouragements which cheer the heart of the self-denying missionary. The Church Missionary Society, amid numerous discouragements, has held on its way for years and years, enduring persecution and opposition from "many adversaries." But its efforts have not been resultless. An institution which can show as the result of its operations such men as Bishop Crowther and Rev. J. C. Taylor, of

the Niger, Rev. J. Quaker, of Freetown, Rev. G. Nicol, of Gambia, and Rev. T. Maxwell, of Cape Coast—a pure native element—need not be ashamed of its work. It can well afford to feel compassion for the weakness and wilful blindness of such decriers of the missionary work as Burton, *et id omne genus*.

On the afternoon of Sunday, May 20th, during a drenching rain, I embarked, in company with a large number of passengers, on board the English mail steamer *Lagos*, Captain Croft, homeward bound. The violence of the shower furnished no excuse to the captain, as many hoped it would, to defer his hour of sailing. His first and last signal guns were fired during the heaviest portions of the shower, the water rushing in torrents through the streets. The passengers were therefore obliged hurriedly to take leave of their friends, whose grief at their departure was mingled with the utmost indignation at the rigid and, as it appeared to them, uncalled-for punctuality of the captain, imposing upon several invalids the necessity of encountering such inclement weather.

The *Lagos*, then on her first voyage, was the latest improvement of the Royal Mail African Steamship Company. This company, established not many

years ago, began at first with very small and inferior boats, but as it grew in resources by superseding, to a great extent, sail vessels in the carrying trade, and by developing a more extensive commerce, it has gradually improved the character and class of its ships. And at this moment it has grown in wealth and power, and, despite the active competition of another line, it yet continues to advance. But, notwithstanding the vast commercial developments, the astounding quantity of produce taken from the coast by every steamer, the Royal Mail Company still retains its device and motto, which, if they were ever appropriate, have now lost their force and significance. The motto of *Spero meliora*—"I hope for better things"—may always be appropriate on account of the insatiable desire of having more which is characteristic of man; but the figure of Commerce drawing aside a curtain and revealing a "few melons and small potatoes," while an African on bended knees is entreating patronage, has entirely lost its truthfulness and significance, and misrepresents the actual facts.

On this occasion the *Lagos* had a goodly number of passengers from various parts of the coast, many of whom seemed to take a senseless delight in casting

slurs and insinuations on the African passengers. One of these scoffing passengers, I regret to state, was a professed missionary. He had been on the coast for two years; had been first in connection with one denomination, had left it, and was, at the time I had the misfortune to make his acquaintance, enjoying the confidence of another. He informed me that he was retiring in disgust from the field, regarding the natives as incorrigible. He had a great deal to say of the "hopeless inferiority" of the negro, and was particularly vehement in his denunciations of the Africans of Sierra Leone. He failed, however, to impress me with his own superiority, which I did not recognise half so distinctly as I did his absolute want of good-breeding, his immense vanity and self-conceit, and his marvellous unsuitableness for the work to which he had been appointed on the coast, and in which he had made no movement so important, prudent, and beneficial as when he removed his baggage and his person from the mission premises to the steamer homeward bound, with the resolution never to return.

All this talk, however, about African inferiority and about the sense of repulsion and radical antagonism experienced by Europeans, growing out of

diversity in race, is the most stupendous nonsense and flimsy pretence, especially considering the character and habits of the men who generally indulge in such talk. Every one knows how, at certain times, and under certain circumstances, their utter antipathy is abated and their radical estrangement is relaxed even into the utmost intimacy and the closest affection. From such men, whose work on the coast is the demoralisation of the people, it is natural that abuse of them should come; but it is melancholy and mortifying in the extreme when such abuse proceeds from the lips of a professed missionary.

This man is a type of a class of "false brethren" who come to the coast of Africa, and who, having not the spirit of their Master, do more harm than even the thoughtless and unscrupulous trader; for the latter, making no pretension to philanthropy, carries on *con amore* his work of demoralisation. Under the garb of deep interest in the cause which they profess to have espoused, the former carry up an evil report of the land, and paralyse the hands of those at home who, in true faith and patience, are labouring to send the gospel to every creature. They find it very convenient to roll from their own shoulders all their failures and shortcomings upon

the scenes and circumstances of their labour. Their own brethren dread them, and worldly men despise them. They belong to Dante's despicable herd—

——“la setta dei cattivi,  
A Dio spiacenti ed a nemici sui.”

I was put into a large cabin, having accommodations for seven, with four other African passengers, I suppose on the principle—in the mind of the purser, or whoever had the assignment of berths—that “birds of a feather flock together.” But does it always follow that, because men wear the same external hue, they are necessarily “birds of a feather?” On this occasion, however, I think no one was particularly displeased with the company in which it was his lot to travel. Of the four who started with me from Sierra Leone one remained at the Gambia; of the others, two were merchants going to England for the purpose of enlarging their operations; the third was an artist who, in the practice of his profession at Sierra Leone, had acquired, within a brief period, sufficient means to enable him to visit Europe in order to perfect his acquaintance with his art, and to add to his stock of working materials. I think that, on the whole, we were the most happy and self-

dependent group on the steamer—having everything in our own room necessary for recreation, amusement, and instruction. Nothing in the shape of wit, repartee, exciting stories, music, reading, courtesies, was wanting. And on account of the consequent attractiveness of our room, several of the other passengers were often drawn thither. Ours was literally a *drawing-room*: we welcomed all whom we considered agreeable. Especially were we always glad to admit a Spanish gentleman, an official from Fernando Po on his way to Spain, who could not speak a word of English, but who seemed to like our company because there was one of our number with whom he could converse in his own language. Don Ramon contributed not a little to our amusement by his power of delicious song; and another gentleman from Canada, who called in from time to time, and whom we took to be a “half-German,” was skilled on the concertina. The whole voyage thus passed pleasantly away.

Some years ago a “Wanderer in West Africa”—a well-known writer, whom the *Saturday Review* graphically describes as one who “delights to vindicate his cosmopolitan superiority to the prejudices of the untravelled Briton, to show his contempt for the

commonplaces of missionaries, and to prove that he is capable of regarding with philosophical impartiality the peculiarities of Christian, Mohammedan, or heathen belief” \*—afflicted with a sort of chronic garrulity, who could nearly fill a moderate-sized volume with the record of “three days’ experiences at Sierra Leone,” gave vent to the following very profound and far-seeing observation, when describing a voyage which he had made in one of the African mail steamers :—

“It is a political as well as a social mistake to permit these men (Africans) to dine in the main cabin, which they will end by monopolising. A ruling race cannot be too particular about these matters. The white man’s position is rendered far more precarious on the coast than it might be, if the black man were always kept in his place.”—(*“Wanderings in West Africa” by a F. R. G. S.*)

I should have supposed that the remark was original, springing full-fledged from his fertile and long-winded brain, had I not known that he had travelled in the Mississippi steamboats, where the enlightened regulation which he recommends was in full and edifying operation at the time of his visit, rendering the “white man’s position” far from “precarious” in that land where the “peculiar institution”

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\* Feb. 17, 1872.

by which he was hemmed in was supposed to be of everlasting duration.

I admit that there are often cases of ostentatious and provoking rudeness among some African passengers; but I insist that the instances of improper demeanour which do occur do not exceed, but fall under the amount, which, considering all the circumstances, might reasonably be allowed to persons whose advantages generally have been so limited. And I venture to affirm that the same number of Europeans of no higher culture would be a source of incalculably greater inconvenience.

It is not because men are Africans that they are rude; it is not because men are black that they offend the sensitive and delicate tastes of refined persons; and it is not fair to condemn a whole class from the conduct of isolated cases. Yet this is constantly done. There were only *two* African passengers in the steamer with the "Wanderer," and from these two he drew inferences with regard to all Africans. On the continent of Europe, English society is often judged from the noisy and underbred Englishmen sometimes seen there. And even on this coast, honest Englishmen at home are little aware how the national character is depreciated

among intelligent Africans by the indescribable peculiarities of men like the "Wanderer in West Africa," who, from the time they arrive on the coast to the time they leave it, are in a state of spirituous exaltation and unrestrained excitement—in that "penultimate stage" of alcoholic delirium which leaves them vision and strength enough to observe the most grotesque phenomena in men and things, and to put on record the caricatures created by their inflamed imagination. Now, I ask, is it fair to judge all Englishmen by these impressive specimens? It was Virgil, not Lord Bacon—the poet, not the philosopher—who said, *Ab uno disce omnes*.

But what has become of the suggestion thrown out by our philosophical "Wanderer" as to the "political and social mistake?" It appears that though the progressive policy was enunciated nearly ten years ago, the Royal Mail Steamship Company have not yet seen fit to abrogate the pernicious usage of permitting "Africans to dine in the main cabin." The "ruling race" are still jostled by the sable "monopolisers." If the Company have entertained the proposition, and secretly look upon its execution as among the *meliora* of the future, for the present, at least, they will not grasp the prize. They prefer

just now to satisfy themselves with the Horatian lament :

“Video *meliora* proboque  
Sed *deteriora* sequor.”

And I fancy if another “Wanderer” were to arise, and with greater eloquence and conclusiveness than his predecessor were to renew the recommendation, the Company, with large practicality, would silence his telling arguments with a reply from the same utilitarian source ;

“———*quaerenda pecunia primum est,*  
*Virtus post nummos.*”

## CHAPTER III.

Two days after leaving Sierra Leone we reached Bathurst, on the Gambia river, whence we sailed, after remaining there twenty-four hours. I spent an hour on shore very agreeably and profitably at the residence of the acting colonial chaplain, a native of Sierra Leone.

Five days after leaving the Gambia we arrived at Teneriffe, where we endured quarantine. Remaining here a few hours we left Madeira, making Funchal in forty-eight hours. Here we were also quarantined. Many of the passengers—among whom was myself—who had hoped to take a steamer from Teneriffe or Madeira for Lisbon or Gibraltar, found themselves obliged to proceed to England.

At Funchal the *Lagos* received quite a number of passengers, generally of a superior class, mostly persons of rank and education, who had been spending the winter in the genial climate of Madeira. And I could not help remarking how suddenly, in the presence of these new comers, our former swaggers dwindled into their natural proportions. At

the table and on the deck they came in contact with men who could converse, and who did converse in the *English* language, at which their fellow passengers had made ineffectual attempts before they arrived. Their conversation was *comme-il-faut* and instructive ; but the passengers from the coast, with one or two exceptions, seemed to belong to a different race of beings. They were utterly unable to catch the ideas which circulated around them. Before we reached Madeira, they had been incessantly communicative, in spite of the insuperable difficulties which their own mother tongue presented. Now silence reigned at their part of the table. Their judicious penetration cannot be too highly commended in this respect. Solid conversation now took the place of trifles, and scandals, and narrow views of African trade, and missionary labours, and governmental policy. The "Queen's English" was delivered from the atrocious treatment it had received during the first part of the voyage. A grateful relief was experienced from that want of thought and that utter mental vacuity which, in the more impulsive and worse trained, had taken refuge in reflectory remarks upon the African passengers.

Among the passengers who came off from Madeira

was a young gentleman in feeble health, whose unassuming and quiet air, but intelligent and interesting remarks when he did speak, showed him to be a man much above the general level. By means of a volume of Palgrave's Arabia, which he saw in my possession, and which he asked permission to look at, we became acquainted. I soon found out that, in addition to his other acquirements, he had a considerable knowledge of the Arabic language, from the ease with which he read and criticised the Arabic quotation on Palgrave's titlepage.

As the object of my voyage was partly to get some insight into the Arabic language, I felt it a duty to cultivate a further acquaintance with this learned stranger. The following day we had an interview of two hours, and, by mutual interrogatories, exchanged statements as to our past history and future prospects. I ascertained that he was a graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, where he had held a Fellowship, but, his health failing, he had withdrawn, and was in the habit every winter of visiting some southern country. He had been all over Italy, and several times in Algiers, where he had studied the Arabic language. He now spent his time principally in what he called "light studies," on account of his

feeble health. After this, we became somewhat *compagnons de voyage*. If now and then some rude and vulgar passenger had ruffled my temper, or that of my African friends, by some illiterate remark or stupid reflection on the African race, I was now amply compensated by a pleasing and elevating intercourse.

I showed my new friend some Arabic manuscripts, written by natives of West Africa, which I had brought from the coast. He seemed to have no difficulty in reading them. One, which he found somewhat obscure, we tried to read together with the aid of a defective lexicon, but with very unsatisfactory results. He requested me to allow him to take the manuscripts home with him, and give them a little more attention, promising to forward them to London to my address. Without any hesitation, I entrusted them to him when we parted at Liverpool. I was in London ten days without hearing a word from Mr.— or my manuscripts, which, as they were the only ones I had, I prized very highly, but I felt not the slightest uneasiness.

On the eleventh day I received very elaborate translations and learned criticisms of all the manuscripts, with notes referring to Wright's Arabic

Grammar. I give below the letter which accompanied the translations, as it may possibly interest some to see the criticisms of an African manuscript by a Cambridge scholar. The translations are accompanied by learned notes and references, and verbal analyses, which would be interesting only to the student of Arabic. Therefore, I give only the letter :—

H—B—N.

June 18, 1866.

Dear Mr.—, —You must have begun to wonder what had become of your MSS., and even to console yourself for their loss by the lesson you may have learnt to think twice another time before trusting your treasures to the first stranger on board a steamer who may take a fancy to them. The reason I have not sent them before is, partly, that I have not worked very hard ; and, chiefly, that one of them is rather so—rather hard I mean. This is the little square one which, as I said, is in verse, though in verse of a structure I did not perceive. It looks as if it were a series of couplets, every second line rhyming in (*ami*), but it is really a series of tetrastichs every fourth line rhyming in (*am*), and the three always rhyming among themselves. The last stanza of the first sheet makes a good example just above the catch word (*'ayth*) :

Khalkun sabihun.

Khulkun malihun.

Nutkun fasihun.

Asna—alkalam.

for I think the final vowel, *i*, is not meant to be pronounced. This is not one of the regular classical metres (Wright, ii. 262—269), but is a good one for learning by art ; and it seems to me that the whole thing is a bit of a sort of *propria quae maribus*, dealing not

with words, however, but with phrases, and consisting of a list of allowable combinations of substantives with their epithets ; nouns with other nouns in *statu constructo* ; and verbs with their complements. There has been a certain attempt to put like things with like, either in sense or in sound, or, if possible, both. When the sound is alike, the object is partly, I suppose, to contrast homonymous words, as in the instance I gave above, in which (*khalk*) is distinguished from (*khulk*), and which may be, not quite literally, rendered

A fair nation.

A fine nature.

A free tongue—(Lit. *facunda oratio*)

Excellent of speech,

The fourth line is thrown in to finish off the third, which has nothing to do with the first two. This is very manifest in the middle stanza of the page before (p. 3) :—

A beautiful face.

An eye tinted with kohl.

Umbrageous shade.

Over man and beast.

“Umbrageous shade” is meant for (*zillun zalilun*) which Freitag expressly gives in his smaller dictionary “*multa vel perpetua umbra.*” I admit, by the way, that my translation (from Swift’s *Art of Sinking*, I think) implies a false criticism. *Umbrageous shade* is a tautology, because *umbrageous* pretends to be something different from *shady*, and is not ; whereas if you say plainly *shady shade*, you will be understood to double the word for intensification, just as in English we might say *shade of shades*. However, the translation “*perpetua*” shows that Freitag or the author of the *Kamus* thought (*zalil*) might come from the other tense of the root, that of permanence. If I am right in the character I have attributed to the paper, it is probable that the phrases would many of them be very idiomatic, and that one could not make them out from such a poor lexicon as the small Freitag, still less from my knowledge of the language. For instance, it is very likely I have

rendered (*khalk*) wrong above. So I have not thought it worth while sending you my translation, such as it is, of the rest. But I have taken the liberty of copying the original; and if I find myself in the presence of a better lexicon, either at the British Museum or elsewhere, I shall consider it a good opportunity of picking up a number of phrases; an opportunity for which I am much obliged to you. Happily there is no difficulty in *reading* the text, except in a very few instances. But there are some peculiarities which, as you may wish to look over it yourself, I will mention. According to Wright, i. p. 89, § 167, the participle active of *hada* is *hadin* (of course), and this (Rem. b. § 314, p. 202) becomes *hadi* in *statu constructo*. Well, before *al* the final *i* is *pronounced* short (p. 19, § 20 (2), though always written long. But our author writes it short, as in the first two lines and *passim*. He never marks tashdid, except once, p. 7, 1, 3, so when you see a very short word you must be prepared for the second letter being doubled. He leaves out the dots on final *nun* and *fa*.

It is obvious to remark that we have not got the beginning of the piece, because there is no *Bismillahi*. But at the beginning of the second sheet, in the margin, is written (*huna nasf alkitab.*) *Hic dimidium libri*. Now the second sheet ends with a catch-word. Therefore our middle is the true middle, but our end is not the true end; therefore our beginning is not the true beginning, but we have the two middle sheets. So much for what I take the liberty of calling MS. A.

As to MS. B., the one we did on board, I send such a translation as I can make of it, with notes which set forth my doubts and difficulties, and contain all I have to say except that I don't know what to make of the names at the end, which may be a mixture of Arabic and Mandingo. I don't even quite give up the notion I had on board the *Lagos*.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

It seems excessively absurd to mention the West Coast of Africa in connexion with 'Othman; but, after all, the third Khalifa may not be the person intended; besides that, nothing is too bad for Mussulmans in the way of anachronism.

I send also a pointed copy and a translation of all I could make out of "C." Some of the forms are curious philologically.

My references to the Ko'ran are nearly all obtained by means of Flügel's Concordance; I know very little of the Ko'ran myself.

This is a dreary day. In the foreground we have this dreary weather that makes one wish oneself back in the south at any price, and in the back ground that dreary war. \* \* \* The political sky will not clear, I suppose, while you are in the country; the actual one, I hope, may do so very soon. I should like, if you can afford the time, to see you before you go away. Could you come down here? If you can come please let me know what day will suit you. The railway is the Great Northern, and you start from King's Cross. Our station is B——.

Very truly yours,

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Being on the eve of sailing for the East, I could not avail myself of the polite invitation of my interesting and scholarly correspondent—a privilege I should have very much enjoyed; but, as we still correspond on subjects pertaining to Arabic literature in West Africa, I may be able on some future occasion to give a further account of my learned friend.

But to return to the voyage. After lying at Madeira two days, without being permitted to visit the shore, we left, on the evening of June 1st, for Liverpool. And so we were again on the mighty deep—

"Cælum undique, et undique pontus"—

with at least a week longer of ocean pleasures or miseries before us. This portion of the voyage, however, turned out beyond all expectation—and all expected fine weather in June—beautiful. The sea, for a great part of the way, even in the famous Bay of Biscay, was perfectly smooth—a luxury which passengers subject to sea-sickness greatly enjoyed; though we pitied the numerous sail vessels which we passed lying in helpless uncertainty upon a sea of glass—

“As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean;”

and we felt glad that we were, in a great measure, independent of wind and tide—able to reckon with some degree of certainty upon the time when we should arrive at the desired haven.

An English lady of rank, whose yearly trips between Madeira and England have made her well known to travellers in the African steamers, and who is distinguished for her zoological tastes and studies, furnished at times no little amusement, and prevented any tendency to monotony, by the attention she paid to a rare feline specimen, said to be her constant travelling companion; whose antics about

the deck, however, were not particularly edifying to some of the unsusceptible "sons of Neptune," who held "position" in the ship, and who, we suspect, formed many an ingenious plan for getting rid of the animal.

Lady —— has also a cage of chameleons, which are regularly taken to and fro between England and Madeira. That she continues to keep them alive, and even to promote their reproduction, is a matter of great surprise to us, as we sometimes overheard suggestions among some who did not take so enlightened an interest in the habits and peculiarities of these creatures for putting a final end to their varying hues. She was never weary of calling the attention of obliging passengers to her little "babies," as she caressingly called them, who, it seemed to her, did not receive the attention due to their value and rarity. If any fastidious passenger showed indifference to her pets, her enthusiasm was by no means abated, she only compassionated the neglected training and deficient sympathies of such an individual.

The last time I had the pleasure of seeing Lady —— she informed me of her desire to visit the West Coast of Africa to collect specimens. We should be very glad to welcome her to these shores, though I imagine

that she would herself prove an object of more curious and absorbing interest than even her interesting little menagerie.

Every hour now brought us nearer to England—to the termination of what every one regarded as a most agreeable voyage. Not a single person who made that memorable voyage in the *Lagos* will ever forget it. The passengers were altogether about sixty in number, and they presented an interesting variety in colour, language, age, and intellectual attainments, but all intermingled without a single jar, under the presiding influence of the equal temper and exquisite courtesy of Captain Croft, whose example should furnish a lesson to upstart *parvenus* in his line, who seem to think that simplicity of character and politeness of demeanour impair the qualities necessary to success in the command of a steamer. After passing the Tuskar rock, on the Irish coast, the passengers, in a meeting held in the saloon, gave the gallant captain a unanimous vote of thanks.

## CHAPTER IV.

ON the morning of June 8th, at four o'clock, we arrived at the docks in Liverpool. The Custom-house officers were soon on board, and the decks were covered with passengers' luggage, which was all examined on board without being taken to the Custom House, thus saving us a great deal of time and trouble. After passing through these formalities, which consumed about an hour, we—I mean the four African passengers—had our luggage carried together to the railway station in Lime-street, whence we started for London by the eleven o'clock train, arriving at Euston Station at five minutes past five in the afternoon.

