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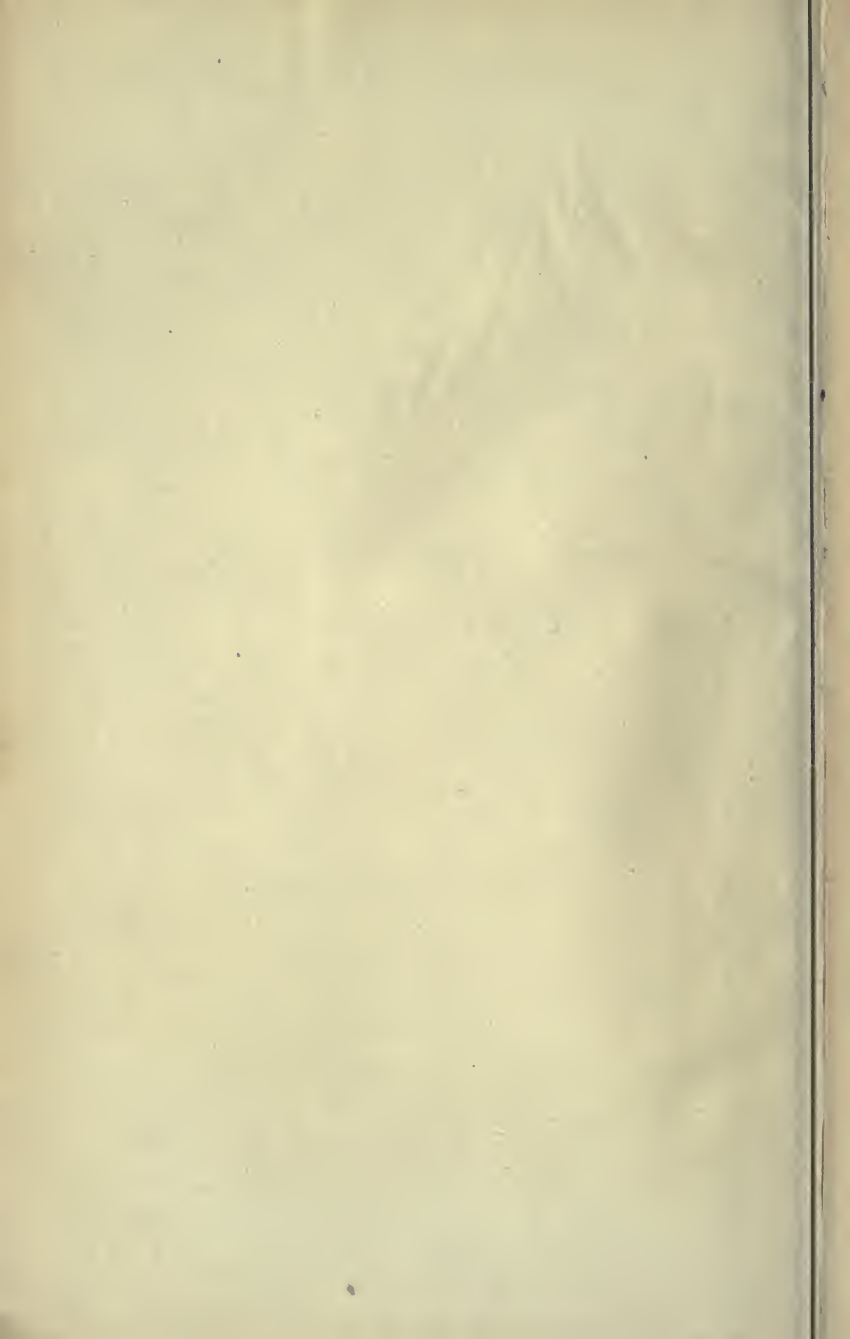

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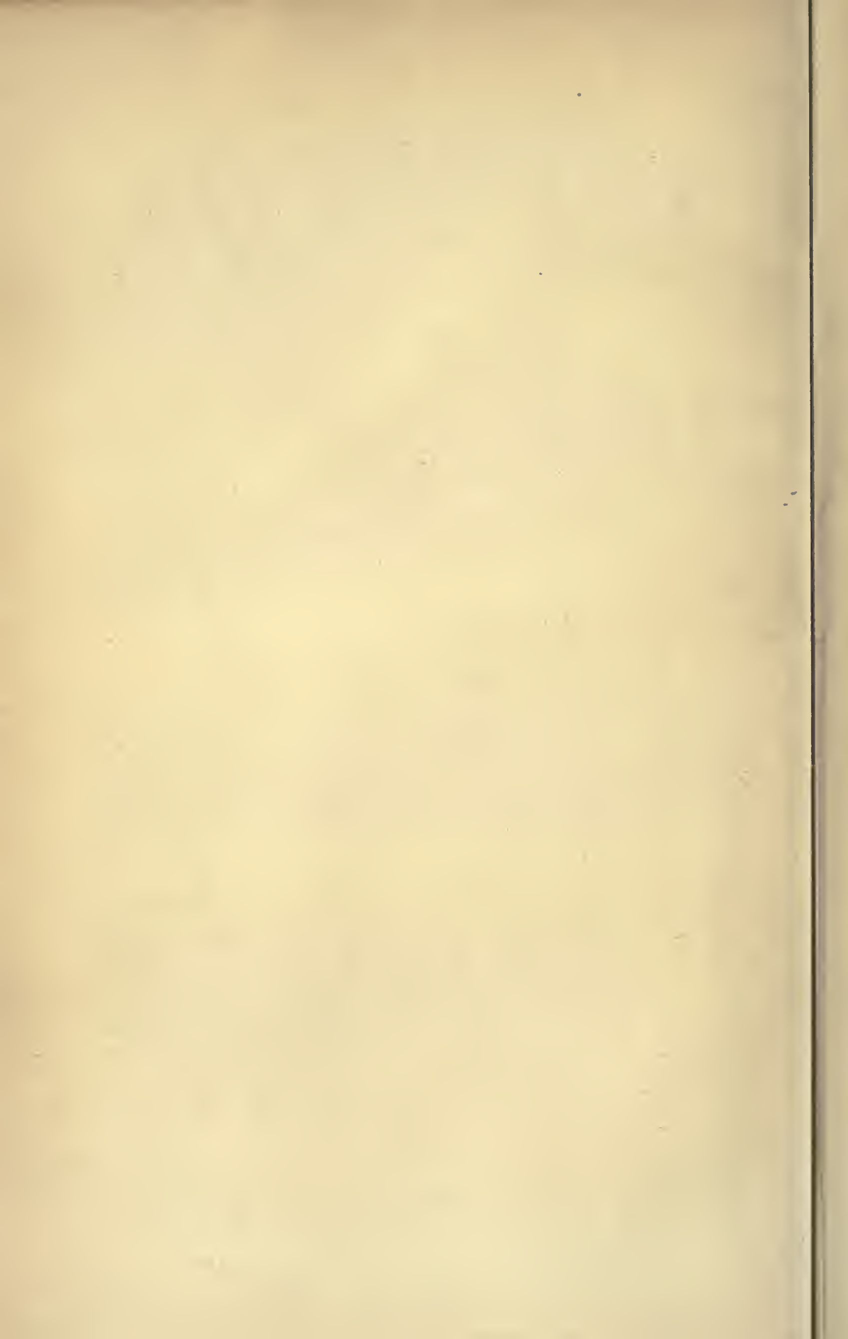

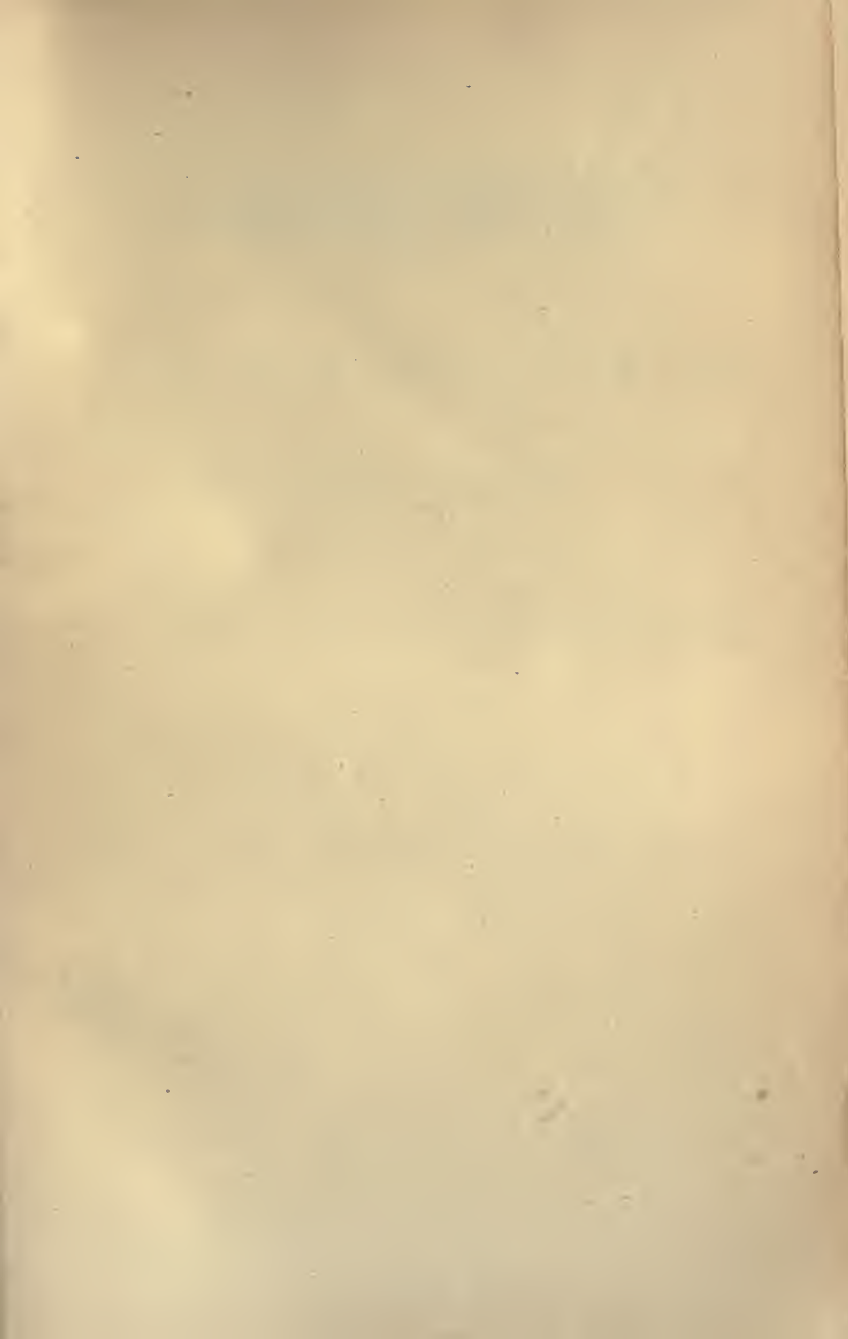

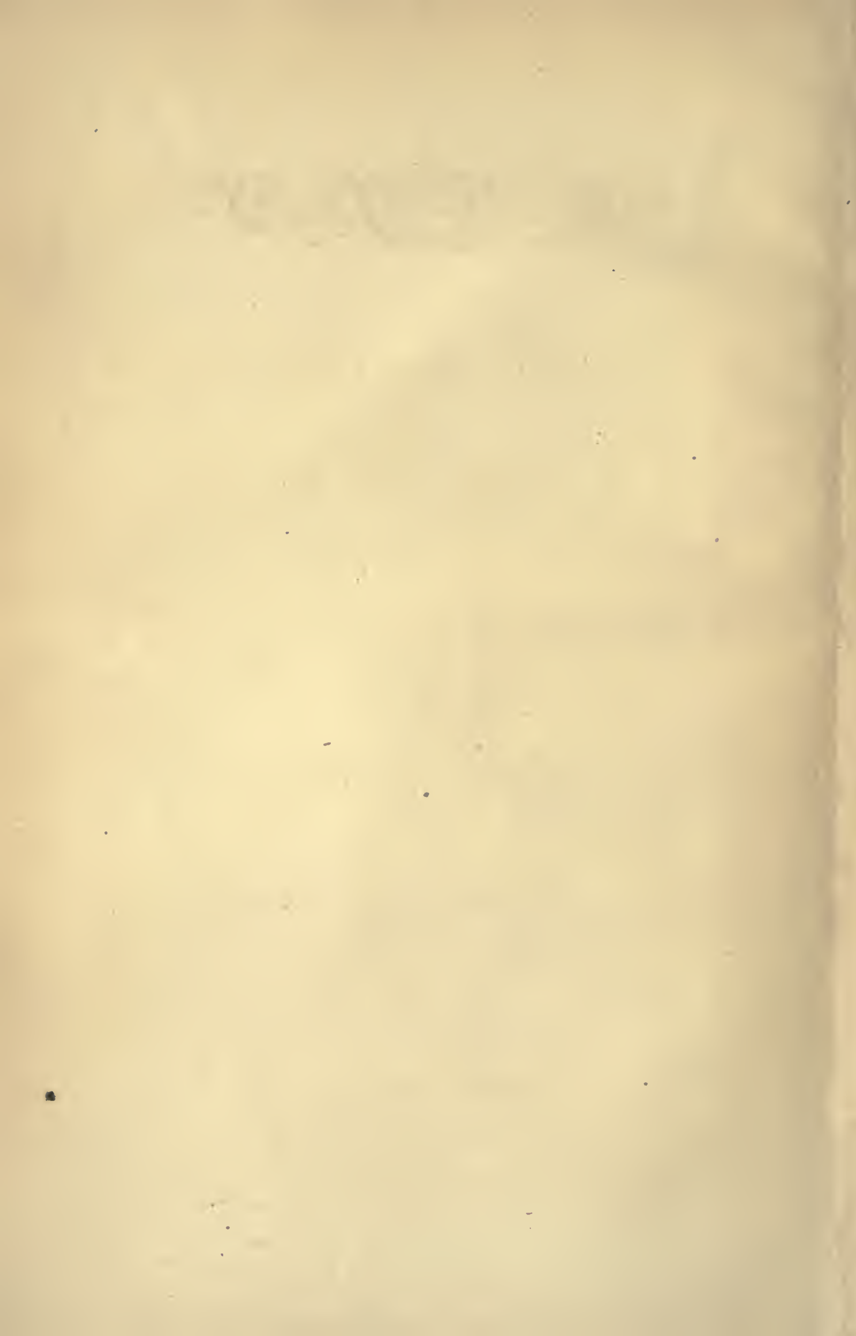

THE OLD WORLD IN ITS NEW FACE.

IMPRESSIONS OF EUROPE IN 1867–1868.

BY

HENRY W. BELLOWS.

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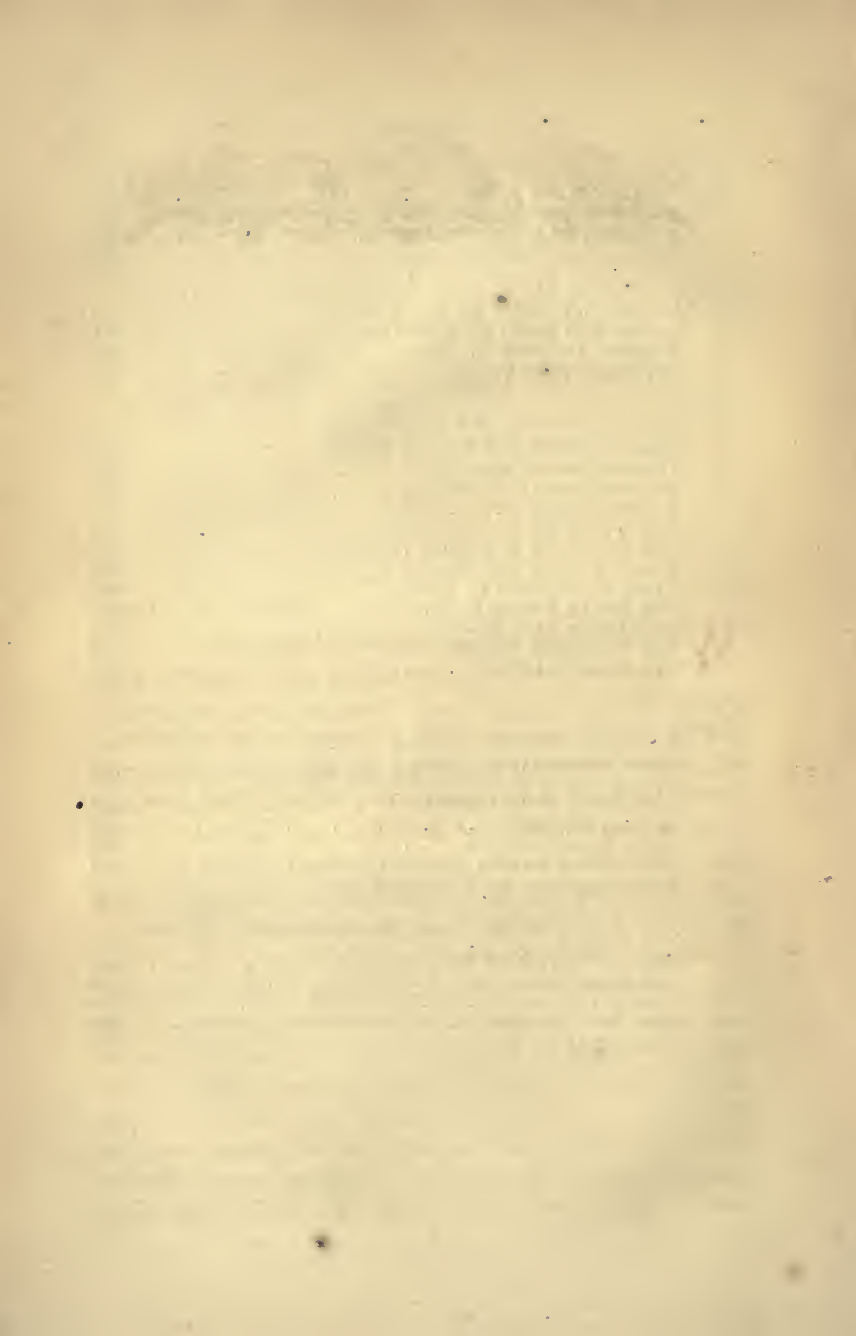

The Old World in its New Face.

XXXV.

VENICE.

Italy, November 29, 1867.

WE left Trieste in the steamer Venetia for Venice, at midnight, with a high wind, the execrable Bora, blowing off-shore and threatening a rough voyage, which happily did not befall us, owing to the protection of the coast which we hugged somewhat closely all the way. The wind, which cuts to the bone, is so powerful that it often blows wayfarers in the streets of Trieste off their feet; and it is said that the police sometimes stretch ropes from post to post along the piers, to protect those who must needs pass in close proximity to the water from being blown overboard when this wind is at its fury. We found, when the early morning light enabled us to see our fellow-passengers, a strange medley of nationalities about us. Hungarians in their long fur cloaks and high boots, Albanians in monkish capotes, gay vests, red sashes and flaming fez, Italians shivering in their insufficient garments, and English and Americans in the monotonous cosmopolitan outfit which makes them so unpicturesque in comparison with all Orientals and borderers on the Eastern world. Seven hours' sail brought us in view of the Queen

of the Adriatic, sitting upon her low throne of sand-banks in the midst of the sea. A few domes and campanili, hardly higher than the hatches and masts of vessels, and not readily distinguished from them a dozen miles off, just hinted at sunrise where Venice was. The snowy summits of the Corinthian Alps reflected the first rays of the rising sun, as we struck in to the left of the city, and running three or four miles parallel with the *lido*, or outer coast, to avoid a long bank of sand, finally rounded a small fortress and shot into the lagoon which makes the harbor of this amphibious place. Shallow, and showing its sandy bottom in spots as the tide goes down, dotted with stacks of tiles to mark out the channels, the lagoon stretches around and encloses the numerous small islands that constitute the city proper, and the larger islands that furnish the vegetable food and the milk that supply Venice. The seventy-three islands on which the city is built are all mere sand-banks, so low and so uniform in height that they create no diversity of surface in the city, and are wholly hidden and indistinguishable from each other. The city is built on piles, driven deep into these sand-banks, and protected from rot by the salt water. The soil shows itself nowhere except in a small public garden of recent origin and too far from the centre of the town to be much used by the people. Wherever the channels between the islands open, or convenience has required, the water of the lagoon flows into canals which are the highways of the city. The houses rise from the stone walls of these canals, and their front doors, or the three or four marble steps that descend from them, are reached by the gondolas, which are the only public carriages of Venice. The canals are crossed by over three hundred short bridges, usually built with short flights of steps, and forming one of the most graceful features of the city. The backs of the houses open upon nar-

row passages, or streets, in which most of the business of the town is done. Venice is just as passable on foot as any other city, although by roundabout ways. The Grand Canal, which is twenty rods wide, and in its whole length of two miles has only three bridges, forms the chief obstruction to foot passengers, dividing the city, as it does, into two unequal parts. With this exception, there is no occasion for the residents of the humbler class to use the canals at all; and as a matter-of-fact, except to cross the Grand Canal, they do not use them, as they can no more bear the expense of gondolas than the common people of Paris can afford to ride in cabs. The gondolas are numerous and cheap, but not cheap enough for so poor a people as the masses in Venice. A cent is the cost of being put across the Grand Canal.

The bridges are not free upon this great artery. But elsewhere they are parts of the public way. You may wander about Venice all day without any necessity for going upon the canals, and indeed see so little of the water as almost to forget that you are in the sea and three miles from the mainland, and yet you may sail in a gondola all day, and visit every part of the city, without knowing that any streets exist, so distinct are those several ways, and so separated by the buildings fronting on the canals and backing on the streets. To understand Venice it is necessary to sail much and to walk much. They can not be conveniently united, and strangers would do well to pass the morning in a gondola, pleasantly floating from church to church, or from palace to palace, and the afternoon and evening in the streets, where alone the trade of the city and the social life of the people are to be seen. The Canal of San Marco, which is the harbor of Venetian commerce, is a mile wide and has none of the characteristics of what is usually called a canal. Here the small foreign commerce of the city is to be seen—a few

steamers and a few brigs and schooners; also fishing-boats, tenders and lighters, which ply their trade with the islands or in the Adriatic, and a great fleet of gondolas waiting to catch strangers, which lie closely ranged along the steps of the pier, or shoot in all directions across the smooth lagoon. The gondolas are mournful-looking craft—floating hearses, with their black hulls and pall-like awnings—canoes with sharp beaks, usually armed at the prow with the steel axe that weaponed the old Greek galley for offense and defense. They are as much alike as so many pikes in a stream, and, notwithstanding their graceful shape and elegant motion, they can not be said to add much to the cheerfulness of the Venetian landscape. They are managed with consummate skill by the gondolier, who stands on the covered stern, with his right foot braced against a slight angular rise in the roof, and with one oar paddles his boat, always on one side, plying and steering with motions of the oar that are subtle and indescribable, but accurate and unerring. The forward motion is gained by a jerk of the body on the oar and the direction by the angle at which the blade enters the water. In the better class of gondolas used by strangers two oarsmen are commonly employed, and it is a great delight simply to watch the agile and dexterous way in which they work together, avoiding collision and threading their way amid a crowd of other gondolas in the narrow canals of the city. At almost every boat's-length collision seems inevitable with some other boat turning the sharp corners. With a vociferous cry they warn the boats that may be approaching round the constant twists of the canal of their coming, and, without stopping, dart fearlessly ahead, calculating their distance and making their escape from contact with jutting pier or rushing boat with the precision of sharp-shooters. Sometimes this requires a play with the oar in the water that seems pre-

cisely like writing some mysterious hieroglyphic upon the surface. The understanding between the oarsmen is perfect, and eye, ear and hand appear to be in complete sympathy and in the highest activity. The gondoliers are said to be an excellent and honest class of men. They are polite and attentive, quiet and patient. It is true their shouts at each other in the Venetian *patois* are fearfully percussive, and at first alarming. It is the peculiarity of the Italian and Spanish tongues to be spoken with an extreme rapidity and an absence of accent or pause which gives a querulous quality to their ordinary peaceful utterance. Even amicable conversation of an unexcited sort, among well-bred people, conveys a threatening impression to strangers in these languages. But as spoken by the common people in the way of traffic and careless intercourse, the impression deepens in its quarrelsome effect. The unsmiling, serious aspect of these Southern faces—with their dark complexion, passionate eyes and brigand hair and beard, adds to this effect from the rapid, accentless speech. I have found myself watching the faces of the boatmen in my own gondola, as their intemperate tones smote my ear, half wondering why so many signs of storm in their eyes and voices did not break into open violence. The Italians have tremendous vocal organs. The canals and streets of Venice resound with their stentorian cry of wares and warnings. They seem to make up for the want of business by making a mighty fuss about what little they have.

Venice, in the bright sunshine, which we have enjoyed during our few days' stay, has had little of the mournfulness about it which we looked for from the contrast between its former stupendous greatness and glory and its present decay. Its beautiful whiteness, sitting like a swan upon the waves, keeps it from any saddening impression in spite of

its empty arsenal, its vacant harbor, and its decayed nobility. Here are its old palaces, not in ruins, but still possessing externally all that was best in their original splendor. Three hundred and forty of them line the various canals, almost all monuments of taste and wealth and architectural elegance. Nearly half of them are still occupied as palaces—perhaps not forty of them by descendants of their builders—but by bankers or noble refugees from other countries. The rest are used by the city or the general government for public purposes, or are let out in apartments to private lodgers. The people of Venice do not adopt the French and German methods of a common staircase. They occupy often the separate stories of one building, but these are usually approached by distinct entrances from the street or canal. Indeed there is decidedly less gregariousness in the habits of the Italians than in those of the French and Germans. They live less in *cafés* and gardens, drink less wine and smoke less, have fewer dance and singing halls — and in Venice no music in public *salons*, and less amusement generally. There seems to be more disposition to privacy of life, and something better corresponding to our own domesticity. On the other hand, poverty is more common and beggary more unblushing and offensive. The comfort of wandering about the streets is very much impaired by the gaunt figures of ragged and shivering crones who pen the traveler into corners, dart upon him from church porches, dog him across the public squares, and hunt and harry him as a cat might worry a mouse. At every landing some Lazarus in tatters stretches his boat-hook out to catch the gondola with one hand, and holds his hat in the other to receive his *soldo*. The piteous, entreating tones of these grizzly mendicants are ever in the ears, and it is in vain to harden one's heart to their appeal. Their aspect is more eloquent

than their words, and few can resist their asking eyes and pleading "*per carità.*"

There are ninety-seven churches in Venice, few of which will not reward a visit. Certainly twenty of them may be called churches of first-rate interest. Their size, height, costly materials and elaborate construction are equaled by the boldness, novelty and beauty of their designs, and by the splendor of the painting, sculpture and carving with which they are filled. It seems as if all the Arts had met at their maturity and united to do their utmost for the ecclesiastical adornment of Venice. For the first time in our journey we find Sculpture occupying as large a space as Painting in our attention. They wait on each other, as sisters should, in these beautiful churches, where the altars are commonly wrought in elaborate bas-reliefs, while tombs of mingled architecture and sculpture occupy almost every foot of space in the walls. The ships of Venice must at some time have groaned under the weight of the marble, porphyry, red granite and other still more precious stones for which the East was ransacked, wherewith to furnish the magnificent requirements of the Church, in one of its proudest realms and at its most powerful day. The sack and spoil of the Crusaders, pillars and friezes from temples and mosques, are wrought into these churches, and a statue of Hercules and a Mahometan capital form part of the frieze of St. Mark's. The wealth and labor lavished upon these churches is worthy of the faith that produced them. But what a different kind of faith it was, and how little we can appreciate it by confounding it with the modern notions of religion! Venice never had more than two hundred thousand inhabitants, and her churches could have held her whole population at one moment, and then have invited all the Paduans over to fill the still vacant room. But these churches were not built with

any reference to human accommodation. They were built as votive offerings to God and the saints, to express gratitude for deliverance from the hands of enemies, or from the wrath of pestilence—to expiate old wrongs and to propitiate new favors. No sooner had the plague in 1576, which swept forty thousand souls out of Venice, ceased its awful ravages, than the Republic voted a vast sum to erect the Church of the Redentore, as a sign that they accepted the scourge as a divine punishment, and owed its cessation to a mercy they would magnify with their utmost powers. The same thing occurred when the still greater plague of 1631, which destroyed sixty thousand people in Venice, had passed over, and the glorious Church of Maria della Salute, the chief ornament of the Giudecca, and the most conspicuous building, on the whole, from its situation and its architecture, in all Venice, still stands to prove how lavish the gratitude of the people must have been, and from what depths of despair they must have sprung to vault into such heights of exultation. These terrific pestilences, the opprobia of sanitary science and medical skill in the middle ages, and compared with which modern cholera is a slight evil, have left their monuments in many beautiful forms. The club-houses of the old lay brotherhoods which answered to our Aid Societies in time of war and cholera, still stand in Venice, to attest the sempiternal fidelity of human nature to the claims of humanity. Beneficence and humanity are not modern graces only. Hospitals, monasteries, and places of refuge for pilgrims, and for sick and wounded, abounded in Venice. One monastery of purely medical monks still exists, who hold themselves ready to serve in times of pestilence. The splendor of the buildings erected by the religious clubs, lay associations for benevolent purposes, would shock modern notions touching the economy with which benevolent enterprises should be

conducted. The Scuola de San Rocco (the French St. Roch), one of these benevolent fraternities which still has a corporate existence and holds its original edifice, is one of the most magnificent buildings and one of the richest interiors in Venice. The company adopted Tintoretto as their painter, and for eighteen years he continued to paint here, enriching the walls with his gigantic works and splendid genius. The lower Sala, one of the most splendid halls in the world, is perfectly covered with his works. There is an affluence in his inventive powers equaled by his skill in composition, and by the boldness and facility of his execution. He is evidently one of the greatest masters in the greatest school of painting at its greatest day. But such a gala building as this, regarded as the home of a charity toward the most wretched objects, presents an incongruity of the least intelligible kind to modern feelings and experiences.

The churches in Venice illustrate four different styles of architecture—the Gothic of the plainer, more massive and solemn kind; the Lombard, or Romanesque; the Italian, or Palladian school, and the florid Italian, full of flaunting statues and gilded stucco. Very few of them are finished. The plan was to start with a grand design in which size and splendor were both aimed at; to build them in such a way that some important portion of the edifice could be used at an early period of the construction; to add, as they had means, the other parts; to finish the interior before the exterior, and to leave the façade to the last. The towers were, of course, seldom completed, and many of the most elegant churches are still without any front finish. Coarse brick walls have stood for ages waiting for the marble which was to cover them with costly designs. There is certainly something very dignified in presenting boldly, upon the most conspicuous front of these churches, the failure or deficiency which mod-

ern prudence keeps in the sides and rear of its churches, which are often without any finish except on the face.

San Marco, for ages the famous Basilica, and since 1807 the Cathedral of Venice, is a building worthy of all wonder and praise. Built somewhat on the plan of the great Mosque of the Sophia, it has a marked Byzantine character in its whole style. Spreading over an immense surface, its flat domes add little to the architecture of the city, seen from a distance; but viewed from beneath, they present a most solemn and sublime appearance. The broad nave is divided from the aisles by curtains of stone resting on magnificent pillars, and open at the top, so that the whole roof can be seen at once. There is a noble severity and simplicity about the general plan which all the sumptuousness of the marbles and capitals, and decorations of mosaic and gold, does not impair. The curves of the arches and domes meet the eye almost with the effect of the curves of the sky and water as they meet at sea. Such repeated flowing lines wrap the soul in mysterious folds of harmony. The entire ceiling and all the walls are in mosaic, but the colors are so deep and sober that no tawdriness suggests itself anywhere. The sides of St. Mark's are even finer than its front. Every one of its five hundred columns may be said to present a separate study and to offer a distinct pleasure. Their richness, variety and elegance can not be exaggerated.

The famous Square of St. Mark has two distinct areas, one known as the Piazza and the other as the Piazzetta. The Piazzetta fronts the harbor, bounded on the opposite by the southern side of the cathedral, and with the Ducal Palace and the Libreria Vecchia for its other sides. In this square, near the Molo, stand the two famous columns of granite, one sustaining the bronze Lion of St. Mark, the proud symbol of Venetian power, the other the statue of St. Theodore, the

original patron saint of the Republic, and older than St. Mark in the devotion of the people. These columns were so identified with the sway and pomp of the Venetian name that they were copied in most of the cities that fell under her sway. The lion, like most other precious or storied movables in Europe, was stolen by Napoleon, and carried off to adorn the *Invalides* at Paris, but restored under the treaty of Vienna. The columns, *three*, were brought from the Holy Land in 1127. One was lost in the harbor in an attempt to land it. The others lay for fifty years waiting for an engineer bold enough to lift them to their pedestals. At length a certain Nicolo placed them there, and claimed as his reward that games of chance, forbidden by law elsewhere, might be played between these columns. The Venetian council granted his boon, but outwitted him by enacting that public executions should take place on the privileged spot, which so overshadowed it that none dared to take any pleasures in the ill-starred place. The Ducal Palace, with its glorious portico at the bottom and magnificent gallery resting upon that, and then the great expanse of marble wall, unpierced with windows, supported above all, presents an unparalleled grandeur, in its massive and yet elegant and almost light effect. The absence of any cornice may not be a defect to architects, who remember what a weight the under pillars have to carry already, but certainly the eye feels the want of a more elegant finish of the sky line. Within, the Ducal Palace is a miracle of grandeur, in its vast halls and elegant rooms. The great Council Hall, 175 feet long, 84 broad and 51 high, is, perhaps, the finest room in the world. Titian, Bellini, Tintoretto and Paul Veronese united in decorating its walls with the vastest oil paintings ever made on canvas. Round the hall runs the frieze containing the portraits of seventy-two of the one hundred and twenty-five Doges who have

ruled in Venice. A black curtain is painted over the place which would have contained the portrait of Marino Faliero but for his alleged treachery against the Republic. As they date from 809, and were principally by Tintoretto, the earlier portraits must all be fanciful. The portraits of the Doges are contained in the *Sala dello Scrutinio*, the hall in which the forty-one nobles were elected who used to nominate the Doge. The series ends with Ludovico Manini, under whom the Republic perished in 1797. The hall in which the famous Council of Ten met (who, by the way, were not ten but seventeen, as a certain number of the inquisitors sat with them) is a small and innocent-looking room, not at all calculated for cruel and capricious councils. A beautiful picture of Paul Veronese—a figure of an old man seated near a lovely young woman—adorns the ceiling. The precious library of San Marco has been transferred to the grand Sala. It contains ten thousand MSS., among them the "Divina Commedia," copied early in the fourteenth century; Marco Polo's will (1373); the first book printed at Venice, "Cicero ad Familiares" (1469), and many like treasures.

The famous Bridge of Sighs runs from the rear of this Ducal Palace over a canal to the State Prison. It derives its name, as every body knows, from the fact that over it prisoners were conducted to the Hall of Judgment in the palace, from which they were sent to execution. Its fame is due chiefly to Lord Byron, for in itself it presents, amid so many other objects of superior interest, little to concentrate the attention of visitors.

The Libreria Vecchia, opposite the Ducal Palace, is a beautiful façade, owing its effectiveness chiefly to its great length. It was built partly to receive the donation of Petrarch, who in 1362 had offered to make St. Mark the heir of his MSS., if Venice would insure them protection from fire and water.

Venice promised to do so, in accepting the heritage, but neglected her duty until they were nearly ruined. Among other treasures they contained nearly the whole of Cicero, transcribed by Petrarch's own hand. They were all finally lost; but in 1536, and before the ruin was known, Sansovino was commissioned to build this library, to contain them and Cardinal Bessarion's library. The building is of two stories, the lower one of rich Doric, the upper Ionic. The entablatures are unusually high, and the cornice is crowned with a balustrade filled with statues. Near the angle of the Piazzetta and the Piazza rises an enormous bell-tower, 330 feet high —begun in 902 and not finished till 1510. It is 42 feet square, and forms a commanding feature of the city. It is ascended by one of those winding inclined planes called *a cordone*—so much easier than stairs that it is a wonder they are not always used for long ascents of towers. The view from the belfry is superb, and gives the only satisfactory idea which is to be obtained of the topography of the city and its relations to the main-land.

The Piazza fronts the cathedral, or seems to—for in reality it is not a perfect parallelogram—the line of the façade of St. Mark's forms an acute angle with the Procuratie Vecchie, which makes the west side of the Piazza. The imperial palace, the Procuratie Nuove, forms the east side of the square, and the continuation of this building by Napoleon completes the Piazza. The Church of St. Geminiano was twice removed to enlarge this square. The people asked of the Pope permission to move it. The Pope felt the danger of the precedent, and cautiously replied, "The Apostolic See may pardon a wrong after it is committed, but never can sanction one beforehand." The Venetian authorities accepted the permission in this equivocal form; but annually, for a century, the Doge came out with his train to meet the parish

priest of the desecrated San Geminiano, who, standing on the spot where it had been, demanded of His Serenity that he would be pleased to rebuild the church upon its old foundations. "Next year," was the Doge's steady reply, which continued until the Republic perished!

Before San Marco are still standing on their bronze pedestals the three famous flag-staffs from which floated the *gonfalons* that represented Venice, Cyprus and the Morea, over which the Republic had dominion. They date from 1501 to 1505. The Piazza is not so large as the Piazzetta. One may be considered as the winter and the other the summer centre of Venetian life. The finer shops are on the Piazza or go out of it. The breezes from the water refresh the Piazzetta, and on its Molo is the chief summer lounge.

The famous Rialto, a beautiful bridge whose sides are lined with stores and stalls, was once the real business centre of Venice. It is still a crowded thoroughfare, but no longer the commercial exchange of the town. Near it are the ruins of the old Borsa, and it is said that they are in process of restoration. Here modern Jews with grizzly beards may still be seen, reviving the memory of Shylock. But there are no Antonios in Venice now, and although Shylocks doubtless still exist, they do their business after the Rothschild fashion, without suspicion or prejudice, being the recognized and almost the sole financiers in all Continental cities. The most picturesque person I saw in Venice was an old Albanian merchant, who has attained great wealth and respectability, but who rigidly maintains the Albanian costume, and in white stockings and slippers, with capote and fez, sash and red vest, takes his daily stroll through the arcades of the Piazza, a moving mass of Venetian color. The Zecca, or Mint, built 1536, a grand building in rustic Italian base, surmounted by two stories, one in Doric and the other in Ionic, is still put

to its original use. The Sequin, or Zecchino, the old gold coin of the Republic, derived its name from the building.

In the arsenal, a vast enclosure, there is room for all the naval architecture that once made Venice the queen of the sea. Many memorials of her old victories are still to be seen here, but the famous Bucentoro, the vessel from which the Doge annually espoused the Adriatic, was burned in 1824, after having been stripped by the French of its ornaments.

We visited one Venetian palace, which is still in the hands of the family that built it, and holds the pictures that were purchased directly from the great masters that painted them. There we had an opportunity of seeing the elegance of Venetian furniture, so beautiful in its forms and so rich in its materials, and the luxury and splendor in which the proud nobles lived in the days of their prosperity.

The Venetian floors are usually formed of a cement with which various colored stones are mixed, and the surface, when it has hardened, is rubbed down with incredible labor until it becomes richly polished. These beautiful floors are found in palaces and in humble dwellings alike. The floors of inlaid wood which are almost uniformly found in Continental palaces, and which, in less elegant forms, prevail in most private residences, are as beautiful as they are common. They bear incontestable evidence to the cheapness of labor in these countries, which is the radical distinction between European and American life.

But wonders accumulate and press each other out of sight here, until I am no longer able to report a tithe of what I see and admire. I must not omit to mention my visit to the Armenian convent on an island in the Lido. Here Byron had passed a short time and studied the language. The monks have a printing establishment, and supply their people in all parts of the world with whatever printed books

they possess. It is a curious illustration of the ductility of the Catholic Church that it allows in that portion of the Greek and Armenian Churches in connection with it, marriage to the priests. Thus it appears that the celibacy of the Catholic priesthood is considered not a matter of fixed doctrine, but only of changeable discipline in the Roman Church; and so, perhaps, we may live to see wedlock as common among the Romish priests as it is among the Greek. It would be as complete a revolution in the policy and spirit of the whole Church as the abandonment of itineracy in the Methodist connection, which is probably not very distant.

It is very hard to leave Venice, which is surely the most picturesque and romantic city in Europe. What swans are among fowls, Venice is among cities—white, graceful, web-footed, melancholy, lonely and princely. The sunsets here are pictures, the pictures sunsets! The very sails look like painters' pallets. The churches burn and blush with gold and rosso antico, or copy the sea in malachite and the sky in lapis lazuli. The East seems to stretch the fringe of its black and orange shawl as far West as this half Turkish city. And here Shakespeare and Titian and Michael Angelo and Palladio and Dante and Tintoretto and Paul Veronese fill the air still with their universal genius, and seem present existences. The love and homage of all cultivated minds make it populous, even in its deserted days. No streets are so often threaded by recollections as its canals. Those who come here never leave it, for it lives in them wherever they go, the city "of imagination all compact," substantial even in dreams, and omnipresent like the sea on which it sits and which shouts its name on every shore it beats.

XXXVI.

PADUA AND BOLOGNA.

BOLOGNA, December 2, 1867.

LEAVING Venice by the bridge (nearly three miles long) that connects it with the main-land, we passed the point from which the Austrians bombarded the city in 1849, and enjoyed the sensation of being on *terra firma*, and of seeing horses, cattle and green fields, after our short Venetian fast from those visions. Padua, with its domes and towers, beckoned us to come and see the seat of that famous University, which in the thirteenth century drew scholars from all lands to its gates, and which still enjoys a high repute for its medical school. Here the first anatomical theatre and the first botanical garden in Europe were opened; here Galileo was professor for ten years, and here a lady, worthy to have been the original of Shakespeare's Portia, Elena Lucrezia Cornaro Piscopia, wrote mathematical and astronomical dissertations and received a doctor's degree from the University. She spoke Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish and French, and knew mankind so well that she would never marry! We crossed the Adige, a full, broad river just ready to empty into the sea, which we had seen a brook in the Tyrolean mountains, and then the Po, a magnificent but unruly river that annually makes much mischief by its overflows in these marshes of the Romagna. The country is rich in agricultural products, and well cultivated.

Here are none of those hateful little stone towns so com-

mon in Germany and France, into which the agricultural population are huddled—going from three to five miles daily to their work. Here the farming population live on the land they till. Family life, local attachments, and a certain simplicity of character prevail. The farms are usually each cultivated by peasants of one family, who collect about their heads, the sons marrying and bringing their wives home, and uncles, cousins, nephews all hanging together in patriarchal style. They divide the annual product with the land-owner, and are, seemingly, fairly remunerated. That their manners have not changed much since the days of Metastasio was suggested by seeing a whole family, men and women, sitting out before the door of their cottage, while the village barber was making what seemed to be his annual crop, and cutting or dressing the hair of the whole establishment. Rossini, born at Pesaro, and for almost half his life a resident at Bologna, may well have found his barber nearer home than at Seville. The identical copper basin, with its scoop for the chin, which figures in so many old pictures, I saw in use today, while it hangs throughout all Europe before the barbers' shops as their blazon of office. Hemp appears to be the largest and most important product of this region, although every form of cereal grows here. Ferrara, three miles south of the Po, I longed to stop at for the sake of Ariosto and Tasso's memories, and because Ferrara afforded the Protestants shelter and protection earlier than any other Italian city; but we swept by it, intent on reaching Bologna, the only stop we could afford time to make between Venice and Florence.

Bologna we find a city of 120,000 people, situated in a plain just at the feet of some lovely hills, crowned with churches, monasteries and villas, and in distant view of the Carinthian Alps. It is still surrounded with its old wall,

which serves well enough as the defense of its *octroi* or tax on provisions coming into the gates, which is so unwisely kept up in most European cities. Bologna is a very ancient-looking town, but not a town in decay. On the contrary, it has an air of great bustle, and a look of substantial prosperity, totally unlike what one observes in Venice. Its population are evidently thriving, and one feels an almost Protestant pulse stirring in the place.

Despite its wonderful richness in churches, it is, I suspect, a town of very indifferent loyalty to the Pope, and very lax adherence to the faith. Its famous Church of San Petronius, one of the most majestic for the size and the openness of its nave in all Italy, was stopped before it had attained half its projected proportions, because its foundations were laid for a church that would have exceeded St. Peter's in magnitude, and the Pope did not choose to have Rome outdone by any Catholic city. I doubt if the Pope's authority would stop any thing that suited the Bolognese in these days ; but there are more substantial reasons why this glorious old church remains completely in the rough externally, and incomplete internally. Indeed, amid twenty fine churches started in Bologna, I hardly can name one that is finished, and most of them are externally mere massive heaps of brick and mortar, without form and void. But interiorly, San Bartolommeo and San Dominico—in the shape of a Greek cross—are beautiful, and extremely rich in pictures and monuments.

Indeed, Bologna might well detain a visitor for weeks, studying in favorable lights its church pictures alone. But we could only give them passing glances, and regret that we could not study at leisure so much beauty and sanctity. There is a brick tower here 364 feet high, a prodigious monument of the pride of an old and rich family, and just opposite to it a leaning tower, which was probably designed to

cross its lines by an oblique cut, and give the relief against the sky of a St. Andrew's cross. It is a wonderful architectural folly and a shocking perversion of taste ; but it is curious as an evidence of what ill use people could make of their fortunes in times that boast of having been more pious and Christian than our own. The old University which succeeded Padua, and drew many of its students away, survives as to the building alone, which is a most curious and splendid monument of its old glory and importance. The quadrangle is covered with most fresh and picturesque decorations, principally the arms of the more distinguished students of each year, which are frescoed by the thousand upon its walls. A fonder memory of its faithful sons no Alma Mater in the world can exhibit. The names and pretensions of her children from all civilized nations are permanently built into her walls, from the earliest to the latest period of her existence, while monuments of her professors, benefactors and patrons are ranged in conspicuous places in her galleries. It was specially interesting to stand in the very place where Galvani illustrated his discoveries, or, as my guide *näively* said, "invented electricity."

The Anatomical Theatre, the second in Europe in date, is the finest and most appropriate in style that could be conceived. Its walls and ceiling are adorned with carvings that illustrate anatomy, while the lecturer's chair is beneath a canopy supported by two exquisite carvings of the human figure, stripped of the skin, and exhibiting all the tendons and muscles. The chapel contains some charming frescoes, three hundred years old, as fresh in color as if painted yesterday. The library is a beautiful series of rooms, in which each chamber is presided over by the bust of the most distinguished professor in that department to which the books belong. Tomasini's bust is in the medical library. In one

of the larger rooms of this building Rossini gave his first public rendering of the famous "Stabat Mater," while Donizetti led the orchestra and chorus. His master was a priest, Mattei, whose bust I saw to-day in the Campo Santo. Rossini was not popular as a man in Bologna, though honored as an artist, and seems to have been considered grasping and selfish.

While speaking of music I may say that Bologna claims to be the musical centre of Italy, and to have a more refined taste than her neighbors — Florence or Venice. I rather think it is only because, being more commercial and richer, she can indulge her musical passions more conspicuously. Her opera-house is certainly as fine as any one I have seen in Europe, both in design and accommodation, and it is maintained with great spirit, constancy and liberality. But just now Verdi's new opera of "Don Carlos" is engaging the enthusiasm of the Bolognese, and it was not precisely a proof of the boasted supremacy of Italian artists, to find the three principal parts sustained by Germans; our old American favorite (who sang Eleazar, in "La Juive," so grandly), Stigelli, being one of them (a Hungarian by birth), and Stotz and Fricci, both Germans, being the two prima-donnas. The opera was magnificently sung and brilliantly put upon the stage. It is a notch above Verdi's best style, and shows him to be still a careful student and a growing master. It was received with an enthusiasm which was almost ludicrous in its excess. Each of the principals was called out three times in succession, and compelled to repeat the most exhausting passages, and then called out twice or thrice more, to receive the applause of the audience! The orchestra was obliged to play over one favorite passage in an introduction to one of the acts three times, to satisfy the feeling of the people! "*Immensa!*" was heard in sighs of transport, burst-

ing from ardent lips, as an extraordinary note came from the singers, until the interruptions became positively fatal to the artistic effect. A characteristic difference is noticeable in the behavior of the Italian orchestra as compared with the German. Little of that serious attention and absorption in their work, so observable in German orchestras, was to be seen in this large and excellent Italian orchestra. They talked with each other as they played, looked about at the audience, and wore a much lighter and less dignified appearance. There was a great deal of talking in the audience, a sharp and constant rapping of his score by the conductor, and a notice every now and then for silence as some passage of special interest was about to be sung. The pauses were long, and the performance, which began a couple of hours later than the opera in German cities, was protracted late into the evening. The Italians evidently have what has recently been said to be an evidence of superior civilization—a much greater tendency than the Germans to live into the night! There are evidences in Bologna of the patronage which America has extended to Italian singers. Frezzolini, who brought her decayed but once exquisite voice to America, has a palace of her own in Bologna, which was doubtless partly purchased with American gold. Salvi, too, whose "Spirito Gentil" all lovers of music must remember, is wealthy, and has a beautiful home in Geneva and another in Bologna. The Campo Santo here has a costly tomb erected by him to the memory of his daughter. Our guide had been eighteen years traveling as a servant with Badiali, whose glorious baritone we recall so vividly, and he spoke with enthusiasm of the money he had made in America.

We visited the "Villa Reale" of Victor Emanuel, an old monastery on a beautiful hill, a mile out of Bologna, which the king has converted into a country seat. The prospect

from it is one of the finest in all Italy. It is an example of the taste which the old monks, and, indeed, all Catholic priests, have so uniformly shown for a preoccupation of all the finest sites about great communities for their residences. The king has stocked this palace with many fine modern statues, and a few pictures from suppressed churches; but he is seldom there, as the neighborhood affords no opportunity to gratify his passion for hunting. Wherever we come upon his traces, we find proof of the diminished hold he has upon the affections and confidence of the Italian people. His homely visage, unshapely and repulsive, meets us upon most walls and windows; but now that he has forfeited, in Italian eyes, the proud title of *Galantuomo*, it seems to stand out, a just exponent of the aversion which is openly confessed for his person and character.

The cemetery of Bologna is one of the finest in Europe. It was founded early in this century, and already holds the ashes of 250,000 people. It is the sole burial-place of the city, and is necessarily constantly extended. The place is surrounded by long corridors, open on the inside, which are lined with costly monuments of the wealthier class. The poor are neatly buried, without unseemly crowding, in the open space within. There is a propriety, beauty and elegance about the place, which constrasts strongly with Pere de la Chaise and other public Continental cemeteries. But, certainly, it has little of the charm of Greenwood, Mount Auburn, and a hundred other rural cemeteries in America. The monuments are generally mural, although there are many splendid exceptions. One of the finest of these is a statue to Murat, King of Naples. A brother of Prince Galatzin, of Russia, is commemorated with the touching inscription, "Amabat nesciri." Fenelon, I remember, somewhere says, "I love to be unknown."

A beautiful fountain in bronze, a figure of Neptune, by John of Bologna, is one of the grandest and most original remains of that great master. It is, perhaps, the finest thing in Bologna.

The picture gallery here, the Pinocateca, happily not crowded with trash as most foreign galleries largely are, contains some of the most delightful and instructive pictures in the world. Here the three Caracci, the uncle and two nephews, created what is known as the Bolognese school. Hannibal, the most distinguished for color, has many pictures of great richness and scope in this gallery, but Ludovico, the uncle, seems to me to have been the bolder and grander genius. Their greatest pupil, generally considered to have surpassed his masters, was Domenichino, and Guido may dispute with him, and with almost any other painter, the palm of victory. Albani, Fiarini, Guercino, are other celebrated masters of this school. For a certain largeness, fullness and richness of design, and a copious grace and majesty of manner, the Caracci can not be surpassed. I can name only a few of the more famous pictures in this gallery. Doubtless the most prized (although I should not choose it first) is the "Saint Cecilia" of Raphael. This picture has been transferred from panel to canvas, and has probably suffered in the transfer; at any rate, it seems to lack the purity of color seen commonly in Raphael's best pictures. The design is exquisite. The saint, surrounded by St. Paul and St. John, St. Augustine and Mary Magdalen, holds a lyre in her drooping hands, while she listens with ecstatic upward gaze to the music of cherubs who are seen above, singing as they float. The other saints have thrown their musical instruments at her feet, as if all earthly harmonies must be mute in the presence of such celestial music.

More interesting than this precious picture is Guido's "Madonna della Pietà," which deserves to be reckoned with

Raphael's "Transfiguration" and Titian's "Assumption." The Madonna, standing in dignified sorrow between two lovely angels, weeps in faith and patience over the dead body of the Christ. There is none of the sentimental and theatrical air about her usual in even the most esteemed Madonnas, and nothing hackneyed and conventional in her expression. The body of Christ is full of recent death. The limbs have not been straightened, and the right hand hangs limp and in exquisite naturalness below the level of the figure; the coloring and drawing are both satisfying. The angels are exceedingly beautiful in the unobtrusive sympathy they lend the Madonna. The five protecting saints of Bologna — Petronius, Carlo Borromeo, Dominick, Francis and Baculus, form below a group of dismayed, regretful disciples, only surpassed by Titian's wonderful group of the Apostles in his "Assumption" at Venice.

The "Massacre of the Innocents" is another of Guido's terribly earnest and glorious pictures. Two dead children in the left corner are indescribably fine. Another child, holding trustfully the arm of the murderer about to strike it, is in most affecting contrast with the horror-stricken face of its mother, who recognizes his deadly purpose. Another murderer seizing a woman by the hair, whose eyes start out of her head with terror as she grasps and shelters her babe, is another image that can never be forgotten. The "Cristo di Cappuccini," a third picture by Guido (a crucifixion), is enough alone to enrich any gallery, and for originality and for extraordinary drawing, Guido's "Samson slaying the Philistines with the Jaw-bone," is as remarkable as any of his works. He does not make Samson a burly Hercules, but a young, beautiful creature, with his strength in his beauty and grace, and yet he looks as if he might rout an army in his victorious courage and force of soul. Domenichino's "Peter Martyr"

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will have an added interest since the recent destruction of Titian's priceless painting of the same subject. Judging from the photographs, Domenichino either meant to copy Titian's general design, or he has hit upon the same plan; and probably the best idea of Titian's picture which is now to be got, is from the study of Domenichino's.

The 'Martyrdom of St. Agnes," by Domenichino; the "Communion of St. Jerome," by Augustino Caracci; the "Madonna of the Conception," by Ludovico Caracci, are other truly great pictures. The original study of so many of Guido's "Saviour Crowned with Thorns" is here to be seen in colored crayons, and is in many respects, specially in the absence of sentimentalism, superior to his finished pictures of this favorite theme.

One of the most interesting pictures here is the work of a young woman who was the friend and favorite of Guido, and a successful student of his style, who was poisoned from jealousy by a deformed artist, a vain rival of her powers. Her genius and her fate are remembered even in the modern art of Bologna, and one of the best works in the modern collection is a picture of her death-bed with Guido at her side. Woman's genius has always been specially marked in Bologna. Novella d'Andrea and Laura Bassi were honored with degrees in the University, and even lectured in Bologna to learned ladies from France and Germany. Madonna Manzolina was Professor of Anatomy; and Clotilda Tambron filled the Greek chair just before Mezzofanti, a native of Bologna. It was pleasant, and seemed a sort of evidence of the perpetuation of the influence of feminine genius in Bologna, to notice last evening a woman playing the harp in the orchestra of the opera. Nobody seemed to find any thing very noticeable in a fact so unusual or impossible in England or America—the boasted home of women's rights.

Bologna is marked above all cities by the extent to which it has carried its street arcades. The whole city is colonnaded with them, at a labor and cost which is surprising. They give a great dignity, although at the expense of much gloom, to the domestic architecture. Adopted to protect the sidewalks from snow, they have been perpetuated apparently from imitation and usage. They are fatal to any convenient use of the ground-floor, must prevent the entrance of wholesome light and air, and ruin the shops. But they are apparently fixed beyond change in the Bolognese affections, and must make most other cities seem very strange to those living here. One of these covered ways is carried at least two miles beyond the city up a lofty hill to a useless church, and furnishes one of the most extraordinary examples of an outlay of labor and expense upon a comparatively insignificant object which I have ever seen. But what can fully explain to moderns the motives that governed the practical economies of a people living three centuries ago? They are unfathomable by any of our Protestant, nineteenth century plummets!

PISA, December 18.

Leaving Florence to my next letter, I will improve the space left in this to say a few words about our visit of a single day to Pisa. It was pleasant to feel the air softening as we approached the Mediterranean, and to see that the trees and plants felt its balmy influence as much as ourselves. A dull little place, this once busy, martial and populous city has become; the rival and foe in times remote of mighty Florence. Its walls, amusing in their ancient simplicity of structure, still stand, and might keep out a company of boys armed with Chinese crackers, but would hardly resist any other discharge of gunpowder. The old reputation of un-

healthiness, earned by many attacks of pestilence in the middle ages, has given way to an excellent name for wholesomeness, so that many invalids find Pisa peculiarly attractive from its agreeable and gentle climate. The dearness of living in Florence, since it became the capital of Italy, has driven many of its *habitués* to other Tuscan cities, which retain cheap lodgings and simple habits. Pisa seems profiting by this movement, and is far more alive than when I last visited it. The Arno is still spanned by the bridge of marble, on which the people of the opposite sides of the river held for generations their annual fight for the mastery; a serious and often bloody struggle, which was abandoned only in 1805. People must have been more common, and held much cheaper in Pisa, when they could afford to get up for mere sport a rivalry which annually cost broken limbs and some lives. They make the river every third year, on the Festival of San Ranieri, June 16th and 17th, the scene of an illumination, which indeed extends through the town, so brilliant and far-famed that it draws thousands from all the neighboring cities to its costly show. These *festas* are the fascinating and ruinous instruments by which the Catholic Church keeps its hold on the common people, who pour out their little savings to maintain them, and then bless and trust the Church which creates them.

The glory of Pisa is her famous square, on which stand in rich neighborhood, each adding splendor to all and all to each, the four beautiful structures known as the Duomo, the Baptistery, the Leaning Tower or belfry, and the Campo Santo. The presence of these beautiful and costly buildings—so vast and so grand, but still more distinguished by elegance and finish—in the midst of this quiet, shrunken community, produces the effect of a rich repast, sparkling with silver and golden vessels, and flashing with fruits and wines or smoking

with savory viands, and no guests anywhere to be seen! Here, where pride and power and piety confidently seated their monuments, in the midst of a rushing tide of life, the stream has dried up, or left its bed, and these glorious structures stand, in all their original splendor, dependent for beholders mainly on the strangers from distant countries who visit them from curiosity.

The Duomo is interesting as being within and without exquisitely complete and daintily finished in the most elaborate style of architecture. A Latin cross in form, 311 feet long in the nave and 237 feet on the transepts, the roof rests upon twenty-four Corinthian columns of red marble, monoliths, with bases and columns all different, evidently spoils collected by the Pisans from the ruins of ancient temples. Above the main columns spring arches on which rest smaller columns of exquisite beauty, giving the clere-story a fascinating loveliness. The walls, altars, windows, are all finished in a taste altogether unique, and seemingly not due to the age or any school, but to the genius of the architect Buschetto, whose original work has inspired and controlled all his successors. I can not recall any church which has left the same impression of wholly satisfactory elegance upon me. Dating back to the eleventh century, it is an astonishing evidence of the taste, refinement and inventiveness of its builder. It must have stood alone for some centuries, while public appreciation was catching up with such a stride upon the architectural taste of the times. I must say, however, that in purely ecclesiastical qualities, no adaptation of the ancient Basilica, however cruciformed, ever reaches the religious effect of even very poor Gothic. The round arch presses the soul to earth! The dome blunts the point of aspiration. Civil and domestic and festive edifices should be built in Roman style. One could almost wish that the

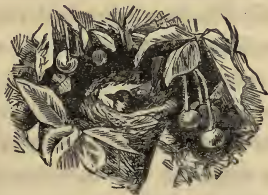
Gothic style were exclusively consecrated to church architecture.

The Baptistery, founded in 1253, is a round building, about one hundred feet in diameter and a hundred and seventy-five feet high, covered in by a dome and adorned with Corinthian pillars without, and eight polished granite columns, besides four immense piers, within. It is beautifully lined with marble, and contains the famous marble pulpit of Giovanni, called Pisano, a sculptor to whom Pisa is vastly indebted. The reliefs on this pulpit are wonderfully designed and executed. These Baptisteries seem to indicate a period when still greater significance was attached to the rite than any time before or since. The echoes in this building exceeded any I have ever heard. A single note multiplied itself, breaking into thirds and fifths, and came back from the dome as if caught up by seraphs and flung back full of celestial harmony. We practiced our voices for a long time, finding it hard to get away from the fascination of this accidental instrument of music.

The Campanile, or Leaning Tower, does not disappoint those who look for a curious and perilous slant, in which the law of gravity is seemingly defied. But how much more beautiful it would be if it stood absolutely erect! How can any admirer of the genius of Buschetto, or the builders of the Baptistery and Campanile, believe that the lean of the bell-tower was intentional? So offensive a play upon the natural feelings, wrought into stone, is a jest too grim and costly to be ascribed to men who had the dignity and tenderness exhibited in the Pisan architecture. The porous and cavernous nature of the soil, with the rapid changes of water-level shown in the neighborhood, will account for any settling of the foundations of the Campanile. The lines of the cathedral are none of them quite straight, and the floor, which has

been releveled since my last visit, was then very irregular. The walls of Pisa lean in many directions. The sea has receded, or the Delta risen, and left it several miles from its ancient proximity to the Mediterranean. Clearly the Campanile settled early, and the architect attempted to save the structure by balancing the upper stories against the inclination, and succeeded, whether to the benefit of taste in architecture is doubtful, as monsters in bricks and mortar are no more attractive than monsters in flesh and blood.

The Campo Santo, with its sixty arches in stone, is a wonder of costliness and beauty. I forget how many vessels it took to bring from Mount Calvary the sacred earth which fills the enclosure! Hundreds of monuments, chiefly spoils of antiquity, Roman baths and Greek reliefs, are treasured in this calm and holy place. Only nobles are now allowed to find burial in this attractive enclosure. It is 415 feet long and 138 wide. The once famous frescoes of Giotti are utterly ruined by damp and decay.



XXXVII.

THE ROMAN QUESTION.

ROME, December 26, 1867.

I ATTENDED the opening of the Italian Parliament in Florence. An unusually large proportion of the Deputies were present, indicating the lively interest of the people in the question of French intervention in the affairs of this peninsula. The newspapers have generally and sufficiently noticed the support which General Menabrea's government received from Parliament. The vote upon the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies showed that three parties exist in Italy—the Progressives, the Reactionaires, and the Conservatives or *statu quo* party.

The Progressives are those who wish to see Rome the capital of Italy at all hazards, and would fight France rather than abandon their purpose. The Reactionaires are those who doubt seriously whether any good has come from blotting out the boundaries of Naples, Tuscany, the Romagna and Venetia, and extending the kingdom of Sardinia until it covers the whole peninsula and Sicily. This party sees plainly that whatever may be the pretense of the Progressives, their success must be and has for its real object the overthrow of the ecclesiastical power in Italy, and that would be equivalent to a complete revolution in the social and political life of the whole people—a change very dreadful to the convictions and prejudices of a large and influential class. This party asks, not without reason, What good has

come to Venetia from driving the Austrians out of that fair city and region? Taxes have increased, life and property are declared to be less safe, business has not revived, and the people are not contented. The Italians, who before they got possession of Venetia talked as if their happiness would be complete the moment the Bride of the Sea was under their flag, seem now no more content than before, and it is complained that since the union both parties have shown a discouraging indifference to each other. What good will come, they ask, when Rome follows Venetia, and joins herself to the common fortunes? She will lose the support and stipend she now derives from foreign funds, her taxes will increase, her people complain, and Italy be burdened with fresh expenses. She has spent millions upon millions in transferring her capital from Turin to Florence. Can she afford to make another move, and make the ill-situated, unhealthy, uncommercial city of Rome the centre of her yet unconsolidated kingdom? The Romans themselves, it is clear, show no enthusiasm, and are willing to run no risks for the sake of political union with the Italian government. Would it not be better if things were allowed to drift back into the old moorings, where M. Thiers has said it is for every body's interest they should be? The Grand Duke of Tuscany was a most mild and considerate ruler. The Austrians were most orderly and inoffensive in Venetia. Much was not to be said for the Bourbon at Naples, but any thing was better than bandits and Garibaldi—such is the argument of the Reactionaires. The Catholic powers must sympathize with these views, whatever they may think it prudent to say. They can not properly consent to see the Catholic faith loosened at the staple. Rome, with its hierarchical splendors and its powerful heritage of local significance, is necessary to the independence, dignity and influence of the

Papacy. Those who are seeking to destroy the temporal power of the Pope are those who dread and hate his spiritual power still more, and who strike at the more palpable enemy, in hope of giving a fatal blow to the invisible foe. The Progressives are distinguished from Garibaldi and his followers only by a veil of political formality. Garibaldi and his little band avow that Rome is the enemy of Italy, because she is the stronghold of ecclesiastical superstitions, which they regard as the curse of political freedom and personal liberty. The Progressives think just so, but they merely say that the temporal power of the Pope is an anomalous and disturbing element in the integral life of Italy, and must be abated in the way which prudence and policy commend, but in defiance of French intervention.

The Conservatives, or *statu quos*, neither wish nor dare to go backward nor forward. They are for leaving Rome in the Pope's hands, and under French protection, until it drops of itself into the mouth of the Union. They know that Italy is more alive and more progressive than the priests and aristocracy believe, but they also think the Church stronger and the old habits of dependence more established than the Radical Reformers will allow. They are therefore disposed to stand just where they are, and wait until Italy has confirmed her new policy, and has assimilated her provinces, and become a little wonted to her position as a living and constitutional nation. And certainly this party has the chief reason on its side.

It must be remembered that this great Italian peninsula has been for centuries divided into kingdoms and provinces almost as distinct from each other as though they had spoken different languages and been separated by oceans and mountains. Their present union is no spontaneous gravitation of the parts of a sundered body toward its original integrity,

but rather a mechanical juxtaposition of its members effected by the generosity of foreign conquerors, who have granted to a few patriots in advance of their time the boon of unity. But so ardently and so long have men like Cavour and Gioberti desired this union for one set of reasons, and men like Mazzini and Garibaldi for another set of reasons, that Italy, despite the ignorance and superstition of its masses, has become leavened with their aspirations, and can, I think, never abandon the idea of unity until it is practically realized. It is in some respects a great misfortune that the form or fact of unity has so far anticipated the spirit of unity, and that the Italians have had so little to do with their own immense political advancement. They have had greatness thrust upon them, and are called to take a great part among the modern movements of political agglomeration without any adequate preparation and very little real experience. Other nations have conquered their divisions and destructive separations by bloody sacrifices, but Italy is one, from the Alps to the sea, by the will and gift of Louis Napoleon. But so blessed is unity, and the freedom that comes with the upspringing of national consciousness, that Italy has advanced more rapidly than any other nation in the world during the last twenty years. She was so far behindhand then that her great progress since does not bring her anywhere abreast of the nations that have breathed freely for a hundred years past. But I can say, from personal observation, that since 1848, when I was here before, the change is something wonderful. Florence has taken on a quite modern air. Her streets are being widened and improved, and a hundred measures for the public convenience are beginning to be agitated. But Florence is not alone. The railroads, which existed hardly at all in 1848, now form a quite extensive and thorough system throughout the peninsula. Many hundred

schools have been opened, and the education of the common people is everywhere exciting interest. It is still miserably true that seventeen out of the twenty-four millions of Italians do not read and write. And this ought alone to explain the immense difficulties of creating any thing like an enlightened public opinion, or making an intelligent freedom. The press here, active, enlightened and patriotic as its editors are, is limited in its influence by the illiterate character of the people. It is a wonder that it survives at all, for it is said that not one newspaper in Florence is supported by its subscribers. The press is really a gift of the patriotic citizens of Italy to their country, and were not Italy thus rich in patriots, its hopes would be far smaller, for its people as a whole are degraded by ignorance and superstition to a fearful degree.

The influence of the Catholic Church it is difficult candidly to estimate. Taking the people as they are, and considering them as hopeless in their poverty, ignorance and dependence, the Catholic Church is a blessed mother and watching friend, and gives them the chief solaces and pleasures of their monotonous lives. The part that their religion plays in the fortunes of millions of these hapless creatures is something so inestimably great that one might really say that all their enthusiasm, aspiration and hopes in life and death came from their priests and their churches, and that to take away their faith in them was to take away the only bright and beautiful thing in their stupid lot. But, considered as a means of elevating, socially, politically, or morally, the people of Italy, the Catholic Church appears to me to be not only not a help, but the chief hindrance to progress. It is an artful substitute for any thing that a human soul ought to desire. It preaches poverty, and contentment with mean and oppressive circumstances; it praises ignorance and surrender of the means of independence and self-respect; it allies

itself instinctively with rulers and aristocratic forces; it encourages, by the most skillful appliances, credulity and unquestioning acquiescence in its own opinions; it crushes self-assertion and individuality, and is the acknowledged enemy of modern liberty and civilization. The earnest men in Italy feel this so sorely that they hate the very name of religion from its associations with Roman Catholic priestcraft, oppression and superstition. They are most obstinate sceptics, not to say atheists, and there are not wanting religious men (Protestants) in Italy, who believe that the increase of scepticism and the spread of open infidelity is the only hope of any general escape from the baleful dominion of the Catholic Church. I must say that it seems to me probable that a considerable era of indifference to religion must precede the revival of faith in any form compatible with freedom or true Italian nationality.

The hold which the Roman Church has on Europe is not duly estimated. It is still immense, and only measured by the vast ignorance and habits of dependence which mark a hundred million of its people. It possesses an enormous prestige in spite of its abuses, and its very theory of sacraments independent of personal sanctity in their duly consecrated administrators, prevents the corruption or weakness and ignorance of its priesthood from forming any substantial argument against its authority. Shaped by the tastes and accommodated to the weaknesses of the Southern character, it associates itself with all the pleasures of the people, and has a holiday flavor in its most sacred rites and serious hours. Sitting upon the steps of the high altar in the midst of the pontifical mass, I saw two bishops taking snuff in the Pope's presence as if no religious solemnity could withdraw their thoughts from such paltry self-indulgence. Then again, the Church is the support of so large a number of priests and

monks and nuns, and they are the representatives of so many families, that the whole people are entangled by their immediate interests in its maintenance. There are two hundred thousand ecclesiastics (including priests, monks, nuns) in Italy. About a quarter of all the Roman Catholic bishops in the world are resident on Italian soil, and they, by their numerous followers, add to the nightmare under which the country lies. The cardinals resident at Rome are little more than politicians in red stockings, whose chief occupation is outwitting the instincts and aspirations for light and liberty of the Italian people. In short, there is a conclave of acute, accomplished men of the world, sitting always in Rome, who have the advantage of being thought not men of the world, who devote their entire energies and combined wit and wisdom to balking and resisting every movement of the Italian people to rise above themselves and the superstitions that oppress them, and to drink of the new life and liberty of the nineteenth century. It is not the petty territory of the Church that the Italian government is hankering for, but for the suppression of a nest of political intrigue and artful obstacles to all forward and improving measures for the nation's resurrection. Rome is necessary to Italy because it plots against the nation from its very centre, and with powers that reach under Italy and move France, Spain, England, and even the United States.

There is still, however, an enormous power in this Roman Church, independent of the general doubts and suspicions which agitate its own bosom. I suppose its most acrid critics are persons still in its nominal or real communion; certainly it is hard to find an intelligent man (not a priest or a recent convert) in the Roman Catholic Church who does not speak sneeringly, despairingly or railingly against it. Judging by the state of public sentiment as expressed by the

thinking or talking men and women in Catholic Europe, you would declare the Roman Catholic Church an ocular illusion, or at best a vast ecclesiastical mansion in ruins, but too big to crumble out of sight, after having been long deserted by its whole inhabitants. But it is forgotten how large a part of Catholic Europe does not think nor even read and write; how far these vast masses are removed from those who do, even when in personal proximity with them; and how much considered the passions and prejudices of this great mass of ignorance are and must be by the rulers. Then it must be remembered how all the political, social and domestic customs of Catholic countries have become, in the course of ages, interwoven with and shaped by the Catholic religion, and how dwarfed and confined and misdirected by its superstitions. The Roman Catholic faith is in the blood of the Italian people, however much it may be denied by their rising intelligence or intellectual convictions. It animates their hearts, dwells in their tastes, their associations and their passions. The most unbelieving of them can hardly keep the hinges of their knees from bending as they pass an altar, nor their fingers out of the font of holy water, nor from the trick of crossing themselves as they hear certain words that from childhood have been used to be followed by this manipulation. Nor must we forget how long a mechanical life continues to animate organizations which are dead in each and every member of them, but still live on, soulless corporations, by the mere habit or momentum of a prolonged and once intensely active existence. There is, too, a prodigious power in drill, independent of the strength of the individuals who enter into the mass that is marshaled. Like a mob without much personal passion, but with a common passion that is not a multiple of personal passions but a kind of contagious heat to which masses are subject (like the spontaneous com-

bustion in the cold fibres of a bag of cotton), so the Catholic masses have a common faith and common *esprit du corps*, and a capacity for being led and marshaled, which does not spring from personal convictions, but from the force of old names and symbols and associations, and the dead weight of ages and numbers. It will take a great while to get the heat out of the body of the dead Church of Rome! Its huge bulk still warms millions of hearts, and its children nestle to it like an infant to a dead mother's breast, not missing the milk so long as there is animal heat left in the corpse.

Then, again, in Italy, alas! there is comparatively nothing to take the place of the Roman Catholic Church. Protestantism, with meritorious efforts, plants its standards wherever the government allows. The English Episcopal Church, the Scotch Presbyterian, the American Congregationalists, are all making sincere and self-sacrificing endeavors to minister to the religious wants of the few who will hearken to them. I would not disparage their exertions or their success; but, compared with the work that is demanded, their endeavors are infinitesimal, their encouragements feeble, and their effect upon the Italian population hardly worth naming. Indeed, the types of religion they carry into Italy and elsewhere are often so small an improvement, from a dogmatic point of view, upon the superstitions they would supersede, that I do not wonder that the symbolic charms of the Romish ritual overbalance the advantage they possess of a somewhat less unreasonable fanaticism. "The Anglo-Continental Society," which held its annual meeting at Willis's Rooms, London, February 27, 1867, is a sample of the spirit which animates the largest of these Protestant bodies who are seeking to protestantize Catholic Europe. The Bishop of Ely, who presided, denied that the Anglo-Continental Society was a missionary body, or that there was any occasion to

convert Roman Catholics; that the Roman Catholics and the Anglican Church were essentially one, and even agreed upon the most fundamental question—the supremacy of a man over the whole Church. "I say," was his language, "that there is one head of the Catholic Church on earth, and that head is a man; that that man is a king." This is precisely what the Roman Catholic Church asserts; only where it puts the Pope, the Bishop of course puts Christ. But the Bishop adduced the parallel not as a ground of separation, but as a basis of union. And he went on later in his speech to insist that, because of a common adherence to the doctrine of bishops and the Apostolic Succession, the Roman Catholic Church, the Greek Church, the Churches of Denmark and Sweden were essentially united, while, as the necessary inference, all un-Episcopal Protestantism is in another category and not of the Church Catholic. How much advantage to morals and piety, and the diffusion of the essential spirit of Christ, is to be gained by substituting the validity of Protestant ordinations, and the efficacy of Protestant sacraments, for the supremacy of the Pope, the worship of the Virgin and the hocus-pocus of the Mass? What progress has religious liberty and spiritual truth made when the question of "orders," or the official legitimacy of a Protestant priest, is substituted for the validity of a Romish one?

If Christianity is still to continue its appeals to superstition, still to drag men to heaven only by their religious fears and hopes, still to mutter spells and practice necromancy at her altars, she had much better revive the Romish Church than attempt to supersede it. Nothing that Protestants can do in that line will begin to compare with what Catholicism is doing, and has done to admiration for a thousand years. The Roman Catholic Church is upheld and not weakened by those absurd and effete pretensions. The Church of En-

gland will be buried in the ruins of Roman Catholicism if she does not exorcise the ecclesiastical spirit from her Bishops of Oxford and Ely. She can do nothing to improve the Continent of Europe with her feeble pinchbeck Romanism. Nor is the dogmatic school of Europe or America likely to accomplish any thing better. Laboring to establish the theory of salvation, not through moral and spiritual regeneration but through a blind faith in a mystic sacrifice, placing Jesus Christ in the place of Almighty God, and bringing this life and the life to come into sharp antagonism instead of practical harmony, they belong to the same chain of priests who mutter spells and aggrandize forms and dogmas and official claims and pretensions above the spirit of truth and the divine love and mercy and goodness. I heard in Naples an earnest and noble-hearted young Scotch minister—made of martyrs' stuff, I doubt not—who had come down full of faith and zeal to withstand the dreadful errors of Popery. His tenderness and pleading earnestness were most touching, his voice trembled with emotion, his face was pale with suppressed feeling. But his whole sermon was an effort to make his hearers believe that if they threw themselves unquestioningly into the arms of Jesus, and trusted in his sufficient sacrifice, all would be well with them. No doubt this dogma in his mind and life carried with it every thing pure, spiritual, devout and practically righteous. But what effect could it have on Roman Catholics? Do they not already cast their whole faith upon the Lord Jesus? Have they not loved and believed in him, until his "blessed mother" has been glorified into the Almighty's spouse, simply by the relation she bore the Son of God? What is the invocation of saints but a form of glorification of Him who gives peculiar holiness to those who have loved him best? What is the adoration of the mass, but a more vivid and perpetual worship of the God,

Jesus Christ? Why should those who believe Jesus Christ to be God and the Maker of the world, have any difficulty in believing that he can and does perform the perpetual miracle of changing the bread and wine into his own body and blood? The dogmatic faith of Protestantism is still so largely of the same school and breed with Roman Catholic mysticism and worship that it is no proper antagonist or corrective of it. Whatever force it had, in virtue of its less superstitious character, it exhausted in the first fifty years of the Reformation, and has done nothing since. If there is to be any new Reformation in Catholic Europe it must come not from Protestant Churches, but from Protestant civilization and Protestant liberty and Protestant commerce and Protestant literature, all so far above and beyond Protestant theology. The spirit of the nineteenth century is coming in, and Europe, Catholic Europe, everywhere feels its reviving, liberating, moralizing and spiritualizing power! It is slowly breaking the bonds of dynastic and ecclesiastical power; destroying the terrible prestige of reigning houses and the divine right of princely families and aristocratic blood; it is releasing gradually the slumbering powers of thought, the suppressed manhood, the cowed imagination, the broken-spirited subjection to habitual wrong, the stupid acquiescence in old and fixed abuses under which the Roman Catholic nations have lived for fourteen hundred years.

The example of America is wonderfully operative. Every town in Europe has a son in the New World, whose reports of our American life touch the dull strings of the peasants' groveling hearts, and bring out some notes of hope or some half-discordant thrills of aspiration. I have heard America forming the theme of the Italian soldiers' talk at their macaroni kettle, and could we penetrate the life of Europe in its lowest strata, I believe the freedom and equality and pros-

perity of the common people in our country would be found to be the chief moving cause to any endeavors they make to improve their own condition, as it is the best argument they have for the possibility of political and religious independence. Meanwhile European backwardness, superstition, and abuse of human nature retards American thought, hampers the American Church, and stops the real spiritual development of Christianity on the soil of the New World. Slavery and its exigencies falsified American theology for fifty years, and influenced the dogmatic and critical teachings of Princeton and Andover, and, with exceptions, of the whole Northern pulpit. Roman Catholicism, and its half-breed descendants in Europe, modifies and deforms American theology today. The breaking up of the English Establishment depends upon the parting of the Roman cable, which will make a common wreck of the Roman and the Anglo-Catholic Churches. The wreck of the English Establishment will loosen the American Churches from their imitative and scholastic superstitions. Christianity will then have its turn as a purely moral and spiritual religion, having historic reality and divine authority and sacred records to rest upon, but appealing to no unreasoned fears and superstitious hopes for its progress — a religion which will show itself friendly to the world which God made, and respectful to the humanity he fashioned in his own image and placed upon it; a religion in which moral and spiritual principles shall be seen to be the sources of all true peace and happiness on earth, and the pledges, because the conditions, of all joy and all blessedness in the life beyond the grave.

January 1, 1868.

I have just returned from the pontifical mass in the Sistine Chapel. At 10 A.M. the Swiss Guards, in their uniforms

of black and orange, slashed with red, filed into the chapel, followed by the hundred or two of strangers who had dressed themselves, the ladies in black, with black veils on their heads, the gentlemen in black dress suits, according to the rigid etiquette of these grand ceremonial occasions. The cardinals came in one by one, each followed by his attendant priest, knelt before the altar and took their seat on a raised dais, common to all. As each came in, all the seated cardinals rose until the new-comer had taken his place. They were dressed in long red cloaks with enormous trains, over white priests' smocks, with red stockings, white fur capes, and a skull-cap of red. It was no easy matter for them to manage their robes in all the prostrations, salutes and movements they passed through in the course of the service. At eleven o'clock a procession of other cardinals, bishops and priests ushered the Pope into the chapel. He took his place upon his throne on the left hand of the altar. He was dressed in white satin robes embroidered with gold, and wore a white skull-cap. He looks now about seventy-three years old. His face is mild, patient and benignant, and he enters into all Church ceremonies with marked earnestness and simplicity of bearing. His person is large and commanding, his head full and well-shaped, and he looks more as Edward Everett did in the closing years of his life than any other person I can now think of. He was attended by two cardinals, one on the right and another on the left, who were raised above the others. One looked as Antonelli ought to, a man with a hooked nose and a firm jaw, fitted to uphold the Pope's temporal government in its most imperiled hour. The service was chiefly conducted by a cardinal-bishop, who had a grand voice and could be heard by all the assembly. Another cardinal sat on the platform of red cloth at the foot of the Pope's throne, who had special

functions to perform, such as swinging the censer at his Holiness at certain intervals. The Armenian Patriarch held the candle whenever the Pope read any small portion of the service. His book was meanwhile supported by another grandee of the Church, and every thing, to the holding of his skirts, seemed assigned in most careful gradation to those having the precise claim to the privilege. Nothing could exceed the punctiliousness and etiquette observed. I have often been amazed at the knowledge of their several parts displayed by performers in the complicated arrangements of secular and stage spectacles, but the memory and method observed in a pontifical mass exceeds every other achievement in the way of conquering ceremonial complexity. I will not attempt to describe the order of the ceremony, which, except in splendor and the presence of the embodied dignity of the Roman Church, was like any other high mass. The famous choir of the Sistine Chapel had much the largest part of the work to do, and they did it with a precision and copiousness and magnificence of musical effect which entitles them to their superlative reputation. The "Gloria" exceeded in exquisiteness of harmony, in light and shade, in fullness of sound, and in exactness of rendering any thing in the shape of unaccompanied male voices I ever heard.

At the moment when the sacred elements were undergoing their imaginary transubstantiation, the scene was truly impressive. A profound silence reigned while Pope, cardinals, bishops and the whole assembly knelt and waited as if some awful event were in suspense. Certainly the Catholic Church is true to its theories. Having adopted the incredible dogma of Transubstantiation, it honors it with logical reverence. Every thing hinges, as well it may, on this tremendous assumption. It is the presence of the consecrated mass that hallows the altar. "Put on your hat," said one of the

functionaries to me in a cold church one day, "the Host is not on the altar." Another point, deference to superiors, is emphasized in every possible way, and thus hierarchical order is kept up. All the cardinals to-day in turn paid their homage to the Pope by kissing his hand. In turn, beginning with the eldest, they did homage to each other, passing the "*pax vobiscum*," down from the upper cardinal to the last appointed. Precedence is observed as strictly as at court. The cardinal of highest rank swings the censer at the Pope. A bishop swings it at the cardinals, in turn, who rise and bow as the official salutes them with the incense. Then the bishops are incensed, in their turn, by a priest, and finally the priest by a deacon, and so the etiquette is laboriously kept up. Nothing could serve better to uphold, in the eyes of the people, the official sanctity of the priesthood, or the significance of clerical rank! Among the cardinals, one was dressed in black robes with a black cape; another in greyish robes with a grey cape, and the Armenian Patriarch had his own colors, and wore a beard. All the proper Roman priests, from the Pope down, are shaven and shorn, and wear the tonsure. The cardinals are mostly beyond sixty, judging by their faces. Most of them appear to be Italians, and have large Roman noses, large eyes, small chins and well-rounded faces. They are not what we should call spiritual-looking men, but they are aristocratic and marked in features, and have for the most part good heads and not bad expressions. One meets them in their red and gilded coaches in every part of Rome, usually with two footmen in gaudy liveries on the foot-board and a venerable coachman on the box. Sometimes in the Borghese or other public drives they are met walking, with the inseparable flunkies behind them, and the carriage following.