Having but a few days to remain in England, I hastened to put myself in communication with such individuals as could afford me the necessary facilities for seeing what I desired, among whom I found Gerard Ralston, Esq., Consul-General of Liberia, very courteous, efficient, and serviceable.

By the invitation of Lord Brougham, I visited the House of Lords on Monday evening, June 11th.

According to appointment, I arrived at the Parliament Buildings at four o'clock—an hour before the commencement of business. I had sauntered in one of the corridors for about half-an-hour, when Lord Brougham arrived. He received me very kindly and cordially. His lordship was then eighty-eight years of age, and his hair was perfectly white. But though feeble in body, he was apparently still very active in mind. He put questions to me, as he led me through various parts of the building, as fast as I could answer them, on different subjects. I could not help looking at him as he conversed with me—a living wonder—a specimen of the giants of the last century.

After introducing me to various distinguished persons, he put me under the care of one of the clerks, who took me into the library of the House of Lords, where, after looking over the valuable collection of books—all in strong and almost imperishable binding—I was shown the original warrant for the execution of Charles I., issued by Oliver Cromwell. The signatures of "Grey," "Bradshaw," "O. Cromwell," are still quite legible. Cromwell is written in a large bold hand. I was then shown the paintings in different apartments. I was much interested in the magnificent fresco by Herbert, which he is said

to have been seven years in executing, representing the descent of Moses with the two tables of stone from Mount Sinai. It is on a very large scale, and every point is brought out with admirable distinctness. Having feasted my eyes on these wonderful creations of art, I returned to the great Hall. The noble members were just assembling. Lord Brougham had taken his seat at the lower end of the first front bench on the left of the throne, on the Opposition side of the House. I had a place assigned me on the right of the throne, very near it, so that I could examine it closely. Immediately on my left were the spiritual peers—bishops and archbishops. I stood, with a low partition between us, next to the Bishop of Carlisle (Samuel Waldegrave), a most accomplished and affable prelate. Before he took his seat I was introduced to him. He was very kind in pointing out the distinguished personages present. On the bench immediately before him—the first front bench—sat the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Bishop of Oxford. On the same bench with himself sat the Bishops of Lichfield, Ripon, and Derry—behind him sat the Bishop of Bristol and Gloucester (Ellicott). On the middle bench of the front row, next to that

on which sat the Archbishop of Canterbury, sat the Ministerial peers, Earl Russell, the Earl of Clarendon, the Duke of Argyll, &c. Directly opposite to Earl Russell, on the other side of a large table, which intervened, sat the Earl of Derby, the distinguished Conservative leader, chief of her Majesty's Opposition, and the learned translator of Homer.

Precisely at five o'clock the Lord Chancellor (Lord Cranworth) took his seat on the woolsack. The Earl of Derby presented petitions from Warwick and other places, praying that their lordships would pass a Bill for the purpose of repressing Romish practices in the Church of England. The Marquis of Westmeath, said to be about ninety years of age, presented several petitions to the same effect. The Bishop of London presented a petition, signed by a large number of laymen of Plymouth, praying that a stop be put to excesses in ritual observances in the Established Church. Each person walked up to the table and laid down his petition, making a very few remarks. The Earl of Shaftesbury, addressing himself to Earl Russell from the Opposition side of the House, asked whether the Government intended to introduce a Bill for the purpose of affording protection to children employed in works at present free from

the operation of the Factory Acts. Earl Russell replied in the affirmative.

The question of Liturgical Revision then came up, Lord Chichester introducing forty-seven petitions, signed by seven thousand persons, in favour of Liturgical Revision, many of whom, as stated by his lordship, "were persons of great responsibility and learning, including many professors and clergymen." Lord Ebury then rose to move "an humble address to her Majesty for the appointment of a Commission to revise the Lectionary of the Established Church, and also to consider what steps should be taken to obviate the evils complained of as arising from the compulsory and almost indiscriminate use of the Burial Service." On this motion a protracted discussion took place, in which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishops of London and Ripon took part, in opposition to the motion. I was struck with the coolness and apparent indifference with which, as a general thing, the several speakers were received. Members in different parts of the House would be carrying on private conversation, some going out, and others coming in. In the countenance of those who seemed to listen there was nothing to indicate approval or the contrary. The speaker,

gathering inspiration solely from his subject—*e propriis visceribus*—proceeds sometimes in that manner to the fatiguing end—perhaps at the close somebody may utter a feeble “Hear, hear.” If his subject is barren, and has nothing in itself or its circumstances to inspire, or if the speaker has not what a late number of the *Spectator* calls, a “life peculiar and personal” to himself, he must break down. There is nothing of the lively and inspiriting or dispiriting—as the case may be—demonstrations which are witnessed in the House of Commons, where speakers are loudly cheered or derisively applauded according to the feelings of their audience.

I noticed, however, that when Earl Russell, who always spoke remarkably low, rose to speak, the greatest possible order prevailed; the lords, in all parts of the House, would lean forward with hands behind their ears to catch his words. Great order also prevailed when the bishops spoke, all of whom are very eloquent men, capable, doubtless, of arresting, by the force and beauty of their language as well as by their dignified manner, the attention, not only of the learned and scholastic, but also of the common and illiterate. After an able speech by the Bishop of Ripon, the House divided on Lord Ebury’s motion,

and the result was, a majority of forty-six against it to twenty for it. Though the motion was lost, I could not but sympathise with those who voted for it in their efforts to reform what must to many minds appear a great inconsistency, imposing, as Lord Ebury said in his opening speech, "a heavy burden upon the consciences of ministers, and causing grievous scandal to many Christian men." The Burial Service now read almost indiscriminately over the dead stands as follows :—

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His great mercy to take unto Himself the soul of our dear brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground ; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ ; who shall change our vile body that it may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

The words which Lord Ebury proposed to substitute were :—

"Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take out of this sinful world the soul of our brother here departed, we therefore commit his body to the ground ; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust ; looking for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who will judge the quick and dead at His appearing and kingdom, and change the vile body of His saints, that they may be like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself."

The manner in which the members of Parliament vote upon any question, and which is called "dividing," was singular to me. The following graphic description of a "division" in the House of Commons appeared in the *Times*. It was on the occasion of taking the vote to pass the Reform Bill to a second reading :—

"When at last the applause (following Mr. Gladstone's speech) ceased, the excitement became intense, though silence was most rigidly preserved while the Speaker arose, and rather hastily read over the words of Lord Grosvenor's amendment, to which there was the usual alternately tumultuous reply of "ayes" and "noes." The two-minutes sand-glass was then turned, and the division bell rang all over the house till the last and most distant of the straggling members was brought within the bar. At the same time the Speaker's gallery, and all the parts which are technically supposed to be in the house, were cleared of strangers, the Duke of Cambridge being, among others, ejected, in accordance with old custom, which allows none but members to be actually within the precincts or body of the house itself while a division is being taken. The question was then again put, and with the same uproarious result of negatives and affirmatives, and when the last of these shouts had died away the Speaker said, "Ayes to the right, and noes to the left," and the house began to divide. The great crowd of members filed out very slowly into their respective lobbies, one by one, and the whole process of taking the division occupied nearly twenty minutes. The four tellers—Lord Grosvenor and Lord Stanley for the opposition, and Mr. Brand and Mr. W. P. Adam for the Government—were the last to leave the house; and almost immediately after their departure both parties began to return much more rapidly than they had quitted. Before half had taken their seats it was known, through the efforts

of an enthusiastic Conservative, who had been at the pains to count the members, that no less than 315 would vote for the amendment and against the Bill. The greatest anxiety was everywhere evinced to find out what the number of Government supporters would be, but nothing transpired on this subject till the returns were actually read in the house. As soon as the members had taken their places, the tellers gave their returns to their clerks of the house, who, after having read them, called the tellers forward, who came up to the chair with the three usual deep reverences. According to the usual custom, the returns were handed to the whipper-in of the party who has the majority; and when the papers were placed in the hands of Mr. Brand, the cheering of the Government members was tremendous. An almost complete silence, however, fell upon them when the numbers were read, and the majority was seen to be so small as to make the decision a virtual defeat of the Government measure."

On the 12th of June, I received from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone, a card to admit me to the stranger's gallery of the House of Commons on the evening of June 14th, when, as I learned, the House would be in Committee on the Reform Bill. Arriving late—at half-past five p.m.—I found the gallery crowded. I was obliged, therefore, to take my seat among others on a bench in St. Stephen's Hall—leading out of Westminster Hall—to await my chance, *i.e.*, to wait until some seat should be vacated in the gallery. Each one who is doomed to wait takes his seat next below the one who arrived immediately before him. Then, whenever a vacancy

occurs, a policeman comes to the entrance of the hall, announces the vacancy, and leads in the one at the head of the bench, or if two have left the gallery, or three, he comes to the expectant crowd and cries, "The first two!" or "The first three!" These then joyfully rush forward to the longed-for prize. The next party in order takes the head of the bench and waits his turn. It is rather tantalising to sit there and hear the cheers and shouts in the House without being able to leave your seat. The parties who have vacated their seats in the gallery leave by a different egress; so that persons coming and going do not interfere with one another's progress. This arrangement was adopted, I was informed, to prevent the lobby from being crowded by persons waiting; the lobby being intended solely for the use of its members.

More than an hour passed away before my turn came. When it did come, I hastened to the gallery, delivering my card as I entered, and found it crowded. Mr. Goschen, a youthful member of the Cabinet, was addressing the House. His utterance was clear and distinct, his statistics instructive, and his logic forcible. The debate was carried on with great warmth and spirit. Prominent among the speakers was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom, on account

of his easy, persuasive, clear, powerful, and earnest style, one could listen all night. Though wonderfully versatile and diffuse, he always commands, as Mr. Disraeli said of him, "undivided attention." While he speaks, minutes and hours pass away unperceived. On this occasion he made no great effort. He rose several times to make certain explanations, and his free, colloquial, didactic manner was truly admirable. He is with great appropriateness called the "school-master of the House of Commons." Of course, next to him in clear and forcible and commanding eloquence was Mr. Disraeli, who sat that night uncovered (the members of both Houses of Parliament generally sit with their hats on), with his head down and his arms folded, his black hair smoothly brushed, and that remarkable and solitary curl by which his portraits are always to be distinguished hanging over his right eye. He sits immediately opposite Mr. Gladstone, a large table between them, like that between the Ministerial and Opposition benches in the House of Lords to which I have referred. Mr. Disraeli seemed to be most of the time asleep. He looked at no speaker, and joined in no demonstration, excepting now and then a smile appeared to play upon his countenance. I waited until eleven o'clock to hear

him speak. I saw him make several attempts to rise, but he was always prevented by some more eager debater. At length he rose. All the members, on the instant, became perfectly quiet and attentive—

“Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant.”

Mr. Gladstone, who sat leaning backwards with his head resting on the back of his seat, as if tired and sleepy, did not change his attitude.\* Mr. Disraeli's first remark caused great laughter. His air and manner is facetious. There is a seriousness in his look, but it is a seriousness which, owing, perhaps, to the way he manages his eyebrows, has considerable of the comic in it. His speech was brief and picturesque, more like the carefully-elaborated oration of an American College Senior than the offhand address of a busy and active politician. Indeed, everything about Mr. Disraeli had to me the appearance of fastidious solicitude and “finish”—from his highly-polished boots, which glistened in the brilliant gas-light, to his faultlessly-brushed hair. Everybody seemed satisfied with his few remarks, though he had

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\* It struck me that the benches, arranged one above the other, like pews in the gallery of a church, were far from comfortable. The members are obliged to sit straight up, with nothing before them to lean or write upon. If they are disposed to rest, they must lean backwards.

sat all the evening like a marble statue. He is *facile princeps* in refined sarcasm and quiet thrusts with smooth and carefully-concealed weapons. He is, without doubt, a real power in the House. Next to him sat Lord Stanley, eldest son of the Earl of Derby, grave and demure beyond his years, destined soon to fill a distinguished place in the British Cabinet. Mr. Bright, who thundered from "below the gangway,"\* and Mr. John Stuart Mill, the new member for Westminster, who fulminated logic from the same quarter, could not be overlooked. Then there was the eloquent Mr. Lowe, of Calne, not very popular with his own party.

With every speaker the members gave unmistakable evidence of sympathy or the reverse. But I noticed that in a few minutes the most boisterous demonstrations would quietly subside and complete

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\* "Readers of Parliamentary doings are often puzzled by a term in frequent use—'the gangway.' For example, John Bright and John Stuart Mill, and their friends, were often referred to in the speeches as 'the gentlemen below the gangway.' This mysterious phrase merely denotes a narrow aisle on each side of the House, at right angles to the broad central aisle, and cutting the long rows of benches into two equal parts; and those sitting below this narrow aisle, or 'gangway,' on either side of the House are known as 'independent members'—that is, as professing a general agreement with the party on the side they select, with a large reservation of privilege as to their action on special questions. Thus John Bright for many years occupied the upper end of the second bench below the gangway on whichever side the Liberal party sat; and Mr. Mill took the seat just behind Mr. Bright, that is, the top of the third bench below the gangway. Of course, when there is a change of ministry there is a change of places in the House, the party lately in opposition crossing over and taking exactly the places just vacated by the party lately in office."

order prevail—a perfect stillness—reminding one of the proceedings in those assemblies of heroes which, with his matchless powers of description, Homer brings before us. I sat until half-past eleven o'clock watching, with unflagging interest, the proceedings in this arena of intellectual gladiatorship; and left deeply impressed with the boyish simplicity and yet power of the men who wield so great an influence in the affairs of this world.

The next place of interest which I visited was St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, to hear Charles Dickens read "for the last time," as it was announced in the papers, during the season. He read—if standing before an audience with a closed book lying before one, and speaking as if in rapid and interested conversation, can be called *reading*—from his own works—Dr. Marigold and the trial scene in the Pickwick papers. The house was crowded. The entrance fee was from five shillings to one, according to the accommodation. Few could hear Dickens "read" without being deeply interested, and learning something of elocution. Of course, he was inimitable. His manner of reading may, perhaps, be acquired by long-continued practice; but it is, without doubt, for the most part, a special gift. His ability, for example,

to take off, with such wonderful truthfulness to nature, his various characters—old men and old women, young men and maidens, boys and girls, lawyers, judge, witness, and jury—no amount of practice can confer.

Sunday, June 24th—my third and last Sabbath in England—I spent by invitation at the seat of—, beautifully situated on the Wandel river, in the county of Surrey, about twelve miles from London. The hospitable and kind treatment of this interesting family, the charming scenery in the immediate vicinity of their residence and for miles around it, made me feel anxious to prolong my stay in a country so delightful, and among a people so kind and courteous. No language that I possess can give the faintest idea of the impressions with which the loveliness of that Sabbath overwhelmed me. After returning from a religious meeting at Croydon, to which I accompanied the family, I went out and lingered in the groves, where I seemed to realise the images I used to conceive in my childhood of fairy-land. “Surely,” thought I, “there can be no misery here. Here, if anywhere, the lines must apply—

‘God only and good angels dwell  
Within these blissful scenes.’

But, alas! all this glory of vegetation, in a few short months, shall have passed away; nature will be stripped of her gorgeous beauty and appear naked and deformed; her winning and enchanting smile will be chased away by the lowering brow and stern aspect of storms and tempests. Earth has no spot of unchanging and permanent bliss. In heaven alone is there fulness of joy, uninterrupted and constant—

‘*There* everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers.’”

The next morning, Monday 25th, I returned by the seven o'clock train to the Victoria Station, London; spent the whole day in making preparations for my departure to the East; went to the office of the Peninsular and Oriental Company, in Leadenhall-street, and purchased a ticket for a passage in their steamship *Nyanza*, to sail from Southampton on the 17th for Alexandria.

In the evening, in company with my energetic friend, G. Ralston, Esq., and a very agreeable bevy of ladies, I went to a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, at Burlington House, to hear Mr. S. W. Baker read an account of his explorations of the Nile tributaries in Abyssinia, undertaken

previously to his expedition to the Nile sources. Sir Roderick I. Murchison, president of the society, occupied the chair.

Mr. Baker read distinctly and clearly. I was generally interested in his statements, though I could not help thinking that, like Palgrave, he was a part—*magna pars*—of a great many “scenes.” His lively manner of narrating, however, gave considerable interest to the personal adventures which he recited. I was somewhat surprised and very much grieved to hear him throw out, quite unnecessarily, disparaging remarks on the negro. It is difficult to appreciate the taste of the Burtons and Hunts of Anthropological notoriety, and now of Mr. Baker, in their continual thrusts at the negro. It shows that, while making great pretension to science, they are miserably defective in Christian sentiment and manly English principle. For innumerable years it has been an English characteristic never to strike a man when he is down; but the class of men of which I have just given the typical representatives, are untiring in their efforts to expel the negro, who is now in a comparatively defenceless condition, from the pale of humanity. It is a pity that they should find it the most profitable investment of their talents to

rail at men who have never injured them, and unceasingly to indite caricatures of them. The negro is brought forward for persecution and misrepresentation on all occasions, and without occasion. The feeling against him in these men has been so long and carefully fostered that it has become exaggerated, morbid beyond control, and altogether unchecked by any regard for accuracy or truth.

## CHAPTER V.

ON Tuesday, June 26th, at a quarter-past nine a.m., I left London from Waterloo Station in the train for Southampton, arriving at the latter place at a quarter-past twelve. Immediately on my arrival I had my baggage taken to the steamship *Nyanza*, and had each article properly marked and labelled and deposited on board. As she was not to leave till the next day, I made my way, as best I could, through a crowd of urgent hotel agents—each of whom seemed determined that I should go with him; thrusting into my hands cards in all languages—to Radley's Hotel, which, for respectability, accommodation, and civility of servants, is, I think, unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, in Southampton. I was most politely shown to my room, which I found very comfortable. But as soon as I had taken my seat I was seized with violent headache and severe pain in the eyes—a complaint that affected me very much while in London. A dreadful feeling of despondency then came over me. The idea of falling seriously ill in this strange place haunted me like a gloomy spectre.

I could eat no dinner. When the bell rang I threw myself into bed, where I lay for the remainder of the day, a prey to indescribable melancholy—

“A feeling of sadness and longing.”

I could not add, however,

“That is not akin to pain ;”

for it was really painful and torturing. I should have given anything during those hours to be at home. Towards evening I rose from a short nap and wrote some sadly desponding letters to certain friends, taking a most melancholy view of the remainder of my journey, representing myself as undecided whether to abandon it or not.

I do think that persons subject to such *ennui* who are so sensitively dependent upon association, and cannot, under all circumstances, stand up erect and self-supported, ought never to go far from home. But it is a great blessing that these sorrowful and lonely experiences do not leave indelible impressions; on the contrary, when the circumstances which gave them birth have passed away, the recollection of them is rather pleasant than otherwise—

“Haec olim meminisse juvabit ;”

and we are often prepared, and even anxious to renew the self-same experiment. On this occasion, however, my depression of spirits did not arise so much from what I was then suffering physically as from the influence exerted upon me by the point of view from which I was disposed to contemplate future events. "Come to this side," said a Maltese guide to me in the splendid church of St. John at Malta, who was showing me a magnificent painting by Rubens of "John the Baptist in prison," but which I did not seem to appreciate—"Come this way, and you will have a better view." From the point where I was standing I saw nothing but a dark, dingy ground. A slight change of place revealed a rich and most beautiful picture. Is it not thus in the actual world? Does not everything depend upon the standpoint which we occupy? and is not the slightest move often sufficient to make all discord seem perfect harmony?

On Wednesday morning, the 27th, at ten o'clock, I went on board the fine steamship *Nyanza*. She did not leave the harbour, however, until three o'clock p.m. The *Nyanza* is owned, as I have already stated, by the "Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company," established in 1840. It is one of the largest steamship companies in Great

Britain, owning scores of steamers, which are constantly plying between Southampton and Marseilles and Alexandria, and between Suez on the Red Sea and all the principal cities and islands of the Indian Ocean. This company furnishes a beautiful illustration of the vastly beneficial results of a combination of capital. What one man cannot do two men can; what two men cannot, three might succeed in doing; and thus, by putting their pecuniary and intellectual resources together, their united power becomes something marvellous; and, continually producing and adding to itself, it is able, after awhile, besides bringing every possible improvement and luxury into England, to send the agencies and appliances of civilisation into all parts of the globe—building Great Easterns, and manufacturing and laying mammoth cables. Most of the great European marine and land enterprises are carried on by English capital. No people, it seems, can so readily organise companies and associations for specific purposes as the English people. This is a most important example for young communities like those on this coast, where improvements go forward with great difficulty for the want of large capital, but where there is sufficient means in the hands of various parties to do, if united, a

great deal. And there is no country where capital could be invested more safely, and with greater certainty of speedy reproductive results, than this country.

While in young countries a degree of conservatism is desirable, yet, if it partakes too much of the *vis inertiae*, it becomes simply obstructive, and should be discountenanced by all living, active, stirring men.

The device and motto of the P. and O. Company are the rising sun and "*Quis separabit?*"—the first referring, no doubt, to the fact that the principal operations of the company are in the east, and the second to the close proximity into which by those operations the east and west are brought.

"Nequidquam Deus absceidit  
Prudens Oceano dissociabiles  
Terras, &c."

When I found myself on board the *Nyanza* the feeling of depression I experienced at the hotel returned, and with it a strong suspicion that I was utterly unfit for the adventures upon which I was setting out. Mingling with a large number of passengers, I found not one with whom I could easily associate. They were mostly men under the influence of one all-pervading idea—bent upon the acquisition

of gold, upon gaining military honours, or winning civil promotions—and cared not one jot for anything that interested me. It having been reported among some of the passengers that I was going to Jerusalem, the following conversation took place at the table :—

“Where are you from?” said one sitting next to me. “From Liberia,” I replied. “And you are going to Jerusalem?” “It is probable,” I answered. “Where is Liberia?” said a bluff-looking youngster across the table. All seemed puzzled for a reply. At length, a gaunt, sallow-looking one, with that exuberance of vanity and self-confidence which does not suffer some people to plead guilty to ignorance on any subject, boldly cut the Gordian knot by exclaiming, “Oh, Liberia is on the west coast of South America!” I smiled and corrected the slight mistake. The first interrogator then resumed, in a blustering, ostentatious manner : “Why do you come this way from Liberia to go to Jerusalem? I should think you could have *walked* much more conveniently from West Africa.” He was correct as to the possibility of *walking*, showing that his *geography* was all right ; but when he mentioned the greater “convenience,” the ears protruded from beneath the lion’s skin. I made no reply.

“Jerusalem,” said another, with an air of gravity and solemnity, “has been a very great place in its day; I have no doubt it is worth seeing.” Another, addressing me in an undertone, said, “Jerusalem is not much of a place of business, is it?” “No,” I replied; “but I am not going on business in your sense of the word.” “Oh, I would not give *that*,” he subjoined, snapping his fingers, “to go to Jerusalem.” This man, as he told me afterwards, was on his first voyage to Bombay, where he expected to make his fortune in ten years, and return and live comfortably in England. May he realise his subtle and bewitching dream!

I suppose that these sons of Japheth, so thoroughly material in their feelings, are necessary to the spread of the arts and sciences over the world. Completely selfish in their natures, they go whithersoever wind and steam will carry them for the sake of accumulating money. Englishmen who go abroad on business seem to be particularly men of this world—of this material world—apparently quite unable to appreciate the abstract. More than any other European nation, the English are given to railways, ocean steamers, and telegraphic enterprises; and this tendency gives to their whole character a hard and matter-of-fact air.

They are, as a general thing, exceedingly reserved, except on such matters as pertain to their immediate business. They never have any spare words to bestow upon the immaterial. They never, like continental travellers of the same social position, have any criticism to pass on the great authors of ancient or modern times. They seem to know nothing of music, of painting, or of sculpture. And they feel it no inconvenience to know no other language but English; they are perfectly satisfied with it, and regard any one unacquainted with the "universal tongue" as essentially stolid and ignorant.

"I took out on March last from Liverpool to Alexandria," said an English captain of a Mediterranean steamer to me, "a missionary going to Abyssinia; he was from Sweden, and, upon my word, he did not know a word of English. It was as much as I could do to understand him. I could not see how he would ever get along with those natives. The idea," he added sneeringly, "of a man going out as a missionary without knowing a word of English!"

And as a result of this adoration of English, many of them think that they have an incontrovertible right to Anglicise all foreign names—to bend to their mode of pronunciation the most inflexible appellations of men and countries, and not unfrequently with most ridiculous effect. "If you will insist Mr. —," said an enthusiastic German purist to an English

acquaintance of mine, who was in the habit of Anglicising, with most barbarous result, the name of Germany's great poet—"if you *will* insist upon calling my country's poet *Goath* (Goethe), I shall call your poet *Shāk-es-péāré*."

That talented and critical scholar, the late Frederick Robertson, of Brighton, must have often, when travelling on the continent, blushed for his countrymen. In one of his letters he says :—

"You cannot conceive how England is detested throughout Germany. The *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the leading newspaper, is perpetually attacking us—our behaviour in India, our religious hypocrisy, our slavery to forms and fashions, our commercial policy, &c. A short time ago the *Times* had, in some article, remarked upon the great advantage derived by Germany from the English travellers who pass through it. Upon which the *Zeitung* replied, that if a few innkeepers rejoiced at this, the whole nation mourned! Only let God deliver us from the infliction of that horrid nation passing through our towns, and besetting us like a plague of flies in our diligences, hotels, walks, with their vulgarity, their everlasting inquisitiveness about hotels and sight-seeing, and utter inability to appreciate anything higher, and it would be a day of jubilee for all Germany."\*

There were on board the *Nyanza* several Hindoo women on their way home, and one man, a Parsee. They were servants returning from England, whither

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\* *Life and Letters*—vol. ii., p. 276.

they had attended English families from India. These attracted my attention by the regularity with which, every morning and evening, they would engage in their religious devotions. As soon as the lamps were lighted, the Parsee would go to the side of the ship to pay his adoration to the mighty waters, or, as he explained to me, to the Supreme Being, through water and fire—the two most powerful elements by which He has chosen to manifest Himself. I never saw these people,

“Whose untutored mind  
Sees God in clouds or hears Him in the wind,”

at their devotions without thinking what a rebuke they furnished to professing Christians, upon whom the true light shineth, with many of whom you may associate for weeks without knowing that they have any belief at all. Of the four Europeans who occupied the cabin with me, there was but one who, on retiring to rest at night, would give any sign of an upward aspiration, and then the manner in which he would express himself left it doubtful whether he attached any meaning whatever to his words.

But it must not be inferred that these people have had no religious training. Many of them are

doubtless the children of parents who bestowed upon their religious culture every possible solicitude; but when they leave home, separated from their former associations, and freed from their "antecedents," they feel an unbounded liberty in the matter of opinion and practice; and rejoicing in the seductive novelty of not being obliged to fashion their sentiments by the standard of their acquaintances and relatives, and, intent upon worldly schemes, they forget God and restrain prayer.

I have seen not a few of this class of persons on the coast of Africa, who live as if they had never heard the word of God, and thus exert a most demoralising influence upon the aborigines. It is chiefly among such persons that the missionaries find the greatest hindrances in their work; and it is, as a general thing, from these that accessions of European residents in Africa are made to the famous Anthropological Society, of which Dr. Hunt and Captain Burton are such distinguished ornaments.

Finding myself on shipboard with such a class of men, travelling, as I was, for health and information, I felt, as I have said, a depressing loneliness. "There are few persons," says Lord Macaulay, "who do not find a sea-voyage insupportably dull. Anything is

welcome which may break that long monotony—a sail, a shark, an albatross, a man overboard. Most passengers find some resource in eating twice as many meals as on land. But the great devices for killing the time are quarrelling and fighting. The facilities for both these exciting pursuits are great. The inmates of the ship are thrown together far more than in any country-seat or boarding-house. None can escape from the rest except by imprisoning himself in a cell in which he can hardly turn.”\* I resolved upon the last expedient—to spend my time mostly in my cabin, reading and writing:

But, notwithstanding my indisposition to mingle in the crowd—or, perhaps, *because* of this indisposition—I soon experienced that some of the more vulgar ones would occasionally indulge in coarse allusions to the negro passenger. I, however, paid no attention whatever to them—at least, I tried to persuade myself that I did not.

For a few days my situation was far from agreeable—a presumed inferior separating himself from those with whom he was obliged to eat and sleep, acknowledging no companionship, allowing no

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\* Essay on Warren Hastings.

familiarities, and having no one with whom he could share his emotions, whether pleasurable or otherwise. I say a *presumed* inferior, because those Anglo-Saxons, as a matter of course, looked upon me as an inferior, *colore cutis*. But I was less offended at this, as I noticed that some of them never spoke of the natives of India—who are only dark-skinned Caucasians—except as the “niggers”—the same term of contempt which they have imported to the new world, and apply so generally to the African, and for which there is no equivalent among the French, Spanish, or Dutch, who have also colonised extensively among the darker races of men. It would appear that, with all their progress in civilisation, the Anglo-Saxons have all the exclusiveness of the ancient Greeks, who, to the last, kept up the distinction of *Greek* and *Barbarian*. There is, perhaps, no other people in Europe among whom the caste feeling is more deeply-seated than in the English middle classes; though, strange to say, to a greater extent, probably, than any other people, they are sending into various portions of the globe the enterprises of a lofty philanthropy, and are endeavouring to stamp the impress of “pure religion and undefiled” upon the remotest tribes, and to develop, therefore,

throughout the earth, the Christian idea of universal brotherhood. Yet the melancholy fact remains that there is no class of men whom it is less interesting and agreeable to meet in travelling than ordinary Englishmen out of England. Thousands go away from that country every year who are but sorry representatives of their country, puzzling and shocking the friends of constitutional and mental freedom everywhere by the unamiable egotism, the coarseness and barbarism, and, where possible, despotism of demeanour, which they uniformly exhibit. Of course it must be admitted that there are noble exceptions, but these only render the general rule more striking. Why it should be so—why so many of the natives of “dear old England”—a nation admired and revered by thousands in every country, and looked up to as a potent defender of liberty and active promoter of civilisation—should be so repulsive in their intercourse with foreigners, it is difficult to explain, and, perhaps, important to investigate.\*

But before the termination of the voyage the

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\* In French, Austrian, and Russian passenger steamships in the Mediterranean, I have seen first and second-class passengers allowed freely to mingle on the quarter-deck; in English steamers, every available position is labelled with threatening announcements warning second-class passengers from trespassing upon the precincts of the first-class.

passengers began to find out that nothing would be lost by exhibiting a more friendly disposition to the stranger, and frequent would be the application for books and information on some of the most elementary subjects. And when we parted, finally, at Alexandria, no doubt some of them went away impressed with the scriptural injunction, "Be careful to entertain strangers."

I must add, however, that in all my travels I invariably found in passengers or fellow-travellers of the gentle sex kindly and sympathetic treatment. The instincts of women, as far as I have observed, seem to be in favour of oppressed races. Is it because they are themselves an oppressed race? Whatever may be the cause, they are certainly more ready to recognise the truthfulness of Cowper's lines:—

"Fleecy locks and dark complexion  
Cannot forfeit nature's claim ;  
Skins may differ, but affection  
Dwells in white and black the same."

## CHAPTER VI.

On Monday, July 2nd, at four o'clock a.m., we arrived at Gibraltar. On account of quarantine, nobody was suffered to go ashore. The town of Gibraltar, situated at the base of an abrupt promontory at one end of an immense horse-shoe bend, presents a very beautiful appearance. This promontory rises boldly from the sea, and directly opposite, on the African side, is another frowning and rugged precipice, both suggesting the idea that they had been by some violent convulsion torn asunder. It is easy to conceive that the two countries were once joined, and if they were not separated by the might of Hercules, some equally potent cause doubtless contributed to the severance. The lofty ranges of mountains on both sides of the strait—which appeared much narrower than I had supposed it would—and the innumerable ships entering and leaving the Mediterranean, presented a sight to be seen, perhaps, nowhere else in the world. My eye rested upon two continents at the same time—the far-famed Pillars of Hercules. The rugged and

bold sea-coast on the African side seemed to me grand and solemn.

About ten o'clock a.m., we steamed away from Gibraltar. For several hours we kept near the coast of Spain on the left, and saw the high mountains of Granada, with their snow-covered tops glistening in the sunlight. We had scarcely lost sight of the Spanish territories when the elevated coast of Africa again appeared in sight, of the same height apparently as those on the opposite side. For several days we kept in sight of these mountain ranges, resembling gigantic stone fences erected for the purpose of effectually separating the habitation of Ham from that of Japheth. "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of all the earth, and hath appointed the *bounds* of their habitations." As we advanced into the Mediterranean I was struck with its rich deep blue colour. It is impossible to describe the feelings that came over me as I gazed upon this sea—sea known for six thousand years—sea of the wonderful achievements of the ancients, which Japheth looked out upon when, fresh from the ark, he founded the town of Jaffa; where sailed the ships of Tarshish, of Tyre, and of Sidon; which supported the fleets of Egypt and Greece, of

Carthage and Rome; which witnessed the exploits of Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar; gave inspiration to Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero; and saw the perils of St. Paul. It still seemed as fresh as when first the waters "were gathered together into one place." Who could forbear apostrophising this wonderful—this historical sea—and repeating for the thousandth time, O illustrious sea!

"Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow;  
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now."

#### MALTA.

On the morning of July 6th, at three o'clock, the island of Malta appeared in sight. About four we entered the beautiful harbour of Valetta, situated on the east side of the island. All the passengers were up to have a view of the entrance, which is something grand. Having learned that here there was no quarantine, all prepared to go ashore, and, in a short time after anchoring, we were perambulating the streets of the famous Maltese capital. At the natural aspects of the country I was much disappointed. The island, which is generally flat, seems to be a bed of rock. I saw not a blade of grass growing, and not a tree but what was planted and tended with the

utmost care in private gardens, made, as I learned, of imported soil. No place this, evidently, for practical botanical studies.

Nor did I see a single building made of wood ; everything was constructed of stone and mortar. This is literally a masonic island. Here are masons operative in abundance, and masons theoretic. Any one interested in masonic antiquities would, doubtless, find this a most interesting and instructive place. The city was named after La Valette, a distinguished Grand Master of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who, having considerably enlarged and improved it, vigorously defended it against the Turks about three hundred years ago.\*

Malta has, for more than two thousand years, played a conspicuous part in the history of the world. In the year of the world 3620, the Carthagenians, who had settled themselves along the northern coast of Africa, and had seized upon several islands in the Mediterranean, attacked Malta, under Hannibal, and made themselves masters of it. After being under the control successively of Romans, Goths, Arabs, Germans, it fell into the

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\* For a magnificent description of the siege of Malta, and the heroic operations of La Valette, see Prescott's Philip the Second, vol. ii.

hands of the famous Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who have left more important impressions upon the island than any of its former masters.

To the Bible reader Malta is interesting as being connected with the shipwreck of the apostle Paul (Acts xxvii. and xxviii.) In the northern part of the island is a beautiful recess called St. Paul's Bay. Here, according to a native tradition, St. Paul and the shipwrecked crew landed. The bay is about three miles in length, and two in width at the entrance. A tower and other fortifications in its vicinity serve to defend it, and were raised for that purpose by the knights of Malta. There is a small chapel erected on the site where it is supposed the barbarians lighted a fire to warm the shipwrecked crew, and where the adventure with the viper took place.

Not far from St. Paul's Bay is the supposed grotto of Calypso, the spot upon which Homer has poured the splendour of his imagination. A spring of clear water is said to run through the cave of the goddess, and from thence flows forth into a large basin, from which it is let out to fertilise the delightful garden just below. We have the Homeric passage referring

to this spot thus elegantly rendered in the flowing rhymes of Pope :—

“ Large was the spot in which the nymph he found  
 (The fair hair'd nymph with every beauty crown'd) :  
 She sat and sung—the rocks resound her lays.  
 The cave was brightened with a rising blaze ;  
 Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,  
 Flam'd on the hearth, and wide perfum'd the isle ;  
 While she with work and song the time divides,  
 And through the loom the golden shuttle guides.  
 Without the grot, a various sylvan scene  
 Appear'd around, and groves of living green :  
 Poplars and alders ever quivering play'd,  
 And nodding cypress form'd a fragrant shade ;  
 On whose high branches, waving with the storm,  
 The birds of broadest wing their mansion form.  
 Depending vines the shelving cavern screen  
 With purple clusters blushing through the green ;  
 Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,  
 And every fountain pours a several rill,  
 In mazy winding wandering down the hill,  
 Where blooming meads with vivid greens were crown'd,  
 And glowing violets threw odours round.  
 A scene, where, if a god should cast his sight,  
 A god might gaze, and wonder with delight.”

Among the interesting sights which I saw in the town of Valetta was, first, the church of St. John, built in the reign of the grand-master La Cassiere, about the year 1576, and subsequently enriched by the donations of succeeding grand-masters, and by several of the sovereigns of Europe. I have seen

nothing anywhere equal to it for interior decoration and furniture. Here are very large paintings of the great artists, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Raphael, Guido, &c. There are separate chapels for each of the languages of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. In the chapel of the Spanish knights are the mausoleums of four grand-masters—Martin de Redin, Raphael Cottoner, Perillos e Roccafeuil, and Nicholas Cottoner.

In the chapel of the knights of Bavaria there is a recess enclosed by a brass balustrade, said to be a substitute for one of solid gold, which, the guide said, was taken away by General Bonaparte in 1798. The rarities found in the public treasury and in the churches of the Order, together with their standards and trophies, were all carried away by the spoilers, but never reached the country for which they were destined: part of them perished in the *Orient*, which was blown up in the battle of Aboukir, and the rest were captured by the English in the frigate *Sensible*. From this chapel a staircase leads down to an underground apartment, in which are sarcophagi of twelve of the grand-masters, with marble covers, and full-length images of the deceased.

The altar in the small chapel of the Virgin is

surrounded by a balustrade of massive silver posts placed along a row of marble pillars, which extend the whole breadth of the room. Immediately in front of the altar are several heavy silver candlesticks three or four feet high.

From this magnificent church I went to the famous Capuchin convent, erected under the auspices of the grand-master Verdala, in the year 1584. The lower part of the edifice is occupied by the church of the convent, and a spacious court, where we found a monk sweeping, who seemed unwilling that we should pass without giving him something, to pay, I think he said, for the lights in the convent. The upper storey is traversed by several narrow corridors lined with the cells of the monks, of which there are about sixty. The walls of the passages are covered with pictures representing several miracles performed by the saint of this Order. Over each cell is a small Latin inscription taken from the Holy Scriptures; and over the large entrances are prayers in Italian, intended for the use of pious Romanists, among which I noticed the following :—

“ O Maria che entraste nel mondo senza macchia ; impetratemi la grazia di uscirne senza colpa.”\*

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\* O Mary, who entered into the world without spot ; grant me the grace to leave it without fault.

Below the church is an extensive vault called the *Carneria*, or charnel-house. Here those monks who die in the convent are dressed in their clericals, and fixed up in niches until they fall into decay. The bones of such are taken and nailed upon the walls, in regular order, so as to form a kind of decoration. I counted about thirty. No one who has not seen such a sight can imagine what it is. It is horrifying in the extreme. It is difficult to conceive what can be the grounds for such a practice, unless it be, as the guide suggested, to keep the living humble by continually reminding them of the destiny of this "fleshy tabernacle."

Professor Palmer, in his recent interesting work on the "Desert of the Exodus," describes a similar ghastly custom as prevalent at the convent of St. Katharine on Mount Sinai. "The defunct bishops," he says, "are stowed away in what I at first took for cigar-boxes; and a few hermits of unusual sanctity are hung up in bags, like hams, against the wall." (Vol. i. p. 72.)

Hastily leaving this frightful place, I went to the small chapel of the convent, where about twelve monks were chanting the Psalms in Latin at the top of their voices. They were mostly young men. The

guide told me to go before and enter. When I put my head in, they all instinctively turned and looked towards the door. I could see that the gravity of the most serious was disturbed, not expecting, I suppose, to see such a countenance among them. I, on the other hand—the whole thing appearing so very singular to me—could not control myself. I was obliged to withdraw as precipitately as I had entered, to keep from bursting into the most uproarious and undignified laughter. But I could not help thinking what a pity it was that men so strong and hearty, and apparently so intellectual, should spend their time in such inactive seclusion, when,

“In the world’s broad field of battle,”

the conflict is so fiercely raging, and when so many victories might be won in the cause of the Master whom they profess to serve.

Malta is now held by the British, who have had possession of it since 1814. The English language has not yet, however, succeeded in supplanting the Italian, which is still the language of the educated classes. The language of the masses is a sort of Arabic; and their habits are semi-oriental.

On the afternoon of July 6th, at four o’clock, we steamed out of the harbour of Valetta for Alexandria.

## CHAPTER VII.

## ALEXANDRIA.

ON the 10th of July, at seven a.m., we anchored in the harbour of Alexandria. I now had before me the renowned land of Egypt. How shall I describe the emotions with which the first sight of this ancient country inspired me? How shall I select and reproduce in an order intelligible to others the thoughts which, in rapid succession, passed through my mind?

I was prepared to find a large harbour, but was greatly surprised at the presence of so large a number of vessels from nearly all parts of the world, and of three or four splendid steam corvettes belonging to the Egyptian government.

I saw in the distance the site of the ancient Pharos, the first great lighthouse constructed in the Mediterranean, and one of the seven wonders of the world. Immediately before me lay the city built by Alexander the Great. What a various history, political, social and religious, has it passed through! When Alexander boasted that he would here build an emporium of commerce that would surpass Tyre,

which he had destroyed, and attract the shipping of the world, he little dreamed that the day would come when the most important operations carried on in this city would be by vessels from powerful nations of the west ; some of them inhabiting countries then unknown to maritime enterprise. The history of Alexandria since his death has more than realised the dream of the world's conqueror.

About an hour after we anchored a steam-tug came alongside the *Nyanza*, and took off those passengers and their effects who had taken through tickets for India, China, Japan, and Australia. So far as I was concerned the responsibility of the P. & O. Company ceased on the arrival of the steamer at Alexandria. I was therefore obliged to hire a boat to take me ashore. On landing I was very near losing my baggage, amid the wonderful crowd of men and beasts by which I was beset—Negroes, Arabs, Turks, donkeys, camels—in terrifying rivalry for my trunks. I was not disposed to allow anyone to touch my baggage until I could decide upon my destination. At length an Arab, calling himself Hamad, and representing himself as a professed dragoman, came to my assistance, and relieved me of the disagreeable pressure. He assisted me in passing through the Custom House, which was

a small affair. I then hired a carriage, and had myself conveyed with my baggage to the United States Consulate-General, where, after exhibiting a letter of introduction from Mr. Adams, the American minister in London, I was most kindly received by Mr. Hale, the Consul-General, a very polite and well-educated gentleman from New England.

Learning from Mr. Hale that the next railway train from Cairo that day would start in about an hour's time, I deposited my baggage in his office, and taking a letter from him to the United States Consul at Cairo, I hastened to the railway station; and, arriving just in time to get a ticket and procure a seat, I was soon whirling up the valley of the Nile at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

I looked at my ticket, and found that it was printed in Arabic characters. I felt a strong desire to retain it as a curiosity, but was obliged to give it up at the end of the journey.