The service on Christmas Day, in St. Peter's, was a little

more elaborate, as the Pope was then borne into the church in his chair upon the shoulders of eight attendants, while others carried a canopy over his head, and the great white plumes were borne before him. The procession was then more gorgeous. The Pope wore his tiara, a sort of three-storied turban. When he officiates, however, he wears either the golden mitre or the white one. The strange mixture of soldiers and priests, within the very choir, was trying to my notions of a Christian service. Men, dressed in the most mountebank costumes, grounding their arms or poising their lances before the altar, where the head of the Church, amid the most sacred representatives of its mysteries, celebrates the birth of the Prince of Peace, seemed a terrible incongruity! The body of St. Peter's was occupied chiefly by soldiers. About six thousand persons attended the service, mostly curious strangers. Few Romans are seen at any of the great ceremonies, which seem to depend for their spectators mainly on American and English travelers. It is creditable to the Italian people that they commonly attend at the parish church where they belong, and are not much drawn away by the occasional services in the churches of state. There seems to be a decided increase in church-going since I was in Rome before, and I am persuaded that the alarm and anxiety of the last twenty years have increased the devotion and particularity of a considerable body of the people. The priests look serious and busy. They are neat and careful in their ordinary street costume, and are a far better-looking class than it is usual to represent them. The same may be said even of the monks, who, indeed, are often coarse and uncleanly-looking persons, but not generally so. I must say that the ecclesiastics generally have left an impression on my mind of seriousness, decorum and fair intelligence. I think them far better than the sys-

tem they administer, and much more to be commiserated than blamed for their connection with a Church which is the fatal obstacle to popular education, enlightenment and political freedom, and which is doomed to certain if not swift destruction.

I must defer my letter about Rome, generally considered, probably to my return to Rome, two months hence. I have had only a fortnight here on this visit, which is a mere nibble at so great a feast. I leave for Naples in a day or two, *en route* to Messina and Alexandria, Egypt.

XXXVIII.

NAPLES AND MESSINA.

NAPLES, Italy, January 2, 1868.

AFTER a fortnight full of interest and excitement, we leave Rome for a brief excursion to Egypt and Palestine. We find many Americans setting their faces that way. Indeed, whither are they not going—and especially Western Americans? There were eleven citizens of St. Louis in our small hotel last evening, and it seems as if the prosperity of the West during the war must be bearing a part of its fruits in the luxurious form of foreign travel. The English express no end of astonishment at the curiosity, the enterprise and the wealth of Americans. They can not understand how they should so commonly have the means and the disposition to travel so much and so far. Most Europeans, indeed, have a ridiculous horror of the ocean, which they think made only for necessary commerce, and not as the safest road of intercourse among nations. The instinct which drives Americans to Europe is as natural and powerful as that which sends deer to the salt-licks. It is the thirst of the new for the old. Americans, too, are curious to know what their disadvantages are. They have a suspicion that age and experience may have turned out some products which smartness, enterprise and speed can not bring forth. The West, in its prodigious strength, vigor and abundance, begins to demand something besides its own natural advantages and growths. It craves elegance, art, connection with the past, libraries and galleries,

and it looks now as if it were likely to skip over the middle man—the East—and obtain its experience and its requirements at first-hand, that is, directly from Europe. It would not surprise me to learn that while Powers, Hart, and other well-known sculptors originated in Ohio and Kentucky, more orders for statuary nowadays come from the West than from the East. I believe St. Louis has five times as many of Harriet Hosmer's works as Boston, within seven miles of which she was born. The West promises to be less conventional in its tastes than the East. Less critical, it has a more general admiration. A more thorough American product, it will have a finer public spirit and more local pride and sense of duty to the communities which so many have been allowed to rear to importance in their own life-time. When one remembers that Boston, New York, Philadelphia, possess not one gallery of pictures which an intelligent foreigner would care to visit, and that no collection anywhere exists in the United States which could give a young American artist an idea of what the great masters in his art have accomplished, one is obliged to call upon the Western cities to shame their elder sisters by outstripping them in this race. And I verily believe they will do it. It has been therefore with a peculiar satisfaction that I have met such a large representation of Western men and women traveling in Europe; and I venture to doubt if a more keen, curious, earnest and thirsty set of travelers have ever set their foot on this Continent. They are not microscopic and interested mainly in small criticisms. Generous, comprehensive, and looking at things from the ground of general principles, they are better judges of what is good and bad, what is worthy of imitation and what of avoidance, than the mere crowd of dainty invalids, refined idlers, and book-bred *virtuosi* who spend their useless lives in loitering through Europe. Nor

are they always wanting in scholastic and historic lore. I stood next to a Wisconsin professor (in St. Peter's during the Christmas Mass), who flooded me with his apt quotations from Latin and Greek authors, and showed that his Western learning was as exact as it was copious and living in his thoughts. We shall have every thing best in America in another century. All that is beautiful and grand must gravitate toward the nation that is alone in the earth in the essential purity and justice of her fundamental law.

The country between Rome and Naples is specially charming in that mixture of mountain and champaign in which neither obtains the mastery. The Campagna about Rome has been painted and sung until all the world knows its significant features—the undulatory surface which, like the sea, keeps its general level; the vast aqueducts, stretching their bold arches over miles of country, broken just enough to produce the perfection of ruins; isolated tombs, or tall piles of brick and mortar, which in any northern ruins would be stacks of chimneys; vast flocks of sheep, watched over by brigand-looking shepherds and dogs more faithful than their masters; beautiful views of the Alban hills and the villages perching on the mountain-side; the sense of desolation and irrecoverable ruin—of vast expanse and useless liberty—such as one feels in the wastes of the sea or the desert. Ten or twenty miles from Rome, in any direction, the dome of St. Peter's begins to assert its full majesty, by rising high above all other monuments until it is all of Rome one sees, and is as solitary as a ship at sea. Presently the Apennines open, and the road passes in view of places which the Volsci and Hernici built, and nearly in the track of the old Via Latina, which joined the Via Appia at Capua. Nothing could exceed the piquancy of the scenery — with snow-topped mountains brooding over green hills, on which

stone towns hang like swallows to the eaves, while rich vales, narrow and broken but green as summer, opened deep into the hills, and groves of olives and plantations of winter vegetables covered the slopes of the dales. I have seen no country, not even Switzerland, in which scenery is so artistically made up as in Italy. The mind does not break down beneath its vastness, nor weary with monotonous sublimity. It is wonderfully diversified; the contrasts are as bold as beauty allows; there is a constant surprise and novelty in the shape of the hills; the towns are each more unexpected in their position than the last. The people, too, along the route are all in masquerade. You meet what looks like an opera chorus at every depot—men and women dressed, it may be, in rags, but it is sure to be in colors, and worn with an unconscious grace that is peculiar to this race. The Italian peasant is a natural posturer. He tumbles into graceful attitudes as naturally as the workmen of most countries fall into awkwardness. No hussar can wear his jacket as jauntily as an Italian beggar wears his capote. And when he flings his darned and stained and tattered cloak about him, it falls into statuesque folds. If he leans against the wall, he poses himself like Massaniello, and stands like a model, as fixed as if he had been arranged for an hour's study. His hat is a curious sugar-loaf that looks like an Italian volcano dwarfed into fit proportions, but retaining all its picturesque features. The Roman *contadini* beat all the peasants in the world in natural beauty and native costumes. The sun deepens their complexion without coarsening their features. Their blood is dark as Burgundy. They are improved by the boldest colors, and their dress is as rich as a parrot's plumage.

As we approached within ten miles of Naples, in the early evening, we detected a cloud, which might in the day have

been mistaken for a bit of rainbow, but which we justly surmised was the first lighting up of Vesuvius. And when we arrived at the Hotel Washington we found the guests all much excited by the sudden breaking out of the lava on the side toward Naples. As we got our view from perhaps seven miles' direct distance, the effect was beautiful rather than impressive, except from association and the reflection of what mischief Vesuvius had wrought, and was still capable of. There was no mounting flame from the crater, but an immense overflow of red-hot lava—apparently from the foot of the cone—which left a bloody Y stamped in fiery distinctness on the face of the mountain. I wonder that this superstitious people has not associated this eruption with their political troubles. I could not but think if the Y had been a cross, that we should have had something showing the probable origin of such myths as the cross in the sky of Constantine; for in the mist which every now and then caused the outline and even the presence of the mountain to be lost, the fiery figure seemed hanging on the sky, wholly unsupported. In the day-time the mountain shows nothing but a smoky top, except to those who approach it closely. That I have not yet done.

POMPEII, January 6.

We spent several hours yesterday (our first day in Naples) at Pompeii. It is a long twelve miles' drive from our hotel—skirting the bay all the way, and making as many points of the compass in the process as a steamboat going from Hurl Gate to Hoboken.

I thought I had a pretty vivid recollection of my visit to Pompeii in 1848, but I found such an extension of the excavations that I hardly knew it for the same place. It is natural enough for those who have not been there to suppose it

a subterranean town; but it is a city which has been uncovered, and is now found (in the part which is excavated) nearly in its original shape. About two-fifths of the city is cleared of ashes. This has taken the intermitted labor of more than a hundred years, with a moderate force of men. The present director of the excavation thinks twenty years with the present force will finish the work. Judging from past experience, the temptation to pursue it is very great, on account of the invaluable treasures of art hid in its bosom. There is an artless truthfulness in the revelations of this surprised city, smothered in a preserving ashes which have embalmed it for a distant posterity, and made it an unimpeachable witness for the age it represents. Nowhere is it so easy to realize the character, habits, modes of public and domestic life, and the religion and morals of the age when Christianity was just born, and had made only its first inarticulate cry. Here is a city estimated to have contained 30,000 people, which seems to have been almost the very place we could have desired should be preserved like a fly in amber for our study. It was not too large for the purpose, and yet it was complete, and therefore large enough. Rome itself could hardly have taught us more, if the ancient city had been thus immortalized in its destruction. The impression from Pompeii is that of a people living out-of-doors, and with their domestic life thoroughly subordinated to their public life. The houses are small and the sleeping chambers wholly disproportioned to the size of the common apartments. Every considerable house is divided into two courts—one in which the master received its constituents, the other where he had his privacy. There is usually a garden with a fountain attached to each important house.

In the garden was an altar with the pedestal on which the Divinity originally stood. As all the valuable statuary

and most of the objects of interest found in Pompeii have been removed to the Museum in Naples, the place lacks many things which on the spot would impressively illustrate its significance. But there are enough columns and walls, with beautiful arabesques and mosaics and frescoes, to keep the visitor busy as long as he can endure the fatigue of moving about. The remains of the Forum, which illustrates the public business; of the Basilica, a temple of justice, which gives one an excellent notion of the original model of the first great Christian temples; of the temples of Venus, of Jupiter, of Mercury, of Isis, which reveal the very position of the statues and altars in the heathen worship of the half-Grecian Romans of the first century; of the theatres—the tragic, the comic, and the amphitheatre, the last large enough to seat 10,000 spectators, the tragic 5000, and the comic perhaps 3000—all indicating the immense importance in so small a city of the public amusements; the public baths for men and women, luxurious and extensive, and with an apartment where the body was oiled with such unguents as the bather might choose from a very extensive variety; the shops, small and generally connected with residences—as indeed is common in Rome and Naples to this day—where it is thought the richer citizens caused the commodities they raised, wine, oil, wheat, etc., to be sold for their advantage; the tombs, which reproduce in one street the sepulchres of the Appian Way, and where a freshness hangs round some of the monuments that denies their immense antiquity. There is a small columbarium, or place for the deposit in separate pigeon-holes of the ashes of the dead, to which a kind of oven is attached, where the body was burned—the first hint I ever had of the place where the funeral pyre (a most inconvenient practical necessity) was lighted. If there was a public place where this business was officially consummated,

it simplifies the idea very satisfactorily. But the private houses are, after all, nearest to our interest, and they certainly prove a state of society wholly unlike any thing our modern ideas have left us.

There was no fireside, and no family life such as we call by that name. The men and the women lived in different parts of the house, and the proportion which is now allotted to the women was then appropriated by the men. A few fortunate wives and mothers had their higher wants and pleasures provided for; but clearly the most of them were an inferior and neglected part of the household. The men lived for personal influence, for political preferment, for public pleasures, especially the amphitheatre and the bath, and for the enjoyment of the open air in their delicious climate. Their city usually bounded their ambition, and contained within its walls all that was precious for them. They lived to adorn it and to honor it. Though often coarse and cruel, they were simple in their tastes—as their dwellings indicate, where little furniture and no comfort was found; thus they needed little business and had few anxieties about domestic expenses. What the wealth of this community came from it is hard to see; but there was no poverty found in it, and almost no dwellings for the poor. Probably all the poor were attached to and lost in the rich families, where they were hangers-on, and dwelt in some of the extensive apartments of the rich men's villas. It may be that Pompeii was a watering-place, which had no trade but that of entertaining the rich—a sort of Newport, without its fields, for the city is wonderfully compact and gave up only the smallest space even to its most important streets. I suspect the ruts in its pavements have been made chiefly by the carts used in excavating it, for the skeletons of four horses are all that have been found in it. There is no reason to think that a great

many lives were lost in the destruction that overtook it—or, if many perished, that they perished in the town. The younger Pliny's terrific account of his uncle's death shows what a general and widely extended tragedy the eruption of A.D. 79 was, but it must have allowed most persons not stupefied by terror to flee for their lives, and probably the skeletons found in the cellars of Pompeii were those of persons returning for purposes of pillage, or aged and infirm persons unable to fly, or captives bound, or sentries and watchmen who died at their posts. To give any details of this unique spectacle would be to quote from a hundred books, some of which are accessible to every reader. I have aimed only at communicating the general and first impressions of the place. It is worth while perhaps to say that no lava, such as overflowed Herculaneum, ever reached Pompeii. It is on a rise of land, with a considerable and fertile valley between it and the mountain. It was clearly buried by a shower of cinders, which burned away whatever wood entered into the structure of the houses, crushed in the roofs of most, and overthrew many by its weight.

January 7.

We ascended Vesuvius yesterday from Resina. Naples, which is crowded in between the steep hills behind it and the bay, extends its wings very widely, and has a very crowded suburb toward the south in Portici and Castellamare. Indeed it is one unbroken town for ten miles. The same teeming population which is so oppressive in Naples itself exists in these villages. Never has life seemed to me so cheap and loathsome as among this filthy, lazy, reckless race of the poorer class of Southern Italians. They breed like rabbits, and live in a sort of human warren, overrunning each other and losing natural modesty and even ordinary human

aspirations in their wontedness to poverty and to the absence of all privacy. One beholds signs of degradation in the common people of Naples which would shock savages. The open street in broad day is not too public a place for many indecencies which are the more alarming because even the better class do not appear chagrined by them. The contentedness, the cheerfulness, the gayety of these wretches, while it relieves the more superficial sympathies with their destitution, only deepens the more sober compassion for their hopeless debasement. The cruelty which circumstances practice upon them they visit in turn upon their beasts. Horses, mules, donkeys must find their hardest fate in Naples. It is a common thing to see one poor horse dragging a cart loaded with a dozen men, sitting, standing, hanging to the shafts, piled in almost anyhow upon each other. A little donkey, hardly bigger than a yearling calf, is often compelled to trot along briskly with a wagon and four riders, or is lost under a load ten times as bulky as its own body. The barbaric trappings of these oppressed brutes—heavy as brass and carved wood can make them—are a poor atonement for the burdens they carry. Often you see a boy with a club steadily belaboring a donkey, who is going at a miraculous speed considering his load, and seemingly neither the boy nor the donkey expects any intermission in this violence. Indeed it is not so much anger as thoughtlessness which appears in this cruelty. Along the roadside you see hanging on the same lines with the clothes, or perhaps a little lower and nearer to the gutters, the great strings of macaroni, which must possess a home-like flavor to those who feed on it. I have seen very little of it eaten by the poorer class in the streets after the fashion of the common pictures, where a yard long of a dozen strands is seen hanging over and rapidly disappearing in the cavern of a lazzaroni's maw ; but we

sat opposite an Italian gentleman who "put away" at least a quart measure of it in two minutes—a more astonishing feat of swallowing than even the famous Chinese sword-swallowing we saw at the French Exposition.

The congregation of guides, mule-drivers, horse-leaders, bundle-carriers and general attendants that welcomed us at Resina, where we stopped our carriage to ascend the mountain, was sufficient to have manned the expedition to Abyssinia. Such clamor, such pulling and hauling, such lying and swearing, such attempts at imposition, such utter confusion and perplexity were almost enough to induce us to abandon our purpose. But at last, by firmness and patience, we got off with not more than twice as many guides as we needed. What advantage to the rider or the mule it was to have a guide hanging to the creature's tail up the mountain was not plain, but this was at least the only aid my guide rendered. My beast was not put into good humor by this prolongation of tail, but unhappily directed his animosity against my neighbor's mule instead of his tormentor, who merited a sound tap from his heels in return for the needless thwacks he gave him, which merely endangered my seat without the least accelerating the ascent. But at last we got up the mountain. The old road, good for carriages nineteen years ago as far as the Hermitage, was ruined by the eruption of 1857. It was a costly road, and it is not likely to be rebuilt. Vesuvius is about four thousand feet high. The Hermitage is about two thousand five hundred feet from the base. The lower cone begins about five hundred feet above the Hermitage. The crater (the old one) opens about seven hundred feet higher up, and within it a new cone has shot up two or three hundred feet. The recent eruption has been active about forty days, and is not to be considered a very serious one. It has been too deliberate and methodical to be alarm-

ing. It seems about as active as the one I witnessed in 1848. Indeed, in the few days I have been in Naples there has been no serious flaming from the top or expulsion of stones. That had all gone by. The outflow of lava, though evidently much less than at many previous periods within recent generations, has been, and continues to be, considerable enough to awaken a very lively interest and to produce a very impressive spectacle. The stream of the descending lava on the Naples side seemed to be about three hundred feet wide, and ran at least one thousand five hundred feet down the mountain. It changed its form from day to day from Y to an O, and then nearly to a solid band. Hanging against the blackness of the mountain, it presented a very imposing if not a threatening appearance. It grew on the imagination with reflection, and was never grander than when it lighted us with its lurid glare out of the Bay of Naples—a red path of reflected light lay upon the smooth water binding us to the volcano. The city, with its crescent of lights, occupied its amphitheatre, as if spectators of the threat which Vesuvius held over it. Some day, the people are accustomed to say, the mountain will fulfill its warning and bury Naples as it did Pompeii, and what they say as a jest may well become a terrible fact. What a strange catastrophe should the recovered statues of Herculaneum and Pompeii be doomed to a second entombment in the ashes of Vesuvius!

We approached the burning stream until the heat became intolerable. Where we stood, only four days before the lava had flowed red-hot. It was still too warm for comfort. The usual egg was cooked and the usual coins imbedded and brought away in the cooled lava. I suppose five hundred people must have ascended Vesuvius this day. A hundred sat a few rods in front of the head of the descending stream, as if defying its jaws. The motion forward was indolent and

hardly visible from moment to moment, but every now and then accelerated and easily capable of becoming swift and destructive. The mass was not unlike a vast heap of coal covered with its own ashes, but glowing in spots and curiously crumbling and dissolving at times, with sudden motions from beneath, so that it seemed to advance almost by melting away its own front. The old lava cracked and snapped before it, and made, I think, all the noise that was heard. The beds of the old eruptions were even more interesting than the new one. Thousands of acres are covered with the rock-hardened slime of the volcano, and nothing can be more curious than the forms it has taken. Sometimes it lies in great heaps of gnarled and knotty stumps, as if the roots of its old forests had all been turned into stone, and piled up here in memory of former grandeur. Then, again, enormous piles of rotting cordage appear, and you imagine that the wreck of some pre-Adamite commerce has been accumulated in a Titanic junk-shop. Again, the scene is changed, and you have the skins of a million elephants lying in heaps about you, as if in a great tan-yard of the demi-gods, who could wear no leather of a less expensive and substantial hide. The oak bark to cure these skins lies very near by. What other fancies the lava might have presented, the coming on of the darkness forbade me from knowing, and so, not without gratitude to the sure-footed beasts who carried us safely down that frightful path, we bade Vesuvius and the eruption of 1867 good-bye.

The Museum of Naples is more interesting to me than the Vatican itself. Its statues and bronzes are so genuinely and unmistakably antique, and their management has been so judicious, that the restorations do not seriously impair their original effect. I wish I could describe without exaggeration the charm that dwells, not in this or that statue, but

in the antique itself. I suppose a large part lies not in its complete superiority to modern art, but in its wonderful difference from it, and in the novelty of the sensations it awakens. It is not by a close study of this or that head, or pose, or drapery, or design, that the real feeling of Greek art (for Roman sculpture is all Greek in its impulse and spirit, if not in its actual execution) is to be experienced, but rather by living for awhile in the midst of a whole gallery such as the Vatican or the Naples Museum offers, and allowing side-glances and gleams of meaning to fall casually upon your eyes and your feelings as you wander carelessly and dreamily about from frieze to pillar, from vase to statue, from Venus to Bacchus, from Fawn to Nymph, from the Farnese Bull to the Wounded Gladiator. The fascination of this marble world is intense. It drives the present actual life, so stale and familiar, quite away, and brings back the age of wondering admiration for men and women of superior beauty, strength and station as objects of proper worship.

It is clear that when these statues were made the human form had a totally different significance from what it possesses in our days of spiritual idealism. No such distinction between the soul and the body was recognized. There was nothing greater then than the human body itself as a representative of beauty and grandeur and significance. The face had not become the exclusive medium of the soul's expression. Indeed, there was no greater meaning in the face than in the limbs or torso, and the first lesson which a modern must learn on looking at ancient statuary is to disregard the face as the special seat of the artist's power. Then, again, it is clear that when these statues were made there existed none of our modern associations with nudity as indecent and immodest. Those for whom these works were created were as much accustomed to nakedness in the gymna-

sium, the public baths and the amphitheatre as we are to draperies or coats and pantaloons. They knew the swell of every muscle, the strain of every tendon, the external marking of every bone, just how the head sat upon the shoulders, how the lifting of the arms affected the pectoral muscles, how the twisting and twining of the wrestlers' legs wrung the torso and developed the muscles of the belly, and how the spine curved in the struggle. And in those days, too, the human body was more worthy of admiration. It was not left to vulgar pugilists and degraded bullies to run races and strive in the arena. The whole masculine population cultivated daily the exercises of the gymnasium, strove in boxing, quoits and tennis; run races and leaped and wrestled; bathed and were rubbed with oil, until each particular muscle showed its outline, and was as familiar to the people as the human body now is only to anatomists. Sculpture cooled instead of exciting them, for it took away the color and the warmth with which the nude was familiarly seen.

Then, too, it is plain, as we look at these antique statues, that moral aspiration, respect for humanity as such, social justice, and the superiority of the Christian graces had no place in the public for whom they were made, nor in the minds of their creators. The sense of any original equality in men, of any claims of the weak, the sick, or the low to respect and love, enters not into ancient sculpture. Strength, genius for war and governing, excessive beauty like that of Charmides or of Helen, royal station, popular eloquence, skill in games—these were the things that exalted and were admirable. But while the moral and spiritual were nearly torpid in their standards, the intellect was vigorous and cultivated. These cultivators of the amphitheatre, lovers of violence and personal struggles in games, were not ignorant and unthinking men. They were metaphysicians, speculative

and subtle, acute dialecticians, delighting in casuistry and refined controversy. They divided their time at the baths between the library and the exercise-room, and between discussions and watching each other's limbs and movements. There was no self-criticism then. Men did not think their lives unworthy because sensuous and violent. They were not self-condemned in the pride they took in their own positions, persons or prowess. There is, therefore, in their statuary a total absence of deprecatory or self-conscious qualities. It is also free from sentimentality and affectation. The dignity and simplicity of its design, the absence of heat and of appeal to the personality of the beholder, the feeling of something universal and meant to be seen in company, belong to it as a characteristic. The general correctness of the forms seems almost a matter of course, as if any body knew just how a human being was made and it required only ordinary skill to avoid bad modeling. As to the draperies, they possess, partly by a wonderful repetition of folds, none of which as a rule are large, a quality of lightness seldom seen in modern statues. Any body who has watched even the modern Italian costumes, and especially the cloak, worn alike by rich and poor, must have noticed the unconscious grace and elegance in which the folds are worn. Doubtless the superior development of the forms of both men and women in the best times of Greek and Roman sculpture, gave their draperies an expression and flow, a variety and dignity which our artificial buckram and whalebone, adapted to neglected and disused bodies, does not permit of. Even now, modern sculptors finish their figures before they drape them, and if we would make our personal costume truly elegant and graceful, we must finish our figures by exercise, temperance and out-door habits. But this must suffice.

We visited the so-called tomb of Virgil, just over the

opening of the Grotto of Pausilipo, on the north edge of Naples. It is within a few rods of a small Hebrew burial ground, and I could not help saying, as this most unlikely spot was pointed out as the place where he who sang of flocks and fields and heroes finally reposed, *Credat Judæus!*

The drive through the half-mile tunnel that bores the rocky promontory just above Naples—so absurdly called the Grotto of Pausilipo — gives some curious effects of landscape at both mouths. We circled round the amphitheatre of hills, making our way through three regiments of soldiers going out for review, and, by a hard climb for our carriage, came out at the Castle of St. Elmo, which wanted only the evening light (it was morning) to be the most commanding view possible of the beauties of the Bay of Naples. As it was, it was less lovely than the view from the windows of the Hotel Washington just on the shore below. And what can exceed in fascination at all seasons of the year the loveliness of this bay? The exquisite curve of the shore, with the gleaming bottom of the Mediterranean seen through its blue waters; to the right the rocky slope of Pausilipo, covered with glittering villas, amid which orange and lemon and fig and oleander suggest spicy odors and refreshing savors, and the fancy pleases itself with remembering that Pozzuoli and Procida and Ischia, and a whole chain of classic scenes, lie just beyond; on the left, Vesuvius with its two peaks, Somma and the crater, smoking and hinting mischief, while Portici and Castellamare look as gay and secure in its shadow as if their old vaporing neighbor would never again break the peace; in front, Capri, loveliest of islands, as if Venus had dropped her slipper as she rose from the waves, and it had been gallantly adopted by Neptune as the model of his pet island, where he keeps his "blue grotto" and other curious delights. No wonder these Neapolitans are

always in love, always singing, always devoted to beauty and to nature! Every thing about them is softening and satisfying, rebuking to awkwardness and discouraging to ambition. The bay invites them to a continued spectacle and dream. The dim, soft islands in the distance pillow their thoughts and soothe them to rest. The ripple of the mild sea is ever teaching them music; the orange and lemon groves scent their emotions with spicy breath; they palpitate beneath the brilliancy of a nine-months summer with glowing sympathies. Love is their life; they are romantic to the core, and not ashamed of their attachments. You see the rough sailors as they meet and part kissing each other with earnest passion. The coachman is exchanging glances with the girls at the windows. The girls are all innocent coquettes, not vile and abandoned, but passionate, and feeling that life has but one object, to love and be loved. Their eyes are full of fire; their hair is an ambush; they move gracefully, even in coarse garments, and look as if a little water and mantua-making would at once change them into ladies.

We left Naples hurriedly (to secure a passage from Messina to Alexandria, on the 11th January), before half satisfying ourselves with its beauties. The steamer Tirreno (fit vessel to cross the Tyrrhenian Sea) carried us safely to Messina in twenty-six hours. The Mediterranean was on its best behavior, and the vessel comfortable and clean, with an elaborate Italian *cuisine.* One breakfast would have answered just as well for a dinner, particularly as wine, in all the earlier courses, took the place of tea and coffee. It consisted, first, of macaroni and cheese; second, slices of sausage, pickles and olives; third, omelette and herbs; fourth, fried shell-fish (a sort of crab) and lemons; fifth, fried chicken and potatoes; sixth, oranges, pears, nuts and grapes;

seventh, coffee and bread and butter. It takes only a very short time to learn how conventional are our local notions of what things go together at the table. Here in Messina, for instance, before the soup, Bologna sausage is served, and the fish comes in at dinner in the middle of the courses. But this is an "aside" for housekeepers. To return to our vessel and voyage. The coast, volcanic and far from beautiful in its grey January attire, lay about ten miles from our course. We had the comfort of recollecting that St. Paul had made this voyage, and, as we touched at Paolo, we tried to think he had been there; at any rate, we knew he passed through the Straits, and stopped at Rhegium, Reggio now called, and visible from the hills above Messina. Here, too, we passed Scylla, where a town of that name still commemorates the old terror of Greek and Roman navigators. An earthquake, in 1783, threw down so much of the promontory to the west that the sea was driven out of its bed and engulfed fifteen hundred souls, who had fled to the shore for protection. It is doubtful if Scylla, in all antiquity, ever destroyed as many lives as this. Charybdis has no whirlpool now, and its very site is disputed; but such changes go on in these volcanic regions that it is impossible to expect to verify whirlpools in waters changing their level and their channels every generation. The crew and forward passengers were a more interesting study for us than the scenery. At least a couple of hundred recruits were crowded into the narrow midships, directly under our eyes.

They paved the whole deck with flesh as they lay down at night, and by day they were as much in each other's way as mackerel in a keg. But dead fish could not have been more amicable, nor live fish more active than these Italian recruits. Inconvenience or discomfort seemed not even to have occurred to any of them. If they had been oysters on

a rock they could not have seemed more used or more reconciled to their situation. All day long they were talking with a glibness and persistency that only Southern Italians can display; and their gesticulations were as incessant as their articulations. They talked to their fingers' ends and to the ends of their toes. Indeed they might easily have spared their tongues, their fingers were so expressive. They were full of gentle gibes and practical jokes; they made faces at each other; they sang and danced whenever they could get a yard square to waltz in. They seemed as unembarrassed at spectators as cattle in a field, and yet they were polite and decorous, making way for the first-class passengers at the greatest inconvenience to themselves when we wished to pass through them. They ate from a common dish, each putting in his spoon and swallowing down his great spoonful of macaroni (chopped into pieces of bean size) at one gulp. There was no care, no aspiration in these soldiers. The government was their providence, and their ambition seemed completed in entering the public service. It was melancholy to see such a quantity of young, vigorous life, taken out of civil occupation and useful industry, and devoted to the barren service of arms. They did not look like the stuff for good soldiers, but they were engaging, though clearly ignorant youth. I saw not one book, paper or letter in their hands. They had, however, the wit, intelligence and grace of men who have somehow drawn a kind of education from the nature about them and the attrition of each other's nimble spirits. There was no stupidity in the whole company.

MESSINA.

SICILY, January 10.

We ran into the safe harbor of Messina too late to go on shore, and next morning the rain made our landing disagree-

able. The town looks commercial and flourishing to an unexpected degree. The streets are dirty, but well lighted. The great horned oxen, the numerous donkeys, with mountains of carrots and cabbages moving on their backs; the oranges and lemons lying in piles about, the thick-leaved trees, the half-tropical hills, all tell us we are in Sicily. There seems a freer and more modern spirit here than on the main-land. Garibaldi is immensely popular, and Italian unity and liberty are freely praised and predicted. The streets contain many costly buildings, which show some anterior condition of a splendor now lost. The cathedral is rich in marble columns, with gilded capitals, evidently, by their unequal heights and dissimilar finish, the spoils of old temples. There are orange groves around the town, but the rain shuts us up, and we wait impatiently our release by the steamer, which is to arrive to-morrow evening. There is not one book-store in town! Life is insecure. Brigands abound in the island. The commerce with America is considerable, carried on in foreign bottoms, chiefly in fruits; no imports.

XXXIX.

FROM MESSINA TO EGYPT.

Aboard the "Said," Steamer of the "Messagerie Imperiale,"
THE LEVANT, off Crete,
January 14, 1868.

MESSINA, which we left on the night of the 11th inst., did not grow upon us with experience. It is an unhappy town in its recent experience. Last year a torrent from the mountains above the town, swollen by an hour's rain, drowned 300 people in one of its principal streets. Last summer the cholera carried off 250 lives daily for over three months. There seems little enterprise, industry or modern intelligence in the place. The commerce is all one of exportation of fruits, and vessels come in empty to carry off the annual crops. There were ten vessels in port loading for America, but they were all foreign bottoms. The city collects a considerable tribute from its own citizens in the shape of an octroi, and expends it upon public improvements. It is building a fine cemetery a mile or two out of town, in the form of a Campo Santo. Though of stone and with enormous arches, it was to cost only about $50,000; it could not be built in America for five times that amount. The Catholic religion is said to have lost its hold upon the commercial class in Messina, but it is very strong in its possession of the popular heart. The superstition of the lower class seems very profound. Even the brigands, who abound in Sicily, are very devout. An Arab pilot, who regularly accompanies the "Said," and remains at Messina while the steamer goes

to Marseilles and back, tells us that Christianity, as he meets it at Messina (his only knowledge of it), is so inferior to the Mahometanism of which he is a disciple, that he wonders much how people acquainted with both can hesitate which to trust and adhere to! Thereto hangs a long tail! Was it not the degradation of Christianity in the Orient in the seventh century that gave Mahomet his opportunity to set up successfully as a reformer? and have we not reason to fear that the corruptions of the Roman and Greek Churches, combined with the ignorance of the millions who are enthralled by those soul-destroying superstitions, will end in the rise of some false religion or vain philosophy sweeping Christian faith from Europe and leaving it a prey to superstitions of heathenish origin?

It is nearly midnight as we leave the safe and beautiful harbor of Messina, and under a brilliant moon pass through the Straits—past Reggio (Paul's Rhegium), a town of 50,000 people, often visited by earthquakes; past the spot where Garibaldi landed in 1858, and in view of the mountain where he was made prisoner; past the snow-crowned expanse of Mount Etna, which lies spreading over a vast space, cold and white, as if wholly innocent of volcanic fires; past Catania, which has a street named after Abraham Lincoln, a fine hotel, a charming climate, and is becoming a favorite resort of strangers and invalids as a winter retreat. It is, however, I hear, a dull place, not superior to Messina in general attractions. We did not come in view of Syracuse, which, for the memory of Archimedes, I should like to have laid eyes on. The morning light found us far out of sight of land in the broad Mediterranean. Our vessel is a fine one, as comfortable as the best Atlantic steamers, and better ventilated in its sleeping cabins than any ship I was ever in, by means of perforated iron inserted skillfully in the floor,

ceiling, sides, and wherever pure air could come in or foul air be forced out. This is an achievement of such general importance that it ought to attract the attention of all steamship companies. The French have certainly the credit of first sufficiently ventilating the state-rooms of steamships—so far as my observation goes.

We have a curious company aboard; about sixty passengers of the first and second class, and a dozen deck passengers, pilgrims to Mecca from Algiers, Arabs and one Moor. They are dressed wholly in a sort of coarse white sackcloth, with turbans, and cloaks with peaked hoods all of a piece, which they keep muffled around their heads, allowing only their sharp noses and sharper eyes and the corners of their unthrifty beards to peer through. They lie in a sort of heap, always in one place and upon their mats, under the bulwarks of the forecastle, looking images of patience, passivity and persistency. Their faces are good, sharp, and not at all wanting in intelligence; they talk an Arabic *patois* not intelligible to our Alexandrian Mussulman pilot. They eat raw wheat, beans, raisins and some sort of herb, with cold water. They are making the one pilgrimage of their lives (a matter of four months and more) and hope to expiate all their sins by this one great sacrifice of comfort and money. Occasionally they perform the service vicariously for members of their family, or for pay, in the interest of rich invalids of their own faith. We are not without hope of seeing the caravan of pilgrims which annually leaves Cairo for Mecca sometime in the winter. It is said to amount to 60,000 souls, but this is a great exaggeration. We have French artists aboard, going to the East to make studies, especially the celebrated Gerome, a man of great quietness and modesty, and with little striking, at first view, in his appearance. He is apparently about forty-five, with copious hair already grizzled, a

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full mustache, thin and well-defined features, a remarkable development of his perceptive organs and a dark complexion. His eyes are soft and have a sleeping fire in them, and his smile is fascinating. He looks like his pictures, objective, indifferent to the moral complexion or influence of things, ready to paint any picturesque subject, and interested equally in a sheik at prayer or an almee in the dance; capable of painting the gladiators gayly saluting Cæsar before they enter the arena to die, or the priest sounding the muezzin from the minaret of a Constantinopolitan mosque, while the city swoons in the glowing light below. There are young Englishmen bound to India, engineers going to Egypt, a Catholic priest of the Mauritius, a Spanish prima-donna, very handsome and modest, going to sing at Alexandria; twenty Americans going up the Nile; French officers in red trowsers and frogged coats; a comical ship doctor who talks all languages, plays whist all day Sunday, seizes a toy hand-organ and plays the part of the mendicant Savoyard, collecting in his hat quite a contribution for the sailors. We have two Californians aboard, one who just escaped scalping on the Plains this summer, and who thinks extermination the only humane remedy for Indian troubles. He suggests that a milder process might first be tried; designating a tract or reservation, say in Dacotah, and proclaiming to the tribes that all Indians found out of it after a year from date would be dealt with as vermin and shot by any white men falling in with them—abandoning all whites who violated an Indian reservation to any similar fate the Indians might visit upon them. It is astonishing how blood-thirsty a little personal experience of the Indians makes most Americans! I have never known any body crossing the Plains whose humanity survived the passage.

We passed yesterday along the whole length of Crete—

crowned with snow mountains and broken into inviting scenery. War between the Christian and the Turkish Cretes is still going on. An Italian steamer was fired into accidentally a month ago, being mistaken for a vessel bringing relief to the Christian insurgents. Mount Ida, the supposed seat of Jupiter's throne, was in remote view; from the opposite main-land in Greece, Europa was seized and borne to Crete—a myth which, interpreted, must signify the passage of Greek civilization by way of Crete to Italy. De Quincey has a passage maintaining that Homer was born in Crete. An Apostle has said that all Cretans were liars, and certainly most that is said *about* them is of a very doubtful certainty. But as the point which the ancients seem to have considered the very centre of the known world, it is a very interesting spot, even should the Christians of the island prove to be little better in any respect than the infidels who claim sovereignty there. It is hard, however, that at this time of day the old centre of the ancient world on which St. Paul landed, going between the chief capitals of historic influence, Athens and Rome, should be under the Crescent instead of the Cross.

Mussulman power becomes appalling as we approach the shores where Africa and Asia meet Europe. Here one begins to realize the vast superiority of numbers under which Christianity staggers. There are, by the best authorities I have been able to consult, about 260,000,000 of Christians in the world, leaving nearly 1,000,000,000 of heathen, among whom in Africa and Asia there may be at least 260,000,000 of Mussulmen. Of the 260,000,000 of Christians, only 95,000,000 are Protestant, 175,000,000 being Roman Catholic, and 90,000,000 Greek Church. So far as superstition and ignorance are concerned, there is not so much to choose between the peasantry in the Roman and the Greek Churches

and the common Mussulmen. Indeed, I should think in point of morality and self-respect the Bedouins and Algerines superior to Spanish mendicants, Russian beggars and Italian lazzaroni. What a task Protestantism has to balance and overcome the dead-weight of ignorance, fanaticism, priestcraft and servility which now loads more than three-quarters of the globe! Can it afford to allow divisions, antagonisms, sectarian quarrels and antipathies to use up its strength and divide the bundle of faggots, irresistible in its unity, until, twig by twig, the whole is broken?

Roman Catholicism, weak in every member, is prodigious in its total effectiveness because it is a unit. It is quietly seizing America piece by piece, state by state, city by city. In a new state like Wisconsin, for instance, it has the oldest college, the largest theological school, the best hospitals and charities, the finest churches; and what is true of Wisconsin is equally true of many other Western States. Protestantism, with a hundred times the wealth, intelligence, public spirit and administrative ability, by reason of its sectarian jealousies and divisions can have no parallel successes, and is losing rapidly its place in legislative grants and in public policy. The Irish Catholics spot the members of State Legislatures who vote against the appropriations they call for, and are able in our close elections to defeat their return. Representatives become servile and pliable, and Romanism flourishes. A Quaker gentleman of wealth in the West (the story is exactly true) married a Vermont girl who had become Catholic in a nunnery where she was sent for her education. It was agreed that if children were given them, the boys should be reared in the faith of their father, the girls in that of their mother. The Vermont mother gave her husband ten girls but never a son! Eight of them grew up Catholics, married influential men and brought up their chil-

dren Catholics, and in some cases brought over their husbands, and so the Roman Church was recruited with Protestant wealth and Quaker blood to a vast extent. So much for sending Protestant girls to Roman Catholic seminaries, and then complaining that so many Protestants are lost to the superstitions of Romanism! There is an apathy about the Roman Catholic advances in the United States among American Protestants which will finally receive a terrible shock. There is no influence at work in America so hostile to our future peace as the Roman Catholic Church. The next American war will, I fear, be a religious war — of all kinds the worst. If we wish to avert it, we must take immediate steps to organize Protestantism more efficiently and on less sectarian ground.

The weather is mild, the sea tranquil, and winter almost out of sight and mind as we approach Egypt. To-morrow morning we hope to awake in the shadow of the world-renowned Pharos which Alexander built at the western mouth of the Nile. Napoleon said the choice of this site for a city was more honorable to the intelligence of the great world-conqueror than all his battles.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, January 15.

This morning, on waking, we found our good steamer "Said" in the harbor of Alexandria, in the company of a large fleet of steamers and other vessels, and surrounded by the evidences of a great commerce. Fifty boats were nibbling at our vessel's side, each contending for the profit of carrying some of the passengers ashore. The decks swarmed with Oriental visages in fez or turban, baggy trowsers, embroidered vests and showy sash. Half-naked boatmen were carrying trunks on their backs held with a rope that was bound about their foreheads. The thin legs of the Arab ran

through his short trowsers till more was bare than covered. His sharp, keen face, so like an American Indian's in repose, lost its resemblance when he smiled, and his good nature was as apparent as his gleaming teeth.

But we got ashore without any serious extortion, spite of the bad name of Alexandrian boatmen. Our ride to the hotel plunged us in five minutes into the very heart of Oriental life. The streets seemed thronged with pictures out of all the Eastern story-books and all the illustrated travels we had ever read. Mustaphas and Selims and Ali Babas were as common as Smiths and Joneses in New York. The people appeared to be playing charades—so dressed up in shawls and outlandish slippers, in flowing robes and gay vests and jackets that looked wholly ornamental. And there were the veritable women in veils, nothing but their eyes showing, whom we had so long been waiting to see! But we could not stop to look at them, for a file of loaded camels, just as ugly, patient and strong as they had looked in the circus-show, came by, engaged in their legitimate business, carrying great loads of stone in coarse nets, or packs of boxes and barrels, and sticking out their noses level with their eyes, as they smelled their way through the crowded streets. Donkeys ambled about, with their great saddles on their little backs, carrying heavy men, whose bare feet almost touched the ground, and each followed by a brown imp in a loose white gown, with a fez on his head and a pair of roguish eyes in his brows, and a sharp stick in his hand, who is the donkey's shadow and tormentor. Cobblers on their hams, sat in real Arabian Night's style, pursuing their trade in the open streets. Dates were passing from the scales of the fruit merchant into the double hands of the careful purchaser, who often examined each date before he admitted it, and chaffered about the weight and the price. Bananas, mandarins (the Malta or-

ange), almonds, figs, tomatoes, green peas, new potatoes, and various other fresh fruits and vegetables in the market stalls, upset our notions of January, and proved to us that we were in latitude 30°, which, on the Eastern hemisphere, means 25°. But although palm groves, and the wild fig and the tame, the cocoa-tree, the banana and other strange plants were constantly peeping over enclosures or throwing their shade upon us, and although minarets and horse-shoe arches and domes that swelled out above their base lines were showing themselves in every street vista, I could not turn my eyes from the fascinating costumes and visages of the people. Nubians, black as night; Syrians, with Jewish features; Arabs, tall and thin; Armenians, of more European aspect; Turks, stout and handsome, were mingled in one crowd—with garments more diversified than their complexions. All the colors of the rainbow stained the streets, as white, blue and yellow turbans, over the invariably red fez, with silken scarfs of all brilliant hues about the neck, and sashes as gay about the loins, divided flowing trowsers of white, brown, red, yellow, green and all intermediate hues, from vests embroidered in gold, and jackets of cloths as various in dye. The Albanian, who carried an amazing armament of weapons in his belt, seemed the only belligerent in the company. The shops appear to be small booths, where the tradesman squats and waits for his customers, usually with a grave Mohometan apathy. The grocers' and butchers' shops show no very strange differences from our own—only I notice that fish, dried and prepared in various unusual methods, is common, and that great black jams of "caviare" (the spawn of stockfish) are common. There is a manifest taste for spicy and strong things, pickles and sauces and biting flavors, as we come to the border of the East.

The architecture is less peculiar in Alexandria than I ex-

pected to find it. The ruins of the old city are almost wholly gone, and what remain are interesting only to very learned archæologists. Pompey's Pillar (which is not Pompey's, but dates back to the third century) is a fine monolith of a hundred feet high, and stands on an elevation, overlooking not merely the modern cemetery of Alexandria, but the grave of its old civilization. With Cleopatra's Needles (one of which is overthrown and broken), it is the sole obvious representative of the splendid past, which for many centuries made Alexandria second only to Rome in architectural splendor, and not second in learning and philosophic tastes and accomplishments. It seems incredible, walking these muddy streets, amid these mean buildings, with whatever is stately due to quite modern enterprise, that this is all that is left of a city which Pliny describes as having a circumference of fifteen miles and a population of over half a million, and which Omar, when he seized it in 640 A.D., and subjugated it to the Caliphs, wrote that it contained "four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theatres, twelve thousand shops, and forty thousand tributary Jews." The commerce of modern Alexandria is the only thing that at all recalls ancient Alexandria. The advantages of its wonderful position remain and are indestructible. At the mouth of the most westerly branch of the Nile, which opens like a fan in its delta, and sweeps a hundred and fifty miles of coast with its innumerable vents, Alexandria is doubtless, of all cities in the world, the most central to the total commerce of the globe. Africa, Asia, Europe and America all meet more easily there than at any other point, and now that steam is making winds and waves of less importance to commerce, general convenience, depending chiefly on the least distance of good markets, must settle the centres of trade.

The Isthmus of Suez will soon be cut through, and the

passage to India from the Mediterranean by the Red Sea made possible to large vessels. It will constitute an immense era in civilization, and possesses even a greater moral than commercial significance. The success of the Suez Canal will provoke and bring about the cut through the American isthmus. Those two things accomplished, Commerce, the great modern missionary, will take up her beneficent work under fourfold advantages, and speedily bring about that interchange of products and ideas without which all merely moral efforts at regenerating the heathen are vain. The present Pacha, with all his tyranny, selfishness or unpopularity, has shown himself intelligently appreciative of the bearings of the Suez Canal upon his own future and the welfare of Egypt. He has forgiven the debt of eighty millions of francs, for which the company bought the right of way from his predecessor, and bought back certain privileges of eminent domain, which the last Viceroy had very rashly granted to the company, for as much more. These are really, however, only ways of expressing his immense interest in the scheme, although in a very costly way. The present Viceroy, Ismail Pacha, grandson of Mehemet Ali (the founder of the present dynasty) came to his throne in 1863, at the age of thirty-four.

He is deemed a shrewd man of business, and is thought more interested in making money than is common with princes. Fortunately he can not make money on a large scale without promoting the general interests of Egypt, and he has thus stimulated a commercial spirit. His agents are in the markets, buying up lands and houses and horses and cotton, and almost any thing that he can turn to account. But it must not be supposed that he is or can be a purely arbitrary governor, substituting his own will for custom and usage and law. There are certain fortunate elements of

democratic justice and representation in Egypt which are older than history. The tribes and villages choose by universal suffrage their own Sheiks, and these Sheiks, or Mayors are now united in a Lower House of Deputies. Within two years the Sheiks have elected at prescribed seasons, under royal instructions, a certain number of what may be called Notables, who constitute an Upper House. The machinery for a constitutional government is thus prepared, and although there is no constitution, usage and a tendency to popular rights supply a decent substitute. All religions are protected under the Viceroy, and there were seven Coptic Catholics sitting with sixty-eight Mussulmen in the last session of Parliament. The Viceroy has purchased back from M. Lesseps's company a very destructive privilege they had of forcing labor. Every month from twelve to twenty thousand men were conscripted to aid in digging the canal. They were taken away from their fields often at the most critical moments of seed-time or havest. It cost the Viceroy eighty-four million of francs to buy back the alienated lands, and the right to force labor, from the Suez company. In 1863 a great flood ravaged the country. The Pacha energetically directed the building of a new system of dykes, so that when a similar flood returned in 1866 no damages were suffered. In 1864, when a terrible cattle-plague visited Egypt, and threatened the destruction of the next year's harvests by destroying so many beasts for the plough, the Pacha bought cattle in Asia Minor and Europe, and restocked the country with surprising rapidity. No schools existed before his day. He has created a system. In Cairo alone there are three thousand five hundred children at the public schools. He sent his own sons to these schools. The best pupils are selected and sent to France for advanced instruction. Side by side with the Mussulmen schools, are schools for the

Coptic Christians. There are six hundred miles of railroad already in operation, and two hundred miles more in process. The management has thus far been in the hands of French or English engineers, but is said to be gradually falling into native hands. We made the run of one hundred and thirty miles from Alexandria to Cairo in four hours and a half—without detentions, and on time. The country is of course highly favorable, in its flatness, to railroads. We saw great evidences of waste in crippled engines and broken rails and refuse machinery along the road, and it is said that a hundred locomotives are waiting repairs; that when they get out of order, instead of immediately repairing them, they put them aside and send to France or England for new ones. These wasteful ways will correct themselves before long. The strikes of foreign workmen occasion the chief difficulty, but they justify them on the charge of being kept out of their pay. One of the most important reforms, and probably the most difficult accomplished by the present Viceroy, is that of conforming the order of succession to the throne to European usage. Hitherto, the family surviving the Viceroy—his brother, perhaps, or cousin succeeded him; now the eldest son. This change was not effected without great opposition from Turkey, but every one can see how important in cutting off disputes and personal complications it is. The relations of the Viceroy to the Sultan I can not explain. He certainly pays him a tribute of some millions of francs, and acknowledges him as his Suzerain. But it is thought that the subordination is of a very technical character, and is maintained more by English and French gun-boats than by any fear or love of Turkey. I doubt if it will last long. If Mehemet Ali were alive, or should re-appear in a worthy successor, it would not last a month.

Egypt has a present population of five million two hun-

dred thousand, which is only one to every fifty-two square metres, a very meagre population, although much concentrated at points. Of this population thirty-two-fortieths are Egyptian Mussulmans, two-fortieths Egyptian Coptic Christians, two-fortieths Mussulman Turks, three-fortieths Arabs, one-fortieth Europeans. The common language is Arabic, although Turkish is spoken by the high functionaries. The Copts have an alphabet and calendar of their own, but their language is Arabic. They are the learned class, if any class of existing Arabians or Egyptians deserve that name. The Europeans speak generally Italian or French. French influence is great in Egypt, especially since M. Lesseps's enterprise of the Suez Canal. He appears to be a solitary specimen of a French Yankee, with all the enterprise, fertility of resource, persistency and accommodativeness to circumstances which are peculiar to a strong race transplanted to a wilderness. The English, by virtue of their overland route to India, have made themselves perfectly at home in Egypt; their sovereigns and shillings divide with francs and Napoleons the favor of the people. On the whole, shillings prevail over francs, as it is about as easy to charge a shilling as a franc, and it is worth a fifth more! Still the French are more popular here, as being more cosmopolitan, which is a strange contradiction in a people so seldom going from home. But then all the world goes to Paris! The principal offices here seem in the hands of the Turks. They are the ruling race in Egypt, in spite of the relative fewness of their numbers. There are not above ten thousand of them in Cairo, with a population of three hundred and fifty thousand; but they "rule the roost" here. They bear in their countenances a proud, self-confident, staring, impassive look, which seems to say, "If there is any compromising or accommodation to be practiced, don't expect any portion of it from us." In the

Turkish bazaars in Alexandria or Cairo they sit amid their goods almost as motionless as the Sphinx, and as indifferent, returning a stony stare for every look given them, and defying, in their bearing, any attempts at familiarity.

The journey from Alexandria to Cairo is very interesting to those who make it for the first time. It is about one hundred and thirty miles by rail. The route does not follow the Nile, but seeks the best track the valley affords. It passes by more towns and of a more populous character than we expected. They are all very rude heaps of clay-colored bricks, or else mud-bricks plastered with mud. They have a low, square, heavy Egyptian style, as if the roofs were as important as the buildings. From the midst of them start up in great abundance domes, beautiful and varied in shape, but rude in material, and minarets beginning square, with an octagonal story, and then a pentagonal, and then a bulging head with galleries at each story. These are almost uniformly graceful in form and costly in structure, adorned with more or less carefully cut stone-work. There is no regularity in the minarets, but they are of one type, and must have suggested the campanile which followed them in Italy. The villages along the route are mean and savage beyond description. They look like magnified wasps' nests, both in color, crowdedness and absence of human design, and cluster together on any convenient rise above the high tide of the river, being so much the color of the ground that it is with difficulty they are distinguished from any other broken surface. Spite of the present cold weather, the people are half naked, but betray very little discomfort in their privations. While we shiver in our overcoats they lounge round in white cotton, about as much covered as a man wrapped in a sheet, and seemed hardened to the air in a way one would not expect.

The men seen here are physically a far finer and a more sinewy race than we were prepared to see. Straight as arrows, handsome in features, shapely in limbs, swift runners, great burden-carriers, they surprise us by the quickness of their wit and their aptness for learning. Nothing, it is true, can exaggerate their noisy, violent and contentious habits among themselves. They are always scolding, shaking their fists at each other, or flashing their eyes in most offensive juxtaposition, and it is very common to see them pitching into each other in a general meleé. They are, with the exception of the upper class, wholly without the sentiment of self-respect or the habit of amenableness to justice and right. They measure their lying and rapacity only by the amount of resistance they receive. Cowardly, degraded, dirty and full of tricks and fawning, they extort all they can wheedle, tease or frighten out of the "Howadji" or traveler, whom they regard only as the dispenser of "backsheesh." Egypt must be seen, if at all, in the company of these picturesque parasites, who are more persistent than the flies and vermin that infest the country. At every ruin they swarm, full-grown men, erect, handsome, turbaned and togaed Mussulmans, each one a study for an artist, often intelligent, quick to appreciate fun and wit, sometimes speaking three or four languages (one of them at the Pyramids addressed me in fair Italian, French, English, each of which he spoke about equally well), but fawning or threatening, offering services that are not wanted, insisting upon accompanying you in spite of every remonstrance, and then demanding pay twice or ten times over what is just. Fortunately they are as cowardly and cringing as they are impudent and extortionate, and nothing is needed but a bold, resistful bearing to triumph over all their numbers and conspiracies of fraud and extortion. Nothing but their never-failing picturesqueness and variety of cos-

tumes, their agility, vigor and grace, atones for their annoying meanness and their disgusting character.

There is a class of them almost as much distinguished for probity and fidelity to their word as those I have described are for the reverse. The better class, a small one, who have attained to independence and influence, keep their credit by a scrupulous adherence to promises and a punctilious honesty in business. Long accustomed to rule, they show the better side of the Mussulman faith, and have, I suppose, the sense of honor and the pride of character which usually belongs to an upper class of society. Even the thronged and crowded streets of Cairo show the force of public opinion, and exhibit the well-known principle that those who are restrained by no private principle of honesty and truth feel the binding force of customs and a common law requiring respect for each other's rights and property. I have never seen goods of all kinds more freely and unguardedly exposed — eatables, jewelry, articles of necessity and of luxury—than in the booths of Alexandria and Cairo; and it was plain that they were protected only by some wholesome and universal sense of the sacredness of property under such circumstances, a sentiment which it required no individual force of rectitude to feel, but which was strong enough to force itself upon the least thoughtful and the most unprincipled. It is like the honor among thieves, so necessary to mutual existence that it institutes itself by its own virtue. The shops seemed very ill-protected, left, as they often are, in the middle of the day, when good Mussulmans go to the mosques. But there was no evidence of distrust or anxiety. Sometimes a little child would be the guardian of valuable property; sometimes a cat, bound by a ribbon, seemed on the watch. A wooden bolt appeared the commonest fastening, readily withdrawn from the outside by a simple key.

The stores are usually shallow booths, with a raised floor, on which the seller sits cross-legged in a heap, with his goods within reach without rising. He uses his feet as well as his hands, if he is a worker in any industry, steadying his work with his foot as he labors at it with his hands. Wholesale business may exist, but it does not appear. The small trades are carried on in the shop where the goods are sold ; tin-ware, copper-kettles, bread, shoes, tailoring, canes, jewelry, embroidery, slippers (yellow and red, five inches broad), are all in plain manufacture, usually by very primitive methods ; but the goods turned out are creditable. Men sew quite as much as women. You may see an Arab, in full toilet, knitting as he walks the streets. But I must pause and go sight-seeing in this inviting town, and tell you more about it in my next.

XL.

CAIRO AND THE MUSSULMANS.

CAIRO, EGYPT, January 20, 1868.

THE Nile might very naturally have been esteemed a god and worshiped by the Egyptians. It is to a degree impossible fully to appreciate, off the ground, the maker of the soil—the conqueror of and barrier to the ever-threatening desert—all that stands from year to year between the Egyptian and famine, the only fountain from which he drinks, the sole form in which, in the midst of a hot country, he is acquainted with water, the hourly necessity of his parched life. Fed by melting snows and rains falling in the mountains of Abyssinia, the Nile, which for hundreds of miles south of its mouth receives no tributary, begins to swell in Lower Egypt about the middle of June, and continues to increase until the middle of September, when it is at its flood. From the lowest water, which is not reached until June, the usual and desirable rise is about twenty-two feet at Cairo. It varies from nineteen to twenty-four feet; but when it rises only nineteen feet, famine follows in large portions of the country, from the vast surface not then reached by its renewing waters. Twenty-four feet, on the other hand, is enough to break down dykes and flood the dwelling-places, and is attended by terrible destruction. The country is very extensively canaled and dyked, and larger and smaller sluices opened to conduct and hold the water. Depressions are surrounded with mud walls to hold the precious fluid when the deluge runs off.

Mighty reservoirs are dug to keep it from year to year—oftener open like ponds, but sometimes shut like cisterns. When the river rises, it is coaxed and led to every inch of arable land which it can be made to reach by the removal of obstructions; and after it has gone down, and the ground has been planted and become dry, vegetation is encouraged and saved by the prodigious industry turned into raising water from the Nile and the deeper canals. The common process is by swinging a shallow basket of osiers, made tolerably water-tight by its own swell, and which, held by double ropes between two men, is skillfully dipped at each swing into the river, and then emptied at the level of the sluice above—two, four, six feet—into the little reservoir of mud, from which it runs into the field to be irrigated. The skill, patience and labor displayed in this rude industry are most interesting to behold. When the difference of level becomes too great to be overcome in this way, a skin bucket is attached to a pole balanced with stone, and the water is drawn much the same way as from an old fashioned New England well. Then comes the water-wheel, whose circumference is armed with an endless chain of earthenware jars about six feet apart, which dip as it revolves into the river, and empty as they pass over the trough above. This wheel is worked either by a mule, a cow, or a camel, and this appears to be as far as Egyptian skill has got in practical hydraulics. Very costly aqueducts exist in Cairo for supplying the citadel and palaces with water, and numerous public fountains, built usually by private and often secret munificence, for the benefit of the poor who in times of scarcity resort to these blessed springs of life. Many of them, built of marble and enclosed, are stately monuments of departed worth. There are said to be a thousand public baths in Cairo. Most of them must be small, if there be so many, and I see very few evidences of

any passion for cleanliness. Water is usually drawn from the Nile by the large tribe of water-carriers, who at any and all times are to be seen filling their skin (usually of the goat, but sometimes of the hog) with water by means of a bucket of skin, which they always carry with them.

These water-carriers carry their skin—which exactly resembles when full a live swine of a black color—slung with leathern straps upon their backs. It holds about twenty gallons, and makes a fearful load. Private houses are supplied from these skins. The streets are (infrequently) watered from them, the waterman swinging the muzzle of his skin round with a dexterous jerk, and covering at each discharge a surprising surface. Women with jars holding ten or fifteen gallons are always at the edge of the water filling these vessels, which they assist each other in mounting to their heads, which are protected by a circular twist of cloth, on which the jar rests. They are straight as arrows, and often pretty when young; but, as a rule, Mussulman women are as coarse, ugly and degraded as polygamy would be likely to make them. They seem inferior, as a class, to the men. The veil they wear—sometimes of black and sometimes of white—is attached by a wooden or metallic band (hideous in its effect) to the hood, and leaves sometimes one and sometimes both eyes out, but nothing more. It is, however, open enough at the sides to show any close or curious observer that he has little occasion to regret its existence. There is less care in maintaining its sacred protection than one might expect. It is not infrequently abandoned, perhaps only by shameless women or good Christians.

The women dress usually in a blue cotton garment, which serves as hood and wrapper. They wear loose trowsers if they have any pretensions to station. The wives of the shopkeepers are often seen in gay colors—a blue or pink silk

robe, with a white or black wrap, which blows and bulges, and gives a very bulky and disfiguring appearance. They wear, even the common class, golden or gilded ornaments, necklaces, bracelets and chains, which often contrast very painfully with their remaining costume. Gay slippers of yellow and red are common with both sexes. The poorer people, however, men and women, are usually barefoot—no great hardship in this climate. The women in no way match the men in picturesqueness, because there is little difference in the essential forms of their costume, while men wear and display it freely, besides keeping all that is best for themselves. The turban—a female head-dress with us—is worn only by men, and they seem to monopolize most of the gayety in sashes, handkerchiefs and vests. It is impossible to exaggerate the brilliancy of the ordinary, unconscious spectacle exhibited every day in the chief business streets of Cairo! No procession got up on a grand gala day in Paris or New York, in respect of variety, splendid colors and contrasts, extraordinary poses and movements, curious and fascinating combinations of complexions and costumes, compares with the ordinary current through the chief bazaar, a mile and a half long, partly open and partly covered, narrow, crowded with shops and booths, where traffic and industry are going forward with ceaseless din and clatter of Arabic consonants, which I think even Neapolitan vowels could not equal. An endless troop of harlequins, in their most audacious dresses, could not outdo the Cairo crowd in its most unpretentious movements. Think of thoroughly Oriental dresses worn habitually, and in unconsciousness of any thing strange about them! Think of a Nubian black as your hat walking without suspicion of any thing odd with a fair-skinned Armenian, both in turbans, one white and the other red; one in a black robe lined with red, tied about the waist with a silken sash of yellow, and trow-

sers, *a la* zouave, of pearl-colored cloth, the other with a green robe, over white trowsers of amplest flow, and a blue vest, with a purple sash round his waist; one in yellow slippers, the other in red! Multiply this by ten thousand moving figures and you have the beginning of the picture.

Put a thousand Turks, Ethiopians, Syrian Jews, Arabs cross-legged in their little shops, the Turks each of them dressed to enact Abraham or Isaac at the next "sacred opera" in Paris, in long white beards, with hookahs in their mouths, and sitting so gathered up that you doubt if they have not been cut off at the loins, and set down on the stump in helpless fixity; let cobblers and tailors out of the Arabian Nights ply their trades where the sidewalks ought to be, while barbers in the open air shave the foreheads and napes of their customers after scraping their faces and sparing their beards; see the vermicelli-maker mix his flour and water, and on a thin griddle as big as a cart-wheel, heated by a few shavings, pour from a cullender, with hollow pipes of the size of knitting-needles set in the bottom, his pasty-fluid out in circular streams, till his griddle is covered, then, in a minute, rake the cooked vermicelli in, place it on his pile, and repeat the operation; see the dried dates, the fresh oranges, the dried fish and tongue and other flesh; the great masses of sugared fruits; the piles of shelled nuts and raisins mixed together (a very popular article); the green turnips, the fresh onions, the radishes, the heaps of nameless greens, with the refuse bits of meat that, in a common pot, make up the favorite stew of the Arabs; see men moving about with bowls of soup, or platters of uncooked or cooked provisions, beans stewed in a great pot being one of the most common; observe these great rows of jars, in each of which one of the forty thieves might have hid; see that array of copper vessels, with the marks of the hammer all over them; and such

piles of yellow and red slippers, round and pointed, turning up or flat, but usually enormously broad and comfortable to look at. But look out that this file of camels, loaded with marble tiles, and logs of wood, and building-stone, and piles of brush, and bales of cotton, and barrels of sugar, each a cart-load, does not brush you off as it passes. How monstrous these patient beasts appear! Eight feet high and a dozen long, with their serpent-like necks and heads, wriggling their way, they seem only larger lizards on longer legs and with hoofs. The donkeys run under their bellies, and will thread their way where a mouse can find his. They are as thick as goats in a Swiss village, and quite as picturesque in their ornate saddles attended by the lithe drivers, beautiful in their squalor and half-nakedness, and in spite of their roguery. But here come two men in white, winged Mercuries in speed, with gauze wings fluttering behind them, rods in their hands, naked limbs, and robes bound tight to their waists, who shout as they speed on, whacking the people and donkeys in their way: "Way for his Highness!" who may only be some Frank merchant, or possibly a Viceroy's twenty-ninth cousin. I have never seen any human figures in motion as graceful and bewitching as these Arabian outrunners. They are more elegant and dashing than a whole regiment of English footmen, for they earn their pay, exhibiting every day a wind and endurance such as only thorough-bred racers can equal. But here in the open square, where horses, mules and camels are hobbled (sometimes with a rope tied about each fetlock), waiting for purchasers, is an Arabian juggler surrounded by a crowd, the children sitting on the inner circle and four or five tiers of men about them. He is just at this moment, as our carriage stops and overlooks the crowd, cramming tow by the handful down his throat, and seemingly swallowing it with a relish. He has two assistants who make faces

and shout cries. After considerable straining he pulls out of his mouth a string of twine threaded with at least a hundred large sized needles, placed at intervals of a few inches, and reaching several rods across the whole circus.

But it is vain to give those who have not seen it a true idea of a Cairo street. The houses are poor, generally, built with the stories overhanging each other, and with lattice-work for projecting windows, often very tastefully arranged. There is nothing in front to indicate what is inside. I hope there is more comfort within than appears, but so far as I have seen, confusion, filth, pettiness and ill arrangement describe every thing. Nothing like practical economy or respect for the common convenience appears in the arrangement of the streets or the rights of way. The heat of the climate justifies the narrowness of the streets and the leaning of the houses toward each other, for the sun is thus almost perfectly excluded. But in these narrow streets all sorts of needless obstructions are allowed. There seems even to be no understanding about keeping to the right or the left. Pedlars occupy the place of the sidewalk, for sidewalks do not exist. The traffic in heavy lumber is carried directly through the main thoroughfare, and I am not sure that there is any other way across this vast city. To go to any point and return by another route is usually impossible. There is even a worse habit of acquiescence in nuisances and inconveniences than one sees in Southern Europe. Cairo presents almost no evidence of what we call municipal police. Her streets, like those of Alexandria, are full of rubbish, filth and disorder. I am not sure they do not owe it to a vast, wolfish race of yellow dogs that snarl and prowl around the streets, that they are not full of garbage. These fierce scavengers have their noses in every pile of dust and parings, and when they are not biting each other are pick-

ing up the lean refuse of the city. But Cairo lives pretty near to the bone, and there is not a great deal left for the dogs. There does not seem to be a great amount of ragged beggary. The soil is prodigiously fertile, and sugar-cane and cabbage and dates and nuts and raisins, and numerous succulent vegetables appear to be abundant and cheap. I have eaten no really good meat in Cairo, but that may be the fault of the cooks; what kind the common people live on I do not know. Great flocks of black sheep and of a peculiar long-eared goat are seen passing through the streets, and the buffalo ox and cow, as well as the common breed, are abundant. Clothing is so simple, and so little of it required, that none need go ragged. A common sheet would be a full suit of clothes to many I meet.

The poorer class here go about in what seems like a short night-gown, tied or not at the waist. Often they are more naked than this, and even at this season I have seen children of both sexes, and boys of twelve, playing about as naked as when born. The general want of delicacy in matters that civilized nations consider strictly private is counterbalanced by a certain simplicity which is no mean offset. In a city which is said to be very licentious, I have seen nothing in the manners of men or women as prurient and shameless as is often seen in Paris, London or New York. It may be that unlawful passion here has such open avenues that it has no struggle to make, and therefore is without the demonstrative signs it shows under the restraints of Christian communities. But I mention it in justice to the people, who have the curse of polygamy fastened upon them, that, although I have seen astonishing carelessness and exposure among men and women in the streets of Cairo, I have not seen one indication of conscious immodesty or willful provocation of passion. As to polygamy, it prevails extensively among all who

can afford so expensive a luxury. Every citizen of note or wealth has his harem, and the houses of such persons—I am told by those who have been in them, for, as yet, I have not—are arranged with reference to the seclusion of these women. The three palaces of the Viceroy in Cairo, in which he lives by turn or caprice, are not open to visitors, because of the harem. The palace-garden is closed at certain hours, because the harem is taking its exercise, and so on! A few more discreet Mussulmans—the learned head of the Christian mission in Cairo tells me—have discovered the advantages of monogamy, the improved peace and economy of their households, the better bringing up of their children, and the increased dignity and worth of the one wife they cleave to. Nothing can be more admirable than this self-imposed purity of domestic life. For the rest, I can not perceive any considerable change from the habits of centuries ago in the relations of Mussulmans and their women. And, clearly, polygamy is the radical vice of their whole social system, and is essentially incompatible with moral progress. It keeps women ignorant, degraded in their own eyes, without ambition for any thing beyond beauty and decoration. It makes domestic education an impossibility. It takes all meaning out of the word home, and vulgarizes that most sacred idea. There may be homes in Cairo, but I have seen none; nothing looking like family life.

Indeed, there are two words missing in the Arabic vocabulary which speak volumes by their absence; one is "*home*," the other is "*gratitude.*" The language (and Arabic is a most copious one) that wants words corresponding to these sacred ideas, must belong to a people sadly deficient in domestic graces. "Home" is the primary school of "gratitude," and those who have not learned the first lessons in its tender enclosure are not likely to have much oc-

casion for the feeling in a social system where woman is a plaything or a drudge and man a sensualist and a fanatic. In place of domesticity the Arabs put hospitality, which is with them a superstition, not an impulse—a religious principle, not a cordial sentiment. Even the poorest people put something to eat or drink before you if you enter their hovels, and lucky are you if you can do the least honor to their hospitality. A friend of ours who was driven into an Arab mud hut for shelter, found in "the flesh-pots of Egypt," of which one full of a terrible broth was presented him, no satisfactory apology for the hankerings of the ancient Israelites. And he experienced after supper a complete revival in his bed-chamber (a mat on a mud floor) of the original plagues, being compelled to walk all night up and down the room to protect himself from vermin "in force."

The houses are built round a court, on which the several rooms open. The sons marry and bring their wives home, and have a room assigned them and their children. Each wife of the master has her own room, although those who can afford it keep their wives and separate broods of children in different houses—a very prudent precaution. The wives are of course jealous of each other, and quarrel when in proximity. Ditto the children. The richer Mussulmans purchase at the slave market in Constantinople beautiful Circassian girls, whom they make their wives. A man may have seven if he can afford it. He may put any one away at his fancy and take another. The Circassians are sold often at £500 when of rare beauty. The women of the harem spend their time in smoking and in looking through the lattice of their prison down into the street. They are wholly illiterate, and their only accomplishment is a little sewing. Of course exceptions exist. The women, with the exception of a few of the nobler families, and those only under

certain restrictions and at certain times, do not enter the mosques. They have a heaven of a lower sort assigned them by the Prophet, for which certain prayers, to be said at home, fully qualify them. They must wear their veils rigidly, and never show their faces even to an uncle or cousin—to none but their husbands, brothers and children. A Mussulman who has looked upon any woman's face out of the small circle allowed is under some religious ban. Accidentally to touch a woman when going to or in the act of prayer, is an uncleanness for which Allah and the saints must be invoked. The women in the streets without veils are either Copts or Franks or else abandoned. The horror with which the Mussulman must look upon the Christian women who now so commonly visit Cairo, is tolerably controlled in expression, although boys of fifteen may still be seen spitting at the shadows of these Christian dogs who pollute their streets. It is clear, however, that the increasing familiarity with Christian faces and customs is modifying the Mussulman rigor. It shows itself in some tendencies to European costume. English coats are often seen over Turkish trowsers and English gowns under Turkish veils. The common women stain their chins with India-ink, almost as if they wished to produce the effect of a beard. It is common enough to see the nails of men and women dyed with henna. The Nubians, often the tallest, frankest and most attractive men met in the streets, very commonly have their faces scarred with four or five cuts on each cheek-bone. It is said that different villages in the interior have different marks of this sort, and I have already noticed a few varieties. They are all fond of jewelry, and it hangs profusely round the necks of the women in patterns such as Mr. Story has imitated in decking his beautiful Cleopatra. They wear bracelets upon the arms and ankles of iron, silver and gold.

Coin, too, is frequently hung about their necks. The Africans proper are a very different looking set of negroes from our own Guinea and West Coast slaves. They are not marked by the same woolly hair, nor the same flatness of nose, and have none of the air of conscious inferiority which is so painful in our blacks. Not seldom you meet them dressed in the fullest style of Mussulman elegance, riding in their own carriages and attended by white servants. It is instructive to see the tables thus changed. One of truly aristocratic air, with an ebony face of polished refinement, with tapering fingers, and in a modern European dress, accompanied by two white servants, got into the first-class cars with us between Alexandria and Cairo. I should not have known but for his skin that he was not a European prince. Possibly he was an African prince, and certainly presentable in any company. At the American Mission, over which Dr. Lansing presides, there are evidences of the certain but slow influence exerted by Christian missionaries over the minds and hearts of Mussulman.

There are nine missionaries (connected with this centre) in Egypt—three preaching every Sunday in Cairo; one in Arabic, one in Armenian, one in English. There are several posts up the Nile, one as high as Thebes. A school of two hundred children has been gathered in, chiefly, I suppose, from the Copts, who are, I fear, quite as much in need of Christian instruction as the Mussulmans. They are Catholics, but not Papists; but they practice the worst superstitions of the Romanists, and are only interesting from their antecedents and as opening an easier door to Christian work than the Mussulman. The old threats, and I fear the old executions, against all who forsake the Mussulman faith still prevail. The penalty of death is incurred, and it is said still inflicted. Such offenders were for awhile sent to Sou-

dan to work in the gold mines, but since they were closed, "going to Soudan" has come to mean being disposed of by some secret violence—*i. e.*, carried up the Nile, and in the darkness thrown overboard in a bag! Careful watch, it is said, has to be kept by the representatives of England and America to prevent such a fate from befalling offenders who have some claim on their protection. The Viceroy is said to have arrested one execution at their intercession—they representing its effect on the public opinion of foreign countries. The Mission can not expect to make much headway in proselyting open converts under such dreadful penalties—but it spreads secretly its truth; it prints and circulates Christian literature in Arabic; it scatters the Scriptures, and it sees the fruits of its labors slowly coming in. Its printing press does not yet accomplish a great deal, perhaps ten pages a week, but books to the extent of ten thousand have been drawn from Beyrout and sold in this market. I attended the close of a Christian service in Arabic, beautifully spoken by Dr. Lansing, at which perhaps seventy-five persons, all apparently natives or residents, were present. It was followed by a service in English, conducted by Professor Butler, of Madison College, of a very refreshing character, at which full as large a congregation of American and English travelers attended.

On the same evening I preached to a small gathering in the reading-room of Shepherd's Hotel, and took up a collection of about twenty-five dollars for the benefit of the Mission. The school of this Mission has been the scene of one truly Oriental romance. A young Indian prince, by name Maha Rajah Duleep Singh (who was taken to England and carefully educated after the principality was taken from his father, Achbar Khan, one of England's most formidable enemies), about five years ago passed through Egypt, carrying

his mother's remains to India. He came on an errand of death, and entered into new life.

In Cairo he visited this school, and was struck with the appearance of an Egyptian girl, a pupil here and a Christian, whom, after several visits, he proposed to make his wife. In due time they were married at Cairo, and on the wedding day he presented £1000 to the school. He carried her to England, where she was generally received, in deference to the rank which had always been accorded him by the Queen. She is now there, and the marriage has proved a most happy and useful one. On the return of each wedding day the Prince sends the school another £1000! Is not this Oriental poetry? What results to India may not possibly flow out of the mission which Christianized an Indian prince's wife?

It is a very strange sensation for a Christian to stand in the nineteenth century amid a people that can not be called uncivilized, and who yet confidently, passionately and universally profess a faith hostile to and incompatible with his own. To be looked down upon with scorn and hatred by proud, stern-eyed Turks, because of one's Christian faith; to be spit at by ragged boys as a Christian dog; to see crowds of coarse, beggarly people entering the mosques which stand with open doors, and yet be denied entrance because of the polluting taint of Christian faith—all this is very instructive as well as very painful. And yet it is not so very strange when one comes to consider it well. These people know nothing of Christianity which ought to give it any superiority in their eyes over Mahometanism. When the Arabian prophet commenced his marvelous work, there is little doubt that he was animated by the sincere enthusiasm of a religious reformer. Arabia and Egypt were both largely covered with a corrupt and half-heathenized Christianity,

compared with which his own pure Monotheism was godly simplicity. He overthrew the worship of idols and images, and set up a faith which, with all its degrading accompaniments of a sensual heaven and cursed with polygamy (which if it did not introduce it put under the protection of the Koran), was yet essentially spiritual in its worship of the invisible Allah, the Supreme God. Mahomet recognized both dispensations, the Mosaic and the Christian ; and his intelligent followers to this day speak reverently of the Christ. They evade the authority and use of our Scriptures by asserting that they have been thoroughly corrupted in their text. A learned Mahometan in India, however, has just written the introduction to a new Commentary on our Bible, in which he ably refutes the Mussulman charge of general corruptness, and adduces all the passages quoted out of the Old and New Testament in the Koran. But what have Mussulmans seen of Christianity to commend it greatly above their own faith ? Is it alleged that Mahometanism has owed its triumphs and progress to the sword ? Is it the fault of Christians if the Cross has not advanced by the same weapon ? What infidel rage of the Crescent has ever exceeded the fanatical soldiering of the Crusades, and what has Cœur de Lion to boast over Saladin in enlightenment or appreciation of the Christian spirit? And if we come to bowing and fasting and washings and external forms, I confess that the degrading prostrations and crossings and mummeries of the Greek and Catholic Churches, with the gaudy trappings of robes and jewels, the worship of saints and images, and the deification of an humble Jewish woman, appear to me to have nothing in the presence of which Mussulmen could feel the lesser reasonableness, purity, or dignity, or the lesser credibility of their own unadorned and simpler superstition. Compared with Catholic and Greek legends, the Koran is a

model of purity and eloquence of style, and its worst superstitions do not much exceed in grossness the popular interpretation given to monkish fables. As it respects ecclesiastical interference and tyranny, Mahometanism is a whole world in advance of Romanism or the Greek Church. It is essentially without priest or ritual, in any catholic sense. The Mussulman is his own priest. He finds Allah everywhere, and he has only to turn toward Mecca and bow in prayer, and his field, his boat, the desert, is as good an altar as the mosque. It is truly affecting to see the fidelity of the common people to their faith, the apparent heedlessness of observation, the absorption in their prayers, the careful memory of their hours of devotion.

Every day, five several times, the devout Mussulman goes into his mosque, if it be nigh, to say his prayers. And that it may be nigh he spends freely of his substance to spread mosques everywhere in the way of believers. Thick as Christian temples are in our own and in other lands, they do not begin to equal the immense profusion of mosques here. Rome boasts of three hundred and sixty-five churches; Cairo has from five hundred to one thousand mosques! It is impossible to say how many, but it is difficult to walk ten rods without stumbling upon one. The country about Cairo seems a wilderness of tombs of caliphs, kings, Mamelukes, connected with each of which is a mosque, usually in neglect, but still stately with its stone dome so grand in its simplicity. Cairo has so many immense mosques, oftentimes reminding one, by the complexity of the mass of buildings connected together under one title, of the monastic establishments of the Roman Catholics. The entrance to them is seldom direct. You ascend many stairs and pass through stately passages, almost as if going to the chapel of an old palace, and then come to a great door where a low parapet guards

the entrance. Here the faithful take off their shoes, and either leaving them and putting on slippers, or else taking them in their hand and going in stocking-feet or barefoot, they enter. Always there is a fountain of water where they wash their feet, hands and faces before saying their prayers. Usually there is no priest visible, and no altar. The side of the mosque toward Mecca has one, two, or three recesses, usually shallow curves, more adorned than other parts of the wall, and with lights sometimes, but not usually, burning on either side of them. There is, perhaps, a raised staging, a sort of imitation of a house-top, on which some ascend to pray. Besides this, the characteristic impression is that the religion is without priest or ritual, so bare of instruments and altars or official attendants. No musical instruments, no statues or pictures, nothing to indicate by any outward sign the Invisible One or his prophet. Surely there is something grand in this simplicity and something vital in a faith which, aided by so little external appliance, has survived in full vigor twelve hundred years.

But again I ask, what have Mussulmans seen of Christianity to make them surrender their own faith? Here, in Egypt, still survives the original Christian Church over which Athanasius once presided. The Coptic Church, it will be remembered, broke from the Catholic Church at the Council of Ephesus, on the Monophosite heresy, refusing steadfastly to acknowledge the doctrine of the double-nature in Christ. It has steadily retained its ground, and the position then taken, kept to this day, has absorbed pretty much all its vitality. It retains the old language of the Egyptians, modified by Greek words, and with an alphabet quite Greek in many letters, and thus carries on its service, like the Catholic Church, in a dead language which it is said even the priests do not understand the meaning of. It retains the mass and the

worship of the Virgin and saints, and most of the doctrines of Rome, but owns no allegiance to the Pope. It is governed by a Patriarch, and has thirteen bishops, and it is said 300,000 people in Egypt. Its Patriarch, resident in Cairo, is reputed an ignorant man, and its clergy, with occasional exceptions, have no name for culture. Its temples are (with the single exception of an extravagant cathedral church, built here by the last Patriarch) shabby in the extreme, according to reliable testimony. But its general condition is that of an effete and almost worthless system, which produces no moral or spiritual fruits that can commend it either to Christians or Mahometans. If there is any thing to choose between them, Mahometanism would perhaps have the advantage. The Armenian Church, which Mahometans see something of in Syria and Turkey, is in not much better position. The Roman Church has reclaimed a considerable part of it, and whatever good there is in the part not united to Rome is due almost exclusively to American missionaries who have been so long and so successfully at work reconverting the Armenians to Protestant Christianity. Mahometanism has certainly seen nothing in the Armenian Church particularly to encourage a disposition to adopt its faith. It is still worse with the Greek Church, which is more external, formal and superstitious in Turkey and Syria than anywhere out of Russia, and which has all the vices and faults of Romanism with little of its culture. What has Mahometanism seen in any of the Christian bodies that have hemmed them in, who have lived among them, or bordered upon them, to encourage doubts of their own faith or confidence in ours? Still, Mahometanism can hardly be said to be a living faith, and it would be unjust to call it a dead one. It is rather sick, mortally ill, than either dead or alive—sick with its own intrinsic rottenness, the sanctified and legalized sensuality which eats

out the vigor of its disciples. Most wealthy Mussulmans live between the hot bath and the harem. They sin away their manhood, and emasculate their enterprise, and dream and sleep away their lives (as a class, with noble exceptions), until Christian civilization, born in pure homes and carrying the vigor of its restraints and virtues into its business, is already sweeping with irresistible force and beneficence over the old Mussulman ground, and driving the Crescent before the Cross. Christianity makes essentially no converts from Mussulman ranks, but it is extirpating the very roots of the system, killing the tree that bears that fruit. Even now, were not Mahometanism recruited from the new countries, African and Asian, which are one after another brought within reach of its influence, and who take the faith contagiously—not by instruction or missionary zeal, for there is none—it would show signs of great numerical weakness.

As commerce and intercourse with the Orientals increase, Christianity is to show its power by furnishing the brains, the energies and enterprise which will control all important interests. Just as fast as the Western nations pour into the East, just so fast will the East wilt before them, and its false religions die out with the incoming Western habits and customs. Kill polygamy, and Mahometanism would die the next day. Marry the Catholic clergy, and Romanism would not long survive. I have said that Mahometanism is essentially without priest or ritual. This is not strictly true. The Sultan is the head of the Mahometan religion. Under him come the Muftis and Moolahs, whom I take to correspond to bishops, and then the Ulemas, who are in the place of Christian priests. They are not exclusively devoted to the work. On Friday, their holy day, there is a cessation of work at 11 A.M. instead of 12 M. (the usual hour of rest, when good Mussulmans daily go to the mosque), and a longer time

than usual is spent at the mosque. Occasionally something answering to a sermon is given; but the religious service consists mainly at all times of verbal repetitions of parts of the Koran, and especially the first few verses of it, in which the Mussulman commends himself "to the most merciful and compassionate One," praying to be led in the right way, and to be kept from the fate in store for those with whom God is angry, or those who have wandered—Jews and Christians. These first few sentences of the Koran seem to be the "Lord's Prayer" of Mussulmans. They repeat it forever and ever, and ascribe immense virtue to its repetition. When they are not saying this prayer they are calling over one or other of the ninety names for Allah which they have, and will repeat one of them hundreds or thousands of times, until they often fall to the ground with exhaustion or craze themselves with the effort. This, with a swaying motion, is what the dervishes do, bowing and praying in companies of twenty at a time, with a loud Indian howl, which at a little distance sounds like the growl of a lion. On one of these occasions we saw men falling to the ground in sheer exhaustion, and the rest evidently envying the faintness which seemed an accepted proof of favor with Allah. They are revived with strong coffee, and go on in their humiliating penance. We chance to be spending a week in Cairo, during the month Ramadan, the Mahometan Lent. The faithful eat nothing from dawn till sunset, and the fast is observed with very general rigor. At sunset, however, Nature claims her requital, and the night is spent in feasting and in pleasure. At the first show of the new moon, at the close of the month, Ramadan ends, and Beiram (a feast of three days), the Mussulman's New Year, begins. The new moon is watched for by an official observer from the highest minaret, and her appearance is sometimes advanced or delayed to

suit the Pacha's or the public convenience. That some one has seen the new moon is the signal for general joy and festivity. The Mahometans say their prayers toward the Crescent, instead of Mecca, and " kiss their hands to the moon" at such seasons. One understands what place the Crescent has in their religion, and sees, too, that the worship of saints and of external objects is not wholly wanting in their faith.