After losing sight of Pompey's pillar, Cleopatra's needle, and the city of Alexandria, we came suddenly upon villages consisting altogether of mud huts. I then began to realise that I was in Egypt—the land which every Sabbath-school boy desires to see, as he reads the simple narratives of Joseph and his

brethren—of Moses concealed in the ark of bulrushes—of the persecution, hard labour, and exodus of the Jews—of the haughty and tyrannical Pharaoh—and of the flight of Mary and Joseph with the infant Saviour. All these things crowded into my mind; and everything in the scenery through which we passed seemed to call up incidents in Sacred Writ.

In the vegetation which presents itself there is a pleasing and curious variety. There are palms, oranges, lemons, mulberry, pomegranate, olive, lime, grape, cactus, sycamores, gorgeous roses, and gigantic oleanders. I was so deeply interested by the novelty of everything, and at the same time its seeming familiarity—as if I had lived for years in the land—that the five hours between Alexandria and Cairo passed away almost imperceptibly.

But there was one drawback to my enjoyment—the incessant cigar-smoking kept up by my fellow passengers in the carriage.

In Egypt everybody smokes. If you are travelling in company, or visiting a friend, or a friend comes to visit you, you must either smoke or *be* smoked. Woe to the man who cannot endure the scent of tobacco! There are never any complimentary inquiries made,

as in other countries, as to whether the smoke offends: everybody takes it for granted that everybody else smokes.

Mr. Palgrave tells us that among the Wahabites, Mohammedan purists in Arabia, such is the heinousness of the sin of smoking, in the view of the religious chiefs, that any man, however elevated his position, is punished with a severe beating with rods if found guilty of it. The king's brother, the heir apparent to the throne, was detected in the use of tobacco, and was publicly hoisted and beaten at his own palace gate for the offence. The Minister of Finance, who had also indulged in the practice, was beaten so severely that he died the next day. I wished a thousand times during that railway ride that the Wahabites had extended their vigorous laws and practices on the subject of tobacco into Egypt before my arrival there.

On reaching Cairo I at once, armed with a note of introduction from Rev. Dr. Schmettau, Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance in London, and with Mr. Adams's letter, repaired to the residence of Rev. Dr. Lansing, American Missionary at Cairo, by whom and his associate, Mr. David Strang, I was most hospitably received. Dr. Lansing being obliged to leave for

Alexandria on the same day of my arrival, I was left in charge of Mr. Strang, who, with Miss Dales, teacher of the female school, made my stay in Cairo very pleasant.

This mission, established a few years ago by the American United Presbyterians, is doing a very important work in various needy and populous localities in Upper and Lower Egypt. Besides having the mission work carried on as usual in the mission churches and schools, both boys and girls, and among the women, and at the book depôts in both Alexandria and Cairo, the members of the mission were constrained, by the urgency of the case, to form a mission-station at Osiut, one of the largest and most important towns in all Upper Egypt, and afterwards at El-Medineh, one of the most fertile and populous of all the districts in the valley of the Nile. There is a wonderfully increasing demand for books among the natives, and the spirit of inquiry is largely on the increase; so that it has been thought necessary to establish in connection with this mission a printing press to print works in the Arabic language.

Mr. Strang kindly undertook the arrangement of all preliminaries in the way of securing donkeys, guides, &c., to enable me to visit the pyramids on the

next day. After a hearty supper I retired early, so as to be up betimes the next morning to enjoy a cool ride to the wonders of Egypt. But I could not sleep. The fatigue of the railway ride, the intense heat, and the exhilarating visions of the scenes to be witnessed next day prevented me from closing my eyes. The alarm clock which Mr. Strang had set in my room for the purpose of waking me at half-past three (the time fixed for starting was four the next morning) was hardly necessary.

On the morning of the 11th of July, at half-past four o'clock, under the guidance of a young Copt, named Ibrahim, I set out for the pyramids. Owing to considerable delay in procuring a boat to cross the Nile—for the pyramids are on the other side of the river from Cairo—we did not reach our destination until eleven o'clock, under a broiling sun.

This journey will long be remembered by me, and will ever be the object of delightful reminiscences. I felt as if I were in an entirely new world. My thoughts were partly of the remote past, but mostly of the immediate future. When crossing the river, an island was pointed out to me as the spot where tradition says Moses was concealed by his mother. My interest was intense.

Half an hour after crossing the river, we caught a view of the pyramids in the distance. Here was opened to me a wide field of contemplation, and my imagination was complete "master of the situation." Though we were in an exposed plain, and my companion complained of the intense heat, I did not notice it, so eager was I to gain the pyramids, which seemed further and further to recede the longer we rode towards them. We saw them for three hours before we came up to them.

Just before reaching the pyramids we passed a small village of Arabs, who make their living, for the most part, by assisting travellers to "do" the pyramids. About a dozen of them rushed out as they saw us approaching, with goblets of water, pitchers of coffee, candles, and matches, and engraving knives. The water was very acceptable. I looked at the other articles, and wondered what could be the object of them.

The pyramids stand apparently on a hill of sand, on the borders of the Libyan desert. We had to ascend a considerable elevation—about 130 feet—before getting to the pyramid of Cheops. In the side of this apparent hill of sand, extending from the pyramids of Ghizeh to the smaller pyramids of Abusir

and Sakarah, about two miles, are excavated tombs. The pyramids then are at the extremities of an immense city of the dead; they themselves forming the imperishable tombs of the mighty monarchs who constructed them.

On reaching the base of the great pyramid I tried to find the shady side, but it was impossible to find any shade. On the north side there were several large stones, taken out at the base—leaving huge spaces. Into one of these Ibrahim, myself, and our donkeys entered and shelter ourselves. The Arabs crowded about us, and kept asking question after question, suggesting the pleasure we should enjoy in ascending to the top, and the advantage to be reaped by visiting the interior. But I paid very little attention to them. They addressed me in broken English, French, and Italian. Other thoughts were crowding my mind. I thought of the continuous fatigue I had undergone, without eating anything, sustained only by the object I expected to attain in front, viz., a close inspection of the pyramids. And now that I had gained my point, and sat down to rest under the shadow of a great rock, I could not help feeling that my effort was, after all, but a forcible type of our experience in one-half the pursuits we follow through

life. My enchanting dreams and fancies left me completely, as heated, and weary, and hungry, I sat down to rest. How speedily the most cursory experience of the reality often levels to the dust all the mountains built up by the imagination!

Though I cannot say that at the first view of the pyramids they fell below my expectation, still they did not exactly appear what I expected them to be. Their greatness grew upon me as I looked at them. They are something magnificent. (How inadequate that adjective to convey what I mean!)

I had read Longfellow's beautiful description:—

“The mighty pyramids of stone,  
That, wedge-like, cleave the desert airs,  
When nearer seen and better known,  
Are but gigantic *flights of stairs*.”\*

But I had supposed that this was merely poetic and ideal, referring to the layer after layer of stone or brick put up “by slow degrees, by more and more,” in constructing large edifices: I did not imagine that, in reality, the pyramids were built in steps; but they are really “gigantic flights of stairs”—so that they can be ascended to the very top. Travellers frequently go up.

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\* St. Augustine's Ladder.

It is said that formerly they presented a smooth slope from the apex to the base, but the outer casing has been carefully removed, in the case of the great pyramid of Cheops wholly, and in that of Chephren to within a short distance of the summit. The casing of the lower portion of the pyramid of Chephren was a beautiful red granite, the upper portion consisting of plaster, once painted bright vermilion, in imitation of the lower surface. Hence, while the granite has been carried off, the top still remains smooth, and retains traces of its former colour. The casing of the great pyramid was probably the grey granite of Sinai, and being brought from so great a distance, and by such rude means of conveyance as most likely were then employed, would be very valuable; which may account for the whole of it having been taken away for the erection of more recent costly buildings, principally mosques, at Cairo.

After recovering myself by about an hour's rest, I suffered the Arabs to persuade me to ascend the great pyramid (Cheops). Three assisted me; one taking hold of each hand, and one supporting me from behind. Before reaching one-third of the way, however, I gave out, changed my mind, and refused to ascend those dizzy heights. The Arabs clung to

me, and insisted that I should go up. I could pacify them only by promising to allow them to take me to the interior—preferring then to examine the exterior a little more closely from a less elevated and commanding, but to me a more comfortable, position.

After gazing in amazement at the outside, I made up my mind, on consultation with Ibrahim as to the safety of the enterprise, to visit the central hall in the interior. Had I known, however, that the performance required so much nerve and physical strength as I found out during the experiment, I should not have ventured. The entrance is first by a very steep and narrow passage, paved with immense stones, which have become dangerously slippery by centuries of use. There are small notches for the toes of those who would achieve the enterprise of entering, distant from each other about four or five feet, showing that they were intended for very tall men who wore no shoes. The modern traveller is obliged to make Hiawathan strides to get the toe of his boot into one of these notches, which are also wearing smooth, so as to make the hold which he gets exceedingly precarious. But for the help of these half-naked, shoeless, and sure-footed Arabs, it would be impossible for Western pilgrims generally

to accomplish the feat of visiting the interior. Before entering, the Arabs lighted two candles—an operation which, I confess, somewhat staggered me, as it gave me the idea of sepulchral gloom and ghastliness. I had supposed that the interior of the pyramids was lighted in some way, though I had not stopped to think how. As we had to go down sideways, two attended me, one holding my left hand and the other my right, so that if one slipped the other would be a support. If we had all slipped at once, it is difficult to imagine what would have been the result. The lighted candles were carried in advance.

In about half an hour, after descending and ascending difficult places, we gained the centre. The feeling in going up to the centre of the pyramid is akin to that which one experiences when ascending a very high hill. When we had accomplished the feat of reaching the centre, the Arabs themselves, who are not unaccustomed to the enterprise, seemed to think it a wonderful achievement, for they burst out into simultaneous and boisterous hurrahs. The floor of the hall was one huge stone. On the sides were engraved the names of visitors who had been there centuries ago. But there were very few names: comparatively few travellers, it would seem, go into

the pyramids. In the centre of the hall stands the large porphyry coffer in which the embalmed bodies of the kings were deposited—evidently too large to pass through the narrow passages by which we entered. How was it brought to this place? The Arabs said it was put here while the pyramid was building. “While the pyramid was building!” thought I: “that takes us back to the days of Noah— anterior to Abraham.” What a wonderful sight!

Sir J. S. Wilkinson, one of the most competent authorities on all Egyptian questions, fixes the date of the construction of the pyramids at B.C. 2400. Job refers to them in chap. iii., 13, 14. “Now,” says he, “should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept; then had I been at rest, with kings and counsellors of the earth, which built desolate places for themselves.” “Desolate places,” in the Arabic translation of Smith and Van Dyck, is rendered “*Pyramids*” (*ahram*). The Coptic version is said to give “monuments.” It is clear that Job saw or knew of the pyramids. Perhaps Abraham during his sojourn in Egypt, Jacob, Joseph, and his brethren, Moses and Aaron, stood and wondered at these structures. It is certain that Homer, Thales, Solon, Pythagoras, Herodotus, Plato, and many other

distinguished Greeks, who visited Egypt for purposes of study and travel, saw them.

I was amazed at the stones of immense size, placed in every possible position, by which I was surrounded. The constant wonder is, how were these stones brought hither? and how could they be arranged as they are? Instead of imagining the use of machinery now entirely unknown, may we not suppose that there were giants in those days?—that the strength of one man of those times was equal to the strength of several men in these degenerate days? Homer tells us that Diomed, in the Trojan war, hurled, with one hand, a stone at Æneas, which two men in his day would not have been able to carry. We read in Deuteronomy iii., 11: “For only Og king of Bashan remained of the remnant of giants; behold, his bedstead was a bedstead of iron. Is it not in Rabbath of the children of Ammon? Nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits the breadth of it.”

Again, Deut. ii., 19: “I will not give thee of the land of the children of Ammon any possession, because I have given it unto the children of Lot for a possession. That also was accounted a land of giants—giants dwelt there in old times, and the Ammonites

call them Zamzummims : a people great and many, and tall, as the Anakims."

Homer and Virgil both speak of the Cyclops—persons of huge stature and immense strength. I have often thought that the extravagant tales of the poets concerning people of enormous stature were founded on original truths ; and though they are sometimes so confused that we find it very difficult to draw a correct line between truth and fable, some general ideas can be formed from them of the character of the men of remote antiquity. It is certain that the persons who introduced architecture into Greece were remarkable for their extraordinary size and great strength. Herodotus alludes to them under the name of Cadmians, and his views of their form and stature are gathered from the wonderful character of the structures which they built.

While standing in the central hall of the pyramid I thought of the lines of Teage, the Liberian poet, when urging his countrymen to noble deeds—

"From pyramidal hall,  
From Karnac's sculptured wall,  
From Thebes they loudly call—  
Retake your fame."

This, thought I, is the work of my African progenitors. Teage was right ; they had fame, and their descend-

ants should strive, by nobler deeds, to "retake" it. Feelings came over me far different from those which I have felt when looking at the mighty works of European genius. I felt that I had a peculiar "heritage in the Great Pyramid"—built before the tribes of mankind had been so generally scattered, and, therefore, before they had acquired their different geographical characteristics, but built by that branch of the descendants of Noah, the enterprising sons of Ham, from whom I am descended. The blood seemed to flow faster through my veins. I seemed to hear the echo of those illustrious Africans. I seemed to feel the impulse from those stirring characters who sent civilisation into Greece—the teachers of the fathers of poetry, history, and mathematics—Homer, Herodotus, and Euclid. I seemed to catch the sound of the "stately steppings" of Jupiter, as, with his brilliant celestial retinue, he perambulates the land on a visit to my ancestors, the "blameless Ethiopians." I felt lifted out of the commonplace grandeur of modern times; and, could my voice have reached every African in the world, I would have earnestly addressed him in the language of Hilary Teage—

"Retake your fame!"

Now that the slave-holding of Africans in Protestant countries has come to an end, and the necessity no longer exists for stripping them of the attributes of manhood, it is to be hoped that a large-hearted philosophy and an honest interpretation of the facts of history, sacred and secular, will do them the justice to admit their participation in, if not origination of, the great works of ancient civilisation.

Will not the plain and simple statements given in the 10th chapter of Genesis settle the question as to who were the earliest civilisers? From the 2nd to the 5th verse we have the account of the descendants of Japheth and their places of residence; but nothing is said of their doings or their productions. From the 21st verse to the end of the chapter we have the account of the descendants of Shem and their "dwelling." Nothing is said of their works. But how different the account of the descendants of Cush, the eldest son of Ham, contained from the 7th to the 12th verse? We read: "And Cush begat Nimrod; he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Lord; wherefore it is said, Even as Nimrod the mighty hunter before the Lord. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad,

and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. Out of that land he went forth unto Asshur (or Assyria, as in the margin), and builded Nineveh, and the city of Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen, between Nineveh and Calah: the same is a great city."

And we may reasonably suppose that the building of the tower of Babel was the work principally of Cushites. For we read in the 10th verse that Nimrod's kingdom was in the land of Shinar; and in the 2nd verse of the 11th chapter we are told that the people who undertook the building of the tower "found a plain in the land of *Shinar*," which they considered suitable for the ambitious structure. No doubt, in the "scattering" which resulted these sons of Ham found their way into Egypt, where their descendants, inheriting the skill of their fathers, and guided by tradition, erected the pyramids in imitation of that wonderful tower.

But it may be said that negroes, as such, had not yet appeared in the world—that the descendants of Noah had not yet reached that portion of Africa—had not come in contact with those conditions of climate and atmosphere, which have produced that peculiar development of humanity, known as the negro. Well, I will not dispute the supposition. I will

not insist that they did exist, as I am satisfied to have established the fact that *all* the descendants of Ham were not included in the curse pronounced by Noah upon Canaan, to be "a servant of servants." (Gen. ix., 25). For it would have been a very singular thing that a people doomed to servitude should begin, the first thing, to found "great cities," organise kingdoms, and establish rule—putting up structures that have come down to this day as a witness to their *superiority* over all their contemporaries; and that, by a providential decree, the people whom they were destined to serve should be doomed to be *their* servants for four hundred years. (Genesis xv., 13.) No; it is evident that the curse of Noah was restricted to Canaan and his descendants, whose boundaries are accurately defined in the 10th chap. of Genesis, already referred to; and it was completely fulfilled upon them ages ago. (Joshua ix., 23; 1 Kings ix., 20, 21.) There is not the slightest probability that any of the Canaanites ever found their way into Africa.

Here, then, is a very plain dilemma to which we bring our adversaries. Either Negroes existed in those early days or they did not exist. If they did exist, then they must have had a part in the founding

of those great empires ; if they did not exist, then they are a comparatively youthful race, whose career is yet to be run ; and it is unfair to say that they have not achieved anything in the annals of history, especially considering the obstructive influences, already referred to, which have operated upon their country.

But the conjecture is by no means improbable that the particular type or development of this race, spread along the western coast of Africa, in Upper and Lower Guinea, and from which the American continent has been supplied with servile labourers for the last three hundred years, is of comparatively recent origin. And this will account for their wonderful tenacity of life, and their rapid increase, like the youthful and elastic Hebrews of old, amid the unparalleled oppressions of their captivity. While the American Indians, who were, without doubt, an old and worn-out people, could not survive the introduction of the new phases of life brought among them from Europe, but sunk beneath the unaccustomed aspects which their country assumed under the vigorous hand of the fresh and youthful Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races, the Guinea Negro, in an entirely new and distant country, has rather

delighted in the change of climate and circumstances, and has prospered, physically, on all that great continent and its islands, from Canada to Cape Horn.

We may conclude, therefore, that as descendants of Ham had a share, as the most prominent actors on the scene, in the founding of cities and in the organisation of government, so members of the same family, developed under different circumstances, will have an important part in the closing of the great drama.

## CHAPTER VIII.

BUT I must return from my long digression—which my countrymen, I am sure, will forgive, for the honour of the race—to the interior of the pyramids, looking at which brought on the train of thought in which I have indulged.

The heat was not so great within the pyramid as might at first be supposed ; it seems to be ventilated from some quarter. Before the Arabs would consent to guide us out they insisted on receiving *bakhshish*—a present, corresponding to *dash* among the aborigines in West Africa. We had to promise them solemnly and earnestly that on gaining the open air we would satisfy all their desires. Had they left us, as they pretended to be about to do, it would have been utterly impossible for us to get out ; and the idea of stumbling in the darkness, rolling down slippery places, and falling into deep holes, was harassingly frightful. We were considerably relieved, therefore, when they accepted our pledge, and, taking us upon their shoulders, carefully carried us out. And as soon as I breathed once more the pure air I

felt how appropriately the words might be written over the narrow entrance, which Dante says he saw inscribed over the gates of everlasting woe :—

“Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch’entrate.”

On reaching the opening the Arabs sold us coffee, in very small cups, which considerably refreshed us. I felt that my perilous adventure had given me the right of inscribing my name among the hundreds which I saw engraved over and on each side of the entrance, bearing dates as early as the sixteenth century. Borrowing, or rather hiring, for I paid him a shilling for the use of it, an engraving knife from one of the Arabs, I engraved, not far from a name dated 1685, the word LIBERIA, with my name and the date—July 11th, 1866—immediately under it. There is a tolerable degree of certainty, therefore, that the name at least of that little Republic will go down to posterity.

After this I attempted to walk around the Pyramid, but I found that my strength, considerably reduced by the visit to the interior, did not allow me, especially as it was necessary to climb over a great deal of rubbish which has collected about the base. I therefore mounted my donkey and rode to the

smaller Pyramid of Chephren, in front of which stands the Sphinx.

The Sphinx, which I gazed at a long while, is a most impressive spectacle. "This colossal and fanciful figure, half human, half animal, the body being that of a lion, was an emblematic representation of the king—the union of intellect and physical power. It was cut out of the solid rock, with the exception of the paws and a portion of the backbone, which are of hewn stone. Its height to the top of the head was sixty-three feet, its length a hundred and forty-three feet, and it measured a hundred and two feet round the forehead. The head-dress is destroyed, and the face is much mutilated, so that the features, which were Egyptian in their character, are scarcely distinguishable. Below its breast and between its paws, which extend fifty feet from the chest, though now covered with sand, are the remains of a small temple and altar, the incense smoke from which ascended to its expanded nostrils."

Dr. Norman Macleod, who a few years ago made a hilarious tour to the East, joking at everything, laughed in the face of the Sphinx. "I did all in my power," he says, "to realise the calm majesty, the dignity, serenity, et cetera, of that strange creature's

expression ; but I gave it up in despair. She seemed to me to be an Egyptian Mrs. Conrady, whom no power could invest with beauty."\* Certainly not. And the reason is that her features are decidedly of the African or Negro type, with "expanded nostrils." If, then, the Sphinx was placed here—looking out in majestic and mysterious silence over the empty plain where once stood the great city of Memphis in all its pride and glory, as an "emblematic representation of the king"—is not the inference clear as to the peculiar type or race to which that king belonged ?

The Rev. Barham Zincke, who visited the pyramids last year, and has just published an able work on "Egypt of the Pharaohs and of the Khedivé," feels confident that he has decided the difficult ethnological question as to the origin and ethnic affinities of the Egyptians. He cuts the Gordian knot by one sweeping assertion, that "Egyptian civilisation neither descended the Nile from Ethiopia, nor did it ascend the river from the coast of the Delta." This one remark shows that Mr. Zincke had not pursued the antiquarian studies which were necessary to qualify him to pronounce a judgment. "Egyptology," says

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\* "Eastward," p. 33.

one of his most able reviewers, "whether as a phase of science or of history, is not to be mastered off-hand in the space of a few months' flitting between the banks of the Nile. As he started for Egypt at a few hours' notice it did not occur to Mr. Zincke to take any books with him. Nor does he seem to have bestowed upon the subject, either beforehand or since, anything like the patient and critical study which was needed to verify his crude suggestions, or to give weight to theories engendered upon the spot. It is not by the mere light of nature that problems which for centuries have exercised the most critically trained intellects are to be disposed of. Nor are the enigmas of the Sphinx or the Great Pyramid in reality any easier to read in the glare of the Egyptian sun than by the subdued light of a library."

Having spent about three hours in the company of these wonders of antiquity, we now concluded to return to Cairo. We rode away a little distance, and then turned and took a "last lingering look;" the Arabs, unsatisfied with the pecuniary compensation they had received—which Ibrahim said was more than they usually get—still followed us, and interrupted my meditative mood by clamorously insisting upon additional *bakhshish*. The journey back to

Cairo was done in a much shorter time than it took us to go. We returned in four hours.

The pyramids which I visited are the two great pyramids, known, as I have already stated, as those of Cheops and Chephren. The large pyramid—the one I entered—is about four hundred and eighty feet high, or one hundred and forty feet higher than the highest point of St. Paul's Cathedral. Its base covers thirteen acres. The solid contents have been estimated at eighty-five million cubic feet, and to contain six million tons of stone. Herodotus says that one hundred thousand men, relieved every three months, were employed about twenty years in the erection of this vast edifice.

In view of these immense structures, I do not see how the boastful spirit of the age can indulge in such unlimited panegyrics on the advancement of the present day; setting up the commonest acts of the current civilisation as perfect miracles compared with the doings of the ancients. What are Atlantic telegraphs to these incomprehensible and time-defying edifices, whose authors did not invest their own times with such transcendent importance as to lose all reverence for the past, and all care and forethought for the future?

Sometimes the charge of uselessness is brought against the pyramids by modern utilitarians. They quote triumphantly Thomson's lines—

“ Instead of useful works, like nature great,  
Enormous, cruel wonders crushed the land ;”

or those other lines—

“ 'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,  
And splendour borrows all her rays from sense.”

And supposing that these verses apply to the pyramids, they fancy they have grounds for thinking lightly or contemptuously of those structures. But this charge is brought, it must be borne in mind, by men who not only profess to be, but who really are, utterly ignorant of the habits of the men who erected those vast buildings—of the exigencies of their times—and of what to them was useful and what not. I should think that the same modesty which compels them to put their hands upon their mouth with regard to the age of the pyramids, and the manner of their construction, would make them less dogmatical in pronouncing upon their utility or inutility.

But what is modern civilisation, with all its activities and agencies? What is it, after all, but an

extensive system of bargain and barter, in which the struggle is to see how much of intellectual, physical, or pecuniary power one man can get out of another for the little he may bestow upon that other?

“Trust no future, howe'er pleasant,  
Let the dead past bury its dead,”

is the motto of the large holders of capital in their various investments; and the condition of livelihood which they impose upon their poor *employés* is correctly expressed in Hood's mournful refrain—

“Work—work—work,  
With fingers weary and worn.”

There are various theories as to the purpose which these pyramids were intended to serve. One is, that they were designed only to serve as tombs and time-defying monuments of their builders; another is that they were built for astronomical purposes and idolatrous worship; the most far-fetched is the one with respect to the Great Pyramid suggested by the late Mr. John Taylor, and more elaborately stated by Professor Piazzi Smyth in his curious work on “Our inheritance in the Great Pyramid.” The theory is “that it was a great national or world standard of weights and measures of every kind, founded on an

exact knowledge of the axis of rotation of the globe : that in this big cairn are measures of length marked off, the unit of which is one inch ; that the porphyry coffer in the centre is a standard grain measure or chaldron, holding to a fraction four English quarters, or 70,982 English cubic inches ; and there are also subdivisions of the year into months, weeks, and days, 'checked off' in the grand gallery leading to the coffer."

Mr. Zincke, the latest theorist on this subject, in his answer to the inquiry, "Why labour was squandered on the pyramids?" seems, according to his reviewer already referred to, far more original and shrewd in judgment. There was, he shows, absolutely no outlet for that surplus or bottled-up labour which is the capital of a country. Taxation, paid in kind for want of a coinage, flowed in superabundance into the royal exchequer, whither what little there was of precious metals and stones likewise found its way. There was no direct enjoyment of any kind to be got from all this. Yet the selfishness of man forbade leaving it all to future generations; while as yet the idea of great works of irrigation, reclamation of the desert, foreign invasion, or domestic defence, had not presented itself to the mind of a Pharaoh. What

better than to build a monument to himself? What treasure he had might as well be sunk in stones as bottled up barrenly. He would have the satisfaction of providing a safe and magnificent abode for his own mummy.

But whatever other purposes these mighty architectural piles might have served, they were evidently erected to withstand the ravages of time, and perhaps the devastations of another deluge. They have outlived the "gorgeous palaces and the solemn temples," and may likely be coeval with the "great globe itself, and all which it inherits." The latest pilgrims that the world shall see will doubtless visit and wonder at these structures. Each generation seems anxious to transmit them as a portion of its legacy to posterity. The reckless Cambyses, who destroyed Memphis and disfigured the Sphinx, spared the pyramids. Alexander, conqueror of the world, respected them. "Forty centuries," said Napoleon to his troops, when passing through Egypt, "look down upon you from the summits of those pyramids." They have doubtless been kept in existence by God himself, as a standing evidence to succeeding generations of the power of the earlier races of mankind; to show to the Nebuchadnezzars of every age that

their ancestors possessed a grandeur of conception and power of execution not dreamt of in their philosophy; to rebuke the pride of kings and potentates, when they would become too exalted in their own estimation. The pyramids saw the commencement of all the civilisations which have passed over the world since the Flood. They saw Sodom and Gomorrah, Nineveh and Babylon. They were old before the children of Israel went into Egypt; they saw the years of their bondage and toil; they saw their exodus and the overthrow of the mighty Pharaoh. They witnessed the conquest of Canaan; the rise of the Jewish nation, and their wonderful prosperity. They saw Solomon in all his glory, and the magnificent temple which he built. They were witnesses of the conquests, far and wide, of Alexander the Great, and they saw his weeping for worlds to conquer. They were contemporary with the empires of Greece and Rome. They heard the thunders of Demosthenes and the persuasive eloquence of Cicero. They saw the Neros rise, and swell, and explode. They listened to the songs of Homer, of Virgil, and of Dante. They were the silent spectators of the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar, and the discovery of America by Columbus. They saw the rise of the

star of empire in the east ; they saw its first movement westward, and they will likely survive its setting. They will exist, to use the language applied by Lord Macaulay to the literature of Greece, “when civilisation and knowledge shall have fixed their abode in distant continents ; when the sceptre shall have passed away from England ; when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedestal the name of her proudest chief ; shall hear savage hymns chanted to some mis-shapen idol over the ruined dome of her proudest temple ; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts.”\* They will live to continue their impressive and irresistible oration against the folly of human pride and self-sufficiency, and to illustrate the importance of taking heed to the inspired admonition—  
“Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might ; let not the rich man glory in his riches ; but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth : for in these things do I delight, saith the Lord.”

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\* Review of Mitford's History of Greece.

When we arrived at the Mission House, on our return from the pyramids, the day was far spent. Though anxious to see some of the accessible curiosities of Cairo that day, as my time for sojourning in the city was spent, I was obliged to pass the whole evening in bed, on account of the fatigue of the day's exercise, which I felt for several days afterwards.

Next morning, under the guidance of Mr. Strang, I started out to "do" the lions of Cairo. It is impossible to convey to one who has not visited the east any accurate idea of the appearance presented by the streets of this thoroughly oriental city. Persons of all races and nations are met in their peculiar costumes. Carriages, and camels, and horses, and mules, and asses come into continual contact in the narrow streets—some of them so narrow that two horses or donkeys cannot walk abreast. And as they are not paved, and are of light, sandy soil, the tread of the various animals is not heard: it is necessary, therefore, for riders to warn pedestrians of their approach, which they do in a peculiar kind of shout. When the carriage of a wealthy person is approaching, the servant runs before—a proper footman—with a long stick clearing the streets, informing the crowds on foot that a vehicle is coming; so that they may

draw themselves up as closely as possible to the sides of the streets, or whatever those narrow passages ought to be called. Thus he "prepares the way" of his master, and makes "his paths straight." No stranger attracts attention from the peculiarity of his dress. In the streets we met persons of all races and costumes.

First we went to the famous mosque of the celebrated Mohammed Ali, an energetic ruler of Egypt, who lived in the early part of this century. This magnificent structure is built on a low hill to the east of the city. On presenting ourselves at the entrance of the large open square, on the eastern side of which stands the house of prayer, we were not allowed to enter until we had drawn over our shoes red slippers, with which we were provided by the doorkeepers. The sacred ground must not be trodden with what has touched the common dust. But for this privilege we had to pay two shillings. We found several Moslems engaged in their devotions under a splendid dome, not excelled for beauty of interior decoration by that of St. Paul's in London. Everyone we found in the mosque was kneeling, and going through the numerous prayers and prostrations with his face turned to the east. The ignorant

Mussulmans here insist that no worship is acceptable which is not offered with the face turned to the rising sun ; while, in Syria, professors in the same faith contend that the worshipper is disdained who does not in his devotions turn his face towards the south. I suppose that the pious of the sect in Persia would insist upon a westward aspiration ; while those in Mozambique would believe in a divine *afflatus* from the north. And so it goes. I wonder what would be the result of a comparison of notes by earnest and bigoted devotees from directly opposite points of the compass. Of course, the intelligent among the Mohammedans know that the principle is that the face of the worshipper, wherever he is, must be turned towards Mecca, their holy city, as of old the Jews prayed towards Jerusalem. (Dan. vi., 10.) The Christian is freed from this bondage to localities : he is taught not to say, “ Lo *here* or lo *there* is Christ : ”

“ Where'er we seek him he is found,  
And every place is hallowed ground.”

After looking around the interior of the building, and at the tomb of Mohammed Ali, we went out and had a view of Cairo from the citadel, said to be one of the finest views in the world. From this elevation,

through the dry, clear atmosphere of Egypt, the greater portion of the city is distinctly seen. The numerous large and striking buildings, patches of beautiful green, with clusters of palm trees and sycamore, white domes of mosques and shining minarets in every direction, present an appearance not to be described. The view to the west is very extensive and grand, giving, beyond the limits of the present city, the site and remains of old Cairo, or Fostat; then the broad, placid Nile, flowing through a wide verdant plain, fertilised by its waters. Further off, at a distance of six miles, are seen the great pyramids of Gizeh, and the smaller pyramids of Abusir and Sakarah, all lying in the Libyan desert, and bounded by the range of the Libyan hills, sloping gradually down to the Delta of the Nile. Thus the greatest structure of ancient Egypt, and one of the finest and most costly of modern Egypt, face each other.

From the citadel we visited "Joseph's Well," said to have been dug by Joseph during his rule in Egypt. It is remarkable for its great depth and the abundance of good water which it constantly supplies. There is a passage at the side by which visitors may go down to the bottom. We ventured about a

hundred feet down, and, as we were told that we were not then half way to the bottom, we looked through an opening in the side at the heights above and the depths beneath, and we thought it best to retrace our steps. From the "Well of Joseph" we visited the mosque of Sultan Hassan, described by some travellers as, architecturally, the finest in Cairo. I confess that—probably for want of sufficiently cultivated taste in that department of art—after having visited the mosque of Mohammed Ali, I could see nothing to admire in the old dilapidated structure of Sultan Hassan. The devotees about it, however, obliged us to take off our shoes—furnishing us no slippers—before entering. I fancy that my health was not very much benefited by walking thus exposed on the cold marble pavement.

I was struck with the rigid and impressive simplicity of the interior of the mosque. There are no pews, nor chairs, nor seats of any kind; no pictures or statues. They are intended for places of prayer—not of luxurious ease—whither people go, not to gaze around or criticise, but for devotional purposes. All we saw present had, at least, the *appearance* of worshippers. No one man was there professedly to lead the devotions of the people, but practically—so

far as many are concerned—to be their substitute in worship, while they look on as spectators paying for a weekly entertainment. The people all kneel or sit cross-legged on the floor, which is matted or carpeted. There is a pulpit, affording standing room for only one man, from which the people are sometimes addressed by the Moolah.

Around the mosque of Sultan Hassan is an open space, called the Roumaylee, a place of general resort. Here I saw the finest herd of camels I have seen in the east. The camel by itself has very little comeliness, but a drove of camels is certainly a beautiful sight.

Anxious to overtake the Russian steamer for Beyrout, which was to leave Alexandria on the afternoon of the 13th, I started by the earliest train on the following morning (the 13th), and reached Alexandria just in time to get my things on board comfortably, without enjoying the pleasure of giving the parting *salaam* to the affable consul-general, who was away at dinner when I reached his office.

I now bade adieu to the land of Egypt—land of my “fathers’ sepulchres”—feeling more than repaid for any discomforts or privations suffered on the

voyage ; happy to undergo them all again, or double their number, intensified, for the sake of the instruction and enjoyment which my visit to this great country afforded.

## CHAPTER IX.

I EMBARKED on board the Russian steamer *Constantin*, at Alexandria, on the afternoon of July 13th, at four o'clock. At daylight on Sunday, the 15th, having stopped two hours at Port Said, we anchored in the roadstead of Jaffa, or Yafa, the Joppa of the Bible. Here I had my first view of the Holy Land.

Jaffa is said to be the oldest town in the world, having been founded, it is supposed, by Japheth, the son of Noah. It has always played an important part in the maritime enterprises of the land of Israel. It is now very little visited on account of its exposed roadstead. I was surprised to see the mean and poor appearance of a place of such reputation—

“Nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis.”

We lay here only a few hours to receive the mails and scores of Greek and Russian pilgrims who had been on a visit to Jerusalem.

On Monday morning, July 16th, we arrived at Beirût. Here the yellow flag had to be sent up the

foremast, for we were to be quarantined for three days. The captain kindly allowed me to pass my quarantine on board. Here, for two days, I had before me the city of Beirût, with the mountains of Lebanon in the background, that goodly mountain which Moses desired to behold.

Beirût, the Berytus of Phœnicia, and the chief seaport of Syria, has one of the finest sites in the world. "From the base of Lebanon a triangular plain juts into the sea, and round a little bay on the northern shore nestles the nucleus of the city, engirt by old walls and towers. Behind the city the ground rises with a gentle slope, and is thickly studded with villas of every graceful form which Eastern fancy, grafted on Western taste, can devise; and all embosomed in the foliage of the orange, mulberry, and palm. In spring time and summer Beirût is beautiful. The glory of Lebanon behind, a mantle of verdure wrapped closely round it, fringed by a pearly strand; in front the boundless sea, bright and blue as the heavens that over-arch it. Such is Beirût."\*

A few miles to the south lies the famous city of

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\* Rev. J. L. Porter.

Sidon, the most ancient of the maritime settlements of Phœnicia, named, probably, after the first-born of Canaan. Fourteen miles lower down stands Tyre, the Liverpool of the Mediterranean in the ancient times. It is at the southern extremity of Phœnicia and at the beginning of Palestine.

“The spaces between Beirût, Sidon, and Tyre, were, anciently, filled with smaller towns and inland settlements, forming, as it were, one unbroken city, whose lights flashed, when seen by night from the mountains, almost in one continuous blaze, extending over the whole coast and the islands. In the back ground the beautiful range of the Lebanon was overgrown with forests, and at the base the hills excavated in numberless quarries. This strip of country was, in those times, the busiest scene on the face of the earth. It swarmed like a great beehive—in the cities, in the villages, in the quarries, in the forests on the mountain sides, in the harbours—with one of the most remarkable and powerful races of the ancient world.”

But the glory of Tyre and Sidon has passed away ; only a few small crafts now occasionally visit their harbours. There still remain, however, the great natural features of the country. Here are still the

mountains from which they cut their timber, and the great sea in which they sailed their ships. In the Bible are numerous allusions to the roar of this sea which I now look upon, and to the dash of its waves as they broke over the rocks of Jaffa, of Acre, and of Tyre: "The floods lift up their voice, the floods lift up their waves." I am told that in winter the seas rage fearfully on this coast; vessels are often obliged to leave the roadsteads. Some two or three years ago a large French steamer, while attempting to make her escape from the harbour of Beirût, was dashed ashore by the violence of the winds and the force of the current. Jaffa is not unfrequently altogether inaccessible from the sea.

On Wednesday morning, July 19th, our steamer was admitted to pratique, and the yellow flag was hauled down. I landed about nine o'clock. After passing through the formalities of the custom-house, which are considerably simplified by a *bakhshish* of a few piastres, and exhibiting my passport, I repaired at once to the United States Consulate, where I was kindly received by the dragoman—a young Syrian. Here I learned that the Consul and his family, and all the American missionaries with their families, had taken their flight for the summer to the mountains of

Lebanon.\* Having no acquaintances in Beirût, no one whose advice I could ask as to my future course, I at once hired a horse and guide, and leaving my heavy luggage at the Consulate, betook myself to the village of Abeih, situated on one of the higher ridges of Lebanon, about twelve miles from Beirût, where, I had learned, was the summer residence of the Rev. Dr. Bliss, President of the Syrian Protestant College, to whom I had letters of introduction. After a ride of six hours we reached the village, and I was warmly welcomed by the good doctor and his amiable lady, both much more youthful persons than I had expected to see.

My guide, who belonged to Beirût, and was nothing of a mountaineer, did not know much about the road, or the journey would have been performed in a much shorter time. He led me, as I learned afterwards, considerably out of the way, taking, after he reached the base of the mountains, the main road to Damascus. The first two hours we rode, for a great portion of the way, on a sandy plain in the shade of

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\* Were it not for these mountains, with their cool and invigorating retreats, it would be impossible for Europeans or Americans to endure for any length of time the Syrian climate. The heat of the plains during the protracted summer is most oppressive, without any mitigating breezes, such as are enjoyed on the west coast of Africa. In the early weeks of summer, therefore, consuls and missionaries on the coast betake themselves to the grateful shade of the vine and fig-tree of Lebanon.

an extensive pine forest, said to have been planted by the forethought and enterprise of Ibrahim Pasha, one of the most industrious and intelligent of the modern rulers of Egypt.

The ride, on the whole, was an exceedingly interesting one to me, everything being entirely new. During the latter part of the journey we pursued the same road travelled by Dr. Robinson\* in 1852. We passed over several of the lower ranges of Lebanon running parallel to the sea. We rode over ridge after ridge. Beautiful slopes, and deep glens covered with mulberry, olive and fig trees, now and then presented the most charming spectacle. Mountains, which, in the distance seemed wrapped in clouds and entirely inaccessible, were traversed by us with ease and rapidity; the loftiest and most rugged we found to be crossed by well-trodden roads, verifying the words of the poet—

“The lofty mountains that uprear  
Their frowning foreheads to the skies;  
Are crossed by pathways, that appear  
As we to higher levels rise.”

The sides of the mountains are laid off into

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\* Biblical Researches, &c., vol. iii.

terraces wherever there is soil to permit it ; and even where only a few feet of soil can be scraped together, it is cultivated. Tracts of land, which at first seem wholly covered with stones and rocks, are thus reclaimed ; and the rude, narrow terraces, rising in steps, and covered above with strong mountain soil, become verdant with grain and the foliage of mulberry and fig trees. These terraces constitute a very striking feature in the agriculture of the mountains.\*

I was struck with the bareness of the mountains of all forest trees of natural growth. Nearly every tree I saw had been planted. In many places nothing is seen but the naked white rock, so that, in the distance, many of the ridges seem to be immense mounds of sand. Before the days of Solomon these mountains were covered with magnificent forests, which were largely cut down by that monarch and his friend Hiram, king of Tyre, while furnishing timber for the temple. Solomon, we are told, "had eighty thousand hewers and seventy thousand to bear burdens, beside three thousand and six hundred overseers." (2 Chron. ii., 2.) He sent them to Lebanon, ten thousand a month, by courses ; a month they were

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\* See Robinson's *Biblical Researches*, vol. iii.

in Lebanon, and two months at home. The timber was brought down from Lebanon to the sea by the servants of Hiram, and conveyed by sea in floats to Jaffa, the seaport of Jerusalem.

When covered with forests, these mountains were, no doubt, fitted to inspire an uncultivated people with superstitious feelings of veneration. No wonder they erected "idols on every high hill and under every green tree." Bare as they now are, when seen at night, especially by the clear light of the moon peculiar to this part of the world, they impress one with wondrous awe and solemnity of feeling; and, were it not for the Bible, there would doubtless be a strong impulse to fall down and exclaim, "O Baal, hear us!" On the summit of some of the ridges I saw level circular places, perfectly clean, said to be sites of ancient Phœnician worship.

Over many a precipitous declivity did I see shepherds following flocks of sheep and goats, in places where not a blade of grass could be seen, and where the heat of the sun was most intense. Shepherds in this part of the world must lead a toilsome, fatiguing, and perilous life. In the daytime they have often to follow the sheep within tangled thickets and among poisonous vines to rescue them; at night they watch

with sleepless eyes over them ; or if they succeed in driving them into one of those singular openings in the mountain sides called caves, they throw themselves down across the entrance and sleep there ; so that no wild beast or robber can get at the sheep without their knowledge. Those who live here can appreciate the force of Jacob's expostulation with Laban, when he reminded his ungenerous father-in-law of his labours and sufferings in attending his flocks : " In the day the drought consumed me ; and the frost by night ; and my sleep departed from my eyes." (Gen. xxxi., 40.) David tells also of the perils of shepherd life : " Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock ; and I went out after him and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth ; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear." (1 Sam. xvii.) Our Saviour calls himself the " Good Shepherd." How forcible and appropriate the comparison !