XLI.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

CAIRO, Egypt, January 23, 1868.

THE Viceroy is represented by some as superstitious and willing to persecute, in spite of some acts of his reign already recorded. He is reported indolent and charged with bad personal habits, besides being rapacious and money-making. I can hardly reconcile the published accounts which respectable French writers give of him with his reputation here on the ground, where his character for arbitrariness, cruelty and untruth, and for inebriety, is constantly growing worse, perhaps without good reason. I have spoken of his good measures. It is asserted that Mehemet Ali's sons were all liberal and comparatively enlightened, and that their influence is still good; that the Viceroy has good and not illiberal advisers, who are really the authors of what has been commended in his policy, while he is the source of what is to be less approved. Ragib Pacha (a Greek) is his Prime Minister, and a man of ability and good purposes. Nubar Pacha (an Armenian Christian) is his Minister for Foreign Affairs, and is the Egyptian Diplomat, whose knowledge of European concerns entitles him to respect and prevents many disagreeable complications. The *Koran* is the civil as well as religious Constitution of Egypt and Turkey. All laws are drawn from it, and it regulates marriage, descents of property, and courts of justice. One can see from this how difficult in practice any concessions like those already referred to, of liberty to other religions, or of their representa-

tion, must be, and what a mere illusion constitutional liberty or parliamentary forms must be under present circumstances.

The mosque built by Mehemet Ali, and in which he is buried, occupies a most commanding position on the citadel, a high, rocky plateau which overlooks the city. It is a costly structure, with one lofty dome surrounded by four others and upheld by costly pillars. The floor is covered with Turkish carpets. The area is immense and the height very impressive. Alabaster and precious marbles have been much employed in it, and the courts about it are somewhat elegant. It lacks, however, any religious aspect, and might as well be a great ball-room as a religious edifice, for any thing apparent in its form, structure or furniture. It is as little characteristic as the rotunda of our Capitol, and quite as grand. Some of the other mosques here, although all wanting in the freshness and splendor of the mosque of Mehemet Ali, are yet greatly more interesting from an architectural point of view. They are almost uniformly fine in the shape, and unbroken smoothness within, of the domes. The tracery without, much like the tracery on some kind of musk-melons, is often extremely original and agreeable in its effect, and in fine harmony with the tendency of Oriental forms, both in animal and vegetable products, to the angular and irregular brought into some sort of hidden method and harmony. The minarets are graceful and beautiful, but especially when coupled with the domes, of which one forms the pointing finger and the other the round fist of their temples. Nobody can doubt where campanili and domes came from, who studies Oriental architecture, or can fail to see how much that has been claimed for Europe in the origination of the pointed arch, belongs to this country. The coloring of the buildings externally is very often red and white, like All Souls' Church, of which I have reminders

wherever I turn in Cairo. Almost all the mosques are shattered and in partial decay; but it must not be inferred from this that the Mussulman faith is in ruins. Every thing is shabby, half-finished, slovenly here in Egypt, and in Mahometan countries generally, I fear. The palaces, the best houses, the best stores, all would disgrace any European country, if quoted as the best it could show. The streets, the parks, the sidewalks, the fences—nothing, in short, looks in order, and nobody seems to know or care whether it is or not. There are in this city of such venerable antiquity all the indications of a mushroom town, starting in a Western prairie, where great plans and small means have come into direct opposition. The mosques are shabby because Moslemism is shabby. If they grew clean and smart and orderly, it would be inferred by sagacious observers that they were preparing for Christian tenants, which, alas! they are not, just at present. The palaces of the Viceroy at Alexandria and in Cairo (I have seen only two) are shabby editions of third-rate German prince's palaces, but without their pictures, statuary or care. They have great gaudy rooms, poorly furnished and looking uninhabitable, with a gingerbread ornamentation which is neither Oriental nor European. The view of Cairo from the citadel is superb. All its domes and minarets, all its palms and acacias are mingled in with its great stone buildings and its mean streets; but the meanness is lost in the general effect, which is perhaps as fine as any city in the world presents.

Here, too, are seen the two great deserts, beginning in their bluffs of stone and sand, and held apart by the slight but impassable barrier of fertility created by the Nile—a ribbon of green, hemming the vast folds of Egypt's solemn robe of sand, as its only opening. The valley, now clothed in its spring freshness, seems when traversed here, just above the

beginning of the Delta, about five miles wide, but looked at from a height such as the bluff above the citadel or from Cheops, it does not seem, as its length is brought into view, and the boundless expansion of the deserts, a mile in breadth. It is beautifully flecked with groves of date-palms and olives, and marked with immense aisles of acacias, grown to a size we never see elsewhere, and forming a close and beautiful shade as they "wave their golden hair" over the chief outlets of the city. The Nile boats seem only larger birds as they slant their curiously-poised sails, and point or droop their wings. The white ibis in great flocks, the magpie, the dove and numerous larger birds, among them what seems our turkey-buzzard, give life to the air. The trees are vocal with song. The slow camel, in long files, swings his awkward frame along, half ostrich, half serpent—looking curiously out of his melancholy eyes—but bearing his great burdens of stone and timber and cotton with a firm and powerful tread. His foot comes down like a cushion, soft and yielding, but at last plants itself like a die, so that it is a perpetual pleasure to watch the play of its matchless adaptation to its destiny.

Notice, too, the donkeys—who represent the by-ways as the camels do the highways of Egypt—a choice and peculiar breed. Their delicate limbs terminate in feet as small and pretty as a deer's. Their long, finely-shaped ears, preposterously disproportioned, they carry about as proudly as a stag bears his antlers. The Egyptians have a way of shaving them in zebra-like stripes or fantastic spots, which does not improve their beauty. They are a tiny race, hardly larger than Newfoundland dogs, although many are much more grown. Three feet and a half would be the ordinary height. And on this little creature men of two hundred and fifty pounds ride about all day long. Burdens of twice his own weight are put upon him, till you wonder his slim legs do not break.

He is abused, beaten, stabbed with sharp sticks, galled and hooted. It seems a universal faith that a donkey can not be hurt or tired. He is fed with green grain, brought into the city from the outlying fields, where the rule appears to be not to make hay, but to have endless crops of grass. Hundreds of these donkeys, handsomely saddled, and their backs duly widened by a great cushion, are in waiting at every street corner. To each is attached a donkey-boy—usually a slim youth of twelve, dressed in a single garment, with a string round his waist and a long rod in his hand. This swarthy imp has the speed and wind of a hound. He runs as fast as the donkey, and as long, and is generally engaged in prodding him forward, or shouting at his rear. Never out of breath, never tired, he follows you for five or ten miles out and back, and thinks himself well paid with two shillings for his donkey and a sixpence for himself. He is commonly a bright boy, good-natured, apt at catching languages, adroit at deceiving you, uncomplaining, and very taking with his slim form, his delicate limbs, and his gleaming teeth. He is innocent of all learning, and his prospects are very gloomy, but he is as cheerful as the birds. He lies with the most serene and smiling naturalness, but this is an infirmity much like his donkey's bray. Had that good, obliging creature the least idea how disagreeable and shocking his voice was—to be compared only to the play of a tight pump-handle drawing up a wheezy box—I am sure he would never raise it again; and the donkey-boy is about as ignorant of the impression his often ingenious falsehoods produce. We sent ours an errand of a couple of miles to see if a steamer had arrived. He came back in due time, and reported that it had not, claiming his shilling. Having occasion to doubt if he had really been to Boulak, he insisted that he *had*, but that "it was another boy." He was sent to see if a certain

shop was open, and going round the corner and hiding for time enough to elapse, returned and said that the shop-keeper had gone to attend the funeral of one of his neighbors, and the shop would not be open for the day—a very needless elaboration of a lie, as we discovered on going to the place. The dogs in Cairo are all wolfish in breed and looks. They hang round the streets and river, biting and snarling at each other, and seem strangely savage. They are said to recognize district lines, within which packs of them live, and beyond which other dogs can come only at the peril of their skins.

The longer I stay in Cairo (ten days is the extent of my visit, and I leave to-morrow) the more sad is the impression which Modern Egypt makes upon me. The government seems more absolute, the people more oppressed and helpless, the prospects of the future less encouraging. Intelligent travelers from up the Nile report that the whole valley is essentially in slavery. The avowed policy (it is asserted) of the rulers is to keep the people down, not merely by the heaviest system of taxation, but by taking from them (where they dare to do it) every thing beyond the barest necessaries of life. Nothing short of this crippled condition, it is said, prevents perpetual insurrection. The people pass over to their beasts the cruelty practiced upon themselves. They hobble their horses by each fetlock in the most excruciating way. They beat and starve them in an inconceivable manner. It is reported that in punishment of an outbreak in an important town up the river, a few years since, the government shot 4000 of the people in cold blood. It is a capital offense to own or carry arms. The Bedouins do it in defiance of the authorities, and are the only free people in Egypt. This abominable condition of things would not be suffered in any country so near to civilized kingdoms if the mutual jeal-

ousies of England and France, each fearing that this fine country may fall into the other's hands or under its protection, did not dispose them both to maintain the *statu quo*, and thus make them both responsible in no small degree for the worst despotism in the world. The firman which the Viceroy has extorted by bribery from the Sultan, making him an independent power, it is not believed here will outlive his reign. His next brother, Mustapha Pacha, is not thought much better of than himself. Hallein, the uncle, is accounted a man of better nature and purposes, and of some accomplishments. The Egyptians would gladly see him Viceroy. Meanwhile, really almost any thing seems better than the existing government. European rights are only respected here under threats. The representatives of the other Powers say that there is no law but the will of the Viceroy. He is now proposing to make a mixed court of Mussulmans and Europeans, in which the government shall have a casting vote, a project which the Consuls-General here oppose from a conviction that it is designed only to make them helpless parties to an oppression which would then have the seeming sanction of their consent, while really continuing to be merely the Viceroy's arbitrary will. The English have private claims here to the extent of £80,000, which they can not collect, but they can not afford to make war on Egypt for so small a sum with France looking on. The Italians have £300,000 of claim in the same hopeless state; and there is really some chance that they may at a not distant day win back some of their lost laurels by war on Egypt. Almost any thing which could break the dreadful spell under which this rich and teeming country lies would be a blessing to it. It profits nothing by its own productiveness now. Two hundred millions of money, it is computed, flowed into it during our war in payment for its cotton. But it has flown away and left no sem-

blance of wealth behind—gone in bribes, in official corruption, in ways that can not be more than surmised. The Viceroy has possession of one-third of all the lands in Egypt, and is the rival of his own people in their own market.

There is an immense sympathy due to a people naturally bright and clever, good-natured and not specially idle, under the dreadful demoralization of the government. Their faults and vices are due to the predisposing causes of climate, government and religion. The climate invites them to out-of-door life, and this tends to cheapen home, and to render them content with slovenly and ill-furnished accommodations. Water is scarce, and hard sometimes to get at all, and this renders them unclean. The government is horribly oppressive, and that kills enterprise and ambition; makes the rich hide their wealth, and the well-to-do affect shabbiness, until you know not, it is said, whether the ragged and mendicant may not be persons of substance, thus disguising their perilous prosperity. Their religion sanctions sensuality, and ruins woman's whole influence and happiness. What but a general destruction of the ruling race in this country can save its hapless millions? Were it not for foreign interference, I believe the Egyptians and Arabs would drive the intruding and insolent Turks, Viceroy and all, out of the land they pretend to govern, but only oppress; and I think now, here on the spot, that nothing could be more pleasing to lovers of their race, or to the Infinite mercy and justice on high! One understands better here Mehemet Ali's dealing with the Mamelukes—that aristocratic brood of slaves, offshoots of the successive ruling princes' favorites and concubines. His treachery can not be pardoned, but his policy was grand. If the people, rising in mass, could only drive the Turks as effectually out of the country as he shut the Mamelukes up in the citadel, one would be glad to learn that

Emir Bey's leap from the wall—the sole escape from the ruin that involved the rest—would find not one parallel.

I have made the acquaintance here of a lady, now a cultivated Christian woman, who was a Syrian child of humble origin, sure to have grown up in Mahometan or Coptic ignorance, and to a Mahometan fate, had she not at an early age been adopted into a missionary family and brought up under Christian advantages. As I have regarded the dignified character and graces of this Syrian convert, and compared her life and prospects with those of the Mahometan women of her own station about her, I have felt as never before the vastness of the treasures locked up in heathen ignorance; the terribleness of the mighty prison-house of Mahomet; the wreck of virtue, reason and happiness made by false religions, and the social errors and weaknesses they carry with them; and the tremendous responsibilities of Christian countries and Churches to hasten in every way the diffusion of Gospel light and Christian civilization over the eclipsed half of the globe.

Driving in carriages through old Cairo—a miserable suburb about two miles from town—we crossed the Nile in a large boat half filled with our donkeys, who were to take us to the foot of Cheops, and, under sail, crossed in fifteen minutes to the opposite side of the river. Passing through the village of Ghizeh we came out in view of one of the Viceroy's palaces and of numerous tents of his soldiers. Their succinct style of dress, must, I think, suggest some improvement in the general costume of the people, it is so much better adapted to work and to locomotion. The prodigious amplitude of the Turkish trowsers, which seem adapted to carry another person in their superfluous slack, is as ill-fitted to alertness as it is favorable to picturesque effect. The turban, too, while it protects the head from the sun, leaves the

eyes terribly exposed, and is, I suspect, one of the causes of the prevailing opthalmia, one in six of the population being either blind or nearly so.

We kept along the only thing really having the dignity of a road which I have seen in Egypt, a costly dyke of twenty feet in height, broad and firm, just built by the Viceroy as a royal road to the Pyramids, and in honor, it is said, of an expected visit from the French Emperor. It is still unfinished, and, within a mile of Cheops, we were compelled to dismount and pick our way with difficulty across a stony marsh, which soon brought us into near view of the great stony tents where unnumbered centuries have encamped, and which Time in vain seeks to drive from the field. I had looked forward for fifty years to the hour that should bring me face to face with these wonders of the world, and shall I confess that my first impressions, viewing them from a distance as we came up the river, and then from the citadel of Cairo, and still more here at their feet, was of the most serious disappointment! They neither appeared as lofty nor as bulky, nor as grand and overawing as I had expected. Situated in the midst of a rolling desert of sand-hills, nearly of the same color as the sands about them, they lack the benefit of the contrasts which the presence of neighboring structures and other forms and the relief of other colors might give them. Their uniformity of shape—there are three large and three small ones together in this group—does nothing to increase their interest, and their uncertain purpose leaves the mind in a blank, unreasoning wonder *why* if not *how* they came there.

It is not necessary to re-describe what every school-boy finds drawn and measured in his geography. The original base of the largest is estimated to have been 764 feet square; the inclining length of the side, 611; perpendicular height,

480 feet 9 inches. This would make the ground covered something over 13 acres; the solid contents, 85,000,000 of cubic feet. How many churches and hotels and streets of our modern puny proportions this stone would build it would be easy for any tolerable mason to estimate, and the result would be very astonishing.

Indeed it is only computation and actual ascent of the Pyramids that enable one to realize their vastness. As you handle and climb over a hundred and odd courses of stone, each stone four feet high and from six to eight feet long, or are pulled by two stout Arabs, one boosting behind, up these fearful steps, you begin to feel the prodigiousness of the pile you are mounting, and the miraculous labor that has been expended upon it. The engineering and masonry are indeed superb. The stones were cut in part from neighboring quarries, in part from the mountains that come down to the Nile hundreds of miles above, and thence probably floated down on rafts. In building, the stones must have been first raised to a level on perpendicular platforms, and thence pried or slid into position. If any one will consider what 300,000 men, working under absolute power, could in fifty years achieve, directed by competent engineers, toward heaping up this pile, his wonder will be transferred from the Pyramid to the state of society that produced it, and the motives that could have inspired such toil and such persistency. The architecture, if it deserves that name (for it is rather masonry than architecture), belonging to the order of Druidical remains and not to the period of art, is nothing to excite astonishment. There is no invention, no design, and no other beauty than belongs to all regular forms. The stale repetition of the pyramidal form, in seventy instances, now standing or half-standing, does not suggest either fancy or fertility of resource.

The ideas awakened are of immense toil, embodied in the stablest form, for the least worthy or useful purpose. The obstinacy and depth of the motive that produced this enormous result, requiring such concentration, patience and persistency of purpose, whatever it may have been, is one of the most impressive reflections connected with the work. Even now, when, until within a short time, forced labor to an extent competent to build a pyramid has been exacted by Egypt on the Suez Canal, one can, without great difficulty, understand how, under a still more arbitrary and absolute government, the necessary labor may have been forcibly concentrated upon these pyramid-manufactures. Nothing, however, but some general sentiment of a religious kind, prevailing alike amid people and rulers, could well account for the repetition of such works in the immediate neighborhood of each other, considering the probable length of time involved in their building. Considered as tombs of kings, they perhaps express the general idea of Egypt, which seems for ages to have regarded life as a prison and the tomb as the portal to a free existence. All the great structures are either temples devoted to the demeaning of human life by the apotheosis of beasts, or to the glorifying of death by stately and eternal tombs. Egypt seems never to have had any thing cheerful, bright and beautiful except her climate. She is the home of desolation, just baffled and kept out of perfect victory; of a fertility which is accompanied with ravage and uncertainty; of hideous animals—embodied awkwardness and angularity—camels, crocodiles and poisonous insects, rats and vermin. Plague and pestilence have made her a chosen home. Her palms and figs and olives are picturesque, but graceless compared with elms and maples. Her climate is enervating and her government has never been either free or kind.

Life has been violent and uncertain to her princes, and

servile and nearly worthless to her people. It is not strange that such a people has found an avenue for its imagination, which is not dull, in the thought of a sensuous immortality, or that tombs should be to this day in Egypt what houses and homes are in other countries. To-day, for instance, is the Mussulman New Year. The new moon has shown itself to the official who has watched its first rise from the highest minaret, and just a moment ago ten guns from the citadel announced the opening of the festive day. But what think you is the chief observance of this holiday? A general visit of the whole Mussulman population to the tombs! Every family has its family tomb. They are arranged, in the case of all who can afford it, with a room or rooms where the family can eat and sleep. Sometimes they are quite as comfortable as the house. But be they what they may to them, to-day a large number of people in Cairo will go, each family carrying bread and dates and meat and butter, with whatever else they think choicest; and there they will pass the largest part of the next three days, many sleeping as well as living there. Does not this throw some sort of light on the origin and purpose of the tombs which are so thickly found in Egypt, and which, both in modern and ancient times, have made so large a part of the national architecture? The Pyramids may be only the sublimation or royal exaggeration of this national predilection—the general feeling in its most emphatic and durable embodiment—the tombs of kings, indeed, but the glorification of the national sentiment.

The external surface of the Pyramids, which was evidently polished granite, so fitted to the ranges of stone as to leave a smooth inclined plane on each of the sides, has been stripped off, with the exception of a small portion of the apex of the second Pyramid. Considerable portions of

the lower external tiers of stones have been removed for building purposes, but not enough to impair seriously the regularity or undecayed appearance of Cheops. The ascent is difficult to most persons, on account of the great height of the stones, four feet being the usual step. But this difficulty would disappear if the traveler were not encumbered with helpers—the Arab villagers who live near the foot of the Pyramids and feel themselves entitled to exact a very substantial tribute from all comers in return for very unacceptable and embarrassing attendance. By seeking one's own foot-hold in the courses of stone, one might ascend Cheops in a half-hour, without strain or loss of breath. But the Arabs seize you and drag you straight up the face, rather seeking the highest parts of the courses, to magnify their own usefulness, and by the time the traveler arrives he feels as if he had been drawn apart by wild horses. I speak from the testimony of others, for I would not ascend under these auspices, and could not escape my tormentors. The entrance into the heart of the Pyramid was to our party one of the most disagreeable of our experiences. We were bent nearly double in accommodating ourselves to the low and narrow passages, which were choked with dust and made fearful by the clamor of a dozen Arabs, pulling at us and claiming backsheesh. The air was stifling, and the sensation most oppressive to the nerves. I confess I never wished myself out of any place more heartily than out of the Queen's chamber, the very centre of the great Pyramid. It seemed to me as if I were carrying the whole weight of the Pyramid upon my own shoulders. The polished smoothness of the stones and the actual sight of the sarcophagus gave us some satisfaction, but none that equaled the pleasure with which we greeted day-light as we came out. The pleasure of visiting the Pyramids is very seriously impaired by the intrusive, per-

sistent, unblushing and crowding mendicancy of the practiced company of Arab pickpockets who profess to have charge of the ground.

Within a quarter of a mile of the great Pyramid we found the Sphinx—the old Siren who for countless ages has stared the generations of men she has wooed to her presence out of countenance and existence, proposing an everlasting question, but answering none, and looking to-day, despite her broken nose and chin, as proud and unconquerable as ever. The face must have been handsome in its original aspect; the eyes and brows are still commanding and regular, and there is a fascination in the expression which held me motionless for many minutes. The image, sixty-three feet high, is carved out of a solid rock *in situ*, excepting the fore-paws of the lioness, in which the woman ends. I do not know whether the learned place her before or after the Pyramid —a woman's age is always a delicate question—but if she saw the Pyramids built, she has kept the secret well. It is impossible not to consider that Moses and Jacob and Joseph may or must have looked upon these objects. It is certainly curious that no mention of them is made in the Jewish Scriptures; but as they certainly existed when they were written, some light upon the general incuriousness and reserve on matters not pertinent to their subject, of the sacred writers, may be drawn from their silence upon what must have been perfectly known to them. Perhaps their staring patency may account for the little notice they received except from curious travelers like Herodotus; the people on the spot may have thought as little of them as the neighboring peasants do of Stonehenge.

XLII.

UP THE NILE.

Aboard the Steamer "Benha," off Cairo,
January 25, 1868.

BAIRAM, the Moslem New Year or Christmas, began at 9 A.M. Clothed, every one in his best, many with new slippers and new turbans and new suits generally, Cairo presented its gayest and freshest appearance; no end to the sumptuousness of flowery vests, the superfluity of trowsers, the flow of upper draperies! Most interesting were the knots of families in humble life, old men and maidens and troops of young children, with a pannier of food, proceeding out of the city to the family tomb to pass the day. After many provoking delays and disappointments, we have at length procured a comfortable steamer from the Egyptian Steamboat Company, with fifteen berths in it, with a contract to take us up to the first cataract, 750 miles and back, in twenty days, allowing the necessary stops to see the chief antiquities as we pass Beni-hassan and Assiout, Dendera, Thebes (including Karnak and Luxor), Assouan and Philæ. We are obliged to pay the round sum of a thousand francs apiece for this privilege, for which we are carried, fed and lodged. We have a dragoman with us, an intelligent and grave Mussulman, a descendant of the Mamelukes, he says—Haag Ismail Achmed—who, for the sum of three pounds apiece more, undertakes to provide us with donkeys, boats, guides, etc., at all the points of interest, and to pay all "backsheesh" and protect us generally from annoyance.

We have, besides our three selves and Mr. and Mrs. P., of St. Louis, two American young men, graduates respectively of Cambridge and New Haven; four young Englishmen, three graduates of Oxford and one of Cambridge, and an American family, father, mother and two daughters.

A more congenial and harmonious party could not be desired. General refinement, and a corresponding disposition to please and be pleased, prevails. Two of the young Englishmen are members of the Alpine Club; they are going through Egypt and Syria, then to Greece and Constantinople, and finally to the Black Sea and the Caucasus for mountain exploration. The Cambridge man is broken down in health by hard work. T. has been the originator and editor, first of a gazette at Eton and then of a magazine at Oxford, and is a fine specimen of enterprising Young England. He comes of an interesting stock, and tells a story which, if it were not literally confirmed by his sober companions, one might think a piece of college Munchausenism. His visit to Egypt is to procure and take to Holland the bodies of his grandmother and her servant, who were poisoned in the desert by some Bedouins, who expected to procure a large sum of money which was in the company. The head of the party, a lady, unmarried and very handsome and about thirty years of age, T.'s aunt, being a woman of fortune, had a passion for travel and adventure. She had persuaded her mother to accompany her, and with two men-servants and a maid, having gone up the Nile in her own yacht, had pursued her journey into the desert by an unusual route. Having a large sum of money with her, she was an object of the cupidity of the natives who attended her journey, but this was especially brought to a crisis by the fact that thirteen slaves, having escaped from a caravan, fled to her tent for protection. On being pursued, this heroic but eccentric woman placed her-

self with two revolvers at the door of her tent, and informed the slave-dealers that she would kill the first man that crossed the threshold. Her audacity actually intimidated these cowards, and she succeeded in bringing the rescued slaves safe to Cairo, where, by aid of British authority, they were placed beyond seizure. Having resumed her journey the next season, she was met by some of the people whom she had interfered with, and poison was administered to the party. The mother and maid died; the daughter was not so easily disposed of. She recovered, and with her servants brought the bodies of her friends back to Cairo, where three years ago they were buried. She then sailed for Algiers, and making into the African desert, selected a small oasis where, with her servants, she has lived for a time and is still living. The nephew has it for another part of his duty to provide for one of the Nubian slaves, who has turned out a sort of untamable creature, and is thought by the Arabs to be a witch. Farther, he is to cause to be put to death the favorite horse, donkey and cow with which his aunt traveled, to save them from worse usage. I relate this odd tale as a good illustration of the practical romance which not seldom grows out of the excess of wealth and luxury in old countries, where persons of original or splendid gifts are obliged to invent careers for themselves, being denied the friendly guidance of necessity. England has, I am convinced, more eccentricities in it than any country in the world. Wealth can afford to indulge its humors, and humors indulged for a generation or two end in oddities. There is less fear of, and less respect for, others' opinions of one in England, I judge, than anywhere else. It has its excellent side, but it has also its bad one.

I am delighted with our English boys (there are none over twenty-five), and think myself most fortunate in the opportu-

nity of studying young men just out of college from the tight little island. I can not but compare them (not unfavorably or the reverse) with the three American young men; the differences are very marked. All the young men, both American and English, are, it so happens, college-bred, and all, on both sides, earnest and fine fellows. They are all, too, nearly of one age. The English are gentler, more considerate of the feelings of those about them, softer and more restrained. They are modest and less accustomed to the society of women; very sensitive and a little awkward. They are deferential to the elders of the party, and never put themselves on the common footing of human beings without much regard to age or sex. They are up in the classics, in history and in antiquities, but not up in the physical sciences, nor even in their own literature. They know a good deal about English politics, but not much about foreign or American affairs. They chaff each other, talk a deal of slang, are always good-natured, and have next to no self-assertion or national sensitiveness. They are very liberal in their religious notions, specially the Cambridge man. They are not good-looking, considered as physical specimens, and, with one exception, have not a spark of grace or fascination in appearance. The Americans are men better versed in general knowledge and in acquaintance with the world. They are more skilled in the sciences and in general literature; know more about English authors than the Englishmen. They know much less of Latin and Greek and antiquities. They talk less, but are more self-possessed, and seem much older for their years. They are comparatively bluff, manly fellows—handsome as men, and not very sensitive to the charms of the young ladies, whom they treat with an easy respect which is not very flattering. They look more like men who have a distinct and serious business in life over which they were brooding too

deeply to have much taste for trifles. They have very little of the solicitude to please and very little of the gentleness of the English youth. They are less engaging from a domestic point of view, but more promising. In short, one represents a country where all hopes are bounded and where every body must move step by step and with due regard to ten thousand competitors; the others a country where every body has scope, where men may have great hopes, and where their early motions are accommodated to a long and a lofty goal. I must say I see nothing in the most candid comparison of these English and American young men to make me feel ashamed of being an American.

We are traveling in company with two other steamers, each with small parties like our own in them. We are usually in sight of each other, and have the dignity of a small fleet. But I do not observe that we attract much notice from the natives and villagers. Curiosity is a virtue of civilization, not a vice of barbarism. I am often reminded, in the stolid looks of the people, of the American field-slaves, who had not hope enough in their hearts to prompt them to raise their heads at the approach of strangers. They expected only injury. And this people seem accustomed to a barren life and to a terrible fixity of state, and are not moved by what is strange or new, as if it had any sort of relation to themselves. The Nile is already far more populous with boats and with people and villages and towns than I was prepared to find it. We pass Sakkara, near the site of ancient Memphis, and have eight or ten Pyramids (including those of the Cheops group) in view at one time. Seen from the river itself they are more interesting than from any other point of view, as the immense plain gives them a certain relief.

The Nile is strikingly like the lower Mississippi; nearly of the same width and body of water, full of sand-bars and

bluffs, with a shifting channel as the stream eats into the banks, builds up new bars and changes its course in consequence. Great flocks of ducks and geese, wonderfully tame, line its shores and almost darken the sky as they fly from bank to bank. Pigeon-houses in long rows and quite ornamental, looking much better than the huts of the people, are seen in every village and near the sugar-factories. These last, very modern in their aspect and well built, are numerous for the hundred miles north and south of Minieh, and give a greater air of progress than any thing to be seen in Egypt. The machinery—all imported—is of the best quality. They were, until recently, all run by English and Scotch engineers, but thinking themselves indispensable, they grew exacting, and Arab or Egyptian engineers have now very generally superseded them, and not only in the sugar-houses but on the steamers and railroads. Our present steamer has an Egyptian captain and crew, a Syrian doctor and native engineers. The captain is a mulatto in color, as fine as a cockatoo in his uniform, and for aught we see, a careful and competent commander. Our steersman, in his long Mussulman robe and turban, is a model of manly beauty, and holds the helm, without any other intermission than his meals require, from 5 A.M. till darkness stops the boat. Luckily for him the sand-banks make traveling too hazardous after dark, and we tie up for the night. Being three boats in company, we have a quite gay reunion when evening comes and brings in all to a common landing. Each boat carries a few stakes and two heavy beetles, and the first requisite for making fast to the shore is to send two men off to drive the stake to which we tie up. There are no trees near enough to answer our purpose. Immense groves of palms island the otherwise unbroken surface of the country. Occasionally acacias, sycamores and cocoa-trees, with a few

olives, are seen; but the palm, beautiful as a shrub, and still more beautiful as a grown tree, characterizes the landscape. The custom of cutting off its leaves until the stalk attains the desired height gives the bole of the tree a peculiar corrugated surface, very unlike the smooth trunks of the Cuba palms. It is as rough as the bark of the "great trees" in California. The ranges of hills—a sort of magnesian limestone—come quite close to the river between Minieh and Siout, and form an ever-interesting feature in the prospect. They are unusually white, and very precipitous, forming for ten miles below Manfaloot as striking cliffs, quite as sheer and nearly as lofty, as the Palisades on the Hudson. The opposite bank does not always allow us to look over it, but when we can we see a boundless plain—the Lybian hills being too remote to be seen. We come into view of them for the first time as we approach Siout. The trains of camels, passing on the upper bank, the files of men pulling loaded boats up the stream, the people, half-naked, sunning themselves on the declivity of the slope, give a constant interest to the bank, and relieve our voyage of monotony. Boats, lashed two and two together, loaded with immense decapitated pyramids of chopped straw or refuse cane, are constantly passing. It is designed for fuel, and used in various factories down the river. It is said to be broken to its chopped appearance by the flail, to render it compact and portable. The villages we pass are mud-towns, as savage in their aspect as Indian wigwams and more bereft of internal comfort. Life seems to be reduced to its lowest terms. Donkeys with a ragged carpet for their saddle, led by men with a ragged shirt for their wardrobe, seem almost on a level in condition. The larger towns we stop at, Benisouef, Minieh, etc., are labyrinths as to their dirty streets, which remind one of the puzzles children draw on their slates. It

would be quite impossible, without guidance, to get in or out of town. They have bazaars or principal streets of shops, or rather dirty booths, where all the business of the neighboring country is done. We found them enjoying "Bairam," which, on account of a singular conjunction of the moon with two important planets, has been this year extended from three days to five. The moon, now in her first quarter, hangs in the early evening sky as level as a boat in her crescent, while Venus and Mars seem in close attendance, and make a constellation of surpassing beauty. I can hardly wonder at Mussulman adoration of such rare loveliness. The sky is so clear, the atmosphere so balmy, the stars so bright, the water so sparkling, that mere animal existence is a great boon here in Egypt at this season. It is about as mild as our last of May, and the vegetation is quite as much advanced. But the seasons are so mixed together in this latitude, that spring, summer and autumn are all represented at once. The acacias are in pod, the peas in blossom in one field, and ready for the table in another. Ripe tomatoes and new potatoes are plenty. Ploughing and harrowing are going forward, and ripe grass is abundant in market. Hay I have nowhere seen. The donkeys live on green fodder, and the camels, great mounds of greenness, are hid under the loads of it they are carrying to town.

Before reaching Minieh, a swarthy monk swam off from the shore to mid-river, and after cutting sundry boyish pranks in the water, dived under our wheel, and, with extreme adroitness, got hold of the boat at our stern and tumbled into it, announcing himself as a Christian and in want of backsheesh. He eagerly caught the piastres we tossed into the boat, and put them for safe keeping into his mouth, the only pocket the poor fellow had about him. After trembling five minutes with cold in the air (the water was much warmer), he plunged

in again and made a similar visit to our consort, and no doubt brought the third steamer under contribution. If all his brethren are as much at home in the water, they might set up Bethels, without the expense of floating-chapels, and do excellent missionary work in any frequented sea. But, I fear, they are better swimmers than Christians. St. Anthony himself could not be more at home among the fishes. Their monastery seemed to be a hamlet of rude huts upon the edge of a barren limestone cliff. What sustains these poor creatures, except this mendicant natation, I can not imagine. One can not see people swimming in the Nile without a certain sympathetic sensation in the leg, as from the snap of a crocodile. But "allegories on the banks of the Nile" are not as common now as in Mrs. Malaprop's days.

The only crocodiles we have seen have been either stuffed skins hung over the doors of grandees or else certain crockery crocodiles for sale in the bazaars. Recent travelers report an occasional small-sized and inexperienced one as venturing below the first cataract; but as a rule crocodiles and steamers do not swim in the same waters. Above Philæ they may be still common. But I think I could engage to restock the Nile with alligators quite as large as any crocodiles seen there in our time, out of the Red River, or even any large bayou in Louisiana. The largest crocodile I can get any trustworthy report of, as having been taken and measured, reached seventeen feet. Our dragoman (a reliable witness) says he saw one near the first cataract a few years ago seize a woman who came to draw water, unsuspicious of his neighborhood, and crush her in the fold of his tail, which he threw about her, and made off with his unhappy victim. I hope Haag was merely entertaining me with a fish story, but he was very serious and stuck to his statement. At Minieh, where we lay for the night, a band of native musicians

came aboard. There were eight of them, all in Mussulman costume, but not in uniform. Their instruments were cast-off European instruments, a clarionet, horn, trombone, trumpet, cymbals and two drums. The leader had a very ambitious staff of jingling bells. They played badly and in horrible tune, especially in their few attempts at European music, but when they soon fell back upon their native airs, it became very interesting in spite of their broken-winded instruments. The Arab music is always a sort of shrill minor fugue, almost without beginning or end, and within a very small compass of notes, yet it has so characteristic, weird and plaintive a quality that it is strangely affecting. Like every thing barbarous and Oriental, it depends very much on continuity for its effect. The repetition of the same sounds, with a quavering modulation for a long time continued, seems at length to set the brain to reeling with a willing acquiescence, and one is rocked into fatalism, and wild, melancholy fancies, in which the desert and the palm, the camel and the oasis, the midday dream and the night-watch are set to music. I felt how faithfully Felicien David, in his "Desert," had rendered the spirit of this Arab melody. There seems one chant which must be called the national air. I hear the donkey-boys, the water-carriers, and the women in the huts, murmuring this indescribable quaver, which, after hearing a hundred times, I am wholly unable to catch or imitate.

We stopped three hours at Beni-hassan to visit the tombs. They are cut in a limestone cliff two hundred feet above the level of the Nile. The door-ways are generally mutilated, but enough is left to show the boldness of the original design and its ponderous simplicity. Several of these tombs have very grand pillars, one of them containing columns of sixteen fluted sides, which damages the theory advanced by some architectural students that the fluting in the columns

of the Parthenon was a device resorted to long after it was built, to restore sharpness to the lines, and not a part of the original plan, fluting being regarded as a proof of decadence, and not known to the older art of Greece. Here I first saw, too, numerous examples of the clustered pillar composed of four shafts, doubtless the stalk of the cane bound together, and ending in a capital in which the bud of the lotus is imitated. These beautiful columns are, many of them, after at least four thousand years' existence, in nearly perfect order, which the dryness and purity of the air in the tombs will account for. The comparative softness of the stone would in any European climate have left very little of these precious remains after four thousand years' exposure. The excavations here are numerous and extensive. The tombs are of very different sizes and of greatly unequal dignity. Two of them vastly exceed in interest the rest, on account of the richness and variety and fair preservation of the hieroglyphics and pictures. No inconsiderable part of the old Egyptian life—its trades and industries, its domestic habits, its quadrupeds and birds, its fruits and flowers, its vessels and vases—may be inferred from the drawings on one tomb. The methods of drawing water and irrigating, of feeding cattle, of weighing by scales, of ploughing and hoeing, of receiving guests, of punishing offenses by bastinado, and of a hundred other matters instructive to the historian and archæologist, are all portrayed.

The drawings of animals would not disgrace modern art, but men are uniformly figured in a false, conventional shape which evidently does not even aim at correctness, but rather avoids it. There is, however, a certain life and capacity of motion even in these stiff, doll-like forms which shows knowledge and purpose in the artist. In one place the sea is represented by a lattice-work of cross lines, and fishes,

well drawn and various in kind, are seen swimming on it. A boat not unlike a dahabeëh, the present Nile boat, floats on it, in which men in nearly life-size are laboring. The theory is that these drawings illustrated the life of the great and wealthy man who thus prepared his own monument and resting-place. The grave itself seemed usually dug in the floor of the apartment, quite deep and not always in one part of it, or with any reference to regularity; perhaps, indeed, as in the Pyramids, with some attention to secrecy. An altar is often found in these tombs in an inner recess, and in one of them we found wall-sculptures of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, the Egyptian Trinity. It is interesting to see, anterior to any records of revelation, how the disposition of the human mind ran to Trinitarianism. Those who think this an evidence of the truth of the alleged and venerable Christian Trinity, ought to claim that, instead of the most recondite of mysteries, it is the simplest and oldest of natural truths, requiring positive revelation to settle only its form, not the principle of it. And this being assumed, it should be henceforth defended on natural and universal grounds. Science and philosophy should be invited to a cordial acceptance of it, and then, having gained their support, it would no longer be necessary to make that long and ingenious argument from patches of Old and New Testament which it is so hard for people not convinced beforehand to recognize the force of, or to eke out its evidences by the testimony of Councils held by a Church which the Protestant world repudiates as a compound of superstition, priestcraft, and popular ignorance. The Egyptian and Pagan Trinities are so much more satisfactory arguments for the Christian, to say nothing of the light they throw on its origin, than any of these textual and ecclesiastical evidences, that we trust they will be drawn upon even more freely by its friends than

they now are, to the neglect of the less plausible Scriptural testimony.

Those who expect, in the rocky tombs of Egypt, any thing like the finish and order seen in modern cemeteries, will be disappointed. They are huge, enormously costly and laborious excavations, out of the solid rock, of tombs often adorned with elaborate sculptures of columns, and with bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics. The way to them is up the sides of broken quarries and over great tracts of sand, and among scenes of the wildest desolation. Nor is there any evidence that there ever existed any better approach. There is very little appearance of concert of action among their builders. They are not arranged with any reference to setting off each other. Few of them were ever finished. Hundreds of beginnings of tombs are found, and the mountains of Egypt may be said to be full of them.

We passed two palm groves on our way from the boat to the tombs, and one miserable village, which supplied the wretched donkeys and more wretched drivers who helped us across the sands that lead to Beni-hassan. The more we see of the natives along the Nile, the more wretched and ignorant and helpless they seem; half or wholly naked, eating raw carrots, and showing most of the propensities of unbridled brutes. And yet they are not a bad race; not violent and stolid; not insensible to kindness and to civilization. On the contrary, they take readily to instruction, and are apparently grateful for any efforts to teach them any thing. Under a fair government and another religion, I believe miracles of improvement might be made in their lot. I never saw persons so near the savage state who were as friendly and as companionable. Their smile is often very charming, and the boys are especially captivating, in spite of their eternal craving for backsheesh.

The mountains on one or the other side of the river become more and more bold and interesting as we ascend. They look much higher than they are, on this level plain, and at all times of the day hold the eye enthralled. There is no want of variety in the horizon, which is varied by the perpetual changes in the trend of these hills, by gaps in them, and by variety in the sky-line and in the perpendicular lines. Sometimes the effects are quite basaltic and columnar. One gets a suggestion of Staffa here; there a great Sphinx has perched herself upon the rock almost as artificial in aspect as if men's hands had wrought at it. It is hard to distinguish between the villages, with their low, square mud roofs, built on some rise of ground, and some of the rocks which simulate low towns. The Nile is constantly opening and spreading, winding in long reaches, and bringing new towns and new groves and fresh landscapes into view. The mosques and minarets, always whitewashed, contrast beautifully with the clay-bricks which as uniformly give an earth-color to the houses. The palms, rising within or surrounding the little towns, complete their charm as distant objects; and when seen over calm waters, sandy spots of land, and against a range of hills a few miles back of them, the picture is a lovely one. One needs no lotus-eating to dream away hours upon the prospect.

Yesterday we spent the largest part of the day at Assiout, the capital of Upper Egypt, a town about two hundred and fifty miles above Cairo. It is situated on the left bank, about a mile from the river, and, seen from a mile or two off, is as fair a town to look upon as one may ever hope to see. You approach it by a high causeway, the only way at high water by which the river-bank can be reached by its population. It is shaded with acacias and sycamores, thorns and palms. Beneath it, as far as the eye can reach, spreads (at

this season) a level plain of the richest green, waving with grains and grasses and spotted with herds of cattle and horses and donkeys and camels, tethered each, and all feeding on the rich grass within their reach. Before you, on a gentle promontory, lies the little city; thirteen minarets and as many domes shooting like spikes and bell-flowers out of the pleasant amber-toned mass of houses—all square and most of them low—which lies on the rounded slope of the site. Noble palms fill the gaps left by the minarets and domes. Gigantic acacias welcome you into the gate-way. Narrow, circuitous streets, filled with inconsiderable houses of sunburnt brick, lead you to the bazaar, where most of the people are conducting their daily business. There is an air of cleanliness, comfort and prosperity about the place that we have observed in no other town on the Nile, and yet it is thoroughly Oriental, without a touch of European imitations in it. From this point caravans start for Dar Foor, passing over the Great Oasis. It is curious to reflect that these Lybian oases were not only well known to the Romans, but actually contain curious remains of buildings and temples erected there by them. They differ very much from our common notions of them, being extensive tracts of hilly grounds, in which the desert gradually changes from a more to a less sandy tract, and finally leaves a considerable hollow of greenness, watered by springs of its own, within a circuit of rough and half-desert country. There is no vivid contrast, therefore, between the verdant tract and its surroundings. This exists nowhere in such perfection as on the borders of the Nile—the whole valley of which may be regarded as an oasis enclosed between immense deserts which are hemmed in with barren ranges of limestone.

Behind Assiout, the Lybian chain approaches within a mile of the town, and in the side of the mountain the tombs

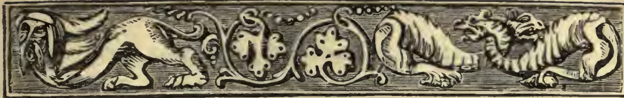
of the old city of Lycopolis (the city of the wolves, and in which the wolf was worshiped) overlook the beautiful plain and the lovely palm-crowned town. These catacombs are very spacious. The tombs are arranged in stories of different heights. The entrance to the main series is very imposing, the roof being vaulted, and sculptures representing various offerings of the ibex and other sacrifices. They have evidently served as habitations as well as tombs at some period, probably at many periods, since their very ancient origin. Wolf-mummies have been found here, and the bones of men and animals in the purest whiteness are strewn about. We found many bits of mummy lying round, and one nearly perfect one, which we were irreverent enough to unwrap in part, until our curiosity was perfectly satisfied. The cleanness and perfect condition of the under-wrappings of yellow linen cloth are surprising, no matter how familiar one is with the experience. On one of the tombs is a representation of an army, all carrying enormous shields, which Wilkinson says correspond exactly with those described by Xenophon as worn by the Egyptian troops in the army of Crœsus. It was in this mountain that the Holy John, an Egyptian monk in the time of Theodosius, built his hermitage and dwelt for fifty years without once opening the door, seeing the face of woman, or tasting cooked food. He dwelt in absolute retirement five days of the week, but on Saturdays and Sundays gave audience to pilgrims attracted by his sanctity from all parts of the world. The Emperor Theodosius (according to Gibbon) consulted him by an embassy concerning the event of the civil war by which his empire was convulsed—giving as his reason that "Christianity had silenced the oracles of Delphi and Dodona," and that the gift of miracles and the knowledge of futurity had passed into its keeping. It is well known that all these mountains were the resort of the

early Christians in their various persecutions, or in their passion for austere retreats.

We climbed the mountain to its summit, which appeared to be about six hundred feet above the plain. It is curious to observe the contrast between these hills of the plain and the hills of mountain districts. These always seem higher than they are, those lower. You are surprised to find yourself at the top of the Lybian hills after a short climb; but who has not found every hill in New England and every mountain in Switzerland a far longer scramble up than he fancied it? The appearance of a jackal, whom the young men in our party eagerly stalked, gave a new interest to this place of tombs. Eagles were soaring overhead. Below, at the very foot of the mountain, the oven-like tombs of the modern town were gathered in a whited sepulchre, forming a city of the dead nearly as large and much more conspicuous than the town itself. A considerable river (a broad canal from the Nile) separated the cemetery from the city. We have noticed that the modern Egyptians not only put their burial-places outside of their towns, but try to place a river or some body of water between their dwelling-place and their tombs. The learned say that the Greeks stole all their mythological Styxes and Charons from the Egyptian usage, and that what they copied so long ago may still be seen substantially alive in the modern practices of this ancient people. The indebtedness of Greece to Egypt is not less than that of Rome to Greece, or modern Europe to classic Italy, or the new world to the old. Egypt grows more sacred and motherly every step we advance into it. We really feel as if we were visiting the graves of our greatest forefathers, and a curious home-feeling and right to be here comes over us as we approach the centres of its intellectual and moral power.

The view of the valley of the Nile can hardly be com-

manded from any point on the river more perfectly than from these summits back of Assiout. If there be any choice in fertility, it must be just here, judging by the exquisite and superabundant luxuriance of the early crops. The plain is alive with cattle and animals, all in the midst of the most succulent pasturage. They are so tethered that a long half-circle of them seems, at this height, only the successive parts of a scythe, as it mows down the grass. Assiout from this point is the very ideal of an Oriental town, such as an artist would give his left hand to have a chance to paint with his right. May Gerome clap his eyes upon it before he leaves this region! The Nile is much more hemmed in between low mountain ranges than I expected to find it. The valley seems at an average width of about twelve miles—the ranges retreating and approaching now one and now the other side of the river, but the boldest and nearest uniformity on the eastern side. It is astonishing how Nature varies the Nile prospect by the interchange of a few unvarying elements of interest. The cliffs of white limestone, the green plain, the palms, the mud-villages with mosque and minaret, the white-winged dahabeëh, the flocks of ibises and pelicans—these by turns in the river, by effects of light and shade, by transposition of elements, are shifted into an ever fresh and ever winning series of pictures, which feast the eye with color and the soul with content. The effect of the morning light upon the glittering sand in some of the valleys of the cliffs was so completely that of snow on an Alpine precipice that an intelligent Swiss guide, accompanying our English friends, was really deceived.



XLIII.

ASSIOUT AND THEBES.

ASSIOUT, NILE, January 29, 1868.

AT Assiout, the chief native citizen, a man of fortune and intelligence, Mr. George Weser, combines in his own person the dignities of American, English and Russian Consul. He fills his post to admiration, and seems never weary of extending his hospitality to travelers from the various countries which he represents. At present America sends him threefold as many guests as England. In truth the American flag floats at the peak of almost every dahabeëh we overhaul. A party of our countrymen had the misfortune to be upset in their vessel a fortnight ago, and just escaped with their lives. They were picked up in their nightclothes by a passing steamer as they huddled together for warmth on the shore, and carried to Assiout, where Mr. Weser took them into his home and heart, supplied all their wants, extended to them a magnificent hospitality, and turned their mishap into a stroke of excellent good-fortune. Mr. Weser loses no opportunity to offer his boundless kindness and civility to all American citizens. He and his intelligent sons and nephew appear to be quite in love with all they hear of our country. His children and nephew are taught English, and are already able to converse quite fluently in the language. They are under the influence of our American Mission, who have an important station and school at this town. The sons had once started for a visit to America, and got as

far as Cairo, when, for some family reason, they were recalled. They expressed a purpose of going to our distant land, and even a hope of finally settling there. It seems much more important to Upper Egypt that such citizens should remain at home and work for the regeneration of their country. Egypt lacks nothing but a better system of cultivation, and a more economical method of irrigation, to be what it originally was, the garden and granary of the world. It might be made as healthful all the year as it is undeniably so for a few months. Its soil possesses inexhaustible wealth, renewed and fertilized once every year by the rich deposits of the river ; its climate is delicious, its sky always bright, its water wholesome, its products the great staples of human need—corn, sugar, cotton, dates, and indeed any thing else planted in it. It lacks fuel and timber. But these might be greatly increased by proper care and due plantations. One steam-engine for irrigation we have already seen planted on the bank. A thousand such would at once make Egypt another country.

The Consul occupies the finest house in Assiout, large, airy and well-furnished, although quite Oriental in its style. It is, however, full of European furniture and French glass and china. He gave our party an evening entertainment at very short notice, which was both cordial and well-served. The chief object, however, was to give us a specimen of the native dancing, and when we assembled at eight o'clock we found the floor in the large saloon occupied by three professional dancers, women of perhaps five-and-twenty years, who, under the direction of an older woman, made it their business to entertain the citizens of Assiout with this favorite pleasure. Two were nearly white, but the chief dancer was thoroughly black, and looked not unlike the strong African wenches formerly seen in the cotton-fields of the South. They were

all dressed in very gaudy but by no means elegant gowns over Turkish trowsers. On their heads they wore skull-caps of solid silver, fitting close. Around their necks were loose collars of gold, hung with filagree pendants of a very ornate and showy character, and below these strings of Austrian half-eagles, to the number of at least two hundred and fifty, so that their ornamentation could not have been worth less than $2000. They were stout women, with no pretensions to beauty of figure, being short and thick-waisted, and with just as little claims to grace. They had metallic castanets in their hands with which they accompanied the music of the native band. It consisted of two fiddlers, seated on their hams, in turbans and flowing robes, old and dirty, who played upon viols with two strings. The viols had no other body than a centre of three inches square on a rod of three feet long, with a small finger-board at one end, and the other ending like a cane and resting on the floor. They brought a surprising amount of shrill, twanging noise, with some approach to an air, out of these imperfect instruments, and, accompanied by two drummers, supplied an adequate rhythm and stimulus to the dancers, who occasionally joined their voices to the music. The dancing consisted in very graceless gyrations, which were made slow or fast as the music guided, and in swayings or contortions much more suited to the circus or the gymnasium than the saloon. The principal feat consisted in convulsing the trunk of the body until it trembled like jelly, or worked like yeast, while the feet and head were kept perfectly still. It exhibited an extraordinary and almost incredible control of muscles which are usually wholly automatic and beyond our influence, except as they act in connection with the limbs or head. The effect, however, was painful, not to say disgusting. The negress far excelled in pliancy and in posture-making her white sisters.

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She seemed capable of every motion of the most skilled male contortionist, and picked up rings with her mouth from the floor, bending backward from her feet until her forehead and heels met. There was a possibility of abandon and orgiastic fury in this creature's movements and mien that kept us in a constant apprehension that the utmost limits of decency would be passed. But the presence of some American ladies restrained her, although it became very apparent to what inflammatory uses the Oriental dancing was put among the natives, and how readily and naturally it served the worst purposes. I confess I have never felt myself in a less pleasant predicament, nor felt a more grateful relief than in getting into fresh air after such an experience of Oriental degradation.

I must add that the host and his native guests (the chief men of the place) seemed to be wholly unaware of any thing out of the way in the entertainment. Let me add that none of the usual personal exposures of the ballet accompanied this exhibition, which proved how little clothes had to do with real modesty; how naked vulgarity is, however dressed; how covered nudity, when pure in purpose and feeling. Just at the close of the evening a native Egyptian, probably the Consul's clown, suddenly leaped into the room, with a very succinct dress of tow-cloth about his loins, personating a wild beast erect and snarling. He howled, barked, threw himself on the floor like a dog, ran violently about showing his teeth, a veritable wild-man or ourang-outang in appearance. The acting was excellent of its kind, but the kind was very barbarous, suited exactly to the Cherry Street theatre — if there be one—or some low London sailors' drinking-saloon. The ride home—escorted by the Consul's major-domo, with a silver-mounted staff of office, on horseback; also by a sort of herald in uniform, also mounted; a slave wholly in white to

honor the ladies; lantern-bearers, donkey-boys, native followers, equal to a Highland chief's tail, in hope of backsheesh, and the motley company of the visitors, each in his own blue, green or white turban arranged round his American hat, seated on donkeys of unequal size, but most of them not large enough to keep the feet of the rider from occasionally brushing the ground—presented a spectacle of the richest humor and oddity. The natives are very talkative and full of fun and frolic, greatly amused at our attempt to talk Arabic, and at our method of parrying their clamor for backsheesh. The beginning and end of every ride (and we are now constantly striking out to ruins from the boat from a distance of a mile to four or five) is a row with the natives in order to settle their claims, this man for his donkey, that boy for driving him, and the other for going along as a companion. We leave all this to our dragoman, who seems in danger of being torn in pieces, but who always comes off victor, leaving general content on the faces of the lately furious-looking crowd. They mean no harm, but think all expressions of dissatisfaction in order until the matter is settled. They claim ten or a hundred times more than they are perfectly satisfied to receive, and are as good-natured as possible behind their mask of pretended wrath. I have learned to pay no attention to their clamors, and get along excellently with them all, and without any serious drain on my pocket so far as backsheesh is concerned. But traveling in Egypt is at least half as costly again as in any other part of the world I have been in. It pays better, however, even at that cost, for those who want wholly new sensations.

January 30.

We saw this morning a band of pilgrims for Mecca, about one hundred and fifty in number, riding and walking along

the western bank of the Nile, evidently about to cross near here, and to pass over the desert to the Red Sea (a hundred miles), to the port nearest Mecca. A dozen of them were handsomely mounted, and, as they saw our curiosity, gratified it by dashing back and forth at full speed upon the bank a hundred yards or so, their fine Arabian steeds taking the most superb attitudes as their flowing tails and curved heads were relieved against the morning sky. No mock tournament could have brought back the old Crusading times so vividly as the passage of these horsemen in opposite directions, their robes flying and their arms raised, carrying rods like spears. The company carried banners and a mounted drum. There were donkeys and mules, men and boys, mounted men and footmen in the company. They appeared to be under some kind of discipline, and to have officers in command, but we were not near enough to make any adequate examination of their quality or their preparations for the pilgrimage. I hope we shall yet come into closer contact with one of these companies. Indeed, we may reach Cairo again before the great annual caravan starts for Mecca.

THEBES, February 5.

We had a curious illustration of Moslem customs last evening. Our dragoman, a grave, dignified and worthy man, Haag Ismail Acmed—who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, as his title Haag, or pilgrim, intimates—gave on the day of his patron saint a feast to the people of Luxor, a village of a couple of hundred inhabitants. He was born, I believe, at this place, and annually repeats this festival for the benefit of his people, who doubtless regard him as a very superior being, as he lives hundreds of miles away down at Cairo, their Paris and London combined, and holds the highest office of their aspirations, that of dragoman. Early in the

day I found Haag chaffering with certain dealers who were contending for his custom for two sheep. The creatures were no sooner bought than condemned and led to execution, and the place of slaughter was directly before our eyes upon the bank of the river just opposite to our boat. Killed and dressed in the most extempore way, the dogs and poor people came eagerly about for the offal, which was washed in the river precisely at the point where the water-carriers fill their skins every hour of the day. The savage dogs, jackals in looks and habits, made way with what the people spared. One poor woman, loaded with the skins and the heads of the sheep, tumbled her dish from her head twice in her ascent of the bank, and gathered up the pieces covered with dirt. The men who carried one of the carcasses down to the boat likewise fell and rolled the still warm body of the sheep in the sand, but a little dip in the Nile mended the mishap. Before the meat had time to cool, it was cut into a thousand pieces and put into great pots over a bonfire built on the bank.

Haag had bought at least a hundred small loaves of bread, made of unbolted wheat, which were cut up into very small pieces also. When the meat was cooked it was still farther cut up and mixed in three great shallow vessels, thrice as large as the largest milk-pan, with the bread, which was almost reduced to crumbs. To this rice enough was added perfectly to absorb all the gravy and make a nearly dry compound of mutton, bread and rice. While this preparation was going on, the people and Haag had been to the mosque saying certain special prayers in honor of the patron saint of the day. At about eight o'clock, the moon being well up, they assembled on the bank to the sound of the rude tambour, struck with a single stick, and seated themselves in a ring, very closely jammed against each other, about the four

musicians who beat the drums. Three or four priests, dressed very like the rest and hardly distinguishable from them, seemed to lead the ceremonies, which began with a wild song from the chief priest, an old man, who was soon joined in full chorus by the whole circle. Around this circle as many others were moving about, not joining in the service but interested promoters of the ceremonies. They enlarged the circle as new-comers arrived, drew out of it certain children too small to do honor to the work in hand and put adults in their place, a task not without its difficulties, as the young folks seemed intent on having their full share of all parts of the service. The singing was at first accompanied only by a bowing of the body from the hips, which they endeavored to do in perfect concert and with an ever-increasing rapidity and thoroughness. When this had continued for ten minutes the drum beat for its cessation, but the priest, without a moment's halt, broke into another air, and at the conclusion of a short solo the circle again joined in full chorus, but this time the motion was changed, and the body swung violently first to the right and then to the left, the motion being accelerated as the song grew more rapid. This fearfully fatiguing work was kept up until we were weary with the mere sight of the labor. At a signal then given, the whole company sprang to their feet, and to another song, introduced in the same way by the priest, who with two companions had taken his place in the ring, began bowing very long and throwing the body back as far as possible and with as much rapidity as could be given to the motion. I must not forget to state that, with the exception of the priests, the people's chorus consisted chiefly in "a windy suspiration of forced breath," a something between a grunt and a snore, not unlike the sound emitted by the American Indians in their war dances. The circle was intentionally so closely

jammed that each man was supported between his two neighbors and thus kept from falling, which could not otherwise in the wildness of their motions have been prevented. The circle did not move their feet, it being one part of the Moslem ritual in saying the prayers to maintain the original plant of at least one foot, or specially the toes of one foot. The exertions of the company were fearfully exhausting, and would have been insupportable to those not trained to the work. Finally one fell to the ground and writhed in convulsions which seemed to be accepted by the rest as a token that the Divinity had heard and accepted their worship. The service was accordingly closed, and the dishes of food brought immediately forward. No sooner were they placed on the ground than a frightful rush was made at them for the purpose of securing the best places. I have never seen pigs less regardful of each other's convenience or more in each other's way. The stoutest blows from the sticks of the few elders who seemed charged with preserving, I can not say decorum or order, but less confusion, produced very little effect upon the eagerness of the younger part of the company. In less time than I have been telling it, the two sheep and the hundred loaves disappeared under the pinches of the crowd, who, bending over each other's heads, with two fingers and the thumb, conveyed large mouthfuls to their stomachs, which appeared of boundless capacity. I could see very well why the food had been so well minced and scrambled, for it was destined to receive no mastication. A few had stalks of sugar-cane to moisten their diet with. After the supper, which took about five minutes, a great kettle of coffee was served in small cups, and the company by ten o'clock dispersed. I must not omit to state that two very primitive flambeaux, wood in considerable sticks burned in an iron grating erected on a pole which was stuck in the ground, threw

a peculiar glare over the whole scene. The service was not unlike that of the Shaking Quakers in general effect, although there was no dancing or the least possible motion in the lower limbs. There was no levity about it, and a deep sense of its degrading and superstitious character seemed to sober the English and American spectators, who regarded it with a painful curiosity and sad surprise.

XLIV.

DENDERA AND ITS RELIGION.

THEBES, EGYPT, February 5, 1868.

WE stopped at the beautiful temple of Dendera on our way to Thebes, and at Esné, Edfou and Comombo on our way from Thebes to Assouan, and each one of these wonderful ruins in its hieroglyphic details deserves a volume by itself. And have they not been duly written by Wilkinson and Brugsch and Lepsius, and what could I do in the columns of a newspaper and within the compass of a letter to bring them into any distinctness or individuality before the eye of my readers? Fortunately, too, Egyptian temples in their general aspect are of all others the easiest to give a faithful impression of through engravings and photographs. Having no color, or next to none, they lose nothing in this kind of rendering; and being wonderfully alike and essentially repetitions of each other, they require to be seen in numbers only to deepen an identical impression. Their interior contents—hieroglyphic revelations of what has hitherto belonged to pre-historic times—only the scholar and life-devoted antiquarian and archæologist can duly appreciate, and perhaps it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of these laborious yet fascinating studies to the proper understanding of the sources of human civilization. Egypt and its temples and tombs have, in a single month, thrown a light into my own imperfectly prepared mind upon the origin of the ideas which have characterized classic mythology and Christian

theology which no previous studies had ever cast; and certainly the Old Testament becomes almost a new and fresh volume after breathing the air and beholding the scenery and watching the manners and customs, the dress and the habitations of Egypt, and especially the monuments and pictures that are older than or contemporary with the Jewish patriarchs and prophets, Abraham and Jacob, Moses and Jeremiah.

Dendera, from being the first of the temples we visited, and from its unusual state of preservation, made an extraordinary impression upon us. As you approach over a desert of sand and the crumbled debris of the old city of Tentyris, the spot where the Egyptians built the abode of Athor (the Greek Aphroditè), your heart beating with the excitement of a first introduction to an Egyptian temple, you come almost suddenly (on account of mounds of sand cutting off the prospect) upon the view of a portico supported by four rows of six columns each, and such columns as fairly break down all previous anticipations by their vastness and splendor! Eight feet in diameter and thirty-two feet in height, with capitals of a composite order, in which the circular head is set round with flowers and interlaced leaves, they present the most magnificent introduction to Egyptian temple architecture. The pillars, indeed, are crowded too near together, and the vice of Egyptian architecture as well as its characteristic grandeur—too much matter to serve the object for which it is brought together, too many columns to support the roof, too much solidity for any required purpose of security or stableness—is thus at once brought before you. Beyond the portico opens a hall of six columns with three rooms on either side; next succeeds a central chamber, opening on one side into two small rooms and on the other communicating with a staircase so low in its angles, so straight and long in its

flight, and so beautifully adorned with intaglio figures, that of itself it holds your attention and brings you back to it again and again. Then comes another chamber with two rooms on one side and one on the other, which opens on the adytum or sanctuary, which has a special architecture in its isolated position and is a kind of temple within a temple. A passage leads entirely round it and opens on three small rooms on each side. The total length of the temple is 220 feet, the front is 115 feet, and the sides incline toward each other so that the back wall is only 82 feet wide. This was, as we afterward found, a universal feature of the temples. They artificially increased the perspective effect by narrowing the successive chambers in a suite, which were so arranged as to allow a view quite from the rear to the front and from the front to the sanctuary. The pillars and doors of these numerous rooms were designed to give the appearance and the reality of great seclusion and absolute inviolableness to the shrine where the special divinity or triad of gods peculiar to each temple was kept and worshiped. In the sanctuary (as we found at Edfou) was an inner shrine or ark of stone, a vast monolith of red granite in which the god was kept when not receiving worship. The rooms around the great suite, which opened a straight way to the sanctuary, were doubtless occupied by the priests and properties of the temple service. In front of the temple was the *dromos*, extending two hundred feet and more to an isolated stone gateway called the *pylon.*

Usually an outer wall of unburnt brick, of great thickness and strength, surrounded the whole temple, making it still more what its mighty and inaccessible walls, smooth and unbroken, had already rendered it—a fortress. And this became more clear as we saw more and more of these temples—that the early form of government in Egypt must have been

strictly hierarchical, and the pontiff the original king; that the temples were literally the citadels of priestly power, the places from which they overawed and governed the people; and that, after Menes's time, the kingly office, though distinct in some theoretic way from the priestly, was built upon the religious affections and fears of the people as at this day in Russia the Czar is the head of the Greek Church, and in Turkey the Sultan the head of the Moslem faith. But in Egypt, warlike as the country was, its cities were without walls. Spite of Homer's hundred-gated Thebes, Thebes had no walls, and Homer, if he did any thing but guess, must have mistaken the gates of her temples for the gates of the city. But the temples, as I have said, were really military fortresses, large enough to receive and protect the whole population in case of invasion, and strong enough, as once happened, to resist for three years the whole military force of the monarch when Thebes revolted against his authority. The tremendous strength and vastness of these structures is thus at least in part accounted for. The inside of the great and of the small chambers at Dendera, the surface of the columns, the outer wall, each and every part of the structure is covered with hieroglyphics and sculptures—either very low bas-reliefs or else intaglio work. These sculptures are the forms of the gods and goddesses—of Osiris, Isis and Horus (the great Egyptian Trinity); of the monarch who built or added to the temple; of illustrations of his history and warlike adventures; or of matters, as here in Dendera, pertaining strictly to Athor, who represents the maternal principle at Dendera, as Isis does at most other temples, and who is sculptured here numberless times nursing a young child, who is said in the hieroglyphics to be her son. His name was Ehôou, and he is the third member of the local triad, as Harpocrates was of Isis and Osiris.

A little temple specially consecrated to Isis rises just a few paces back of the temple of Athor, consisting of only three small chambers, in which the sacred cow is figured—our first introduction to that revered animal. It is worth while to say here that the sacred character ascribed by the Egyptians to certain animals was probably not merely a capricious disorder of their imaginations, but in every case the result of some important policy on the part of the priests, who thus called in the aid of religion to strengthen or render possible some economic necessity of the country. If wool were a greater want in the country than mutton, the sheep was pronounced a sacred animal, and we have reason to know that the Egyptians did not eat mutton, and thus greatly increased their supply of wool. If milk and beef were great desiderata, they preserved the cow by pronouncing her sacred, but killed the ox, reserving only the sacred bull as the worshipful representative of his most serviceable race. If they worshiped here in Dendera and elsewhere the crocodile, it was only in some particular places remote from the river where he made way with the smaller animals that perforated their canals and undermined their precious dykes, or because he symbolized the holy Nile. Doubtless some things, as the serpent, the hawk, the ibis, represented or symbolized qualities with them as they continue to do with us. But great as the degradation of the people became when their system of religion had developed its utter formalism, under priestly superintendence, there is abundant reason for acknowledging that its origin was pure and monotheistic, recognizing a spiritual and invisible source of life and thought; and that its corruptions were only such as the cultus of all established religions under ecclesiastical control finally fastens upon the original essence of the faith they first formulize, then formalize, and then forget—worshiping at last the sign and not the thing signified.

It is so with the Moslems; it is so with the Roman Catholics; it is fast becoming so with the Church of England.

The first tendency of the old Egyptian faith was pantheistic. They made the sun, not, indeed, like the Persians, the object of worship, but the symbol of the life-giving and life-sustaining Creator and upholder. Osiris was the symbol of this symbol, and became finally confounded with the being of whom he was merely the representative in the third remove. The priests kept the inner meaning, the intellectual and spiritual significance of the creed they taught the people, to the smallest class of their own order. Under the name of mysteries they kept the simple truths of religion—so much easier to understand than the forms and symbols which claim to be alone level to the popular intelligence—away from the people, who were unconsciously pining from the want of this knowledge, until they lost the key to their own secret and joined the people in their formalism, their nature-worship and their polytheism.

There were only two liberal professions among the ancient Egyptians, the priesthood and arms. These constituted the sole avenues to public life or to distinction. The king was himself a priest, and had the right to offer all sacrifices in the temple; when present there, superseding the high-priest himself. The connection between religion and life was not as close even among the Jews as among the ancient Egyptians. Every thing dated from their gods and their temples, and their monarchs and priests played upon their religious scruples and affections precisely as the Pope does upon the ignorant devotees of his rotten kingdom.

An awful warning of the tendencies of hierarchical institutions to subdue all things to themselves, and smother thought, morality and spirituality, comes back to us from the recesses of the Pyramids and out of the idolatrous temples of wolf-headed, ram-headed, hawk-headed, serpent-headed gods who

enslaved and brutalized as fine an intelligence and aptitude for high speculations and great and noble arts as the world has ever seen. For no one can look upon the temples and tombs of Egypt, and study the pictures on the walls, without confessing that modern civilization has not surpassed them in the knowledge of most arts and in the possession of most luxuries; that they were, so far as we can go back, the pioneers in all the sciences, arts, philosophies and religions of men, and that the pioneers carried their example in most things to a point not yet surpassed, and in some things to a point not yet approached. In massive thoughts and purposes requiring immense concentration and continuity of purpose, who have come into comparison with them? And in the self-sacrificing costliness with which they subordinate personal claims to public glory, private comfort to public service, we can not adduce their parallel. Not a palace, not a private house remains in Egypt to attest the self-seeking ambition of individual members of their society. They built nothing to remain but temples and tombs—things connected with the same common honor and use, or the common fate. And in the pursuit of these ends they showed an aptitude for practical sciences and arts—astronomy, geometry, construction, masonry, coloring, working metals—which shows unequalled acuteness, persistency and activity. Their water-colors, after four thousand years, are fresh and vivid to-day; their swords have retained their temper, their ointment its fragrance, and an ancient Egyptian lyre has actually vibrated and given back its old sounds to our modern ear.

Nothing but religion could have originally inspired a people with such grand conceptions and undertakings, and nothing but a priesthood corrupting religion and using it for political reasons, and as an ally of regal tyranny, could have finally trampled out the liberties and intelligence of such a people, and brought them to their vain idolatries and their servile superstitions.

XLV.

THEBES AND EGYPTIAN ART.

KARNAK, February 5, 1868.

ALL these impressions were deepened by what we saw at Thebes, which is the culmination of all that is grand, solemn and astounding in Egyptian ruins. This ancient city so famous in story, flourished, assuming Wilkinson's chronology, from about 2240 years before Christ to about the first century of our era. Egypt had been a great country at least 500 years before that, Menes, the first king, having lived, according to Josephus, 1300 years before Solomon, and his date being fixed now somewhat uncertainly about 2700 B.C. The lower kingdom, which had its capital at Memphis (near modern Cairo), had already attained splendor and power before Thebes was begun. The Pyramids (the oldest monuments in Egypt) had been hoary before a stone of the great Theban temples was laid. But Thebes excelled in the days of its glory all that Egypt had hitherto known. Strabo and Diodorus, differing about its circuit, each ascribe an immense area to it, one 80 stadia in length, the other 140 perhaps in circuit. It lay on both sides of the Nile, and judging by the distance we traveled to its temples on both sides of the river —old Koorneh, the Rameseum and Medeenet Haboo on the right bank, but back a couple of miles, and Luxor and Karnak on the left bank—Thebes must have been larger than London. It is supposed that bridges united the two parts of the city. At this time the commerce of Egypt was with

Arabia, the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, across the desert—in short, with middle Africa and Western Asia. The people hated the Mediterranean, and had as little business as possible upon its waters. Thebes was so situated as to catch this commerce, and with the cities at the first cataract, Syene and Elephantine, flourished until commerce had found a better outlet and channel by the Mediterranean. Thebes had in its day a mighty reputation for arms, and could send an incredible number of war-chariots (20,000 !) into the field. It carried on immense wars with all the neighboring provinces and nations, bringing home the spoils of their cities to enrich its temples and palaces, and the people it conquered as slaves to work in the drudgery of its vast architectural ambition.

In the XVIIIth Dynasty, Thebes ruled all Egypt. Thothmes III., a great architect (1463 B.C.); Amunoph III., his grandson, the supposed Memnon of the vocal statue—were kings of this period. In the following dynasty—from 1324 to 1237 B.C.—Rameses I., Osirei or Sethi, and Rameses the Great, the supposed Sesostris, built up whatever was wanting to the glory and strength of the Theban power and magnificence. Rameses III., the Great, has left his name and works stamped ineffaceably on Egypt, and after being in the country a month you feel as though you must have known him. His various monuments stare you everywhere in the face, although he reigned 155 years before Troy was taken. The Persian invasion under Cambyses inflicted a terrible blow both on the monuments and the strength and glory of Thebes, but the removal of the seat of government to Tanis and Bubastis, and subsequently to Sais and Alexandria, completed its downfall. The three years' siege it underwent from Ptolemy Lathyrus, 100 years before the Christian era, so far completed its ruin that it had become a mere collection of villages when Strabo visited it. This must suffice for the history of Thebes, and

seemed necessary to introduce its ruins even in the flying way which I must proceed with.

Landing at Luxor, a poor Arab village of 500 people, we found the moonlight (specially favorable during all our visit) sleeping on the solemn colonnade of this glorious temple. Its vast columns front the river (from the side of the temple) and look over to the Colossi (the vocal Memnon and its brother) sitting in the plain on the opposite side of the water. The dogs, who evidently knew we were Christians, howled and made threatening plunges at us as we passed around the building. Mustapha Aga, a worthy native and gentleman, has built his little house directly under this colonnade, and the American eagle perches just in the shadow of this idolatrous temple made sacred by age and desolation. Mr. Smith, a resident American who devotes himself to antiquarian studies, and helps visitors to genuine antiques, raised our national flag to greet our little fleet, in which at least twenty-five American citizens were to be found. It was not until the next morning that we really saw Luxor, and found its glory sadly impaired by the Arab houses, built of old jars filled with sand and plastered in with mud, which have converted it into a nest of donkeys, sheep and dirty Arabs, and make it almost impossible to follow out even its outline, although nothing but earthquake can destroy its grand colonnade. With the exception of the fine obelisk which fronts the propylon, and two badly-damaged sphinxes between it and the gate-way, there is nothing at Luxor which is not better seen at Karnak. The obelisk (mate of the one in Paris), in its hieroglyphic beauty and distinctness, is the finest we met in Egypt.

Originally an avenue of sphinxes led all the way from the grand propylon of Luxor to the still grander gate-way of Karnak, a distance of at least a mile. Vestiges of it are

traceable by the antiquarian, but not visible to the unskilled eye of the ordinary traveller. Nothing but a waste, with here and there a field of wheat redeemed by irrigation, stretches between the two miserable villages of Luxor and Karnak, once filled with the streets and habitations, the gardens and temples of a magnificent city. The river in full view, which must have then presented all the bustle and stir of a vast commerce supporting the immense wants of so large and so rich a population, is now a silent desert stream, melancholy with its lonely sands and its barren cliffs, both grey as if with age and sorrow. Those lofty hills of chalk opposite, holding the tombs of its ancient kings, are the very images of the blankness which time has made in all the places of their former pomp and teeming prosperity. Approaching the temple of Karnak, we found ourselves walking between two long rows of solid granite sphinxes, of which not one head remains. The head of a ram (in a different colored stone) has been put upon one of them, and perhaps they all had once rams' heads, although this is not probable, as the essence of a sphinx was the union of human intelligence with the highest animal power —expressed by the head of a man or woman with the body of a lion or tigress or some other powerful beast. They always represented royalty and wore some kind of crown, usually the royal head-piece sacred to some special occasions, which was a sort of wadded helmet of hair, with lappets on each side, familiar to us in the pictures of the great sphinx of the Pyramids.

It is disappointing to find, so far as my observation goes, not a single sphinx in all Egypt with an undefaced countenance. Indeed, the successive conquerors of Egypt, the Persians, the Christians and the Moslems, have vied with each other in doing despite to the idolatrous forms they found there. They seem to have obeyed the Irish instinct in a

fair, "Wherever you see a head, hit it." As a consequence, there is hardly a sculptured face left in the temples and tombs of all Egypt. What few were spared or hidden in the sand, and found in more tolerant days, have been removed to British, Prussian or French collections, so that really a better idea of what they originally were is to be formed in the British Museum, or the Berlin gallery, than in Egypt itself. Nothing but the hardness and vastness of the masses of stone from which these monolithic statues were made, has saved as much of them as now remains. Gunpowder itself could hardly have caused more destruction than the ingenious arts of ruin which fanaticism has devised. Millstones have been split with wedges from the very faces of the sphinxes, and the amount of labor expended in destroying these temples is almost as astonishing as that employed in rearing them. Sometimes hundreds of faces on the capitals of pillars have been chiseled away with incredible industry and toil. Something may be pardoned to the necessities of the early Egyptian Christians, who, only by pouring this contempt on their polytheisms, could emphatically express their horror of the idolatry they were seeking to expel. The Mahometans were not behindhand in their zeal for the only God, whom they were scandalized to see multiplied into a whole pantheon, and especially horrified at the blasphemy of representing by any visible symbol. The Romans, with their usual hospitality to all religions, seem to have been the only conquerors who spared and even protected the monuments of Egypt.

Passing the ruined sphinxes—which, by the way, look more like the walrus than any other form I can think of—we came to the propylon on the southern side of the temple, which is in fine preservation. The temple of Karnak must have covered a space within the outer wall of nearly a half-mile square. It is undoubtedly the greatest and most

costly pile (if we except the Pyramids) ever erected by man. No architectural ambition, it seems to me, can ever have equaled it, always reserving that Balbec and Nineveh and Palmyra remain to be seen. It had four grand gate-ways, the principal one fronting the river a half-mile off, to which another row of sphinxes conducted. These enormous monoliths were placed within twenty feet of each other, with a superfluous magnificence which really impaired their effect, except by oppressing the mind with multitude and costliness. One of these great gates occupied the middle of each side of the square. I can compare them in costliness—although they must each have greatly exceeded it—to the Arc de Triomphe, the most gigantic and effective monument in Paris; and they are not unlike that in the effect they produce, although by a quite different style of architecture. As the propylons of the Egyptian temples are always, though differing in size, precisely the same in style, it is important to get a correct idea of them. Imagine two walls of say twenty feet in thickness, rising from different bases on the same line; then lines nearly erect on the sides inclining gently toward each other, but cut off squarely at the top, so that each becomes a kind of frustrated pyramidal tower, of flat surfaces. These two towers are then bound together by a lofty gate, of which they form the sides, but which has a vacant space over it, on each side of which the turrets rise. There is no arch in the structure, the lines being all straight, and the effect of the gate itself is beautiful in the extreme. Sculptures in low relief or intaglio cover the sides with hieroglyphics not less interesting. It is only by mounting these walls by a stone staircase concealed in the mass, and finding unsuspected rooms within, that one realizes the height and bulk of these massive propylons. They usually have a curved architrave of great simplicity and beauty, and at the angles the

finish of a *torus*, or bead of stone. At Karnak one of the propylons is in a most magnificent condition of ruin. More than half of it has wholly fallen, but a great section of one of the towers, cracked from the remainder, with the stones all shaken and loose, hangs just on the brink of falling, and presents an appalling image of ruin, especially as that part which stands presents an almost unblemished beauty and stability and a most affecting contrast. Returning on three separate visits to this spot, and once in a most golden moonlight, I thought I had never witnessed so touching and so melancholy a spectacle of grandeur in decay. Passing through any of these gates, you come into an open court of 275 feet by 329, with a covered corridor on either side and a double row of columns down the middle. Smaller propylons, in the same style, terminate the area and form the vestibule of the grand hall of assembly. Stones, forty-one feet in length, form the lintel of the door-way. The open area was evidently used for the great processions and spectacular ceremonies which formed so large a part of the religious service of the ancient Egyptians. Sometimes for a whole month a great succession of these ceremonies occupied them, and after victories the soldiers were represented by the higher officers and the more brilliant privates who had won the honor, in the ceremony, while the whole army was gathered about the temple. The immense size of these courts is fully accounted for by the uses to which they were thus put. Probably the largest and most splendid Roman Catholic Church ceremonies give one a very inadequate idea of the show of banners and plumes, of elaborate costumes and ornaments of gold and silver, the offerings of the products of all climes, of the wild beasts collected from the desert with the spoils of strange enemies, which were thus made tributary to the gods and added to the magnificence of these spec-

tacles. Here the king, dressed in the priestly robes and crowned with the *pshent* or double crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, surrounded by priests in leopard-skins and the high officers of the court, and with the noble women, who had the same position in Egypt under monogamic customs which belongs to women in European countries, all shining in golden chains and covered with symbols of the different divinities, prepared the sacrifices which were to be offered at the inner shrine.

Passing in, the great hall next presents itself. It measures 170 by 320 feet, and is supported by a central avenue of twelve columns of enormous magnitude, each with a shaft sixty-two feet high and twelve feet in diameter, crowned with a plinth and abacus of seemingly fifteen feet more, with 122 columns of forty-two feet in height with beautiful capitals, and measuring about eight feet in diameter. These side columns are arranged in fourteen rows on either side of the main avenue. This hall was roofed with vast stones, which partly accounts for the number of the pillars. They form an immense grove, leaving not more open space than they occupy. Their wide-spreading capitals seem almost to join above. They stand so thickly that the size of the hall can not be realized from any one point, and are so much in each other's way that if every other column were struck away the general effect would be vastly improved. The massiveness of the pillars is oppressive and lays like a nightmare on the imagination.

The Egyptians aimed at a monotonous grandeur, and by the repetition and accumulation of masses, each one of which was a miracle of labor and costliness, attained to a kind of sublimity which has almost the influence of the infinite, or at the least of an irresistible fate. The natural features of Egypt suggested and favored this kind of art. The only fluid thing

in Egypt was the Nile, and that had none of the caprices of ordinary streams. It rose and fell periodically, and with a regularity and power wholly uncontrollable. A cloudless sky made all seasons essentially the same, and must have given a sense of stableness to their ideas of the divine government, which people who live amid ever-varying seasons and ever-changing skies do not naturally attain. Their monotonous scenery, vast deserts, skirted by bare mountains of rock where gray sands washed the feet of more hoary cliffs, with the stiff palm and the spiky thorn adding formality to the landscape, with the ribbon of the green valley stretching its narrow band north and south—all this left little play and gave no encouragement to fancy and no taste for variety. The very permanency of their institutions was due in large part to their hatred of change, the small compass of their desires, and the concentration of their ambition. This is all copied into their architecture, where sameness and the heaping up of simple elements of grandeur, in which weight and size and breadth, without height, with stableness and permanency, are the chief characteristics; and endless repetition and multiplication of the same effects by the same lines and the same forms, express with thorough fidelity the national tastes and the local influences.

The only departure from this rule is their fondness for the obelisk, a sort of monolithic pyramid, which rose above the square, low, horizontal lines of their temples, and crossed with its graceful perpendicular the universal and more characteristic lines which surrounded it. No form invented by the Egyptians is so elegant or has proved so attractive to Roman, Italian and European cupidity. Another exception must perhaps be made in favor of the rich and varied colors with which the whole surface, external and internal, columns, ceilings and walls of their temples, was covered. This was

the relief they sought from the oppressive monotony of their architecture. Whether it entered into the original design or not may be doubted, and whether it would really improve to a refined taste the aspect of their majestic edifices. But certain it is that the more gorgeous colors, laid on with a skill which in the tombs has defied time, and which even in the outer air still remain in many instances, gave a gaudy and splendid appearance even to these massive shapes. Attached to this door-way are two other towers, and beyond them two obelisks, one still standing and of noble height and beauty; the other fallen and broken, but with the upper half of its shape as sharp to the touch in its outline and sculptures as if made yesterday, and most interesting to handle to the very peak, which the Egyptians had too much taste ever to cap as is done in Rome, and I think in Paris, with some absurd finish in bronze. Beyond this comes another court, containing two obelisks of still larger dimensions, the one standing being ninety-two feet high (the largest in Egypt). Another smaller court, ornamented in a similar way, leads to the vestibule in front of the granite gate-way of the towers, forming the façade of the court before the sanctuary itself. This is divided into two chambers, and is surrounded by many small rooms, probably used by the priests in charge. The sanctuary is of red granite, and isolated as usual. The walls are everywhere covered with sculptures of the kings and the gods, all in profile outline and uniformly in a strictly conventional style. There is little grace and no individual expression in the figures. They are representative, not personative, and appeal not to any recollection of faces or forms, but simply to the ideas connected with certain qualities of an abstract character ascribed to the gods they represented, or to the reputation of monarchs, who are known only by the hieroglyphics which are written over their figures, and who

are honored by the endless repetition in which they are presented. Thus far this temple was the work of the great Rameses, completed by his successors, Rameses IV. and VIII., and by a later Pharaoh, the immediate predecessor of Shishak, the contemporary of Solomon. The name of Alexander the Great is found on the walls of a little interior temple. Leaving this part of the edifice, you come next to a structure which is ascribed to Thothmes III. Its exterior wall is now fallen. But a row of thirty-two square pillars goes round the edifice parallel to its original walls, with twenty columns in the interior, in two lines parallel to the back and front row of pillars. Here is a curious and capricious reversal of capital and cornice in the columns. A series of small halls and chambers are added to this court. The dimensions of this part of the temple are 600 feet by 300, making the total length of the whole structure nearly 1,200 feet.