On my arrival at Abeih I found there the Board of Managers of the Syrian Protestant College in session. Nearly all the missionaries of the American Board were present, and several consuls. Here I had the

pleasure of forming the acquaintance of the Rev. Dr. W. M. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," from whom, during several subsequent interviews, I received a great deal of information about the country, and humorous descriptions of numerous personal incidents during his long residence and extensive travels in Syria, which could not be put into his book.

Abeih, one of the central stations of the Syrian mission of the American board, lies upon the western slope of Lebanon, at an elevation of 2,300 feet above the sea. It commands a most splendid view. Beirût is constantly in sight, and, on clear days, Mount Carmel and Sidon on the south, and the island of Cyprus on the west, can be seen. Dido lived in these parts, and she spoke of some of these places to Æneas,—

"Teucrum memini *Sidona* venire  
——— Genitor tum Belus  
Vastabat opimam *Cyprum*."\*

Back of the village, the ascent continues for half or three-quarters of a mile to the summit of a ridge, whence a still more extensive view can be had north

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\* Æneid I., 619.

and south. Often, when on this summit, have I seen the clouds below me. On the 3rd of August, when dining in the tent of Mr. Taylor, U. S. consul at Cairo, who was then "tenting" on the Lebanon, not far from this summit, we were enveloped in clouds, and the lower part of the village and the sea was completely hid from sight.

Nothing can surpass the magnificence of cloud scenery as it is witnessed from these mountains in the view towards the Mediterranean. In the distance, the sea and sky, both of a deep blue colour, seem to blend mysteriously, so that it is altogether impossible to tell where one begins and the other ends—

"the eye  
Sees the sea as one vast plain  
Or one boundless reach of sky."

The clouds, of a sparkling brightness, float about in the sea or sky like celestial islands. When the sun is approaching the western horizon, its fading light sheds a rich splendour over the gorgeous heavens; and the brilliant islands we saw in the early part of the day, assuming fantastic shapes and robing themselves in ineffable beauty, dance, apparently, at the very base of the mountains; to which,

now, by a singular illusion, the horizon seems to approximate. I have sat for hours in July and August on those lovely heights, watching the declining sun—the indescribable and inimitable colours in the sea beneath me; and while, in addition, I have enjoyed the balmy sweetness of the atmosphere, I have wished for power adequately to represent the impressive sublimity of scenery—the overpowering charms of the *tout ensemble* of a summer-evening view from the summits of Lebanon.

At Abeih there are resident two missionaries—Rev. Messrs. Calhoun and Bird. Here there is a large native congregation, with which I worshipped every Sabbath morning at half-past ten o'clock. All the exercises are conducted in Arabic by the missionaries or their native helpers. In the afternoon there is an English service kept up during the summer for the English-speaking community who may be spending the season in that part of Lebanon. During the present summer there was quite a large English congregation. Every Friday evening a number met at the residence of Mr. Calhoun for Bible reading. The practice was for anyone to select a passage for consideration, presenting his own views and then giving way for discussion. Seldom over one passage

would be discussed during the evening. These meetings, opened and closed with singing and prayer, were full of interest and profit.

Frequently on other evenings in the week there would be social gatherings for musical recreations and other exercises. The United States Consul at Beirût, Mr. J. A. Johnson, and his cultivated family, contributed not a little to the life and interest of society at Abeih. Mrs. Johnson is the daughter of Rev. Dr. Barclay, author of the "City of the Great King," and is herself an authoress. It was quite refreshing to see this gentleman laying aside all diplomatic stiffness and formality, and attending all the meetings, whether for singing, Bible reading, or any other purpose. He was never absent from the services on the Sabbath. And I have heard him in the evenings at the social gatherings recite, amid uproarious laughter, humorous poetry from Hood and others, "to make these sober and hard-worked missionaries," as he used to say to me, "shake their sides a little—it does them good." I say this was refreshing, because it is such a rare thing to see consular or diplomatic officers taking any special interest in missionaries or their work. Not far from Abeih, on another ridge of Lebanon, is the village

of Shemlân, where was sojourning for the summer another interesting group of American and English families. This village is mentioned by Robinson.\* The "extensive establishment for reeling silk by steam" which he saw is still there. Here resides Rev. Dr. W. M. Thomson.

On Saturday evening, August 18th, Dr. Bliss invited me to accompany him to witness the festivities of a native wedding. We went first to the house of the bride; for among the people of this country the bride and bridegroom celebrate their nuptials in different houses, and sometimes in different and distant villages, for several days before they come together, and before the marriage ceremony is performed. We found the bride surrounded by her female relatives and friends. She sat adorned in rich and costly attire, with her eyes closed. She wore suspended from her hair more than twenty pieces of gold coin, about the size of an English sovereign—the gift of her intended. As we entered she was led to the door by her bridesmaid, and welcomed us, still keeping her eyes shut, by kissing our hands. This done, she was led back to her seat, and

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\* *Researches*, vol. iii., 20.

resumed her stiff and upright posture in the chair. She did not seem to move a muscle. And it would, I was told, have been exceedingly indecorous in her to show any sign of attention to what was taking place in the room. To have laughed, or even smiled, would have exposed her to lasting disgrace.

I noticed that Dr. Bliss, on entering, dexterously slipped off his shoes at the door, and, walking noiselessly, suddenly dropped himself on the finely-matted floor, and sat cross-legged with an ease and grace that bespoke long residence in the east. I, unaccustomed to Syrian etiquette, and not forewarned, went in, shoes and all, and found the chairless oriental posture by no means comfortable. I was literally *floored*. The native guests, all females, sat in rows on the floor. The only chair in the room was the one occupied by the bride. They soon brought us sherbet, [a kind of lemonade, and then coffee in very small cups. After awhile the dancing women were admitted, and one by one performed the dance, to the sound of music made by the voice and clapping of hands. There were over twenty-five women and girls engaged in clapping; and they did it with a regularity and order that produced the harmony of a musical

instrument. This exercise was not new to me, as I had seen women in the West Indies engage in it with equally good effect. The dancing is quite different from that seen in the west. It consists of various graceful evolutions of the body and arms, and is done with such skill as often to elicit considerable applause from the spectators. It no doubt requires a great deal of practice to become an adept in the art. I never saw more than two persons on the floor at a time—usually not more than one—and the sexes never dance together, or in the same room.

The bride's apartment becoming rather crowded, we left and went to the house of the bridegroom, where we found him sitting in state at one end of a room full of his male friends. There were a few females outside, performing the *Zalgaht*, a peculiar kind of shrill cry or scream, utterly baffling description, said to be intended as a joyful welcome to the guests as they arrive. Women are often hired to make this noise at weddings. When we entered one man was on the floor dancing, holding in his right hand a long stick, with which, using it as a sword, he was going through various gladiatorial movements, in mock combat with some imaginary foe; and whenever he would seem to give his invisible opponent an effective

thrust, shouts of applause from the eager and interested spectators would rend the air. The various contortions of the body and comical movement of the arms and legs seem all to have some peculiar significance, understood only by the initiated. Dr. Bliss was as ignorant as I was of their meaning. Generally, before a dance by men is commenced, a story of love or of war, well known to the spectators, is chosen as the plan of the dance, and the business of the performers is to represent, by the motion of the hands, the agility of their limbs, and the innumerable attitudes into which they throw themselves, all the various passions of love, jealousy, anger, &c., that sway the human breast. Sometimes these representations are so striking to those acquainted with the plan or plot of the dance, that they break out into the most vehement demonstrations. Precisely such are the set dancers of the aborigines of West Africa. I have often seen at native towns such terpsichorean manoeuvres. Subsequently at Jaffa I saw another dance, in which a veritable Nigritian took the lead. He was, of course, perfectly at home.

At the village of Shemlân I had the opportunity of witnessing another marriage festival at the house of the bride. In this case the groom

lived at Deir-el-Kamr, a village about five miles away, where he was also entertaining his friends. This festival was kept up for several days with eating and drinking, dancing, firing of guns, screaming of the women, and yelling of the men. I was present the evening before the bride was escorted home. Her male friends and relatives entertained us on the house-top with sherbet and coffee. The men sang wild mountain airs, and the women *zalghated* as at the other wedding. Their performance was more like the deep wailings of sorrow than songs of rejoicing. After being entertained by this doleful jubilee we were invited to see the bride. We found her surrounded by a gay company of women, who danced by turns. One, who seemed particularly skilled in the art, went through all the evolutions with a small waterpot full of water on her head, without spilling a particle of the water.

On the next day—Sabbath—the bride, in her richest attire, and entirely enveloped in a veil of white muslin, was placed on a mule and led off to her husband, with her trunk and all her personal property conspicuously displayed on the back of a donkey behind her, and followed by a large number of her male and female friends, with music and singing,

some of them having bottles of Cologne water, with which they sprinkled friends whom they met on their way. I learned that the bride had never seen her espoused but once, and he had only seen her at a distance. Not mutual affection, but the opinions and tastes of friends and relatives, generally lead to marriage among this people. There was nothing in this marriage feast as in the other I saw at Abeih excepting, perhaps, the "waterpots," to remind one of the "marriage in Cana of Galilee." It would seem also that the marriage customs alluded to in the parable of the ten virgins are now entirely obsolete in the east.

The veil is worn constantly by all the native females. It takes the place of the western bonnet altogether; in fact, it is more than the bonnet. Like turban or tarbush, which is never off the head of the male, the veil is never away from the head of its mistress. In the house and in the street, at the wash-tub or the ironing-table, in the kitchen, at the well, or in the market, the veil is always present. However ragged and filthy, the veil must be on the head or over the face; and frequently other portions of the body are left altogether exposed in order to cover the face. The Druses and Mussulmans are

most particular in requiring that their women shall be closely veiled; and, through fear of these sects, Jews, Maronites, Greeks, and Protestants keep up the practice. When Protestant females of intelligence are asked why, knowing better, they keep their faces so much concealed, they reply, "Well, we don't care about being closely veiled; but if we don't veil we are liable to be laughed at or insulted by Druses or Mussulmans." In the cities the Mohammedan women are wrapped up from head to foot in white muslin, so as to look very much like sheeted ghosts.

But, after all, there is something graceful in the veil as it is worn by most of the Protestant females. No one who has lived in the East any time would like to see the custom of moderate veiling fall altogether into disuse. How it would shock all the feelings of propriety and reverence, even of the most enthusiastic admirer of western costume, to see a painting of any of the holy women of the Bible in the modern European bonnet and its concomitants!

## CHAPTER X.

ON September 1st I left Mount Lebanon, to proceed to Jerusalem, spending a few days at Beirût. Here I was hospitably entertained by Rev. Dr. Jessup, of the American Board of Missions, who has charge of the Arabic congregation in this city. On Sunday, September 2nd, I was privileged to attend the Lord's supper, with about two hundred Syrian Christians. All the exercises were in Arabic, excepting the Benediction, which was pronounced in English.

Next day I visited the great printing establishment in connection with the American mission, where thousands of copies of the Holy Scriptures, and other valuable works, are printed in Arabic—a language read or understood by nearly two hundred millions of human beings. The missionaries cannot translate and print fast enough for the demand. Syria is a most laborious, but at the same time a most interesting and instructive, mission-field. It is a school in which the highly intellectual and educated servant of God, after leaving college and the theological seminary in the United States, takes up and con-

tinues his studies in the most absorbing and profitable manner. Not a few sink under the intense and unremitting labour from which, once in the field, they find it difficult to restrain themselves. The operations of this mission extend from Sidon to Tripoli, and includes the whole of the Lebanon. The principal stations are Beirût, Abeih, Sidon, and Tripoli, with twenty-one out-stations. They have nine ordained foreign missionaries and sixteen native helpers, not including some twenty-five teachers. The great work accomplished by this mission has been the translation of the whole Bible into Arabic. The translation was commenced by Dr. Eli Smith, some twenty years ago, and completed after his death by Dr. Van Dyck. It is said to be admired even by Moslems for the purity of the style of the Arabic.

A college has recently been established by the members of this mission, to be under the control of American and English Christians. Rev. Dr. Bliss is the President.

A new and magnificent building has just been erected, under the supervision of Dr. Jessup, through the liberality of American Christians, for the Female Seminary, under the tuition of well-educated native teachers. The proper education and training of

females in Syria, now receiving particular attention, through the efforts of the American missionaries, and of the energetic Mrs. Bowen Thompson, an English lady (since dead), who has established efficient schools in Beirût and on Mount Lebanon, is introducing a new and powerful reforming element into society in that land; in fact, it is bringing about the organisation of society; for such a thing as society in the Christian sense of that word cannot be said to exist in a country where females are systematically kept in ignorance, and excluded from all association in public or in the domestic circle with males.

I visited the cemetery of the American Mission, where are the graves of several missionaries and travellers. I saw the grave of Pliny Fisk, one of the pioneers of American missions in the east, and that of Eli Smith, one of the translators of the Bible into Arabic.

On Thursday morning, September 6th, I left Beirût in the Austrian steamer *Stambul* for Jaffa. We had a delightfully calm sea. In a few hours we passed by Sidon and Sarepta and the famous Tyre, now a miserable village. About four o'clock we ran into the harbour of Haifa, a small town in the shadow of Mount Carmel. Here I read 1 Kings xviii., and the

grandeur of the occasion, the sublime position of the prophet, his marvellous irony, had never struck me as it did while reading the very graphic account in view of the neighbourhood where the events occurred. We left Haifa about sunset, and anchored about midnight in the roadstead of Jaffa.

Next morning, about seven o'clock, I hired a boat and hastened to the shore, eager to tread the Holy Land. While I was gazing with longing eyes at the little city before me, and wondering at which point of the exposed beach came the floats of Solomon, with the cedars of Lebanon for the temple, and where the "ship going to Tarshish" was lying in which Jonah took passage when he "fled from the presence of the Lord"—(Jonah i., 3)—I was interrupted by one of the Arab boatmen, who, it seems, was anxious to cultivate a further acquaintance with me, as well, no doubt, as to show his proficiency in the English language. He addressed me in plain and distinct words, "Do you speak English?" I replied in the affirmative. "Well," he continued, "how many died to-day?" How many died to-day? thought I. What can he mean, seeing it is but the first hour of the day? I asked him what he meant: he hung his head, fastening his eyes on the bottom of the boat, like one,

trying to solve an enigma. We were both bewildered. A fellow-passenger at my side who spoke English came to my relief by suggesting that his question embraced the whole extent of his English vocabulary, and that he probably learned it last year during the prevalence of cholera at Jaffa—a question which, at that time, bore a melancholy significance and relevance, and was no doubt daily put by the English residents. It had lodged itself in his mind, altogether apart from its meaning, as a considerable quantity of English.

We had to pass over perilous reefs, which only the boatmen of Jaffa, rendered expert by long practice, can safely navigate. When the danger was over they all exclaimed "*Al hamdu lillah!*" (Praise to God!) and demanded *bakhshish*. There being no wharf, the passengers were carried to the beach on the shoulders of the Arabs. On setting us down they again asked for *bakhshish*. Nothing can equal the noise and disorder, tumult and filth, amid which one finds himself on landing at Jaffa. No pen can adequately describe such a scene. There seems to be no law or order to regulate the tumultuous and boisterous crowds which overwhelm the new comer to these Oriental ports.

Of course, the first thing to be seen by the Christian traveller after landing at Jaffa is the house of "Simon the tanner" by the sea-side (Acts ix., 43), which is still shown at the southern extremity of the city. In this city Dorcas, the great friend of the poor, lived and died, and was raised from the dead by the Apostle Peter. But nobody knows where her house was.

Jaffa is situated on the border of the plain of Sharon, which, in the days of the Bible, was distinguished for its fruitful and lovely character. We read of the "Rose of Sharon" and of the "glory of Lebanon and the excellency of Carmel and Sharon." (Songs ii., 1; Isaiah xxxv., 2.) Even now there are extensive gardens, where orange, citron, apricot, fig, olive, pomegranate, mulberry, banana, and palm trees flourish.

About three o'clock p.m. on the day of my arrival I set out from Jaffa for Jerusalem on horseback. After leaving the pent-up and unattractive little city, and finding myself fairly in the great plain, I began to realise that I was in the Holy Land, in the midst of scriptural localities—one of the regions of apostolic labours. Before me was Lydda, where Peter healed Eneas, the suffering paralytic. (Acts

ix., 32.) A few hours to the south was Gaza, whence Samson took "away the doors of the gate" (Judges xvi., 3), and on the road to which Philip, by the direction of the Holy Spirit, met the Ethiopian eunuch returning home, and having "preached unto him Jesus," baptised him and sent him "on his way rejoicing"—the first Christian missionary to Africa. (Acts viii.) A little to the north lay Cæsarea, where Paul spent the last two years in Palestine before he left for Europe. After a slow ride of three hours we reached Lydda, which is expressly mentioned as being "nigh unto Joppa." (Acts ix., 32.) Its modern name is Lydd. Spending a few minutes at the ruins of the Church of St. George, we passed on to Ramleh, said to be the Arimathea of Scripture, the residence of Joseph the rich man, who begged the body of Jesus, and laid it in his own sepulchre. (Matt. xxvii., 57, 58.) Here having spent an hour at the residence of Rev. Mr. Gruhler, a German missionary, for rest and refreshment, I concluded, on the advice of the hospitable missionary, to continue the journey to Jerusalem during the night, and reach that city in the morning early; as during the day the heat in the plain in the month of September is excessive, and the flies exceedingly annoying to horses.

It was half-past eight when we left the house of Mr. Gruhler, under the guidance of the mail-carrier, an Arab, who had overtaken us on the road between Jaffa and Lydda, and who, being thoroughly armed and well acquainted with the way, undertook to guide us to Jerusalem for a small *bakhshish*. The ride was exceedingly tiresome and monotonous, though the air was cool and pleasant. After three hours' ride in the plain of Sharon, we began, about midnight, to ascend the hill-country of Judea; then the journey was a continuous ascent, rugged and difficult, till we reached Jerusalem, which is about 2,300 feet above the level of the sea.

The sun was just peeping up from behind the blue hills of Moab when I caught my first view of the "City of the Great King." I stopped my horse to take a good view and try to enjoy for a few minutes the beauty of the situation. The view was in every respect refreshing. I forgot the fatigue of the long and weary night's ride—all the dreams of the past seemed to be realised. A new class of feelings was excited in my bosom, different from those which I had experienced at the pyramids. *There* the interest I felt was of the earth, earthy; drawn from worldly considerations, and dwelt upon at length, because

there have been such persevering efforts in modern times to ignore the participation of the African descendants of Ham in the great works of ancient civilisation. But *here* the emotions I felt were such as are shared by every son of Adam who has been made to rejoice in the light of the gospel. "What are the recollections associated with the monuments and antiquities of Memphis, Babylon, Nineveh, Athens, Rome, London, compared with those that cluster around the City of the Great King?—whose antiquity is of ancient days, even the days of the great diluvian patriarch Shem—the city where the 'King of Peace and Righteousness' communed with the 'Friend of God'—where the son of Jesse tuned his soul-stirring harp and penned his Psalms for the saints of all ages—where Solomon reared a house for the Lord of Hosts to dwell between the Cherubim—where the Son of God suffered, and died, and rose again—whence he ascended on high, and whither he will come again in the clouds of heaven in like manner as he went up!"\*

Feeling utterly unable to describe the emotions by which I was overpowered on my approach to Jerusalem,

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\* Barclay's "City of the Great King."

I turned to some of the multitudinous works which have been written on the Holy Land, to compare the impressions of a first view of Jerusalem, as described by other travellers. I will insert a few of the descriptions here, as likely to be of interest to those who have not access to such works.

Rev. Dr. Edward Robinson, the prince of travellers in Bible lands, says :—

“The feelings of a Christian traveller on approaching Jerusalem can be better conceived than described. Mine were strongly excited. Before us, as we drew near, lay Zion, the Mount of Olives, the vales of Hinnom, and Jehoshaphat, and other objects of the deepest interest ; while crowning the summits of the same ancient hills was spread out the city where God of old had dwelt, and where the Saviour of the world had lived and taught and died. From the earliest childhood I had read of and studied the localities of this sacred spot ; now I beheld them with my own eyes ; and they all seemed familiar to me, as if the realisation of a former dream. I seemed to be again among cherished scenes of childhood, long unvisited, indeed, but distinctly recollected ; and it was almost a painful interruption when my companion (who had been here before) began to point out and name the various objects in view.”\*

Walter Keating Kelly, who first saw Jerusalem in 1841, says :—

“The first involuntary exclamation that bursts forth is that which prophecy has said shall be in the mouth of ‘all that pass’— ‘Is this the city that men call the perfection of beauty, the joy of

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\* Robinson's "Biblical Researches," vol. i., p. 221

the whole earth?' \* \* \* \* The city, placed on the brow of the hill, as if an object for observation, looks as if a portion of it had fallen down the steep, and presents one of the most gloomy and melancholy spectacles that imagination can conceive."\*

Lieutenant Lynch, of the American navy, gives his first impression thus :—

"I rode to the summit of a hill on the left, and beheld the Holy City, on the elevated site, at the head of a ravine. With an interest never felt before I gazed upon the hallowed spot of our redemption. Forgetting myself and all around me, I saw, in vivid fancy, the route traversed eighteen centuries before by the Man of Sorrows. Men may say what they please, but there are moments when the soul, casting aside the artificial trammels of the world, will assert its claim to a celestial origin, and, regardless of time and place, of sneers and sarcasms, pay its tribute at the shrine of faith, and weep for the sufferings of its founder. I scarce realised my position. Before me, on its lofty hill, four thousand feet above that (Dead) sea was the queenly city. I cannot coincide with most travellers in decrying its position."†

Dr. Stanley, who visited Jerusalem in 1853, says—

"Jerusalem is one of the few places of which the first impression is not the best. No doubt the first sight—the first moment when, from the ridge of hills which divide the valley of Rephaim from the valley of Bethlehem, one sees the white line crowning the horizon, and knows that it is Jerusalem—is a moment never to be forgotten. But there is nothing in the view itself to excite your feelings; nor is there, even when the Mount of Olives heaves in sight, nor when the horses' hoofs ring on the stones of the streets of Jerusalem."‡

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\* "Syria and the Holy Land." London, 1844.