On the outer wall of the temple an intensely interesting series of sculptures is found, in which the sacred boat of the Egyptians figures largely; many battles, in which truly spirited conflicts in war chariots are depicted, with horses drawn with an almost Greek knowledge and beauty. Indeed, animals are everywhere represented with infinitely more truth than men in Egyptian sculptures. Trees and flowers are always rendered conventionally and without truth to nature. There is no attempt at perspective anywhere either in the sculptures or paintings in the tombs, and it is wonderful that, without this radically important element of drawing, they succeed in imparting so much interest and beauty to their work. The hieroglyphics, both at Karnak and everywhere, are beautifully executed, and, even to those unable to read them, form a fascinating subject of attention. The hieroglyphics of the kings are enclosed in flattened ovals, which Champollion, I think, first called *cartouches* from their resemblance to

a French cartridge. They form the key to the chronology of the several dynasties, having been found in two or more places arranged in lists, which have been corrected by comparison with each other and with later historical documents, particularly "Manetho's Remains," until, with some doubt over the earlier dynasties and the reign of the shepherd-kings, there is now some approach to satisfactory exactness about the residue. It does not require a very serious study, with the aid of the profound scholars who have pursued the art of hieroglyphic reading, to obtain a tolerable, or at any rate a self-gratifying facility in spelling out the easier records. It would add vastly to the pleasure of all visitors, did they learn enough beforehand of the picture-language, to understand the more common symbols. Most of them soon learn to recognize the symbols of royalty and the attributes of truth, purity, power. They meet the "key of life" everywhere, and those who notice Egyptian locks and keys of our own day, will see how little they have changed. The hieroglyphic writing seems to be partly symbolic, partly phonetic.

XLVI.

KARNAK.

KARNAK, February 5, 1868.

AMONG the most interesting sculptures at Karnak are those of the captives who are seen gracing the triumphs of Rameses, who, in a war-chariot, holds in one hand several cords, which are about the persons of as many different bands of captives, each with some small attempt at a different national physiognomy, and especially with a different costume. The other hand holds as many other cords leading to still other groups. Some have their hands tied before and some behind; some are in long robes and others in kirtles; others still are in skins. All are more clothed than the Egyptians, who are, in all the sculptures, covered just enough for decency. Others are with head-coverings of different forms; others still with beards and in their own hair. The Egyptians shaved their heads and wore wigs or quilted helmets. They also shaved their beards, which to wear they considered a mark of barbarison. Yet they wore habitually false beards tied upon the chin, and of a strictly conventional length and shape, varying with rank and office; the king a prim beard of four inches, the commoner of two, the priest a beard with a curl at the end. It was long before I could make out these queer appendages hanging from their chins. Their costume, if the sculptures do it justice, was very unworthy of their general civilization, and vastly less picturesque than that of their half-barbarous successors. Indeed, it is positively ugly, with-

out the simplicity that comes from semi-nudity, without the flow that accompanies ample garments. Their head-pieces are hideous, whether wigs or crowns, and they caricatured the human figure in their drawings in a way which, considering their familiarity with the nude and their skill in outline drawing, is quite unaccountable. It would seem as if their addiction to abstract ideas made symbols of no significance to them except as suggestive of thoughts. They used drawings as we use algebraic signs, to represent values. After a time (and it was as early as their earliest remains), these signs had all acquired a sacred conventional shape, which it was blasphemy to deviate from; and their artists, made copyists and tied up in religious scruples and fears, could do nothing but sacrifice all their private taste or original yearnings after beauty and correctness to the imposed standards. That they had a perception of beauty is seen in some of these earlier lotus-headed columns, in the fine, clear, classic sweep of their pencils in outline, in the harmony of the colors they brought together, and specially in the vases and the furniture, pictures of which are found in the tombs. Some of the most elegant chairs I have ever seen are represented in one of the tombs of the kings, and abundant evidences exist there that luxury and refinement, elegance and comfort, were known to a high degree, at least among the upper classes.

The tombs of the kings at Thebes, with the tombs at Beni-Hassan and at Memphis, have probably done more to reveal the domestic and social life of the Egyptians than all the temples. It is a long and tedious journey across the valley, and up the sandy hill-sides, and through the rocky, desolate defile to the site of these celebrated tombs. A more fit preparation for a melancholy visit could not be imagined. Death of vegetation, death of human interests,

colorless desolation, universal mortality and decay usher in the mighty tombs of the most magnificent monarchs known to history. Doubtless these tombs when built were approached by roads more worthy of their splendor, and perhaps the hills themselves, in their lower slopes, by artificial soil and irrigation may have been covered with vines, which certainly flourished in Egypt anciently, although under Moslem discouragement of the use of wine the vine is not now found in Upper Egypt except in sporadic cases. The approaches to the tombs are now through mounds of sand that must have perfectly engulfed them before curiosity and research cleared out their portals. They are cut in the face of the mountain of limestone rock, generally at a low angle of descent, but always tending downward, until the deepest reach a depth inward of 470 feet, and a descent below the level of the mouth of 180 feet. Belzoni's tomb (to which these measurements apply) must serve as a sample of the rest, although, to the antiquarian, each of the forty and more in this immediate neighborhood has its own interest and special importance.

Belzoni's tomb, marked No. 17, owes its discovery to Belzoni, who must be envied the privilege of having seen it in its fresh beauty and of enjoying the delights of a discoverer, as well as the advantages of a spoiler of so rich a deposit. A steep staircase of twenty-four feet descends from the mouth, which is broken and difficult of passage. To this succeeds a short passage-way of nine feet wide and eighteen feet long, when another door-way occurs, leading to another steep staircase, at the foot of which, passing two door-ways and a passage-way of a dozen paces, you come to what was long thought the termination of the tomb. It is a chamber of twelve by fourteen feet. A pit was dug just beyond this to deceive and discourage farther pursuit by any persons who might violate the sacredness of this fortress-tomb up to this point. The

natives, who had not for ages probably felt any scruples about searching any tombs they had wit enough to discover or enterprise enough to uncover, had given up all expectations of finding interior chambers in this tomb. But Belzoni, led by a hollow sound in the wall which bounded one side of the pit, broke through the masonry with an extempore ram, the trunk of a palm, and opened the treasures beyond. The first hall is a chamber of twenty-six feet square, adorned with four pillars left in the excavation, and covered with carefully-finished sculptures, in perfect preservation, as vivid in coloring when Belzoni discovered them as if just painted, and only slightly faded by the exposure to air and to smoke of torches and candles to which for thirty years they have been subjected. A second hall of about the same size, but with two pillars only, adjoins this, and it is specially interesting because here the draughtsman had not fully completed his work, and the sculptor had not commenced his. Here, then, is a chance to see the fine free handling of the Egyptian artist, and few moderns would dare to use as bold a sweep or could secure so exact a result.

The tomb, unlike all others that we visited, bends at this point from a straight direction, perhaps to avoid running across some other now unknown tomb.

Two passages and a chamber of fourteen by seventeen feet communicate with the grand hall, which is twenty-seven feet square and adorned with six pillars. On the two sides of this hall are other chambers, and the upper end opens on a vaulted room, nineteen feet by thirty, where Belzoni found an alabaster sarcophagus holding the mummy of the deceased king. Just at the foot of the sarcophagus opens an inclined plane with a staircase on both sides of it, which slopes for a distance of one hundred and fifty feet down into the rock. There are still other chambers, one very large, yet unfinished;

but the reader may judge by what I have already said of the immense extent of the excavation. These tombs were, to a certain degree, known and opened by Greek and Roman travelers, and have usually been ransacked as far as known whenever their contents were portable.

The sculptures are very rich. Hieroglyphics in the first passage show that this was the tomb of Osirei, father of Rameses II. Thirty figures or more of genii, in different forms, adorn either side of the staircase, descending from this opening passage. In the next passage-way are the boats of Kneph, and several broad steps represented with doors, supposed to refer to the descent to the place of departed spirits. A goddess with the emblem of truth stands below. In the small chamber the king is making offerings to Osiris —while Athor, Horus, Isis and Anubis are present. Another hall represents a typification of the four divisions of the world, under the form of groups of four different tribes of people—the red Egyptians—two white races, one with beards and short tunics, the other in feathers and with many decorations —and finally a black group. The Egyptians were fond of generalizing in this way, and inscribed their geography, their philosophy or theology—with them one thing—and their manners and customs upon the walls of their tombs, as if to keep up the connection between this world and the next, as the Indian buries his yam and his water-jar and his bow and arrow with his deceased sachem. Another chamber contains the introduction of the king by Horus to the presence of Osiris and Athor. The subjects in the other chambers refer to the various funeral ceremonies offered in honor of the deceased monarch. There are many other subjects treated on these walls, which require a very special knowledge of Egyptian theories of life and judgment to comprehend. They clearly believed in a final judgment and in the

compulsory appearance of every human soul before the appointed judge, ere he could pass the sacred river and go to the coveted repose of the tomb. They rehearsed this judgment at their funerals, calling on the people assembled to testify against the life or manners of the departed subject of this scrutiny, and no person could be buried, although already embalmed by a process of seventy days, who could not, by his friends, disprove charges of impiety or injustice if made against him. Even kings were refused burial in their own tombs—the work of their lives—if at their funerals their people testified against them. The mummy in this case was taken home and preserved, perhaps for years, in a private room.

The Egyptians had apparently very little that was gloomy about them, in spite of the solemnity of their monuments. They were a cheerful people, and continue to be so—much too cheerful for any hope of their emancipation from their oppressive government. To-day we have passed thousands of people, sitting and lying on the bank of the river, torn away from their homes and their little farms, in a forced conscription of the government to build the railroad now rapidly advancing up the Nile valley. A piastre (three cents) a day is their wages. Five days a throng of them had been sleeping out in the chilly air with a few corn-stalk bonfires to keep life in them, and sucking their sugar-cane or munching their doora-loaf. But they appeared contented, either with Moslem fatalism or natural elasticity of temper, and hurrahed our party in hearty Arabic as we sailed by, without show of envy or apparent sense of wrong. They do hate this conscription, I know, and I wish they had the spirit to resist it. The ancient Egyptians were cheerful in view of death as well as life. They seem not to have shared even our supposed natural horror of a corpse. They kept their dead oftentimes

for long periods after embalmment in their houses, and sometimes stood the mummied dead up at the table, to preside at their feasts.

The embalming of the dead in the mummy form seems to have been universal. It is difficult to account for the importance they attached to this useless and disagreeable practice, except it be considered as a part of their general passion for preserving every thing from decay, favored so much by their dry and even climate. It went along with their passion for visiting their tombs, as it prevented all the disagreeable odors connected with decomposition, and doubtless had some connection with their religious notions and views of resurrection. Embalming was performed in three different methods, according to the ability of the family of the deceased to meet the expenses of the process. It consisted, in every case, in the removal of the intestines, which were buried in four different vases in the tomb with the mummy. But the quality of the spices and gums used, and the number and delicacy of the wrappings—sometimes reaching a thousand yards in length—depended on the amount which the friends of the departed were able or willing to expend. The cost of burial was in all cases, excepting that of the indigent, very high, and tasked not unwillingly the resources of survivors to the utmost. The tomb, too, was the chief pride of every family, and the priests who had the control of the sepulchral grounds traded in the pride and affections of the people, and built and decorated tombs for sale to those who came late into possession of the means of indulging their ambition for costly sepulchres. This will account for the very general character of many of the decorations which suited equally a large class of persons. They surrounded the dead with pictures of life, of the trades and occupations, the fruits and animals, the national gods and kings—leaving

only a small space to be filled up with what might be peculiar to the private purchaser.

Bruce's tomb is specially instructive for the immense light it throws on the common life of Egypt. A series of small rooms, opening out of the two first passages, is crowded with illustrations of the manners and customs of the Egyptian people. A kitchen—with all the operations of the slaughter and dressing of animals for food, the pounding of spices, the kneading of dough, the making of pastry, and the drawing off of some liquid by the syphon, with a full set of kitchen utensils, is one of the most instructive. Another is devoted to warlike implements, knives, quilted helmets, spears, quivers, bows, arrows, coats of mail, clubs and standards; another to beautiful chairs, sofas, vases, basins, ewers, all graceful and elegant in design and decoration; another to birds, fruit and vines; another to boats, some with spacious cabins, and with quite elaborate rigging. But I can not give more space to these tombs, which really might reward months of study.

Behind one of the tombs (No. 23) which had been appropriated by the early Christians, are the remains of a curious Greek inscription, being the copy of a letter from Athanasius, Archbishop of Alexandria, to the Orthodox monks at Thebes.

It may interest the ladies to know that the wives of one of the captured tribes represented in the tombs, are dressed in long robes, trimmed with three sets of full flounces.

From the tombs we went to the Rameseum or Memnonium, a vast and magnificent temple, second only to Karnak in splendor; but a description of it would add nothing, except it were given in the strictest detail, to the general idea already furnished in the account of the temple at Karnak. Here, however, are the fragments of the largest statue we have seen in Egypt, estimated to have weighed eight hundred and eighty-seven tons, and all in one piece of red gran-

ite. We found black granite employed in the lintels of the doors in a portion of this temple. The great hall is in some respects even superior in effect to that of Karnak. The sculptures are principally devoted to war scenes, and are full of significance. Wilkinson thinks the long war, the victories of which are so fully celebrated in this temple, was with an Asiatic people, and in the neighborhood of Assyria and the Euphrates, and he quotes the Bible to show that "Necho, king of Egypt, came up to fight against Carchemish by Euphrates," in the reign of Josiah. He says that the sculptures indicate the presence of captives from the Assyrian army of Sennacherib. This Rameseum was a palace-temple, the residence of the king and the shrine of the patron divinity of Rameses II.

We next visited the two Colossi, better known to most readers than any monuments in Egypt except the Pyramids and their Sphinx. They sit on thrones, in the midst of the plain, the pedestals sunk several feet below the surface, and the figures rising about fifty-three feet above the plain. The celebrated Memnon, or vocal statue of the Roman poets, had been broken and the upper part of it thrown down, previous to Strabo's visit, probably by an earthquake, B.G. 27, but it was restored as late as Hadrian's reign, with blocks of sandstone in five layers, which do not correspond very well with the original stone, a coarse grit. The sound the statue was said to utter when it greeted the rising sun was like the breaking of a harp string, and was doubtless occasioned by very simple contrivances of the priests. One of our donkey-boys climbed the statue and hid himself in the cavities, and as he struck two stones together we fancied we heard a fair sample of the music which astonished the credulous in the best days of Memnon. It was a very courtly statue, and so far departed from its customary stinginess of sounds as to sa-

lute the Emperor Hadrian, when he visited it, with three greetings. The statues measure eighteen feet across the shoulders, nineteen feet from the knee to the heel, and the foot is ten feet long, The faces are much mutilated, but from a distance are still expressive. Their commanding situation, alone in the vast plain, but still fixedly looking toward Luxor and Karnak, and standing sentinels, like the skeleton guards at Pompeii, over treasures that left them ages ago, gives potent charm to these figures. Miss Martineau, whose vivid Oriental sketches I have seen new reason to admire since following in the track of her journey, says these are the oldest thrones in the world.

The temple of Medeenet Haboo was the palace and temple of the great Rameses, and apart from the magnificence of its great hall and its general sculpture, it reveals the private life of the Egyptian kings in ways not most agreeable to modern taste, but extremely interesting to students of ancient morals and manners. In one of the private apartments Rameses is seen sitting in his harem, while some of the women, all of whom stand in his presence, wave feathers and fans, and present him flowers. He is caressing the favorite of the hour, seemingly inviting her to amuse him with a game of draughts. The seat he occupies is elegant. The queen is not present, and it is observed that her cartouche is always vacant, wherever it occurs throughout the building. Perhaps queens may be much like other wives in their unwillingness to be mixed up with scenes of this description. The Egyptian monarchs and people were monogamists ; but they eked out their deficiency in wives by a reasonable number of concubines, and perhaps it is not surprising that the Egyptians were no better than "the chosen people" in this respect, however deplorable the custom of Solomons and Pharaohs. It would be fatiguing and unpardonable to describe in detail

the prodigious variety of sculptures in this temple; and any thing short of that would add nothing to the general statement of the impression of magnificence, massiveness and costliness it leaves on all who behold it.

We visited the temple of Esneh on our way up the river. Nothing but the glorious portico has been excavated, and this, although cleared to the original pavement within, is barricaded without by an accumulation of sand and debris reaching two-thirds the height of the columns. There are twenty-four columns, six in a row, and each with a different capital, evidently in a later style of Egyptian art; but, although there are sufficient proofs of its having been built as late as the age of the earlier Cæsars, there is no copying from Grecian or Roman art—which may be said of all Egyptian architecture. All the borrowing was the other way, not only in art, but in mythology and customs.

The most perfectly preserved temple in Egypt, and the one from which people of slow imaginations can derive the clearest idea of the original appearance of these glorious edifices, is undoubtedly the temple at Edfou. It is a perfect example of the conventional plan, and is nearly as complete in all essential parts as when built. Some of the sculptures and capitals are defaced; but all the walls, cornices and propylons are in most satisfactory order, and the whole effect is beautiful and impressive, wanting only its old color and the processions that once filled its vast courts to bring back the Egyptian life and religion in absolute perfection. And yet, when I looked by moonlight on the ruins of the nearly buried temple at Kom-Ombo, I realized Wilkinson's remark, that the Egyptian temples are more picturesque in ruins than in their original wholeness. The fall of the tremendous roof in irregular masses lets in the light upon the columns and the sculptures, while enormous stones, caught and locked fast by oth-

ers falling with them, and forming often pointed arches such as no architect could dare to risk, give effects so startling, in which terror and wonder join with admiration and delight, that one could not wish them in any other condition than in the dilapidation into which time and violence have brought them.

On our return we stopped at Girgeh, to make an excursion to Abydos. The ride proved much longer and more wearisome than we had expected, being instead of seven at least eleven miles out. True, it carried us over the rich fields, now green with wheat and doora of the level valley, and gave us a new idea of the vastness and fertility of the plain. But donkeys, with saddles as wide as chair-bottoms, and as stiff, and these saddles without girths or stirrups, and their heads wholly innocent of bridle or halter — donkeys that will have their own way, and choose to sidle along the most slippery hill-sides to crop the beans as they pass, and to stop in spite of blows until they are pleased to proceed—are not favorable to the comfort of riders with heavy limbs and light patience. How so much obstinacy can be packed into so small a compass as an Egyptian donkey fills, beats my computation. I think I never suffered more bodily pain and mental irritation than in the seven hours, going and coming, of that fearful ride. The temple (there are the remains of two originally very large and fine temples, but only one is worth visiting) has a few bits of fresher-colored sculpture than can be seen in any other temple in Egypt, and a series of small halls, in which the roofs, formed of great stones set sidewise, have been hollowed out into the appearance of arches with beautiful effect. Beyond this, Abydos, especially in our fatigued state, and after a full surfeit from finer ruins, did not specially interest me, or repay the great fatigue of the excursion. Let travelers, if they go at all, be careful to

go from Bellianeh, only seven miles' distance, and not from Girgeh, which is eleven.

A considerable part of the wonder connected with the temples is due to the enormous stones which bind the walls, or reach from column to column, or make the lintels of the doors. Some of the largest are thirty feet long, eight feet broad and six feet thick, and how they were raised and placed in position constitutes a problem, among many others connected with the traction and lifting of massive monoliths, which modern engineers can not contemplate without mortification. But, as the Englishman said of the Pyramids, "Why, there they are!" so we must say of these mighty stones, the like of which, unless in single exceptions, we can not expect to see ever again figuring in architecture.

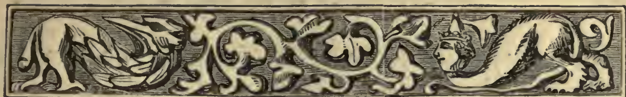
I will add a few words about the various styles of the Egyptian columns, without which an inadequate idea of the splendor of the temples would be presented. Wilkinson classes them in eight orders, and gives their average proportions, as they differ very much in different structures. The first was the square pillar without capital, and resting on a narrow base. Second, the polygonal and round-fluted column. Third, the palm-tree shaft and water-plant capital, separated by bands, from which the Doric column is supposed to have been derived. This column, of which beautiful specimens are found in the tombs of Beni-Hassan, was enlarged and simplified by solidifying the column, which was diminished gracefully near the base, and imposing without the band a capital which was merely a swell with rounded sides of the shaft, though formed of a separate stone. Fourth, the shaft was enlarged, but remained the same, while the capital was fashioned with a saucer-like or toad-stool cup, of exquisite curve and much spread, above which was a square cap-stone less than the dimensions of the shaft between the capital and

the architrave. These columns, the largest in Egypt, are found at Karnak and Luxor. Fifth, the shaft rose without any diminution at the base, and with three bands between it and the capital; was crowned with a very long capital, at the bottom just the size of the shaft, beautifully worked in palm-figures and ending in a scroll edge. It was one of the loveliest of all. The sixth, found mostly in later Ptolemaic temples, dates from the eighteenth dynasty. It was a massive square pillar, resting on a square base, with a sphinx head on each side of the capital, which projected squarely a few inches, and on top of this a member of smaller size, representing a gate-way of the propylon, with some rigid lines of stone, and four small scroll forms added. The seventh was a composite of the fifth, with rose-like ornaments and interlaced leaves and flowers, which admitted endless variety, and which is seen in the later temples with a careful avoidance of repetition in the decorations. Sometimes the columns on either side of the main colonnade of the great halls are balanced against each other, and sometimes not. In the early style there was a decided avoidance and even dislike of symmetry, but in the Ptolemaic dynasty a change is manifest in this respect. This capital was sometimes crowned with the whole of the capital of the sixth order, four heads and the gate-way, and produced a magnificent but cumbrous and over-done effect. The eighth order was the square pillar, with a gigantic figure attached—that of Osiris—but it did not support any portion of the building, which would have been regarded as degrading to the divinity.

Glazed tiles are found even in the Pyramids. The ancient Egyptians did not burn their brick, which is easily accounted for by the terrible scarcity of fuel, and the firmness of their sun-dried brick, which are found in excellent preservation to this day. They are four times as large as ours. The modern

Egyptians cook and warm themselves by fires made of chopped straw or husks. I have often hunted through a journey of ten miles for a stick to punch my donkey with, or to keep off the fierce dogs, but never yet found one, even of the bigness of the thumb. How could they possibly have burnt brick in such a nearly woodless country?

They show at Karnak one face among the captive kings which is said to represent a king of Judah. I could not see any thing specially Jewish in the features. Wilkinson says that the Jews of the East to this day have often red hair and blue eyes, with straight noses, all essentially different from their European brethren. I confess I saw less and less of the conventional Jewish face the farther I advanced from Germany into Bohemia and Austria, where Jews abound. The Syrians, it is said, have the large nose so characteristic of modern Israelites, but not of the ancient and modern Jews of Judea; and Wilkinson adds that the Saviour's face, which is certainly not Jewish in the ordinary acceptation of that term, is evidently a traditional representation of the Jewish face which is still traceable at Jerusalem, where the children have the pink-and-white complexion of Europeans, and not the sallow, brown hue of the Syrians. The large nose, when seen at Jerusalem, is affirmed by the same author to be an invariable proof of mixture with a Western family.



XLVII.

ASSOUAN.

ASSOUAN, February 9, 1868.

ASSOUAN is a poor Arab town of five thousand people, about five miles north of the principal fall in the First Cataract. Our steamer tied up to the shore, where were at least a hundred natives, some leading donkeys and others capering about on dromedaries; more still bringing for sale ostrich feathers and eggs, and specimens of African weapons—clubs, spears, swords; Nubian women offering beads and leathern fringes for the loins, such as form their only clothing in summer, with well-woven baskets and not ungraceful pottery. Silver rings for the fingers and rude bracelets for the arms, heavy, and with a certain barbaric beauty, were thrust at us from black hands that gave a peculiar richness to their appearance. The shore was covered with bags of gum arabic, and in the midst of little enclosures of these bags companies of grave Arabs were camped, smoking their long amber-mouthed pipes and looking as fixed as the Pyramids in their motionless patience. Hundreds of bushels of dates we found at Philæ, exposed on the shore, with no other protection than a fence of straw mats. The aspect of the country has very sensibly changed since we left Kom-Ombo, thirty miles back. The limestone had given place to sandstone still farther north, and here we find red granite. The river has shown a quite rocky bed for fifty miles, but here it wears almost the appearance of a bit of rugged sea-coast—a resemblance which we

found greatly increased when we got up to Philæ. It was very refreshing to get out of the chalky limestone region, and enjoy a little variety in the color of dark stones in the water, ruddy cliffs on the shore, and salmon-colored sands, exquisitely tinted by the sunset and softer in their roseate tone in the bright, full moonlight. The palms here are beautifully grouped, and the shore, seen from our vessel, is greatly more attractive than when we see it nearer. Nobody can believe, without seeing, how circuitous, inconvenient and absurd life is in these Oriental towns. A straight road of ten rods is never found, and the angles and twists seem gratuitous. We made our way through the shabby bazar of Assouan, hoping to see some strange wares from the interior, but every thing characteristic had already been exhibited on the shore. A steamer from below brings, I suppose, more money and custom in two days than the natives can offer in a month. And our fleet of three steamers had put the town into a special excitement. We met as we moved along many women with rings and a few beads hanging from their noses. All of them had ornaments of some kind on their necks, arms or ankles, chiefly silver. It is the mode for men to wear only one ear-ring, women two; and really, in countries where men and women dress so much alike, or dress so little, it is convenient to have some mark of sex to distinguish them from each other. Girls of ten years, either wholly naked or with only a fringe of leather about their loins, moved about in unconscious simplicity. Fine fellows, beautifully made, swarmed in nearly absolute nudity on the road to Philæ, their black skins lending a fine contrast to the sands over which they bounded like fawns.

We made a visit to the house of the chief merchant—a dealer in ostrich feathers. Our party consisted of a dozen persons. We were ushered by his slaves into a plain room,

quite lofty and with a ceiling of matting. Divans occupied the four sides of it and constituted the only furniture except a few modern chairs. We took the European attitude and awaited our host, who soon appeared in a clean turban and silk under-robe, with a plain mantle over it, and shaking hands all round, welcomed us with a grace and flattering manner peculiarly Oriental. Pipes, coffee, sherbet and dates (in five varieties) were in turn offered by the slaves (all males), two of them very grave old men who looked very nearly the peers of their master. In offering the sherbet (a drink of sugar and water slightly acidulated, and very tasteless) the slave held an embroidered napkin under the chin of the drinker and then gave him one end of it to wipe his mouth with. While the gentlemen of the party were thus entertained below, the ladies were invited into the harem, of which the latticed windows opened upon the inner court. Here they found only one wife visible, a girl of twenty, fair and richly dressed, in gold-embroidered cap, silk gown, diamond earrings, three necklaces, and slippers of gorgeous colors. She was lady-like in manners, curious about our ladies' costume and ornaments, very attentive to her husband (a man of fifty), whom she served first, taking the various dishes brought in by her slaves and passing them to her guests after having served her husband. He, too, seemed kind to her, explaining as well as he could what the ladies wished to say. A child of three years, quite dirty, was proudly exhibited. There seems to be a general prejudice against washing children in the East, even among mothers who are attentive to cleanliness themselves. But neatness is almost unknown, and I have not seen any really clean house, or any person of either sex, who, whatever might be their relative purity, would be thought clean in America.

The house we visited, and the same is true of the Sheik's

house, which we were entertained at the next day, would not be considered habitable by people accustomed to average European comfort. The Sheik was a member of the Egyptian Parliament, and a fine-looking and most agreeably-mannered man. He seemed so intelligent that I thought I would ask him a few questions to sound his knowledge of America. His curiosity had evidently been aroused about a country which sent such swarms of visitors to the Cataracts of the Nile, but he had, notwithstanding, never heard of the existence of Abraham Lincoln, much less of his tragic death. I fully realized my distance from America when he made this to me astounding confession; for he was an Egyptian gentleman, rich, not without marked dignity of bearing and clear intelligence, and a member of Parliament. He wished to entertain us at dinner, which, from doubts first of our ability to dine without knives or forks, and next of the prejudices we might weakly exhibit in regard to the usual dishes of the country, we prudently declined. Next he offered us the use of his dahabeëh, for a voyage up the Nile, should we obligingly return to Egypt on another visit. This we accepted, and in turn invited him to start with us the next morning on a visit to America, which he thought would have only one obstacle, the inflexible opposition of the Pacha to his leaving the country. The politeness became still more Oriental as we left the house. After many salaams and touches of the head and breast with his hands after each shake with the successive members of the party, he followed us to the door and out into the street for many rods, where the final adieux were exchanged in the same elaborate way, and then two servants with lanterns (it was the brightest moonlight) were sent home with us. The Sheik returned our visit the next evening on the boat, and we did our best to make it formal and Oriental by multiplying our courses and by elaborating

our compliments. We find a peculiar curiosity about our family relations. Both our hosts have expressed a desire to know exactly how connected we are with each other, and have seemed greatly pleased on learning which is father, wife, son, daughter. When we came to visit one of our hosts in his kahn, or shop, we found him quite another man, sharp, unsmiling, grasping. His shop, however, was much more attractive than his house; and although a great rat was running about and ended with flirting across my son's coat-collar, yet the general appearance of things was more finished. The merchant sat cross-legged, smoking his pipe, and apparently utterly indifferent to sales. We asked him to show us his best ostrich feathers. He slowly produced, after much repetition of our desires, a few bunches of rather poor feathers, which he pronounced his best. For four feathers of doubtful worth he asked two Napoleons, and would take no less; but when the dragoman reminded him of the gracious reception he had given us at his house not two hours before, he concluded, for the sake of his two daughters, to remit a half Napoleon to one of our party, and for the sake of my own daughter, a half Napoleon to me; and indeed finally, for some similar reason, he came down about a quarter of his price to the whole party. Our dismay was not perfect until, on reaching the boat with our feathers, the steward, an experienced hand, informed us that they were worthless and would not even bear dressing for use, and that the feather merchant had plenty of good feathers, but had been practicing upon our ignorance. One by one we returned to the shop and expostulated, and were each relieved to find him willing, as a personal favor which must in no case be made known, to show us his best feathers and exchange for another half Napoleon some excellent ones for the worthless things we had first taken.

We saw many evidences at Assouan that we were on the borders of Nubian deserts. Among others, a collection of wild beasts for the King of Greece had come in that day, and a young elephant had died in the night. Hides of the hippopotamus were in common use, especially in strips to bind together the heavy oars used in the boats on the Nile. A few poor leopard skins were for sale. We saw near Assouan two crocodiles, one fifteen feet long, who obligingly lay out for our inspection upon a sand-bank, and after allowing our boat to come quite near, slowly rose and walked into the water, curling his tail in a very significant manner as he disappeared. His eyes seemed more on the top of his head than the alligator's, whom he differed from also in having somewhat longer legs. A lizard of two feet and a half in length very deliberately sauntered along the bank as we passed, and one of our companions killed an asp on shore. Our steward shot a wolf near by. We were cautioned about coming through the palm-groves on our evening walks in Assouan on account of serpents, but we saw none.

Our first visit out of the town was to the famous granite quarry from which so large a portion of the finest columns and largest stones in the Egyptian temples have been hewed. Here, amid evidences of enormous excavations, we found a most interesting and instructive sample of the work of three thousand years ago, in an obelisk, nearly out of the rock and already roughly shaped, but left here as a convincing evidence of the boldness and skill of the ancient engineers. This stone, which could not weigh less than two hundred tons, being ninety-five feet long and eleven feet thick, was so situated that it could not possibly be rolled or slid from its position before being lifted ten or fifteen feet perpendicularly. This implies a strength of tackle and a perfection in lifting-machinery which it is hard to surpass in any modern apparatus. Heavier

stones than this have been handled in modern times—for instance, the pedestal of Peter the Great's statue in Russia, which weighs twelve hundred tons. But there are stones in Egypt heavier than this, and what is remarkable, still heavier ones in Syria, which have been moved for long distances. Our dragoman was at Luxor when the French were taking down and getting afloat the enormous obelisk now in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, and of which the magnificent mate is still in place before the temple at Luxor, the finest obelisk, in the clearness of its hieroglyphic figures, in the world. The French sent a vessel with three captains, three ship doctors, three engineers, and two hundred men to effect the transportation of this obelisk. They got there purposely at the height of one inundation, and getting as near as possible to the obelisk—it stood about thirty rods from high water—they stranded their ship, took out a large part of one side of the vessel, and went to work upon the obelisk. Having hung it from enormous derricks, they cut it off near the base (perhaps it was too long for the vessel), and with two thousand men (natives) at the ropes, slowly lowered it to the ground. An inclined plane of timber was made down to the ship, and on this it was slowly shoved on greased ways until it landed in the hold of the vessel. It took one year to accomplish this, with the aid of a vast force of natives. The inundation had risen just in time to float their vessel as the French got ready to sail with their treasure. They were three months getting from Luxor to Cairo, and how long getting home I could not find out. It is not strange that Louis Philippe, who ordered this national enterprise, should have had the various engineering expedients by which it was accomplished engraved upon the pedestal he executed to receive the obelisk. England, to whom the mate was given, took warning and never attempted to move it, much

to the joy of all travelers in Egypt. There is abundant evidence in the sculptures of Egypt that the heavier stones were not moved on the Nile. They were put on sledges, ways of wood being laid down and greased, and then they were drawn by an immense force of men, sometimes six and eight hundred miles, over the level country. Nothing short of a universal religious passion among the people can account for the extent of the sacrifices, the persistency of the efforts, the immensity of the scale on which their temple-building was carried on for at least two thousand years.

February 3.

Our next visit was to the island of Elephantine, near the lower cataract of the Nile, just opposite Assouan—once the site of temples, palaces, and cities, but now a heap of ruins, with a small portion of the propylon of an old temple rising above them. The populousness which has formerly distinguished the whole valley of the Nile is one of the most melancholy suggestions of its present thinly-peopled wastes. Every point of advantage, every hill, bluff, or elevation above the general level of the Nile, is now covered with the debris of old habitations, where bricks of unburnt clay, bits of pottery, and pieces of broken temples and statues, lie in a grim decay which is oppressive. More successive stages of prosperity, more eras of vigorous life, have covered this valley than the Tiber itself can boast. Rome may show you her modern city, built upon the ruins of the Middle Ages, and those on the foundation of her classic temples—and those again, upon Etruscan arches, lying still deeper down. But Egypt has built her poor modern life upon the ruins of her Caliphs' splendors, and they built theirs upon the glories with which the Ptolemies, contemporary with Rome's greatest Cæsars, strove to outshine the works of the Pharoahs contemporary

with Moses and Abraham, who themselves found temples and palaces already thousands of years old, and pyramids to which no memory could reach back when they came into power. Greece and Rome are children in the presence of hoary-headed Egypt.

Starting in the freshness of the morning, our party, accompanied by at least fifty donkey-boys, dromedary-leaders, peddlers of Nubian wares, and a long tail of supernumeraries whom it was impossible to drive off, directed its way across the sands and rocky mounds of the desert to the little village opposite Philæ. Nobody can adequately describe the shoutings, pushings, haulings, and general hubbub of one of these starts on an Egyptian pleasure-excursion. The hope of "backsheesh" inspires the whole Arab community, and the Howadji is attended by the expectant looks and outstretched hands not only of the crowd who start with him, but of all the people in all the little hamlets he passes, of all the wayfarers he meets. Naked babes, who can say nothing else, are sure to articulate "backsheesh" with fearful distinctness. It is the whole English vocabulary to most of them, and the helpless indignation with which it is listened to by most travelers, to whom it grows a most disagreeable sound after a short experience, seems to give it a special charm for the Arabs, who half jocularly, half maliciously, use it as a means of amusement or of torment, even when they expect to realize no money from their petition. The endless variety in the costume of the company, where rags of all colors stream in the wind, the representatives of all ages and all races adding to the peculiarity of the scene; the contrast of big men straddling diminutive donkeys, and little boys mounted on huge dromedaries, while yellow dogs howl and gnash their teeth from the roofs of houses or the gates of mud-enclosures; the growl of the dromedaries, the asthmatic

wheeze of the donkeys, the guttural jargon of the Arabs, all mixed in a Babel of sounds; the donkey-boys beating and punching the patient little asses; the caravan shifting every moment its shape, now huddled all together, now stringing out in long files, as here a Howadji tumbles off his donkey and rolls in the sand or a saddle turns and lets a lady down; the outlandish look of the strangers in their extempore turbans, their hats being uniformly bound up in linen folds, with a long tail floating on the breeze, all this makes a start for a temple in Egypt a very odd and amusing spectacle, and sometimes a very annoying experience. I found six miles on a dromedary neither so bad as I expected nor so pleasant as it might be. Sitting a little one side of the hump that holds the saddle in place, with both feet hanging over the left shoulder, and holding on by the knobs that are placed before and behind the saddle, I soon got adjusted to the swinging motion of my beast, and after trying first the walk and then the trot, settled down into the amble, which was about as easy as a hard horse. A string in the dromedary's nose, and a pair of reins fastened about his cheeks, furnished the means of guiding him, but I had enough to do to hold on without indulging my love of driving, and resigned myself to the leading of my Nubian boy, who ran almost the whole distance without once being out of breath or showing the least sign of fatigue.

On arriving at the village, two miles below the island, we found a large number of boats and dahabeehs waiting for customers, and were soon aboard a large boat, with a crew of fifteen men under a Reis of at least sixty-five years, with a very gray beard and a most comical cut of countenance. After beating off, not without difficulty, the twenty men and boys who tried to get aboard our boat, we started with a strong wind in our sail up the twisted and rocky channel of the river. Three men had climbed, with the agility of mon-

keys, the slender hundred-foot spar which held our three-cornered sail and let out the folds. And then, all being comparatively quiet, out came the rude drum (a skin stretched over an earthen, tunnel-shaped pot) and a tambourine rudely adorned with inlaid ivory, and the Reis, taking his place, commenced singing and dancing, with those peculiar wrigglings of the flanks which seem to be the highest accomplishment of Arab dancers. The howls and shouts of the men and the din of the instruments were not made more agreeable by the persistency and tirelessness with which they were kept up. The music was monotonous, and some of the men clapped their hands as an accompaniment. The most wonderful thing about it was the untiring vigor and fun of the old Reis, who was as little respectable a representative of old age as I ever chanced to meet. Fortunately for our hearing, twenty minutes brought us to the landing, and we mounted the bank with ardor to see the famous temples of this most celebrated spot. Well may the Roman authors and the Greeks who visited it in the days of the empire have confirmed the great reputation for beauty and picturesqueness it enjoyed among the ancient Egyptians. Nothing on the Nile we have seen can bear any comparison with it in these respects. It is thoroughly out of the line of the usual Nile scenery, having quite the character of a sea-island, near a rocky coast. The Nile on the upper side approaches the island, which, at least on the portion where the temples are, presents a square and very precipitous front—with the calmest dignity, and as if quite unprepared for any fall from its serenity. A lovely stretch of unruffled water leads the eye far up the river to green banks, which are hemmed closely in by rocky hills. But looking down, the scene is entirely changed. Huge rocks, imposed upon each other in forms not unlike Egyptian sphinxes, black and bold, lie in irregular piles all around,

while sheets of whirling water and breaking rapids show that danger and convulsion are at hand. The island rises, perhaps, a hundred feet, and that part on which the temples are covers only a few acres. Palms and thorns occupy every spot which the water reaches, but the surface of the island at its upper end is whole barren and desolate. Every foot of it is covered with Roman or Saracenic ruins—the remains of old walls, old temples, old palaces, old huts and hovels—all broken down into a debris of small bits, as if at various times this favored spot had been for six or seven thousand years built upon anew, one ruin succeeding to another, until at last human ambition had ceased to haunt it, and now had left it to a few Arabs and Nubians too nearly savage to build any thing better than a mud shanty.

But in the midst of this universal ruin stand two temples, one of them in the usual Egyptian style, the temple of Isis, built, it is said, in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus (B.C. 130). The endless pillars, with their ever-varying capitals, give a peculiar richness to this temple, which although not in as perfect preservation as Dendera or Edfou, has in parts more lightness and elegance. Both the propylons are in excellent preservation, and are readily mounted by stone stairs, which are among the special wonders of the Egyptian temples. The views from the summits are very commanding and charming. In some of the dark chambers of this temple, groping with candles, we found some beautifully preserved and still fresh colored sculptures of Osiris, Isis, and Horus, the triad to whom this temple was consecrated. The strange mixture of a Greek dedication with the names of Roman emperors, and finally of Clement XVIII., with the cartouches of Egyptian monarchs and the symbols of gods and goddesses, made this temple a curious representation of the East and the West meeting at the first cataract of the Nile, and mixing

the end of the old and the beginning of the new civilization of the ages. It certainly looks as if the architecture were modified by Greek and Roman taste and style; but this is denied by competent authorities, who boldly assert that Egypt lent every thing to the nations that conquered her, but borrowed nothing.

A still more interesting because unique temple at Philæ, perhaps connected originally with the service of the other, is a small building of a parallelogramic form, surrounded with a wall which reaches only half-way up its columns, open at the top and adorned with four rows of magnificent pillars, with richly-decorated capitals, and almost all in perfect preservation. The gem-like beauty of the costly temple, situated on the most commanding elevation, and preserving amid the neglect of fifteen hundred years almost the freshness which its builders gave it two thousand years ago, takes a powerful hold on the memory, and makes it the easiest monument in Egypt to carry away in the heart. Nothing could exceed the fascination of the spot as we profaned one corner of this once sacred place with our luncheon, while two Arabs, armed with Nubian swords and full of grace, played at war on the terrace before us. On the wall, amid several modern inscriptions, was one saying in English: "After sixteen years passed in the service of Earl ——, in Abyssinia, I reach this spot on my way home to England." After wandering about on the island and among the temples till we were thoroughly tired, we again took our boat and rowed down to the "gate," or chief fall of the cataract. A dozen oarsmen manned the rude oar-locks, which every now and then gave way and some Arab floundered on the deck. The tackle was most rude, and we offered in our cabined dahabeeh so much resistance to the north wind that our progress was slow; but the boatmen bent to their work with unflinching patience and a tremendous dis-

play of muscles, planting their feet like statues and bending like Moslems as they lustily sang their loud refrain, monotonous and plaintive, but vociferated with fierce energy. As we approached the fall it seemed almost certain that we should drift into the current and go over; and amid a most disorderly racket and row, we managed, scraping a rock, to round a point and bring up on the sands. A dozen rods carried us to the cliff under which the chief current of the Nile plunges, in a fall of about six feet in thirty rods down a stony channel, with a roar and a boiling of the waves like a sea in a storm. The current seemed running about fifteen miles an hour. Twenty naked men, some with a strip about their loins, others with none, were here waiting for the Howadji to reward their skillful and daring feats. A dozen at one time beckoning our attention, ran to the head of the fall, plunged in, and were in a moment bobbing like corks upon the top of the stormy current, going down the stream with the swiftness of a running horse. Had there not been so many in the water at once we should have been filled with terror, but the sight of so many made us feel that they at least had conquered all fears. Some of them made extraordinary motions, turning over and round as they descended, and all of them seemed as much at home as so many ducks. Before we could fairly realize their descent, they were on shore and up the hill, clamorous for backsheesh, which we thought most fairly earned. Putting it in their mouths (copper as it was), off they shot again, and this time mounting each a log of perhaps a foot in diameter and eight feet in length, a little bent at the upper end, they appeared shooting down the cataract, in fearful danger of dashing each other's brains out as it looked, but going down much faster than before, apparently only because they could not stop the log, and were wholly unwilling to part with it in a country where wood

is so scarce and dear. These logs appear to be the boats of the Nubians. They lie upon them, and, without moving their feet, paddle like dogs, moving at a remarkable velocity. It is not strange, with such water-rats as these about, that heavy dahabeehs, ten or twenty tons and more, are pulled up the cataract at the worst stages of water.

The courage and skill of these beautifully-made Nubians and Arabs excited our utmost admiration, and formed onc of the chief pleasures of our visit to Philæ.

XLVIII.

THE MECCA CARAVAN.

CAIRO, Egypt, February 16, 1868.

WE returned to Cairo without further incidents of importance to mark our delightful Nile voyage, and reached the city just in time to see the Mecca caravan start from the Citadel on the annual pilgrimage to the shrine of the prophet. About nine o'clock this morning the Pacha, surrounded by a brilliant suite, occupied a raised and carpeted dais on the great square near the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, and was saluted by the procession as it formed and made its way down from the Citadel into the main street of Cairo. I did not see this part of the ceremony, preferring to post myself in a carriage with our party, in a more favorable part of the route, where the procession would be compelled to sweep within a single yard of our steps, and I could get the nearest view of the faces of the pilgrims, and see, close at hand, every detail of the curious spectacle. I confess I half wished myself out of the scrape before I had fairly got into it. Ten years ago the intrusion of Franks into the very path of so sacred and peculiar a Moslem ceremony would have been resisted with insult and violence. When I saw the storm of fanatical passion into which the dervishes and the pilgrims generally were worked up, and felt their scowls and heard their suppressed curses, and was continually swept with the breath of their wild, uncalculating enthusiasm, I really felt in more peril of life and limb than I remember of ever before

to have encountered. There must have been five thousand pilgrims and two or three thousand soldiers—an escort of honor—who probably accompanied them only a few miles upon their journey. One large company of Albanian cavalry, it was said, was going all the way with them. These were the wildest-looking fellows, the very ideal of desert soldiers, their belts full of inlaid pistols and daggers, each with a gun in his hand, resting on the saddle-bow, erect. They had blue eyes and fair hair, often long and curling, and with their savage looks their fair complexion seemed only to increase the effect of ferocity. Many, too, were quite old, and looked as if they had grown to the saddle. They rode Arabian horses of great spirit. But all this soldier-part came last in the procession. Before the main body came along, a few half-independent strings, or pieces of the general cavalcade, passed us—camels laden with palm-branches and flowers and tinkling bells, and dressed in rich carpets and bright colors, carrying three or four persons each; two or three palanquins also, looking like the bodies of gondolas, borne each by two camels, one before and one behind, and making a most gorgeous show, with the windows just open enough to reveal what seemed like veiled women (they may have been men) within.

After these had passed, the main procession soon appeared, led by a body of dervishes, stripped to the waist and carrying various evidences of intense fanaticism on their persons—some with daggers run through the flesh of their arms; others with sharp swords quite through them; others still with an iron skewer going in at one cheek and out at the other, with a metal weight hung on either end. Some of the men, seizing their swords at hilt and point, pressed them with great apparent violence against their naked bellies just at the pit of the stomach with repeated motions. There seemed to be a half-dozen of this class, who vied with each

other in self-punishment. Others had serpents, of the size of the wrist, hanging round their necks, or erecting their crests within their bosoms. These men were scattered thinly through the procession, and had the chief attention of the spectators. The pilgrims seemed of all ages and all conditions : some rich men rode on beautiful horses or sleek mules, accompanied by their servants ; some dragged lame limbs along with painful alacrity and proud endurance ; others, with children on their shoulders, seemed bent on doing a double penance as they walked to Mecca and carried this heavy burden. The idea of self-sacrifice appeared to inspire the whole company. The majority of pilgrims were in middle life, and seemed discharging the one duty for which they had been long laying up the means. Many were in very scanty clothing, and that of a poor description. Others were arrayed in costly shawls, with the most ambitious turbans and the most highly-colored robes of silk. Nothing in the way of variety or gorgeousness of effect could have exceeded the flow of this gaudy procession, which had the merit of being not a got-up procession out on a holiday parade, but a real one on its actual way to a distant pilgrimage. The noise of fifty different bands of wild music deafened the air. Hundreds of kettle-drums, some borne on horseback, but generally on foot, were beating, accompanied by as many shrill pipes, which played no tune but made a frightful noise. A thousand tom-toms—a small tambourine—were struck with frantic rage with leathern thongs. Every other pilgrim, in parts of the procession, staggered under a banner—so that the company walked in the shade of their own mystic-lettered standards, where texts from the Koran blazed in Arabic. Green, red, orange, gold, and brown prevailed in the colors, which made a storm of floating tapestries of all hues. The bearers reeled under their weight, and as the tops caught in the trees

it stopped the procession until the flag-staffs were extricated. Finally, introduced by a company of dervishes who howled and leaped and sang, came the sacred camel under his golden canopy, beneath which was carried the new carpet, which every year Cairo, Constantinople, and Damascus (if I am rightly informed) send as an offering to the shrine of Mecca. Three different embassies, each trusted with one of these three different parts, meet at some spot near Mecca, where the three pieces are joined, and the whole offering, typical of the union of these representative centres of the faith, is presented at once. Immense enthusiasm greeted the appearance of this camel with his sacred burden. All along the line the voice of Moslem hymns went up in a raging howl of gutturals. The dervishes brandished their knives, twisted their bodies, and interwove their dance just before the camel's proud steps. The noble beast had more than the usual conceited look so characteristic of him. He stepped like a conqueror, and lifted his head to an enormous height.

Following the sacred camel came another camel carrying a single man, of perhaps fifty years of age, his hair curled in copious locks, his body naked to the waist, and his whole trunk and head swaying and rolling like a China mandarin, only with a rotatory motion. He looked like a drunken Bacchus, or rather Silenus, as green boughs and flowers decorated his throne and the camel he rode. He was, it was said, a very distinguished Moslem saint, who lived ordinarily in holy retirement, but was now brought forward to adorn this spectacle. Penance and prayer had certainly neither thinned his plump body nor sharpened his rosy countenance, and a more disgusting representative of piety was never submitted to my gaze. Another "holy man," much like one of Chaucer's friars, followed on another camel. Two heads of the four sects of the Moslem faith rode side by side in splendid

robes, one of orange silk, with a lofty green turban only worn by some descendant of the prophet, the other in a robe of blue, and both on beautiful mules.

The aspect of the pilgrims was that of intense earnestness. Those who were not shouting Moslem songs and psalms were muttering prayers, many with a very absorbed air. There were not wanting many noble and dignified figures and faces in the procession—men one wondered to see lending themselves to such a fanatical spectacle. But the general exhibition was of a wholly satisfied, unreasoning confidence, in which the tradition of ages showed its whole power, and the popular enthusiasm rolled in a channel dug and deepened by a thousand years of superstitious usage. Nothing in any Christian procession I ever saw had such fearful earnestness in it. I suppose the Crusaders advanced for the rescue of the holy sepulchre in much of this temper, and that we have nothing to regret in the absence of any such blind fervor and unreasoning enthusiasm in modern Christianity. The picture of this spectacle would be incomplete without some notice of the crowd that received it. The narrow street (we have nothing so narrow in New York, not even Pine and Cedar) through which the procession passed, was paved with turbans of all colors, leaving just room for four men abreast to march. The little shops of the bazar were all covered with squatting figures; every window, every cornice or ledge, the roofs of the houses, the steps of the frequent mosques, were full of men in their gayest costumes, and veiled women, with their black eyes shining fiercely out. The lattices of the harems were all apeak with curious, straining-eyed women, whose eagerness often led them to drop their veils and open their casements, so that I caught a view of at least a dozen very handsome Circassians, with almond eyes and arched eyebrows and lovely regularity of feature. They seemed

careless of their shape, or else their admiration of corpulency makes them feign it. Most of the women looked fat. On the whole, the background furnished by the Cairo crowd was more interesting than the procession that meandered like an iris-skinned serpent in this meadow of brilliant costumes and Oriental faces.

The dark Arab skin and the black Nubian complexion set off colors in dress as the fairest skins fail to do. The black man in his own region has a beauty which his Oriential costume immensely improves. The silver ornaments he prefers, and the red and yellow and brown and white colors he loves, make him, in full dress, a magnificent creature. Among the three kings, I suspect the African was not the least picturesque at the famous visit of the Magi to the manger. After this terribly interesting spectacle, I conceived a new horror of the power of the Moslem superstition. The dervishes evidently have a frightful hold of the common people, and are instruments of governmental policy. I fear that the governments of the East use religion much as American politicians are using Fenianism, to build up a hatred of other powers on which to erect their own ambitious schemes. Nothing but superstition could render the yoke of these oppressive Turkish and Egyptian governments tolerable. But love of their faith reconciles the people to any government that honors it, no matter how it treats their civil rights, especially if it shows as much hatred and contempt as it dares for Christian nations.

We left Cairo at about 3 o'clock P.M., for Alexandria, hoping to reach it by 8 o'clock; but we were delayed by mismanagement and bungling until midnight, and did not get to bed until 2 A.M., after sundry street adventures, such as being driven without knowledge or leave asked to a masquerade ball instead of the hotel! Alexandria seemed as much alive

at that hour of the night as in broad day. It appears to add to the usual vices of a sea-port every form of Oriental dissipation and excess. Always the hive of the most contending and diversified opinions, it seems now the haven of the most various nationalities. All languages, costumes, and complexions—Frank and Moslem, black and white—are found in its muddy streets. Had it not been for the society of the Consul-General, Mr. Hale, and his sisters, who made a little Boston for us even in this far-off land, we should have felt unusually exiled in this unattractive place, especially after leaving Cairo, which has so many charms of climate and scenery. I must not omit to express the sense of our Consul-General's beneficent administration of our American interests in Egypt. He seems, in his long residence, to have acquired a very unusual influence with the government, and to have it in his power to extend most substantial favors to his countrymen, whom he seems delighted to serve. His great and laborious kindness to the American Colony at Jaffa, so unfortunately misled in its hopes, has called forth the high approbation of our own Government. A hundred of the number of these unfortunates has been sent home at the national expense, at a cost of about $100 each, and with great wisdom and tenderness on Mr. Hale's part.

February 18, 8 A.M.

We left Alexandria at 2 P.M., in the steamer (French) *Eridan*, for Port Said (at the mouth of the Suez Canal) and Jaffa. We are now, after a smooth sail of eighteen hours, just arrived at Port Said, where we remain until four this afternoon.

PORT SAID, 12 M.

We have been ashore, and find a town of shanties, which have been extemporized on this spit of sand, which seems sur-

rounded by lagoons of salt water. They say there are ten thousand people here, chiefly, of course, connected with Mr. Lesseps's great ship-canal enterprise. The port, which is partly protected from the sea by artificial breakwaters, composed of great cubes of stone and concrete, consolidated by a French method into immense blocks, is quite crowded with steamers—French, Austrian, Russian, Turkish—and presents a very lively image of the vast future commerce which will flock to this end of the great canal when it is opened. A large fleet of enormous dredging-machines, of the most various patterns, is in view, and actively engaged in digging out the harbor. As we followed up the canal a couple of miles, we found many others at work, and friends who came through the canal from Suez report over a hundred of these prodigious dredging-machines in active operation along the line. This vast work is being prosecuted with the utmost zeal. It is said by those who have come through it to be about three-fifths done. The plan is to dig a canal of three hundred feet in width and twenty-six feet in depth, sufficient to allow large ships and steamers to pass without locks. At present a fresh-water canal is used about half-way for dahabeehs and small tugs, and passengers are transferred at a midway point to somewhat larger but still small steamers, and brought to Alexandria. It is an uncomfortable and fatiguing passage, but gives an excellent idea of the work, which impresses those who see it with its huge magnitude and its certain success. There is little doubt that from the very opening it must change the course of Indian commerce and reward the projectors with a large revenue. The strictly neutral character of the canal, which invites all nations on equal terms to the use of its privileges, is an admirable feature in the enterprise.

BEYROUT.

Leaving port Said, we put to sea in a strong wind, hoping to make the Port of Joppa next morning. About fifty passengers for that destination were on board, most of them with contracts to meet dragomen and horses at Joppa and go on to Jerusalem. We were among that unfortunate number. But Joppa is one of the worst roadsteads and most dangerous landing-places in all the Mediterranean, and our vessel we found had failed to effect a landing there for several of her last voyages. To our great disgust and inconvenience, we were carried past the port without any attempt to land, which indeed, in the state of the sea, would have been highly perilous, even if possible. We came along the coast of Phœnicia within perhaps five miles, passing Hermon, covered with snow, and seeing Joppa and afterward the places still known as Tyre and Sidon in the dim distance, catching impressive views of the mountains of Lebanon, all snow-clad, as we rounded the Cape and came to anchor about 7 P. M., February 19th, in the comparatively smooth and protected waters of a picturesque and attractive bay, on the slope of which Beyrout, gleaming with lights, appeared.

It was no joke getting ashore the next morning, for our steamer was still bounding with the roll of the ocean, and made great alertness necessary to avoid plumping into the sea instead of the boat, as we trusted ourselves to the Syrian sailors and rowed to the rocky coast, behind a little point of which we found a safe landing possible. We were soon in our comfortable Hotel Bellevue. It commands a grand sea view, being directly above the rocks which make the defense of the town from the tremendous sea that is breaking this moment upon them, and tossing its spray almost into the front door. Our first excursion was through the narrow

bazars, paved with stone and running to-day with torrents of water—for it rains steadily, as if all the rain due to Egypt was poured in double measure on Syria. We observe at once a great improvement in the appearance of the town and population over any thing we have seen in Egypt. There is little or none of the deadness and decay so observable at Cairo. The houses exhibit better taste and more enterprise. There is a cleanliness about the habits of the people which, if not satisfactory from a European point of view, is a great improvement upon any thing Mahometan we have met elsewhere. There is much more amenableness to the customs and ideas of the nineteenth century here than in Egypt, and therefore our first introduction to the independent government of the Sultan gives an unexpected satisfaction. Things look better politically and socially here than in any part of the Viceroy's kingdom.

Syria, according to the best accounts we can get on the spot, has a population of about two millions. It covers old Palestine, Phœnicia and Syria proper, extending from Arabia Petræ on the south to the Gulf of Alexandretta and the mountains that end there, and to the Desert of Arabia and the Euphrates on the east. About one-third of the population are Mahometans, a quarter Druzes, and the rest native Christians or foreigners, Jews and traders. Its chief cities are Damascus (perhaps the most sacred of Moslem cities after Mecca), Aleppo, Beyrout, and Jerusalem. Beyrout is the real business capital of the country, although the Governor-General of Syria lives half the year at Damascus, which is much the larger place. The mountains of Lebanon—just now covered with many feet of snow and impassable on the great highway which connects Damascus and Beyrout—are chiefly occupied by the native Christians and the Druzes, and are said to have a population of a half-million. They have

a Governor-General of their own, a Christian, appointed by the Turkish government, though under certain forms of election by the people themselves. This policy had been introduced since the terrible religious conflicts of the Druzes, Maronites, and native Christians in 1860, when the massacre of many thousand Christians and the burning of some dozens of their towns drew the attention of the Christian world, and compelled the Turkish government not only to interfere with energy, but to give important guarantees for future peace between these fanatical religionists. At Damascus the Governor-General, held responsible for not suppressing the conflict, was taken out and shot by the Sultan's order, and one hundred and forty-seven of the principal citizens—implicated in the trouble either actually or constructively—were hung across the streets as a terror to all their sympathizers. Several thousands of the flower of the Damascene youth, hitherto enjoying an exceptional immunity, were conscripted into the Turkish army, and the city nearly ruined in its apparent prospects by the severity of the punishment it received. Before saying any thing about this conflict, it may be well to give a brief account of the American Protestant mission here—better known to almost all other American Christians than to our Unitarian body, but well deserving of attention from all friends of Christian truth and civilization.

I believe Dr. King, now at Athens, was one of the earliest of the American missionaries here; but the original cultivators of the soil became discouraged, and it was only about thirty-six years ago, when Dr. Thomson, the well-known author of "The Land and the Book," fixed himself here as the representative of the American Board, that the Syrian mission may be said to have been fairly planted. Rev. Mr. Calhoun (a Massachusetts man) followed him, and obtained, by his remarkable elevation of character, a great and abiding

influence over the Druzes and the Syrian people generally. In the persecution of 1860, Mr. Calhoun's house was a place of safety for the property and persons of the native Christians which no Druze was inclined to desecrate. Dr. Van Dyck, the learned Arabic scholar, who has recently completed the vast work of translating the whole Scriptures into Arabic, followed only a little later. These admirable missionaries and scholars are all now in Beyrout. Rev. Mr. Jessup is the present pastor of the American church here, and makes most honorable sacrifices of opportunities at home to labor in this distant field. It seems to me, from all I can learn, that this mission has from the start been animated with a singularly pure and unworldly spirit, and that the men on the ground have mingled piety, learning, and prudence in a remarkable degree. There are, I think, in Syria, leaving out Palestine, which is left to the English mission, at least nine American missionaries at Aleppo, Damascus, and Beyrout. There are many village stations which are superintended from the mission. The mission has apparently aimed rather at attaining final results of a large character by the use of fundamental methods of influence, chiefly educational and indirect, than at reaching immediate and showy results by desperate attacks on the errors of opinion and character with which it finds itself surrounded. From what I see of Beyrout and feel in its whole atmosphere—so different from what prevails at Cairo or Alexandria—I am sure that the Syrian mission has had a great and admirable success.

There is a college here only two years old, at the head of which is Dr. Bliss, exactly adapted for the post, which has a foundation, raised chiefly in America, of $100,000, with a prospect, I hope, of much more. Our fellow-citizen, W. E. Dodge, among his various beneficences, has given $25,000 to this college. One of his sons acts as a professor in it. There

is a medical department of great importance, to which Dr. Van Dyck gives half his time, and which has just received news of the appointment of Dr. Post, of New York—son of our distinguished Professor, Dr. Alfred Post—to a surgical chair. The college began with a preparatory school like Antioch and most Western colleges, but already has a freshman class of fifteen, a sophomore class of a dozen, and a medical class of eighteen. The schools in Syria are gradually raising their standards to meet the requirements of the college. The prospects of the institution are very promising.

There is quite a thirst for information and for education among a certain class of Syrians, and the missionaries encourage it in every way. There are some free opportunities in this college for young Syrians of promise. It may be well enough to mention that one Syrian merchant in Beyrout is paying marked attentions to our young Oxford men, because he has a son at Eton, in England, who expects to complete his education at Oxford. There is a young ladies' school here, which has about eighty pupils, and which is patronized by the richer people of all faiths. A few years ago reading and writing were almost unknown among the Syrians; now they are quite common accomplishments. Then to educate a woman was considered about as impracticable and useless as to educate a cat; now there is a marked desire among Syrian parents to give their daughters a good education. The Governor-General of the mountains I had the pleasure of meeting at a delightful reunion at the house of Prof. Dodge. Daoud Pacha is an accomplished Turk (who is a Christian), and has traveled in Europe and filled his mind and heart with enlightened views of government and social progress. He speaks French fluently, and a little English, and is a polished and accomplished gentleman. He is

deeply interested in American principles and in American life, and is striving to introduce representative customs among his people. He is endeavoring to interest the people in roads and bridges—the first conditions of civilization.

There is but one carriage-road in Syria. A few bridges have been built, but most of them are in ruins, and the roads even in the towns are disgracefully bad and dangerous. The merchants of Beyrout are often carried on men's shoulders across the torrents that burrow deep channels past their marble court-ways. I have been over my ankles in water, jumping from stone to stone in their principal bazar, to make my way from one side of the town to the other. We are waiting in Beyrout for the Damoor River to go down far enough to be able to get ourselves and horses across it, on the way to Sidon. We may be obliged to go thirty miles around to avoid this stream, now swollen by mountain rains, and all for want of a bridge ten yards long.

It is astonishing how this country has been torn in pieces and its civilization delayed for centuries by religious feuds. The acrimony, hatreds, and jealousies of Greek and Latin Christians, of Maronites and Druzes, of orthodox and heretical Mahometans, have rent the political and social fabric into such small bits that not enough of it is left to cover the nakedness of barbarism. This Syrian soil appears to be the hot-bed of religions. The people of every kind are saturated with theocratic notions, and they show plainly enough that the religious instinct, uninformed by general intelligence, unbalanced by manifold other interests, and unguided by moral feeling, is the most dangerous and destructive of all the elements of our nature. What is best in its possibilities becomes worst in its actualities. I do not wonder that the two dispensations which have educated and saved the world, the Mosaic and Christian, should have had their fountain-heads

in this Oriental clime, and in this profoundly religious soil. But the theocratic consciousness and vigor which gave them birth, restrained and shaped by a divine prudence and love until they had established themselves and become capable of being transported to other and safer soils, seem here, in the spot of their birth, to have soon exaggerated and falsified them, smothering them in the fury of their own excess, and blinding them with the intensity of their own light. The Mosaic faith had a few generations only of purity, and the magnificent kingdom which seemed builded by God himself on eternal foundations, was, in its duration of only five hundred years, shamed by the stability of Egyptian, Assyrian, and Grecian heathenism. Christianity has had less ripe and wholesome fruit on the soil that produced it, and which is sown with the sacred memory of the labors and sacrifices of its founders, than on almost any other equal territory where it has been planted. But it is not for the want of religious feelings. These exist, and have always existed, in excess in Syria. They exist now in tremendous force. Every now and then they burst with volcanic fury from the bosom of the people. But they exist alone, without political freedom, economic prudence, social aspirations, or moral development, and they curse instead of blessing those who feel them. When will the world learn that all the deeper and nobler instincts and passions of humanity are perilous in precise proportion to their essential dignity and importance, and require attention, direction, and counterbalancing to prevent them from ruining those whom they were designed greatly to bless? It is in vain to cry "superstition," "superstition," and pack off on that scape-goat all the sins which the religious instinct has caused. It is the sense of an infinite power, and the desire to propitiate its favor, that does the mischief, and until this constitutional faith, with the desires and fears that accompany

it, is informed with moral, rational, and carefully-balanced conceptions of the character of God and of the paternal quality of his government, religion continues a curse and not a blessing—an obstacle to brotherly kindness, a hindrance to civilization, and the chief barrier to the reception and progress of Christianity. Fears of being misunderstood ought no longer to prevent the plain truth being spoken on this point.

Here in Syria it is not indifference to religious hopes and fears that withstands Christianity. It is Moslem fanaticism, Druze passion for its own secret faith, Maronite intensity of devotion to its own stupid formalities, and Greek earnestness for its "sacred fire," and all that goes with it. Jews dragging their aged limbs to lie in the soil where Abraham and Isaac and Jacob and David and Solomon rested; Greek pilgrims from Russia and the most distant north squandering their all to accomplish the long and destructive journey that brings them to the place where, in rags and filth, they may imprint one kiss on the imaginary sepulchre of their Saviour; Moslems crossing arid and waterless deserts, on painful and half-starved pilgrimages of six months, to the shrine of the prophet at Mecca; Catholic Christians throughout all the East bringing pestilence and death to the holy places at Jerusalem—all this may strike sentimental hearts as a beautiful illustration of the power of the religious principle; but I confess it shocks my mind with a sense of the humiliating and oppressive injuries which this sentiment, unenlightened, can and does produce. The Druze murders were a small calamity, though many thousands of Christians fell under their fanatical knives, compared with the ruin of all rational and moral ideas, which unchecked and unbalanced religions—call them Moslem, Christian, or Druze—produce when they take exclusive possession of the human heart.

A CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

I went with these thoughts in my mind to the Protestant service in Beyrout yesterday, hoping to hear a moral and spiritual discourse addressed to my religious affections, and not in conflict with my common sense. It was the first preaching I heard in the Master's own country, and I longed and prayed that it might honor and fitly interpret his pure, rational, and simple faith, and give me Christian refreshment and edification. It was serious, sincere, and unaffected, and not without merit as a performance, but in all other respects as brimful of superstition and perilous misleading as if a Moslem or a Druze had preached fatalism or transmigration. It did not help it, in my mind, to consider that it was only a fair sample of much that is called Christian preaching in all countries, and that it was eminently orthodox and Calvinistic. The object of the sermon was, arguing from Samuel's rejection of Saul on account of the incompleteness of his obedience in the matter of Ahab, to show that Christ—the only God that seemed to be recognized in this service—was unwilling to have his disciples flout the completeness of his sacrifice and the perfectness of the salvation to be achieved by simple faith in it, by any reliance on works of righteousness, on growth in moral excellency, or in the abandonment of vices and the cultivation of virtues. The great thing was absolute and utter and instant acceptance of this sole condition of salvation, faith in Christ's sacrifice. This was perfect obedience, this complete salvation.

I do not suppose for one moment that the preacher thought this kind of faith compatible with a bad, selfish, and immoral life, or that he expected any thing but the peaceable fruits of righteousness from those who once accepted the atoning blood of the Lamb as their salvation. But I know

just as well that this kind of preaching appeals to superstitious fears and hopes, misleads and muddles and confuses ordinary minds, insults and disparages human reason, and puts conscience wholly off her track. It makes a mystery and a superstition of Christianity, and in its tendencies is not a whit better than ecclesiastical mummeries and metaphysical subtleties, such as have destroyed the whole Eastern Church and no small part of the Latin Church. To undertake to combat Mahometan fatalism or Druze incarnations of God in human persons with this mystic stuff, is like using magic to put down witchcraft. I should have a thousand times more confidence in the power of the multiplication table and the primer—I mean in elementary education—combined with the general influence of commerce, to Christianize this people, than in all the preaching of this kind that could be done by all the ministers in Christendom.

So long as we continue to make a hocus-pocus of the Gospel of Christ—to divorce it from common sense and universal reason—we shall make little head against heathenism. It can beat us at such weapons. But when we once bring plain Christian principles of justice and truth, of mercy and love—principles founded in God's nature and our own—to bear upon the mystic fears and selfish hopes of the superstitious world at home or abroad, we may hope to see piety and morality, liberty and social progress advancing together, and selfishness, injustice, cruelty, and lust disappearing from the world. At present the smallness of the influence of a pure and moralized religion upon the face of the world is terribly depressing, and I have never felt it more distressingly than on the soil where the feet of the holy Jesus pressed and in the atmosphere which his breath once purified.

THE DRUZES.

The Druzes are heretical Mahometans, who split off in the eleventh century from the common stock of Moslem faith to follow a certain Neshlakeen Darazi, a missionary who had been sent by Hamze, Vizier of Hakem, the Fatamite Caliph then reigning in Egypt, to preach the doctrine of the divinity of Ali, son-in-law of Mahomet and of his successor Hakem, who deemed and asserted himself an incarnation of the Deity. To a faith in these incarnations (of which they admit Christ to have been one) the Druzes add a faith in the transmigration of the soul from one human body deceased to another freshly born, so that they maintain a fixed and definite number of Druzes, incapable of being increased or diminished. "God is a Druze," they say, and having created so many Druze souls, he keeps them always embodied, the children of Druzes being only reappearances of their deceased ancestors. What other articles of faith this curious and fanatical body may have, it is not easy to discover, as they have the most persistent secrecy in their worship, if they have any. They meet in certain lodges, with a more than Freemason exclusiveness, once every week, and maintain an extraordinary understanding with each other, so that the whole 75,000 of them are essentially united for all political and specially for all belligerent enterprises. They are brave and intelligent, and with unusual faculties of combination. Commonly they affect a marked catholicism and toleration, being all things to all men. How far love of independence and of certain prescriptive rights influence them, and how far religious fanaticism, none can say. But in the terrible persecution they visited in 1859–60 upon the Christians of the mountain villages, with whom they had long lived in peace, they manifested a kind of American Indian passion for blood and

extinction of their enemies, and pursued them with brand and sword until many scores of towns had been burned and some thousands of lives had been brutally taken. The horror of the Christian world was aroused by their fiend-like murders. Whether the Maronites are a bit better than they—Christians as they call themselves—is at least doubtful. They were followers of Maron, a heretical monk, who taught the Monothelite doctrine in the seventh century, and remained separate from the Roman Church for five hundred years. They acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope A.D. 1438, retaining certain privileges, such as their own calendar, and the use of their own tongue in the mass, and the right of marriage for their priests. They are now ignorant and fanatical papists, governed by patriarchs, who are almost their political as well as ecclesiastical leaders. They have heaps of convents and monasteries in the mountains. They are warlike, and for centuries defended their independence against the Mameluke and other sovereigns of Egypt. They assisted the Crusaders. France has always made herself their friend and protector, as England from political reasons, and specially to offset French influence, has made herself the protector and friend of the Druzes. Turkey has satisfied herself with fighting Maronites and Druzes and Greeks against each other, hoping in the general confusion to hold her own in Syria against both French and English intervention. Thus far the Porte may be said to have outlied and outwitted the other powers. Meanwhile Syria, where patriotism is dead, is the victim, as Egypt is, of the jealousies of the French and English governments, who leave Turkey to her misrule, because it is preferable in the eyes of each to the other's control, however favorable that might be to the peace and civilization of the country which they so piously call the Holy Land, and contend for the honor of rescuing from the Infidel.

XLIX.

DOWN THE COAST OF SYRIA.

Near Tyre, SYRIA,
February 26, 1868.

THIS is to be our second night in tents. It rains heavily in gusts, and we are just housed in our canvas homes from the wind and hail and rain, which by turns have pelted us since noon. But, despite the lack of fire-wood (it is a very scarce article on the plain of Phœnicia) to cook our dinner, and a very eager appetite for what will be long in coming, we are far from dispirited, albeit traveling in Syria in the month of February is not the wisest or pleasantest thing for travelers who have any chance of doing it in April and May. The weather is the tyrant of those who live in tents—a most agreeable tyrant in this climate in the spring and fall, but a most cruel one at all other seasons.

Yesterday morning, at 8:40 A.M., we left our comfortable inn and pleasant circle of friends in Beyrout, with many misgivings about the weather and against many cautions from wise and experienced friends about the perilous height of the unbridged streams, the depth of the mud on the plains that crossed our path, the cold and wet we must encounter, and the roundabout road we should by these and other obstacles be driven to take to accomplish our circuit of the chief attractions of this sacred land. But we could not postpone our journey without great sacrifices of other interests. We had come far, under very imperfect information, to accomplish this

labor of love and duty, and, cost what inconvenience it might, we were determined to carry our point. It required very little courage to come to this resolution in the company of about fifty other travelers in Beyrout, caught in the same trap, and with no alternative but to decide which was the least obstructed of all the routes and pursue it.

There is a regular and well-established way of journeying in Syria and the Holy Land. With the single recent exception of a macadamized carriage-road between Beyrout and Damascus (now obstructed with two or more yards deep of snow on Lebanon), roads do not exist in this country. Think of a country thousands of years inhabited, and by peoples who attained the height of civilization, as did the Phœnicians and the Jews, and which without ever having become barbarous is now covered with a population of two millions, and yet is without carriages, carts, or wheeled vehicles, or any roads on which they could run! All communication and transportation is over sandy paths by the sea-shore, or rocky paths over the promontories and mountains, or through bottoms which are, in the wet seasons, almost impassable with mud. Horses, mules, and camels are the vehicles.

Travelers for pleasure and instruction employ a dragoman who, for so much per day for the party, agrees to furnish tents, mules, horses, servants, and food, and to charge himself with the entire expense and care of the journey. We have a dragoman of a good reputation at the consulate in Beyrout; and, by the way, it would be very ungrateful not to mention how much we have owed to the counsel and assistance of the excellent gentleman, Mr. J. A. Johnson, who not only occupies but most honorably and carefully fills the office of American Consul-General at Beyrout. He draws up the contracts between American parties and the dragoman, and teaches his countrymen how important it is in Syria to have

every particular stated in the agreement, so that no dispute can arise which, on referring to the contract, can not be settled in any consular court, where the traveler may find himself under the protection of a representative of his country. Mr. Johnson is a most important citizen of Beyrout, a friend and chosen companion of the missionaries, and a most intelligent and worthy upholder of the American name and honor.

Botros Yacoub engages to carry our party of eight on a circuit of thirty-three days, from Beyrout, by Sidon, Tyre, and Carmel, to Nablous and Jerusalem, to Hebron and the Dead Sea, up the Jordan to the Sea of Tiberias, and by way of its sources over to Damascus, and then by Balbec over Lebanon back to Beyrout. He furnishes us with excellent horses, and mules for our tents and baggage, and with comfortable food and service, for £10 per day. We have twenty-three animals, and thirteen men besides ourselves in the cavalcade, and make a considerable figure as we file along the rough paths. It is quite astonishing to what a science the dragoman's business is at last brought. Our tents are of double canvas, and very fancifully got up. Our cuisine is quite French, so that we find little difference between our meals and those we have had at the best hotels in this part of the world. After a breakfast at 6½ A.M.—an omelet, a cutlet, and bread, butter, and coffee—we send our mules with the heavy baggage ahead to the camping-ground fixed on for the night. Our lunch goes upon a mule that keeps our horses company, and after a ride of four hours, in which we make about twelve miles, we take our nooning, and rest one hour. Twelve miles, or four hours more, take us to our camp, where, if the roads have not proved too heavy for the burden mules, we find our tents erected and our dinner preparing. A soup, a roast, a chicken, some pastry and dessert, with a cup of coffee, solace the

fatigues of the day, and assauge the horseback and open air appetite. We have not had that kind of luck these two days past on account of the roads, which are very heavy, especially for our baggage-train; but this is what we expect if the weather improves, and what travelers in the proper season may reckon on quite surely. We have three tents for ourselves and one for the servants, and in spite of rain and wind we sleep quite dryly and warmly.

The road from Beyrout to Sidon is partly over the rough plains and sand-hills, and partly by the sea-shore. A growth of dark plumy pines diversifies the way for the first two miles out of Beyrout. Then comes what for us proved to be a swampy ground, where we wallowed in gutters and had the grief of seeing two of our baggage mules drop and steep their loads in miry water. One gentleman lost his seat and came to the ground, and altogether our prospect looked ludicrously unpropitious. But we soon got out of this low region of mud and water and took to the beach, where sand four or five inches deep seemed a small impedient, after the sticky mud we had waded through. The waves rolled up to our horses' feet and broke in beautiful breakers along miles of our way. There is a narrow plateau between the mountains and the shore, which for ages furnished the route over which all the coast traffic of Syria passed, and the road by which it was invaded by Assyrian, Macedonian, and Saracen enemies. The plain of the Ilyssus is only a hundred miles north of Beyrout, where Persian power fell before Macedonian ambition, and along this route Alexander led his forces when he assailed Phœnicia and besieged and took Tyre, then the richest city in the world. In that day this rough and roadless trail must have been supplied with a well-built highway and with bridges. Indeed, it must have been so at various periods since, in the days of the Seleucic Dynasty, and in the Saracen

times, when the Caliphs of Bagdad, Saladin and others, brought their armies over this path. Even now pieces of old wall and old road, with the abutments and arches of bridges, are observable along our way, and now and then a remnant of old splendor—part of a column or capital, a bit of old Mosaic flooring, the ruins of a sarcophagus, numerous walls, stone troughs for horses, and remains of old tombs—show that a high civilization has at some period had possession of this soil. These hints of ancient splendor are strangely impressive in the midst of the general savageness and primitive wildness to which the country has returned. It could not be more rough and unsubdued in its aspect if it had never been the seat of human existence, to say nothing of human pride and magnificence. It is difficult to conceive of mountains more stony and threatening in their aspect. The plain, which must once have been very highly cultivated, has again become covered with stones as thick as are seen in those parts of New England where the sheep are fabled to have their noses sharpened to pick up their living in the crevices of the rocks. Only here they are mostly loose, as if the paving-stones of a hundred cities had been emptied out over the fields. The wheat, however, manages to find its way up between the close stones, and covers many hopeless-looking plots with emerald greenness.

Trees are very rare except for a few miles about Beyrout, where mulberries and figs abound. The palm is comparatively scarce. Fruits, however, all grow abundantly where attention is given to their culture. The orange, lemon, banana, fig, mulberry, peach, apple, almond, are found in as much abundance as the negligent ways of the people will warrant. We find also cotton, of a boll not larger than an English filbert. It is ginned out by hand, and has a very short staple. The Syrian peasants are seen making silk thread

on frames precisely like the old New England rope-walks; and for want of space in their little hen-coop villages, as tangled as wasp-nests in their plan, they put up these frames upon the sea-shore sands. I see sponges washed up on the shore, and our dragoman tells me that thirty miles above Beyrout two hundred divers and fifty small vessels are engaged in collecting sponges, which are of the best quality, and are sent to Paris and London for sale, where they command a high price. We are surprised at the size of the fig-trees, many being over a foot thick, and occasionally one of two feet in the trunk. For crookedness and impenetrableness I think no tree can exceed the head of the fig. The figs grow close to the branch. At present they are perfectly bare, but at a little distance the branches present, from their number and crossings, a body of grayish-blue color which has all the effect of a tree in blossom. Whole hill-sides are variegated with this curious effect. Already, although the winter has been unusually severe here, the fields are covered with wild flowers, among which the anemone, with its brilliant scarlet, takes the eye most conspicuously. A hundred other, to me nameless plants, because not yet in blossom, provoke curiosity. But nothing is so strange as great swamps of the oleander, green and beautifully vigorous, and giving a glorious promise of the richness with which, a month later, they will bedeck the fields. Before the low stone one-story cottages, which often have a Saracen front of two or three arches, strangely conflicting with the filth and poverty within them, is usually placed a large fig-tree, and occasionally a vine is seen in their company, so that one realizes fully the force of the language, "beneath his own vine and fig-tree, with none to molest or make him afraid."

CROSSING THE DAMOOR.

We had stayed one or two days in Beyrout, to give the Damoor river, half-way between Beyrout and Sidon, time to abate its flood. Some parties had gone round another day's journey to avoid crossing the swift current, which is often five feet deep, and runs with perilous velocity. Our dragoman thought it safe to risk the river, and we found ourselves just at noon of our first day's ride shivering on its banks. We had crossed several smaller streams, and had got our courage up to the point of attempting this, even if somewhat threatening. It was only eight or ten rods wide, and when we got there, a dozen men, nearly naked, were already in the water to help us and our beasts over. Accordingly we plunged in, and were soon contending with the current in from two and a half to three feet of water. One of the ladies was carried down the stream a few rods (the sea was sending in its breakers not ten rods below), but was brought up by the men and landed safely and without serious wetting. But one of our party, another lady, who with her companion had lagged behind, having rather a weak horse, was thrown over the wrong side of her saddle into the water, and brought out wet to the skin and with a serious fright, which we feared would bring our day's journey to a premature close. We took her up to a wretched hut, and after a half-hour's delay got dry clothes for her out of our most inaccessible baggage-train, so that she had courage to ride on to Sidon, a dozen miles farther. Our train was not ten minutes in advance of us as we rode on to the knoll just beyond the Moslem cemetery outside of the town, and groped about in the dark to help raise and equip our tents for our first night's experience in Syrian travel. The want of method among these Orientals is most trying. Nothing can whip up their dull speed, or add

any system to their obstinate, scatter-brained ways of pottering an hour over what should not cost experienced and competent people ten minutes' work. After two hours we got our dinner, which was really excellent, and then sunk, tired and comfortable, into our beds. The waves breaking on the sea-shore lulled us to sleep; and although the shrewd wind found out the cracks in our tents and the opening in our blankets, we made a fair night of it.

SIDON.

February 27.

At six this morning we were up, for we had not thought it worth while to venture upon much undressing, and a basin of water in the open air and a tooth-brush soon accomplished our extempore toilet. After breakfast we made a visit to the old town; went up into the ruined citadel, where seven poor Turkish cannon keep up an absurd pretense of armament. The view from the citadel was really fine, overlooking the little port, which might once have held fifty galleys, but whose ancient sea-walls, although still visible, and indicating plainly what they once were, are now in ruins. The harbor is filled with rocks and sand, which it is said one of the conquerors of Sidon put there to make it inaccessible to any enemy—a curious way of impoverishing one's self to save the possibility of robbery. The town, the mother of Tyre, and one of the oldest cities in history, supposed to have been founded by the grandson of Noah, and contemporary with the earliest days of Damascus, oldest of towns, is now a mean little place of five thousand people—a little snarled-up place, with its narrow lanes covered over with arches, so that it seems almost a burrow as you weave your way in its subterranean thoroughfares. We visited two of its khans—great dilapidated enclosures of stone, with a fountain in the middle, and

room for a hundred guests with their beasts in the open square, with chambers opening out of it, in which goods might be stored and travelers lodged. Precious little use can now be made of these caravansaries, but it was very instructive to see about what kind of an inn it was where Joseph and Mary could find no room in a little city not a hundred miles from here, which we hope soon to visit. We went to the little port. A stone bridge, whose arches are, many of them, in good preservation, connects one side of the little harbor with a small castle, which is in ruins. A few fishing-vessels, or sponge-traders, or fruit-carriers, lay in what little of the old harbor is still usable. When the commerce of Tyre and Sidon is spoken of in such magnificent and sounding terms, and little Phœnicia, not bigger, the whole of it, than a county of a Western State, is vaunted as having been the Great Britain of its day, and Sidon and Tyre the London and Liverpool of the Mediterranean and of the age about one thousand years before Christ, it is only necessary to see the narrow area of ground the peninsulas they occupy afford for buildings and population, and the miserable accommodations they offered in their best days to any considerable shipping, to understand that, however important relative to the uncommercial age in which they flourished they may have been, their best estate was inconsiderable, compared with that of a hundred cities now doing the commerce of the world. For situation Sidon and Tyre are much alike. They are both on small capes jutting out on twin promontories about twenty miles apart. Sidon, seen from ten miles either way, seems an island, and has still a very picturesque appearance, especially on account of the arched pier that stretches out to the ruined castle. Besides the sea-wall, the ruins of which mark out the boundaries of the old harbor, there is no antiquity in the place, except in remnants of col-

umns built into the mosque, and in fragments of old statues, particularly of the lion, which seems to have been the favorite subject of its sculptors. Perhaps the Venetians caught their lion of St. Mark in this far older city, where he was clearly greatly honored. The French Consul here devotes himself to gathering up antiquities, and has many interesting fragments in his possession—especially one cover of a sarcophagus in stone, lately fished up out of the sea, which is as fresh and unblemished as if it had left the sculptor's hands ten years ago, and not twenty centuries since. It seems the head of a Ptolemy, although the Consul called it a Bacchus ; but it was altogether too serious and imperial for such a designation. I saw no sculpture in Egypt as perfect and as handsome as this. The head was larger than the natural size, and the shape of the stone lid (all there was of the sarcophagus) was very like the lid of a mummy case.

ABOUT SIDON.

We left Sidon with reluctance, thinking of the possible presence of our Lord, when he visited the coast of Tyre and Sidon, in this very place, and of the Apostles, many of whom may well have been here, to say nothing of David and Solomon, and other Jewish dignitaries, who at least had great and manifold business with the merchants and artificers of these then famous marts. But the cloudy, rain-promising sky admonished us to be on our way, which still lay on or very near the coast, following all its sinuosities. About Sidon there is a considerable appearance of cultivation in the fields, which are rich in their soil despite numerous stones. The rocks on the shore are very friable, and more worn with age and the shock of the waves than any coast I remember. The stones look fairly ready to give up the controversy with the eternal vigor of the sea. There is evidence that the coast is much

worn away. Reefs a hundred rods out seem to show where it extended within historic times. The coast is honey-combed, and full of caves and holes. Natural bridges are found here and there over fissures which only a thin crust of stones cover. The mountains seem to be composed of a hard sort of sandstone, which has yielded to time and storm and salt air, and in which numerous caves are seen, which must from early times have afforded a shelter to men, as well as lairs for wild animals. The hill-tops are covered with stone villages of a startling whiteness, but with nothing rural or attractive in their appearance. Every few miles a monastery of unpretending architecture greets the eye, and the sound of bells shows that one is in a country where Christians contend for a place with the Moslems, who never use bells on their houses of worship. Half-way between Sidon and Tyre we encounter the ancient Sarepta where Elijah in the famine met the woman who shared her last loaf with him, and whose cruse and meal " have not failed " in three thousand years to teach charity and faith to the succeeding generations who have read and reverenced the tender and touching story. It is a poor village on a steep hill-side, with a few dozen Moslems for its inhabitants, and olives and a little corn still growing in memory of the cruse and the meal that were never to fail. We climbed the steep hill of three or four hundred feet adjoining the village, to see perchance over into the next valley, but found our labor lost, as the apparent summit was not the real one by as much as three or four hundred feet more.

Lunching in view of this famous town, the gathering storm began to break over our heads, and taking to horse we pressed on toward Tyre, a dozen miles off. But the way was too heavy. First rain, and then as bitter a storm of hail as I ever encountered in New England drove in our faces, until our noble Arab stallions, proud and bounding as they had

been all day, fairly turned tail and refused to advance. We cowered in our India-rubber coats and capotes, dark as the storm, sitting like equestrian statues in black marble, until it passed, and then fording another violent stream, brought up at a ruined khan just over the Leontes. It is the third river of Syria. A stone bridge—almost a half circle in shape, and with most of its stones broken away at the beginning and end, so as to make it a very ticklish thing to climb on horseback—fetched us over, and there we stopped our baggage-mules, and made arrangements to pass the night. While our tents were pitching in the rain, we made shift to tarry in a chamber of the old khan, where an Arab and his old wife lived, with two cows, a calf, and a donkey, and whatever stock of poultry they had—all in one apartment. There was no chimney, except an aperture over the door, and the poor fire threatened to make bacon of us all. But the scene was so characteristic of the primitive life of the country, and brought back so forcibly the stable where the Master was born, that all the thousand pictures which I have seen from famous artists were not worth one glimpse of this real scene. The good creatures showed us true Arab hospitality; they broke up their last piece of wood, and bustled about to make us welcome to their poverty and filth. Funny little dried-up old woman it was, in her mannish trowsers and half-starved frame! Who shall tell the looks of the cow that came home late, and, presenting herself at the familiar door that always welcomed her with her full udder, found it blocked with outlandish strangers, and would not come in—although we urged her with courteous entreaties, feeling ourselves to be the intruders—until the funny old mistress went out with a rope and led her milky ladyship past her guests into her parlor. And what Landseer shall picture that donkey's inquiring, puzzled aspect, as he erected his monstrous ears, and pucker-

ed up his eye-slits, and pondered at the door, considering whether his fears of us or his longing for his warm crib should prevail? What a bundle of black wool he looked, perched on those thin shanks, with those unnatural flaps sticking out of his crown, stubborn yet modest, and very clearly having no mind to leave the door-way if he did not quite see his way to joining such distinguished company. We stood the smoke and the stable-smell, and all the other smells, as long as we could, and then made our way down into the muddy bottom where our tents were pitched. And here we are, our dinner served and eaten, and every body in bed, and two giving audible proofs of a sound nap, while the wind raves about and the rain drums on the tent, and the sides flap as my pen runs on. But as I am sitting with my feet in a puddle, all feeling being happily out of them from cold, and the candle is at its last gasp, I must drop my quill and tumble into bed with my clothes on. Truly, it is not wholly pleasant to travel in Syria in February. May my next "flight" here not be in the winter. Yet it is not without its great pleasures even now. Good-night.

L.

PHŒNICIA AND ITS CITIES.

TYRE, February 27, 5 P.M.

A GREAT storm of wind tore at our tents all night with much of the fierceness of a pack of jackals howling about and tearing at a Phœnician sepulchre. Sleep was nearly impossible in this hurly-burly, which every minute threatened to become a topsy-turvy. But, thanks to a good Providence and the American flag which waved over our camp, we escaped without a midnight upset of our fragile houses, though not from serious cold and discomfort. The dogs of the dirty khan on the hill above us hung round our tents as if scenting strange blood, and mingled their fierce bark with the roar of the west wind and the brawl of the swollen Leontes just at our feet. A leaden and a cold sky, full of hail and rain and blast, that chilled to the marrow, accompanied us on our ride of seven miles to Tyre, partly over a muddy swamp, but for five miles by the sea, which the heavy blow had put into most glorious motion. Five lofty breakers rolled in at a time, following each other in snowy ridges that combed with sandy head as they mixed with the shore, and broke angrily upon the smooth beach. I have never seen a more beautiful beach, nor one harder to the horses' feet. Our fine Arabian horses, who had had no food for twenty-four hours, neither hay nor corn being obtainable at our unexpected stopping-place, galloped over the beach with proud leaps, and carried us swiftly by the exciting spectacle of the dashing breakers. Tyre lay

all the while in view, surprisingly like Sidon in position, though wanting the picturesque pier of arches that connects her castle with the city. We rode through its stony streets, twisting and turning every other rod, until we arrived at a sort of inn, in short, an empty house, without table or chair or sign of bed or furniture of any kind, but a shelter, where we concluded to wait twenty-four hours for a change of weather. But scarce as furniture was, there was no lack of people, and bright Syrian women, with brass coins (perhaps gold) dangling at the tags of their braided hair in a dozen strings, welcomed us with unveiled, Christian faces, while husbands, brothers, children—a score at least—were set into a buzzing excitement by the arrival of the party of "Inglesi." Immediately on the arrival of our baggage-mules we set up housekeeping for one day, our fourteen men moving in our heavy boxes and putting up our iron bedsteads, and opening out our folding chairs and tables in a wonderfully short time, until the empty house is quite a miracle of furnishing and comfort; and certainly it is very pleasant to tread on stone floors, and not on mud, in our bed-chambers! We have really got to the extravagance of shaving and mounting clean collars and having the dirt scraped from our boots, and all these operations have gone on in the presence of a large group of most curious Orientals, who watched every process, from the opening of a soap-box to the paring of our nails, with the most surprised wonder and delight.

We have been about Tyre, which is shrunk from its proud importance to a miserable little Moslem fishing-town of five thousand people, half of them, however, Christians. There are abundant evidences in its ruins, especially in numerous red granite and several marble columns lying on the shore and in the harbor, of its ancient importance; and although little remains of the solid masonry of its sea-wall, the outline

of the old harbor may be traced. Bits of very old sculptures are found built into the houses and lying about the town, and coins and engraved stones of the time of Alexander the Great are occasionally dug up. The most interesting thing to me was the still impressive ruin of the old Christian Cathedral, built in the fourth century and consecrated by a sermon of Eusebius, which is still preserved in his works. In this church the remains of Frederick Barbarossa were laid, and long before that the vastly more sacred ashes of the great Origen. I surveyed the walls at the two ends of the church, and measured the curve of the noble arches, which are distinctly preserved for perhaps fifteen feet of their spring on either side, with a vivid realization of the long-hushed voices which had so many ages ago been caught up and echoed by these stones. Roof, side-walls, floor, every thing is gone but the foundation and parts of the two end walls. But enormous broken columns of red granite lie in the cellar, and one double pillar of twenty-six feet long, an enormous monolith of ten feet thickness, worthy of Egypt, if, indeed, Syria does not outdo Egypt in great stones.

We thought over the twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel, which so boldly and eloquently predicted the ruin of this proud city, which had already in the prophet's days become a synonym for luxury, prosperity, and worldliness. The bookmakers all would have us believe that the prophecies in regard to the destruction of these cities that bordered on their sacred land were verified with a most literal fidelity, and that every line of them had a special application and specific fulfillment. The real truth is that the destruction of all great cities is certain, if only time enough is given, and that a thousand years might usually be trusted to blot out the foundations of any town, or to build them over with a new city. A few cities retain their names after thrice as long a period, but

they retain nothing else. Damascus, the oldest city in the world, is a city a dozen times rebuilt and very often destroyed. Tyre has been destroyed and rebuilt and revived at least five times. To which of its destructions are the words of Ezekiel to be applied? The noble indignation of the prophet, venting his solemn sense of the destruction that waits on all the pride of this world upon prosperous Tyre, would have been just as carefully fulfilled if applied to any other seacoast city which had reached prosperity. It is of the providential nature of civilizations, as the world changes its wants and starts new types of life on fresh soils, to decay, and no virtue or piety will save them from this fate ultimately. It is as certain as death for every man. The great thing for communities to reflect upon is the temporal and short-lived character of their proudest works and their mightiest power, and the importance of using their span to leave a noble legacy of experience and a grand heritage of truth and worth behind them on which their posterity may build better for the race. Tyre and Sidon were great and noble communities for their age, and they rocked in their narrow cradles—these small and choked-up-harbors—the commerce which at length occupies all oceans with its mighty wings. They deserved, doubtless, the warnings, reproofs, and threatenings they received from the holy men who prophesied their downfall, but it certainly required no miraculous vision to announce for them the certainty of a catastrophe which is universal, and sooner or later falls on all great nations and great cities.

We walked over the neck of the isthmus made by the army of Alexander the Great to reach the walls of the city which he besieged for seven months, and finally took only by completing that herculean job. His work has remained; he joined Tyre permanently to the main-land. There are no Christian remains here except the ruins of the old church.

About five miles from the city a sarcophagus is pointed out as the tomb of Hiram, king of Tyre, and friend of Solomon. But it seems an improbable tradition, history saying nothing about any such monument. A tradition which produces no effect upon historic records for a thousand years after its origin, can hardly be expected three thousand years afterward to claim our faith. I could not muster confidence enough in this tradition even to ride over to the ruin, which is said to be well-preserved, considering its pretended age. We looked into the Latin church in Tyre, a very humble building, but the cathedral of an archbishop. I asked my guide what supported him, for the town was very poor. "The people," he replied, "and he gets full as much as he ought." The truth is that, by the customs of the country, all church ceremonies are made very binding and very burdensome, but none so much so as burial, which is a sure enough necessity to make it a certain source of revenue. Families often ruin themselves by the hospitality and the church fees connected with the funerals of their kindred. They will usually go all lengths and mortgage their earnings for future years to meet the tyrannical expectation of a great feast to all comers at the house, with many church services, all to be paid for, when the great sorrow of the loss of father, mother, or child is upon them. We must not forget that follies of custom not very unlike this prevailed in New England only a generation ago, and that in New York the costliness of burial is one of the sources of peculiar oppression to the humbler classes of a respectable character. Near the door of this church was a list of about sixty saints, and under the list a little bag of sixty paper counters. The devout people took at a venture one counter from the bag, and looking at the list for the number and name corresponding to it, made their prayers that day to that saint as by special direction.

NEAR ACRE, Syria, February 2.

We woke to find the day very fair, and sending off our baggage-mules an hour in advance, did not get into the saddle until 9 A.M. The storm leaves its consequences in a very high sea, which, upon this rocky coast, gives us the most magnificent effects. The coast is very much broken and worn away, and reefs and rocks a hundred or two rods from the shore seem to indicate that it extended out considerably beyond its present line within historic time. Against these reefs the sea breaks as gloriously as I have ever seen it. The spray dashes fifty feet into the air, and the boom of the shock is as the snort of great steam-engines. Between Tyre and Acre the promontories are bolder and the coast more precipitous. When the trail (for it is nothing better) can not follow the beach, or skirt along the edge of the plain, it climbs by the rudest and most difficult stairs the rocky promontories, and we are obliged to dismount and follow our horses a half-mile at a time. The path lies often on a rocky shelf directly over the precipice, and is not without its terrors. Three miles on our way brought us to four pools or artificial reservoirs, the largest perhaps fifty feet long and thirty broad (it is octagonal), and raised twenty feet from the ground. The walls are at least eight feet thick, of solid stone. It seems supplied from natural springs, which drain the mountains, and here meet a ledge of solid rock which compels them to rise to the level of the rock surface to find their way to the sea, a half-mile off. This fortunate circumstance was turned to excellent account by the builders of these pools, which are thought to be as old as Solomon's time. They are still flowing with their ancient copiousness; but where are the people? where is the city they supplied with water? A fine stone aqueduct, of which, I think, fourteen arches remain, once led these waters to Tyre; and others distributed

them over the neighboring fields, which must for many months in the year have depended upon them for their fruitfulness. What so precious as an unfailing fountain in a land where two months is about the limit of the rainy season, and for the rest of the year a shower is an unusual and unexpected thing? We lunched at a ruin (a fountain also) which is named after Alexander the Great, but which has nothing but its name to connect it with him. There appears to have been a fortress here, judging by the size of some of the stones, but the ruin is too far gone to tell any story of itself.

At 4 P.M. we reached by a rocky path the summit of the promontory which terminates the bold ridge that bounds off Phœnicia from the Holy Land, and got our first glimpse of Palestine. The afternoon was very bright, and the wind had lulled, so that on the broad, green plain, fifteen miles long and five or six broad, which lies between this ridge and Carmel, nothing but peace and modest beauty seemed to rest.

The view of Hermon, with its heavy snows, we had left behind us in crossing this ridge. It lay fifty miles inward—a grand object, especially when we turned from the snowy ridges of the stormy waves and looked at the snows of Hermon, peaceful as her dews. But snow, except just one glimpse of it in the north-east, did not enter into our new landscape; but rather spring green, and blossoming fruit-trees, and groves of lemon; while nine stone villages, in the midst of plantations, gave an almost New England look to this gentle prospect. True, there is no thrift in it, and these villages, as you approach them, are gloomy, filthy, and repulsive. The farming is all shiftless and primitive in its tools and methods; the ploughs are one shade better than the Egyptian, which are inconceivably wretched. But, with the evening light upon these hills and athwart this broad level, with the Mediterranean breaking upon the western shore, I am willing to accept

this first view of Palestine as not unworthy the Holy Land. Every thing seems gentler and more fertile. We have left the snows and the rains, the severe rocky promontories, too, in passing over the ridge which divides Phœnicia from this Land of Promise. Carmel, too, is in full view, and it is free from snow, and looks green and inviting. We see the monastery where we hope to pass to-morrow night. We are camped three miles from Acre, which we shall visit in the morning. A noble viaduct, carrying water to Acre, of thirty or forty lofty arches and at least sixty feet high, runs across the little valley where our tents are pitched. The sunset broke in floods of gold through the Saracen heads of these arches as we jumped from our horses, and poured a special charm over our first evening in the Holy Land.

February 28.

Our encampment was bordered with groves of lemons on two sides, the aqueduct, through whose arches some tall cedars showed themselves against the sky, forming the third side of the triangular space. We left the romantic spot with keen regret, as a clear, cloudless morning flooded it with light. Following the line of the aqueduct, whose beautiful succession of stone arches crossed all the inequalities of the surface, we came in about four miles of travel to Acre, whose walls and mosques had been in view for several hours. A hundred or two of Turkish cavalry were going through their drill upon the sea-shore as we rode into the sole gate of the little city. It is nothing but a fortress, every thing else being strictly subordinated to the military service of the place. Acre, as every body knows, owes its chief interest to the part it played in the Crusades during the two centuries from about A.D. 1100 to 1300, when "the world's debate" was going on touching the relative claims of the Moslem Crescent and the

Christian Cross to rule in the earth. Here those great knights, Baldwin and Philip Augustus and Richard Cœur de Lion, planted the standard of the Red Cross, and here Saladin, their equal in chivalry and in sincerity, gave them proofs that faith in the Arabian prophet had a fearful vigor in its mailed hand. Here flocked the noble representatives of all the Christian powers of Europe to uphold the trembling banner of our faith, whose insecurity then, from the confident and chivalrous cimeters of the Moslem, it is very hard for the victorious spirit of our modern Christian civilization to do justice to. Those who imagine that a zeal for the rescue of the Sepulchre and the holy places was the chief cause of the Crusades, will change their opinion when they get a near view of the Moslem faith, and see even its present power to blast the regions over which it spreads. Its vigor in the middle ages was immense, as the monuments of its military and its religious pomp and power, now in ruins all over Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, fully attest. Christian civilization did right to fear it, and to withstand it with all its might, and the best way to withstand it was to carry the war into the enemy's country. The Crusades, whose vast traces are left in a thousand ruins along the Syrian coast, were a magnificent outburst of half-terrified, half-insulted Christendom in behalf of its own altars, seriously threatened with desolation from a hateful rival faith, none the less dreaded because a parody of Jewish and Christian dogmas, with their characteristic spirit, turned backward. Acre was the centre of Christian strength in the Holy Land. In a beautiful bay, just half-way between Carmel and the Scala Tyriorum, or Stairs of Tyre, it looks across a broad and fertile plain of sixteen miles' length and eight or ten miles' breadth to the hills of Galilee. In the Crusading times it was a mighty, and deemed to be an impregnable fortress, and was nearly the last place which the

Christian powers surrendered to the Mussulman. Even now it is in good condition as a fortress, and might offer a strong resistance to modern weapons, were its armament equal to its walls, which show as much engineering skill as is commonly seen in European works. But its cannon are terribly rusty, and exhibit signs of long neglect. Unpainted guns and rickety carriages are fit images of the decaying vigor of the Turkish empire, and it is safe to say that Acre could not, with its present armament, resist a single ship of war, under any European flag, for a day. How different from the day when the flower of Christendom for thirty-three days stood the seige of the Sultan Melik, who basely put its brave defenders, conquered by irresistible power, to the sword! Five hundred Knights of St. John then held out in the citadel after the walls had all been taken, until only fifteen were left alive.

Acre subsided after this period into insignificance, and was not heard of in history until a miscreant of energetic character, Djezzar Pacha, gave it, at the close of the last century, an infamous importance by his unparalleled atrocities. He brought forward the interests of his little state, of which Acre was the capital, by his vigorous enterprises, among the best of which was either the building or restoration of the aqueduct, of which I have already spoken. He usurped astonishing powers, and succeeded in making himself so formidable that his master, the Sultan, did not interfere with his capricious cruelties. He cut off the heads of his subjects as farmers cut down thistles. He maimed and mutilated even his ministers. Fifteen of the women of his harem he slew (eleven with his own hand) in one day because of jealousy, excited by the venial fault of one of them. He would play with a favorite, and end in cutting off her ear. In short, he actually did all the crimes that are usually ascribed in fable to

monsters wearing the human shape but possessed by a devil. And yet this ruffian in power died quietly in his own bed! One good thing he accomplished in his bad life. Assisted by the English fleet, he resisted Napoleon, who had conquered Egypt and taken Gaza and Jaffa, and advanced on Acre with the confidence of immediate success. Napoleon had, it is true, only a few heavy guns, and wanted ammunition even for these. His force was only thirteen thousand. After three vain assaults and many weeks' siege, he found himself compelled to abandon his purpose, and with it to drop his magnificent scheme of Oriental conquests. Since then Acre has been bombarded three times—by the Porte to subdue Abdallah Pacha, a rebel governor; by Ibrahim Pacha, who took it in 1832; by England and France, when they intervened in 1840 in favor of the Porte. Still, it stands a city with as remarkable a military history as any one of its size in the world. There is a handsome mosque in the town just under repairs; besides this, nothing of interest but the fortifications and the remains of the Chapel of St. Andrew, the old church of the Crusaders. Acre is only once mentioned in the Old Testament (Judges i. 31). It bore the name of Ptolemais in New Testament times, and St. Paul visited it (Acts xxi. 7) on a journey to Jerusalem.

ON THE WAY.

From Acre we advanced by the way of the shore, which grows a little tedious after thirty or forty miles of travel on the sand. It is interesting to notice how little impression the broad foot of the camel makes upon the sand into which a horse plunges five or six inches deep at every step. Yet the small hoofs of the Syrian horses are nimble, in spite of the sands and the rocks which divide Syrian roads between them. Mud alone (confined to a few months of the year)

seems to chasten their spirit, and they struggle with that in a most patient and courageous way. We had Mount Carmel before us all the way across the plain of Acre. It presents on its northern side a green and mild range or ridge of hills, about four hundred feet high; pretty rocky and steep we found it when we came to climb it, although not so to the eye. To gain the beach we had to cross, near Acre, a couple of inlets of a threatening character, but by dint of good leading we got over them without much inconvenience. Eight or ten miles brought us to the brook Kishon—about one hundred yards broad and seven or eight feet deep where we crossed it—doubtless nearly as high as it ever is, except in some sudden and violent warm rain melting the snows that feed it in the spring, when it might easily become the cause of the overwhelming catastrophe that befell the army of Sisera, against whom "the stars in their courses fought." In this stream, too, flowed the blood of the four hundred and fifty false prophets of Baal, whom Elijah slew after their failure to make their altar burn by calling all day on their God. (1 Kings xviii.)

CROSSING KISHON.

We had as ludicrous a time getting across Kishon as Sisera and Baal's prophets had a serious time in it. One miserable boat of a dozen tons constituted the ferry. It was pulled over by a cord of rope run from bank to bank, by three or four men, with the usual demonstrative imbecility of judgment, clatter of tongues, and swing of limbs which mark all the common people in Egypt and Syria. Our mules were hitched by their halters to swim them over by the side of the boat; but not being disposed to go, they pulled back as long as they were not in deep water more than the men could pull forward. Thwacks of clubs, twisting of tails,

boosting and shoving had little effect upon them for a time, until it became doubtful whether their obstinacy would not conquer the wretched enterprise of our men. Nothing more comical than a melée of mules and donkeys in the water, so tied as to be compelled to mount each other in their efforts to swim, while a dozen Arabs, half naked but always picturesque, pull at their halters and bend nearly double in contending with their desperate resistance. In our boat were heaped our whole outfit—tents, trunks, boxes, servants—while we sat on the gunwale, balancing to keep our places. To add to the confusion, a young donkey jumped into the boat and commenced kicking to find footing in such a medley of packages. I expected nothing less than a broken head or limb from his struggles. Happily he was ejected neck and heels, and swam his way over. How we finally got afloat I do not know, but in some moment of feebler obstinacy on the part of the mules motion was got upon the boat, and the beasts had their fulcrum knocked from under them, and could not regain it until we reached the opposite bank. It was a scene so ludicrous that not even the memory of the blood of the false prophets will ever be able to make Kishon a serious name for me.

MOUNT CARMEL.

Passing Karffa, a miserable little town a mile beyond the brook, we climbed Mount Carmel through groves of olives, old and rotten, and seemingly ready to die, as to their stocks, but green, and full of leaves and vigor, as to their heads, "fair to the waist, but ending foul in many a fold voluminous and vast." There are forests upon the sides of Carmel, and they are said to be fine. But it can only be relatively to the general poverty of wood in the country. You can hardly find a stray stick of wood an inch in diameter in all the

country we have been through. I have looked a whole day in Egypt for a stick to spur my donkey with, and wholly in vain, and it is not much better in Syria. Our cook carries his charcoal with him on a mule, and cooks wholly by it—unable to rely upon the places we are passing through for even a handful of wood to boil a coffee-pot. We reached the Convent of St. Elias about 5 P.M., and resolved to spend our night there, as the air was too keen for tents and the soil too wet. We found the monks quite prepared for guests.

CONVENT OF ST. ELIAS.

In fact, they keep a little mountain hotel in one range of apartments, where clean beds, airy rooms, and most of the comforts of civilization can be found. I can not say much for their cuisine, which was eccentric and innocent of butter or white bread, but abounded in rice soup and sour wine. The evident kindness and desire to please of the entertaining member of the fraternity were, however, warmly appreciated by our party, as also the dry and comfortable apartments. We attended the vesper-service in the handsome church, in the centre of the large square building of stone which the monks for the last thirty years have occupied. There are about twenty-five residents and a dozen missionary monks—rather coarse and unpromising looking men, I thought them. They seem to have nothing to do but say endless masses, and keep the "functions" of their order steadily going. Their droning in a monotonous and loud tone echoed through the building as their successive services came along in rapid order through the day and night. The situation of this convent is beautiful, but the grounds about it are wholly neglected, and it has none of the charms of a French or Italian monastery of a superior class. Nor, indeed, at this season, is there any beauty in the foreground

of a picture which, from the presence of the Mediterranean and the view of Mount Hermon and the mountains of Galilee, can not but be interesting in itself. The new moon begins to lend its magic to the nights. Its yellow rays mixed with the rosy hues of the after-sunset and turned the sea into a dream of beauty. Mount Carmel is about fifteen miles long and four broad, and only about an average of four hundred feet high. The wild flowers, red, blue, yellow, and white, make it pretty under our feet, even at this early spring-time ; but it is very rocky and not specially fertile, so that we must suppose that the frequent references to its beauty in the Scriptures were at a time when it was under better culture, or else that it is beautiful relative to Palestine in general, which, thus far, is charming mainly from association, and not intrinsically.

The Carmelite Convent is built over what for ages has passed as the grotto or rocky cell of Elijah, whom these credulous monks claim as their founder. The grotto is a small hollow in the rock, which has been artificially enlarged, and an altar cut in the natural stone. It is certain that this mountain was, from very early times in the Christian era, the resort of anchorites on account of Elijah's victory over the priests of Baal, and the resuscitation of the son of the Shunamite woman by Elisha. The traditional place where Elijah's sacrifice was fired is about ten miles from the convent, and is known as El Mouhrakah (the sacrifice). From it a full view of the plain of Esdraelon is commanded. The brook Kishon joins this plain with the plain of Acre, running round the northern side of Carmel. Several monasteries have occupied the site of the present one. There is historic mention of one as early as 1185 A.D. They have gone to ruins, and have revived as successive powers, Mahometan and Christian, have ruled the country. One

built in 1760, was used as a hospital by the French in 1799, and the wounded they left were massacred by the Turks after their departure. The convent was utterly destroyed by Abdallah Pacha in 1821, who left no stone upon another. A simple monk, John Baptist he called himself, went through Europe, after getting permission, through French intervention, with the Sultan to rebuild the convent, and in fourteen years of mendicancy begged the means of erecting the present fine structure.

A French count is buried in the centre of the quadrangle, and the heart of another is buried, by his request, in the wall of the church. The road down the coast from Carmel to Cæsarea is comparatively good, almost wholly on the sands. About ten miles south is one of the finest ruins in Palestine, the remains of the ancient Magdiel, now Aithlit, mentioned by Eusebius and St. Jerome, which in the middle ages took the name of the "Castle of the Pilgrims." Nothing is known of its history before the thirteenth century, but the Templars fortified it in 1218 to protect the Christian pilgrims to the holy places, and it was really the last place occupied by the Crusaders in Palestine, having been deserted some weeks later than Acre. Rarely have I seen more impressive ruins. There are fine remains of a church, which in its day must have been grand. One crypt, or semi-subterranean chapel, is over ninety feet long, forty broad, and fifty high, and retains its groined roof in perfection, after at least seven hundred years' existence. Few modern roofs equal it in architectural skill and elegant simplicity and genuineness. It is a wonder so little has been said about it. There are also remains of a palace of the Templars—vast in its outlines. Indeed, the rustic work of these foundations is equal to the best in Florence. The rifling of stones to build other towns, which has gone on for

centuries, has left a vast pile of noble ruins still, which will reward all who will carefully examine them. One long store-room, arched and without pillars, is three hundred feet in length, forty broad, and forty high. The roof is still sound, and the walls essentially firm and perfect. We reached the ancient Dor, now known as Tantourah, at 4 P.M., and camp here for the night, as our dragoman is unwilling to advance into the region about Cæsarea without a guard, as it is infested by troublesome Bedouins. The summit of the hill about a quarter of a mile from the village under whose protection we are encamped, contains the ruined tower, high and far seen, of an old castle built by the Crusaders on the ancient citadel of the city. Great square blocks of stone, of the Greco-Roman epoch, are all that is left of a great building which once stood near the citadel. The city was founded by the Phœnicians. Its king was beaten by Joshua (Joshua xii. 23), and his territory given to the tribe of Manasseh, which took tribute of it, but never got possession of the city. It was in vain attacked by Antiochus the Great, 217 B.C. In Pliny's day and Jerome's it was a ruin.

We reached Cæsarea by 11 A.M. Herod created a port here about 25 B.C., which rivaled the Piræus in magnitude, and built a splendid city, which he made his capital. Here King Agrippa died suddenly in 44 A.D. Great hatreds arose between the Jews and the Syrians and Greeks whom Herod had settled here, which finally burst in a terrible massacre, in which twenty thousand Jews perished—a horror which raised all Palestine, and brought on the great war which ended in the final ruin of the Jewish nation. Titus celebrated his conquest of Jerusalem with games at Cæsarea, in which twenty-five thousand Jews were sacrificed. This city was the scene of Cornelius the Centurion's conversion, and here St. Paul was in vain besought (Acts xxi. 8) not to go up to

Jerusalem. To it he was sent back at his own request, after his arraignment at Jerusalem, and from here he embarked for Rome (Acts xxiii. 33; xxiv. 25; xxvi. 28; xxvii. 1–2). Origen found an asylum here. Eusebius lived and died here, occupying the bishopric from 315–338 A.D. It was the scene of much Crusading endeavor, with various fortunes, but was finally destroyed in 1291 A.D., by the Caliph el-Achraf. Since then it has been a heap of ruins, and visited only to plunder materials to build Acre, Beyrout, or Jaffa. The lines of the old wall are still plainly visible, with the indications of ditches, gates, and towers. A rocky promontory extends into the sea, which was economized by Herod and made one side of his pier. Many granite columns still remain, chiefly in the water, to show what splendor once existed here.

MOUKALID.

We reached Moukalid by 5 P.M., and encamped there, on the edge of the plain of Sharon. We have trodden upon beautiful shells all along our shore-route, and it has not been without pain that we have heard these frail gems, of pearl and rose and lovely brown, grinding to powder under our horses' feet. Some Arabs to-day stoned one of our party from the cliff above the beach, but without hitting him. All this neighborhood has a bad odor, from Bedouin roguery and mischief, and we had a guard along with us for protection; but our party was too numerous and strong to feel any alarm, except for stragglers from the caravan.

Just beyond this village we passed the Nahr al Falek, a marshy river which produces small specimens of the crocodile. Just beyond it is the plain where Richard Cœur de Lion, with one hundred thousand men, obtained a great victory over Saladin, with three hundred thousand men, in 1191.

In the same neighborhood Bonaparte (1799) drove the Syrian hordes before him. Passing by a pleasant road, over the green fields of the plain of Sharon for ten miles, we passed Arsouf, the ancient Apollonis—an old Crusading town, called in the middle ages Assur—and then taking again to the shore, which was specially soft and difficult, we came in about seven miles to the river "el Awdjeh," an important stream, which we forded, while a party just behind us went round three hours to avoid it. A mile on the shore carried us to Jaffa, and we pitched our tents outside the town, in view of the innumerable plantations of orange and lemon, which make the chief trade of this old town.

JAFFA.

Jaffa is very picturesquely placed on a slight promontory, which has grown considerably higher with the wreck of ages. It has no port, but only a dangerous road-stead, which the steamers at this season pass without being able to land passengers three times out of every four voyages. This is said to be, after Damascus, the oldest city in the world known to historical records. It is first named in Joshua xix. 46, and Pliny puts its origin before the Deluge! It was the sole port of the Hebrews, and here were brought from the upper coast the cedars of Lebanon used in building the temple (2 Chron. ii. 16). The prophet Jonah embarked here for Tarshish (Jonah i. 3). Judas Maccabæus took it from the Syrians, but it finally fell into Roman hands, who burned it. It had various fortunes under the Crusaders, but it finally fell under Saladin in 1188. Here, just south of the city, is pointed out the spot where Napoleon shot the four thousand Albanian prisoners, whom he had taken in the siege of Jaffa and did not dare to leave behind him as he advanced into the country, in 1799.

The city is still surrounded by walls, and presents inside the usual squalid appearance of Oriental towns, narrow, hilly, the streets covered with arches, crowded and disgusting, yet, in spite of all, picturesque. The market indicated some bustle of business, and a few decent stores appeared. We hunted up some fountains and mosques of fair solidity and style. But, above all, we visited the reputed scene of Peter's famous vision in the house of Simon the Tanner; went on the housetop where the sheet knit at the four corners descended, and felt that here, in view of the broad Mediterranean, not a rod from the water, was a very appropriate place for the Apostle to see his symbolic vision of that union of Gentiles with Jews in the privileges of the Gospel, which over and beyond that sea was to find its most wondrous exemplification. We drank of the well in the court, which still tasted of leather and tan to our imaginations, and tried to believe that we were in Peter's footsteps.

ADAMS AND HIS COLONY.

There are other prophets in Jaffa. One English missionary has worked indefatigably for fourteen years without, it is said, a single convert. But what of that? Judson made one in seven years among the Karens, and found it no unrewarding work at that price. Mr. Adams, the founder of the American Colony, notorious for a year past, still holds on, full of faith and confidence, although reduced to twenty-six followers from the original one hundred and fifty or more he brought over with him; the rest, losing hope and becoming homesick, or wasted by sickness and discouragement, having gone back to America at the expense of the United States Government. All the consuls unite in representing the management of the colony as being very injudicious, and they all thought humanity required their interference to save further

waste of life and happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Adams (and this is a case where the wife is at least as noticeable as the husband) maintain that the colonists were well-treated, were flourishing, had actually made money, and took the consuls and the American Government *in* when they threw themselves on their charity—a story which the credulous may believe if they can. Mr. and Mrs. Adams received us very kindly, and appeared to be living very comfortably. He told us that he was the patriarch of "the Church of the Messiah," an entirely independent body, destined to supersede all other Christian bodies, of all which he seemed to have a very low opinion. He was immensely catholic in his views, putting Moslems, Jews, and Christians on one footing, and asserting his friendly relations with all his neighbors, Syrian, Christian, Jewish, and Mussulman. He thinks the Jews certain to recover their native land and to rebuild their temple in a very few years, and hinted at the kingship of one of the Rothschilds at Jerusalem. Their victory and restoration will, however, be speedily followed by the coming in of the Church of the Messiah, when, I presume, Mr. Adams, who I believe regards himself possessed of an immortal body as well as soul, will take Christendom in hand and exercise more than Pontifical sway, with superhuman wisdom, gentleness, and beneficence.

Mr. Adams told us he had the care of seventeen churches in America, in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts; the nucleus of his coming church-universal. He flooded us with proof-texts of the restoration of the Jews, and talked, not without ability, of his own views. He has the head of a religious fanatic, but not the face. He is eminently secular in his manners, but I should say had a very imperfect education, and a decided "bee in his bonnet." He had lately made conquest of a certain Rev. Mr. Toombs, a Methodist from

the West, whom he had baptized in the Jordan and elevated to the rank of bishop. He looked for new converts from England, which, I hear, he threatens to visit as a missionary. He is said by the consuls to have pledged himself to draw no more recruits from America. As Mr. Hale, and Mr. Johnson, of Beyrout, expended some hundreds of pounds of their own in getting the original victims of Mr. Adams's fanaticism home, I judge they did very rightly in taking this pledge to protect their successors from such expensive calls on their humanity.

LI.

JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, March 8, 1868.

THE road from Jaffa (Joppa) to Jerusalem, about thirty-five miles, lies as far as Ramleh through the rich plain of Sharon, which in this early spring-time is green with beautiful slopes covered with barley and wheat, and sprinkled with gorgeous flowers. The fertility and even the cultivation of this district surprise us. The agriculture is rude and wasteful, but it makes the country smile at least a sad smile, and relieves the general melancholy that prevails in this desolated region. The Turkish Government is engaged in making a road practicable for carriages between Joppa and Jerusalem. Already a great deal of ill-directed labor has been expended upon it. But on the plain, especially, no important improvement has yet been made upon the rude and wretched way, just passable for loaded animals, which for centuries has connected the sea-port at Joppa with the capital on the mountains. Palestine is a land of rocks, and plain and mountain are covered with loose stones to an almost incredible extent. The highways (if the worse than Indian trails deserve that name) are paved with these loose stones, on which the mules and horses tread with a courage and security which are admirable. They seldom or never stumble, and not one in our company has fallen with his rider, although several of the mules have gone down with their loads, sometimes in quags of mud, and

sometimes in the midst of rapid and sandy-bottomed streams. It is no wonder that stoning should have been so common a form of capital punishment in this country, for the instruments always lay at the foot of every man. There is, I remember, a town in the West called Rockville, from the circumstance that a single rock of perhaps half a ton's weight is found in the territory. Here a rod of surface without a rock would be as good a reason for naming a town the Stoneless.

About twelve miles from Jaffa we reached Ramleh, which some have supposed to be the ancient Arimathea, and the home of Nicodemus. It appears, however, to be of Moslem origin, and has no well-founded Scriptural traditions connected with it. Richard Cœur de Leon made it his head-quarters during the Crusades, and it remained in Christian hands for more than a century, from 1099 to 1266, when it fell back into Moslem hands, and still remains there. Besides a Moslem population of two thousand, it has in it about a thousand Christians, chiefly Greeks. The Latin convent, where travelers usually find accommodations, was founded by a French duke in 1240. Bonaparte slept there just before the siege of Acre. We visited some very extensive ruins about a mile from the village. Here must have been a large khan, wholly of stone, with enormous subterranean vaults not less than forty feet deep, and extending several hundred feet across and beneath the vast square, around which were built arched chambers for guests in a double row. A noble tower of Saracenic architecture of the most solid character still lifts its head over this ruin, and from the top, reached by a fine staircase, a superb view of the plain of Sharon is commanded. The ancient Lydda lies in view about four miles off to the left, where Peter cured the paralytic (Acts ix. 32-39). The Crusaders built a church here in the middle of the twelfth century in honor of England's patron saint, St.

George, whom they asserted was born and buried here. The ruins of it are still fine.

HILLS OF BENJAMIN.

We lunched in the ruins of the old khan, and then took up our journey toward the hills of Benjamin, at the foot of which we proposed to plant our camp for the night. We rode at least two miles up into the bleak hills before we could find a place level enough, dry enough, and bare enough of stone, to pitch our tents on. The hills about us, spotted as thickly with white stones as they once were with flocks and cattle, presented a barren and repulsive aspect. The old terraces, where the vine was once cultivated, were traceable in many places. The hardy olive, with venerable trunk, lent a pensive coloring to a few spots. The ruins of several villages, pitched upon bleak hill-tops, were around us, and the ancient habits of the people, seeking security in spots most easily protected, are still visible in the modern customs of the land.

The route from our camp to Jerusalem—about fifteen miles distance—lay directly and steadily up for two thousand feet over a region of barren and almost hopeless bleakness and ruggedness. There was neither variety nor sublimity in the scene. The hills are too uniform in their shape and proportions for one, and not high enough for the other. A more unattractive and featureless region, if one excepts the desert itself, can not be met with. It is only the associations of this place that make it tolerable. But they are enough to keep the eye and the mind stretched to the utmost. Gibeon and Mizpah and Bethel, though not distinguishable, we knew were not ten miles on the north of our route. "Little Benjamin" held the chief passes between the rival tribes of Judah and Ephraim, and furnished the house of David with its most warlike and jealous foes. Saul, Shemei, and Sheba were

Benjamites, and did their great feats of prowess in this immediate neighborhood. Near here, too, Joshua stopped the sun to look upon his victory over the King of Southern Palestine, when he came up from Gilgal to help the men of Gibeon; and up and down the heights of Beth-horon they were driven with a slaughter that never slacked, while hailstones slew even more than the sword (Judges iv. 15; v. 20; 1 Sam. vii. 10). The valley of Ajalon runs from the plain of Sharon up into the hills, toward Beth-horon, and a glorious moon to-night is shining upon its corn-fields, such as once stood still to behold the dismay of the Canaanites who rushed terror-stricken down toward the sea. The Romans advanced up this pass to Gibeon, through which the route from their colonial capital at Cæsarea to Jerusalem lay, and were repulsed at their first assault under Cestius, as Josephus tells us. The Crusaders experienced the same fate on the same ground ages afterward.

APPROACH TO JERUSALEM.

We passed in full view of Neby-Samwil, where Moslem tradition places the tomb of Samuel, and which Stanley thinks to be "the great high place" near Gibeon to which the tabernacle was brought after the destruction of its seat at Nob or Olivet, and where it remained until Solomon took it to Jerusalem. There is no more fit or commanding height in all the region around Jerusalem.

As we approached Jerusalem the mountains seemed to form a kind of level of successive waves, so that the ridges (which run from east to west) permit no view over each other, and shut out from this direction any prospect of the Holy City until within a mile of its gates. Even then, on that side, the walls are so low and the view so level that the first sight of the city is disappointing, specially because none of the pop-

ular representations of it are taken from that direction, which is the least artistic in its attractions. The showy modern character of the vast Russian hospice, and the fresh elegance of the Prussian school for the daughters of Zion, thrust themselves so conspicuously into the foreground of the view that nobody having his choice should approach Jerusalem first from this quarter. Of course we stopped our horses the moment Jerusalem, in the direction of which our eyes had been strained for an hour, came in sight; but it was rather in obedience to duty and from reverence for so sacred a spot, than because it commanded our attention by its picturesque or favored position. It was only after seeing it from Mount Olivet, and from its own walls, especially from the tower of David —the present useless citadel—that we realized the peculiarity of its position and the wonderful beauty of its situation, and particularly the grand site of its old Temple, now marked by the Mosque of Omar.

The walls of Jerusalem are still perfect, dating only from 1523. They are of very unequal height, resting commonly upon rock which is bare for many feet above the surface of the ground. For a few courses in different parts, they are composed of the stones of previous walls, many of which, from their size and from bearing the Jewish bevel, are supposed to date back even to Solomon's time. Stones of from fifteen to twenty-five feet in length and three to four in height are not uncommon; but there has been some exaggeration as to the magnitude of these stones in the tales of travelers. After the stones of Egypt they are not very noteworthy. The walls on the two sides of the city overhang deep ravines, the vale of Jehoshaphat, in which is the dry bed of the brook Kedron, being the nearest and most marked, because it lies between Jerusalem and Mount Olivet. This mountain forms the most conspicuous object looking from the city, as well as the centre

of interest as the indisputable haunt of the Master in his visits to Jerusalem. On the southern side the ground descends toward the valley of Hinnom, which now lies a half-mile outside the walls. In David's time, there is reason to believe that the walls took in all the space and skirted the precipices of Hinnom. The debris of successive Jerusalems has not only blotted out much of its internal and original topography, filling up the depressions between its four hills, Zion, Moriah, Acra, and Bezetha, until their claims to the name of mounts appears unreasonable, but it has taken away much of the sharpness of the precipices, above which the old city walls abruptly rose, adding three or four hundred feet to their castellated eminence. Even now, viewed from Olivet or from Siloam, the height of Jerusalem is most impressive and formidable; and no one who traverses the ravines from Olivet or from the "Mount of Evil Counsel," will think lightly of Jerusalem's original isolation, strength, and beauty of position. It is said that fifty feet of the outer wall in parts are buried in soil and rubbish. The refuse and sweepings of Jerusalem have for ages been heaping up the valleys around here, but have not yet made any considerable impression upon them. The walls are broken with towers, having loop-holes in the centre—a very unusual place. There are five gates now open—the Gate of Damascus, the Gate of St. Stephen, the Dung Gate, the Gate of Zion, and the Jaffa Gate. Herod's Gate has been closed for twenty years, and the Golden Gate, the finest of all, and the one by which the temple was approached from Olivet, was built up solidly generations back, from a jealous tradition that by this avenue the city would some day be seized by Christians.

THE HOLY CITY.

Within the city, Jerusalem is still marked by its original divisions into four quarters : First, Mount Zion, or the quarter of the Franks, the highest part of the city, at the north-west, which contains the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the principal convents, the chief consulates, the English chapel, with the bishop's house ; second, the Armenian quarter, at the south-west, over which rises, on one of the two swells of Mount Zion, the immense Armenian convent, which accommodates a large number of the pilgrims of that ecclesiastical body ; third, the Moslem quarter, on Mount Moriah, where are found the Mosques of Omar and El Axar, and the residence of the governor ; fourth, the Jewish quarter, on the south-east, on one of the slopes of Mount Zion, and in the old valley, now nearly filled up, of the cheese-makers (Tyropean). In the narrow and dark streets of this section dwell, in their mud houses, hundreds of poor and wretched Jewish families, steeped in filth and the terrible odors of the sewers that empty in their neighborhood. The general appearance of modern Jerusalem is fetid, squalid, and mean in the extreme. It is crowded, wherever built upon at all. Yet there are great vacant spaces, even within the present narrow walls, which are as much a wilderness as if a hundred miles from habitations. On the other hand, the public buildings, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar, are far finer in their general effect than I was at all prepared to find them, so that Jerusalem, as a whole, presents an architectural grandeur and dignity, and signs of a present interest and life, beyond what we had looked for. This is increased by the costly buildings which the various Western powers, amid great obstacles and at great cost, have within ten years erected, or are still erecting, in the city or just out of it—indica-

tions of the persistent determination of the Christian world to establish a permanent footing in Jerusalem, with a view to a final recovery of the Holy City from Moslem control.

The interest of Jerusalem, according as it is viewed from a Christian or a Jewish point of view, culminates in Mount Moriah, the seat of the old Temple, or in Mount Zion, the seat of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and of the chief traditions connected with the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

To speak first of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Externally it is so built about that it presents very little dignity. The dome over the sepulchre itself is a ruin, which various Christian powers have desired the privilege of repairing at their own unshared expense. Controversies upon this point have long delayed the important enterprise, but by a compromise France and Russia are now engaged in a joint work of reparation which, in the course of a year, will put this portion of the edifice in good condition. The building is an irregular pile, covering a large area of ground. The Holy Sepulchre is in the middle of the west end of the nave, a small building, perhaps twenty-five feet long by sixteen broad, rectangular on three sides, but three-sided on its west end. It is divided into two apartments; the outer one, the chapel of the angel—who announced the resurrection to the three Marys—controlled by the Greeks, and from a circular opening of which, a foot in diameter, the Greek bishop hands out the famous or infamous Greek fire, fabled lyingly to be freshly handed to him on the eve of each Greek Easter by an angel from heaven. The inner apartment contains the supposed sepulchre of Christ, and is more immediately controlled by the Latins. Inside it is somewhat tawdrily decorated, and is specially marked by a costly diamond cross hanging over the shelf on which the

Master's body is assumed to have laid. There is nothing about the place, externally or internally, to indicate any genuineness. It has a thoroughly artificial and half-modern look, fatal to any impression of its ever having been the place of Christ's entombment. A small room, claimed by the Abyssinian Copts, is built on to the rear of the Holy Sepulchre. Just opposite to it, in the circular wall of the church, is situated "the Chapel of the Schismatic Sovereigns." In the same half-circle, between two pillars to the south, opens what is called the tomb of Nicodemus and of Joseph of Arimăthea.

The other parts of the semicircle contain Greek, Armenian, and Coptic chapels. Around the Holy Sepulchre, with a radius of about seventy feet, rise the half-circular walls of the west end of the church, covered with a dome (already spoken of) open in the centre, like the Roman Pantheon. The door of the Holy Sepulchre, fronting east, is just opposite the entrance to the Greek chapel—the main apartment in the edifice. It is a beautiful room of eighty feet in length by thirty-five in breadth, divided by a curtain of highly-ornamental stone, after the fashion of Greek churches. The walls in the division of the worshipers are richly covered with costly gilding, and wrought in an impressive beauty of form, with tolerable pictures of an appropriate character let into them. Altogether this part of the edifice, which is the only portion which is not so very dark that one gropes his way about its complicated passages, is very beautiful and impressive. A service here (part of which I attended) was rendered very moving, first by the presence of many venerable-looking Greek priests, in fine beards; and second, and far more characteristically, by the attendance of three or four hundred pilgrims from all Eastern countries, and wherever the Greek Church prevails—Russians, Persians,

Turks, Austrians, and others, most of them foot-sore and travel-stained—the Russians in sheep-skin jackets with the wool turned in, and with round, black, rimless hats; the others in all the various parti-colored and flowing costumes of the Orientals. Descending from the rear of the Greek chapel by a long flight of stairs, one reaches the subterranean Chapel of St. Helena, a fine square structure, with obvious marks of great antiquity. The columns have highly-wrought Byzantine capitals. In one corner of this chapel is represented the window opposite to which the Empress stood when she directed the excavations to be made for the finding of the true cross; and, descending a flight of stairs on the south-east corner of this chapel, we reached the little chapel in one corner of which is marked the precise place where the true cross was found! This chapel is in the care of the Armenians. The main entrance to the whole edifice is in what may be called the southern aisle—an irregular pile on the south, square in its main lines, but extended toward the east, balanced by a similar pile, a parallelogram of about equal length, but of less breadth, of which the eastern wall is about on a line with the curtain of the Greek chapel, and the rear wall is a little west of the circular end of the nave. A large part of the southern aisle is occupied by an open court, in which Turkish soldiers stack their arms and wait to take their places as guards within and about the church. Five or six of them are always found seated on a divan very near the holy place of Christ's anointing—a stone just within the aisle, which is approached by all pilgrims as they pass into the edifice, and kissed with trembling eagerness with the first kiss of pilgrimage. On either side of this stone open two staircases, both leading to Mount Calvary (in the chapels above), one sacred to the Greeks, the other to the Latins.

In one corner of the Greek chapel is the pretended spot where Christ's cross was planted, and where he was crucified. The hole in the rock which received the standard, is shown under the altar. The Latins claim within their chapel the place where the cross was elevated after Christ was nailed to it. A small altar on one side celebrates the finding of one of the nails of the cross. On the other side a silver grating, which is movable, covers the fissure in the rock which opened at Christ's last sigh, and which is fabled to reach to the centre of the earth! I put my hand down into the crack, and can only testify that it reached as far as I could feel, which is no great way toward the centre of the globe; but I fear my faith went no farther than my fingers. Descending from Calvary by the Latin stairs, the Chapel of Adam is found at the right, where were the tombs of those brave knights, Godfrey of Bouillon and his brother Baldwin; but their place only is now visible, as the Greeks (so say the Latins), profiting by the fire of 1808, destroyed these ancient witnesses to the priority of the Latin claims on this ground. Near the stone of the anointing of Christ (the original stone is covered with a marble slab to protect it from the wear and tear of pilgrim kisses) is a marked position where the Virgin is asserted to have stood while the Holy Unction was going on. This sacred spot of the anointing is the joint property of the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians. Just in the entrance-way of the Latin chapel are two spots marked, one the place where the Magdalen dwelt, the other the place where Christ appeared to her.

A few steps lead up into the Latin chapel in charge of Franciscan monks. It is small, and bears a very poor comparison with the Greek chapel, besides having a position aside, and not, like the Greeks, the central place. I found the Latin bishop celebrating the mass here on Sunday

morning, with all the canonical vestments and forms, and with the responsive voices of a boys' choir. But, crowded as it was, it made but a poor congregation compared with the Greek, from which I had just come. In the Greek chapel is a round stone, raised a little above the pavement, which is called the centre of the world. Beneath it is supposed to be some of the earth from which Adam was made! I saw it very devoutly kissed by many pilgrims, who were making the rounds of the holy places, and who seemed to see very little difference in their claims to veneration. The original crown of thorns is let into a part of one of the walls, and, I dare say, there are many other relics which escaped my notice or have dropped out of my memory. No one not of a blindly credulous disposition can fail to note the vast variety of important events connected with the origin of the Christian faith which have been conveniently brought within the narrow precincts of this church. The effect upon a rational mind is to create a general skepticism in regard to the value and truth of the traditions which have been located on this spot. Jerusalem is full of traditions, specific and definite, but commonly wanting all foundations in probability, not to speak of proof—most of them self-confuting, none of them with any wholly satisfactory basis. They are, however, most of them, venerable from the length of time during which they have received the homage of ignorant but devout millions. The countless prayers and kisses which pilgrims, sacrificing years of labor to accumulate the means of reaching them, and months of laborious exposure and pitiable toil to cross the deserts, mountains and seas separating them from these objects of their implicit reverence and trust, render these traditional falsehoods matters to be treated with tenderness and a sort of sympathetic respect. Not true in themselves, there are, at least, palpable symbols of events that are true;

and the feelings that encompass them and draw pilgrims to them are among the sacred emotions which the history of Christianity properly calls forth. The more one looks into the local traditions of Jerusalem, the more he distrusts them. It is only the unchangeable topography of the natural scenery that can not be disputed, and a few of the great monuments, like the site of the Temple and the foundations of portions of the old walls.

MOUNTS MORIAH AND ZION.

Mount Moriah and Mount Zion are fixed facts. Mount Olivet remains essentially what it always was, and one can look down from it upon Jerusalem with an assured conviction that he stands upon ground which has felt the Master's own sacred feet, and that his eye rests on general features which Jesus himself often contemplated. I followed the steep road, which has doubtless always been the direct path over Mount Olivet, up to the mosque, originally a Christian church, which marks the spot which tradition has accepted as the scene of Christ's ascension. St. Luke (xxiv. 50, 51) places this miracle at Bethany. The Empress Helena had not as much respect for the Apostle's authority as a mania for building commemorative churches in conspicuous positions, and nothing could suit her taste better than the top of Olivet, where a convenient tradition had fixed the ascension. Christians have permission to say mass in this church on Ascension Day, although it is wholly under Moslem control. In the adjoining mosque they pretend to show, in a rough mark on the stone which has no resemblance to a footstep, the print of the Saviour's foot. The view from this summit is the most affecting prospect I have ever seen. Below lies the deep valley of Jehoshaphat, with the dry bed of the Kedron, and thousands of Hebrew tombs covering the sacred soil, which, above any

in the whole world, offers rest and the hope of a happy resurrection to the Jewish imagination. At its foot the tombs of Absalom, of St. James and of Zachariah, in ancient but not ante-Christian architecture, are at least beautiful monuments with grateful associations clustering around them. Gethsemane—in two neighboring gardens, each prim and narrow and surrounded with high walls, one claimed as the certain scene of Christ's agony and seizure by the Latins, the other as certainly by the Greeks—lies just at the foot of Olivet, on the south side of the Kedron. The Latin garden contains a half-dozen very venerable olive-trees, one of which is assumed to be the tree beneath which Jesus poured his bloody sweat. It is certainly many hundreds of years old. There is no reason why this should not have been the actual Gethsemane, although the fixing here of the spot where the Apostles slept, and where Judas gave his traitor-kiss, disposes one to select any other place where aged olive-trees are growing in the neighborhood for the scene of the Lord's agony. But the certainty that somewhere near here Christ struggled with and conquered his own shuddering heart, in view of his great sacrifice, makes the whole mountain-side holy, and thus sanctifies even the doubtful spot which tradition has chosen for the garden of his grief. I brought away many slips and flowers from this plot of ground, the gift of the kind old monk who has charge of it. The demand of pilgrims on the product of this little plot of ground would task a much richer soil. It is wonderful how much passion-vine and other flowers the monk manages to grow in this little enclosure.

Beyond Kedron the eye sweeps the whole of Jerusalem in a bird's-eye view. The platform of the temple, with the noble Mosque of Omar in the middle of it, and the smaller one of El Aksa, with numerous lesser edifices about it, and much open ground—the now unoccupied portion of the thirty acres

covered by the original Temple and its courts. Beyond the temple ground, on Mount Moriah, rises still higher Mount Zion, with the double dome of the Holy Sepulchre Church, the tower of David, now the citadel, and still higher up the tomb of David. At the north, the other summit of Olivet, called Scopus, or the Look-out, is in view; to the south-east, the Hill of Evil Council and the plain of Rephaim and the convent of Mount Elias, on the road to Bethlehem. The summit on which Solomon erected the heathen temple to the honor of his Egyptian wife, known as the Mount of Scandal, lies to the south. On the east, just under the other side of the mountain, lies Bethany, scarce two miles from Jerusalem, where Jesus retired from the harassing labors of his struggling mission to a gainsaying people, to find repose in the home of Mary and Martha, and where he raised their brother Lazarus from the dead. No spot in Palestine attracted me more than this. The miserable remains of the village add nothing to the interest of this peculiarly retired yet convenient retreat. No place could be better fitted to receive and cover from annoying pursuit the weary Saviour, fleeing from his day's work in excited, thronging Jerusalem. A vacant plot, surrounded by a wall, is pointed out as the site of Mary and Martha's house. Next to it, with that economy of the traveler's convenience which tradition-forgers so carefully study in Palestine, is fixed, in a ruined house, the home of Simon. Very near by, a deep tomb, the bottom of which is reached by a winding stair-way, is pointed out as the scene of Lazarus's resurrection. But the heart needs no other certainty in this place than the unquestioned conviction that this is the identical Bethany, in all its natural features, to which Jesus retreated, the scene of the tenderest and the most strictly human incidents in his life.

LII.

NEIGHBORHOOD OF JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, March 8, 1868.

FROM the summit of Olivet (as indeed from Jerusalem itself) the great level wall of the mountains of Moab bounds the eastern prospect with its tender blue. The Dead Sea shows itself, seemingly not five miles distant (it is about fifteen), with the Jordan, now swollen and overflowing in marshes, at the northern end of the Lake of Asphaltum. The tremendous gash of the Jordan valley is very impressive from this point, and deepens the conviction that this region is unlike any other in the world in its geological structure. But of this I shall have occasion to speak more definitely after a visit to the Dead Sea and the Jordan valley.

A ride down the valley of Hinnom to its juncture with the valley of Jehoshaphat, and then up the valley of the Kedron, gave me an excellent idea of the different feelings with which these two ravines were regarded by the Jews. Hinnom is narrower, darker and more rugged than Jehoshaphat. Moreover, you can neither see it from the city, nor the city from Hinnom. Doubtless David's wall, and perhaps Herod's, extended to its brink, according to the notions of fortification which prevailed in those days, and then Hinnom and Jehoshaphat must have furnished inexpugnable defenses on the east and south. But even when the wall came up to the brink of Hinnom it could hardly have been penetrated by the eye, on account of its peculiar angles, even from the city wall.

Jehoshaphat, deep as it is, always lay open to the view, bright with the light of the sun, which lies in it much of the day. Even the tombs do not give it a sad look. Hinnom was a most suitable place to build the fires in that consumed the offal and waste of the city. Even to-day I found what seemed rag-pickers and ashmen at work in its secluded depths. No wonder that it was called Gehenna, and that Aceldama should have been situated at its extreme point. Following up Jehoshaphat, we came opposite to the little village of Siloam, which is high on the hill-side, southeast from the temple corner of the city wall. It has a bad name, and is avoided as a haunt of robbers and reprobates. Beneath it, but on the other side of the valley, is the pool of Siloam, a rectangular cistern of about eighteen feet long, and seven broad, and seven deep, which is apparently supplied from a canal coming from a reservoir still higher up, and known as the fountain of the Virgin. These two pools are often confounded. The last is reached by a deep staircase of stone cut in the natural rock, and only after going down some twenty steps into a place almost too dark to see the water, I found two native girls filling their skin bottles there. Robinson thinks this is the pool of Bethesda. The pool is intermittent at various hours of the day, like many other fountains affected by the principle of the syphon. It is supposed to be supplied from a native spring under the Mosque of Omar, toward which a subterraneous aqueduct, it is said, has been traced to the city wall, about six hundred yards distant. This intermission might explain the popular idea that the water was troubled by an angel at certain times; and the difficulty of reaching the pool, thirty feet below the surface, and dark at that, would sufficiently account for the difficulty the impotent man found in getting to the water before others had crowded the narrow space it occupies. The pool of Siloam shares the intermis-

sions of the pool of the Virgin. The lily still grows in profusion near it.

> "By cool Siloam's shady rill, how fair the lily grows!"

In regard to the history of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, I may state that Constantine erected a church on this assumed site of Christ's tomb about 335 A.D. That church was destroyed by the Persian King, Chosroes II., in 614. A monk, through the intercession of this monarch's wife, who was a Christian, was permitted to rebuild, from Christian offerings, Constantine's church, or, at any rate, to cover with four different edifices the four holy places then specially honored. The Caliph Omar respected these monuments when he took Jerusalem in 637, but they were overthrown by the Caliph Hakem, the pitiless bigot, who has made his name equally hateful to Moslem and Christian, in 1010 A.D. The ruins were patched up and restored by the Emperor Monomacus in 1048, and the four buildings were afterward united in one by the Crusaders in 1130 A.D., in the style which, without essential modification, remains to our day, excepting the injuries done in a terrible fire which destroyed some portions of the church in 1808.

TRADITIONS OF CHRIST'S TOMB.

It is useless to discuss within my narrow limits the question of the genuineness of the traditions connected with the situation of Christ's tomb and of Golgotha. Suffice it to say, there is no testimony whatsoever which is earlier than that of Eusebius in 335 A.D. in favor of the assumed sites, and his testimony only shows that Constantine had selected these places without giving the grounds of his choice. Meanwhile there is abundance of proof that in the first two centuries there existed no sentimental interest among Chris-

tians in respect to the precise places and times of the events connected with the origin of their faith. They felt its spiritual power too much to have occasion for the artificial stimulus which comes from observing times and seasons, and honoring places, and they were too much despised, persecuted, and driven about, to have time to think about such matters. The tides of war which swept over Jerusalem obliterated whatever recollections existed at the downfall of the city, of special localities, about which, indeed, no special interest was felt. One might almost say with certainty that the site of the ruling tradition is not the real one. It neither is without the city, now that the walls have shrunk so much, much less was so at the time of the crucifixion. Those who have had occasion to investigate historical sites not a hundred years old, must have discovered how soon they become involved in doubt. Even many of the scenes connected with the American Revolution are already blurred and illegible. There is scarcely a considerable town that does not claim to have a house which was once the head-quarters of Washington, who certainly never slept in a tenth part of them, but they are none the less believed in for that. It is not surprising that in nearly nineteen centuries almost every definite trace of Christ's footsteps should have been trodden out of the fine dust of seventeen times besieged, rebuilt, and re-ruined Jerusalem. But his great presence none the less fills the place. It is because he lived and labored here, died and rose and ascended here, that Jerusalem has been the object of such bitter assaults, and that three different faiths, the Jews, the Christians, and the Moslems, have united in making it their Holy of Holies, and have torn it in pieces in contending for supremacy over it. Jerusalem, wrapped in its enormous cloud of tradition, is itself a vast monument to the reality of the faith which has heaped up such a mountain of ashes in

its burning. Like Vesuvius burying cities beneath the scoriæ of its eruptions, the inexhaustible fire of the Gospel has desolated the places near its source and made the lines of its early action untraceable. But no one can any more doubt that events of world-wide and wholly exceptional character, such events as the Christian records attest, have occurred here, than one could question the existence of volcanic fire in Vesuvius long before Pompeii, because its successive eruptions keep obliterating and covering up their own anterior traces.

But I must hurry on to some brief account of the Mosque of Omar, on the site of the old Temple. King Solomon, about a thousand years before the birth of Christ, built the first temple on Mount Moriah, which his father David had bought of Araunah for six hundred shekels of gold. This temple lasted 423 years, and was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. The second temple was built about 524 years B.C., on the return from the captivity, but fell into decay during the two centuries before Christ, and was rebuilt by Herod in forty-six years in great magnificence. Josephus gives us a vivid description of the Temple, which must have surpassed in splendor any thing now existing in architecture. It was standing in Christ's time, and was wholly destroyed by Titus about 70. A.D. With this prelude we may look at the present ground. In an enclosure—a parallelogram—of about thirty acres, two sides of which are the walls of the city, starting at the south-east corner, we find ourselves ascending by one of several flights of steps on its four sides, a green terrace which is nearly level, and considerable parts of which are the surface of the native rock of Moriah. The borders of this park, which, like every thing Turkish, is much neglected, are occupied by the governor's house and by officers of the government, by schools and by a blind asylum, all

rather mean and irregular edifices. The park is too large, even for the great mosques which occupy its centre, and looks empty and desolate, as if designed for other buildings. On a platform of marble, raised about six feet, and a truly grand foundation, and in its very centre, stands the octagonal Mosque of Omar, covered with a dome that need not blush to show itself to Michael Angelo or Brunelleschi. Upon its octagonal walls rests a round drum, from which springs a dome of graceful and grand proportions, crowned by a gilt crescent, the points of which meet. The dome is covered with copper; the drum with terra-cotta of a beautiful blue color, on which verses of the Koran are inscribed in arabesque. The octagonal base is lined with white marble for two yards high, and above this squares of precious marbles are introduced in elegant designs. Four great doors open at the four cardinal points. Windows filled with very beautiful glass, in which are no figures, but only architectural designs of a small pattern, produce a very captivating effect. Opposite the eastern gate, a small dome, supported by open columns, covers a place called the Dome of Judgment, where David is fabled to have had his tribunal, and where, in the last day, the balance of judgment will be suspended.

Within the grand mosque, two concentric-octagonal enclosures surround the central part, which has a fence of carved and gilded wood about it, and within a great mass of native rock of thirty feet diameter (the summit of Moriah), a crude, rough surface, in strange contrast with the elegance and finish about it. This rock is, however, the sacred object of the mosque. Mussulmàn tradition has it, that from this rock Mahomet ascended to heaven. It is fabled to be self-poised, hung in space without foundations, and to cover the mouth of hell. They show on one side of this rock a print of Christ's foot—the Moslems honoring Jesus as one

of their prophets. Gabriel and Enoch have also their foot-marks. The green standards of Mahomet and of Omar are erected (folded) within this circle. In a little chamber out of the mosque, very small, one is shown the chairs of David, of Solomon, Abraham, and St. George, and a flat stone which, struck with the foot, gives out a dull resonance, as if over some great vault. This stone covers a well, called the well of souls, in which faithful Moslems await their judgment. Robinson supposes the rock of the mosque (es-Sakhrah) to be the original altar of holocausts (1 Chron. xxii. 1); and the well the place that received and conducted off the blood of the sacrifices. At the west of this altar he supposes the Holy of Holies, or inner shrine of the Temple, to have been situated. He thinks Solomon left this native rock, the summit of Moriah, unleveled out of veneration for his father's purchase, and the original use to which David put it. Adrian, the Roman Emperor, built a temple of Jupiter on this place after the destruction of Jerusalem, and put his own statue in it; but this rock always continued an object of veneration for the Jews, and is described in writings of the fourth century. The Crusaders turned the Mosque of Omar into a Christian Church, and erected their altar on this rock. They took their title of Templars from this place. Saladin recovered the spot, and it has since continued in Moslem hands. Thus this rock marks with much distinctness the most sacred part of the old Temple. I forgot to mention the four massive piers, with the twelve grand columns which sustain the dome of the mosque. They have somewhat Ionic capitals. There are many other smaller columns in the building, many of exquisite beauty, but I can not stop to describe them.

EL AKSA.

Leaving this venerable mosque, the second in dignity and sacredness (following Mecca) in Moslem eyes, we take our way over to *El Aksa*, on the southern side of the enclosure. This shows at once its original Christian origin. It is of the order and perhaps the oldest of the Basilicas, and was built by Justinian in honor of the Virgin Mary. The Arabs preserved it and converted it into a mosque. When the Crusaders took Jerusalem, they made a palace of it for their kings, and Baldwin II. gave some portions of it to the Templars. The church has seven naves. The central nave is supported by twelve grand pillars of marble, crowned with richly-wrought Corinthian capitals. On these columns rest groined arches, and above the arches two rows of windows. The Moslems have disfigured the church with a covering of whitewash and some large arabesques. The two interior naves rest on square pillars. The naves that lie outside of these are all much lower, and are of later date. At the south a transept is separated from the central nave by a fine dome mounted on noble columns. On the other side are two columns about eight inches apart, which visitors try their fortune in attempting to pass between. The good (that is, the thin) pass; the bad (that is, the fat) can not. Shakspeare was not a Moslem when he made Cassius thin. A little oratory is pointed out which is called the praying-place of Omar, and is said to be the spot where the generous Caliph stopped after his victory to thank Allah, instead of entering the church, which would at once have been converted to a mosque had he prayed in it! There is nothing in this church to compare in interest with the Mosque of Omar. Still it is a wonderful structure, considering its age and where it stands. We were admitted into the Golden Gate from the inside; it is walled

up externally. It is divided by two very fine pillars into two passage-ways, and altogether surpasses every other gate in Jerusalem in architectural merit.

Dr. Robinson's discovery of the spring of the first arch of the bridge crossing the Valley of the Cheese-makers, and connecting the Temple with Solomon's palace, and Mount Moriah with Mount Zion, has been verified by later excavations, and affords now a remarkable proof of his acuteness, learning, and exactness. It was this bridge that excited the admiration of the Queen of Sheba.

TOMB OF DAVID.

Leaving most reluctantly the Temple grounds, which, by the way, afford quite a revenue to somebody, as at least fifty travelers paid each one dollar for admission the day we were there, we went to visit the tombs of the kings and the judges, but found nothing to reward our journey. We went also to the citadel or tower of David, interesting for the great stones at its base and the fine view from its top, but internally a feeble ruin. The so-called tomb of David occupies the space formerly filled by the Church of the Apostles, mentioned by Cyril in the fourth century. Tradition has placed on this spot the first meeting of the Apostles on the day of Pentecost; and the place of Christ's flagellation and of the establishment of the Lord's Supper were, strangely enough, concentrated on this spot. They pretend to show the room in which these events all took place, but it is evidently the eating-room of some old convent, and not older than the fourteenth century.

Mr. Barclay, who, among three or four other Christians, has penetrated the jealously-guarded tomb of David in Moslem disguise, reports nothing to make us seriously regret that we could not get admission to it. Yet there is a great deal of

testimony leading to the opinion that if David's tomb was not in this place, it was not far from it. Few places are so continuously referred to as known, in the sacred writings and in Josephus.

We visited what purports to be the house of Caiaphas, the prison of Christ, and other traditional spots, but none which carried any appearance of reality with them.

The vast caverns under the city, from which most of the stone of which it was originally built may have been quarried, are well worth visiting.

Jerusalem, notwithstanding its small population (about eighteen thousand), is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. Nowhere can one hear so many different tongues, nowhere meet so commonly and without surprise representatives of antipodal regions of the globe. It would not be unparalleled if some Russian Greek churchman were here today, a pilgrim of seven thousand or eight thousand miles, from the territory we have just bought from the Czar. I have not seen, even in Cairo, such vivid contrasts of costume, such varied shades of complexion, such outlandish-looking people. And when we consider that Jerusalem is a holy city for Moslem, Jew, and Christian, and has been so for ages, it is no wonder that we should meet at its shrines and about its hospices a greater assortment of pilgrims than can be seen at any altar in the whole world. There is nothing in Jerusalem so interesting as these pilgrims. The fair-haired, blue-eyed, clear-skinned Polish Jew; the short, broad-shouldered Russian peasant, crossing himself like a wind-mill in a high breeze; the Armenian priests, grave and long-bearded, in their sober robes and dark rimless caps; the Franciscan monks, in rope and beads; the sisters of charity; the Turkish soldiers; the American, English, German and French travelers—all on a background of Moslem

turbans, and trowsers and flowing robes — make a picture which the streets of all the world may be challenged to equal in picturesqueness and variety.

A JEWISH SERVICE.

We attended the Jewish synagogue on occasion of the Feast of Purim, or on the eve of it. It is a very fine, domed building, and richly ornamented. But the service was so peculiar that I could give little attention to the architecture. About a hundred and fifty Jews were in the body of the synagogue (the women were in the gallery and hidden by blinds), almost all of them seeming Poles or Germans. They wore as picturesque a costume as I have ever seen—velvet caps, with borders of fur and robes lined with the same, but otherwise of Oriental character, flowing and girt about with the usual sash. Of light and delicate complexion, regular features and dreamy eyes over glittering teeth, with long curls hanging before their ears, they presented in almost every case models which an artist would give his fore-finger to paint. It seemed to me as if Murillo's boys had got out of all his pictures and were collected here.

The service began with some reading from the Book of Esther by a priest in a loud voice, bowing his head with a jerk at almost every fifth word, and responded to by all the audience, most of whom appeared to have the book by heart. Many of them, however, read from the Hebrew text, and some had manuscripts on the old rollers. The noise was deafening, but the performers, priests and congregation, were in high earnest, and paid little attention to the twenty visitors who had intruded (not with too much ceremony or delicacy) into their assembly. After reading below, near the ark, for a while, the priest changed his robe and went up into a kind of pulpit or platform raised in the middle of the syn-

agogue, and there resumed the reading in a still more excited voice and with a most laborious exercise of his body. He was attended by four elders, who read in a lower voice from the same book. He appeared to be trying to work himself and audience into an excitement by the vigor and rapidity of his vociferations. When he reached the account of Haman's beating, all the boys and many of the audience beat the desks, benches, and floor with sticks and stones and the heels of their shoes, until the synagogue resounded like a circus when the clown has got off a new joke. Nothing but the evident seriousness of the congregation saved the occasion from ludicrousness. But the acquaintance which even children of five and six years old showed with the sacred writings was too interesting not to redeem even this strange service, which, as a sample of Judaism in its ancient home, had a serious charm, independent of its amusing superficial aspects.

The population of Jerusalem, says the *Jerusalem Almanac*, is composed of nine thousand Jews, five thousand Moslems, four thousand Christians—total, eighteen thousand. The Jews are divided into Ashkanasim and Sephardim. The former are subdivided into Pharisees (Perushim) and Chasidim. This division has four large synagogues and three Medrashun, where the Talmud is studied day and night. The Sephardim have four large synagogues, twenty-seven Medrashun, besides thirteen private synagogues, where the Talmud is also studied. Their chief Rabbi, Chacham Bashi, is recognized by government, and has a seat in the courts of justice.

The Caraites number only about ten families, who reject the Talmud, and adhere only to the written word of God.

The Mahometans have eleven mosques.

The London Jews' Society has three ordained mission-

aries and a depositary. The Church Missionary Society employ one ordained and one lay missionary and a native catechist.

The Christian population consists of Latins (Roman Catholics), who have in Jerusalem and vicinity eight convents, four for men and four for women; two schools for boys, two for girls; also a college for training young men as priests.

The Greeks have eleven convents for men and four for women; two schools for boys, one for girls, and a college.

The Armenians have two convents for men, one for women, two schools, and a college.

The Copts and Abyssinians have two small convents.

The Protestants have two places of worship; a church on Mount Zion, the property of the London Jews' Society, where services in Hebrew are daily conducted. English service on Sunday at 10 A.M.; German service at 4 P.M.

The Arabic chapel is under the Church Missionary Society, and Rev. Mr. Klein preaches in Arabic every Sunday. Bishop Gobat, a German, is supported by Prussian and English money, and is under the Archbishop of Canterbury. There are no American missions in Jerusalem—the Americans agreeing to leave the field here to the English, who seem to work it faithfully.

Rain fell in Jerusalem in 1867:

January, eleven days.

February, twelve days.

March, eight days.

April, three days.

May, five days; and none to speak of from May to October. It rained the previous three months:

October, five days.

November, eight days.

December, thirteen days.

The whole rain-fall was twenty-six inches and seven-tenths, showing that Palestine is not very badly off for rain. The spring, from April 1 to May 15, is the proper time to be here, although it will be hot by May 1. Otherwise, from October 15 to the close of November. The country is very difficult to travel in at other seasons.

LIII.

BETHLEHEM AND THE DEAD SEA.

March 10.

WE left Jerusalem in a pelting rain, varied by flaws of wind and occasional sunshine, for Bethlehem, the Pools of Solomon and the Dead Sea, to return by the Jordan and Jericho. The traveling over the bleak hills toward Bethlehem was excessively uncomfortable, both from the mud and the slippery stones, while the rain beat into our faces, spite of Indian-rubber capotes, and the wind chilled us to the bone. We were able to realize a mere fraction of the sufferings which thousands of pilgrims undergo, who from distant countries, in the midst of their poverty, undertake, on foot oftentimes, pilgrimages to the holy places. We met at least fifty pilgrims, chiefly Russians, between Jerusalem and Bethlehem, women and children, as well as old men. Some fellow-travelers found near there one poor pilgrim just dying, whom they temporarily restored with wine, and had taken to a convent. Two others had died near by in the road. The statistics of these humble martyrdoms would surprise the Christian world if they could be accurately furnished. We made a little detour, leaving Bethlehem on the left, after passing the convent of Mar-Elias, so called because it contains the spot on which the prophet lay when he fled from the anger of Jezebel. The rock contains the print of his body! It is now a Greek monastery, enriched, like so many other similar

establishments in the Holy Land, by the zeal of Russia. She has the finest hospice in Jerusalem, the buildings connected with it being almost more conspicuous from Mount Olivet than the Mosque of Omar. She is building a fine church within the hospice grounds, which will be ready for next year's pilgrims. The chapel in the main hospice is very handsome, and glitters with the gilding of which Russians and the Greeks are so fond. This establishment is said to have cost 4,000,000 roubles (about equal to dollars). It is only by traveling in the East that one realizes the vastness of the Greek Church, and the high policy which Russia employs in upholding it as an essential instrument of influence with her people. There are already twelve hundred Russian pilgrims at the hospice waiting for the coming Easter. How many are still expected I could not find out. This region is the plain of Rephaim, or the Giants, where David slew the Philistines. It is a little less bleak and barren than most of the country about Jerusalem. The stone walls are often twelve feet thick, and six high—the width being adopted to furnish space to clear the fields of loose stone by filling them in between an inner and outer wall. They look like rude fortifications. Leaving to the right a tower called after St. Simeon, we passed the well of the three kings, where the star appeared to the Magi to conduct them to Bethlehem.

Beyond this, we reached a Moslem-like tomb, which is traditionally known as the tomb of Rachel. It is a quite modern structure, of no beauty, but its site corresponds with the text in Genesis xxxv. 16, 20, which refers to her burial-place, and a long succession of references to the spot, in an almost unbroken line of tradition, makes it very probably the place where the ashes of the gentle wife of Jacob repose.

Already a striking view of Bethlehem had presented itself, seated on an opposite hill, commanding every direction, and

surrounded with olive trees and vineyards. But we bore away four miles to the south-west to visit the pools of Solomon, over a desolate impracticable path, which deepened our sense of the general desolation of this rugged and neglected region. In a rough, repulsive valley, we found three immense reservoirs, the first about six hundred feet long, and with a mean breadth of two hundred feet, and an apparent depth of fifty feet; the second, some rods farther down the hill, is about half as large, and receives the water from the one above it; the third, the largest of all, is fed from the second. The spring which supplies the whole chain of reservoirs is about four hundred feet above the first, and is covered with a work of masonry. The general construction is solid, and amid evidences of great antiquity, there is an appearance of much steady and some recent repairing. The walls of the reservoirs are buttressed from within by what seems modern masonry covered with cement. An aqueduct near the surface, and not more than a foot square, leads to Bethlehem. The path runs directly by its side, and we followed it round the hill-sides till we came out near the town. From Bethlehem it is conducted to Jerusalem, and is believed to end in the reservoir beneath the Mosque of Omar. Thus it is probably the chief source of the water supply, not only of the present city, but of Herod's and even Solomon's Temple. Although it is not pretended that the aqueduct is explicitly described in the Scriptures or in Josephus, yet antiquarians agree in ascribing to it a date not later than that of the Jewish kings. Solomon's garden is believed to have been situated about these fountains; and there is even now an appearance of terraced fertility in the valley below which shows how easily, in this hot climate, a judicious economy of the water might once have produced a paradisiacal beauty in this neighborhood. It is only one of the proofs how magnificent and stately the ideas

of the wise man were, and how statesmanlike his notions of public improvements.

We passed near the Cave of Adullum, where tradition has placed David's retreat, flying from the anger of Saul; but there is so much dispute about the spot that we did not leave our route to visit it. If it was the place where David spared the life of his sleeping enemy (1 Samuel xxiv.), the scene of such magnanimity ought to be thoroughly fixed and the deed forever commemorated.

BETHLEHEM.

Bethlehem, the place where Rachel died, where Ruth gleaned, where Samuel anointed David king, and where Jesus Christ was born! It must have been a considerable city in David's time, and it is even now larger and more stately than I expected to find it. So near to Jerusalem (about seven miles), it has shared the fortunes of the Holy City, and been prosperous and overthrown by turns as Jerusalem has gone up or down. From the time of Helena and Constantine, who built the great basilica here which still commemorates the Saviour's birth, it has been one of the greatest places of Christian pilgrimage. Here St. Jerome and his beloved Paula ended their lives, after years of holy contemplation of the mysteries of the Christian faith, and here are the oratories where they prayed, the rocky cells in which they lived, and the tombs in which they were originally buried. St. Jerome's body was taken to Rome many centuries ago, and is now in the Church of Maria Maggiore. The Crusaders, during their brilliant possession of the Holy Land, decorated and honored Bethlehem to the utmost; but it was always vigorously contended for by the Moslems, who for ages made the Christians there the objects of bitter persecution. It is wonderful that Helena's Church of the Nativity

has survived such a fearful struggle. Ibrahim Pacha, in 1534, wholly destroyed the Moslem part of the town on account of its fanatical hatred of the Christians; and since then they have had comparatively peaceful possession of their privileges, so far, indeed, as they are able to agree among themselves. For the Greeks, Latins, and Armenians meet here on very ticklish ground, and have old jealousies and incompatible privileges hardly less troublesome than in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem.

The Church of the Nativity was begun by Helena in 327, and finished by her son Constantine in 333 A.D. It is so hidden by the convents of the three Christian orders, Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, that its external walls are not visible. The entrance to it is mean and creeping; but, passing the interrupted and obscure porches, one reaches the main building, which is composed of five naves, separated by four rows of noble pillars, single stones with Corinthian capitals. The main nave is very broad and imposing, and would be grand if the mean jealousy of the Greeks had not erected a wall across the choir, cutting off the transept from the naves, and thus almost ruining the architectural effect of the edifice. The transept is as large as the principal nave, and forms a beautiful cross with it. The roof is of cedar, and is distinguished by lightness and elegance, but it is modern. There are only a few fragmentary remains of the original mosaics and paintings which enriched the walls, which were destroyed by the Greeks. The nave is now so cut off from the other part of the church that it seems hardly to be regarded as a part of it, and is used for the sale of the small articles of *virtu* which strangers and pilgrims so generally bring away from Bethlehem.

The chief interest of the spot is confined to the grottoes cut in the rock beneath the church. First, the Grotto of the

Nativity, which claims to occupy the original place of the stable and the manger. It seems about forty feet long, seventeen broad, and ten high. The original rock is covered with marble, both wall and floor. On the eastern side, in a recess marked by a large silver star let into the floor, is inscribed these words, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*, 1717." A few paces south is pointed out the place where the manger was in which he was cradled. Twenty-one silver lamps burn around this sacred spot. The original manger is claimed to have been sent to Rome, and to be still in Maria Maggiore. A little way off is shown the position occupied by the Magi in their worship of the new-born king.

Passing from this place of central interest one enters the Chapel of St. Joseph; next, the tomb where the twenty thousand (!) innocents slaughtered by Herod were buried; then the Chapel of St. Eusebius, and the oratory and tombs of Jerome and Paula.

The three convents are interesting, as displaying the different character and usages of the three chief sects which jealously hover about this spot and contend for possession of it. We received the hospitality of the Latin convent, and could not but feel how much art and contact with Western life had elevated it above the Greek and Armenian churches. The Greeks clearly have much the largest and most conspicuous portion of Bethlehem. They occupy the central portion of the choir with their magnificent altar; but the Latins, although farther off even than the Armenians, have their own respectable chapel and their own independent entrance to the grottoes beneath the church. The Armenian altar is small, and pushed quite one side, but we heard a very noisy mass celebrated there, where two altar boys in red sung with tremendous energy and careless familiarity with the letter, the chief part of the service, while a dozen priests stood be-

hind them in their dark robes and black caps, and went through with responses and certain vigorous crossings and other motions, which indicated no lack of zeal in keeping up the ceremonial part of the worship of this interesting place.

In the valley near, amid the ruins of many other convents, is a cave, called the Grotto of Milk, because the Virgin often rested there when she suckled the holy child! The natives attribute the whiteness of the walls to some drops of milk which fell from the Virgin's bosom. The dust of this grotto is sent for far and wide, on account of its miraculous power to increase the milk in dry breasts. Near here is pointed out the spot where the shepherds received the "good tidings!"

Bethlehem is finely situated on the top of a high hill, on one side commanding the always beautiful face of the Moab Mountains; on the other, the domes and minarets of Jerusalem. Its population is agricultural in a feeble way, but makes no proper use of the facilities which its soil, water, and situation offer to redeem the general hardness and sterility of the once smiling, vine-clad, and olive-shaded town. They are chiefly occupied, when not abandoned to the general laziness of Syria and Palestine, in manufacturing chaplets, crosses, and mother-of-pearl memorials of Bethlehem. The proverbial beauty of the women here is not much assisted by the ugly head-dress, a sort of square hood, which marks their costume. I saw nothing to admire in the women, but there were many pretty children about. There are about three thousand people in the modern town.