† "U. S. Expedition to Jordan and Dead Sea"—Phil., 1849.

‡ "Sinai and Palestine."

With this corresponds the experience of Rev. W. M. Thomson, D.D., who has lived as a missionary in Syria for more than thirty years. Writing, in 1857, he says :—

“Wearied with a long ride from Jaffa, I approached from the west, when the shadows of evening were falling heavily over the blank walls and unpicturesque ramparts of Zion. I could see nothing of the city, and entered the gate dissatisfied and sadly disappointed. Subsequently, while residing here, this first impression wore off, and was succeeded by feelings of deep reverence and earnest affection.”\*

Prof. Henry S. Osborne, who first entered Jerusalem in 1857, records his impressions as follow :—

“Seven minutes further, and we suddenly obtain the first glorious view of the towers, the minarets, the mosques, and walls of Jerusalem. How unspeakably charming is this moment’s vision, with the morning’s freshness and an intensely blue sky, allowing the unclouded rays of the sun to bring out every part most distinctly, and at a distance which allows nothing to enter the scene but that which would heighten the solemn majesty and beauty of the city itself, and the interesting circle of mountains round about ! An agreeable brightness of the sunlight, the cool stillness of the air, the grandeur and enchantment of the whole vision, rob me of every desire to take the smallest drawing ; and the expectation of spending a long time at Jerusalem relieves me of the anxiety on that score, and allows me to enjoy the scene without a desire even to speak, Never did silence and loneliness appear so gratifying as at this moment.”†

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\* “The Land and the Book,” Vol. ii., p. 467.

† “Palestine Past and Present.”—Phil. 1859.

Rev. J. L. Porter, formerly missionary in Damascus, describes his early experiences in the Holy City in the following glowing terms :—

“ It is not strange that my first night on the Mount of Olives was sleepless. Though the preceding night had been spent in the saddle, and the preceding day in fatiguing travel, yet the vision of Jerusalem, which I had that day seen for the first time, remained so vivid before my mind’s eye, that it banished all thought of sleep and all sense of fatigue. For hours I lay absorbed in the stirring memories of the distant past, which holy scenes had called up and invested with the charm of reality. Mount Zion—Moriah, crowned of yore with the halo of the Shekinah glory—Gethsemane, bedewed with the tears, and stained by the bloody sweat of the Son of man—Olivet, where Jesus so often taught and prayed—they were all there, each with its wondrous story written as if in letters of light. Longing for the morning, I once and again rose from my bed and threw open the lattice. The stars hung out like diamond lamps from the black vault of heaven, shining with a sparkling lustré unknown in our hazy west, and revealing in dim outline the walls and towers of the Holy City sleeping peacefully away below.”\*

The following from Dr. Norman Macleod is characteristic :—

“ I entered Jerusalem with neither smile nor tear, but with something between the two ; for I had no sooner doffed my tarboush in reverence as I passed through St. Stephen’s gate, and experienced that queer feeling about the throat which makes one cough, and dims the eyes with old-fashioned tears, than my horse—very probably owing to my want of vision—began to slide, and skate, and stumble over the hard, round, polished stones which pave or

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\* “ The Giant Cities of Bashan,” &c., p. 117. London, 1865.

spoil the road. I heard some of my companions saying, 'Look at the Pool of Bethesda!' 'See the green grass of the Temple Area; we are going to enter the Via Dolorosa!' But how could I take in the full meaning of the words when with each announcement a fore-leg or a hind-leg of my horse went off in a slide, or drew back with a shudder, and when the horrors of broken bones became so present as for a moment to exclude all other thoughts. 'Such is life,' as the saying is. And such were the prosaic circumstances of my entrance into Jerusalem." \*

M. Renan gives the result of his visit in the following remarkable terms :—

"All that history which at a distance seemed to float in the clouds of an unreal world took instantly a body, a solidity, which astonished me. The striking accord between the texts and the places, the marvellous harmony of the evangelical picture, with the country which served as its frame, were to me as a revelation. I had before my eyes a fifth gospel, mutilated but still legible, and ever afterwards in the recitals of Matthew and Mark, instead of an abstract Being that one would say had never existed, I saw a wonderful human figure live and move."

"In listening to this striking testimony as to the effect of his visit to the east," adds Dr. Hanna, to whom I am indebted for the quotation, "we have deeply to regret that, with M. Renan, the movement from incredulity towards belief stopped at its first stage."

"Nothing can be finer," says Bartlett,† "than the

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\* "Eastward," p. 120.

† "Walks about Jerusalem."

stanzas in which Tasso describes the approach of the crusading army to the long-desired city, and the first burst of their hostile array upon their Moslem defenders :—

“ ‘ Winged is each heart and winged every heel,—  
They fly, yet notice not how fast they fly ;  
But by the time the dewless meads reveal  
The fervent sun’s ascension in the sky,  
Lo, towards Jerusalem salutes the eye !  
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale ;  
Jerusalem ! a thousand voices cry,  
All hail, Jerusalem !—hill, down, and dale,  
Catch the glad sounds, and shout, Jerusalem, all hail !

“ ‘ Each, at his chief’s example, lays aside  
His scarf and feathered casque, every gay  
And glistening ornament of knightly pride,  
And barefoot treads the consecrated way ;  
Their thoughts, too, suited to their changed array ;  
Warm tears devout their eyes in showers diffuse,  
Tears, that the haughtiest temper might allay.’ ”

## CHAPTER XI.

I ENTERED the Holy City through the Jaffa gate, on the western side of the city, about half-past six o'clock a.m., and proceeded at once to the Damascus Hotel; but before I had settled myself there, I was kindly invited by Bishop Gobat, of the Church of England, to take up my abode in his family. The bishop's residence is on Mount Zion, directly opposite the tower of Hippicus, not far from the Latin convent, and overlooking the pool of Hezekiah. Here I passed my sojourn in Jerusalem most delightfully, and enjoyed unusual facilities for making my very short stay in the city interesting and profitable.

On the afternoon of the same day of my arrival, under the guidance of the United States vice-consul, Mr. Finkelstein, I went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, an extensive edifice, enclosing, according to some Christian sects, Mount Calvary, and the sepulchre where the body of Christ was laid. To this church thousands of pilgrims from Europe and Africa continually go up to worship. Here I was shown the spot where it is believed the body of Christ was

interred, and the place where stood the stone which the angel rolled away. I also saw the stone on which the body was anointed for burial, and the hill on which the three crosses stood. The church is divided into different chapels belonging to Greeks, Armenians, Roman Catholics, Copts, and Abyssinians. Here I saw many an aged pilgrim bending over on his knees and kissing the sacred stones—evidently absorbed more in the presumed sanctity of the place than in the worship of God.

From this church we went down the street called *Via Dolorosa*—the street along which Christ is said to have carried the cross. In this street, which is extremely narrow, are shown several points at which the Saviour rested beneath His load—the place where He fell down, and the corner at which Simon the Cyrenian was stopped and compelled to bear the cross.

Leaving this street, we hastened to go out of the city through the nearest gate, St. Stephen's, on the eastern side of the city; so called, it is said, because the proto-martyr was hurried through it by the infuriated Jews to the place where he was stoned to death. A little before reaching the gate on the right hand side of the way was shown the Pool of

Bethesda, described in the gospel as being by the sheep market, in the margin *sheep gate*. Passing out of this gate we went down the path by which it is most likely Christ frequently went up to the city from the Mount of Olives. We passed over a bridge that spans the Brook Kidron, and came to the Virgin's tomb. A little further on towards the right, and at the foot of the Mount of Olives, we approached the Garden of Gethsemane. I now felt that I was in the midst of localities where it is certain Christ frequently walked with His disciples. There are two roads that lead to the summit of the Mount of Olives from the Garden of Gethsemane, or St. Stephen's Gate. We went up neither, but made a path for ourselves in a straight line from the Garden of Gethsemane, among the scattered olive trees, to the summit of the mount, where stands the Church of the Ascension—a small octagon chapel within the court of a mosque. There is nothing in it but a rock, with an impression on the side resembling, it is said, a human footprint. I could not discover any special similarity. From this rock it is affirmed our Saviour ascended to heaven, leaving on it the impression of His footstep. But are we not told that Jesus led His disciples out "as

far as to Bethany," and from there a cloud received Him out of their sight? (Luke xxiv., 50.)

We then went up to the top of the minaret of the mosque, from which we had a magnificent view on the east of the Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan, and on the west of Jerusalem. Descending from the minaret, we took the great road on the north of the Church of the Ascension, to return to the city. It is steep and difficult. This is the road that David took in his flight from Absalom. (2 Sam. xv., 30.) Arriving at the bottom of the mount near the valley of the Kidron, we turned to the left into a path leading to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and went as far as Absalom's tomb; the base of which is now buried to some depth in a mass of stones, which the Jews have been in the habit of throwing at it from time immemorial. Every Jew who passes by throws a stone and spits at the tomb to show horror at the disobedience and rebellious conduct of Absalom. Other tombs, such as that of the prophet Zechariah and of St. James, are shown in the vicinity.

Retracing our steps somewhat, we took a steep road leading along the brow of Mount Moriah, on which stands the Mosque of Omar, and had a view of what is supposed to be a portion of the outer wall or

enclosure of the great Temple of Solomon. It now forms a part of the south-eastern wall of the city. Some of the great stones laid by Solomon are still to be seen at the base. After walking about half an hour along the southern wall, having the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the city of Siloam on our left, we entered the city through David's gate on the south. On the way to the bishop's residence, we visited the Armenian church and convent.

Sept. 9th.—To-day (Sunday) I had the privilege of worshipping in Jerusalem and on Mount Zion in the English cathedral. Rev. Mr. Barclay read the service, and Bishop Gobat preached, from John xvi., 12—14, a truly evangelical, simple, and instructive sermon. Divine service is also celebrated in this church in the Hebrew and German languages. There is no Sabbath in Jerusalem; business is carried on as on other days by Jews and Moslems, who form the great bulk of the population. I saw camels going to and fro with their loads, and every other form of activity engaged in, showing that the people no longer "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

September 10th.—Early this morning, in company with the Misses Gobat, who have lived in Jerusalem from childhood, and are full of enthusiastic

reverence for its sacred scenes, I went out again through the eastern gate, walked along the Garden of Gethsemane with open Bible in hand, trying to identify localities. We ascended for a little distance the Mount of Olives along what is supposed to have been the usual route of our Saviour to and from Bethany to the city. We then descended into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and went as far as the Pool of Siloam, of which we tasted the waters. There were a few women washing clothes here. We could gain no admittance into the Garden of Gethsemane. It is surrounded by a stone wall about six feet high, and entered by gates, which are always kept locked in the custody of a monk, who was away at the time of our visit. After lingering awhile we entered the city and visited several of the Jewish synagogues. It was now the season of their New Year Festival, and a great many Israelites had come up to Jerusalem "for to worship" from various countries. We spent some time at the Spanish and Polish synagogues. Some of the worshippers seemed deeply in earnest; most, however, looked around and stared at us while repeating their prayers. They all had a singular motion of the body, waving to and fro, while reading or chanting, as if in agony. The females, I noticed,

were not admitted into the synagogues, but sat in the passages and on the steps, closely veiled.

On our return home from these interesting visits among the Jews I found Dr. Sandrecski, a German missionary, to whom I had letters of introduction, waiting to accompany me to Bethlehem. Mrs. Gobat having kindly supplied us with wine, and bread, and fruit for the journey—horses being easily procured—we were soon ready. At half-past ten o'clock we passed through the Jaffa gate on our way to the birthplace of Christ. We crossed the southern portion of the Valley of Hinnom, and soon had the "hill of evil counsel" on our left, so called from its being the place where Caiaphas, the high-priest, lived, and where the Jewish rulers assembled and "took counsel" to put Christ to death. The ruins of the building are still standing. Near by is shown a very singular tree, which is said to be the tree on which Judas hanged himself.

After a ride of one hour we came to the tomb of Rachel, held in great veneration by the Moslems, who have erected over it a small mosque. It was here that that touching incident occurred, three thousand five hundred years ago, recorded in Genesis xxxv., 16—20: and "the pillar of Rachel's grave is there

unto this day," revered by all sects. The Jews frequently visit it to weep there. It was here that Saul received the first confirmation of his Divine call to reign over Israel. (1 Sam. x., 2.) It was very near being made a sadly memorable spot to me, for just as we were descending the green ridge near the "pillar" my saddle slipped, and my spirited steed threw me suddenly over its head. Dr. Sandrecski here proposed a change of horses, as his was a more quiet animal. Instead of going directly to Bethlehem, which we could have reached in two hours from Jerusalem, the doctor proposed to pass by and proceed one hour further in a south-westerly direction to the Pools of Solomon—three immense reservoirs from which, through aqueducts along the hills, water is carried to Jerusalem. The excursion to the pools gave me the opportunity of seeing the plain in which the shepherds were abiding when they heard the "*Gloria in excelsis*;" the "Wilderness of Judea," where John the Baptist preached; and a number of those singular cavities in the sides and the bottom of the mountains called "dens and caves" in which David lurked when Saul sought to kill him. Returning to Bethlehem, we passed through the village of Urtâs, situated in a deep glen. The bed of the glen

is not more than sixty yards wide, but over a mile in length. It is said to have been decorated by Solomon with gardens and streams of water. It is still called the "gardens of Solomon." It is this region that Solomon describes when he says: "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits. I made me pools of water to water therewith the wood that bringeth forth trees." (Eccles. ii., 4—6.) The largest of the pools is 580 feet in length by 236 in breadth; depth from 25 to 50 feet.

We reached Bethlehem about three o'clock. The chief place of interest here, is, of course, the Church of the Nativity. This edifice is said to be built over the site where stood the stable in which Christ was born. It is in the shape of a cross, built A.D. 325, by the Empress Helena. Here were pointed out the spot where the babe was lying in the manger when the shepherds made their visit, the place where the wise men offered their gifts, and numerous other localities connected with the Saviour's nativity. We spent about an hour in this church; then, paying a short visit to Rev. Mr. Muller, the German missionary at Bethlehem, we left the little town around which cluster so many interesting and sacred associations.

Bethlehem "is on a wild, bleak hill, amidst hills equally bleak—if bleak may be applied to hills which are terraced with vineyards." I felt considerable relief at finding the town in such excellent condition—the houses so fresh and tidy in appearance, and the streets so cleanly—quite different from many other towns or villages of its size which I had seen in Syria. I saw shepherds with their flocks traversing the elevated plains in the neighbourhood, as they no doubt did eighteen hundred years ago. It was with great reluctance that I left the town of Bethlehem. I liked to look at the surrounding country. It was in these hills that David was a fugitive. Here he learned to make lutes and harps, how to play skilfully on stringed instruments. Some of his sweetest Psalms came forth from these hills. Here was the cave of Adullam; here were the fields of Boaz; and here was the scene of that delightful story in which Ruth plays so affecting a part; and here a greater than David was born. We reached Jerusalem just in time to enter the city before the closing of the gates.

Tuesday 11th.—To-day I set out for another walk in Jerusalem. Immediately after breakfast, under the guidance of the janizary of the American con-

sulate, I left Mount Zion, crossed the Tyropoeon valley, and visited the Mosque of Omar, on Mount Moriah. I was very anxious to see the interior of this great octagonal structure, which, with its immense dome, is always so prominent a figure in every picture of Jerusalem. It is called Kubbet-es-Sakhrah—the Dome of the Rock—because it is built over a very large rock regarded as sacred by Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans. On entering I was surprised to see nothing but a large bare limestone rock immediately under the dome, surrounded by a railing so as not to be touched by visitors. This mosque was built, not as is generally supposed, for the common purposes of Moslem worship, but to enclose this extraordinary rock—and nothing more. On this rock, the Jews say, Abraham sacrificed the ram instead of Isaac. (Gen. xxii., 13.) It is the stone which Jacob used for his pillow, and on which the angel stood when about to destroy the city. (2 Sam. xxiv., 16.) The ark is buried here. Some Christians affirm that this is the rock in which the sepulchre of Joseph was hewn, and that here Christ was buried; while the Moslem tradition is, that from this rock Mahomet made his famous ascent to heaven on his celestial steed Borak; and

they show in the rock marks of the horse's hoofs. They say further that the rock rose to follow Mahomet as he went up from the earth, but was held in its place by the angel Gabriel, the impression of whose fingers in the rock they point out with great gravity.

“ This remarkable rock, occupying the greater part of the inner area of the mosque, is irregular in its form, and measures about sixty feet in one direction, and fifty in the other. It projects about five feet above the marble pavement of the mosque, which is itself twelve feet above the general level of the enclosure. At the south-east corner of this rock is a descent, by a flight of steps, to an excavated chamber, irregular in form; its superficial area being about six hundred feet, the average height seven. In the centre of its rocky pavement is a circular slab of marble, which, being struck, returns a hollow sound, clearly showing that there is a well or excavation beneath.” \*

Fergusson, author of the “ Ancient Topography of Jerusalem,” enters into an elaborate and forcible argument to prove that this building, so generally

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\* “ The Holy City,” by Rev. G. Williams, vol. ii.

known as the Mosque of Omar, was not erected by that distinguished Moslem at all, but by Constantine, who constructed it under the belief that the rock it encloses was the true sepulchre of Christ. "I must not be led," says Fergusson, "into an antiquarian disquisition, which would be out of place at present, when it is sufficient to know that Constantine did erect two separate churches—one a basilica, the other a round church; and that this last did contain the rock in which was the sepulchre, and is, I believe, most undoubtedly the building now known to Christians as the Mosque of Omar, and to Mohammedans as the Dome of the Rock. \* \* \* No eastern author to whom I have had access, who wrote before the time of the Crusades, even ventures to assert that either Omar or Abd-el-Malek, or any other Moslem, had anything to do with the building of the Dome of the Rock."\* The primary motive which led to the building of the Kubbet-es-Sakhra is traced by Messrs. Besant and Palmer, the latest authorities, to the Koranic legend of Mahomet's night journey to heaven from the holy rock above

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\* "Ancient Topography of Jerusalem," pp. 103, 130.

referred to. Over this rock, for the shelter of pilgrims, whose steps it was the Khalif's desire to divert from Mecca to Jerusalem, and moreover to restore the Masjid of Omar, Abd-el-Malek constructed this wondrous dome, without the slightest heed to the notion of this rocky site having been, either in fact or in legendary belief, that of the Saviour's burial place. Ibn Asàkir saw the Mosque of Omar in the twelfth century. It was then a building of grand proportions and adornments, having fifty doors, six hundred marble pillars, and three hundred and eighty-five chains, sustaining five thousand lamps, fifteen domes or oratories, twenty-four large cisterns, and four minarets.\*

Next to Mecca, the "Sakhra" is to the Moham-  
medan the holiest of religious retirements. Up to 1856 they suffered no Jew or Christian to approach the sacred enclosure. Admittance can now be gained by Christians, for ten, twenty, and thirty shillings. They believe that angels nightly keep watch about its lofty dome, and an air of paradise breathes for them over its beautiful area, never enjoyed by the unbeliever. This notion, as suggested above, is taken

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\* See Besant and Palmer's "Jerusalem, the City of Herod and Saladin."

from the Koran (Sura xvii., 1) : “Glory be to Him who carried his servant by night from the sacred temple of Mecca to the Masjid El-Aksa, whose precinct we have blessed.”

Leaving the Dome of the Rock, we visited the Mosque-el-Aksa, standing on the south-west corner of the plain of Mount Moriah. As views of Jerusalem are generally taken from the east—from the Mount of Olives—this mosque, though of considerable size, is seldom distinctly seen in representations of the city, being concealed by the Dome of the Rock. In this mosque a great many pilgrims worship. The lower portion of it, consisting of immense stones, are said to be remains of Solomon’s Temple. The passage in the Koran just quoted, however, refers not to this building only, but to the whole sacred area, including the Dome of the Rock. *Masjid*, the Arabic word, of which the word “mosk” or “mosque” is a corruption, is a general word derived from the verb *sajada*, “to adore,” and is applied to any sacred spot used for devotional purposes. The word is often incorrectly applied to the building itself, as distinct from the whole area. The Temple of Jerusalem was entitled generally El-Aksa—“the remote”—according to the Mohammedan Doctors, either because of its distance

from Mecca, or from its being supposed to be in the centre of the earth.

After looking over the whole harem, and visiting the seat to be occupied by Mahomet, according to his followers, on the judgment day—a round block of stone, a few feet long, projecting from the eastern wall and overhanging the valley of Jehoshaphat—we passed by the mosque of the West Africans, where I saw natives from Senegambia at prayers; possibly from Futih and the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, as it is no uncommon thing for Mohammedans from the west coast of Africa to find their way across the continent to Egypt, Arabia, and Syria, on pilgrimage. I met Mandingoes at the Mosque of Mohammed Ali in Cairo.