We pursued our way, after a couple of hours, to Mar-Saba. The road now ran over what must have been a part of "the wilderness of Judea," through a country wholly bare of trees, and covered, if at all, with clumps of thorns. After a fatiguing ride of two hours and a half, we reached the verge of the profound ravine through which the Kedron empties, when it

has any water in it; and, despite the great rains of the last two months, there is not a drop in it now. We encamped in a sheltered valley just big enough for our four tents, within a few rods of the Convent of Mar-Saba, which shows little or nothing of its great extent and height on the upper side. When we descended into its fortress-like depths a hundred feet, and came out on what we supposed to be a low position, we found a precipice of several hundred feet beneath us, and looked down into the profound valley of the Kedron as from a great height. This is one of the oldest and most wealthy of the Greek convents, and dates from the thirteenth century. The rocks about it are full of caves, which the anchorites of Palestine occupied long before they allowed themselves the luxury of artificial roofs. These monks eat no meat and profess much asceticism, but they looked sleek and in good case, notwithstanding they allow no woman to cross their threshold.

The journey from Mar-Saba to the Dead Sea is through a dreary region of rounded hills, bare and gray as the backs of elephants. Vast and sublime ravines open between them, and shake the soul with a kind of terror, as the depressing associations of the region and the terrible solitude and desolateness of the scene enfeeble the spirits, and prepare it to shudder before these awful gashes in the earth. I was constantly reminded of the brown, bare backs of the hills on the coast of California, and the resemblance was carried out by the occasional appearance of a bed of flowers on some spot of less barrenness, unspeakably brilliant and beautiful in themselves, but rendered tenfold more so by contrast with the ugliness and desolation all around. What but these scarlet flowers, so characteristic of Palestine in the springtime, can have called forth the Saviour's exquisite notice: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil

not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I have never in my life seen in any conservatory flowers so worthy of this comparison as these. Their brilliancy is like that of gems, and seen upon the green of a bank which is surrounded by gray and repulsive stones, they produce the miraculous beauty of a smile lighting up the face of death.

The hills, as we approached the coast of the Dead Sea, of which we had had glimpses and sometimes fine views for hours, have an architectural air not unlike the ruined pyramids of Egypt and sometimes the half-buried temples. The horizontal stratification of the rocks where the rain has worn away the soil presents the look of fortifications, often rounded and rising in regular stories. Some valleys are walled on both sides with this natural masonry, very abrupt and very artificial. If found in Switzerland, they would have a great reputation for their combined beauty and terror. We trod a very dizzy path skirting these precipices, and climbing over the devious track which it must have greatly puzzled the original pathfinders to lay down. Any wandering from it seemed perilous, and it may be believed that the path from Mar-Saba to Jericho has not been materially changed for ages. Indeed, over this whole mountain region, a track, once opened, presents too favorable a pathway as compared with the frightful obstacles of the country to be easily forsaken; and the tracks are so deeply worn in the rock, which is their usual bed, that nothing short of ages could account for their present condition. The marks of wheels on the streets of Pompeii are nothing to the marks of hoofs in the deeply-sunk foot-prints worn in the rocky staircases up and down these Judean mountains.

We found ourselves about noon on the very brink of the Dead Sea valley, looking down five hundred feet on the plain

of Jericho just below us; the valley of the Jordan, in which the river lay deeply hid and invisible, save that fringes of green indicated the place of its bed; and the bright waters of the Dead Sea—the most living and refreshing object we had seen since leaving the Mediterranean. Forty miles long and from eight to twelve miles wide, shut in between the level ridge of Moab on the east and the Judean mountains, apparently about as high and as regular in their effect, on the west, there is nothing in the landscape to distinguish this body of water from many of the attractive and beautiful mountain lakes in other parts of the world. The hills come down, lapping over each other, and making the ordinary promontories to vary the monotony of the shore, and one promontory, "the tongue," shoots out two or three miles, almost dividing the lake into two sections. The general effect, allowing always for the accustomedness of the eye to barrenness in this region, is far from being painful or repulsive; on the contrary, it is pleasing and attractive. The waters have nothing peculiar in their appearance; nor, excepting their strong saltness, did I find the offensive bitterness which is ascribed to them, or any other disgusting savor. Several of our friends who bathed in them found little of the stickiness and difficulty of wiping dry which the guide-books warn the traveler against. One gentleman dived in as if bathing at Newport, and came up with his head on and his eyes still in seeing order! Three years ago, a curious Frenchman brought the parts of a steam-engine and boat over the mountains on the backs of camels, and set up a small steamer in this sea to satisfy his curiosity, by careful examination, as to the absence of any outlet to the waters of the Jordan, which, for most of the year, pours a full and rapid stream into the Dead Sea. He found none; nor did he experience any difficulties in navigating the lake, nor any special discomforts at the cool sea-

son. After exhausting his curiosity, he presented his boat to the French Consul at Jerusalem, who, in turn, finding it an expensive present, gave it to the Pacha. This, the story runs, so annoyed the original owner, that the boat was somehow soon scuttled and sunk in the lake. It was a great misfortune, for nothing could well be more interesting than a sail around these shores; and if Americans are as common here usually as during the present season, their patronage alone would support a small steamer at the high rates of transportation common in this expensive region.

LIV.

THE JORDAN AND THE PLAIN OF JERICHO.

March 10.

THE plain of Jericho is very hot, even in these early days of March, and we suffered seriously in twice crossing it. The country is covered with a white crust, which is evidently some form of lime deposit, and which gives it a melancholy look. But we saw neither salt nor bitumen. There are enough of both at the other end of the lake. The overflows of the sea leave shallow basins of water, in which salt is formed by natural evaporation, and the Bedouins pay their annual tax by bringing each a certain amount of it to Jerusalem.

There are great exaggerations in the usual stories of the diabolic appearances about the Dead Sea and the plain of Jericho. It is not as bad and repulsive as many mountain districts on either side of it.

There is no evidence of any serious change, within historic periods, in the general features of the country. Doubtless earthquakes, sufficient to destroy cities (and they need not be very severe to do that), have occurred here; but that any throwing up of mountain chains, or sudden sinking of levels, has occurred here since the days of Adam, would not probably occur to any scientific observer. There is, and must always have been, a tremendous and wholly exceptional depression in this valley. The Jordan, rising a hundred miles north, between the ranges of Lebanon and Ante-Lebanon,

empties first into Lake Merom, and then, by a rapid descent of three hundred feet in a few miles, into the Sea of Galilee; between that sea and the Dead Sea it descends one thousand feet by a succession of rapids and twists and turns, created by the burrowing of its violent current—doubling its length. It has worked itself so deep into the surface that its waters fructify only the lowest bed of the river, leaving it double banks, the lower bed being converted into a jungle of bushes and thickets, and the original bed, perhaps, having become a barren, sandy waste. A more repulsive or a more useless river, except for the mere supply of the thirst of man and beast, can not be found in the world. There are now no villages there, and there never were any, along its banks. Irrigation from it was never possible, and it is accordingly the very reverse of the Nile in its relations to the country it flows through.

It is now very full, and almost unapproachable; quite unfordable. A disagreeable swamp lies round its bed, so that we found it impossible to get the benefit of any shade from the trees close to its main current. We managed, however, to get on to the bank by the Greek ford, and to see the place which, just before Easter, is thronged with thousands of pilgrims who wash in the sacred river, which the baptism of Jesus made efficacious to cleanse from sins! It is considered probable that the Lord's baptism occurred near here. Here at this ford, just opposite Jericho, in the shadow of the Judean hills, some seven miles eastward, must have been the place where Joshua led the chosen people, with their priests in front, across the stream, very nearly at this season of the year. From the Moab Mountains just in front Moses looked from the still unfixed peak of Pisgah down upon the land he was never to enter, and his ever-venerable ashes slumber somewhere on Nebo's undetermined summit. We

crossed the plain to Jericho, finding what is surmised to be Gilgal in the modern Riah, and ascended the green but neglected foot-hills watered by the Brook Cherith and by the fountain that Elisha healed, until we pitched our tents just under the hillocks of ruins which are supposed to be the remains of the city that fell before Joshua's rams' horns. Lieutenant Warren, temporarily stopped in his valuable explorations at Jerusalem, is now burrowing in four or five different places in these heaps of artificial earth to discover some more positive traces of the old city.

There have been a Roman and a Moslem Jericho here since Joshua's Jericho, and it seems hardly determined "which is which." Lieutenant Warren finds as yet nothing very decisive, although he has struck down to a mosaic pavement, which has encouraged him to think some important revelation may be coming. His explorations at Jerusalem have opened a very important series of subterranean chambers beneath the site of the Mosque of Omar, and a great passage, supposed to be the underground way by which troops were passed, in Solomon's time, from Zion's hill to Mount Moriah, connecting the palace and citadel with the temple.

We bathed in Elisha's fountain and crossed the Brook Cherith, and read the whole book of Joshua in the presence of the scenes that saw the events it commemorates. No wonder General Grant is said to regard Joshua as a great soldier. Those who have been over these mountain-fortresses will not think his attack on Ai a very common kind of military movement, nor any of his strategical positions ill-chosen. But we shall come upon his track again, I hope, among the very scenes of his rapid blows, and see where some of the thirty-one kings he slew held their state. Meanwhile we take our way back to Jerusalem. How expressive

the phrases "down to Jericho" and "up to Jerusalem" become after going over this execrable road, with its endless descent to the valley and its endless climb up to the Holy City! I must not omit to note two incidents at Jericho.

A company of sixteen Bedouins from the neighboring village came to dance one of their wild, monotonous tribal dances for our entertainment. Forming in a half-circle, with a leader in front with a drawn sword held by hilt and point, as a dancer might hold a wreath, they commenced clapping their hands in unison; they went on swaying their bodies from side to side and rising and stooping at a signal from the Sheik, always in a monotonous uniformity of motion, but with an always increasing rapidity, until they had worked themselves into a heat. At intervals one of them struck up a droning song, in which the successive verses seemed to refer to our dragoman, ourselves, the ladies, and backsheesh. The rest acted as chorus. The leader was very graceful, and postured with unconscious elegance. The whole entertainment, considering the place, the costume of camels' hair, the turbaned Moslems, the fact that these fellows, but for our guard, would have been better pleased to rob and murder us, had a spice of romance about it that was not unpleasing. Sixteen francs made our peace with them, and they left with a very satisfied air, which promised us an unbroken night's rest. The other incident was the sudden appearance among us of an Abyssinian anchorite, who descended from the Mountain of the Temptation (called Quaritania), where Jesus is supposed by many to have experienced his great struggle with Satan. It is a very commanding height, and not at all unlikely to have been the place; although the kingdoms of the earth are somewhat contracted in the plain of Jericho, which it overlooks. The mountain

has long been a favorite retreat of hermits, and is full of their caves, as indeed all the mountainous parts of Palestine are. The present only hermit of this mountain was now before us, a thin, worn man of thirty, clothed in rags—indeed, a mere bundle of rags, and reduced to an affecting attenuation by his vigils and fastings. His expression was delicate and touchingly sweet. He seemed modest, humble, and really acquainted with the Bible, which he quoted with genuine pertinency. He had been eight years in this place, and was visited by many Abyssinians. He knew nothing except by vague report of the English war in his own country. His person and trials, self-imposed, interested us all very much, as he had none of the grossness and self-satisfied air of most professional saints and monks. His face will never go out of my memory.

March 13.

We left Jerusalem at 3 P.M. with a cool breeze, very refreshing after the extreme heat of the sun yesterday, coming up from Jericho. As we came over the heaps of stones that mark "the highway" from Jerusalem to Damascus, we had a new illustration of the execrable government which neglects even the most ordinary means of civilizing and elevating the people. A few months spent in picking up the stones on this single road would do more to suggest the advantages of easy communication than any measure the government could adopt. No wonder that five men were yesterday driven in chains—all united—into the Damascus Gate, because of a failure to pay their taxes. Imprisoned in the Tower of David (the shabby citadel), they will remain there until their friends manage to raise the means to satisfy the government extortion. We looked back from Mount Scopus, that part of the Mount of Olives on which Titus en-

camped when he took the city, upon the devoted capital of Israel, and felt a profound sympathy with the Jews still in the city, who spend some hours of every Friday in wailing over the destruction of their Temple, while they kiss the few stones that are left yet in their foundation-places. From this point, which the Crusaders named Mount Joy, because Jerusalem in all its beauty here greeted their longing eyes, a magnificent view of the Holy City offers itself. One sees here why Jerusalem is sometimes said to be girt about by mountains, as indeed it seems from this point, although hardly so from any other, to be in the bottom of a shallow saucer of hills. The plain-like extension toward the west and north is also apparent here. Something like verdure seems, too, to enclose the gray city, so hoary in its interior coloring and walls. Never can we forget the image which Jerusalem left upon our eyes and hearts as we concentrated our last looks upon its venerable towers, and saw the object of so many prophecies and longings, of so many aspirations and fears, of so many blessings and judgments fading out of sight. "Beautiful for situation is Mount Zion, the joy of the whole earth!"

We passed Chafat, catching charming views of Nebi Samwil, and leaving to our left prospects of olive-groves which the evening light made as pleasant as New England orchards. The ruins upon a neighboring hill, of a rare outline in this monotonously-formed country, where the hills resemble each other as much as the sheep and goats upon them, were relieved against a loftier range behind them, blue with distance, and formed a landscape such as seldom delights the eye in Palestine. And oh! how green is the greenness of the Holy Land! No verdure ever seemed so verdurous; and when now and then one meets a native spring, though seldom cool, it trips with silver feet over gold-

en pebbles, each one of which, as in the spring here at my feet, may be counted. We passed Nob, where Saul massacred the inhabitants to avenge himself of the supposed crime of Abimelech (1 Kings xxii.) and Gibeah, a hill upon a hill, celebrated as the scene of Ephraim's sin (Judges xix. 14–30), and which was afterward Saul's residence. Ramah —not the one from which the weeping voice came—lay in ruins on a hill on our right, and no place of any importance occurred until we reached Biroth (the ancient Bireh), a town of eight hundred Moslems and a few Christians. It was one of the Canaanite cities that escaped Joshua's destroying march by a ruse of war, of which the account occurs in Joshua x. Michmash lies two miles to the east of this town. Signs of important wells and cisterns, with the ruins of many once powerful arches, remain. We reached Bethel not till 7 P.M., and found our camp in the bed of an old reservoir, of which a large part of the south wall, and a little of the west remain, and where the purest spring we have met in Palestine is flowing in immortal youth. The poor villagers of Betnel still fill their jars from it, as Abraham and Jacob and their wives did theirs. The ancient name of Bethel was Luz, where Abraham first fed his flocks at the spring. When Jacob had his famous dream and saw that ladder uniting heaven and earth, which the angels have continued to ascend and descend in Jewish and in Christian hearts ever since, he named it Bethel, the house of God, and built there an altar to Jehovah. Here the rebellious Jeroboam erected his altar of the golden calf, and Hosea and Amos changed its name from the House of God to the House of Idols, from Bethel to Bethhaven. A bold prophet penetrated this temple and cursed it when Jeroboam was in the very act of sacrifice. See 1 Kings xii. 29–33, and xiii. There are very few remains of any thing ancient here, but

the old tower has a glorious view of Jerusalem, twelve miles off, which was as pleasant as unexpected.

March 14.

One of our party, Mr. R., having strayed from the route, was not missed for an hour out of Jerusalem. We sent back our second dragoman, the faithful Yosef, to find him, but although he went as far as Jerusalem, he could discover no traces of him, and returned to us, reaching us with the intelligence that Mr. R. was not to be found! As soon as the moon was up we sent him back to Jerusalem, twelve miles, with another man as assistant, to see if Mr. R. had not finally made his way back to the hotel. There, fortunately, he found him at 5 A.M. this morning. He had mistaken the road by the "Judges' tombs" for the road which passes the "Kings' tombs," a mile or two out of the city, and being in advance and confident that he knew the road, he had continued on about four miles, expecting us to overtake him. As we were on the right track and he on the wrong one, of course we did not come up, and after an hour's waiting he made his way back to the hotel. Yosef brought him back to our camp at Bethel by 10 A.M., to our great relief, for his disappearance had been quite mysterious and alarming. It delayed our start this morning until 11 A.M., and made our day's journey to Nablous by Shiloh a late affair. There is no country in the world in which a stranger not talking Arabic has such difficulty in making his way as in Syria and Palestine. The landmarks are so wanting in individual distinctness, the paths are so many and the routes so winding that a guide is indispensable. Travelers in company should keep together or in sight of each other, or they may seriously perplex and delay the journey by the consequences of their independent movements. In a party like ours, of nine persons,

the horses are of unequal speed, and the familiarity with the saddle not the same in all; and it is a steady source of disquietude that some will hurry forward and some will lag behind. Large parties are very embarrassing, small ones a little dull. We consider ours about the right size, and with the exception I have named, we have no other troubles.

ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY.

The road from Bethel to Nablous leaves Shiloh, which we were resolved to visit, about three miles to the east. For two and a half hours our route lay over bleak mountains and down gullies full of mud and water, but neither deep enough to embarrass us. The mountains are very round and dome-like, and the stratification of the rocks is so regular and horizontal that they often resemble amphitheatres—seats rising above seats in endless tiers. Difficult as cultivation is in these rock-bound hills, which exceed the worst portion of New Hampshire in stony sterility, the poor natives in this region make most creditable exertions to redeem all practicable bits of soil and plant it to barley. They give their chief attention, however, to rearing olive-trees, the fig and a few vines. The olive-trees are stoned around on the shelving hill-sides, and each tree shows care. They are surprisingly thrifty about here, and their leaves have a myrtle-like freshness which I have never seen elsewhere. We saw many flocks of goats and sheep, but hardly a single cow, and only two or three yoke of small oxen, ploughing with wooden ploughs without a particle of iron about them—curiosities which would deeply interest an agricultural show in America. The natives in this region look small and stinted in growth. They evidently eat very little, and have very little to eat. Olives are their chief food in their season, and figs their only luxury. The shepherds, who tend whole flocks of goats and

sheep, charge about a piastre—four cents—a month for each animal, and are able to make for a year's service about twenty-five dollars. The olive appears often like two trees twisted together, apparently to strengthen the stock against heavy winds. It is rare to see a dying or blasted olive; one struck by lightning is the only dead olive I have met amid many hundreds to-day. They seem prodigiously vital, are very long lived, and spring up newly from their own roots after the old stock has ceased to bear. The figs are just budding. They ripen their fruit in June in this region. They are wholly leafless now.

Shiloh is situated on a high, bleak hill, quite commanding in situation. The town is a mass of ruins, without a single inhabitant. The present ruins are evidently not many hundred years old, but a few stones from the old city, or from one older than the present ruins, may be found. The situation of old Shiloh is so accurately described in Judges xxi. 19, and corresponds so exactly with this site, that there is no reasonable doubt that this is the place. On this spot, then, after Joshua's conquest of Canaan, the tabernacle was set up, and here the division of the promised land among the tribes was made. Here the ark of the Lord remained during the rule of the Judges. Hence the Benjamites, originals of the Sabine rape, snatched wives to replace those the tribe had lost (Judges xxi. 16). Here Samuel was brought to Eli, and here his mother annually brought the little coat she made for her holy son.

Returning to the main road, we found ourselves in a wider horizon. All the prospects in these mountains are very circumscribed—Jerusalem being no exception—the Mountains of Moab, twelve miles off, being her most distant view. We found the valleys widening and growing more fertile, with a corresponding attention to their cultivation and some tolera-

ble freedom from stones. A few miles brought us into the long, wide, and smiling valley, on one side of which the ancient Lebonah (El Lebben) is situated on a commanding height. It was very pleasant, after so long and rough a ride up and down bleak mountains, to get into fields and meadows, where wide expanses of barley refreshed our eyes, weary with dazzling stones and gray sterility. An hour and a half farther, just at the opening between Gerizim and Ebal, where the road turns up to Nablous, we found what is called Jacob's well, which claims to be the place where Jesus sat at noontide, weary and athirst, and had his memorable conversation with the Samaritan woman. Robinson confirms the authenticity of the tradition. No fitter place for such an important conversation could have offered itself in all Palestine. Gerizim, the holy place of the Samaritans, lifted its head just over the spot; one of the most fertile of the plains of the promised land lay in full view; while the old and sacred city of Sichem —the finest in its situation of all her towns—was within a half-hour's walk through the architectural rocks that overhang the division between the Mountain of Blessing and of Cursing. Joseph's tomb was a quarter of a mile to the north of Jacob's well, and is as well attested as the well itself. It is now held in great veneration by Jews and Samaritans and Mussulmans. The monument is not very ancient, but the tomb itself may well be as old as when the ashes of Joseph were brought from Egypt and laid in this neighborhood. See Genesis l. 25; Joshua xxiv. 12.

We did not ascend Gerizim that night, as the darkness came on before we reached Nablous. The top of this stony mountain, about a thousand feet high, contains the ruins of two extensive enclosures, built of large blocks of stone. The southern quadrangle is flanked with four towers at its angles, and in the middle may be traced the remains of an octagonal

structure. A Moslem cemetery, with a fine pool, occupies the northern quadrangle. Robinson thinks these the ruins of a fortress built by Justinian to protect a church of the Virgin. M. de Saulcy maintains that they are not military, but are the remains of the Samaritan temple built by Sanballat. The Samaritans at Nablous place their temple at the foot of the mountain. This is their sacred place, which they visit with naked feet.

NABLOUS.

We reached Nablous, the ancient Sichem, too late to see the city, which we passed through in the dark, expecting at every step that our tired horses would fall and break our limbs or necks on the slippery stones of its narrow streets. Thanks to their better eyes, our careful beasts carried us safely through the city to our camp just out of the northern gate. It is not a very pleasant thing after eight or nine hours in the saddle, to arrive just before the baggage train, and wait while the tents are pitched, and then two hours more for dinner. But it has its compensations. In the dark, moonless night, without lanterns, the faithful moukers, who have been ten hours driving their loaded mules on foot over the stony hills, proceed with uncomplaining alacrity to unload the cumbrous baggage, to set up the tents, arrange the beds, and distribute his bags and belongings to each of the company; to feed and water the animals, and either late in the night or by daylight, to curry and rub down the horses. Not for three hours after they come into camp do they have a chance to eat a morsel, and when they do sit down by the light of their nargilehs to refresh themselves, a bit of bread and a few dates or a piece of dried meat seems to satisfy them. To-night I watched our Greek cook, who had ridden all day on the top of some luggage on a hard mule, and who

economized his time by picking chickens as he rode, getting his cuisine a-going. On an iron brazier of three feet long and eight inches broad, filled with charcoal (not a half-peck in all), which he carries on his mule from station to station, he kindled his fire with a feather fan, over it he placed his pots, one for the soup, another a tea-kettle, and another for his stew-pan. Out of the great wooden chest, which was half the load of a strong baggage-mule, he took his leg of mutton, his chickens, his soup-meat, vermicelli, cauliflower, and all necessary condiments, and in two hours had a most excellent dinner for nine persons smoking in successive courses upon the table—soup, boiled beef, stewed chickens, roast mutton, potatoes, cauliflower, stewed apricots — enough and very savory all. It is true that I could not recommend those with less appetite than travelers a-horseback in Syria to watch the preparation of their dinner. The dishes served too many purposes, ditto the dishcloths; the cook's hands were not of lily whiteness; he larded the lean earth with the scraps he flung around him, treating all creation, one yard around his cuisine excepted, as a place for slops and offal. But his admirable industry and cheerfulness after his hard day's work shared with us, and then his special service only to begin, excited my respect and sympathy. By ten o'clock he sat down with the two dragomen and one upper servant to their own dinner, a simple dish of boiled rice and gravy, with which they seemed perfectly content. If this is the fare of the principals in our service, what must be the meagre living of their servants, the rest of our escort?

LV.

SICHEM TO NAZARETH.

March 14.

SICHEM is a truly patriarchal city. "And Abram passed through the land unto the place of Sichem, unto the plain of Moreh" (Gen. xii. 6). Jacob bought a field in the neighborhood (Gen. xxxiii. 20). Simeon and Levi slaughtered all the males of Sichem to avenge their sister Dinah (Gen. xxxiii. 18–20). Jacob sent Joseph here in search of his brothers (Gen. xxxvii. 12–14). Four hundred years later Joshua led the tribes of Israel here, and they built on Mount Ebal an altar, whereon were written the words of the law. Sichem was afterward given to the Levites, and became one of the three cities of refuge on the western side of the Jordan. Abimelech caused himself to be proclaimed chief of Israel here, and here Jotham's oldest of fables, touching the choice of a king by the trees, was uttered from the top of Gerizim, against him (Judges ix. 8–10). After Solomon's death, Rehoboam went to Sichem and proclaimed himself king, and there David's empire was divided into two kingdoms; Jeroboam, being placed at the head of the new kingdom of the ten revolted tribes, of which Sichem became the capital. After the destruction of the kingdom of Israel, Salmanezer led all the people in captivity, and replaced them by idolaters from Babylon, Cuth, Hamath, and elsewhere. These people, who soon adopted, and mingled with the worship of false gods, the worship of Jehovah, took the name of Samaritans.

After the return from the Captivity, they sent embassadors to Jerusalem, and demanded to be allowed to contribute to the rebuilding of the walls of the Temple. They were indignantly repulsed by the Jews, who would not recognize them as children of Abraham. Thus originated the hatred between these two peoples. They built, in the time of Nehemiah, who resisted all their efforts to amalgamate with the Jews, a temple of their own, on Gerizim, as like as possible to that at Jerusalem. This temple was destroyed 132 years B.C.

The Gospels contain abundant proofs of the jealousy of Jews and Samaritans, which all New Testament readers will at once recall. Jesus passed some days at Sichem (John iv. 1), and Philip preached here successfully. Simon Magus, one of the arch-enemies of the Gospel, worked his wicked magic here, and here Justin Martyr was born.

The Romans called Sichem Neapolis when they overran Palestine; hence the modern name Nablous. Struggles between the early Christians and the Samaritans were common and bitter. In 487 the Samaritans rose against the Christians, and the Christians drove them from Mount Gerizim and built there a church in honor of the Virgin, which Justinian surrounded with a fortress to protect it. Since then Sichem and Gerizim have been at one time in Moslem, at another in Crusading hands; but the sect of the Samaritans has never quite ceased to exist, and has a few disciples here to-day, men, women, children, all told, only one hundred and thirty-five, all of that name in the world! The Samaritans receive the Pentateuch, of which they claim to possess the only authentic copy. They sacrifice the Paschal Lamb upon Mount Gerizim—a privilege which Moslem malice or bigotry interrupted for twenty-five years at the beginning of this century. They believe in the resurrection, but only for the just. They await the coming of a prophet who will restore

them their Temple and worship on Gerizim. The Samaritans at Nablous have always been obstinate and troublesome to the government they were under. The modern town is comparatively flourishing for a Syrian town, but in spite of its pleasant situation contains little of general interest, except the Church of the Resurrection and the Samaritan synagogue. There is little left of the church, the site of which is now occupied by a mosque. The Samaritan Pentateuch, the only valuable possession of the synagogue, is pieced and patched somewhat, and is grimed with use, particularly that central part of it which is displayed to visitors. It is of course on rollers, and possesses the air and no doubt the reality of great antiquity. What is to become of it when the small handful of people now owning it die out, as they certainly will do in a hundred years, probably in much less? They recognize the certainty of it themselves. Their chief man, Mr. El Shellaby, who accompanied us to Mount Gerizim to point out the genuine points of interest to himself and his people, distinctly recognized and acknowledged that the sect was in its death-throes. He had been in England fifteen years ago, and had seen all the principal scholars who have visited the Holy Land for the last twenty years. He seemed familiar with them and their opinions. He said that Bishop Bloomfield had offered the synagogue, through him, a thousand pounds for the Codex, but he had told him it was not to be bought. I think the time has come when it might be bought, and that it ought to be secured in the interests of the text of the Pentateuch before it becomes too late. Accident or caprice might easily destroy it in this violent country, where Moslem jealousy and vindictiveness are so rife. The manuscript is clearly worth £5,000 to any great European library, and, with proper agents, I think that amount would probably secure it in a few years, if not at once. I regret to say that although some of

our party and of my own family saw the manuscript, I did not. I had to choose between a visit to Mount Gerizim or a visit to the synagogue, having only two hours to spare early this morning before starting for our heavy ride—considering the roads—to Djenin.

The ascent of Gerizim is very precipitous, and not safe on horseback. There is a mile of tolerable road after making two-thirds of the height, which we found horses convenient in passing over with the least loss of time. We led our horses up and down, and should have left them at the camp, if we had known the severity of the angle at which the path ascends. One hour's walking took us to the very top. A quarter of a mile before reaching the summit we found three tents pitched near what proved to be the spot where the Paschal Lamb is yearly sacrificed. The Samaritans or their leaders, it seems, pass the season of the Passover in camp on this spot. The stone on which the lamb is killed and cooked, and the places where it is eaten and the remnants then burned, were all shown to us. They are not very old in appearance, nor in good repair, nor is there any dignity about the arrangements. A small piece of earth, two rods square perhaps, just near the stone of offering, the Samaritans call their church. It is as vacant as an unowned acre of prairie land. On the top of Gerizim, and just on the verge of the mountain, as it descends steeply to the noble valley of Makhnah, containing Jacob's well and Joseph's tomb, is a gently inclined surface of rock, the natural bed, which, unfenced and in a complete state of nature, and about 20 feet square, Mr. El Shellaby pointed out as "the Holy of Holies" of the Samaritans—once, I suppose, within their Temple, and occupying the same relative importance in it as the summit of Mount Moriah in the Mosque of Omar. A few rods to the south, overhanging the brink, is the stone which Samari-

tan tradition hands down as the place where Abraham offered up Isaac. Many learned men, and Dr. Stanley among them, favor the idea that Gerizim was the place of the offering.

The view from this spot is of unsurpassed interest. Here, between these two summits, Ebal and Gerizim, the blessings and curses of the Law were read to the assembled people of Israel. Below, in full view, are Jacob's well and Joseph's tomb. Sichem, so rich in sacred memories, nestles in between the feet of two mountains, with her palms and figs and olives and lemons, a place of beauty such as Palestine can not repeat. The rich broad meadow lies in spring greenness, running up far to the north, where Hermon's glorious summit, magnificently white, seems to form the very pivot of the Holy Land. The mounts of Benjamin and of Ephraim lie across the valley. Behind, to the west, is the broad Mediterranean, with its sands glistening, and Jaffa visible on the coast, with the plain of Sharon opening through the vistas of the Samaritan hills. Altogether the view was delightfully suggestive and rich. I must not forget that Enim, where John baptized, and Salem, the city of Melchizedek, were in view, and many other villages not of historical interest. A half-hour was all we could spend on the spot, which afforded no time for a critical examination of the ruins. They show twelve stones, each four feet long, three broad, and a foot thick, judging by the eye only, as the twelve stones which Joshua set up in the Jordan after crossing it dry-shod with his invading army. But I suppose no respectable observer thinks this credible. I saw nothing that looked to me like the ruins of the old Temple. There were ruins in plenty, but they had a much more modern aspect, and are probably what Robinson thought them—Justinian's fortress about the old Church of the Virgin.

The road from Nablous to Samaria is either through a pleasant plain, very practicable in dry weather, or over some

very rough mountains, and the rough road we were compelled to take. It carried us into lofty heights of refreshing air, and in two hours brought us to Samaria, situated on a steep hill, and inhabited by a few impudent Moslems, who sell coins to travelers and beg backsheesh importunately. We found fourteen columns erect in a green valley north of the chief mass of ruins. There is no rubbish about them, and although without capitals, they look as if they had been put there yesterday for some new purpose. They are, however, probably as old as the Roman possession of the country, and are supposed to belong to the same character of street as the triumphal way in Petra. Other columns lie on the opposite side of the town, and show this place to have been once of much importance. The remains of the Church of St. John the Baptist are interesting, although Moslemized. A few arches in ruins, and a half-capital, with some voussoirs and bits of cornice and marble flooring, show what elegance the Crusaders gave the church they erected on this spot. Within the enclosure is a small Moslem structure of ordinary sepulchral architecture, covering a deep crypt, reached by twenty-five stone steps, which claims to be the original burial-place of John the Baptist. There is nothing in the tomb whatever. The remains of a pretty mosaic pavement in one recess paid us for going down, and the bare possibility of the truth of the tradition gave a flavor to the spot of "locusts and wild honey."

The route from Samaria to Djenin was full of fine scenery—distant glimpses of the Mediterranean alternating with views of Hermon as we were on the east or west side of the hills. The breadth and fertility of the valleys begin to delight us. We are getting away from mere mountain sterility. Fine clear streams burst every hour from some hillside. Kishon, by the way, has its source in Gerizim, and no

place could be more abundantly watered than Nablous. We have thoroughly enjoyed the day, considered as a day of mere scenery, aside from any associations. A month later, I can believe Palestine to possess extraordinary charms of landscape—if only the heat does not four weeks hence prove intolerable. We find it about as much as we can stand now in crossing some long plains on horses whose legs sink into sticky mud, and can often make but two miles an hour with their own and our best exertions. We see more cattle to-day and better farming, and some appearance of a meagre prosperity.

March 16.

Djenin, the ancient En Gannim, a city of the Levites, is situated on a hill-side overlooking the plain of Esdraelon, in the midst of palms and olive-trees. It is finely watered, and commands glorious views of the beautiful plain, the pride of Palestine, of Carmel, and of the steep mountain behind which lies Nazareth; above all, of Mount Tabor and Hermon, covered with snow. There are about three thousand inhabitants, most of whom are Moslems. We passed the night just outside the city in our camp, having been favored with very fine weather thus far.

Crossing the noble plain of Esdraelon, we came in two hours to Zerain, the ancient Jezreel, capital of the wicked King Ahab and his hateful Queen Jezebel. Here Naboth lived and cultivated his little vineyard, and here, falsely accused, he was stoned to death, and his hereditary vineyard taken from him; and here Elijah judged his oppressor. There are vineyards in the little ruined city now, but it is chiefly given over to huge plantations of prickly pears, and to ugly dogs that look mischievous enough to have been descendants of those who licked Naboth's blood. Here and

there a fragment of a column or a fractured sarcophagus speaks of a past splendor.

From Jezreel, we came in an hour's ride to Shunem, where the Philistines encamped before the battle of Gilboa (1 Sam. xxviii. 4); but every body remembers it better, so much do individual sympathies prevail over and outlive public events, as the place where the Shunammite woman, recognizing Elisha to be a holy man of God, prevailed with her husband to build him a little chamber in the wall. All the tender story that follows, of Elisha's promising the childless woman a son; of his birth and growing up; his sudden sickness and death; the woman's journey to Mount Carmel in search of the prophet, of his gentle reception of her, and final journey to her house, where he stretched himself upon the child and brought him to life—is it not recorded in undying beauty and vividness in the fourth chapter of II Kings? It was pleasant to see the place where Elisha so often came, and to consider all that long, hot plain, twenty miles at least between Shunem and Carmel, over which grief and faith bore the Shunammite mother with such haste and sympathy, and the consciousness of power to restore the lost treasure carried Elisha's willing feet.

An hour more brought us to Nain, the place where Jesus raised the widow's son (Luke vii. 11-15). It is a poor hamlet, with no other interest than that the associations with this event must always give it. Endor lay in view a half-hour to the east of Nain, but we have not enough sympathy with Saul's witchwork—albeit he was Macbeth's prototype—to go out of our way to see the scene of his folly. Making up the very steep hill that lies before and hides Nazareth, a climb of two hours (partly a descent on the other side) brought us to Nazareth. It is a town of a couple of thousand people, chiefly Christians, possessing little interest in its modern

structures—although its fine old Latin monastery is well worth a visit—but of unspeakable attraction, considered as the place where Jesus's childhood was passed, and as still exhibiting the natural features on which his thoughtful eyes so constantly looked. Nazareth is very much shut in, possessing just such a limited horizon as the towns on the east side of the Green Mountains on White River, Vermont. It looks in every direction toward hills. It is about three hundred feet above the plain of Esdraelon, which, however, is not visible from it. Its surface is very irregular, its streets deep gullies, almost impassable, and its houses, though all of stone, are mostly mean and unattractive. Like most Syrian towns, it looks best at a distance. And yet Nazareth has somehow a more civilized aspect than any town we have seen in Palestine. The people are a fine, handsome race, both men and women. I met a man as I rode into the town who might have sat as a model to Titian for his "Christ with the Money;" and I am persuaded that the traditional face of Jesus is a genuine type of the Nazarene countenance, so many men and women reminding me of the peculiar features which the early Italian artists, especially the Venetians, give to Christ. Venice, deeply interested in the Crusades, must have had some artists in its military trains who visited Palestine and took studies of the Syrian face, and perhaps of the special types of the holy places. Nobody not on the ground can form any idea of the extent to which the Crusaders pushed their zeal, in church-building and church-decoration, on every spot hallowed by Christian traditions. In these churches art must have had some of its very earliest works dedicated to the sacred scenes which they marked, and of course it must have had portraits of Christ in historical pictures which would be taken from hints received on the spot—that is, from studies of the Nazarene face. I saw women at the well and

in the streets truly beautiful, and worthy of being the originals of Titian's or Raphael's Madonnas. They had, besides fair complexions, most regular features, soft eyes, and brilliant teeth. I can not say that they were specially modest, or in any way refined. There is a peculiar style of dress prevailing here, in which more colors than usual are blended, and where, over the loose trowsers, a petticoat, open at both sides to the waist, hangs in two straight breadths behind and before to the ankles. Silver rings are worn on the ankles of the women at the fountain. They carry their heavy, empty water-jars on their heads, balanced on one side in a coquettish way; but when full they straighten them, and with a very prim and ugly walk bear them home. The whole village comes to one fountain for water and to wash clothes, and it is half a mile from the centre of the town.

The Church of the Annunciation was built in 1620 upon the old foundation of the Basilica, which claims to have been erected by Helena. It was much embellished by the Crusaders, but was destroyed by the Moslems in 1263, in their determined zeal to wipe out the hated footsteps of the Christians who had given them so much trouble in their two hundred years of crusading against the Crescent. The present Church is moderate in size, and is built over some crypts, which contain memorials of the Virgin Mary. Behind a granite pillar the angel Gabriel stood at the moment of the Annunciation. One column, held up by its capital, the lower half being gone, is believed by the peasants to be kept in its place by a miracle. The altar, with a poor picture of the Annunciation not redeemed by the Virgin's crown of gold and jewels (they may be as unreal as the stories connected with them), seems, judging by the crowd of pilgrims here, to be a special object of reverence. Under it, in the marble floor, are the words *Verbum caro hic factum est.* A recess or small chamber in the

rear of this grotto has been fabled to be the Virgin's kitchen, the house of Mary at the back of this grotto having been transported in 1291 by angels, first to Rannitz, in Dalmatia, and then to Loretto.

A little chapel to the north-east of this church claims to be built on the ground of Joseph's carpenter's shop, and contains an engraved copy of Hannibal Caracci's picture of Jesus working at his trade.

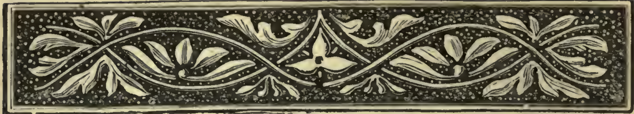
Another chapel is built over the flat rock, which tradition holds to be the place where Jesus usually ate with his disciples. The rock has many holes in the surface.

At the fountain, unquestionably in use in Jesus's day—being the only spring of water in the neighborhood—one feels surer than in any other part of this place of being at a familiar resort of Mary and of Jesus himself. The women, from time immemorial, have in all this Eastern land been the drawers of water; and the fountain is the real centre of interest, the exchange and place of meeting for all the people. Here, if anywhere, would the Annunciation have been most likely to have occurred.

"The Mount of Precipitation," or place where the people of Nazareth would have thrown Jesus down, in their anger at his pretensions and teachings, is pointed out on a steep rock about forty feet high near the Maronite convent.

The deep seclusion of Nazareth is the most interesting thing connected with the history of a life which, for thirty years, was so obscure as our Lord's. Here, every thing must have invited concentration and meditation. The world was wholly shut out, and the place itself despised. Nothing is to be seen from it, nor is it visible from any distance. It is only from the hills far above it that the glorious views of Esdraelon and Carmel, Tabor and Hermon, may be had. We felt, in leaving those heights and descending into Nazareth (its hill-

side position does not help its relative lowness), that we were experiencing the humility of that wonderful childhood and youth, from which bloomed so marvellously a brief life of public duty and teaching which has changed the fortunes of the human race in this and in all states of being.



LVI.

ESDRAELON.

March 16.

I HAVE spoken of crossing the plain of Esdraelon, but I can not dismiss this wonderfully fertile and beautiful region with a single word. Those who have not visited this plain, and surveyed it from the neighboring heights, and crossed it from east to west and north to south, and followed it into the several embayments it makes, will have a very poor idea of the unsurpassed richness and the rare pastoral beauty of this great central region of Samaria and Galilee. It divides the country north and south, and was necessarily the great battle-field where the enemies of Israel met her resolute tribes with such various fortunes. But the beauty of this plain in the spring-time, covered with perfect greenness, when the shadows of the clouds are dappling its broad surface, is something peculiar. The view contrasts so finely with the limited horizon of the hill districts, and its fertility is so absolutely opposed to the terrible, stony sterility of the mountains, that the traveler revels in its richness and openness, and begins for the first time to appreciate the claims of Palestine to the name of the Promised Land. The plains of Jericho, of Sharon, and of Esdraelon together constitute a large extent of very rich country, and I see no difficulty now in understanding how this country, under careful tillage, might have supported a very dense population.

March 17.

From Nazareth our path lay across the hills of scrubby oaks thinly scattered, to the foot of Tabor. The hills here offer better pasturage than any we have met in the Holy Land, and yet there seem fewer flocks upon them. But the flowers have taken advantage of this absence of cattle and people to spring up in a variety and beauty I have never seen equaled. We gathered bouquets in a few moments by the path which I would defy any London or New York conservatory to equal in beauty, freshness, and variety, or in rarity. Such feathery things, such fairy shapes, such delicate colors, such exquisite contrasts were never, it seems to me, combined in any nosegay, and I felt then, as I do now, ashamed that my feeble botany could not name and place them. I make their beauty the *amende* of a most honorable mention. Could I have sent one of these Syrian bouquets to each of my best beloved friends at home, I would gladly have paid the largest New York prices for a hundred, and a hundred might have been plucked from a rood of ground. But their frailty was equal to their freshness and delicacy. They withered in a half-hour in the hand, and were then, as compared with themselves, what the people of this land are now, as contrasted with their fathers of two thousand years ago.

We reached the foot of Mount Tabor in a driving shower, which made us bless the memory of Goodyear, whose India-rubber enveloped each of us in impenetrable hoods and coats. Looking like monks on horseback, in our pointed cowls and heavy capes, black as night, we made our way up the wooded and precipitous sides of Tabor. We had been on three sides of it already, our journey having circled round it, and had seen how isolated and commanding a mountain it is. Situated on the east side of the plain of Esdraelon,

about midway of its length, it overlooks a larger part of the Jewish territory than is visible from any other height we have yet scaled. We could see the waters of the Sea of Galilee on one side and the Mediterranean on the other, Carmel and Hermon, the whole plain of Esdraelon, and the mountains of Samaria and Galilee. The mountain is green, and, for this region, well wooded. No place could be better chosen for the great assemblies of the northern tribes of Israel—if, as some suppose, it was the mountain to which Moses refers in Deut. xxxiii. 9, on which "sacrifices of righteousness" were to be offered. At any rate, to Mount Tabor it was that Deborah directed Barak to take "ten thousand men of the children of Naphtali and the children of Zebulun" when Sisera was to be delivered into his hand (Judges iv. 6). And here Gideon, with his three hundred men, who had "lapped the waters as a dog," smote Oreb and Zeeb, and the army of the Midianites under Zebah and Zalmunna, which "lay along in the valley like grasshoppers for multitude" (Judges vii. and viii.).

Tabor has been the great strategic centre of the region round the plain of Esdraelon from that day until five hundred years ago, when the general decline of the Eastern world destroyed the disposition to war and conquest, along with all the general enterprise of the people in and around Syria. Antiochus the Great fortified Tabor B.C. 218. Josephus rebuilt it in his day. It was not until the fourth century that Mount Tabor began to be regarded as the place of our Lord's transfiguration. Convents and churches were built upon it in honor of the tradition, which was generally received. After the expulsion of the Crusaders, these edifices were swept away by the Moslems, and Tabor is now crowned only with a small modern church, which the Latin monks from Nazareth visit once a year to celebrate mass in

honor of the Transfiguration. It stands amid heaps of ruins, which cover several acres. It was disappointing not to be able to believe this most fitting place the scene of that striking event; but the text of the New Testament seems to fix it nearer to Cæsarea-Philippi, where Jesus was, six days previous to the event (Matt. xvi. 13 and xvii. 1), and it was probably somewhere on the southern shoots of Hermon that the transfiguration occurred.

From Tabor to Tiberias is five hours' good riding over a rolling country resembling the uplands about the English lakes; high, round hills, with hollow bowls of swampy land at their bottom, but without any ponds or trees. There is a solemnity in the houseless, treeless, unpeopled state of this fine country which is an effecting preparation for the approach to the great centre of Jesus's ministry, the Sea of Galilee. Nature seems to say there is no room for any thing in this sacred region but the memory of him whose glory fills the earth. The hills are green and flowery and fragrant, but they refuse any meaner service than that of acting as the witnesses of Him who once put their lilies above Solomon in all his glory, and used them as his altars and his pulpit.

We had caught a glimpse of the Sea of Galilee from Mount Tabor, but our eyes and hearts hungered for a clear, full view of that sacred and immortal lake. Jerusalem itself had not the attraction for us of this holy spot, and was approached with far less sensibility. It was with hearts too full for much speech and with eyes too moist for clear vision that, just on the brink of the ridge that suddenly drops down to the plain of Gennesareth, we caught the placid face of the Sea of Galilee, gentle clouds floating high above it, a double rainbow spanning the centre of the lake, and the sunset gilding in spots, where the clouds opened, the green but ridgy

sides of the mountains that come down steeply to the water's edge on the eastern shore. The Valley of Hattin, on our left, in which a large flock of sheep were feeding, led our eyes up to the double-horned hill, which had been visible for hours, and conspicuous for its unusual shape, where judicious critics have thought the Sermon on the Mount was delivered. Below us opened a narrow plain (broader than it looked we found it when we came to traverse it), lying between the hill and the edge of the lake, where Tiberias sits amid its broken walls, a sightly city to appearance, but an almost empty shell when it is approached. But what was Tiberias to us, in the presence of that beautiful sea, whose waters had reflected the form and echoed the voice of the Master, whose mountains had caught his prayers and sighs, and been wet with his tears? The air seemed full of the precepts of him who spake as never man spake, and every feature of the landscape seemed to say, the holy eyes of Jesus have rested where your eyes are resting now. And what a scene of beauty it is, especially to a pilgrim from the unwatered and rocky south of Palestine! A fair sheet of water, thirteen miles long and six broad at its widest part, too large for insignificance, not large enough to perplex or crowd the eye, on its eastern side bounded by bold hills spotted with white rocks, and streaked with bare ridges, but not rugged or barren—on the contrary, rich with greenness and underwood, though treeless. The plain of Gennesareth, divided by a promontory a mile above Tiberias, gives a comparative softness to the western side; while on the north, where the Jordan enters, the hills retreat irregularly, and afford those various shades and forms which add such a beauty to lake scenery. Near the lake shore a few palms keep up a tropical appearance, while the vegetation, even at this early season, has a luxuriance which is charming. The unusual variety in the slopes and lines of the hills about

the lakes dapple it with lights and shades, which to-day are made still more beautiful by the shadows of gentle clouds that mottle the whole surface of the hills and the lake itself. Paths of light are marked in the water, while flocks of white birds shine in the sun against the background of leaden waves, just ruffled enough by flaws of wind to give a beautiful shadow to parts of the lake, while other parts are blue and bright with a direct light on their smooth surface. From the lower and ruined towers, just at the water's brim, fishermen are pursuing the Apostles' trade, with unbaited hooks thrown from on high, and catching at the schools that so thickly people these waters. I have seen a half-acre of the surface suddenly rippling with their simultaneous flutter. There are three boats at Tiberias, sole representatives of the lively commerce that in the Lord's time animated the lake.

Besides Tiberias, not a town or village is in view. The ruins of Magdala and Capernaum are within a few miles, but we can not see them. I walked three miles down the lake-side this morning past the springs, too hot for the hand, that burst from the sides of the hills a mile below Tiberias. The ruins of two bath-houses of considerable pretensions, and still in use, indicate the probable importance which the Romans—that bath-loving people—attached to these medicinal springs. The waters seemed saline. I bathed in the lake just at the point where they discharge themselves, and found within a square yard water a little too cool for comfort, and water quite too hot to bear. The pebbly shore was very harsh for the soles of my feet, but the water was deliciously pure and invigorating, and I accepted it as a second baptism. Thousands of a single species of cockles were mingled with the pebbles. Myriads of one kind of small bird, with a monotonous but musical note, thrilled the air with their chirp and made it quiver with their motions as they flew gregari-

ously about, a cloud of musical wings. Tender flowers, blue and yellow, made a garden of the shore. Altogether the impression was one of exquisite beauty and fitness. I wondered that this lovely water has been so little praised. It seemed to satisfy my heart and eyes completely, and always lamenting the sole want of trees, I know not what it lacks that Windermere, or Loch Katrine, or Lake George possesses, that its beauty should not be sung, as well as its holy associations recognized. Stanley, in his careful description, speaks of the depression of the surface of the lake as abnormal, as though this were felt by the eye. But the fact was not known until quite recently, and, when known, it may affect the geographer, but I can not see how it ought to affect the prospect more now than in ancient days. There is, indeed, a surprise in descending to this lake, a thousand feet from the rolling table-land above it; but in the basin of the lake the level of the country disappears. It has a landscape of its own, and its beautiful and varied surroundings enhance it wonderfully. I have been at Lake Tahoe, in the Sierra Nevada, which is far more abnormally above the ocean level than the Sea of Galilee is below it, but I could hardly say which of these lovely seas (not of dissimilar area or unlike appearance) has seemed to me most beautiful. The clearness of the air, or the height of the surrounding hills, diminishes a little the effect of the full breadth of the lake.

Just before sunset we took one of the three boats of Tiberias, and were rowed a mile or two down the lake and back past the town, which should only be seen from the hills above or from the water. It gave us a souvenir of Venice as we sailed past the houses, built in the wall, with windows and galleries pleasantly opening upon the lake. The town itself is a heap of ruins, with the remains of a fine castle, built only a century ago, but destroyed, with the largest part of the city,

by the earthquake of 1837. There are still low streets of stone huts in Tiberias, and many Jews, regarding it as a sacred city, come to end their days and be buried in its precincts. Next to the Valley of Jehoshaphat at Jerusalem, there is no spot dearer to them than Tiberias and Safed. One of their Rabbins has said in the name of the Lord, "Seven seas have I made, but Tiberias alone have I chosen." And the students of the Talmud and Mishna, and other Rabbinical writings, have disseminated the idea that the still expected Messiah will arise from the lake of Tiberias, enter the city, and be enthroned at Safed, about fifteen miles to the north on the summit of a lofty hill. The Roman Church has a little chapel here, built on the traditional site of the miraculous draught of fishes, although there are but eight Latin Christians known to the solitary monk who lives here and has the cure of their souls. Still, he patiently waits, and meanwhile simply witnesses to the fidelity of Mother Church toward her most distant and most scattered children. The Latins are building a small hospice for pilgrims, which the monk thought a somewhat superfluous providence.

The city of Tiberias was founded by Herod Antipas sixteen years B.C., and he gave it the name of his protector. It was gifted wth special privileges, and became the capital of Galilee. Josephus fortified the city in the wars of the Jews with the Romans, but it opened its gates to Vespasian, who spared it. After the destruction of Jerusalem it became the gathering-place of the Jews, and the seat of the Sanhedrim, which, in the second century, was presided over by Judah Hakkodech, the compiler of the Mishna. Out of this Tiberian school issued also the Talmud of Jerusalem (sometimes called the Gemara), composed by the Rabbin Jochanan; and the Masora, designed to preserve the text of the sacred Scriptures, and purity in pronunciation of their language.

St. Jerome studied under one of these Rabbins. Akiba and Maimonides also flourished here. A Christian church was built here in the reign of Constantine. The Persian invader Chosroes took the city in 614, and the Caliph Omar in 637. The Crusaders held it for a while, but Saladin took it 1187, and it finally fell wholly into Moslem hands in 1247, where it has remained since.

The walls were rebuilt a century ago by the famous rebel Sheik Dhaher el 'Anir, but they were overthrown in the earthquakes of 1759 and 1837, and are now in ruins, but are still quite imposing from a distance. We found two old cannon in the ruined castle. Toward the south, outside the walls, are the remains of a still older city, with many fragments of columns and capitals and foundations, extending quite to the hot springs a full mile.

The lake of Tiberias is seven hundred and sixty feet lower than the level of the Mediterranean. In shape it is an irregular oval. At the lower end, as we discovered from Safed, a considerable plain spreads from the southern shores down the Jordan valley. The northern shore is comparatively gentle for a mile back, but it is soon met by very rugged hills which rise twenty-five hundred feet, and offer most attractive views of the lake down its whole length. The Jordan enters the lake seventy-five feet wide, without any marked dignity in its stream. Hermon, however, which lies perhaps sixty miles north, in a direction just back of the opening of the Jordan into the lake, makes up for all other deficiencies in that quarter. Its vast summit, ten thousand feet high, covered five thousand feet down with snow, is the most commanding and attractive object from the warm lake, whose low situation and half-tropical climate are balanced by this cool, grand, and lofty object. Yesterday it was hid in mists, but surprised us this morning with its sparkling

presence as we looked from our tents beautifully pitched in the old castle yard.

March 18.

Our ride to-day was by the lake-shore until we reached a promontory which comes from the direction of Hattin, and which, on turning by a high path, let us into the plain of Gennesareth, once populous with villages, and crowded with people who cultivated highly its rich soil, well watered by streams which it cost us some *detours* to cross to-day. Now, the only village that remains is the wretched little hamlet of mud huts occupying the site of the ancient Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene, whose sins and sorrow have moved the sympathy and inspired the art of so many generations. We passed, without really knowing when, over the sites of Bethsaida and Capernaum—the last as the home of Jesus for the greater part of the last three years of his life, and the scene of so many of his works of mercy and power, the place, above all, which one might have hoped would be most surely fixed by tradition, but which can only be proximately placed. Ain et Tin (the fountain of the fig-tree) is the supposed seat of old Capernaum, called Christ's "own city." There are no remains of buildings here whatsoever, only some heaps of dust which are recognized as the *debris* of an old city.

At a little hamlet called et Tabigah, about a mile south of Ain et Tin, Robinson thinks he has identified Bethsaida, the town of Peter, Andrew, and Philip. It is well known to have been very near Capernaum. We passed a pebbly shore, well suited to fishers' nets, and saw the Apostles in our mind's eye busily engaged in spreading and hauling them—an illusion very much favored by the absence of any thing which could have distracted our attention.

Farther on, still following the lake-shore, we passed the

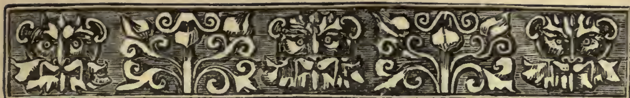
rude tent of a German Jew, who farms out from the Turkish government the fishing of this end of the lake for about $500, and supplies Safed with fish. People may fish with the hook without license, but not with the net. We saw thousands of fish in the shallows as we passed the stony promontory near Bethsaida. But every thing goes to ruin in this neglected region, where nature offers so much and man accepts so little.

The plain of Gennesareth appears to be about four miles long and two and a half broad, well watered and of a very rich soil. Oleanders and stout plants of many descriptions make a thicket of large portions of it. It is evidently capable of supporting a large population, such as certainly once made this region smile with beauty and abundance. Josephus's account of the many cities and towns about Tiberias, of the density of the population, the extent of the commerce which filled the lake with small ships, and of the splendor of the architecture of Tiberias, Capernaum, and Chorazin, shows how fitting it was to be the place of largest opportunities for Jesus to see and influence the greatest variety of the most independent minds in Palestine. It was far enough from Jerusalem to be less bound by the prejudices and pride of the capital, and yet central enough to radiate its wonder and its convictions far and wide. There is something in the whole aspect of the lake and country about it which makes the Sea of Galilee the place of all others in Syria which one would choose for Christ's ministry. Even in its present desolation and neglect, it seems to retain something of the gentleness of his character, while its pure waters, in that country of rare streams and clouded fountains, suggest the cleansing and refreshing influence of his doctrine and life. One can not but feel that so lovely and so sacred a region will be made yet to enjoy the moral and spiritual blessings of him who made its mountains and waters

the immediate witnesses of his ministry of love and mercy, his truth and grace. Now it is empty of every thing that Christ came to bestow. We went on two or three miles to Tell-Houm, pretty well established to be the site of the ancient Chorazin. A dignified ruin containing beautiful fragments of cornices and columns marks this spot, which is wholly deserted, and seems to feel the full force of the woe pronounced upon it and Bethsaida (Matthew xi. 20–22).

The road up to Safed is as bad as any thing called a road can be—a steep climb of two hours over sharp stones, among tall weeds and briers—but it is cheered by backward views of the lake, which seems to be nearer and nearer as you leave it behind, until at Safed it looks from end to end right under your eye. The situation of this old town is superb, commanding, from the ruined citadel, a full view of the lake, a fine prospect of the Mediterranean, and a glance of Merom, the upper lake of the Jordan, about five miles long and three broad, and some ten miles north of Tiberias. There is no certainty of the existence of any city here in Christ's own day, although from its conspicuousness from the Mount of Beatitudes (Hattin) some have wished to believe it the "city on a hill" which "can not be hid," which was in Christ's eye and the people's when he uttered the parable. All that is certain is that the Crusaders fortified it in 1140, and the Knight Templars defended it against Saladin, who took it after five weeks' siege. It shifted hands from Moslem to Christian and Christian to Moslem for the next hundred years, when it finally fell to the Moslems, who for ages kept a garrison here. Safed is more interesting, however, as the seat of the most famous school of the Israelites, who for four centuries maintained a school here, which, especially in the sixteenth century, produced very famous Rabbins. The school declined in the seventeenth century, and the city suffered terri-

bly in the earthquakes which destroyed Tiberias, the last of which overwhelmed the city, tumbling its houses, which were built in terraces, down upon each other, and killing five thousand of the people. There are several thousand Polish and Russian Jews here now, and an increasing population seems to gather, spite of the terrible warnings, round this home of the better days of Jewish learning and literature.



LVII.

FROM SAFED TO HERMON.

March 19.

THE air was too cool for comfort when we left Safed, three thousand three hundred feet above the sea, at 9 A.M. We came down hills that reminded me so much of those around Virginia City, in Nevada, that I missed all the more the beautiful roads, with their Concord coaches and six horses, which at ten miles the hour carry passengers up and down a height of seven thousand feet. Here the worst tracks ever passed by loaded camels, mules, and horses have existed for ages, and nobody thinks of filling up a dangerous hole or removing a rolling stone. Our route lay in the identical path of the old caravan trade between Cairo in Egypt, and Damascus and other Eastern centres. Three hundred years ago magnificent khans, capable of sheltering hundreds of beasts of burden, and of receiving and affording some comfort to as many travelers, existed all along this route. We come upon their vast ruins every day. They are now apparently merely centres from which the shepherds disperse and gather their droves and flocks, as they are always placed near copious springs or streams. The rocks of Syria and Palestine, both on the sea-shore and in the interior, look time-worn, and in a state of advanced disintegration. I am not enough of a geologist to tell to what formation they belong, but it must be one of the oldest. We are now in what seems a basaltic region of rock. The stones are darker under foot, and cliffs

of a deep red crop out far above us. The stones yesterday, approaching Safed, were like bones, full of holes and polished. They presented images of horses, skulls and the vertebræ of beasts, which added to the disagreeableness of a long pull upon their slippery surfaces up the endless hill that leads to Safed. Coming down, our way lay amid some of the finest scenery in Syria, now crossing high green commons, and then descending ravines of eight hundred feet in depth; again, winding round precipices that hung over bright streams which gave us almost New England and White Mountain scenery. One passage—in the rocks—where the purest, busiest stream we have met in Palestine leaps, and foams, and murmurs in a way that would invite a mill to every half-mile of it in our country, made us feel almost as if approaching the gate of the White Mountains, and we had thrills of home-feeling such as are seldom suggested by this treeless, uncultivated, and deserted country.

But the great feature in our day's ride has been Mount Hermon, all day long full in view. It is a long mountain, with no marked peak, but with three round heads, lying along for forty miles, and then gradually melting into the range of Ante-Lebanon, of which it forms the culminating point and chief feature. It is now covered about a third of its height with snow, which begins to show patches of rock and ridges of earth beneath it. The mountain is not striking and awful, but grand and beautiful. It seems, as I have already said, the pivot and centre of the land, having the advantage of Lebanon in being so much farther south, and nearer the geographic axis of the peninsula, where deserts stand in place of water. Either because the atmosphere is clearer and a greater body of air than is common in distant prospects lies between us and Hermon, or from some other reason, the blue of the snowless part is deeper than I ever saw in any mount-

ains, and as delicious in tone as rare in depth. This blueness was shared by the hills of Gilead; and when their ridgy backs, through some gap in the high hills about us, floated by, under our horseback view, it seemed as if some monstrous blue-fish was sailing in an ocean above us.

Ten miles, or rather four hours' steady riding, brought us to Kedes, the ancient Kedesh Naphtali, conquered by Joshua among the other Canaanite cities, and consecrated as a city of refuge (Josh. xii. 22; xix. 37; xx. 7). Here Barak lived, whom Deborah inspired with courage to beat the army of Sisera at the Brook Kishon (Judges iv. 6), and near here Jael, the wife of just such a Bedouin wanderer as pitches his black tents upon Naphtali to-day, drove the tent-nail through the sleeping Sisera's brain (Judges iv. 18). The King of Assyria, Tiglath-pileser, among many other Jewish cities, took this, and carried its people away captives into his own land (II Kings x. 29).

There is only a poor village now in this place, once of such great importance; but there are very interesting ruins here. In the town itself, three columns of ancient date, one standing, may be seen. But the chief remains are near the fountain, out of the village and some way below it. Here at least six vast sarcophagi, two of them double, are to be found, with sculptures of wreaths and flowers upon them, generally much weather-worn, but in one case admirably preserved. The heavy covers of the double sarcophagi, thrown down, but still quite preserved, indicate a high state of art in the time and people which produced them. One is covered with scale-work of a beautiful pattern and workmanship. They may be Jewish or Roman. I saw no figures of animals upon any of the sarcophagi, though I hunted for them. Still more interesting are the remains of a building, some say a Jewish synagogue, some a Roman temple, which is a hundred rods

east of the fountain. The water-table of the foundation is elaborate, and the capital of one of the pilasters of the chief door Corinthian, beautifully worked. One piece of cornice, which had seemingly been recently excavated, was exquisitely fresh in its cuttings and very elaborate in design. A four-legged creature (the head was wanting, and whether a gazelle or a colt I could not determine) sufficiently showed that this building was not a synagogue, as Dr. Robinson surmised. It had also, on another stone, the wings of a bird, very like the wings wrought on the front of the Egyptian temples, but the circle, or world, was not there.

The path, leaving Kedes, in an hour and a half, partly over rich meadows and partly up a steep and rocky hill, brought us to Meis-el-Djebel, which is a modern town. We arrived by 5 P.M., and found a considerable portion of the people watching the going up of our tents. Poor souls ! a visit like ours is a great event in their monotonous lives, and they do well not to suppress their curiosity, trying as it is to our more fastidious notions. We counted ninety-three men and boys on the bank above our camping-ground, all intent upon the show. They gathered around us individually and collectively, with an inextinguishable curiosity about our clothes, specially our India-rubber coats, for which they proposed to exchange their camel's-hair cloaks. They watched our washing and dressing at every angle, moving about to get a better view. One of our party speaks a dozen or two Arabic words and sentences, of which he is very proud. He practices his vocabulary on the Moukars (mule-drivers) on the road, and salutes every man, woman, and child with his few phrases. He has a crowd of natives around him before we have fairly got off our horses in camp, of whom he is asking questions and stealing their vocabulary. They are quite as much amused at his ignorance of their language and mistakes in its

use, as he is of their ignorance of the existence of such a country as the United States of America or such a city as New York.

OUR CAMP.

The picturesqueness of our camp struck me very strongly to-night just as we arrived. Our baggage-train, which goes the direct route, while we make detours to visit places of sacred interest, usually arrives before us, and we find our tents up and our dinner in a fair state of forwardness—that is, not more than two hours to wait for. But to-night we had all come the same way, and spite of our nooning of an hour and a half, the luggage was only just in and off the mules when we rode up. There stood the cook, with his three great boxes, each as big as a sailor's chest, around him, with his wise name, *A. Sapienza*, upon one of them, just fanning his cold charcoal into a flame upon the brazier, where our dinner was to be cooked. Three or four chickens already picked, a leg of mutton, some fresh carrots and potatoes lay in dire confusion on the ground. Mule saddles, each as big as double beds, with blankets and trappings, were strewn in piles about, while bags with chopped straw were ready to be hung upon the poor beasts' noses. A dozen Moukars, fine, tall fellows (two over six feet), were pitching our tents, one holding aloft the centre staff with the American flag upon it, while a half-dozen seized the cords and drove the tent-pins. The cover or top of the tent, which is double, is put up first, and then the circular sides are put up separately, and fastened with buttons and loops at the top and bottom. A dozen trunks, tied two and two with many lashings of rope, were on the ground ready for our use, while great bags of camels'-hair were just being loosened to let out our small parcels. In other places nine iron bedsteads, made to fold, had just been

taken from one brave mule's back; from another, the beds and bedding rolled in bales; from another, our tables and camp-stools; while the ground was cumbered with all the large variety of things essential to our portable house-keeping. Three-and-twenty beasts, including our saddle-horses, were browsing about, or rolling their weary limbs on the ground, or snorting as they ran together to exchange congratulations on getting through with their day's work. The Moukars, in their blue, loose trowsers; fancy vests, buttoned with loops together, with a row of white ball-buttons down in front; white woolen jackets, with sleeves hanging empty like hussars' coats, and braided with fancy embroidery, and red sashes about their waists; tarbouches of red, bound about with twisted silk, on their heads, and great, broad-bottomed slippers of red morocco, turned up at the pointed toes, upon their feet, added to the picturesqueness; while our company, each with his soft hat festooned with two yards of white cotton, and his European costume varied by long boots and a *negligé* dress, diversified the scene.

It is no joke, let me assure you, to keep house a-horseback. Taking up one's bed and walking is a common Oriental proceeding, but we have to take up our house and furniture and ride onward from station to station; and packing and unpacking kitchen, parlor, and bedroom employs us about three hours of every day. The matter is now brought into nearly perfect system. The camping-grounds are as fixed as the hotels in a European tour, and we very often find ourselves occupying at night a ground just vacated by another party in the morning, as it happens to-night with an American party of fourteen persons. An English company were at the same time camped at Tiberias, on the opposite side of the town. There are usually two places at each station, one for winter camping, sheltered from winds, and the other for summer.

Our principal nuisance is the dogs, who seem to know that travelers eat more meat than the natives, and they haunt our camp in droves, barking fiercely for hours over our bones, and making night hideous with their howls. Another trial is the talkative and disputatious habits of our own men, who seem to sleep very little, to go to their comfortless bed very late, and to rise before dawn, with their tongues as loose and their gabble as noisy as ever. They lie down, as I often find them, among their mules, cross usually to every body but their drivers, and often stamping about within an inch of their sleeping heads, with a miraculous care not to step on their bodies. In the morning there is a regular struggle between the Moukars and the mules, the beasts always obstinately refusing to be loaded, and the Moukars always triumphing over their objections by aid of chain-halters, with which they torture their tongues and jaws. One Moukar presses his shoulder up against the mule's lower jaw, squeezing the tongue and nose with the chain, while two others, having placed the animal between his double burden, lift one pack on his back, and having fastened it with ropes to the other on the ground, let it fall back a foot or two till it lifts the other to its place on the opposite side. The entanglement of ropes in this tackling of the luggage to the mule is very puzzling to those who do not understand the business, but the men are very skillful, and despite their proverbial slowness about every thing, they accomplish their daily job with a speed that others would find it difficult to match. Our lunch is carried on two special mules, and three Moukars and horse-tenders always accompany us in our daily ride. The luggage-train goes by itself, and we rarely see it except at starting and arriving.

As I write it rains, and has done so in copious showers for several hours; but our tents are dry, and we feel about as much protected, after twenty days' experience, as though we

were in houses. Wind is our worst enemy, and of that we have had only two or three nights' severe experience, when our tents stood bravely up. We hear other companies complaining of a different fortune, their tents being blown over in the small hours, and they compelled to huddle together in some one tent left standing, or to go to some neighboring convent, if fortunate enough to be near one. We suffer nothing from insects at this early season, and we find the chill more tolerable than the heat, so that we now think ourselves none too early in Syria for our comfort, especially if the weather is to continue (as we confidently expect) as good as it has been thus far on our journey. From the first of March, entering Palestine from the south, to the middle of April, is doubtless the best season for a thorough trip through this country. Our horses hold out fairly, though we have some sore backs and some lame legs among them. It is a wonder, considering the terrible stoniness of the paths, that they are not all done up and useless. But their hoofs are like flint, and their sure-footedness is equal to their toughness. We admire the untiring courage and capital wind of our horses. They go up mountains a thousand feet high, as precipitous as the worst parts of the old Mount Washington roads, without once stopping, and without panting or sweating. They have not an ounce of superfluous flesh on their bones, and their food is dry and scanty. They are wonders of muscle and fibre.

March 20.

We left Meis-el-Djebel this morning at 8¼, crossing the ridge which forms the western boundary of the Jordan valley. The rain in the night, accompanied by thunder and lightning, had purified and cleared the air, making it delicious to breathe and wonderfully transparent. Hermon lay, as we reached the top of the ridge, full in view from summit to base.

We passed an Arab village, and then, below the ridge, the town of Nain, more ancient than the town of the same name which we had seen in the plain of Esdraelon, and which is said to have been a colony from the older town. The lake of Merom lay in full view, a triangular or heart-shaped sheet of water, with low hills about it, and apparently dammed in by rocks at its lower end. A great marsh of many miles in extent, spreads from the lake up to the sources of the Jordan. The river, with many tributaries, winds about in this plain, forming many small collections of water, and converting it into a seemingly impassable meadow, not unlike a Dutch flat with its shallow canals. The valley is about eight or ten miles wide, and is very fertile. Countless flocks of sheep, goats, and cattle were feeding upon it, guarded by shepherds, whose black tents were sprinkled over the hill-sides, giving a truly nomadic and Abrahamic character to the landscape. The sheep, usually white, but occasionally of a rich yellow, were mixed with goats always black, in a way to call up the full meaning of the image of saints and sinners here mingled in the same gathering, but destined finally to be separated, as the sheep and the goats are separated—their color readily favoring the distinction between them, and marking, by the contrast of white and black, the moral difference. The road skirted the hills to keep out of the mud, and was very stony and difficult. We met caravans loaded with wares from Damascus, on their way to Jerusalem. The journey is accomplished in twelve days. We reached the main river of the Jordan, flowing about midway in the plain. A deep, stony gorge, of perhaps a hundred feet wide, forms its immediate banks, covered with large boulders, gloomy and unattractive. It is crossed by a stone bridge with three arches. Just before coming to it, we crossed a strong affluent, flowing from the western hills, and after passing it, came to the site of the

ancient city of Dan, on a hill, and in a state of almost utter decay. It forms the utmost boundary of the Holy Land. Beneath the city a powerful spring contributes a considerable quantity of water to the Jordan.

From this point the road ascends the flank of Hermon, and in a gorge about two miles eastward, brings the traveler to Cæsarea-Philippi, now called Banias, a corruption of Panias, or the city of Pan. Copious streams gush from the hills in rapid currents, and the road lay partly in their bed. The old city, full of ruins, which are much hidden in its broken surface, is now a collection of huts, which are built at various elevations upon the bold slopes of the hill-sides. Back of it is a precipitous cliff of bare red rock, crumbling with age and hollowed at its foot into a great cave, the bottom of which is full of water. Thirty feet from the foot of the cliff, which is covered with huge masses of stone that have fallen from the overhanging bluff, is a range of springs, bursting from the hill-sides with tremendous energy and great beauty, and forming together a few yards down a strong stream, which twenty rods below is already a powerful torrent, rolling along a quantity of water which we estimated at not less than two hundred thousand gallons a minute. It is crossed by an old bridge, under which the water rushes in furious haste and breaks into a foaming cataract, altogether the most European stream in its appearance to be seen in Syria. These springs do not appear to be affected by the season of the year; they are always full and tumultuous, and give to Banias a romantic character possessed by no other place we have seen in this region. It is easy to trace the walls of the old citadel with its towers. They enclose a triangular space of perhaps ten acres, of which the lines of the two streams into which the waters of the spring divide form two sides, and the cliff the third. An old gateway, with the grooves in

which the portcullis ran, is still quite well preserved. The walls are still in parts very strong in their foundations of beveled stones, and the foundations of the towers are well defined and have many sharply-edged stones in them. We could find no traces of the temple which a Roman governor erected here just south of the cliff; if a few stones built into neighboring buildings having in themselves marks of a superior architecture, are not remains of the old temple in honor of Cæsar Augustus. Robinson thinks that the site of Banias was occupied by an ancient city older than the Roman era, which he supposes was Baal-Gad — the northern limit of Palestine in the time of Joshua. Philip, Tetrarch of Idumea, built on this spot a city which he named Cæsarea in honor of his patron. It is often mentioned in the Gospels. Jesus passed some time here just previous to his Transfiguration (Matt. xvi. 13), and Stanley thinks it certain that that event occurred on one of the neighboring heights of Hermon. The great spring of which I have spoken is considered, with those of Hasbeya and of Tell-el-Kadi (near Dan), to constitute the three principal sources of the Jordan. The grotto in the cliff is supposed to be the one consecrated to Pan, which gave its name to the place.

Above the city a thousand feet, on a rocky, almost inaccessible mountain, is situated the Castle of Sobaibeh. It took us more than an hour to climb this height, but we were well repaid for our toil. We found a vast mass of ruins, such as is rarely to be met with in any country—the remains of a mighty fortress, apparently the Gibraltar of the great caravan route of Damascus, from which the trains could be protected or swooped down upon, as the interests of the holders of the fortress might direct. It is wholly military in its structure, and seems composed of two parts—a lower fort, separated by a deep artificial ditch cut in the rock, and

an upper fastness of prodigious strength and seventy-five feet higher, commanding it—with towers facing the lower fortress, and with a citadel and tower of great dignity on the eastern side of the hill-top. The whole is surrounded by a wall, still generally preserved, of which parts, and specially the towers that flank it, are of rustic work in huge beveled stones, reminding us of the Pitti Palace in its lower story. A gate with grooves cut in the door-posts, of ten inches in width, opens on one side, which was evidently guarded by a portcullis. The whole fortress is situated on a steep hill-top of rock, descending on three sides precipitously for at least a hundred feet on two of them, and five hundred on the western side, which looks into a profound ravine. Ehrenbreitstein does not seem more formidable or more impregnable. It can be approached at all only on one side, and only with great difficulty there. There is no doubt that the foundations of this fortress go back to the Herodian age, and Robinson thinks parts of it even older still. We found great cisterns of water in the interior. This fortress, in spite of its enormous strength, was taken by the Crusaders, and retaken by the Moslems. The top of Hermon is not visible from it, but we could see the snow upon some inferior ranges. The lake of Merom and the broad, green valley of the Jordan were finely spread out before us, while a living green clothed the hill-sides between us and Banias. No finer ruin is to be found in all Palestine than this. It is not picturesque nor beautiful, but simply grand and impressive. Fig-trees and thorn-bushes are growing in most parts of the enclosures, and charcoal-burners and shepherds make a home in the hundred ruined chambers of the castle. It was kept up until about a century and a half ago. The modern use of artillery has made it no longer defensible, as it could be commanded from many higher hills within range of good

guns. The existence of such a magnificent work as this in the midst of a country now without roads, and without one indication of enterprise or architectural skill, is an affecting commentary on the height from which Syria has fallen, and the depth of the degradation it has reached.

LVIII.

ON THE WAY TO DAMASCUS.

March 22.

VISITING the walls of the old citadel in Banias this morning, I was much impressed with the natural beauty of the place, which the Roman conqueror of Jerusalem so soon recognized and improved. From the fine gateway, just at the bridge which crosses the river that comes down from the mountain ravine above the town, there is an enchanting view up the bed of the rushing, foaming stream, nobler in its violence and copiousness than any White Mountain torrent, and equal to the finest Swiss. The mountains recede in overlapping shoulders, giving all those beautiful middle distances that add to the charm of prospects; and here alone in the Holy Land may one see enough and a sufficient variety of foliage to satisfy one accustomed to American woods and verdure.

We took our horses at 8½ A.M., Sunday though it was, to ride a short stage on our journey, knowing that fifteen miles north, at Hasbeya, was a missionary station of the American Board, where we might perhaps join in the afternoon worship. We had food enough for serious and worshipful thoughts, as our road lay among the beautiful springs which are the noble sources of the Jordan. No river has a purer or more inspiring parentage. From at least four great springs, within twenty miles of each other, it bursts out of the earth as Minerva came from the head of Jove, full-grown and arm-

ed. The vigor, freshness, and life of the senew-born streams is something delightful to contemplate in a country where every thing else is so stagnant. The affluents bound and leap with gladness and pride, as if they knew their destiny, and rejoiced in offering their youth and fullness to the sacred river. We found a very bad road as we climbed the mountains skirting about Hermon, whose melting snows did not improve our track. Merom was in view behind us all the way, the country sloping rapidly down the Jordan valley, and having a look as if it were going to drop behind the lake into the great gorge which actually descends to the Dead Sea. We stopped to take our luncheon by the brook-side of the affluent known as the Hasbeya, which flows from a copious fountain a few miles to the north. The green sward was spotted with the rich red flower of the anemone species, perhaps the Rose of Sharon, which so universally brightens the fields and mountains of Palestine and Syria, and which the Christian peasants have a tradition originally sprung from the drops of Christ's blood. I jotted down the following simple lines as we lay upon the grass, in commemoration of this innocent superstition:

[On the banks of the Jordan, Sunday noon, March 22.]

There is a ruby flower that blows
On Judah's mountains cold,
Wherever Jordan's river flows,
Or Sharon's plains unfold.

Not Solomon in all his pride
Was e'er so richly dressed
As the green fields or mountain side,
By these fair flowers caressed.

They sparkle with the morning's dew,
They kindle in the sun;
Their blushes have a lustre new
When the bright day is done.

When our dear Lord his wounded side
Emptied on Zion's ground,
The winds caught up the precious tide
And scattered it around.

From every drop a flower sprung up,
And in strange beauty stood,
Till every acre had its cup
Full of that sacred flood.

So the sweet truth by Jesus taught,
Borne on the spirit's breath,
To every distant clime is brought,
The antidote of death.

In each believing heart there grows
One healing plant of God,
An offshoot from sweet Sharon's rose,
That sprung from Jesus' blood.

At 3 P.M. we reached Hasbeya, or rather the camping-ground at the foot of the lofty amphitheatre in whose upper tiers the town is built, almost inaccessible to any thing but a gazelle or a donkey, but which our Arab horses, with their amazing sure-footedness and agility, scaled in spite of its ladder of loose stones. It is a most picturesque position, and the history of the town justifies its builders in striving to put it out of harm's way, and in a position easily defended, vain as their well-directed efforts proved. For within ten years seven hundred of its Christian population were massacred by the Druses in that war of extermination which they waged against their rivals of another faith. In the family of the native pastor of the Christian Protestant church founded here by Mrs. Thomson in 1861, we found two young native women who had been taught English in the missionary schools at Beyrout, one of whom had lost her father, the other her brother, in that horrid slaughter. The town was surrounded by thousands of armed Druses, the people surprised and driven to

their houses, where they were besieged and finally killed with the knives of an overpowering enemy, who murdered the unresisting as well as their active opponents. The town, then a large, flourishing place, has never recovered from the ravage it suffered by fire and sword during the week when it lay at the mercy of the merciless foe. There are, perhaps, five hundred Christians here, Maronites, Greeks, and Protestants, and perhaps a thousand Moslems and Druses. There were five times as many of both before the massacre, but they have scattered in horror of a spot made so tragical. The Protestant church is quite a substantial and pretty building for this region.

We obeyed the summons of the bell, and attended the Arabic service. There were about forty men and twenty women present, separated, as in this country is common in all mosques, synagogues, and churches, Catholic, Greek, or Protestant, usually by some substantial partition, but in this case by a curtain, running down the centre aisle. The preacher had on the national dress, including a tarboosh, with a handkerchief bound over the crown and ears, a loose dark wrapper and Turkish trowsers, beneath which his bare legs showed above his low stockings of some kind of carpet-stuff. He read the Scriptures and commented upon them for some time, with much simplicity and seriousness of manner, but in a way unintelligible to us. His Sunday-school had seventeen bright children in it, whom he catechized, and who showed a readiness in their answers which was very encouraging. There are schools connected with these missions, in which English, French, and Arabic are taught. The policy of taking competent native converts as missionaries is an excellent one. They are visited once a month by an American missionary from Sidon, who marks their progress and keeps them on the right track. I have been greatly pleased with all I

have seen of missionary work in Syria and Palestine. I think it no disparagement to our English brethren to say that Americans exhibit superior aptitude for this kind of work, and I have met none who disputed their greater economy and larger success in missionary labor wherever they enter the field by the side of other Christian nations. We enjoyed a short religious service of our own after we reached the camp, in which Professor B. and myself united.

Near RASBEYAS, March 23.

We broke camp at 8½ A.M., resolved to keep our mule-train before us and drive it on at least a nine-hours' journey, so that we might reach Damascus to-morrow night, in spite of our dragoman's design to make four days instead of the three from Cæsarea-Philippi. It is, of course, the interest of the dragoman, who is paid a large sum per day, to protract the time of the journey. Accompanying the mules, we had a better chance than usual to observe their ways.

They make the day's journey, of seven to ten hours, without stopping. The Moukars walk, but occasionally a fortunate one who owns three or four of the mules has a small donkey which he rides. They are finely-made men, slim, tall, and muscular, and possess an extraordinary agility and endurance. They chatter, dispute, chaff each other, and play practical jokes when they are not smoking their cumbrous nargileh, an ornamental smoking-pipe which they commonly carry with them—one, perhaps, for each two or three of them. They are passionate, and almost every hour on the brink of a quarrel, but they are good-tempered in spite of their quickness, and helpful of each other. Their mules are so well used to their business that they require little watching except in difficult places. They move along nimbly under burdens that are oppressive even to look at. The Mou-

kars shout at them, twist their tails, strike them in the face, and abuse them generally; but their special instrument of torture is a stone as big as the fist, which is always at hand in the fields of Syria or Palestine, and with which they pelt or pound the mules in a way to make one's blood boil with indignation. What mules are made of to endure this abuse, I can not conceive, but they scarcely wince under it. Humanity to animals is a virtue unknown in this land, and the absence of it is a terrible commentary on the moral degradation of the people. The Moukars are a graceful and picturesque class, wearing an Albanian jacket, embroidered, and with sleeves hanging loose, bare legs from below the knee, loose trowsers girded with a sash. I never weary watching their movements as they gesticulate with unconscious grace and leap the streams, or fly up the rocky passes to intercept some stray animal. The roads are inconceivably bad, and would be thought impassable in any other country. One of our horses tumbled over backward to-day in attempting to scale a slippery rock, and although his rider disentangled himself and escaped injury, the horse lay helpless, with his head down the cliff, and was with difficulty raised from his terror-stricken prostration. I wonder every day that we escape with our lives from the perils of these horrible torrent-tracks which they dare to call roads.

We journeyed all day around the flank of Mount Hermon, drawing closer and closer as we ascended the ridge which separates the sources of the Jordan from those of Pharpar and Abana. We have passed no spot of historical interest to-day, and our only excitement has been the immediate presence of Hermon's snowy summit, and the prospect of reaching the snow-line on our way over the water-shed. Hermon does not improve on acquaintance. It is not a mountain that kindles the imagination, or presents features

that thrill the soul. One who is familiar with Switzerland misses the glaciers, and the Aiguilles, and the noble forests, and the chalets, and the lovely islands of verdure which hang in the clouds. Hermon is best enjoyed from a distant view. It was not without interest that we reached the snow-line, and found our train wallowing in two-feet drifts, fortunately short ones, or we could not have endured it at the close of our hard day's work. At six o'clock we reached our camping-ground, about six miles east of a village destroyed in the Druse war of 1860, and bearing every token of its misfortunes. We are encamped to-night just below the snow-level, with a thin snow on the flanks of the mountains skirting the high meadow, where, near a bright stream, we have pitched our tents. We are cold and hungry, and very impatient for our dinner, which the slow cook is busily preparing. If we are not half frozen in our beds to-night, it won't be because we are not high enough up. It is a mystery that so few of us take cold after twenty nights in tents, often on very damp ground.

March 24.

We made an early start, 7¼ A.M. from our camp. Our way lay through a narrow valley, which seems to decline quite regularly and almost in a due east direction to the foot of the hills, about three hour's ride, where the macadamized road is reached running from Beyrout to Damascus. This narrow valley exhibits some remains of an ancient road, and is evidently the natural pass. We encountered some snow-drifts, quite as deep as our horses could flounder through, and some mud, but, on the whole, the way to the turnpike turned out better than we feared. Our horses could hardly restrain themselves when they felt a smooth, thoroughly well-made road under their feet, for four weeks accustomed

only to rocks, rolling stones, mud, and heavy climbing. They pulled on the bit, shied at the wheelbarrows, and behaved like sailors just ashore after a stormy voyage. A good pace on the smooth road—quite equal to our best American roads—soon brought them to their senses, and by the time we reached Damascus, four hours' riding, they were quite as sober as we were. If any thing can soberize a man more than a month on horseback over Syrian mountains and plains, I should not like to try it, being quite content with the degree of sobriety already attained. Seven miles out from Damascus, the country on each side of the Barada River (the ancient Abana) begins to look quite highly cultivated, though on a very narrow strip, and that overhung by very desolate mountain cliffs. The apricots, all in blossom, gave one violet hue to the orchards. One apple-tree caught our eyes, a sort of memorial of New England. The tall, thin poplar was the only other common tree in view. The banks of the Barada are well stoned up in the narrow gorge through which it forces its swift way down to the plain. In the little verge between the cliffs and its course there are some gardens and approaches to villas, but nothing to compare with what is met in the neighborhood of all European and American cities. The river was full of water, and a copious supply by an aqueduct is conducted on a level considerably above the level of the stream at Damascus into the city. The Barada, whose branches, as I suppose, formed the Pharpar and Abana of the Scriptures, is divided into many streams, which run through the city and its environs, and are finally lost in lakes which in summer become mere marshes, two or three hours from the city. These rivers we found making the city one of fountains, every house having its court-yard, with a tank of generous size, always full of running water, while the streets abound in wayside fountains.

As we reached the plain just where the cliff opens to let the Barada out, it seemed almost as if the whole military forces of Damascus must have turned out to welcome an American major-general who was in our party. First came a regiment of cavalry mounted on fine Arab horses, in the shabby but picturesque Oriental uniform which has so little to distinguish it from any other Oriental dress. Next came a regiment mounted on dromedaries, five hundred at least, moving fleetly along, the rider's right foot and fore-leg lying on a cushion in front, while a stout peg rose up in the middle to hang on by. It was a strange sight, especially as we had never heard of a dromedary regiment. We heard afterward that it was raised for desert service, especially in hunting down rebel sheiks, who border altogether too closely on Damascus for full security. A third regiment, mounted on mules, followed the two others. They seemed about to parade on a meadow just at the verge of the plain.

We did not approach the city by passing over the cliff—a point celebrated by tourists as the place from which Damascus bursts upon the traveler suddenly and in its full beauty as he comes in from the west. The fact is, we were too weary just then to care how Damascus looked, and were only anxious to reach the Mellouk Locanda—the only hotel in the city deserving the name. So we kept the straightest, easiest road, and lost that famous view—a loss which we ceased to regret when we got our first comprehensive view of Damascus from the top of the lofty minaret of the great mosque—the true centre from which the city and its interior gardens and exterior orchards are all best overlooked. And certainly no city in the world can present so peculiar, I had almost said, so picturesque a prospect. Damascus lies in the middle of a smooth, level plain, seemingly nearly a circle of fairly-built houses, somewhat higher than is common

in other Oriental cities, and almost all having overhanging stories, which are shored up rudely by timbers terminating in the walls fifteen or twenty feet above the ground. The streets are considerably wider than those of Cairo; but as they are almost all covered or arched over with light roofs, they are not visible from above. The chief feature, always excepting the numerous domes and minarets, not so abundant as in Cairo, is the large court-yards, full of orange, lemon, and citron-trees, laden with fruit, and always with a large fountain of water in the middle. These courts, paved with marble, are found, on visiting a half-dozen private houses, to be even more extensive and more attractive within than they looked from above. But the eye does not long rest on the houses or courts, although hundreds of women, dressed like sheeted ghosts, were visible in these enclosures; for the girdle of orchards (gardens they are commonly called) which encircles the city, begins to be too attractive, specially just now that every one of its myriad of apricot-trees is in full bloom. It seems to make a broad, violet-colored, plumy wall of flowery fragrance around the whole city. Outside of this springs another larger circle of chalky hills—mountains, indeed—enclosing the plain on three sides, leaving it open only toward the desert, which, though unseen, suggests its portentous presence by a vague horizon at the eastern quarter. Altogether Damascus, with its plain, in which it is said fifty villages may be counted, seems a soft, verdant, fruity region, shut in from the rest of the world, perfect in itself—a jewel in a rough setting, an oasis with a mountain rim.

We visited the great mosque. It used to be a difficult, and then only an expensive thing to do. Now a party by paying a single pound may have the privilege of entering in stocking-feet or slippers this shabby yet impressively large

and venerable building. There is a long, double row of columns dividing it into three naves. The roof is rude and ugly; the walls, once beautifully covered with mosaic, are now disfigured by staring whitewash. There are the usual places of Moslem instruction—a few pulpits; a well of holy water; some raised enclosures where old men, learned in the Koran, sit reading aloud to themselves. A few others are rolled in mats, and lie sleeping soundly on the floor. They are devotees, who, having vowed to spend a certain unbroken period of time in the holy place, must needs sleep there when weary nature gives out under their monotonous prayers. A great many children and a considerable number of ragged men, and a good many others of fair appearance and respectable demeanor, are moving about or prostrating themselves toward Mecca. Some boys are running through the mosque with very careless levity, without attracting any attention from the rest; for one of the principal doors opens upon the chief bazaar, and the passage across is a kind of thoroughfare. In spite of all, there is in the vast dimensions of this mosque an unmistakable dignity. The great court on the south side of it, paved with marble, is a grand open square, in which a small pavilion, raised fifteen feet on pillars, is said to be the library. About this square are various chambers—some devoted to the reception of the poor, others to rooms where learned Moslems receive their pupils and give instruction. There are three commanding minarets of the ordinary style belonging to this mosque, from which glorious views of the city and plain are to be enjoyed. We were sent down from the principal one just before noon as the priest was about to sound the muezzin, and our presence apparently was deemed incompatible with the solemnity of that call to prayer.

LIX.

THE CITY OF DAMASCUS.

March 24.

DAMASCUS is mentioned in the Scriptures (Gen. xiv. 15 and xv. 2) as existing in Abraham's day. It was the capital of Syria in the time of the Jewish kings. Often in their hands, it finally fell, 740 B.C., under the dominion of the Assyrians, and followed the fortune of their empire. It was taken by Pompey 64 B.C., but was allowed to have its own king under the Romans. The conversion and first preaching of St. Paul in this city (Acts ix. and II Corinthians xi. 32) have given it a special interest to all Christian believers. In 633 A.D. it fell under Arab power, and was greatly embellished and strengthened by the Ommiades dynasty. The Crusaders, in spite of Baldwin's efforts, were never able to take the city, and it boasts now that the Crescent has never sunk below the Cross within its walls. The great Mongolian conqueror, Timour, or Tamerlane, took Damascus in 1401, and put its inhabitants to the sword, and the city to the flames. He destroyed its famous workshops of steel and wool, so that it is said most of the articles of wool sold as Damascene are really Belgian or English, while it is affirmed that not a single Damascus blade has been wrought since Tamerlane's day.

I went with a military friend to hunt up a Damascus sword of true metal, as a gift for a great general at home. We went to a Jew's shop, known in Damascus as "the Fa-

ther of Antiquities," where we found a cunning and repulsive, but handsome and hospitable Oriental, who, having given us seats of honor and served us with coffee, brought out his stores of arms, beginning with the worst, and gradually, by a skillful *crescendo*, ending in a stunning cimeter, of watery lines, stamped with the name of a sultan of the fourteenth century, and with the mark of the maker and the year of the hegira. It was in a gorgeous scabbard, and at £50 was not dear. Just as my companion was about closing the bargain for this Damascus blade, the faithful cawass of the American Vice-consul (a native) whispered that it was a very fine sword, but Persian. That would not do, and the sword was not bought. I found that I had been all my life mistaken in regard to the shape of the Damascus blades, which I had supposed slender, straight, and wondrously thin and flexible. All the swords of our Jew were crescent-like, and often wider by a half inch in the last third (toward the point) than at the hilt. They had very commonly a rounded angle at the place where they widened, and were fearful-looking. They were also evidently sabres for striking—not mere ornamental or official badges, but designed for practical hewing and hacking. Their temper seemed admirable, but they were too stout for much flexibility. The famous Toledo blade, which is, I suppose, more of the rapier order, was introduced into Spain by Moorish workmen, who got their instruction at Damascus.

We found no end of curiosities at our Jew's bazaar—old china, gold and silver fancy-work, brass and copper vessels, inlaid boxes, embroidered table-covers; but it was clearly the sweepings of a general trade with people from all nations, West and East; and I found a great deal of European finery and gewgaws not worth carrying away at any price. The bazaars in Damascus are larger, cleaner, better supplied, and

more attractive in appearance than those in Cairo. The shops are classified, so that one whole neighborhood is given up to shoes, another to wooden-ware, another to fancy goods, etc. The streets we found considerably wider and cleaner than in Cairo. I did not think them, all things considered, so picturesque; nor was there any such aggregation of colors and costumes. Damascus, as the Consul's intelligent and obliging son told us, has one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, and forty resident Europeans. It is therefore a purely Oriental city, and strictly Asiatic — not like Cairo, African and Asiatic, with a strong dash of Europe in it.

We made a short visit to Abd el Kader, the famous Algerian sheik and king, who fought France so boldly, and was for seven years a prisoner in Paris. A few years since he was released on his parole, with a pension of £4,000 from France in requital of his lost dominions, and established himself in Damascus. In the terrible massacre of the Christians at Damascus in 1860, thirteen thousand Christians fled for protection into the castle (now in ruins) where Abd el Kader was able to throw over them his powerful Moslem protection and to save their lives. France, in honor of his humanity, raised his pension to £6,000. He lives in a fine Damascus house, after the uniform pattern of all the best private houses here. He was dressed with unusual simplicity for an Oriental, and received us, after we had crossed the inner court, at the door of the pavilion, a high room of twenty-five feet long and fifteen broad, richly decorated with Saracenic ornaments, with a raised platform occupying at least half of it, and a divan on one side of the wall. After taking off our shoes (following his own example) we were lead by him to seats on the divan, and began a pleasant Oriental exchange of national and personal compliments through our interpreter; for, to my surprise, Abd el Kader did not or would

not speak French. He is a man of about sixty-five, admirably preserved, of a mild countenance, giving no signs of warlike tastes or habits. He is represented by a competent authority here as a man versed in all Arabian sciences and studies, a man of marked intelligence and great personal worth. He is, moreover, very pious after the Moslem fashion, and, the Vice-consul said, spends the month of Ramadan in the great mosque engaged exclusively in his devotions, going home neither day nor night—an extraordinary act of reverence for his religion. He is reported to be of the blood of the Prophet, and his mild, regular face is far more that of a scholar or saint than of a warlike prince, or even astute politician. He does not meddle with politics, it is said.

The massacre at Damascus commenced July 9, 1860, and lasted seven days. The Turks had all along connived at the bloody persecution with which the Druses for some weeks past had been pursuing the Christians in the mountain towns. They had burned and murdered thousands in the Lebanon. It had created a religious animosity in Damascus from which trouble was expected, but no general assault upon the Christian population was looked for. There were not probably twenty thousand Christians, of every name, in the city, which numbered one hundred and fifty thousand; all the rest of whom, five thousand Jews excepted, were Moslems. Their relative insignificance in numbers was regarded as a kind of security for them. But when the Moslems found the Turkish government taking no effective notice of the murders in the mountain towns, it seemed too good an opportunity of indulging their long-smothered hatred against the Christian population, who, it seems, having more enterprise and intelligence, had a disproportionate share of prosperity and influence. Even the Turkish government then employed and still employs Christians in much or most of its bureau business.

The hatred felt for the government in Syria was not diminished by this slight on Moslem intelligence and fidelity, nor was love for the Christians increased by it. Altogether the Moslem fanaticism, which seems like the fire in Vesuvius, however smothered, never extinct, had reposed long enough to possess an extraordinary virulence when it awoke. The city was given up to a general contagion of murder and arson, and only such houses of the Christians escaped burning as were near enough to Moslem houses to endanger them, should they be fired. Many which they dared not burn they pulled down or ransacked—aiming always at the most conspicuous Christian citizens. The Turkish governor acted in a vacillating manner, and asserted no control of the mob. Abd el Kader, who was the recognized head of about three thousand Algerines, who had followed him into exile, and who lived in the neighboring villages, called them to his support, and made his great house, under their guardianship, a refuge for such of the Christians as could escape from the sudden attacks made upon them in their own houses. As fast as his house filled, he sent the refugees to the castle under a strong escort, until thirteen thousand were, by his instrumentality, saved before the tornado of fanatical rage and murder had passed over. Seven hundred Christians were butchered by the Moslems, a number sufficient to create the impression at Damascus and the report abroad of several thousands. Blood is so red that a little makes a large show, and seven hundred murders were quite enough to fill the world with a horror that multiplied the actual horror sevenfold. When the Moslems found a devout and distinguished fellow-Moslem of undoubted orthodoxy protecting the Christians, it first puzzled and then enraged them; so that they threatened to burn Abd el Kader's house; but he announced that he had given his Algerines orders to fire the whole city the moment his

own house was seen in flames—a threat which they knew too well he was the very man to keep, and his house was spared. It seems incredible that such atrocities as these could have occurred within eight years in a city near which Paul was converted, and where he preached his first sermons nearly nineteen centuries ago! I have stated elsewhere that when the Christian governments of France and England interfered, the Turkish government took up an air of utter horror at the behavior of its own officials, and ordered the Governor of Damascus shot and eighty of the chief Moslem citizens to be hung. Since then the Christians have been in comparative peace.

There is nothing finer to my eyes in Damascus than the great khan, built three or four hundred years ago by the governors of the city, to receive the caravans and store the goods passing on this great route between India and Egypt. It is built in the finest style of Arabian architecture—an immense stone building, with a great inner square beautifully arched and vaulted, the arches springing from the side walls toward four great piers, forming a square about the centre. Six large domes, and places for three more, now filled with a timber roof, cover in this vast warehouse. It passed a century or more ago into the hands of a single wealthy proprietor, and since then the stores and shops which occupy the sides of the square court have been sold to different owners, as the separate houses in a block might be. The stone is of black and white marble, in alternate layers. The great gate has a fine Saracenic arch above it. Iron doors close it against all assaults. We found it full of bales and bags of merchandise. It is the centre of all the general business of Damascus. There are, it is said, twenty smaller khans on the same general plan in the city. It was very instructive to see in perfect preservation a kind of building which one so often meets

in ruins on the great caravan routes in Syria. They form, perhaps, the commonest and most impressive ruins in the country, and one who had not seen such a structure standing and in use, would be greatly puzzled to conjecture the purpose of the buildings of this kind which he finds in decay.

The chief trade of Damascus is a retail trade. The shops are all factories, and one sees every trade actually manufacturing the articles it sells in the little place where workshop and sales-room are united in a space not large enough for a large-hearted New Yorker to turn round in. How these petty, ten-by-six boxes can content the squatty Moslems as places of business, I can hardly imagine. But on these little platforms, not so big as the booths at a fair, he has sat for hundreds of years; and unless the Yankees or French or English come and turn him out, as a blunderer and a stupid fossil, he will sit there hundreds of years longer.

We had occasion to see how business, in the banking way, is done in Damascus. Four gentlemen of our party had got out of money in a month's travel in this terribly costly region, where one moves twenty miles a day, carrying his house on his back like a turtle, at a price which would carry him five hundred miles in America and furnish him a house whenever he chose to leave his rail-car. We took the advice of the American Vice-consul. Now, every Consul in the East has a cawass, a sort of pompous orderly, with a mighty sword and a very gorgeous uniform, who goes about—a kind of servant and a kind of official representative of his master—making way for and guiding strangers who seek their Consul's advice and assistance in Oriental cities. We hunted up, under his guidance, for a whole afternoon, the few persons in Damascus who were supposed to have money to sell on bills of exchange or letters of credit. It turned out to be a Latin holiday, and the Roman Catholic merchants would do no

business. We applied to a Jew. He could furnish no money to persons having letters of credit from the Ottoman Bank, of which he was the agent, unless he had previously received a special letter informing him that such and such a person would call. We tried circular notes, current in every city we had previously visited, but they were not negotiable in Damascus! Finally, the indefatigable son of the Vice-consul took us to a Christian merchant's house and introduced us as persons of responsibility, and he thought he might let us have what money we needed the next day at ten A.M. at his *magasin.* We were there at 9½ A.M. The store was not open when we arrived, and the merchant came in soon after. We were kept two hours and a half waiting, while his clerk and he himself ran about Damascus to find the three or four hundred pounds wanted among us, and then had to take it in Turkish, Russian, French, and English gold, and at such a valuation as he chose to put upon it. We were at his mercy, and we did not complain of his rates, although, with a somewhat invisible razor, he gave us a very close shave; but the amount of lost time and the plague to which we were put for a whole afternoon, and then a whole morning of most precious time, made us disgusted with the commercial character of Damascus.

Our Vice-consul, Dr. Michael Meshaka, a native of Corfu, but an old resident of Damascus, is the most interesting man I have met in Syria. He is a scholar and a polished gentleman, deeply interested in religious and political liberty; an able writer on Protestantism, of which he is a vigorous friend and defender. He seems thoroughly acquainted with the past and passing history of Syria and Damascus, and is a recognized authority on all questions of local importance. He barely escaped with his life at the time of the massacre, his house having been destroyed and his person assailed.

He received wounds, but survived, and had his house rebuilt by the Turkish government. He lives in a fine establishment, and has in the midst of his beautiful marble court-yard, open to the sky, the finest myrtle-tree in Damascus. It must be twenty feet high, and has a circumference of branches not less than fifteen feet in diameter. His son speaks French and English fluently, and seems devoted to the comfort and assistance of American travelers. We owe him a heavy debt of gratitude for his untiring personal attentions—without which we should have been very helpless. The father is a man of great personal dignity of manners and speech, but talks only in Arabic. He sat like a Turk on his divan, and we had the usual coffee and sweetmeats before any thing else could go on satisfactorily. The people, according to his account, hate the Turkish government, but he sees no present hope of any emancipation from it. He remembers Ibrahim Pacha's government of Syria as its most prosperous hour in his day, and thinks every thing was lost when his short and glorious reign was over, ended by French and English intervention. I can not see that those great powers are doing any thing useful for this fine race and interesting country. I am afraid they are doing and have already done much harm, both in Egypt and Syria, by their mutual jealousies.

I asked the Consul's son, who had been in the British consulate and learned English, how he could support the slow and bungling way in which business was done in Damascus, after knowing something of European systems. "Ah!" he said, "we don't spend and don't need as much money as you do, and we are not in such a hurry about making it. A thousand dollars will buy more comfort in Damascus than fifty thousand in London or New York." I had my own notions of comfort, and I verily thought that fifty thousand dollars a year would be of very little use in Damascus; for I saw

nothing comfortable in it except the court-yards and fountains to cool the severe summer heats. But as the flowers of one country are the weeds of another, so the ideas of comfort in one are only ideas of discomfort when viewed by the mind which has taken up its notions under wholly different circumstances.

There is one inn, or locanda, in Damascus, a large private residence turned, with little or no architectural change, to this purpose. It is kept by a Spartan, a thirty years' exile from his own land. The evening we arrived it seemed as if all the Americans in Syria had, by different approaches, precipitated themselves on this sole inn. There were five-and-twenty chambers, and sixty or seventy people contending for them. The dining-room could not accommodate half the guests. Our party dined in the court-yard, on a table which I had the doubtful pleasure of hearing ordered from the carpenter at about 4 P.M. for that day's use. He showed a dispatch most extraordinary in an Oriental, and brought his three wooden horses and his three long boards in an hour's time—without which our dinner would not have been forthcoming, after waiting for it till 7 P.M., until the next day. Seeing the landlord quite at his wits' ends to know how to accommodate, or at any rate to pacify his supernumerary guests, I ventured to condole with him upon his ill-luck in being run down with customers! He tried to conceal his triumphant feelings under a mortified expression, and said, "Ah! nine or ten months in the year my house is so large I am ruined because it is not a quarter full, and now I am ruined because Americans and English will all insist on traveling at one short season, and want twice as much room as I can give them." I consoled him with the pleasure he would enjoy after they and their complaints had departed, and their sovereigns and Napoleons lay quiet and voiceless in his pocket. He smiled as only a

Greek can smile, and said in effect "we understand each other."

Damascus seemed even fuller than other Oriental cities of dogs, a surly, snarling, wolfish breed, that appear to share their masters' aversion to Franks and Christians, and not to have their masters' willingness to conceal it. They seem to belong to nobody in particular, and to pick up their own living in the streets, where perhaps they are the only scavengers. I saw two lying dead on the pavement, where they had evidently laid a week, and it was nobody's duty to remove their rotting carcasses. I observed my native guide—a gentleman—holding his nose with his handkerchief as he passed several pools festering with pestilential scum in the middle of occupied streets, as if this sort of defense had become habitual. I asked him why the people submitted to the dog nuisance, their bark and howl being at all times of day and night a serious trial to the nerves and fatal to unbroken sleep. He said the Moslems had a superstition in favor of all animals, and specially of dogs, and that no Moslem would like to kill one. He thought it would be safer in Damascus for a Turk to kill a Christian than for a Christian to strike a dog. In spite of this consideration for dogs, they do not appear to be creatures fondled or even cared for. They have, accordingly, a wild expression, which domesticated animals rarely possess. I judge that birds must have the advantage of Moslem superstition as well as dogs. They fly in and out of most houses without any surprise, and seem to be perfectly at home in mosques and inns. A considerable flock of sparrows were flying about the interior of the great mosque, and dropping bird-lime over the floor. The well was protected by an umbrella loaded with their filth. Two swallows had their nest in the open rafters just over our dinner-table to-day, and were flying in and out with a chatter that was almost disturbing.

The Orientals are not at all sensitive as to personal cleanliness. They are often filthy when handsomely dressed. Their servants bring about coffee and sweetmeats in hands that look like those of coal-heavers. Their linen seldom looks neat. The best of them are remiss in a scrupulous cleanliness. They are apparently insensible to bad odors, which makes their guests very specially conscious of them in their houses and stores and streets. They are very unrefined in their habits of eating, and very careless of modesty or privacy. Spite of their thick veils and excessive prudery in certain directions, I have never witnessed such gross personal exposure among women as in the East, nor such absence of sensitiveness to what is considered ordinary respect for decorum in Europe and America. On the other hand, a certain courtesy and graciousness of manners is almost universal, both among acquaintances and toward strangers. There seems here in the corresponding class little of the angular stiffness and awkwardness, or *mauvaise-honte*, which prevails among the Saxon race in its humbler ranks. The very camel-drivers and muleteers are graceful and courteous as you pass them on the roads of Syria. We have scarcely had an offensive word or look from the common people. The Orientals are a far handsomer people than the Western races. In regularity of features, fineness of contour, richness of coloring, evenness of teeth, and excellency of proportions and carriage, they exceed Europeans or Americans. The fact is, they live much simpler, eat less, and are almost wholly free from drunkenness. They sleep in more open rooms, and knowing nothing of artificial heat except for purposes of cookery. Warmth does not deform as cold does, and their climate, though very warm for a large part of the year, is never cold. They are, too, a singularly contented people; not restless, nervous, or ambitious, and their tranquillity passes into their faces and curls

in their beards. They are uniformly hospitable, and great sticklers for promises made under certain circumstances. They have useful moral superstitions, which partly perform the work of good principles, in which few of them seem grounded. They are acute, have strong memories, are great casuists; but seem very deficient in comprehensiveness, candor, and general reasoning. They live in all things upon traditions, to which they stick with an incredible pertinacity. There is as little fluidity in their customs as in their water-courses, which are dry nine-tenths of the time. They name themselves after their villages still. Jesus of Nazareth, Paul of Tarsus, are descriptions which are followed all over Syria. Our dragoman is Butros (Petros)—the Arabs substitute B. for P. everywhere—of Nara. All our men are thus named, not from their fathers, but from their town. Their dress has evidently undergone no essential change in two thousand years. There are no fashions, but only customs, in the Orient. Nobody invents a fashion. I wonder the Damascenes, who really believe their city the seat of the original Eden, ever got beyond fig-leaves. It is a refutation of their claim to be heirs of the first homestead, that they do not follow the original costume. If they had once adopted it, they would never have departed from it, for unchangeableness is the brand on all their ways.

LX.

DAMASCUS TO BEYROUT.

March 24.

THE exterior of the houses in Damascus is poor, mud and straw seeming to enter largely into the bricks of which they are made; but the meanness of the exterior and even the squalidness of the entrance does not prevent a great elegance from appearing in the interior of very many. Those who have traveled in Spain will recall the Moorish style of the houses, and find a very close resemblance between them and the Oriental, and especially the Damascus houses. Abundance of marble, all brought from a distance, of gilding and of carpeting, in the form of rugs, decorate these houses, which have numerous apartments around the open court, and fine open galleries on the second story, all fronting inward. They have almost no external windows. The idea of a house is of something secluded and shut in from the public observation. The street is merely a lane to get to it; the outside, a shell to hide it; the front door, often an obscure hole to conceal the worth of what it leads to.

"The street that is called Straight" still exists in Damascus, and runs quite through the city in its longest extension from east to west. It was formerly ornamented with columns, of which the foundations are sometimes found in excavating for new buildings. Near the gate Kisan, now closed, is shown a window in the wall of the city from which tradition has it that Paul was let down in the basket when he fled from

Damascus (II. Corinthians xi. 33). In the middle of the Christian cemetery is a rock which marks the spot where the Damascenes place the conversion of the Apostle! But, until modern times, this great scene was placed outside of the city two or three miles, near the village of Kawkaba—on the road from Jerusalem—a spot which certainly agrees much better with the scriptural account.

The tomb of the great Saladin is near the Grand Mosque, but is inaccessible on account of a crowd of surrounding buildings. It is, however, distinctly visible from the minarets of Djaml a el Amroi, the great mosque erected by the Ommiades. The ruins of a magnificent temple, dating from the Roman period, are mixed up with the walls and structures about this mosque. This temple was first changed into a Christian church at an early period, which was divided in the time of the Saracen conquest between the Christians and the Moslems, but ultimately fell into exclusive Moslem ownership. The Grand Mosque was a transformation of this church. Over a gate a little east of the transept is still to be seen a cross, and a Greek inscription to this effect, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and of thy dominion there shall be no end." It is a prophecy which Damascus does not believe, but which will one day prove to be the destruction of its own proud and obstinate faith.

THE ANTE-LEBANON.

March 27.

We left Damascus at 3 P.M. yesterday, and rode by the route we had entered the city, eighteen miles out, to the point where we had struck the diligence macadamized way, *en route* to Beyrout. To-day we have crossed the Ante-Lebanon range and the plain of Cœle-Syria, about twenty-five miles distance. There is little to interest in the mountain part of

the route except the grotesqueness of the rocks, which sometimes crop out in what seem grave-stones, and then take the form of bears and other beasts, and sometimes of Hogarthian faces. A rushing torrent runs by the road all the way to the height of the land. There is no view into the valley at the top of the pass, nor, until near its mouth, within a half-mile of the bottom. Then the range of the Lebanon comes suddenly into sight. But the great Lebanon lies twenty miles to the north, and is obscurely seen—passing, indeed, for a cloud until we had attentively observed it. The range opposite the path of the diligence—the only road deserving the name in all Syria—is a dignified and solid ridge, with no salient summits, stretching thirty miles up and down the valley, covered with snow its whole length, and dwarfing the mountains on the east side by its massive character. It was streaked like a zebra, the ribs of the mountains being black, while all the valleys were white with snow. The land at its base was as red as tan, and then came a stripe of yellowish rock, above which the dark and white I have described arose—forming altogether a very rich mass of color. There is nothing impressive in the form of this range, which is too regular and wall-like to please. The valley is bordered on the east side by a succession of symmetrical hills, miniature mountains, which are seemingly as round as plates and shaped like a cymbal. Several of these follow each other in chains; others lie off like islands; and on one of them is an old castle, on two others villages, while many towns are seen clinging to the roots of the mountains at the very verge of the plain. It seems fertile and well-watered, and where we crossed it about eight miles broad. We met our old enemy, the Orontes, a vigorous stream, crossed at several points by stone bridges, one of which would have pleased us better had we found it a month earlier on the coast. Ten miles below our crossing,

the ridge, once occupied by the "old man of the mountain," a dangerous sheik, extends partly across the plain, and seems to separate the sources of the Jordan from the valley of the Orontes. Another chain on the eastern side divides the valley of the Leontes from this valley, its river emptying near Alexandretta. We found the road much traversed by loaded teams going to and from Damascus, all in the ownership of the French Company, which have a monopoly of the carriage transit. The diligence, which runs daily each way, is now crowded, and the seats engaged a week in advance. There is a considerable traffic in these seats, which those willing to wait sell out at a large premium to those who must go. We tried to get seats; but failing, were obliged to add three days more of horseback to our long tour. To-morrow we ride over the Lebanon range, about twenty-five miles, and hope to be in Beyrout by 2 P.M.

THE LEBANON.

BEYROUT, March 28, 6 P.M.

We left camp a mile or two the other side of the snow at 7 A.M., and soon found our horses overtaken by two different parties of travelers, one consisting of eleven Englishmen, another of as many or more Americans, all of whom were riding post-haste to Beyrout, to get money before the banks closed, it being Sunday to-morrow. Another object was to secure rooms in the two only hotels of reputation in the city, and a third, and the most important, to obtain accommodations on the steamer (Austrian Lloyds) which sails for Smyrna to-morrow afternoon. We had telegraphed to our Consul to secure ours, but were very uneasy about our chances in such a crowd; so one of our number rode ahead, accomplishing the distance, twenty-six miles, over a down-hill road, in four hours, and was able to get the eight last places to be had in

the first cabin. We were equally fortunate in finding all the rooms gone in the two favorite hotels, for it drove us to a third, which not being in fashion, we found more roomy, and equally satisfactory. But I am hurrying ahead of events. The snow on our journey over this high pass of Lebanon—about 6000 feet it is—we found, if not equal to the reports, quite deep enough to startle even a New Hampshire or Green Mountain boy. The diligence track had been cleared of all snow, but banks of it had been left on either side not less than ten feet high, and they had clearly been much higher; it was said as high as the top of the diligence and luggage. The way is skillfully engineered, the grades being all moderate, but the road writhes like a wounded snake to get down the precipices. Many glorious views into deep, stony valleys, their sides plaited in countless terraces, with many villages visible at one moment, opened, before the Mediterranean burst upon the sight, with Beyrout whitening its lofty-looking though really quite humble hill. It was just in view of this, as we were concluding our lunch, ten miles before reaching the city, that our dragoman shocked us by announcing the sudden death of the horse he had just ridden in.

This horse, sound when we left Beyrout, had suffered from a sore back, and been handed from one rider to another, until nobody but the dragoman would ride him. His owner, one of our Moukars, had been remonstrated with on the cruelty of pushing him further when we were at Jerusalem; but he had no mind to supply his place, and a gentleman who joined our party there had the horse put off upon him, as the last comer. He rode him till we were within one day of Damascus, and then rebelled and compelled the dragoman to change horses with him. The dragoman again remonstrated with the Moukar against bringing the poor beast from Damascus to Beyrout, but he insisted upon his ability

to perform his work, and he was ridden along. And now, here was the end of it! After coming twenty miles at a moderate rate, he suddenly lay down when he had been turned into the roadside to rest, and in ten minutes died, in sight of his long journey's end, having been ridden 550 miles in thirty-three days—a not serious work for a sound horse. I have stated the facts in some detail, simply to enforce upon any reader who may perchance think of traveling in Syria the vast importance of selecting his horse with care; of seeing that he is sound and of good bottom, and has strong limbs, and a spirit which will not flag in the long march. The comfort not only of the rider, but of the whole party, depends on the contentment of each person with his beast. Lameness or soreness in one horse hinders a whole company. The fatigues and irritations of a long journey on horseback, with the unavoidable discomforts of a life in tents, where even personal cleanliness becomes a serious difficulty, are quite trying enough without the hourly grievance of a weak, or sick, or slow, or spiritless horse. I sent my own excellent horse ahead to-day, as the liveliest and stanchest of the party, and took our volunteer expressman's nag instead. He was a little tender in his right fore-foot, and I felt his twinge every step he took, until I was in a fever of impatience to get off his back. He limped into Beyrout as if like enough to follow his deceased fellow-nag, and his last mile was as if he were attending his own funeral. I got thus a very sympathetic notion of what some of our party must have suffered from horses less vigorous and reliable than mine, which I confess I had taken at a venture. I wish it were a less expensive job to get horses of this Arab breed to America. I suppose, too, the climate might be too severe for them. But I have never ridden a horse as satisfactory, all things considered, as my stud-horse, who carried me with-

out whip or spur, with unflagging spirit, with never-failing sure-footedness, without once stumbling and without the least loss of flesh, for thirty-three days from Beyrout by the coast to Jaffa, to Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, and then by Nablous and Nazareth, Mount Tabor and Tiberias, to Cæsarea-Philippi, and round the west side of Hermon to Damascus, and thence back to Beyrout. We averaged about twenty miles a day, or seven hours' riding—some days five-and-twenty miles, and often only eighteen miles, on account of the roads and streams. But the journey, moderate as our speed has been, has proved very fatiguing. I think I should not have ventured upon it had I known its severity, the dreadfulness of the roads, the weariness of living week after week in the saddle, and the exposure to cold and wet. With one exception, no severe cold was taken, and after the fatigues of the ride are over, I doubt not great gain in health will accrue to most of the party.

I rejoice, nevertheless, that I have made the journey so thoroughly, and have received such vivid impressions of a land so sacred. I wonder I can have been content to take other people's account of a country which throws such a flood of light on the sacred Scriptures for those who personally visit it. It is not the ability to trace with more or less confidence the footsteps of our Lord or his Apostles that forms the chief satisfaction. It is the general illumination which the scenery, the climate, and the habits which belong essentially to the soil and sky of Palestine and Syria throw upon the words and ways of Jesus and his immediate disciples, which constitutes the charm and the usefulness of the journey. And this is an advantage which it needs no special preparation to enjoy, and which, indeed, none but the very dullest can miss. A good acquaintance with the Bible is the first qualification for enjoying Palestine and profiting by

a visit to it When I get over the weariness of my long ride, I will try to sum up the chief conclusions left on my mind and heart by this tour in Syria. Now I am simply enjoying with a grateful heart a sense of the goodness which has watched over our long journey, and brought us all back safe to the port which to-morrow will be our starting-point for Europe and America—Damascus having been our deepest dip into the Orient.

BEYROUT.

Sunday, March 29.

Too much fatigued to go to church, I have been quietly enjoying the Sabbath air and sunshine, and looking out from the upper gallery of the comfortable Hotel L'Univers upon the calm blue of the Mediterranean and the white crown of Lebanon. Up above there seventy miles are "the Cedars," buried in their terrific snows, and inaccessible until July. Dr. Thompson says that the scenery from Beyrout to the Cedars is the most interesting in Syria, and that judicious travelers who have visited Baalbec and Damascus have very much preferred a visit to the Cedars.

I have been questioning the excellent and accomplished doctor this morning about the Flora of Palestine and Syria, Dr. Post, who is a thorough botanist, not being here. It is trying to find that few or none of the flowers referred to in the Bible are really certainly identified. There are twenty plants contending for the honor of being the hyssop on the wall. "The Rose of Sharon" is not identified, and "the lilies of the field" are not known. The doctor thinks a beautiful and gorgeous *fleur-de-lis*, which we have seen near Tabor, has as probable a claim as any lily to Jesus's notice. Dr. Van Dyke called to see one of our party to-day in his medical capacity. He looks a little pale and thin, and has

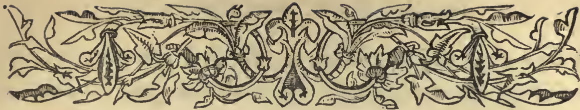
not fully recovered from an attack of last autumn, but is competent to the discharge of his numerous duties in a field which is beginning to open very encouragingly among the natives.

There appears just now to be the commencement of a general awakening in the Arab race to the claims of European or Western intelligence. For the time, their curiosity is economized by panderers to low tastes, who translate and publish poor French romances, and find a considerable profit in the trade. But with proper effort the Arab curiosity can be directed to substantial knowledge and serious reading. The demand for the new translation of the Bible into Arabic is unexpectedly large. Henry Martin said, forty years ago, when he had finished his translation of the New Testament, that he could now preach to one hundred and twenty million people. Dr. Van Dyke's just-completed herculean task, begun by Dr. Smith, of translating the whole Scriptures into Arabic, entitles him to the veneration and gratitude of the Christian world. Every opening of Africa shows the Arabic to be more widely used, and probably over the whole northern half of that continent it will prove to be the commonest tongue. All Moslems are obliged, whatever their own language may be, to read it, as the Koran is never translated by its believers. Queen Victoria has, as Dr. T. observed, more Moslem than Christian subjects, when India is kept in view. Can any thing well exceed the importance among missionaries of a knowledge of Arabic, or the value of the labors now expended in disseminating through the channel of the Arabic the knowledge of Western history, science, literature, and religion? In this aspect, the college here is of the first importance, and should be largely and generously endowed. I hardly know a movement of more fundamental merit among missionary enterprises, and would call not only the attention

of "Orthodox" but of Liberal Christian laymen to its claims on their inquiries and beneficence.

Dr. Thompson seems to think poorly of all the legitimate influences of Mahometanism, and regards the honor, integrity, and worth sometimes found among its disciples as due to other influences than their religion. I suppose the same is true to a great degree of the excellence found among Christian believers. For my own part, I do not think that any religion is capable of being considered, apart from the whole political, economical, social, and moral life of a people. It grows in every land, more or less, out of the habits, climate, race, and previous history of a people; and, whether divine and inspired, or natural and spontaneous, is adapted to their wants and condition. It succeeds and thrives only by its fitness. When the time comes for throwing off an imperfect or undeveloped religion, the time has come for throwing off a great many of the customs, social usages, and economic defects of the people, and it is in vain to hope any more from a merely religious than from a merely commercial or economic movement. The country, like Wordsworth's cloud, must move "altogether, or not at all." The Mahometan faith will go down with the Mahometan politics, commerce, and housekeeping. They are all of a piece. The roads, the costume, the agriculture, the trade, the locomotion, the houses—nothing is any better than all the rest! So long as the people use wooden ploughs they will not use Christian ideals. The Gospel can't travel far on foot or a-horseback. It needs wheels before its chariots will move on; and without roads wheels are worse than hoofs. "The highway" of prophecy is a good French road, with a diligence full of Christian letters, books, newspapers, and people running to and fro upon it. The new road over Lebanon from Beyrout to Damascus is the greatest missionary in Syria, without disparaging the

noble men from the American Board who are at work there. With a decent government, Syria could not possess one such road for ten years without having a dozen imitations. In spite of the bad government, there will be many such twenty years hence, beginning with a road from Jaffa to Jerusalem.



LXI.

NORTHERN SIDE OF THE LEVANT.

Steamer Pluto, off BEYROUT,
March 29.

WE embarked at 4 P.M. to-day, on the Austrian Lloyd's steamer Pluto, for Smyrna. Beyrout presents a beautiful aspect from the vessel, as we wait for her to lift her anchor. Naples hardly exceeds the charming picturesqueness of this small bay, with the white town rising in terraces of inviting houses, intermingled with gardens and trees, upon the promontory that stretches its long tongue out into the open sea; while behind it, and indeed as far as the eye can reach, the splendid range of the Lebanon, with its deep gorges and numerous gray villages, rises in a magnificent half-tropical background, crowned at the north with the snowy summit of Great Lebanon. The mixture of yellowish lights with dark foliage and green spring-like verdure in warm spots, with gray bare rocks and soft distances, over which the sunlighted mist pours a golden transparency, makes the scene one to treasure up, and gives to our parting view of Syria a peculiar charm. There is only one portent in the prospect, and this is a great gathering wave of sand, driven up by the south wind from the beach on the opposite side of the promontory, which hangs with a threatening aspect over a suburb toward the west of the city for as much as a third of a mile, carrying a certain fatal irresistibleness in its red and yellow face. The people have protected a more important part of the town with vigorous pine plantations, which seem to have

answered an excellent purpose. Here I observe no effort to stay the sandy inundation. Beyrout, the port of Damascus, has no natural harbor, and not the slightest artificial protection. Her commerce shows the consequences. A half-dozen small vessels, and the steamers calling as they pass, constitute her whole shipping. It is certain that whenever the country starts, this will be the centre of motion ; and one of the first things to be done is to erect a mole capable of sheltering at least fifty vessels at one time.

We have a great crowd of passengers, American, English, and natives. A few returning pilgrims occupy a portion of the first-class deck in a way which would not be tolerated on any English or French steamer. They are chiefly women, and pass their time in smoking, railed into an enclosure almost like cattle, but directly under our eyes and noses. We have soldiers, going to Cyprus perhaps, English agents in search of mules for the Abyssinian expedition, which are of celebrated excellency at Cyprus. Six camels are stalled on the forward deck. They look as curiously out of their supercilious eyes upon all that is going on as if they were not models of ugliness—their pride and self-complacency being, as I have observed often in the case of human hunchbacks, a sort of compensation for their deformity. How grave and dignified they are ! How sneeringly they perk out their contemptuous heads, as if at the very apex of the animal kingdom, looking down on man and all other creatures ! By the way, the phrase usually deemed so illustrative of the Oriental imagination, the " ship of the desert," is of Western origin, and is not known in the East in connection with the camel. The Arabs have a story that the camel applied to the beasts, and then to the birds, to be admitted into their respective kingdoms, and was rejected by both, and finally left in a class by himself. Æsop's fable is that the horse

applied to Jupiter for a longer neck and longer legs, and Jove made the camel to show him how he would look; seeing which, he entreated to be left as he was made. I have never noticed until lately that the camel's fore-feet are at least a third larger than his hind ones, doubtless because his head and neck, as well as half his trunk, rest upon these. The camels aboard are covered with wool; commonly they are almost bare, as they are sheared like sheep for their hair. The custom of shaving the mules and donkeys in fanciful patterns prevails in Damascus as well as in Egypt. White donkeys were most popular for riding. I am told that the road over Lebanon is not found profitable to its proprietors, and the shares have gone down to one-fourth their original value. It just pays working expenses. We noticed that to avoid the toll of fourteen piastres an animal, the vast majority of the beasts of burden between Beyrout and Damascus traveled on the difficult and stony track, generally very near the high-road. We met on the road possibly a hundred loaded wagons, apparently belonging to the company.

CYPRUS.

We had a pleasant sail last night, March 30, and reached Cyprus at 6 A.M. this morning. After a cup of coffee, half the passengers went on shore to see the little town of Larnaka, a Moslem town of a few thousand inhabitants, without special interest or monuments of the past. One of the three or four Mount Olympuses lies in view toward the north-east. The island, as we sailed by, looked barren and neglected, all its ancient beauty and fertility having disappeared under Moslem indolence and fatuity. Nevertheless, only one stage from Syria, twelve hours sail as it is, the town has a bit of Western animation about it. The Greek Church of St. Lazarus (where it is claimed his bones now rest) is worth a visit;

and the Latin church, where mass was going on, seemed a quite civilized temple after the mosques of Syria, where tawdriness and decay contend for mastery. We can not forget that Shakspeare's Othello was in command of Cyprus, and indeed opposite the Latin church they pretend to point out his palace. All the romance of the Queen of Cyprus, who married the Venetian Doge, and the period when Venice ruled this then lovely island, comes up here on the spot. There is no apparent reason why Venus, who may be supposed to have been a judge of beauty, should have selected Paphos, which we shall pass this afternoon forty miles westward, as the place to land after emerging from the sea, nor does the "Paphian" Venus have any very marked successors in the women of Cyprus we have seen. The Cyprians, so far as we observe, neither tempt nor are tempted. Did the cypress get its name from this island, and was copper first called so from being produced richly in these mountains?

RHODES.

AT SEA, April 1.

We had a dreadful pitching sea kicked up by the north wind all day yesterday, which conquered the stomachs of all but the most practiced sailors among our fellow-passengers, and made a very blue day for us all. Almost every body in the East wears a sash several times girded about the waist, and it is very commonly adopted by travelers on horseback as a protection against the disturbing motions produced by hard riding. I find it strongly recommended by experienced travelers as a preventive or mitigation of sea-sickness. I regret to say that my escapes from that malady on the Atlantic did not insure me for the Mediterranean, and that all yesterday was spent either in bed or in violent controversy with the enemy on deck. We were passing beautiful scenery, as we

skirted the coast within a dozen miles, in view of the range of snow-capped mountains, which descend in irregular precipices to the very water. We made Rhodes about 2 A.M. this morning. It is on the north-east extremity of the island, and retains much of its old walls—presenting, with its towers and minarets, a highly picturesque appearance. I did not go ashore, as many more enterprising travelers did, from a horror of the rough sea between us and the land. Those who did report many interesting ruins; the old Church of the Knights of St. John in decay, and the site, which must, I think, be a speculative one, of the great Colossus, one of the seven wonders of the world. It was overthrown by an earthquake. For nine hundred years it lay where it fell, and was finally cut up for old metal and taken off on nine hundred camels. Its falling on the land is a pretty good proof that it never strided the mouth of the harbor, much less, as our geographies used to teach us, the channel between the island and the coast, which is seven miles wide. Rhodes is quite a flourishing town still, and the street of the Knights of St. John is reported to be quite fine. Here, it will be recollected, the Crusaders established themselves after being driven out of St. Jean D'Acre, and from this stronghold they were forced in the fourteenth century, and finally took up their last position at Malta.

Among our fellow-passengers I find two specially interesting men, one a Christian minister from Rochdale, England, and Mr. John Ashworth. He refuses the name of Reverend, and declines to give it to other ministers. He is one of a company of Englishmen traveling for three months at a charge of £150 per man, under a famous excursion manager, Mr. Gage, who for this amount takes them over a prescribed route, including the lower parts of Egypt and a considerable portion of Syria, to Constantinople and up the Danube, without any

other expense or care for themselves. This appears to be a very popular mode of traveling among Englishmen — contrary as it might appear to be to their anti-gregarious tastes— and is one evidence of the cosmopolitan tendencies of that tight little island in these days when nations act so much more freely upon each other than at any previous period of history. Mr. Ashworth is a man of very plain appearance and manners, but of a truly benevolent heart, and a bright, active, and liberal mind. He is devoted to moving the neglected masses in England, who resist all that church and chapel can do to raise them. He dropped all external forms and went down into the most neglected parts of his town, and, getting into a shed, began to sing Christian hymns. When he had attracted a number of chance listeners about him he began to speak to them of moral and religious things. Pursuing this course, he gradually gained a great and most enviable influence among the exposed classes in his town, which has extended through his neighborhood, and is recognized as quite an element of power even in the land of Cobden and John Bright. Mr. Ashworth has written a book, "Strange Tales from Humble Life," which has had a great sale, and which I am very curious to see on account of its alleged excellent influence. He is a great Radical, but one of the safe kind, as he builds up with his right hand better than he pulls down with his left. He pulls up a thistle, and plants a hill of corn. He eradicates superstition, and establishes Christian principles and truths. He has something of Theodore Parker's countenance, and the same resemblance to the busts of Socrates.

CONVERTING JEWS.

The other marked man is a Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, secretary and missionary of an English Dissenter's society for the conversion of the Jews. He is large-minded in his views, and

eminently well fitted for his place, talking Hebrew somewhat, and having a genuine enthusiasm for his duties. He reports twenty thousand conversions or baptisms to Christianity among Jews within fifty years, and the existence of three hundred Christian ministers in the Church of England alone who were born Jews! This is a most surprising and, to me, wholly unexpected testimony. I had supposed no class of doubters or deniers more obstinate than Israelites. Mr. Wilkinson, a thorough Trinitarian, said frankly that the doctrine of the Trinity was the most serious obstacle to the conversion of the Jews, and that the statement of it, so as to avoid tri-personality as far as possible, had to be made with much delicacy at the outset, not to prejudice the Jews hopelessly against the Gospel. I believe the Jew represents, in this point, an objection which is now widely extended, and will finally become universal. Unitarians, were their zeal equal to the purity of their doctrine, would be the most successful missionaries in the world. The door is wide open among the Moslems and the Jews for their lessons, and I should rejoice to see a foreign mission established not only in India, but in Syria, by our own body. A mission among the Jews of the Continent would be equally rewarding, and what a favorable reaction might not be expected from successful foreign missions upon our religious and church life at home! It is a wonder to me that the pure heathen, Polytheists and idolaters, should be regarded as more hopeful candidates for Christian conversion than Mahometans and Jews, who have, candidly considered, so much of Christianity latent in their sacred books and received opinions. Worshipers of one God, and jealous enemies of idolatry and Polytheism, there is nothing except strong predilections for their own faith to lead them to resist Christian approaches. They do not need to be taught the fundamental idea of an invisible, spiritual, Supreme Being.

They have the solid foundations of the Christian religion—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart"—laid deep in their own faith, and the Jew, and to some extent the Moslem, receives the second great commandment. Is there not a most advantageous fulcrum for plying the Christian lever already offered in the case of Jew and Moslem? and has not the unsuccess of past generations been due more to the narrow and persecuting spirit of Christians in their attempts to propagate their faith, than to any special obstinacy in receiving it on the part of Jews and Moslems? If they were approached with sympathy instead of aversion, the points in which they agree with Christians first generously acknowledged, and all the moral and worthy fruits of their own faith fully recognized, I believe they might be readily persuaded to acknowledge the grand principles in which Christianity surpasses and supersedes Judaism and Mahometanism. Is not the generation which puts a born Jew into the seat of England's prime minister a fit time to expect a great expansion of liberality in dealing with those rejecters of the Gospel of Christ who are believers in the unity and spirituality of one God? I am far from thinking the change a small or an easy one from the Mussulman or the Jewish faith to the Christian; but it is certainly far smaller and easier than that to be demanded from the idolater, the Polytheist, or even the Pantheist.

ARCHIPELAGO.

Our sail from Rhodes to Smyrna lay through the "Archipelago," or "chief sea" of the Greeks, which, from the circumstance of its being crowded with islands, has given its name to all islanded seas, until the term archipelago passes, in common apprehension, for a collection of islands, as constellation does for a collection of stars. An equally curious

illustration of the origin of words is that the original Mausoleum, from which all others have been named, we passed the site of to-day in the tomb of Mausolus, erected by his widow at or near the lately-discovered Halicarnassus. The sail through this classic sea was unexpectedly charming. The wind had gone down, and the sea with it, so that our noble vessel was as steady as if on the stocks. The ever-changing outlines of the rugged but grandly-indented mountains, with the constant surprises of the openings among the islands, the lake-like forms of many of the interstitial waters, the curious but ever-beautiful shapes of the individual islands, the peaked, deep-cut, and turreted sky-line, with the different colors of the sea, now turquoise-blue as we were in soundings, and now Tyrian purple as we came into deep places, all made our sail full of excitement and delight. We passed the beautiful island of Cos, with its charming capital, which in the distance seemed like a town of American homes embowered in fruit-trees; but which we knew, from many painful experiences, it would never do to test by any actual visit. We passed Patmos, the seat of John's immortal revelation, sitting in front of the coast where the Seven Churches of Asia Minor seemed to be awaiting his review. And after passing Scio, red with its bloody record of Turkish massacre, and Samos, red with the memory of its classic wine, we entered the noble bay of Smyrna, so broad and surrounded with such varied and artificially-grouped hills that it is a wonder more enthusiasm has not been expressed for its charms. Smyrna lies at the very bottom of the bay, somewhat pleasing, as it is approached, on account of the old Genoese castle that crowns the hills at whose base it lies, and of its sharp minarets and domes, and the airy campanile of its Greek church. Its chief mosque has some claims to admiration from a noble dome, and its Greek church, though tawdry and wearisome,

with its deformities of art—where Greek scruples about images are just sufficiently observed to spoil pictures without avoiding the offense of raised figures—has yet a venerable appearance, which, helped out by recollections of the Apostolic antiquity of the Church here, made it attractive.

Smyrna has a population of about one hundred thousand souls, swelled by rumors and guide-books into two. It is still growing in commerce, and is doubtless the most important port, Constantinople not excepted, in the Turkish empire. Seven steamers lay in the noble harbor, and about sixty sail of vessels. A line of semi-monthly Cunarders runs between this port and Liverpool in about ten days' passage. Wool, figs, opium, fruits, cotton are the chief exports. Great Britain is the chief trader with Smyrna. But America did last year a business of two and a half millions with the port.

OPIUM.

Probably from $800,000 to $1,000,000 worth of opium is annually exported to America—more than from any country but China. This export is steadily increasing, and far beyond any medical wants. I shall get the statistics if possible from our intelligent Consul, Mr. Smithers, on account of its bearings on the alleged rapid increase of the use of narcotics in the United States since restrictive legislation began in the interest of abstinence from alcoholic and vinous drinks. The opium comes to Smyrna from the back country in bales, rolled in its own poppy-leaves, and is here tested by three officials, who receive one *per cent.* for warranting its purity. It is then put into canisters, holding each about three gallons, and a certain number of these are packed in a box about the size of a Havana box of oranges, in which shape it is sent to foreign ports.

The figs, for which Smyrna is famous, are dried for a few

days only after being taken from the tree, and are then sent in sacks to Smyrna from the neighboring country, and packed in boxes to suit different markets. I fear the best seldom get to America. Figs of good quality, it is here said, are never put into a drum. The best are in flat boxes. I have never seen such transparent, clean, and tender figs as those I ate at Consul Smithers's at Smyrna. There is a wonderfully beautiful and durable kind of Turkey carpet made in this neighborhood, generally in the form of rugs, which is prized in England very highly. It is said to outlast every other kind of carpet by nearly a double existence.

The Smyrna bazaars are distinguished by the constant passing of a class of porters who come from the interior, and are celebrated for their herculean strength, and the enormous loads they carry on their backs. They will carry the whole carcass of a young bullock of eight hundred pounds. A bale of cotton of four or five hundred pounds is an ordinary load. They carry sheep and goats on their backs, laying them on a strong frame, which is usually strapped to their shoulders, the animal's head rising above theirs in a way to remind one of Bottom. They are said to wear themselves out in a very few years. Their faces are wet with heavy sweat, as they bend under their burden, carefully distributed so as to bring every muscle into play. The Constantinopolitan porters must be prodigies if they outdo these.

EPHESUS.

The railroads, of which there are two, one toward Ephesus, the other toward the north, have not proved profitable investments. The people are so wedded to the camel and the mule that they will not patronize the railroad. A terrible succession of rains has now broken up the road to Ephesus, and makes it impossible for us to reach it. It is some

consolation to learn that, excepting the associations of that celebrated church to which the epistle was addressed, there is little or nothing to quicken in the sight of the place. The most valuable portions of the ruins have been removed to England, and other portions have been built into the Mosque of Smyrna. A skillful engineer is at work, however, striving to discover the foundations of the famous Temple of Diana. There are interesting remains of aqueducts visible along the route to Ephesus, but the site of the old city, which is low, is probably a pond at this extraordinary season of superabundant rains. A thousand sheep, coming to Smyrna for the great festival of Byram, which occurs to-day, were drowned a few days since in a mountain torrent. Byram, which began in three days of festivity when the sacred caravan started for Mecca two months ago, ended with its arrival at Mecca yesterday, April 2 (the anniversary of Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac, according to the Moslems), in another feast, called Great Byram, which was introduced last evening with lamps in the tops of all the minarets and about the fronts of the mosques. Sheep are killed and roasted, and distributed by generous Moslems among the poor, and I hope to see to-day something of the manners of the people in their religious joy.

A French company is about building a stone water-front to the city, at which ships can lie and unload. We have not met a pier in the whole Levant, and commerce is terribly embarrassed by the want of facilities for loading and unloading vessels. We are lying nearly three days at Smyrna to accomplish, by a wretched lighterage, what at a wharf could be effected in half a day. The company proposed to tax all vessels coming into the port certain fixed harbor dues on account of this improvement. Our Government objected, because it was against the treaty, and a restriction on commerce. The claim was withdrawn, and it is made optional to use the

pier or not; those using it only having to pay. As every body must use it, the United States Government gains a barren victory. The encouragement to public improvements seems fearfully small here. Except some progress in the character of domestic architecture, due to the residence of Europeans, there is no improvement going on. Clearly every thing in Turkey awaits a crash which the Turks themselves do not conceal their expectation of. They seem to know that the Turkish Empire is fading, disintegrated, and doomed, and that nothing can be well undertaken until the Eastern question is settled. Russia, France, England will soon have to agree upon the disposition of the effects of that very sick man, the Sultan. It is not very important to civilization which of these powers gets the largest slice. England will have Egypt, I suppose; France, Syria; and Russia would like Constantinople and the adjacent parts. But as this would give her control of the Mediterranean, I suppose it will not be conceded without a great struggle from both the other powers.

The opinion in Smyrna seems to be that Turkey, with all her confident assertions to the contrary, is making very little progress in putting down the Cretan insurrection. It is fed so much by foreign sympathy and by Greek aid, that it will not be easy to crush it out of the mountain fastnesses to which it retreats. I hope to find out more about it in Athens.

I met in Smyrna a gentleman, a native of Boston, and, indeed, a connection of my own family, who came to Smyrna in 1821, a few months after Lord Byron had been there, and who had entertained Dr. Howe on his first visit. He has continued here ever since, with occasional visits to America. He says the country, in spite of the growth of Smyrna—which is due to the insecurity of the back country driving the people in — is steadily declining, and has greatly degenerated

within his own memory; that, in his early business life, a Turk's word was as good as his bond, and a shake of the hands closed a bargain more solemnly than a written contract. Now, every quibble is resorted to by even Turkish officials to vitiate contracts, and business is difficult and discouraging.

The opium of Turkey grows in large poppy districts, as high as wheat, and over immense tracts of country. These fields are each small, because it requires many hands to gather even a small harvest, the head of each flower being cut about with a knife, and the exuding gum gathered by hand. As the crop is easily spoiled by rain, and matures suddenly, it is a very critical one. A whole family is devoted to harvesting a small field, and the product may be only a single pound, worth about $4! The Turkey opium has its chief sale in America; what goes to England finding its principal demand in the American market. Mr. L. thinks two thousand chests (a chest is about one hundred and thirty-three pounds) are annually imported into the United States. It differs from China opium in having twelve or fourteen *per cent.* of morphine in it, a fact which makes it unsalable in China, and specially salable in America. Philadelphia appears to be the chief market for it; and there, I suppose, the morphine, of which such alarming quantities are used in our country, is extracted. Mr. L. thinks the demand for the American market has increased, within his recollection, from four hundred to two thousand chests.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

I made an exhausting climb of the Castle Hill back of Smyrna for the sake of the view. The vast plain to the north is covered with figs and olives. Toward the south another lovely valley opens, crossed by the remains of an old

aqueduct, and leading the thoughts down toward Ephesus, forty-five miles below, where our way is blocked by a temporary break in the railroad. I found at the American Consul's Mr. Arundel's volume, published forty years ago, on the Seven Churches of Asia Minor. It is, I believe, out of print. But it gave me many pangs of regret that I could not visit the ground of those ancient seats of piety and faith, mixed with a worldliness and perilous prosperity that brought down even the gentlest of the Apostles' warning and woes. Ephesus, particularly as the place of St. John's special care, and which is even thought to be his burial-place, it was a great trial to be shut out of. The ancient remains in these old cities are more numerous and more interesting, according to Arundel, than I had believed. These seven churches lay in a kind of circle of perhaps a radius of fifty miles, making Philadelphia the centre, and must, in their day, have been splendid seats of Christian influence and triumphs of Apostolic power.

The old Temple of Diana Mr. Wood thinks he has discovered the foundations of. It is doubtful. Its splendor (it cost over two hundred years to build it) was doubtless hardly equaled by any thing in ancient or modern architecture. It is claimed that two of its pillars are now supporting the dome of St. Sophia, and that two others are in the cathedral at Pisa. The image of the goddess was a wooden one, and, although the temple was six times destroyed and rebuilt, was never changed. It was a many-breasted woman, after the Egyptian type of fertility, and was enclosed in a shrine which tasked the genius of Praxiteles and the wealth of successive monarchs. "Great is Diana of the Ephesians," was a cry to which ages of superstitious use had lent such tremendous force that it is hardly conceivable how the breath of Gospel truth ever made any head against it. By the way, it is very

plain how the Virgin Mary was brought in by the early Church to supplant such feminine oracles as Diana. Doubtless the early teachers, after the Apostolic age, were under tremendous temptations to corrupt the simplicity of the Gospel, to meet the heathenized tastes of the early converts, and to offset the allurements of oracles and temples and mysteries. It is a wonder that any Gospel simplicity has escaped such a struggle. I have never felt this so powerfully as here, in close contact with Oriental tastes, and among the ruins of the old temples, and within sound of the old oracles that ruled the Ægean isles and sea.

The place of Polycarp's martyrdom is pointed out in the old Roman amphitheatre, the remains of which lie between the Castle Hill and another lofty hill just south of it, above the modern city of Smyrna. I rode six miles out of the city, on the only road that Smyrna boasts, to the village of Bournabat, a country resort of the rich Smyrniotes. A gentleman who had early left Smyrna and settled in Boston, has here built himself an American house at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars, which showed more taste and comfort than any private residence I had seen in Asia. He had sunk a well at an expense of two thousand dollars, which supplied his garden with abundant water at all seasons. It was worked by the water-wheel plan and mule power, which prevails throughout Egypt and the East. He had made himself a Turkish bath, which he considered as his principal medical security, or, rather, remedy for colds and other stoppages of the system; but which he resorted to only when ill, as he confessed its dangerous, weakening tendencies. He was most hospitable, and truly delighted to see Americans, having, at the instance of the ever-attentive Consul, sent in his private carriage to carry us out to his country-seat. There is an English school at Smyrna, much patronized by the better

class, and where their daughters receive a very good education.

The Smyrna women keep up their reputation for much personal beauty. The Armenians appear to be the ruling class in wealth and social standing. Their ladies go about in very costly array of the European style. I did not get a very favorable idea of the commercial integrity of the men. They seemed to be thought very sharp, and somewhat slippery. There was only one store in Smyrna on the "one price" system, and it was not popular—the dealer being deemed as cross as he was inflexible in his charges. The higgling and bargaining system, in which the seller begins with asking twice as much as he is willing at last to take, and in which the buyer expects to worry him down to what he is willing to give, prevails in all the East, and, as a play of wits among a people who set no value on their time, is said to be acceptable, and rooted in custom and taste. The debased coin in Smyrna is worth one price in buying food, and another in buying dry goods! Indeed, the infinite variety of money one meets in circulation here—English, French, Russian, Turkish, Italian, and even American and Mexican—makes it necessary to enter into elaborate calculations in all bargains and purchases. English sovereigns are at a premium, and we found our bills of English credit nowhere so profitable. Cotton has gone up here at least a third within three days. It is said the Smyrniotes speculated in cotton during our American war, greatly to their loss.

LXII.

DARDANELLES.

Steamer PLUTO, April 4.

WE left Smyrna, and our worthy Consul and his most agreeable and hospitable family, at 4 P.M. Saturday. A few turns of the engine brought us in view of the muddy Hermes, which pours into the Bay of Smyrna now, just as it did in Homer's day, a stream that clouds for miles its blue waters. We stopped at Mytilene, the capital of the old Lesbos, and passing the Troad, and in view of the plain of ancient Troy, turned the cape, where the tombs of Patroclus and Achilles are fabled to be, on the banks of Homer's "Scamander" after his "Simois" has joined it, and just before it enters the Ægean, and found ourselves just at the mouth of the Hellespont. About three miles wide in appearance, its shores were enlivened with ships, almost all bearing the Greek flag, which in long array lay at anchor, apparently waiting for a strong south wind to carry them up against the powerful current of the famous channel to Constantinople. High hills, some of them snow-capped, lay on either side, pleasantly diversifying this channel. We soon passed the fortress which defends the passage of the Dardanelles, and anchored in the harbor of the little town of the same name. Several steamers and a few ships were at anchor here. The American flag was upon the most conspicuous house on the water-front. The English Consul, whose house it was said this had been, had just been cast into prison for

attempting to defraud an English insurance company of many thousand pounds by reporting officially the loss of a vessel with an imaginary cargo, which had undergone a fictitious burning near this place—a falsehood which had been duly telegraphed by a confederate official who was to share the spoils. The game was suspected, the rogue detected, and now awaits his trial. How our flag should be floating over his late residence was not explained; nor, indeed, have I any authority but a current tale of the English aboard our vessel for the story, which leads me to suppress the names given in connection with it.

About a mile from this town we passed between Sestos and Abydos, and tried to imagine Xerxes's bridge, and still harder to descry Leander buffeting the waves, and Hero watching for her nightly visit from the dripping lover, whose passion this cold, swift current could not cool. Lord Byron, striking out his unlucky foot in the same track, and crossing in an hour and five minutes, was in "our mind's eye." But "Austrian Lloyds" are swift, and hurried us past Olympus (not the Thessalian) and Hecuba's tomb (which lies just opposite the town of Dardanelles), and many other points familiar to better classical students than I am, to Gallipoli, just at the entrance of the Sea of Marmora, and within one hundred and eight miles of Constantinople.

One of our English fellow-voyagers—a most accomplished and agreeable man, but a little mysterious—with whom I had had much scholarly talk, told me this morning, with a good deal of ceremony, that he was connected with America; but he added, "in a way which I think will greatly horrify you." Of course my curiosity was piqued, and I asked him how. He said he had married a grand-daughter of Benedict Arnold! I did my best to conceal the natural shudder which I felt curdling my patriotic blood, as I was anxious to get

the English view of that traitor's behavior from one who must have the best reason for entertaining a charitable construction of his conduct. He said that Arnold was reputed a very clever man, who, convinced of the hopelessness of the American struggle for independence, took the best means which his important command gave him for bringing its desperate weakness to an easy death. England rewarded him and his children with military rank, and with gifts of Canadian land. He had three sons: one, who was made a general in the English army, and was long in command of Dover Castle. He died single, but was much esteemed and respected. The second was a colonel in the India service, and had two children. It was a daughter of his whom my informant had married. She had inherited some of the very Canadian lands the fruits of her grandfather's crime, so that I was confronted with one of the chief beneficiaries of the great treason which is to-day as fresh in American scorn as when it was committed. The third son was a captain in the Bombay service. The only daughter had married a Phipps, of the Mulgrave family. Benedict Arnold, on getting to England, fitted out privateers against American commerce, was cheated by his captains, and died poor. Where he then went to, I will not, even in jest, insinuate. Coupled with Aaron Burr in the righteous curses of our people, their memories "smell to heaven," while they burn in an immortal purgatory of shame compared with which oblivion were bliss. I did not find my English confessor very jubilant in his relationship, and wondered somewhat at the perverseness which induced him to tell me his history. He was very clever and high-toned, and a great admirer of Whittier and Lowell (whom he called Louw-well), and of Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and Bryant's "Ages;" but I could not wholly forgive his connection, distant as it was, with our betrayer.

Our vessel stops at many little ports, and takes in or lets out passengers and freight. We have Turkish officers, and a couple of hundred soldiers; Greek priests, languid, grave and idle; Albanian servants, with their belts full of inlaid weapons enough for a donkey load; fifty dirty Moslem or Christian women and children, herded like cattle on our main deck, where a wooden pen covered with canvas separates us from them, but not from their filthy pipes; a hundred or two petty traders, going to Constantinople for their spring goods. The people here of this class have two or three occupations. They are little farmers in the summer, and little mechanics or traders in the winter. All the poor Greeks, it would seem, are cooks and shoemakers. Really, the crowd of migratory creatures in the Mediterranean steamers is amazing. Their vessels seem at this season, at least, all full, and I hear that the competition for passengers enables those who will bargain closely to get their fares reduced to a low figure. First-class passengers, especially English and American, are not favored with very moderate rates. The officers allow dogs aboard, and do not correct various nuisances, such as loud talking in the main cabin late at night. The "Austrian Lloyds" has, it is said, sixty steamers afloat in the Mediterranean. This is a very fine vessel. By the way, between 2 and 3 A.M. in the night, I was waked by loud talking in the cabin just opposite my state-room, and heard two American passengers, who were playing some game of cards "for five francs a game," exchanging a curious conversation, which must have been due to the successive half-bottles of champagne which were frequently made one of the "extra" stakes. One of the parties, after telling over the same story four or five times (it was about a dinner in Paris, in which a Mr. B—— had acted shabbily, and he had acted gloriously), inquired of his companion, who exhibited a sur-

prisingly cool head, and was much more intent on the winnings than his tipsy fellow, who the third person present was—the fellow who sat on a low seat, and kept laughing at him! His friend assured him that no such person existed; but he could not be pacified for more than five minutes at a time, and always returned to the same inquiry. His friend kept the points of the game for both parties, and told him what he lost and won, apparently very fairly. When no amount of whistling and signalizing would bring the waiter with more champagne, the parties gave up their game, much to my relief, and silence, and sleep with it, came in place of these gambling orgies. It was the only thing of this kind—the only excess I saw on the Mediterranean, from which rowdyism seemed banished, as, indeed, it is generally from Europe, at least in decent company. It is sad to say that in this case it was Americans who were representing, only too truly, a large class of hard drinkers and gamblers at home.

THE MARMORA.

April 5.

Our sail through the Sea of Marmora was rather tame, after the compressed interest of the Dardanelles and the charm of the islanded Ægean. It was pleasant to see such a lively commerce in this sheltered pathway, and to believe that in other hands it was destined to a vast expansion. The mountains about the Marmora, which is about one hundred miles long and fifty broad, are still covered with snow, and chill the spring air, which is warm in the sun when it is quiet, but too cool for comfort under any breeze. The past winter has been an exceptionally cold one in Asia, as well as in Europe and America, and vast quantities of snow seem to have fallen all over the world.

APPROACHING CONSTANTINOPLE.

April 7.

The moon was at its full splendor as we drew near the mouth of the Bosphorus and watched for the light-houses that guide into Constantinople. The absence of any considerable number of sailing-vessels setting toward a capital of such magnitude was very striking. All the vessels we saw were small, but clothed with an astonishing amount of sails, most of the sails being eked out with wings, as if every breath of air was needed against the current that sets out from the Bosphorus. The neighboring shores, within an hour's sail of Constantinople, seemed little marked with villages or habitations, and not at all like the suburbs of a vast city. Presently a light, and soon two others, showed us that we were near our haven. But still no glitter from distant street-lamps or lighted windows mingled in the glorious moonshine; no cries of merry sailors, no shore noises, no panting steamers carrying passengers out to their suburban homes, broke the great silence. If we had been approaching Egyptian Thebes, it could hardly have been more quiet, or less like the avenue to one of the most populous human hives in the world. The moon made a sort of half-day, and the Prince's Islands on our right showed us that we must soon enter the Bosphorus. The shores of Marmora had already narrowed and seemed closing upon us, before a tall, ghostly minaret, just guessed out of the darkness, gave us the signal that Constantinople on its sea-side was coming into view. How slowly and in what mystic dimness the lines of its domes and minarets took shape, as they floated in filmy indeterminateness before us! and how like a dissolving view the city hung in its veil of moonshine, all its beauty enhanced by obscurity, and all its meanness hid! Nothing more exquisite and intoxicating ever passed before my eyes than the domes and towers and palaces

and gardens of Constantinople, in the few memorable moments when rounding the point on which, amid its cypresses, and overtopped by St. Sophia and still more stately masses, the Seraglio sits! Scutari, with its peopled hill-sides, occupied the right shore. It was a feast-night, and the water's edge was flaming with rows of lamps. Numerous ships of all nations, tricked out in their gayest colors, were honoring "Great Byram." We made our way cautiously among them, and steaming slowly by the walls of the Seraglio, the vast and garden-like seat of the old Sultans, which seems to fill one of the seven hills of the city, we turned into the Golden Horn, and found ourselves surrounded by a mighty capital—hills of houses and mosques and palaces, separated by valleys of houses and mosques and palaces, closing and opening about us in a wholly peculiar and imposing way. A great floating bridge crossed the Golden Horn above our anchorage. It was hard to tell in which direction the eye was most invited. But splendid as the architectural effects on shore were, and the great steamers afloat, and the outline of the hills, and the line of the bridge, and Scutari across the Bosphorus, and the great mosques, which, in monstrous piles of domes and minarets, seemed like masses of marble bubbles out of which shot up fountains of liquid stone, and dark plumes of the cypresses, and the great tower at Pera—it was made weird and bewildering by the profound silence. It was not yet midnight, the gayest hour in Paris and London, and yet the whole city slept. It seemed, indeed, an enchanted city. We almost wished we could turn our vessel back and take our way through Marmora to Greece without waiting for the disenchantment of the morning, when, whatever else we may see, we are sure to see so much ruin, filth, and detailed meanness, so much that will take back in particulars of offense all the delight this general view has given us.

April 6.

Constantinople by sunrise, seen from the ship's deck, is still exquisitely beautiful. The mosques, lying in great piles of stone, light, lofty, cumulous, seem to make a dozen or more great centres of attraction, and yet to combine their splendors in a common effect. How nobly these hills rise, clothed with houses and towers and minarets and domes! They seem left as Nature made them, not one foot cut down, or their great swells altered, so that the original sky-line of this splendid panorama of land and water remains in all its peerless beauty. Nothing but a month of sunshine could improve this view, by giving more greenness to the neighboring hills. For, great and teeming with a million people as Constantinople is, and built over, in great portions of it, like a wasp's nest, it has large areas, like the Seraglio and the Sultan's palace-grounds at the lower end, and many hill-sides, that seem a part of the bowl in which the city is placed, which are open, and a month later must be verdant. They give even now an uncrowded and liberal air to the place very unusual in Eastern towns—especially when seen in a general view from the noble tower of Galata, or from the opposite shore above Scutari.

I could not but be struck with a certain resemblance, amid many differences, in the situation of Constantinople and New York. The Bosphorus, eight miles long and a mile broad, is the East River of Constantinople. Its hills on either side, crowded with suburban villages and residences, are not unlike those about Hurl-gate, although much bolder. The Black Sea is a larger Sound. The Golden Horn is for a mile or two like our Hudson, only it divides the city into two parts—Stamboul, the Turkish city, where the Seraglio and the chief mosques are, on one side; and Pera and the European quarter, where the hotels and the modern improvements, including the Sultan's new palace and the palaces of many dig-

nitaries, are on the other. The Golden Horn runs up only a few miles, being really only a short arm of the Bosphorus ; but, while it lasts, it is as full and fine as the Hudson, and makes the chief harbor as well as the chief ornament of Constantinople. The city lies on the water on every side, its outer edge being on the Sea of Marmora, while the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus wash all other parts of it ; and yet, unlike Venice, there is no flatness nor want of bold and lofty heights. Indeed, the hills of Constantinople are so steep that the streets are, many of them, great flights of broad stairs. It is only recently that vehicles have been known here, or any thing like modern roads, and they are scarce now. One day's experience has taught us the difficulties of getting about except on horseback. The distances are too great to be made on foot, and the carriages, dreadfully dear, are both dangerous and comfortless. But standing in the streets are excellent horses, saddled and bridled, waiting for customers.

We found a most satisfactory view of the topography of the city from the tower of Galata. It is one of the largest and loftiest towers in Europe, and affords room, even to its top, for a great many people. We climbed its hundred and twenty-nine steps, and saw the rivers and quarters, mosques, hills, and streets of the city, with remains of its old walls and towers, laid at our feet. Scutari, with its great, gloomy, cypressed cemeteries, and its old hospitals, now converted into barracks, was on the opposite shore of the Bosphorus ; while the hills, which divide the city of Constantinople into so many distinct portions, were conspicuously distinguished, giving the city almost the appearance of a collection of towns, rather than of one town. In the afternoon, wishing to cross to Scutari, we got into a steam ferry-boat which takes up passengers from the middle of the floating-bridge, apparently to compel the use of the bridge, which, although connecting the Turkish

and European sides of the Golden Horn, exacts a toll of eight *paras* from each passenger. The only other bridge is also a toll-bridge. There is an immense stream of people always crossing both, and the tax must be a serious one. The old city, Stamboul, as the Turks call it, a corruption of "εἰς τὴν πόλιν," is on the southern side of the Golden Horn, where are the old serai, the chief mosques, the bazaars, and, indeed, all that is specially characteristic of the Turkish capital. Here, too, is the new War Office, with its splendid gateway, and the Séraskiérat, or lofty tower, from which fires in the city are discovered and announced in the day-time by hanging out balls of a certain color denoting the quarter, and at night by colored lights. Galata, the district on the northern side of the Golden Horn, of which Pera is the most European and modern part, was built by the Genoese when they settled here in the decline of the empire, and made, as it were, a commercial Hong, much as the English did at Canton. This part of the city, although it now contains a Turkish quarter, and possesses the new palace of the Sultan and most of the modern improvements, is much more European than Asiatic or Turkish. The hotels here are thoroughly Western, and are excellent, besides possessing from their tops magnificent views. All the foreign ministers live on this side. Their houses, especially the Russian ambassador's, are showy and ambitious, and the French and English are not far behind. Our own excellent and intelligent minister lives in the main street of Pera, in a thoroughly respectable house, and seems to possess as much influence as if he occupied a palace. The truth is, the moral influence of America is great all over Europe, and not small even in Egypt and Turkey. Being unembarrassed by the jealousies which affect all other great nations and their diplomatic representatives, its influence is direct and without abatement upon the governments it approaches.

Crossing the ferry, we found at least five hundred persons of all nations and conditions packed into the boat, as close as they could sit or stand. An after portion was screened off for women; and as it was a festival, they were dressed out in fresh "Great Byram" costumes, every woman in a different colored robe. In spite of their seclusion and veils, there was no trouble in seeing them or their faces. Their veils were of very transparent muslin, with a band round the forehead met in theory by a chin-piece in folds, which should cover all but the eyes. But the opening was generally left wide enough for a fine pair of eyes and a well-formed nose to show themselves, while the pallid delicacy of the Turkish woman's complexion, and her feeble mouth and chin, were not at all injuriously hid by her lace. These Turkish ladies—for here and elsewhere, especially in the bazaars, we saw hundreds or thousands of them, very different from the common women we had seen in Cairo and Damascus—were uniformly dressed with simple elegance, in apparently fresh outfits in honor of the chief Moslem festival—their Christmas, I suppose. They are draped rather than dressed, their gown being a loose flowing robe, over which a mantle still more loosely hangs, robe and mantle uniformly of the same color, and the color unmixed. The feet in walking showed very distinctly below the trowsers, and often the stockings were short like men's. French boots are creeping in, but the majority wore yellow slippers, setting close to the feet, with an overshoe, out of which they slip their feet on going into the mosque or house. We saw women in the Turkish mosques, not on the main floor, but down stairs, as well as up in the galleries. The colors worn are infinitely varied in shade, and, I think, clearer than we see in Europe. The stuffs were fine merino cloths, or silk and satin. There was an appearance of perfect neatness about most of the women. They were, as a

rule, undeniably handsome in features, but with a certain tendency to corpulency. Their hands and feet were small and delicate, although they do not seem to value smallness of foot. I heard a very unromantic critic say their complexions reminded him too uniformly of cold boiled chicken to be agreeable. There certainly is an almost deathly paleness, which indicates want of blood and health. I recollect no color in any Turkish cheek, man or woman. I suspect the Turkish *cuisine* is one of sops and sweetmeats. The most conspicuous things on sale in the restaurants are great sheets of *blanc-mange*, which is eaten with milk and sugar, or with a sirup of a molasses color, or a mess of honey and flour, making a kind of preserve, in appearance just like our frozen pudding. Then nuts and raisins are prodigiously popular. Chops, substantial soups, joints, any thing on which a Westerner could support nature, one never sees in a Turkish bazaar. Living on cereals, fruits, and a light diet, the Turkish women show it in a livid complexion, which is evidently the *mode*. Some ladies in our party charged paint and powder upon them, but I did not see it. Their eyes are usually brown; their hair hid beneath their graceful head-gear. I saw positively no very plain women; but there seemed to me an extraordinary resemblance among them, which, perhaps, was only due to the fact that the points in which they differed from Europeans and agreed together, were to a stranger's eye more emphatic than the private marks by which face differed from face. I saw no grace in their motions; and nothing like elegance of figure. Indeed, figure is out of the question in such bundles of drapery. There was also a great listlessness and vacancy in their faces. They are said to be shockingly ignorant, helpless, and vapid.

With such mothers, wives, sisters, what is the hope for boys, brothers, men? On the other hand, there was little

bad taste, no display of jewelry, and nothing meretricious or immodest in deportment. One might blush more for the street appearance of many Western women, in their gaudy bonnets and showy dresses. All the ugliness, shocking taste, and kaleidoscopic coloring in Constantinople seemed reserved for the children, girls and boys, or for the vests of the commoner class of men. The children were without form and void—their clown-like dresses hanging in baggy folds about them, victims of some shocking notion of what became their years. The bazaars are full of stuffs (all from Belgium, Germany, France, and England), evidently made with infinite pains for the Eastern markets—pattern, colors, and fabrics most skillfully Oriental, and adapted to deceive every buyer. Here are Persian, Indian, Turkish goods, all made in Western Europe; nor is there any fabric so *bizarre*, peculiarly Oriental, or local in its appearance, that it is not better and more cheaply made in Belgium or Germany. Nine-tenths of all the things travelers buy as curiosities in the Turkish bazaars are made in their own countries. and very likely often in their own towns.

SCUTARI.

But I have quite forgotten that I started in the ferry for Scutari, and have not yet got over the Bosphorus. It seems about a mile wide, and has quite elevated shores. Scutari is a town of perhaps 50,000 people. The so-called tower of Leander occupies a small island, very near the Asiatic shore. The town rises in an amphitheatre of hills. On the side toward the sea is the immense quadrangular hospital erected by the English and French, the scene of Florence Nightingale's heroism and organizing skill. It is now used as barracks. The chief cemeteries of Constantinople are in Scutari. One of them, said to be three miles long, is covered

with great cypresses and laid out neatly in walks, along which the crowded grave-stones of the Turks, made of marble, the lettering gilded and commonly running in slanting lines, produce about the same disagreeable effect as the stones huddled together in "Pere la Chaise." Everywhere in Turkey the grave-stones of men are crowned with turbans of infinitely varied shape; the women's usually end in a carved flower. The soil of Scutari is held sacred, as the Ottoman dynasty was set up on this ground. Mahomet's horse was buried here, and the tombs of various saints are pointed out. We took some wretched one-horse carriages, which were so low that we had to take off our hats to ride in them, and so shackly that it was like being tossed in a stone-blanket to rattle over the ill-laid stones that lead out of the gates to the macadamized road, built in the late war, I suppose, by the French. These carriages were like broken-down carriages of state, flowery and gilded, but rusty and dirty. They were drawn, however, by strong horses, and we mounted with expedition to the top of Mount Boulgourlou, where a magnificent view awaited us of the whole course of the Bosphorus, seemingly about eight miles long, and crowded on both sides with populous villages and country-seats, steamers and ships, and all the signs of an active commerce.

THE BLACK SEA.

The opening of the Black Sea was plainly to be seen; but the fortresses that guard it were not visible, nor the numerous commercial fleet that usually lies just outside that end of the Bosphorus. Sixty vessels were counted there yesterday by a gentleman who sailed up the channel. This fleet and the fleet we saw in the Dardanelles were all laden with wheat. The tax upon its passage (8 *per cent. ad valorem*, I think) must be one of the chief supports of the empire. On the

southern side, the beautiful islands, four in number, each smaller than the last, known as Prince's Islands, run up toward the Gulf of Nicomedia. It is near the head of this gulf that Nicæa lies, where the famous general council of Nice was held in 787. Among its particular errors, its metaphysical creed being the chief, it re-established the worship of images, which, under Leo III., had been put down—an act of heroism which led, by indirection, to the assumption of temporal power by the popes.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople, with its crown of mosques, sat on its seven hills, the queen of cities, below us. Oh ! what a glorious site for the capital of the world it is ! In an age of steam, all the difficulties connected with the navigation of its narrow Bosphorus disappear, and here, with the beautiful and deep Sea of Marmora for its outer harbor, its southern fortifications 120 miles off at the Dardanelles, with the Black Sea and its hundred ports, and its enormous wheat-producing shores pouring all their rich products past its gates, it sits, in a mild climate, on the fairest hills that ever bore up a great capital, waiting for Asia and Africa and Europe to make it the wealthiest mart in the world. Who can wonder at its past history, or that Constantine should have wished to move the capital of the Roman Empire hither? And what a centre of tremendous events and gigantic names is here beheld ! Here Alaric poured the Visigoths down upon the unformed empire of Honorius. Here Justinian gave splendor, by his world-renowned code, to the best days of the lower empire. Here Belisarius sailed into Africa and Italy, at the very time that Justinian was building the present St. Sophia (533). Upon this very shore of Scutari, the Persians sat for ten years threatening the capital, after having torn Syria, Palestine, and

Egypt from the empire. Here Tartars, slaves, Croats, and Turks, made their unfamiliar footsteps first known in Europe, and called out the first Crusade, which passed through Constantinople, 1097, and got false oaths out of Alexis—forgotten as soon as he was relieved of their presence; and here, by similar treachery, was prepared the defeat of the second Crusade by the growing power of the Turks. Here, a century later (1202), old Dandolo and Baldwin conquered the city, and led to the dismemberment of the empire. Here, in Asia Minor, the Ottomans in the 14th century laid the foundation of the empire which is now extended so far into Europe. Here the illustrious and fatal names of Bajazet and Tamerlane lead, a half-century later, to the recollections of Mahomet II., who, in 1453, entered the Christian city of Constantinople, and in an hour changed it into the capital of the Moslem religion. Going straight to St. Sophia, he rode into the cathedral, to discover priests and holy women clinging to the altar for a protection they did not find. The door miraculously opened in the wall, through which the only priest who escaped passed, is still pointed out. The head of the brazen serpent, image of the classic idolatry which the prophet hated, and which Mahomet II. hacked off with his sword, is shown in the armory, which now derisively profanes the beautiful Church of St. Irene, where the cross, unobliterated on the ceiling of the choir, looks calmly down on the guns and swords and pistols and knives that deform the walls of the still admirably preserved church.