Winding through some narrow, crooked lanes, we reached another most interesting section of the wall of the ancient Temple—the wailing place of the Jews. Robinson is of opinion that the five courses of large bevelled stones here seen “belonged to the very oldest remains of the ancient substructions of the Temple.” “After the capture of Jerusalem by Adrian, the Jews were excluded from the city, and it was not till the age of Constantine that they were permitted to approach, so as to behold Jerusalem from the

neighbouring hills. At length they were allowed to enter the city once a year, on the day on which it was taken by Titus, in order to wail over the ruins of the Temple ; but this privilege they had to purchase of the Roman soldiers.\* They are now permitted to approach the precincts of the temple of their fathers, and bathe its hallowed stones with their tears.

No sight in Jerusalem affected me more than that which presented itself in this retired spot, beneath the massive remains of that ancient building. The usual day for wailing is Friday, but, as this was holiday season, they wailed every day, and I had the opportunity of seeing Jews of both sexes, of nearly all ages, from various parts of the earth, lifting up a united cry of lamentation over a desolated and dishonoured sanctuary. The women, for the most part, sat in silence, and the tears rolled down their cheeks. Some of the young girls, as if embarrassed by the presence of spectators, buried their heads in the cavities between the stones and wept. Old men tottered up to the wall, muttering something with trembling lips, and kissed the mighty stones. It

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\* "Robinson's Biblical Researches," Vol. i. p. 237.

was indeed a touching scene. On Fridays there are regular wailing services conducted in the presence of those interesting stones so mournfully eloquent.

*The Leader begins*—On account of the palace which is now deserted:

*The People reply*—We sit here lonely and weep.

*Leader.*—On account of the temple which has been destroyed :

*People.*—We sit here lonely and weep.

*L.*—Because of the walls which have been destroyed :

*P.*—We sit, &c.

*L.*—Because of our glory which has departed :

*P.*—We sit, &c.

*L.*—Because of our great men who are mingled with the dust :

*P.*—We sit, &c.

*L.*—Because of the costly buildings which have been burned :

*P.*—We sit, &c.

*L.*—Because of our priests who have gone astray :

*P.*—We sit, &c.

*L.*—Because of our kings whom God has despised :

*P.*—We sit here lonely and weep.

Who that witnesses such a sight can doubt the

faithfulness of the Bible record? Here one is brought into contact with the olden days—with David and Solomon, and the prophets; and with David's greater son, who wept tears of sorrow for this very people, when, eighteen hundred years ago, he saw the sufferings which their blindness and obstinacy would entail upon them—wept as he foretold the desolations which have befallen their goodly country: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate. For I say unto you ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." (Matt. xxiii.)

"Wail on by that old wall;  
Poor Jew, wail on, wail on!  
Yet, in thy bitter wailing, think  
Thy sin the woe has done.

"Thy sin, thy father's sin,  
Hast cast thy temple down,  
And left, of all its comeliness,  
Nought but yon shattered stone."

Those sacred stones, with their thrilling associations, may possibly remain there until the fulness of

the Gentiles shall come in—until Israel shall turn from their unbelief and acknowledge Jesus as the Chief Corner Stone of the great Spiritual Temple; and become themselves living stones in that edifice whose glory is everlasting.

On the afternoon of the 11th of September, about three o'clock, I rode out of the Jaffa Gate, under an experienced guide, along the brow of Mount Zion, into the Valley of Hinnom to En-Rogel. (Jos. xv., 7, 8; and xviii., 16.) It is now called the "Well of Job" by the Arabs. The Valley of Hinnom is well known to Bible readers. It is on the south side of Jerusalem. The total length is about a mile and a half. In ancient times this valley was the scene of the barbarous rites of Molech and Chemosh, first introduced by Solomon. A monster idol of brass was erected in the opening of the valley, facing the steep side of Olivet; and there the infatuated inhabitants of Jerusalem burnt their sons and their daughters in the fire—casting them, it is said, into the red-hot arms of the idol. (Jer. vii., 31; 2 Chron. xxviii., 3.) Now there are innumerable graves there. The traveller who stands at the bottom of the valley, and looks up at the multitude of tombs in the cliffs above and around him, will be able to see with what wondrous

accuracy the prophetic curse of Jeremiah has been fulfilled—"Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that it shall no more be called Tophet nor the Valley of Hinnom, but the valley of slaughter : for they shall bury in Tophet till there be no place." Passing by Aceldama we entered into the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and visited again the Pool of Siloam, where we saw a number of girls filling their water-pots. Immediately above the village of Siloam stands the Mount of Offence as it is now called, or the Mount of Corruption as it was called in ancient times, where Solomon built altars for the worship of the idols of his wives.

"The evil that men do lives after them."

Passing by this pool, which is in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, between Mount Moriah and the Mount of Olives, we rode through the village of Siloam, and took one of the roads that lead over the Mount of Olives to Bethany. After about an hour's slow riding—a ride long to be remembered—we reached Bethany, a quiet little village, situated on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives—a fit place for retirement from the bustle of a large city. Here we visited the cave which is shown as the grave from which Lazarus was raised ; it is very deep, and the

descent to it is by steps. The ruins of a building, not far off, were pointed out as the remains of the residence of the two sisters of Lazarus. We left the village just as the sun was setting, a village which must be dear to every Christian heart. Here our blessed Lord, when wearied with His toil for the good of an ungrateful people, sought refuge from their sneers and scoffs; here He showed His power over death and the grave; and here He spent the last moments of His days upon earth. (Luke x., 38; Matt. xxi., 17; Mark xi., 11; John xi.; Luke xxiv., 60).

“O Bethany! within thy shelter'd glen  
 The Lord of glory found a home of rest,  
 And, wearied with his toil, despis'd of men,  
 To thee He came, a lov'd and longed-for guest.  
 — And we, while in this alien land we roam,  
 Would fain prepare within our hearts a home  
 Where He might rest, and ever have our seat,  
 In joy or sorrow, at His blessed feet.

“O Bethany! how lovely art thou still,  
 Amid thy fruit trees and thy gardens fair;  
 How softly rests the sunlight on yon hill!  
 How sweet and balmy is the evening air!  
 — Oh, dearer than the thoughts of days gone by  
 Is the blest faith that Jesus still is nigh,  
 As nigh to each who thirsts His face to see  
 As when long since He trod thy paths, O Bethany!”

In returning to the city from Bethany we took

the long road over the northern shoulder of Mount Olivet, and descended a valley which led to another elevation called Scopus, from which, it is said, there is one of the finest views in the world. On the west may be seen the city of Jerusalem, and the hill country of Judea, and the Plain of Sharon almost to the sea; on the east are seen the country of Moab, the Jordan, the Dead Sea, the city of Jericho, and the road where the man fell among thieves, still infested by freebooters. It was quite dark before we re-entered the city and reached the bishop's residence.

During the evening, after my return from this, my last journey without the walls of Jerusalem, I had the opportunity of meeting, at an interesting entertainment at the bishop's, nearly all the Protestant residents of Jerusalem. This was a privilege that I enjoyed exceedingly—making acquaintances whom it will always be a joy and a pleasure to remember.

Sept. 12th.—To-day by the invitation of the bishop I delivered a lecture in the English Chapel on Mount Zion, on the Religious and Political Condition and Prospects of West Africa, to a very large European audience, the bishop presiding. Rev. Mr. Frankel, a converted Jew, made the concluding prayer. At the close of the exercises, as I was to

leave the city the next morning, I availed myself of that opportunity to bid farewell to the numerous Christian friends with whom I had been permitted to enjoy such delightful intercourse during my brief sojourn in the Holy City.

In the evening Dr. Sandrecki, whose kind attentions to me I have already mentioned, sent me the following friendly letter, to which I had not time to reply, but for which I here record my sincere thanks:—

“Jerusalem, Sept. 12, 1866.

“My dear Sir,—On our way to Bethlehem, it occurred to me that you are the first Christian representative of your race—of Ethiopia, I would say—whom we have had the pleasure of welcoming as a Brother within the walls of the City of the Great King.

“You will remember that we met many Blacks, and how your appearance struck them. Struck them. Why? Because from it they knew—I don't say they *guessed*—that you were a Christian.

“A traveller's passage may be very much like a dissolving view, and yet not vanish without making an impression on the mind of the spectators; and I think in passing by you those black men said to themselves mentally, ‘He is a Christian, and would like to see us follow his steps.’

“Frequently do I preach the gospel to black men also; but I hope the time will come when the gospel shall be preached to them, in these parts, by messengers from Liberia and Sierra Leone.

“My interest in your race, and in its steady progress, has always been very great, and your, I am sorry to say, too much shortened visit to Jerusalem will enhance that interest, because it has showed me what Africa's sons are able to become through the influence of God's Holy Word and the additional gift of political freedom.

“May God bless you and all your dear ones, and may your infant Republic, by His grace, grow up to power as a stronghold of Truth and Light.

“I remain, my dear Sir,

“Yours very faithfully,

“CHARLES SANDRECKSI.”

I was often cheered, during my travels, by such communications from friends, whose acquaintance I had been privileged to make. I will here insert another from the United States' Consul at Beirût, with whom I had spent several weeks in Lebanon:—

“Abeih, Mt. Lebanon, Aug. 28, 1866.

“My dear Mr. —, —I must thank you for your books—deep wells, from which I have drawn much mental and spiritual food—fresh breezes, which have filled the sails that flapped idly against the masts in this oriental calm; and for the walks and talks which have begun to reconcile me to a life in which there is so much of monotony, forced inaction, stagnant waters, and waiting (would I could say *patient* waiting!); by enabling me to realise more of the kingdom within, the inner life, and to remember that ‘they also serve who stand and wait.’

“I have come to feel that the time is not lost that is spent in widening and deepening the foundations of a life structure, and that the columns, and capitals, and architraves will be none the less beautiful, and the general proportions not less symmetrical, because the base is broad and slow in completion. Like Robertson,\* I have longed for an active life—not necessarily a military life, but *war* rather than *inaction*. From him I have learned a valuable lesson—there is an eternal warfare which requires a chieftain's prowess; in brief, it is well, perhaps, to tarry in the vestibule of the temple of life, to linger in the garden of the king's palace.

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\* Frederick W. Robertson of Brighton, whose biography we had been reading.

“I do not consider those hours lost which I have spent over ‘Les Miserables.’ Hugo’s comments upon the defective organisation of society, the defects of the French criminal code, his critique upon the two Napoleons, the monastic system, &c., have deeply interested me. May the number of earnest lovers of truth be multiplied.

“I shall ever remember the summer of ’66 with pleasure. We shall follow the fortunes of your country and of yourself with interest, and pray that you may have success in all your undertakings,

“Yours truly,

“J. AUGUSTUS JOHNSON.”

On the morning of September 13th, at half-past seven o’clock, I left Jerusalem for Jaffa. After riding by the Russian Hospice, which is a little distance outside the gates, and gaining the rising ground on the west of the city, we stopped our horses and looked back to take the last view of “Mount Zion, the joy of the whole earth.” Here my dragoman, Murad Al-Hadad, a native of the Lebanon, repeated in Arabic, in a most impressive manner, the Saviour’s lament over the city, “O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, &c.” We reached Jaffa at eight o’clock p.m. The ride was exceedingly tiresome; and the heat and flies made the journey almost intolerable. We found that the gate of the city had just been closed, and we had no little difficulty to induce the guards to afford us entrance. The prospect of sleeping in the open plain

all night, or in some miserable khan, was not very exhilarating. There being no hotels at Jaffa, I passed the night at the Latin Convent. There are convents in nearly every town in this country, where travellers are received and entertained without charge. Next morning I took the Austrian steamer for Beirût, arriving at that port on the morning of the 15th. From Beirût I returned to Mount Lebanon, where I spent a few days with Dr. Bliss and his kind family. On the evening of the 25th I embarked on board the English steamship *Sesostris*, westward bound, and bade farewell to the Holy Land, inexpressibly thankful that my life had been spared, and that I had been permitted, under such pleasant circumstances, to see so much of that interesting country.

“You may henceforth write ‘Hajj’-pilgrim under your name,” said the hospitable Dr. Jessup, as he took leave of me on the wharf at Beirût; “and for years to come you will be the only living referée in your country on matters relating to the Holy Land.”

## CHAPTER XII.

ALAS! for the country of kings and prophets—the birth-place of Emmanuel, the Prince of Peace!

“Land of fair Palestine, where Jesus trod,  
Thy ruins and thy relics tell of God ;  
Thine everlasting hills with awe proclaim  
The holy records of Jehovah’s name ;  
Thy fallen cities, crumbled into dust,  
Pronounce the judgment of Jehovah just.”

When one is at a distance from Palestine, unless he makes the present condition of the country a subject of careful and special study, it seems but a small matter what political power holds possession of it. But when he visits the land and perceives how, under the misrule of the Turks—a misrule rather of negligence and omission than of elaborate design—everything lies waste and desolate—how the land is infested with thieves and robbers—how some of the most interesting localities cannot be visited without a strong and expensive guard—when he sees sacred places under the surveillance of Turkish soldiers who have no respect for that which the Christian venerates—he wonders why it is that the land has not passed

long ago into the hands of one of the Great Christian Powers. But, on reflection, he finds that God has so overruled the nations that, by the influence of a variety of motives, they are all kept away from it, and prophecy is fulfilled—the land is desolate and overthrown by strangers. When Russia, some years ago, would have blotted the Turkish Empire out of existence, England and France interfered. England will not suffer France, and France is not content for England, to hold Palestine. For a long period the Ottoman Empire has owed its continued existence, not to its own means of resisting either external or internal foes, but to the mutual jealousy of England, Russia, France, and Austria, who keep the decrepit state alive, because they cannot agree what to do upon its death. It was one of the principal grounds of that long-continued opposition which Mr. Cobden maintained against Lord Palmerston, that his lordship was disposed uniformly to uphold the Turks.

While, however, the Jews are away in different parts of the world in exile from the land which God gave unto Abraham their father—and as a result of the astounding misrule of its temporary possessors—another prophecy is incidentally fulfilled—a portion of Abraham's seed is still in possession. They have

never, in all its various history, ceased out of the land. The country swarms with Bedawin Arabs, descendants of Ishmael. Ishmael "lives before the Lord," according to his promise to Abraham.\* The land is virtually in his possession. Without a Bedawin escort no traveller will attempt to cross Palestine or go to any of its remoter districts. The government is powerless to control this unconquered and untamable portion of its subjects.

*Religiously* the country is no better off. Pure and undefiled religion makes but little progress among the people. Besides the superstition of picture and saint worship, into which the eastern churches fell in the earlier centuries of Christianity, and in which the mass of nominal Christians in the east still persevere, the political fortunes of the country have done a great deal to kill out from the land the spirit and life of Christianity. Romans, Saracens, Arabs, Turks, have all held it in their power.

All the principal religions into which mankind are divided are now represented in Palestine or Syria—*Judaism, Paganism, Christianity, Mohammedanism.*

Jews are found in great numbers in the principal

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\* See Genesis xvii., 8, 18, 20.

towns and cities—Aleppo, Damascus, Beirût, Safed, Tiberias, Jerusalem, and Hebron. They are still separate and exclusive. They loathe, as in ancient days, the Samaritans, who by blood and religion are allied to them; and they maintain from all other sects the most pharisaic separation. I saw no Jew on Mount Lebanon.

The nominal Christian sects are Maronite, Greek, Greek Catholic, and Jacobite. (The Protestants are hardly sufficiently numerous to be taken into account.) They all regard tradition as of equal weight with the Scriptures. Hence an untold number of superstitious practices prevail among them.

The *Maronites* are Papists, with most of the peculiarities of that sect.

The *Greek Church* is Rome decapitated. It does not acknowledge the authority of the Pope, and it is more exclusive and intolerant than the Romish Church. It will not accept any baptism but trine immersion, and that at the hands of a Greek priest. Union with this church on any terms but accepting trine immersion from its clergy is a mere dream. The priests as a class are said to be the lowest and most ignorant of the people.

The *Greek Catholics* are Greeks who have turned Catholic, and are more liberal than either Greeks or Catholics.

The *Jacobites* are the old Syrian Church, simple-minded, but grossly idolatrous. They use the Syriac language in their services.

The Pagan sects are the *Druses* and the *Nusairiyeh*. Neither of these have any regular worship, or priests, or temples of worship. The Druses have their *Khulwehs*, where the initiated class meet. Of these, as well as of the Maronites, I had an opportunity of seeing large numbers in Lebanon. They are extremely polite. On meeting an acquaintance, they will spend over a quarter of an hour in salutations and complimentary inquiries and wishes; but they are said to be the most hypocritical race in the world—literally all things to all men. “No confidence,” says Rev. J. Wortabet, a Syrian author, “can be placed in the words of a Druse when his interests, in any way or degree, clash with a truthful statement.”\* Their religion is simply a political party; and, whenever they choose, they can, for any purpose whatsoever, form most powerful combinations.

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\* “Researches into the Religions of Syria,” p. 320.

It was owing to this facility of organised effort that they succeeded, in 1860, in carrying out their murderous designs against the Maronites, and cruelly butchering thousands of them. "They believe that China is inhabited wholly by persons professing the same religion as themselves ; and they imagine that on the death of their best men their souls reappear in that country."\* They are said to worship a calf at certain times.

The *Nusairiyeh* are a wild, brutal, blood-thirsty race, inhabiting the mountains in the north of Syria. They are in chronic rebellion against the Turkish Government—will not submit to the laws, and will pay none of the taxes except when compelled by a visitation of armed soldiery, who go through periodically wasting their country. They have a grip and password like the Masons ; and there is certain death to any who reveals their secrets. "They believe that women, like brutes, have no souls ; and therefore they never give them any religious instruction, or allow them to understand anything of their mystery."†

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\* *Ibid.*

† This is no doubt an exaggeration of the general oriental idea of the utter subordination of women—their secondary importance in every leading relation of life. Even the Jews exclude females from participation with males in public worship.

Both the *Druses* and *Nusairiyeh* regard the various religious sects as Cicero tells us the Romans looked upon their provinces: *Sua cuique civitati religio; nostra nobis*. They look upon themselves as the best among many necessary sects. They respect the Old and New Testaments, which they say are adapted to those who are intellectually incapable of comprehending their own deep mysteries. The missionaries find it extremely difficult, almost impossible, to carry out any reforms among them.

The Mohammedans, whose religion is the State religion, are divided into two sects,—the *Orthodox Moslem*, which is well known, and the Persian *Metawely*. The Metawelies regard themselves as ceremonially polluted by contact with any other sect. They will not suffer a neighbour to drink from any of their vessels without breaking the vessel immediately after. Dr. Thomson gives an interesting illustration of this peculiarity.\*

Among such a number of conflicting sects the missionary of the Cross finds indeed hard work. Each sect stands off from the other in menacing attitude. In all the cities, and in some whole sections of

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\* "Land and the Book," vol. 1. 286.

country, religious feuds and animosities are fearful in their bitterness. Jerusalem is a city of religious controversy, with all "its personal alienations, its exasperating imputations, and its appeals to prejudice and passion." Not unfrequently, at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the aid of the Turkish soldiers is invoked to quell the disorders among discordant sects. The Christian world may well pray for the *peace* of the literal Jerusalem.

There is one subject, however, upon which there seems to be remarkable unanimity among the principal sects—Jews, Christians and Moslems—viz., as to the final destiny of Jerusalem; that it is to be the scene of latter-day glories; that the Jews are to be restored to the land of their fathers, and the Messiah is to be enthroned in personal reign in the "City of the Great King." And there seems to be something in the locality which makes one feel that Jerusalem is no ordinary place, whether we regard its past or its future. The most materialistic mind cannot visit the city and leave it without profound emotion. It seems difficult for Christians who have resided any time in the city to escape the impression that God will finally be worshipped on "that mountain," and that all the tribes will flow unto it. Many Jews, in

their old days, go up to Jerusalem to die, that they may be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with a faith similar to that of Joseph when he "gave commandment concerning his bones." As an illustration of the feeling of the resident Christians generally as to the great city, I quote the following out of many of the same tenor written in my album by leading Christians there :—

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. They shall prosper that love thee." (Psalm cxxii., 6.)

"And I (John) saw the holy city, new *Jerusalem*, come down from God out of heaven : and I heard a great voice out of heaven saying : Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, &c. (Rev. xx., 2.)

"M. G.

"Jerusalem, Sept. 10, 1866."

I left the land with deep regret at the brevity of my sojourn in it. Nearly every day during the three months I spent in the East I had some interesting illustration of Scripture, unfolding to me the force and beauty of the truthfulness of Sacred Writ. The natural scenery of the country, the dress of the people, the customs of society, the idioms of thought, the peculiar expressions, the daily salutations are all living records of the age of the Bible. No Christian minister who can spare the time and money, should

fail to avail himself of the advantages of a few months' residence in Egypt and the Holy Land.

In conclusion, I cannot but quote the language of a recent visitor to those interesting countries : " And now that I am quietly at home again, I can hardly persuade myself but that I am in a different position from what I was in before ; I can hardly think that I am just as other men are—that all I have seen is nothing. I have trodden the same ground, I have been warmed by the same sun, I have breathed the same air, as HE. I have looked on the same objects, and they have impressed on my brain the same images as on HIS. But He is not there as He was eighteen hundred years ago ; nor are we the nearer to Him for being there. He still exists for us in His words. The thought, the spirit that is in them, we can take into our hearts and minds. This is truly to be very near to Him ; this is to be one with Him. This is a pilgrimage all can go, and which really saves."















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