LXIII.

THE EARLY TURKS.

April 6.

THE Turks coming from the roots of the Altai Mountains, unknown to history earlier than 830, and then confined to the obscure province of Turkestan, where they afterward became first an inconsiderable ally of the Caliphs of Bagdad, and then displaced them, founded here on the Asiatic side in 1288 the Ottoman Empire. Gallipoli was the first foothold they got in Europe; Adrianople their first capital. Their history for six centuries is too well known—the wholesale murders by Sultans of their brothers and even their children; their persecution of Christians and Jews, the fanaticism of the Crescent; their wars with Hungary, Austria, the Venetians; and the repeated attempts of Russia, France, and England to repress the power of Turkey, until the two last powers found themselves at length her allies before the watery gates of Sebastopol. What a history of our religion, of the dangers and rebuffs, the hard victories and slow success of modern civilization, is not stamped on this great, semi-barbarous city, where Europe and Asia stand facing each other; where the past and the present are still contending; where Eastern magnificence still trails its tawdry robe, with the dusty foot of Western impatience already upon it; where superstition and fatalism still oppose an obstinate though passive resistance to the clear light of Divine revelation and modern demonstrations of science and experience; and death and life are linked in an unnatural union!

STAMBOUL, April 7.

We spent to-day in using the firman procured by our landlord (of the excellent, cleanly, and not extravagant Hotel de Byzance), from the authorities, for visiting the Seraglio or old palace of the Sultan, St. Sophia, and the finer mosques, etc. We were a large party, and paid fifteen francs apiece, which, all things considered, was not dear, as it included all manner of backsheesh, boat-hire, and guidance. This money is evidently shared by the guides with the petty officials, who, as they are said to be a year and a half out of their government pay, must need every penny they can squeeze out of strangers. We first took boats and went over the Golden Horn (merely to save the fatigue of a long walk over the bridge and round to the palace) and were landed at the foot of the grounds. They are somewhat rudely kept. The old dwelling was burnt down a couple of years ago, but there is a great collection of state buildings, and the situation of this point is not surpassed by that of any royal dwelling in Europe. A small summer palace, very beautifully furnished in thorough modern style, still serves as an occasional retreat for the Sultan. It looks over the Sea of Marmora and down on the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, and must for ages have been the seat of great luxury, and of all that has been most characteristic in the palace-life of the Sultan. Below it is shown a sort of gate leading to the Bosphorus, through which superfluous wives or subjects of his Majesty may well be thought to have passed on their way to the quiet depths of that smotherer of Sultanic jealousies and anxieties. While the old palace built by Mahomet II. stood, it was of late years devoted to the old Sultanas, the wives of the last monarch. There are still standing many of the old walls. Perhaps the most interesting antiquity in the extensive enclosure is the granite pillar of Theodosius, smaller than, but not unlike Pompey's

Pillar at Alexandria. The genius of irregularity which marks every thing Eastern (in strange contrast with the tendency to stability) is in full sway in the Seraglio. There is neither plan, proportion, nor convenience in any part of it; nothing but some elegance in details, some love of beauty shown in sites and prospects, some scattered magnificence. The Oriental tent is reproduced in the everlasting and monotonous dome, which covers a mosque or a kitchen, a palace or a pigeon-house, with impartial readiness. Windows must always tend to be balconies, otherwise her easy ladyship—who, not knowing how, or not caring to read, must have a good look-out—would be wholly without employment. For the rest, abundance of shade, plenty of running water, places for singing-birds, lounges for idleness in view of the cool sea or the bright Bosphorus, soft Smyrna carpets, Broussa silk hangings, French mirrors and plate glass—so clear that my friend I —— tried to walk through the single-paned windows, and bumped his head seriously—this makes up the old palace. When one visits the museum of wax figures near by, which is a worthy attempt to preserve the national costumes, which, I suppose, for four centuries did not materially change, one can very readily people this palace with its old population. As is shown in this collection, every officer and functionary from the Grand Vizier down to the cook's scullion had his own peculiar costume, especially his own turban. The colors, forms, materials, sizes of these head-dresses furnish almost the only proof of versatility the Turk has given. They are, in a few cases, heavy as pack-saddles. It is clear that the Turk has greatly lightened his head, and as he has now less in it, so has less outside it than in past days. By the way, there was greatly less of gewgaw and superfluity in these dresses than I had expected. They were flowing and handsome, but with nothing of the splendor or folly of the French,

Spanish, or English costumes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. There were no women represented, but a group of the Sultan's valets all looked so much like women, both in complexion, features, and style, that nobody would have suspected them to be young men. We passed through the Bab-Humaioun, or "August Gate," a marble gateway of no great pretensions, but on the sides of which are driven in the wall cross-rings, from which were hung the heads of decapitated pachas in the days of Mahomet II. and his ferocious successors. Just opposite stands the beautiful fountain of Achmed II. It is of white marble, once beautifully gilded, but now worn and rusty. The details are exquisite in the marble and iron-work. The general model was doubtless a Chinese pagoda. Out of this smaller square opens a very large one, containing the Mint, the old Church of St. Irene, the big Buttonwood of the Janizaries (they call it plane-tree here). It is larger than any tree out of California I have ever seen. Out of this square we passed into the throne-room of the Sultan, where, upon a square divan in the corner, the canopy of which rested on silver posts inlaid with jewels, his majesty was accustomed to hear the addresses of the ambassadors who approached the sieve-worked blinds through which, though seen by him, they could not see, and humbly breathed their petitions and praises. There was less gorgeousness in this small apartment than we looked for. Just out of this, in the open way, the Sultan, High-priest, and Pope of Islam as he is, sacrifices the Paschal Lamb on the Moslem Good Friday, and then enters the great court, where canopies are erected for the high officers, who, in place of kissing hands, kiss a long ribbon which is attached to the person of his holiness, and trails down the avenue !

ST. SOPHIA.

The Sublime Porte, or old gate, so long giving its name to the Ottoman Court, has nothing striking about it. A new university, built in modern style, ought to have a great deal that is good about it, to requite for hiding St. Sophia from the view of those approaching the city from the Sea of Marmora.

Leaving the Seraglio (which does not mean harem, but palace), we soon reached the corner gate which leads into the small court of St. Sophia, which is not the name of a sainted person, but of the Divine Wisdom. Having dreamed since childhood of the glories of this wonder of the world, I confess it was with an intense dread of disappointment, accompanied by a lively expectation of it, that I groped through the brazen doors that it takes a dozen men to move on their hinges, and entering the dark but stupendous aisle, which is cut off by hangings from the square nave, pressed forward into the main edifice. A single glance banished my fears, and gave me a thrill of almost unexampled delight, as I looked up to the vast dome and around upon the columnless area of the mosque, and took in at one view the exquisite unity, the glorious simplicity, the sublime grandeur of the building, where lightness and solidity, grace and grandeur are wondrously joined. The soft splendor of the gilded ceiling, with the tone of the yellowish walls, created a color just suited to the style, while the curves of the dome and arches, uncrossed by horizontal lines, seem to keep the line of beauty continually in sight. The building is as harmonious in effect as an echo which repeats itself in decaying sounds.

The church is a parallelogram of 262 feet long and 195 broad. The dome rises on four magnificent arches, springing from vast piers at four corners. It is 114 feet in diameter, and smaller domes lengthen the nave. The main dome

is 224 feet high from floor to ceiling. Out of the main square open recesses, which are ornamented with beautiful columns, claiming to come from the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus ; from the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec ; from the Temple of Minerva, at Delos, and from those of Isis and Osiris, in Egypt. Wherever they came from, they are very beautiful, and belong to no recognized order of architecture. The Gallery of Women is the most beautiful of these recesses, resting upon 67 columns.

The mosaic on the gold ground of the ceiling is in fine preservation, although the figures have evidently been erased. Four great cherubim have had their faces shaded with wings, but are otherwise perfect. The grandeur of the building is not seriously affected, even by four immense circles of cheap wood, each covered with an Arabic legend, and of very modern and feeble aspect, and all hanging in most conspicuous positions. In spite of the attempts to wipe the signs of its Christian origin out, they escape in many ways ; the Greek cross shining out of architectural lines and ornaments in a way that could not be effaced without destroying the edifice. The grand altar is all gone, and a wretched "mihrab," placed askew to give it the true direction of Mecca, occupies its place, although a few feet to the right of the centre of the proper altar. The Turkey carpet on the floor is woven specially for it, and its slanting lines are all conformed to the mihrab, so that it seriously injures the architecture, making the church look longer on one side than the other. One of Mahomet's prayer-carpets hangs on the wall. The usual pulpit, the Sultan's special elevated seat, with the ordinary accessories of the mosque, are found on a finer scale than in any other mosque I have visited. The view from the galleries—for a long time the only part accessible to Christians —though often said to be a favorable, and even the best

view, I found in every way inferior to the view from the floor. I put my finger into the sweating-stone, which is supposed to have the holy power of curing blindness. It is worn quite away with use. We were so hurried by the official, who was anxious to get us out before the time of prayer, that I could only take a most superficial view of the charms of this wonderful building in the half-hour allowed us. I felt that I could have spent my whole three days in St. Sophia alone, and given up every thing else except the view of the city as we sailed in and out of the Golden Horn. The view I had of the mosque I can never forget, and I doubt if any edifice in the world produces at once an impression of beauty and grandeur that lasts as long, and so increases with every look. I can say little of the exterior. It is so covered up and patched and bolstered, that it has now small architectural pretensions, except in its great outlines, which are best seen from a distance.

The Mosques of Achmed and of Soliman, like the other great mosques in Constantinople, are slavish imitations, externally and internally, of St. Sophia—having much of its grandeur of form, especially externally, but in every case so inferior internally, either in having their circular lines crossed with horizontal ones, or else from want of its rich coloring, that they can not possibly be spoken of in comparison. The Mosque of Achmed is indeed in design grand, but it is spoiled by its bare, whitewashed walls. Soliman, the Magnificent, is modern in its decorations, and comparatively crude and gewgawish. But they have grand courts and glorious minarets—Achmed *six*, which is true only of the mosque at Mecca, two being the usual number, and St. Sophia having only four.

But whatever may be said of the monotonous form of the mosque and minarets, when considered in detail or closely

examined, nothing can exceed the beauty of their united effect when seen from any central or distant view. The stupendous piles then seem almost like parts of some common system—like the forts around Paris, for instance—and I am sure that the several Sultans who have erected them in different ages, have had a view to filling the sky-line around Constantinople with successive groups of cupolas and minarets—a chain of holy encampments of the Prophet's faith. The general effect surpasses every thing in Christendom. It is as if a dozen St. Peter's crowned the several highest points of Rome.

We visited many chapels or small mosques, containing the sarcophagi of Sultans and their wives and children. They are all alike. The marble coffins, huge, and covered with the beautiful Arabic characters, in golden letters uniformly, with raised right-angular top, were always placed at a slant with the sides of the room—as if to orient them toward Mecca. Shawls, said to be worth £1500 each, certainly the most delicate cashmeres I ever saw, were hanging upon the coffins, four or five over each of some of the more recent ones. A star of diamonds was on the last Sultan's. A garden with cypresses is found around each of these sepulchral mosques. There are dead enough buried within the walls of Constantinople to endanger the health of all the living.

STAMBOUL.

The day we left (6 P.M., April 8), we rode some twelve or fifteen miles on horseback, about the old city of Stamboul, through the Greek quarter, where we saw the Patriarch's wooden palace and the Metropolitan Church, very much in the shade—all the beauty it has being inside; the houses of the Greek merchants, very commonly of wood also, the Jewish quarter, as usual very dirty, but abounding in most

picturesque Jews, Spanish chiefly, and the windows full of gay women and children, it being a holiday. The inside of old Stamboul is, I suspect, very much better than the outside. There are almost no signs of private magnificence except on the Bosphorus and over the river, where we saw what might be called palaces, belonging to American merchants and Greeks. We rode by the old walls for a mile or two—first inside and then out; and famous they are in venerableness and in the traces of great solidity, strong they were with towers and palaces—now all decayed. Even the palace of Belisarius claims to be well marked, and is a sturdy ruin now. We made our way out to the Sweet Waters, and were only five minutes too late to see the Sultan, who, with a considerable suite of horsemen ashore and of boatmen afloat, had just left his gilded caique and gone into a pretty summer-house where he sometimes breakfasts.

A half-mile beyond we came to his palace, or usual May residence, near the head of the two rivers that form a stream not unlike that at Harlem, and, indeed, crossed by much such a bridge. It is a European structure of costliness, but only of moderate size, with a private mosque attached. Following round over the hill—very steep and crooked—we made our way five miles back to Pera, catching views of the Sultan's new palace on the Bosphorus. It is a vast edifice, low and mean, considering its costliness, being composed of an endless number of inconsiderable members, which have only a feeble unity given to them by a main central structure, which languishes on both sides into blocks of essentially disconnected houses. The Sultan is erecting here a monstrous bird-cage, half as large as our old Crystal Palace! He lives very much by himself, and cultivates dogs, birds, and other trifles; borrows money apparently when he can, on any terms, and without any thought of pay-day; is always in want of

cash, does not pay his civil list, and is in a terribly poor way. He has built barracks, and military schools, and cavalry-stables, and war-offices, in humble imitation of France, not to speak of palaces and mosques, until his finances are the worst part of his symptoms. What is to become of his empire nobody seems to know; but that something disastrous is about to happen every body appears to believe. How a nation so torpid as the Turks have become, so little disposed to European life, so conceited and obstinate—nay, so devout and sincerely satisfied with their own faith—can survive contact with the West, I can not imagine.

Yet really, after all, what business has the Turk in Europe any longer? In that part of the empire which is west of the Bosphorus there are fifteen millions of his subjects, of whom, some say thirteen, others eleven millions, are Christians. Two or three millions of Turks and Moslems govern at present all the rest, who, meanwhile, not only have the intelligence, but the enterprise and the wealth of the nation in their hands. Can this last forever? Can it last a great while? Really, it seems as if the only reason why it lasted at all is that the Christians are too much in love with money-making, and content to be ruled if only they may have the monopoly of trade! The Greeks, especially, have a general name for quickness, versatility, aptness to learn, and for business, especially commerce. But they have not as good a name, Christians though they be, for integrity, veracity, and frankness, as the Turk himself, who, lazy and conceited as he is, slow to learn, and dull at that, is proud, sticks to his word, and disdains to cheat. He loves and practices his religion, too, and despises Christians for neglecting theirs. He is really almost too good a fellow to be blotted out; but he belongs to such a social system and such a faith that I see not how we can save him.

I ought to say a word about the hamals or porters of Constantinople, who were our hourly wonder. Bending almost double under burdens that only horses carry in other countries, full barrels, a half-dozen inch planks, a trunk of a tree two feet thick and eight long, a piece of stone containing several cubic feet, an iron cooking-stove, three or four bushels of shell-fish, two trunks at a time—these were common things to see them bearing on their backs for a mile at a time.

The boats or caiques of Constantinople are as famous as Venetian gondolas, and even more graceful, though much less safe. They glide with extraordinary swiftness over the waves, the voyager sitting very still in the bottom, sure not to upset if he is perfectly quiet and the boatman perfectly sober and very fortunate! They are much used, but seemed to me as risky as they were captivating in looks and motions.

The bazaars of Constantinople are truly wonderful in their extent and contents. Substantial covered galleries of stone lighted from above, they protect from sun and rain, and are comfortable places for shopping or business in all weathers. The shops are full of goods of the most beautiful textures and the gayest colors; but they are European goods made for the Eastern market. I could not but recall the days of my childhood, when, in a New England village, we boys used to gather about the village silversmith's to wonder over the plated ornaments made to barter away for furs with the Northwestern savages. So at Birmingham, Brussels, and Saxony, one might see the very goods, with their gay and highly fanciful patterns, designed for this market, and wonder what people could array themselves in such fabrics and colors. I noticed American clothes-pins and a few other Yankee notions, besides great quantities of petroleum, in the bazaars.

LXIV.

GREECE.

ATHENS, April 11, 1868.

THE Greek Revolution which, by aid of the three powers, rescued the country from the Turks, who had held possession of it for two hundred years, began in 1821. The people were heartily inclined to radical republican institutions, and elected a Congress, the President of which was, for the time being, the head of the country. Count Capo d'Istria, a native of Corfu, who had been many years in Russia, and had been minister of that empire, was finally called home by the votes of the people, and made President of the Greek republic. He was a man of great talents, and high and noble qualities, far more Greek, as it proved, in his sympathies than was expected by other powers, who supposed that he would bring Russian predilections with him, and rule with the habits and tastes of an aristocratic breeding. He turned out the simplest and most democratic of rulers, and offended many of the resident diplomats by his disregard of etiquette. He was advancing the country rapidly on its republican career, when he was assassinated by two Greeks for some grievance personal to themselves—not, however, as was believed, without some encouragement from the ministers of Russia and France, who were jealous of the democratic tendencies of Greece under his patriotic administration. His bust, the only piece of statuary I saw in the Palace Garden at Athens, is full of intellectual dignity and moral beauty, and leaves the

conviction that, had he lived, the political fortunes of Greece might have been very different. At his death England, France, and Russia, the three "protecting" powers of Greece, made up their minds that she must fall into the monarchical system of Europe and have a king, and finally settled upon Otho, son of King Louis, of Bavaria, who in his character of poet, artist, and king had been greatly interested in the fortunes of Greece, and had proved himself her friend and patron. Otho was crowned in 1833. He brought with him his high Bavarian notions of prerogative, and, by the aid of advisers and ministers supple to his will, so managed as, under the form of a responsible ministry and a free House of Representatives, to have his own way, and to neutralize essentially the democratic elements in the government. He is represented as having been a heavy, slow, and unteachable person, of excellent private character, a friend of good morals, and a promoter of the good order and social development of the country, but wholly out of sympathy with the aspirations of the people, and hopelessly set in his Bavarian prejudices. It may be observed here, though out of place, that after Otho's deposition in 1860 the people were invited to express, by a popular vote, their wishes among three candidates, Prince Alfred of England, a Russian prince, and a French one. England, erroneously supposing that Russian partialities prevailed, proposed to the other powers that no candidate from either of the three protecting nations should be accepted by them. Russia, with cautious policy, postponed her answer to this proposition till after the election, and then accepted it. Meanwhile the popular vote, by an overwhelming majority, had decided in favor of the English prince! England, who had said nothing limiting the time of Russia's reply, was technically obliged to abide her decision, and Prince Alfred accordingly declined the crown.

Otho's wife (an Oldenburg princess) was also a worthy person, who maintained a pure court, but who had a great ambition, and was not above intrigue, in favor of one of her own family, for the succession to the throne ; for they had no children.

DEPOSITION OF OTHO.

Otho had come in under the promise of granting a constitution to the Greeks. He postponed the performance of his promise until, in 1843, the soldiers and citizens gathered in the square before his palace and extorted a liberal constitution from him. He gave it, but continued by a cautious policy to neutralize his grant until, in 1860, the people, wearied out by delay and disappointment, took advantage of his absence on a tour in the Peloponnesus to assemble and depose him. He was met, on his return to the Piræus, by a committee of citizens, who told him he was no longer king, and could not come back to Athens. He accepted the hospitality of an English ship of war in the harbor, and was carried off to Trieste. He died in Munich this last June, and when I passed through that city the people had just celebrated his funeral. His deposition could not have been effected had not the rank and file of the army been against him. Fortunately, the army of Greece is served by three-years' men, who enter it citizens, and return to citizen life when they leave it. The school system of Greece is so good, and the aptitude for learning so remarkable, that probably the country is only second to Massachusetts in the smallness of the percentage of those who can not read or write. The press, therefore, is widely influential in Greece. There is such a thing as public opinion there, and that opinion is essentially democratic. If the officers of the army had been able to have their way, Otho, who was personally respected, and

had a strong party in the country among place-holders and lovers of a stable government, would have been able to resist the revolution. As it was, the rank and file of the army were with the great body of the citizens, and he was helplessly deposed without the loss of a drop of blood.

KING GEORGE.

Had the country then been allowed to have its own way, it would have re-established its republican government upon the model of American institutions. But the three powers had intervened with their protective kindness, and insisted that Greece could not get on without a king, and a king she must have. Greece, wholly unable to resist their will, felt about for another monarch, and after much difficulty fixed upon Prince George of Denmark, as being as little likely to do harm as any one. He was then a boy of seventeen, of fair promise, and agreeable to England and Russia. His sister had married the Prince of Wales. His two brothers, the Crown-prince and his successor, had both in turn married the Russian Princess Dagmar, one on his death-bed, the other soon after his brother's death. George was crowned when not eighteen, in 1864, and married only a few months ago a young princess, daughter of Duke Constantine, of Russia, not yet seventeen years old. It is impossible yet to say what qualities these young creatures may develop. They are said to be simple in their tastes. He is a Protestant; she a warm devotee of the Greek Church. He has brought his court-preacher with him, and maintains a Protestant chapel in the palace. She attends the Greek Church, and he accompanies her sometimes. He brought a Count —— with him from Denmark, who, for the first two or three years of his reign, had the chief sway in the ministry. His policy was not popular, and the king was reluctantly obliged to ac-

cept his resignation. The ministry is now composed wholly of Greeks, and has a respectable old gentleman at its head who enjoys the confidence of the country. There is no order of nobility, no titles or hereditary distinctions, no law of primogeniture. The taxes are upon the products of the country (a very bad system); the revenue from all sources is about $6,000,000.

When the Turks were driven out, that portion of the country from which they were expelled became public property; and when by treaty they left the other portions of the country north of the isthmus, they sold their lands to the Government, so that half of all the land in Greece belongs to the nation. It was understood at the time that those lands were to be divided among the people, as some restitution for the losses they had suffered in the war for freedom; but from difficulty in arranging the scheme, this act of justice has been handed over unperformed from ministry to ministry, and remains the chief thorn in every new cabinet. The government can not sell, and does not distribute these lands. They are let at low prices, and the whole agricultural life of the nation is kept in a depressed and miserable condition by this policy. If they would only in any way get these lands into the protected ownership of private parties, there would be good hope of a rapid development of the farming interest of Greece—the best progress it could make. The Turks cut down every olive-tree in the Peloponnesus before they left; but what they meant as a curse has turned out a great blessing, as the roots have spread and shot up in new trees, tenfold more and better than the old stock. Would that as much could be said for other kinds of trees in Greece. It is almost wholly stripped of forests, and presents on most of its mountain-sides a bare and desolate appearance, such as could never have called forth the passionate admiration which

in classic times peopled it with dryads and nymphs. Its fountains and streams have dried up for want of shade, and its soil has withered and blown off for lack of grass, the child of moisture. The Ilissus runs feebly in a stony bed, although the fountain of Callirhoe shows, by its worn channel, how deep and powerful a stream once flowed over its flinty rocks. It was full all the year round when Hymettus, covered with forests, grew flowers for its myriad hives, and, with its hoarded snows and ever-fed springs, kept the short but all-important river full of clear sweet water at all seasons. Cephisus, which has a far longer course, and draws tribute from a much broader water-shed, is still a respectable brook, but does not justify its prodigious reputation among the ancient Greeks. If ever the day comes when the mountains of Greece are replanted with forests, we shall see the country clothed in the enchanting robes which its elegant outline invites, and which made it such a delight to the poets and orators of its great and glorious age.

ATHENS.

The educational interests of Greece seem to have flourished under all the governments since the ignorant Turk left the country. It has an excellent system of common schools, conducted on the Lancastrian method; gymnasia answering to our inferior colleges; and a university with fifty professors and tutors and a thousand students, which is an honor to the land. Its library is rapidly growing, and museums and institutions of art and science are springing up in Athens; a Polytechnic School, an Archæological Society, and numerous private schools for young ladies, which promise to restore to Athens, in a few years, something of its old elegance and culture. Considering that it is only a little over thirty years since the town was burnt, first by the Turks and then by the

Greeks, Athens presents a wonderful appearance of growth and prosperity. This is not due to its commerce, which is small, and does not crowd even the pretty little harbor of the Piræus; but to the fact that it is the chosen retreat of rich Greeks and lovers of Greece from other nations, who come here to spend the money made elsewhere, and who are rapidly filling Athens with excellent and tasteful dwellings. Then, although King Otho destroyed the municipal liberties of Athens, he or his Government brought from Bavaria a capital system of street improvements and expended a great deal of money in embellishing the roads, in laying down good sidewalks, in creating a fine circuit of Boulevards, and in giving an air of Western civilization to the public architecture which has inspired private persons with an unusual disposition to build tastefully and handsomely. Athens is full of fine streets and squares, which will be fine; of smooth roads, macadamized and lighted, and of excellent public buildings and handsome private houses—some, indeed, quite elegant and costly. Entering it from the east—from the cities of Egypt, Syria, and Turkey—it seems the worthy gateway of European civilization. Its cleanliness, order, and shapeliness; the comparative width and smoothness of its streets; the air of freshness and brightness in its homes; the evidences of a presiding taste and a government aiming at the public convenience and welfare; all fill one with a charming satisfaction, and make one long to rest, after the fatigues and discouragements of a tour in Turkish provinces, on this threshold of European and Christian civilization. Syra, on the island of that name, six hours' sail eastward on the route to Smyrna, a city quite as large as Athens, say fifty thousand people, is the real centre of Greek commerce. Its fine harbor, central to the Levantine cities—to Alexandria, Jaffa, Beyrout, Smyrna, Constantinople, Salonica, and Athens—makes it the natural dé-

pôt of trade. The Greek merchants settled in London, Liverpool, Havre, Paris, Marseilles, and other European centres of commerce (and all the chief merchants of Greece live out of the country), make Syra the entrepôt of their commerce, and send lines of steamers to their agents there. The town has grown into a beautiful and flourishing city, and can not fail to increase in wealth and importance. These Greek merchants are as patriotic as if they lived in Greece, and it is their wealth and devotion that builds up the country. They are always signalizing their patriotism by gifts, founding institutions and erecting monuments in honor of their country. The day will come, let us trust, when they will live at home, and send their agents abroad, for Greece needs the home and direct influence of every noble child it has.

FUTURE OF GREECE.

I have seen all over the Mediterranean proof of the wonderful talents of the Greeks for commerce, finance, and whatever else calls for acuteness, persistency, and prudence. They are clearly the natural owners and occupiers of the Mediterranean, and I do not wonder that they cherish hopes of being again some day its masters. That their empire is consolidating is evident. Europeans may smile at their Philhellenic dreams, at their hopes of one day possessing the city of Constantine, rebuilding the Greek Empire, and ruling it from the Bosphorus; but when one reflects that already in the cities and ports of the Black Sea, in Constantinople itself, and in the chief places of Asia Minor, as well as in Turkey in Europe, the Greeks have the leading intelligence, the banking power, wealth and aspiration, and are even in a vast numerical excess, it does not seem quite preposterous, considering the difficulties of the Eastern question, that they may come in for a chance of being the people most profited

and most aggrandized in territory and power by its future settlement. They think (I mean some of the most intelligent and prescient) that the political power in Turkey is wholly indifferent to the Moslem faith, and uses it only as an engine of policy. They believe that the Sultan and his Government would readily change their religion at any moment when their interests allowed it and become Christian, and that this would at once take away from Europe any apology for supplanting the Sultan's rule. Should he become Christian, some Greeks say they would unite with him and accept him as their ruler, believing that in such a case the Greek influence, now latent and depressed, would at once rise to the top and predominate, and that a great Greek empire would be established on its ancient Byzantine foundations. Certainly, among the many proposed solutions of the Eastern question, this deserves mention, if only for its novelty. Another theory, now often broached, though not popular in Greece, is that Austria would be the safest power to which the Mediterranean could be yielded; that the losses which she has suffered of late require that she should be re-enforced to keep up the balance in Europe, and that Constantinople would be placed in her hands with less jealousy from other great powers, than in those of France or Russia. But this seems less probable even than the other hypothesis.

LXV.

THE GREEK CHURCH AND PEOPLE.

ATHENS, April 11.

THE Greek Church, which is the established church in Greece, has all the ordinary displays of ignorance and formality, and makes all the frivolous and petty appeals to the senses, here in Athens, which mark it elsewhere, so far as my experience of it goes. The two days we are passing here are *fête* days, being the 10th and 11th of April. We arrived on Good Friday, and leave Easter morning. Processions carrying a flowery bier surrounded with burning tapers, and followed by crowds, each person with a lighted candle, patrolled the principal streets last evening; the churches were all day crowded; the streets full of people dressed in their best buying Paschal lambs, of which hundreds, carried alive by the fore-feet, are bartered in the streets, every family killing a lamb in honor of Easter; bread made in the form of the Greek cross, with red Easter eggs baked in the crust, is hanging by strings in most of the shops; while crosses of flowers, full of gilding and paint, are on sale in equal profusion.

EASTER AT ATHENS.

At half-past eleven o'clock Easter eve we repaired, with thousands of the people of Athens, to the square in front of the new cathedral, to witness the ceremonies which occur, at midnight in honor of Christ's resurrection. The cathedral is a handsome building in the Byzantine style, built of red

and white brick in courses, and ornamented, within and without, with columns and pilasters in Pentelican marble, with richly-wrought capitals. It is said to have cost a half-million of dollars, and is creditable to the taste and the religious zeal of the people. Indeed, the ecclesiastical structures of Athens, both old and new, exceeded our expectations. Seven small Byzantine churches, dating from the eighth century, still stand, small and low, and looking more like ornamental martin boxes than like temples of worship, but bearing examination both within and without for their meritorious plan and their fine details. Several substantial and ambitious modern churches show that the Greeks have not lost their confidence in or affection for their faith. Of all these, the cathedral is far the richest; indeed, like most Greek churches, it is overdone with gilding and polychrome in the interior.

At a few minutes before midnight a company of two hundred soldiers, with a band of music, filed into the square, and surrounded the small platform erected in the middle with double ranks. We had secured places on the steps of this platform, partly because accompanied by ladies, and partly by declaring ourselves Americans—a name which seems to carry much respect and gratitude among the people. At five minutes before twelve, the metropolitan—an uninteresting and unclerical-looking official, spite of his gray beard, his elaborate and showy robes, and his round, pope-like mitre, set with brilliants and shining with gold—came from the church, accompanied by a dozen bishops, priests, and altar-boys, and took his place before a movable altar on the platform. The gilded crosses and images, portraits of saints and insignia of office, were carried before him. On the platform were a few privileged individuals, officers in uniform, citizens in plain dress, and interesting looking Greek ladies in festive costume. Every one carried an unlighted candle in the hand.

Around the platform, outside the soldiers, a great crowd of the people stood, decorously enough, waiting the service. Five minutes past twelve the *cortégé* of the king, his household and ministers, and the diplomatic corps, with some army and navy officers in full dress, drove up in carriages of state opposite the church door, and immediately dismounted and ascended the platform, where they had evidently been anxiously waited for. The king was dressed in military uniform, wearing a star on his breast and a blue ribbon across his shoulders. He was accompanied by his brother, the Crown-prince of Denmark, dressed almost exactly like himself. The king is of a slight figure and delicate proportions, with a light mustache, and has an air of tranquillity and self-possession, without any thing distinguished in his face or mien. He paid a respectful though not an earnest attention to the service, which, on the platform, was short and unimpressive. Some prayers were mumbled, some chants droned, many crossings made, and some holy water sprinkled. There was little spiritual preoccupation apparent in the manners or faces of the clergy. Indeed, the whole had so much the air of a form which carried its virtue wholly in its external doing, that nobody appeared to feel the necessity of adding any solemnity of feeling or manner to it. At a certain stage the metropolitan left the altar, and approached the king and bowed to him, and crossed and sprinkled him. Shortly after, and without my hearing the declaration, "Christ is risen," people began to light their candles from matches carried in their pockets or from each other's tapers. There was no sudden outburst of joy, no taking up of the bishop's declaration, as I had hoped, and flinging it with jubilant ejaculations from mouth to mouth, up to heaven and round to all the world—there was not even a sudden burst of light. But, without enthusiasm, and by unimpressive degrees, the crowd

gradually got its candles lighted, and then a fine illumination kindled the face of the cathedral and the great congregation, while Bengola lights, and rockets from the neighboring streets and squares, gave emphasis to the public recognition of the Saviour's resurrection. The ecclesiastical procession then left the platform, followed by the king and his suite, and entered the church, where a service of an hour concluded the ceremonies. The crowd, however, quickly dispersed, for Lent was now over, and the feast of lambs was waiting. To many Greeks meat is a rare indulgence at all seasons, and in Lent they are strict fasters. Some, it is said, eat meat only at this special feast. By 12½ A.M. most of us Americans were at home, but enough Greeks were abroad discharging crackers, firing guns, and ringing bells to make sleep a very difficult undertaking for the rest of the night.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

I could not but compare very unfavorably the slovenliness, coldness, and ineffectiveness of this ceremonial with the ritual of the Roman Church in its beautiful temples on its great festivals. There can be no dispute that the illiterate, coarse, and tasteless character of the Greek clergy (of course there are many exceptions) neutralizes any advantage their Church may have in doctrine or discipline, and leaves the Latin Church greatly its superior, with all its miserable errors and superstitions.

The Hellenic Church is now governed by a Sacred Synod, of which the Metropolitan of Athens is President. It is independent, since 1833, of the Patriarch of Constantinople. It has eleven archbishops, and twenty-four episcopal sees. The State supports the bishops, but the rest of the clergy are dependent on the voluntary gifts of the people, and on the sale of prayers and the fees for ceremonies. They dress

shabbily and live meanly, and appear to be worthy of little more than they receive. To read and write is a sufficient literary qualification for the priesthood. The people have practically some choice in their priest, who is generally granted to their petitions. It might be hoped that the public education of the people, and especially the influence of the gymnasia and university, would supply annually a considerable body of instructed young men for the Church, who could not fail to raise its character. But, alas! the influence of learning upon those who have been brought up in these dark superstitions is not thus far to make enlightened Christians, but only rank infidels. It is the rarest thing for any graduate of the Athens University to go into the Greek Church. It seems to be beyond hope of any reform in Greece, and to be fast becoming merely the church of the ignorant and the weak.

THE GREEK LANGUAGE.

The Greek language in modern use is far more like ancient Greek than the Italian is like Latin. It has undergone much forgetfulness and some serious changes; but there is a steady effort making by the press and the educated portion of the people to revive and purify at least the written language of the country. They have an immense store-house in their classical literature from which to draw terms suited to modern ideas and improvements, without borrowing from modern tongues; and by combinations they succeed in expressing such novelties as railroads, steam-vessels, telegraphs, without violating the genius of their own language. It is inexpressibly interesting to find the names and signs and advertisements and theatre-bills of Athens printed in the old classic letters, and essentially in Greek intelligible to those who can read Homer and Xenophon, Herodotus and Thucydides. The

newspapers, of which at least thirty are published at Athens, are in fair Greek, requiring very little skill to read. I have a dozen in my hand-bag, containing references to English and American news, which I prize among my chief curiosities.

GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS.

Notwithstanding the excellence of the roads in and immediately about Athens, beyond a circle of a few miles there is no such a thing as a public road in Greece, and of course there can be no development of commerce, no inducement to agriculture, no safety in rural districts, no homes out of the towns. The Greeks, in their natural poverty, want of capital, and constitutional disrelish for field labors, seem driven to the sea as their only highway. They have thirty thousand sailors and two millions of tuns of shipping, but with an area of eight millions of acres of arable land, not a sixth part of it is under cultivation. What remains of their forests, in their higher mountain districts, they burn in the most reckless way, to secure new browse for their flocks. They bring their ship-timber from foreign coasts. They do not raise beef, because pasture is so scarce, but content themselves with sheep and goats. They have a few factories of silk and wool, but exhibit no taste nor enterprise for manufactures. Out of a few towns like Athens, Syra, Nauplia, Patras, Missolonghi, their homes are rude, unfurnished, and inconceivably comfortless; men, women, children, dogs, sheep, goats, pigs often herding in a common sty—for their rude huts deserve no better name. They are charged by competent observers with being very filthy, careless, and indifferent to economic advantages, while none deny any portion of them marked intelligence, avidity for literary instruction, or cleverness for what they choose to turn their hands to. They have a good character for chastity, but a very bad one for truth, and they are said to be as

idle as they are apt to learn. There is a curious contradiction in their character which perhaps their pride of race and country may partly explain. They are so satisfied with what Greece has done and been, that they love their name and country, independent of what it now is, and respect themselves, independently of what they are. Proud of their ruins, they have no taste for the fine arts, and produce neither painters, sculptors, nor architects. They love freedom, nationality, their language and independence supremely; they will fight forever for their liberties, and unselfishly give their lives for their country; but, with many honorable exceptions, chiefly among those who do not live at home, they will not submit to the drudgery, the painstaking imitation of European customs, and slow and well-considered methods, by which alone their country can be restored, their soil recovered, their homes improved, their finances reinstated, and their mechanic arts and agricultural industry renewed. They import twice as much as they export, and are always running deeper in debt.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND DRESS.

I can not say that the Greeks are a handsomer race than the Syrians. The Orientals—and Greece is more Oriental than Western, in habits and in blood—are all handsome, and one notices in all parts of the Orient men of beautiful frames, and women of fine features. Perhaps the Greeks, from a greater delicacy of limb and a freedom from all tendency to obesity, are more erect and noble in carriage. Certainly, I observe a kind of classical face and figure among them which excites my admiration; oftenest in the poorest attire. The national costume is very Scotch in its general effect; the plaited white shirt of the men, short, and hanging in threefold thickness like a woman's skirts, producing the effect of the kilt, which is helped out by long gaiters, above which, indeed,

bare knees do not appear, but very often red, close-fitting breeches. Above this comes an open vest, of a fancy color, a bare neck, a short heavy cloak, and a tarboosh. They are a sort of breed betwixt the Naples lazzaroni and the Turkish muleteers, so far as their dress goes. But in the towns national dresses are fast disappearing, and giving way to the ordinary European costumes—an excellent move, in which political economy will save ten times over what art loses in picturesque effects.

THE ACROPOLIS.

I have spent all these pages on modern Greece, because there is nothing for so unskilled an archæologist as I am to say about the ruins of ancient Athens which has not been said a thousand times before, and a hundred times better. Still, I should be unfaithful to my own little circle of indulgent readers if I did not tell them simply and succinctly what I saw in my short stay of the Acropolis, and the few well-marked ruins of this most famous city in all the world.

Landing at the Piræus, one of the ancient ports of Athens, before sunrise, I drove with strangely-excited curiosity over the five miles of macadamized road that leads to the city, eagerly looking upon the mountains around to find Hymettus and Pentelicus, and crossing with tender surprise the shrunken beds of Cephysus and Ilissus, but hungry above all things to fasten my eyes upon the Acropolis, the centre of Attic and Grecian impulse and glory! The sun rose just as we came in view of the famous island of rock that rises abruptly and squarely in the very midst of the wide plain of Attica, and set it in fine outline before us. It was even more commanding, in its central isolation and complete sovereignty of the town, than I had anticipated. The modern city seemed on every hand to wash its feet, while it stood over

it, as if the abode of gods and not of men, lifting its temples —glorious in ruins—in as much supremacy as ever above all the ordinary and temporal concerns of men. The sight of the hill, the object of such wondrous pride, worship, and inspiration, the scene of such triumphs of art and policy, of such sacrifices of faith and patriotism, associated with such memories as Pericles and Phidias, and filled with the fragrance of Minerva's name and praise, was enough, even from the plain below, to make me feel fully rewarded for my pilgrimage! As soon as breakfast was over at our hotel—which surprised us by its European comfort and cleanliness, and its Western bread and butter—we took carriages (for we had a hard day's work before us) and drove first to the Acropolis—which is accessible on its eastern side to carriages, and for this reason could never have been a very strong position, although it looks from the other three sides wholly impregnable. The Acropolis was originably all of Athens, citadel and town in one. It covers a lozenge-shaped rock, squared partially at the surface, of about one thousand feet long and four hundred broad, and about four hundred feet high from the sea-level. The old walls of Cimon and Themistocles are still traceable in parts of the foundations, which rest upon the native rock, and complete its sheer ascent, although on these foundations the work of Turks and moderns rises obtrusively. A hideous square tower, built in the Middle Ages, is the loftiest and most conspicuous object on the Acropolis. Shaken by earthquakes, bombarded by Turks and Venetians, burnt with fire and smitten with lightnings, crumbling with age and robbed by successive generations, the temples of the Acropolis still preserve enough of their outlines, their relative positions and their sculptures, to give the imagination a not difficult task in conceiving the general effect they produced in their perfection. To those who have seen Egyptian

or Syrian ruins, the Acropolis is not startling, for the magnitude of its stones, the splendor of its columns, or the extent of its ruins. It is the elegance, purity, and grace of proportions, style, and finish, which give the charm to these temples, to which is to be added their elevated and isolated position and their grouping in a common effect. Entering by the Propeileum—in its day the chief pride of Athens, and through the five doors of whose porch, climbed by a grand flight of stairs, along the middle of which an inclined plane, grooved for the feet of horses, admitted chariots to ascend to the temple—we followed the footsteps of Pericles, Themistocles, Alcibiades, and Demosthenes, as we crept over the fallen beams of marble, and among the ruins of splendid Pentelican columns, to catch a nearer view of the Parthenon. With that wonderful attention to artistic effect which marks the Greek genius, the approach to the Parthenon is not by a perpendicular path, but at an angle, so that the front and side, with their two rows of columns, strike the eye at the first glance. It is not necessary to describe buildings of which models exist in every museum, and of which verbal pictures can give so imperfect an idea. But there are certain effects felt on the spot which neither models nor drawings produce. The wonderful unity of the Parthenon; the subordination of all the parts to the general result; the elegance, and yet the unobtrusiveness of the details; the amount of labor expended in perfecting what attracts no attention, but gives a jewel-like finish to the whole—such as the joints of the steps, and the courses of the columns, where the lapidary's delicacy is exhibited on the mason's scale—it being almost impossible to detect the line of juncture in some cases—these are things to be seen in order to be really appreciated. It is plain, too, on the ground that the sculptures, elaborate and effective as they were, were never emphatic and staring ornaments. They,

like the capitals of the columns, were subordinate to the general effect of the wonderful lines which, in balanced order, so satisfied the eye, that it refused to loose its hold upon the whole for the sake of any of the parts. No doubt color was freely and boldly used on and within the Parthenon—to bring out the members and lines of the buildings, and to aid light and shade in their magic labor. Whatever our modern prejudices may be in favor of leaving stone, and especially marble, in its native coldness and brilliancy, the Greeks did not share them. They probably covered marble in such a way as to leave it clear what the material was, and doubtless allowed its purity and splendor of color to appear in shaded parts of the building or the statue. But no one living in the dark, damp climates of the North can form any conception of the ordinary clearness, transparency, and brilliancy of the Greek climate and atmosphere, nor of the necessity of toning the intolerable splendor of marble with color that would not dazzle, while it cooled and contented vision. Seen, too, at the distance from which these temples were ordinarily viewed from below in the Agora, the Pnyx, or the theatres and the Stadium, nothing could exceed the loveliness which color must have given to these airy castles, homes of gods and goddesses, which hung in rainbow colors near the clouds, and made the Acropolis as much a part of heaven as of earth.

Within the Parthenon stood the master-piece of Phidias, the gold and ivory statue of Minerva, thirty-nine feet high, and built with such consummate knowledge and skill that the pieced ivory seemed a solid mass, and the golden drapery could be put off and on. This wonder of sculptural skill, the imitations of which in all later works so disappoint us that we half refuse to believe in its triumphant majesty and beauty, had too unanimous a testimony in its favor from the refined

Greeks to allow our degenerate taste to question its perfection. But it will take another Phidias to set us right—silenced but unconvinced till then.

The Erectheum, which stands on the northern side, is distinguished by exquisiteness of details in what little remains of its doorways and cornices, its capitals and pedestals. The variety and delicacy of the ornamental work may be studied in perfect freshness upon fragments which time and ruin have spared with a fondness that is almost miraculous in its success. One sees, here and elsewhere, how great a school, and how vast a source of all that is elegant and refined in the architecture of the last two thousand years Athens has been. Indeed, the greatness and universality of her influence over modern architecture is one of the causes of our failure to fully appreciate the originality of her own example. Greek temples have furnished the models of so many public buildings, churches, banks, and palaces, that we meet only familiar forms when we first see the Parthenon and the Theseum, and are disposed to cheapen them, as if they were the offspring and peers, not the parents, of all their successors. One portion of the Erechtheum, the Cecropian Sepulchre, a small chapel, if one may so call it, which is added to the edifice, is likely to strike the ordinary visitor more than the main temple, because its roof rests on six statues, virgins, each clothed in a different drapery, and presents an original and distinct character, amid the otherwise simple forms that prevail on the Acropolis.

The little temple of "Wingless Victory," which is beautifully placed on one side of the stairway that leads to the Propyleum, was long buried and in ruins, but has been raised on its original foundations, with its own fallen stones and pillars, and is now nearly perfect in its effect. It is small and simple, but graceful and elegant, and singularly perfect.

LXVI.

ANTIQUITIES OF ATHENS.

ATHENS, April 12.

THE view from the Acropolis is in every direction full of interest. Below it, just in front, toward the sea, is Mars' Hill; a little further on the Pnyx, and still further toward the southwest the Museum; a hill crowned with a conspicuous monument to Philopappus. The lines of the three walls, anciently called "the legs," that stretch down to the ports of the Piræus five miles to the south, are indistinctly traceable. These walls, two of them nearly parallel, and not perhaps thirty rods apart, a third running so as to enclose Munychiæ or Phalerum (for it is disputed which), enabled the Athenians to command their harbors and maintain communication with their allies and supplies, when closely besieged by more powerful enemies. Within their walls, and with their harbors open, they were more than a match for Sparta, and they lost their city only when their pride tempted them to leave their fortifications and go into the open field. Off to the right runs the Via Sacra, through the pass of Daphne, to Eleusis, named from the advent of Ceres, who, with Proserpine, was worshiped there in those famous mysteries which were the originals of all the sacred rites that since then have played under the various freemasonries of all nations such an important part in the social life of men. The temple of Ceres was the largest in Greece, and was built by Ictinus, architect of the Parthenon. From Eleusis, every

fourth year, moved up to the Acropolis the great religious procession which Phidias has immortalized upon the frieze of the Parthenon. The island of Salamis, in full view from the Acropolis, shuts up the beautiful bay of Eleusis, leaving those narrow straits in which Themistocles, with his three hundred galleys, routed the two thousand ships of Xerxes, chiefly because the narrowness of the pass, like Thermopylæ itself, made all the Persians' overwhelming force useless so long as a bold and offensive position was maintained by the Athenians. A survey of the ground explains very fully the glorious victory of Salamis, due less to Athenian valor than to the courage of Themistocles himself. Ægina, the old rival of Athens, and styled by Pericles "the eye-sore of the Piræus," shows her magnificent hill, Oros, only a dozen miles to the south-east. At the north-west rises Mount Parnes; on the north-east, Pentelicus, whose famous quarries glisten in the setting sun; on the south-east, Mount Hymettus, naked and rocky, but still furnishing her honey, to the excellence of which I can personally testify.

MOUNT LYCABETUS.

There is nothing, however, so conspicuous in the plain of Athens as Mount Lycabetus, and it is even a better place than the Acropolis from which to survey the whole territory. It is a rocky height of perhaps seven hundred feet, set over against the Acropolis, and balancing it, much as do the two hills in the city of Sion in the valley of the Rhone. We climbed this sharp hill, and found, from the little chapel of St. George on the summit, the same view, considerably enlarged, which we had enjoyed from the Acropolis, with the great advantage of having the Acropolis in our prospect. From either of these eminences may be seen the chief ruins of Athens, the temple of Theseus, the temple of Jupiter Olym-

pus, of which fifteen magnificent columns still stand, out of the one hundred and twenty-four which originally surrounded the *cella.* Of the Corinthian order, this glorious temple, begun even before the Parthenon, was not finished until 650 years afterward, by Hadrian, when the worship of Jupiter had really lost its hold upon Greeks or Romans, and the temple served rather as a public ornament than a work of necessary piety and worship. As it was the last to be finished, so it was among the first to be destroyed. Its vast size (three hundred and fifty-four feet long and one hundred and seventy-one broad) prevented it from being turned into a church—a fortune which saved so many of the other Athenian temples, including most of those on the Acropolis—and it was taken down piece by piece to supply building materials to the stupid, tasteless successors of those who with such cost and pains had erected it. One fallen column, whose stones lie in the order in which they originally stood, separated, but still contiguous, gives a most impressive idea of the majestic proportions of those which are still standing. There are no columns in the Roman Forum as striking as these at Athens. The Arch of Hadrian, near by, is pleasing, but not worthy of its neighborhood.

THE THEATRES.

We first looked down from the Acropolis upon the Odeum of Herodes or Regilla, the musical theatre of Athens, which was large enough to contain six thousand people under its cedar roof, resting on walls of brick and limestone. You could toss a biscuit into it from the south wall of the Acropolis. The Dionysiac theatre lies a little east of the Odeum, directly under the south wall of the Acropolis, whose precipice supports the amphitheatre, which the builder scooped out of earth and rock to supply Athens with a large enough

place to hold the admirers of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides.

The slope from the summit to the orchestra is about three hundred feet long. The benches, not very luxurious, rise in stone, tier above tier. The front row is of marble, with arms, and each chair is marked with its owner's name or office, as, for instance, "the Priest of Minerva." The theatre may have had an awning, but there is no evidence of any covering, which must have detracted somewhat from the comfort of the thirty thousand people who sometimes assembled in it. There are still fine sculptures of suitable figures to be seen in the orchestra.

THE STADIUM.

From the theatres it is not far to the Panathenaic Stadium, a hill rising from the Ilyssus in a semicircular form, which was artificially seated and lengthened out into a race-course. It was capable of seating forty thousand spectators. Nothing is now left of its Pentetic marble seats; but its shape is very definitely traceable, and its position undisputed. The ancient Pnyx, or place of popular assembly, where the great orators of Athens addressed the people, is an artificial platform, "shaped like a bow with the string partly drawn." It is for Athens strangely simple and primitive, as if whatever art had been applied had been directed only to eke out nature's work, without sophisticating it. There is a strength and almost savageness in the Cyclopean wall which supports the lower side, made of stones hewed from the upper part of the ground, where seats cut in the natural rock are still found. The bema, or tribune, from which Demosthenes must have thundered, is a square projection of the native rock, about ten feet high and eleven broad—the noblest pulpit I ever stood upon. Here Pericles, Themistocles, Alcibiades, Aristides,

Solon doubtless stood and harangued the people; above all, Demosthenes:

> "Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
> Wielded at will that fierce democracie,
> Shook the arsenal, and fulmined over Greece
> To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

THE AREOPAGUS.

Just above the Pnyx is the Areopagus, the great and awful seat of justice, which got its name from the mythical trial of Mars, the first trial that took place upon it. It is separated from the Acropolis by a hollow of a few rods in extent. Sixteen steps cut in the rock lead to the summit. Here a stone bench, excavated from the solid rock, makes what is supposed to have been the seat of the judges. The court sat in the open air, and within sight of the cave of Apollo and Pan and the sanctuary of the Erinnyes, or Furies, whom Æschylus paints with snakes in their hair. It is easy to recall some of the famous criminals whose trial has proceeded on this spot, half mythical, half historical—from Mars, Cephalus, and Dædalus to Orestes; but all of them are blotted out in the recollection of Paul's presence and immortal eloquence, forever associated with this place. Here that earnest soul, pregnant with a new civilization and spiritual life, confronted with his vast moral superiority the proud temples that represented the glories of a faith that had hardly yet recognized its own decay. The judges of that august tribunal, appointed for life from the great families of Athens, assembled only at night, and blinded themselves to the face of the accused that he might have unprejudiced justice. Paul spoke from an inward illumination that needed not night to give it solemnity, nor blindness to secure it impartiality, when he judged the city below him "wholly given to idolatry," and "the temples made with hands" empty of the true Divinity.

Beautiful as the marble shrines were, looking down upon him from the Acropolis, Paul had in his eye a fairer temple still in the lovely plain, fringed with its clear-cut mountains, and ending in the glistening waters of the resplendent isles of the Saronic Gulf; in the pure sky that hangs nowhere so lovingly over the earth, that nowhere seems so near it; and well might he say, as he gave back the consecration which idolatry had taken from nature to misappropriate it to statues and temples, "God, that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands;" and as he looked upon suppliants carrying their votive or other offerings to the dumb divinities of the Parthenon and the Erechtheum, well might he add: "Neither is worshiped at men's hands, as though He needed any thing, seeing He giveth to all life and breath and all things." And where more fitly than in Attica, where every little district then in his view, and every island, had been the home of a jealous, hostile, and murderous strife for the favor of the gods; where Helots had borne for ages the curse of the Spartan yoke, and Ægean and Athenian had hated each other as only the rivals of small states can—where else could Paul have said with superior emphasis and fitness: "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation?"

OTHER PLACES.

Near the foot of the Museum Hill are three caves in the rock, in which the visitor is invited to behold the prison of Socrates; but there seems no authority for the tradition, which is very modern. Of the Stoa of Hadrian, with its seven columns still remaining, I need say nothing. The "Tower of the Winds," which dates before the Christian era, was the

town clock and weather-gage of the Athenians of that age. Its eight sides fronted accurately the eight points into which they divided their compass. Vitruvius says that a bronze Triton, turning with the wind, crowned the edifice; symbolical figures of the gods of the winds are sculptured on the frieze of the octagon, which is of white marble, and about forty feet high.

The little monument to Lysicrates of the choregic class—of which Athens contains several, erected in honor of those who carried off prizes in the Odeum—furnished the original of one in St. Cloud. It is a round drum (erected on a square pedestal), enriched with six engaged columns, with the oldest Corinthian capitals known, and ending in a sculptured frieze, crowned with a "*fleuron.*" Though small—about thirteen feet square (the pedestal), and the whole only thirty-two feet high—it is a very graceful and satisfying object, which one can see has had many copies in many eras, and is worthy of imitation.

THE FOUNTAIN OF CALLIRHOE.

The fountain of Callirhoe is a grotto of rock, dripping, when the Ilyssus is dry, with water from its own sources, and, when the Ilyssus is swollen, lost in the volume of that brook, which has hewed a deep channel directly over it. In ancient times it furnished the best water in Athens, and that which was exclusively used in sacred ceremonies. Now, we found bare-legged Athenian crones washing their rags in the stream, and children singing carelessly as they paddled in the water, which tasted sweet, although it is said to have lost its ancient purity, and to have become saline—a fact not evident to the senses of any of our party. A wretched Greek shrine is obtruded in one corner of the grotto. A fine bridge of stone over the Ilyssus, now a feeble brook,

shows that it commands respect at certain seasons, when its ancient rage returns. The snows now on Hymettus might at any moment of rain or brilliant sunshine make the Illyssus a roaring torrent; but the fury would not outlast a day.

THE TEMPLE OF THESEUS.

The temple of Theseus is doubtless the best preserved of all the pure Doric temples in Greece or Italy. It is about a hundred feet long, forty broad, and thirty-two high, having thirteen columns on each side, and six on each front, with a frieze of triglyphs and two metopes for each inter-columniation; a cornice simply ornamented. A sculptured frieze adorned the two fronts, of which the statues are gone, but fragments of sculptures, representing the combats of the Centaurs and Lapithæ, are found on the frieze of the sides. The proportions of this building are so exquisite that we have only to rejoice that its walls and columns have escaped overthrow by the earthquakes which have shaken it, without lamenting too much the loss of so much of its sculpture. It would be marvellous if it had survived all the attacks of Turks and Christians; one defacing the building to make a Christian church of it, the other kept only by special firman, extorted from the Sultan, from destroying it altogether, in their double character of haters of heathen idolatries and Christian faith. In this temple may be seen to great advantage the wonderful effect produced by the Greek architects through a minute study of the laws of vision. This enabled them to offset the disproportions created in long, straight lines and perfect levels by the natural defects of the eye, by means of a system of curves and deflections artfully adopted, both in the swell of what were meant to look like plain and level surfaces, and in the leaning of lines which were designed to appear straight. This has been adopted in all the finest Greek temples, and

turns out to be the secret of an effect which merely imitating their general proportions failed to reproduce. It was not observed until Penrose noticed it twenty years ago. It is a curious proof of the subtlety and exquisite painstaking of the Greek genius, worthy of a nation that polished its poetry to such musical perfection, and whose orators minted their words like fresh coins.

MOUNT PARNASSUS.

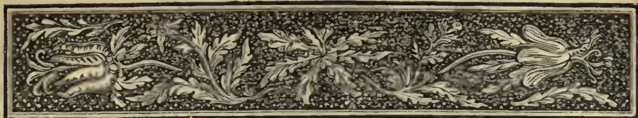
We had only two days in Athens, not counting one we spent at the Piræus waiting for the Greek steamer, and it was impossible to hearken to the longing to visit places only a few miles off, with whose glory literature resounds, and all because Greek roads out of Athens may be said not to exist, and all distances are reckoned not by miles, but by hours. To see Marathon, which lies five-and-twenty miles north-west of Athens, is two days' journey on horseback. Platæa lies just the other side of Mount Cithæron, about as far to the north-east; Cheronea, thirty miles beyond, in the same general direction. Mount Parnassus, with the seat of the greatest of Greek oracles, at Delphi, we passed under clouds, in our passage through the Gulf of Corinth, a few days after. Small as Greece is, it is more difficult to pass through its famous scenes than to see all the great capitals of Europe. Brigands, unbridged streams, houseless plains and shadeless mountains, malaria and fever, make it nearly impassable for any but vigorous and fearless travellers who enjoy roughing it, with a spice of peril, and who have abundant time, money, and a choice of seasons.

THE DEPARTURE.

We took a little Greek steamer on Monday morning, April 13, at 6 A.M., and in four hours of delightful sailing in the

Gulf of Ægina, passing Salamis and Megara, and seeing Cenchrea, where Paul shaved his head in fulfillment of a vow (a practice quite common among Mussulmans, who are shaved in the mosques), we reached Kalimaki (ancient Schænus), on the southern side of the Isthmus of Corinth, and there found carriages waiting to take us on an excellent macadamized road five miles over to Lutraki (the ancient Thermæ). We were escorted by a small detachment of cavalry to guard the mails, and found the road watched and protected by at least fifty soldiers, within hailing distance of each other—a sad commentary on the state of Greece. The late queen's diamonds were stolen on this route a few years ago, although escorted by a guard of forty soldiers. The official who had charge of them, after surrendering to a superior force to save his life, begged for an escort to Corinth to protect him from any other banditti who might be lying in wait for the same diamonds, and who he feared might kill him, in the rage of their disappointment! We got over without disaster. We were then in view of the old citadel of Corinth—where seven pillars are the sole representatives of the most luxurious, splendid, and corrupt city of its days; where Paul dwelt for many months, and to whose people he directed those priceless Epistles. The Acropolis of Corinth has a position equal to that of Athens, and the two citadels are said to be visible from each other, but I did not see Corinth from Athens. We embarked in the Greek steamer "Seven Isles" at 11 A.M., for Corfu, by way of Patras, Zante, Cephalonia, and other ports in the Ionian Isles. There is an elegance about all the scenery of these coasts of Greece which I have never seen equaled. They are bare of trees and even of shrubs, inhospitable and neglected, but the infinite delicacy of the sharp lines in which their ever-shifting sky and coast break upon the eye, fascinates and subdues the spirit. The spell of his-

toric associations and the music of names that breathe and burn is not necessary to the enchantment. Light, playing in its varied tones, morning, noon, and evening upon this land, which seems to belong as much to sky and water as to earth, so that Neptune and Minerva, in their contest for its worship, should have called in Apollo as an equal claimant—light is the magician that flings an ever-shifting veil of beauty over this region, beloved of the sea, and where the mountains and the isles are all enchanted. No wonder sculpture attained its perfection here. Greece is a model and statue in itself. Naked as one of its own athletes, it flings its unclad arms aloft in its sinewy mountains, and bathes its bare feet in the bluest and most translucent seas. There is such purity and chasteness in its scenery that only sculpture can be suggested by it. It is certainly doubtful whether painting ever attained perfection here. We passed Lepanto and the narrow head of the Gulf of Corinth, which our captain was too prudent to pass in the fog, and so laid up near by till the moon rose. We had Greeks aboard, and Germans, and other intelligent travelers; and we needed them, for our *cuisine* was poor, and our boat dirty and crowded with chance travelers, and made very slow progress, not over a hundred miles in twenty-four hours. The conversation was as general as the want of a common language would allow; our German friends beginning their sentences in French, then breaking into Italian, with an occasional aside in Portuguese (they lived in Brazil), and often ending them in modern Greek or German!



LXVII.

FROM ATHENS TO CORFU.

Aboard the IONA, April 14.

THE prospects of Greece and the Eastern question were the all-absorbing themes of our ship talk. We had a Greek lady aboard from Patras. She had a man's force of character, with a woman's patience; almost a man's voice, with a feminine appearance. She was much outraged by About's book about her country, which is less known in America than his book on the Roman question, but which is as extravagant as it is witty, and as wanting in tenderness and sympathy as it is overflowing with satire, and bristling with facts and antitheses. She was not enthusiastic about the prospects of Greece; her countrymen she said were all politicians, when a truer patriotism would make them farmers and manufacturers. They had too much quicksilver in their composition; they thought and talked too much, and worked too little. They were not fit for the liberty they were so craving of. It would take fifty years to bring them up to the pitch which they blindly thought they had already reached. She thought a republic wholly unfitted to them, although they were all dreaming of America. Really I could not see much difference between her self-judgments and Mr. About's criticisms. They both seemed to me superficial. Greece would find a republican form of government far more rigorous and restrictive than a monarchy like her own. That is the constant mistake which is made

abroad. Liberty is supposed to be a feeble governor ; which is the same error in politics so long repeated in religion. The conscience, left to its own authority, has proved to be the severest moral ruler—most binding when least bound. Law made by the free and pliant will of the whole people, choosing their own governors and administrators, is nearly universal in its application, and finds a policeman in every citizen. The law is every just man's friend, and even the unjust find their interest in maintaining it. I believe the Americans the most law-abiding people in the world, and the most self-restrained by justice and interest, and I am sure there is no fallacy more dangerous or more destructive than that which continually postpones liberty to education and economical development. My belief is that false and oppressive governments only perpetuate the sloth, ignorance, and childhood of nations, and that just and equal laws, administered with the consent of the governed, more certainly than any others develop order, industry, and wealth. Greece was most promising under her republican form of government, and has not advanced under her monarchical system, but rather in spite of it, if at all. She has well-developed schools. She has intelligence, public life, a free press, an intense interest in politics—all that is usually thought essential to the preparation for freedom ; but these have not created order, wealth, or true political life. Indeed, she is another striking proof that intelligence and popular education do not suffice to make free citizens. Why not, then, allow her liberty, and see what effect that will have upon her character and social and political life? But what hinders her? Is she not independent? Ah! as far from it as possible. She is the puppet of France and England, who by turn let out and pull in the rope, now enthusiastic for her independence, and now fearful that she will really accomplish

it. Released from Turkish bondage by their intervention, Greece is obliged to pay them the price of their benefaction, and govern herself according to their wishes. And Turkey, her old enemy, is steadily upheld by French and English policy, lest Russia should get possession of the Dardanelles. This shuts Greece up in about a third of its natural limits, leaving Albania, Thessaly, Macedonia, necessary to make her a country of self-supporting territory, in the hands of Turkey. She would conquer this territory, left to herself, for Greeks already occupy it, but she has none of the rights of nations who may do what is necessary for their own self-preservation. The Eastern question holds Greece in a vise, of which England and France are the two jaws and Russia the screw. Can one wonder that in this helpless situation, her political genius runs all to words and her freedom to brigandage and revolution? There is no encouragement to industry, material development, or political life in such a strange and abnormal condition, and the wonder is that her enthusiastic desire for freedom survives. At present there seems little hope that poor Greece can be let alone. The Eastern question, to be candid, is too urgent and too critical, and involves the civilized world too deeply, to allow the interests of Greece a claim on the attention of the great powers which would override their duty in respect of the guardianship of the Dardanelles. It is for the interest of the world that the Bosphorus should be in the hands of a feeble power like Turkey, rather than of a mighty one like Russia, which is the only power that may possibly seize it. If Greece and Russia were allowed to become allies, they would make quick work of Turkey and of Constantinople. But what would become of the Mediterranean, and of England's path to India and France's path to Algeria; and what of Egypt and Syria, with such a power as Russia dominant in the Levant? Greece

must therefore be held in pupilage until some solution is found to the Eastern question. Meanwhile, let those who class her with Mexico and South American States have the justice to remember that it is not so much her faults as other people's necessities that keep her in her present condition.

Our Greek lady said she remembered the Turkish rule in Greece, and that her father always dressed her like a boy in the fustanella, to conceal her sex and save her from insult.

We stopped at Patras, which was a candidate for the capital of Greece. It is now the chief seat of the currant trade, the life of the Ionian Isles—at least of Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and a considerable portion of the Morea. The Zante currants are a small kind of stoneless grape, which transplanted even as far north as Corfu, acquire stones and become true grapes. The neighborhood sends about twenty-five thousand tons to market, and they are worth about $75 per ton, so that the trade is quite an important one. Of this, twenty thousand tons go from Patras. Zante, formerly the chief seat of this commerce, is a beautiful town in situation, but has lost ground, and is superseded by Patras. Cephalonia is approached by a narrow and winding channel, but has a very attractive bay. We had a gentleman from Ithaca aboard, but he could not give us very fresh tidings of Ulysses! We passed the little island, entering Corfu, which is fabled to have been his ship, turned to rock and rooted in the sea for some offense against Neptune; but although the region and sea all around seems echoing the names of Penelope, Telemachus, Calypso, we could only see that gods and goddesses, heroes and graces could find no fairer abodes than these celestial islands, and poets no inspiration greater than the charms of these seas and headlands, bays and islets.

CORFU, April 15.

The English, who, after fifty-two years' possession, four years ago next May hauled down the British flag and sailed out of this harbor, must have felt that they were leaving the most paradisiacal spot in all England's wide domain when they freely deserted or resigned to Greece what they had won bravely, maintained generously, improved and embellished lavishly, and ruled only with justice and mercy—this fairest of the fairest isles in the Mediterranean. The castle and citadel, on the two points of the rock at the western side of the entrance to the harbor, are ideally beautiful in situation. The harbor is surrounded by lovely mountains, the main one, with a square line, terminating in such artificial gables at both ends that it looks like a monstrous fortification, dwarfing the great fortifications of Corfu itself, on which it looks from the north side of the inner bay. The town is hid from view on the channel side, and partially even from the harbor by its fine walls. But as you drive into the square, where the governor's house stands, you see almost Parisian houses, forming a long and impressive row, five and six stories high, and lending a very modern and attractive character to the esplanade and handsome grounds which, from the eastern side, command enchanting views of the Albanian mountains and the indented coast. A ride down to the "one-gun battery," and a walk through the king's grounds, who has a small palace two miles out of town, filled us with pleasure. We found admirable roads everywhere on the island in this neighborhood, and a thousand proofs of the excellent influence of English power and capital. The garrison, usually five thousand men, spent anually £200,000 in Corfu, which must have half supported the place. Population and enterprise have of course fallen off since they left. But it is to be hoped that something better has come. At any rate Greece has gained

a valuable accession; but Corfu feels the taxes which are rightfully laid upon her. She should know that liberty and nationality are worth their price. So fair a clime should have noble citizens. The Greek faith has two hundred churches in this island—seventy-two miles in circuit, and with about seventy-five thousand people in it! I fear that this formal, superstitious faith is one of the chief curses of Greece. If she were Protestant, every thing might be hoped for her and for these islands. Why are not missionaries as zealous to break down this horrid Greek superstition as to uproot Roman Catholicism, which is a far less poisonous plant?

I do not wonder that Lord Byron sang "the Isles of Greece" in his sweetest strains, or that Homer loved and praised them in yet more immortal strains. They are fairer than any poet can tell, and seem not so much common land and sea, as some finer substance than rock and earth, washed by something more lustrous and gem-like than waves and foam. The air is not the common breath of space, nor the light the common light of day. There is added something so tender, illusive, and poetical that moonlight does not do for Swiss lakes or English lanes or American rivers more than the sun is ever doing for these rocky coasts and visionary mountains and enticing bays and ravishing promontories. One dreams here in broad daylight, and finds it a delight simply to live, breathe, and gaze.

It is like early June here in Corfu on the 15th April. The fig-trees are full of fruit, which seems in advance of the leaves; the figs have nearly attained their size; the leaves are not half-grown. Hedges of roses, wild quinces, and blackberries are in full bloom. We see English grass and turf—the first since leaving Europe. A few women, in the costume of the country—half Italian, half Greek—are in the streets, and

Greek priests, in their shabby gowns, and with their long hair in a comb, seem to mingle familiarly with the people, and to be hanging around with other idlers. A Roman, broad-brimmed priest, much cleaner and more intelligent, is occasionally seen on the sidewalk. We met a touching funeral to-day in the country. A poor man's corpse, dressed in his best, and the head raised up a little, lay in an open coffin, borne on the shoulders of his friends, preceded by Greek priests in their gaudy, tasteless robes, chanting the service, and followed by a large company of peasants in very homespun clothes. In Italy and around the Levant the corpse is always exposed on its way to the grave. Shakspeare, who knew every thing, refers to this in the words he puts into the friar's mouth in Juliet's case at Padua:

> "And as the custom of our country is,
> In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,
> Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
> Where all thy kindred of the Capulet lie."

Our guide about Corfu, pointing over to Albania, tells us that three years ago he was taken a prisoner by the brigands there, with three English gentlemen, for whom he was acting as dragoman, and only after twelve days of grievous imprisonment was the party released, after sending for and paying £3000 ransom!

Aboard the SMYRNA, April 17, 10 A.M.

After waiting at Corfu one day for the Austrian steamer, as we had waited one for the Greek steamer at the Piræus, we are again afloat in this slow tub, heavily laden with bales of cotton from Smyrna, and making down the channel between Albania and Corfu to the Gulf of Otranto, hoping to be in Brindisi about midnight. Our vessel sails less than seven miles an hour, yet she is full of passengers and freight, and her fare for eighty-eight miles over $8! It is astonishing what

a vast coasting business is done on the Mediterranean. At least five lines of steamers—Italian, French, Austrian, Russian, Greek—are competitors for this trade, and there appears to be more than enough for all. The principal lines seem to be the French and the Austrian. Strange to say, we find the discipline and *cuisine* of the Austrian line better than those of the French; but the French boats are larger and swifter. The Greek boats, according to our experience of two of them, are small and dirty, and the table very poor. By the way, I do not remember to have seen any butter on the Mediterranean steamers. It does not appear to be considered at all a necessary of life in this region. The native wine is all flavored with resin to an odious degree, making it almost or quite undrinkable for strangers, but it is said to have the power of fascinating those who use it for a while; nothing in its favor, perhaps, considering how often habit makes odious things first tolerable and then seductive. Austria draws its excellent sailors chiefly from Dalmatia, its invaluable province on the Adriatic. Fine forests are said to abound there. By the way, the Greeks and Italians, who are apt to be mutinous and troublesome aboard their own vessels, make very obedient and serviceable sailors aboard the Austrian boats. We find English engineers on almost all the steamers, and the ship-commands—such as "slow, half-speed, stop her," etc., are, on all the lines, given in English—a curious concession to England's supremacy over the sea.

We are not sorry to see the Italian coast, indicated by distant lights. Eight different steamers have now borne us three thousand miles about the Mediterranean—fifteen days of actual sailing, and nearly as many more in compulsory stops at the various ports on our way. It has been a very interesting sail, this circumnavigation of the great circle around which the most splendid empires of the past have sat; but

we have had enough of salt water. Our weather has been favorable, almost without exception, and we can give no support to the evil reputation which this sea has for kicking up sudden storms and making very frightened and sea-sick voyagers. On the contrary, we have found it a very quiet and comfortable sea, and if one must be on salt water, there is nothing so agreeable as the Levantine waters. Of the French end of the sea I will not speak, having less experience. As to the route from Athens to Brindisi (instead of from Athens to Messina, and thence to Naples) by the Gulf of Corinth and the Ionian Isles, there can be no question of its vastly superior interest over the Messina route, if one has time, and does not seriously object to second-rate boats. These the traveler by this route must expect, and he must also expect delays. One week is the ordinary time from Athens to Rome by Brindisi. It could easily be done in three days. We were six days between Athens and Brindisi, losing about three days on the route by failure of steamers. We have changed boats three times. I dare say, now that the English are urging the adoption of the Brindisi route as the mail route to India (instead of *viâ* Marseilles), there will be an improvement in all the service out of this port, and probably to Corfu and Corinth. Among the earliest propositions to cut through an isthmus was one begun on the Isthmus of Corinth by Nero, I think. By the way, "currants" must have derived their name from Corinth. The Germans call them so; and this is the centre of the trade in that fruit.

LXVIII.

FLORENCE AND ITS FÊTES.

FLORENCE, Italy,
May 10, 1868.

THIS has been a week of festivity in the capital of Italy. The heir to the throne, Umberto, the prince of Piedmont, has just married Margherita, the daughter of the Duchess of Genoa, and grand-daughter of the King of Saxony; and the event has already been celebrated with universal splendor in Turin (where the marriage took place) and in Florence. It will be marked with similar and probably equal *fêtes* in Genoa and Naples. Rome alone, among the Italian States, will hold back its public congratulations. There seems to be a genuine interest in the young princess. She is still hardly more than a child, not yet seventeen, but has extraordinary quickness of mind and brilliancy of wit, with a beauty of person and grace of manners that are very charming, even at the distance from which I have seen her—in her carriage, or in the court-box at the festas. Those who have long and intimately known her, describe her as carefully and thoroughly educated, of a good heart and a clear head, and well fitted for her position. She speaks English well, among her other accomplishments. She has been educated to expect to be given away in marriage to some prince at the proper moment, and has therefore accepted the fate in store for her with cheerfulness. Nobody supposes that she knows much about her husband's character. If the current talk about him here, even in the most discreet circles, is to be relied on, it is al-

most to be desired that she should never know what he is. I can see no wisdom in concealing the fact that the personal morals of the king and his sons are notoriously and exceptionally bad, even for princes; that the king has perhaps the worst and coarsest reputation of any monarch in Europe for his impure habits; that he outrages even the loose public sentiment of a country where chastity among men or women is not too common; and, in short, is chiefly given over to his amours and lusts. He is brave, not suspicious or malignant, not fond of state or show, but seems of mediocre intellect, with coarse and degraded tastes, and no interest in matters of real importance—a feeble pivot on which to turn so great a wheel as the unification of the Italian States. He has probably but one man near him, Rovare, who dares to tell him the truth. He lives in an atmosphere of humoring and managing, and possibly has it in his power to obstruct, but not to advance any of the real interests of the Government. The only very useful thing which he promotes is the strength and discipline of the army, which is at present the chief school and hope of the Italian people. It takes lazy, ignorant, and dreamy youth away from their sleepy neighborhoods, and puts them under drill, gives them much daily exercise, teaches them habits of order, and communicates a practice of co-operation which reacts upon them in a very civilizing way. But, even in the management of the army, the general corruption and extravagance of the Government appear. *We* have *one* lieutenant-general; the Italian army has eighty, and they cost probably a million of dollars. Twenty of them may be in what is called service. The other sixty are sheer place-holders, made generals under high pay merely because they were born counts or are connected with high families. The corruption is monstrous.

But what a calamity it is that the young prince to whom

the throne of Italy is to descend should promise even less than his father! He is credibly reported to have all his vices, and none of his virtues; to be more intelligent, with more mischievous propensities. It would be hard to find in Europe a more heavy and unintellectual countenance than the king's. The prince has his father's features, without any of the good-nature or freedom from ill-will which marks his expression. He looks suspicious, and capable of cruelty. Fortunately, sottishness is not an Italian vice, and the royal family is free from any suspicion of it. How happy were it if princes much nearer to our blood and sympathies were free from the repute of this terrible infirmity!

The nearer I get to courts, the more horror-stricken I become at the idleness, selfishness, and vice that reign in them. We have heard of court follies and vices in America, and fancied that a large part of this ill-fame was due to the envy and jealousy of those denied a participation in their privileges—an exaggeration of the ordinary weaknesses of men and women, looked at through the magnifying-glass of station. But I truly believe that Americans have a very inadequate idea of the corruption of courts, of the personal vices and selfishness of those who live amid perpetual flatterers and in an atmosphere of lies, who never see themselves as they are; have all their weaknesses pandered to, and their faults excused; are taught to judge themselves by wholly exceptional standards, and practically to believe that kings and princes can do no wrong, and are a law to themselves, in which the gratification of personal inclination is the first privilege. The growth of constitutional government has not favored the dignity or the purity of courts. Now that kings and princes have necessarily and properly lost their personal responsibility and accountableness in public affairs, their old duties being devolved on their ministers, what have they left but to

amuse and enjoy themselves? and what can the State do for its theoretic monarchism but pet and pamper its reigning houses with luxury and pomp? Kings and princes have now even more personal license, and more caprices and waywardness, and more exposure to vice and folly, than in the days of their arbitrary rule. Then they had serious cares, great and solid judgments to pass; they felt the gravity of their positions, and were steadied by their responsibilities. They were brought too closely in contact with superior men, whose councils they were obliged actively to share, not to acquire some increase of real personal dignity. All this has passed away in most courts. Kings and princes are a part of court-show—puppets in the parade of state-coaches, and necessary apparitions in stars and garters, ribbons and diamond buckles, at diplomatic receptions. The result is that these useless creatures—who still remain individual men and women—must have some occupation for their idleness, something to atone for their real insignificance, some compensation for their fatiguing and boring functions; and as they have no real responsibilities to check or balance them, they run to pleasure, and just as often to vice—like sailors off duty.

Is it possible that this weak and depraving example of court-life is to last much longer? Is not the time rapidly approaching when the fiction of royalty can be dispensed with? Can not civilized Europe, if it does not choose republicanism, invent some cheaper and safer, and less demoralizing apparatus of aristocratic government than a court—which is commonly only a pestilential enclosure, bordered with flowers, lighted with diamonds, and warmed with flatterers, where vanity, conceit, ignorance, and vice, tricked out in alluring splendors, diffuse a breath of delusive, corrupting frivolity and immorality, over a wide circle of imitators and dazed uplookers?

The *fêtes* at Florence consisted in a splendid decoration of the town with garlands and flags on the day when the "*augusti sposi,*" in the gaudy state-coach—which had seen service at the coronation of the king's grandfather, but was now regilded, and drawn by eight horses—entered the beautiful city. The crowd was immense, and the enthusiasm considerable, although the Italians, by substituting a clapping of the hands for the hearty hurrahs of the Americans and English, lose a great deal in demonstrative effect. In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated. The bridges of the Arno were hung with colored lamps, marking all their graceful lines with beautiful tracks of light; the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, and many other lofty architectural features of Florence, were brought out in blazing brightness, while the streets and the private houses were all aflame with gas-lights and oil-lamps, ingeniously arranged in many cases not to be seen, but to throw all their illumination on the subject—the fronts of the houses. Court-balls and balls given by the municipality; regattas, very poorly to be compared with our own boat-races, and horse-races, quite contemptible in all respects except in the crowds of carriages and people bordering the course, filled in the intervals until the night of the fire-works came, and made up by its success for many disappointments. A temporary bridge had been thrown across the Arno, on whose lofty stagings an architectural structure —a magnificent palace in outline—had been skillfully and in great detail made out by the pyrotechnist. It was beautiful even by daylight; but when the night came, and the moment for its firing up was given by cannon that echoed from the opposite hills in tremendous reverberations, a palace of diamonds started out of the moonlight, and hung glittering in the sky with an almost intolerable brilliancy. It was surmounted with a fine statue of Italy, while equestrian statues adorn-

ed the ends of the façade. One of these horses obstinately refused to go—the only failure in the display—until the rest of the palace had gone out. A fire under his tail brought him to reason, and he went off all alone a little after the rest of the display. The lights changed from one color to another from moment to moment. After the main outlines had ceased to burn, special series of ornamented details exploded, and gave wholly new effects, the plan of the palace showing even more beautifully by this reflected light than when clothed in its own diamonds. But although this was the great feature of the fire-works, the profuse and splendid bursts of rockets and Roman candles which followed it for a whole hour, filling the sky with ephemeral constellations of the most gorgeous stars, and in the most vivid colors, and drawing curves of light and making transient comets, until it seemed as if the last day had come—this was even more beautiful! The Arno was alive with illuminated boats, each a swarm of human beings. It seemed as if China had come through! A few little will-o'-the-wisps—boats hardly bigger than a lady's slipper they looked—were shooting like water-flies in and out of the mazes of the larger craft. The streets and piers along the river and all the bridges were alive with human faces, which, lit up by the Bengóla lights, were more attractive than any other part of the spectacle. I had never imagined any thing so fine in the way of pyrotechnics; but those who follow up this fascinating phantom of fire-works say that it is better at Rome. There was some turning up of the nose at the present display because the artist had been brought from Rome, and the Florentines felt themselves snubbed. The Italian mob, and I had a full experience of its density on this evening, is thoroughly well-behaved, without brutality or coarseness. But I know nothing more threatening than street-jams, and would as soon be in a battle and have done

with it, as in a dense mass of human beings in a street with a feeling that a moment's panic, or caprice, or eager curiosity might trample or squeeze the breath out of one the next instant. I never get into this situation without vowing never again to be caught in it. But one might almost as well vow never to be caught in a shower!

The chief *fête* at Florence was what they miscalled a tournament—more properly a *caroussel*—such as the "Place Caroussel," in Paris, derived its name from having once been the scene of. A vast temporary amphitheatre of wood had been erected in the Cascinè, capable of holding thirty thousand spectators. It was admirably strong—much stronger than any which more practiced American carpenters would have put up; for the very inexperience of the Italian mechanics in wooden structures had made them err on the right side. I did not hear one creak in the whole woodwork, under the immense pressure of the crowd. It was full to overflowing, so that a couple of thousand people who had stolen in under the canvas sides, or forced their way in the general press, were compelled to take up their places in the *apses* of the arena, fortunately large enough not to be incommoded by their presence. It was, however, a stigma on the police regulations that such a violation of the rights of those who had paid fifteen and twenty francs entrance for their places should have occurred. The presence of this extra number filling up the passage-ways with standing persons made it necessary for the whole audience, who at great cost had been provided with seats, to stand also; and for three fatiguing hours ladies and gentlemen stood upon the benches, where they had expected to sit comfortably enjoying the spectacle. Out of the thirty thousand present, twenty-nine thousand could have seen just as well sitting as standing; but the odd thousand, by their bad example, corrupted all

the rest, and nobody would believe that there was not some advantage in standing. I sat obstinately a half-hour to see if I could influence those around me to sit down, but I found I was losing the show and getting no imitators, and presently joined the standing army. Nearly an hour after the time announced—the king and royal family having taken their places in the magnificent gallery erected for them just opposite the entrance of the knights—came the *grand entrée* of one hundred and sixty gentlemen in bright tilting costumes of the fifteenth century, mounted on beautiful horses in splendid caparison. Such a magnificent cavalcade certainly never passed before my eyes. The knights—all gentlemen of title or family, and many of them officers in the army—represented four different cities, Turin, Naples, Genoa, and Florence, with a few from Venice. Each band was clothed in a different costume, and, if I mistake not, there was either a change of costume during the performance, or each band was redivided, and had two sorts of costume. Nothing, I think, could exceed the elegance and richness of these dresses. Whatever can be done with velvet, satin, silk, and leather, with feathers, lace, ribbons, buckles, jewels, collars, and scarfs, was done. Furs, too, were called in. Each band seemed the more elegant one when passing, and it was a constant wonder how by turns they seemed to outshine each other. Mostly young and handsome men, their close-fitting leggings displayed beautiful limbs, while their doublets and caps set forth their graceful arms and noble carriage with supreme elegance. Red, blue, green, yellow, purple, russet, violet, white, wove together all sorts of figures in rainbow colors. The best part of the display was the grand entrance, and the grand exit, two hours later, of the whole cavalcade. They saluted the Court and rode round the great arena at full gallop—the most gorgeous display of luxury and pomp

a-horseback that could be imagined. In the interim there were four separate entrances of the bands, each in turn occupying a circle just in the middle of the arena, about two hundred feet in diameter, with a movable barrier of two and a half feet high around it. In this circus thirty-two knights at a time went through evolutions on horseback, which, in regularity, grace, and precision in complication and ingenuity of movement, could not have been beaten by professional equestrians. Each band wove its own patterns. They were quite different, and nearly equal in merit of design and execution. Indeed, it was a ball on horseback. The gigantic orchestra of three hundred performers, just opposite the king's box and just over the knights' place of entry, played the finest quadrilles and waltzes, and the horses went through the changes and manœuvres of the dance as intelligently and flexibly, and almost in as small a space as so many dancers in a cotillion in the ball-room. Their training, docility, and common movement, their time and mincing steps, were as remarkable as their beauty and spirit.

When this fine show was over, hurdles and pedestals, carrying bouquets and vases and kettle-drum targets, were brought in, and the knights, with their swords and short staves, rode round, leaping the low hurdles and carrying off the wreaths and nosegays on their swords. There was nothing fine about this part of the performance. Indeed it let down the occasion by reminding the people that they had been promised a tournament—which they had quite forgotten, and should not have been helped to remember—since nothing like it was furnished. It was simply a beautiful circus-show, where nobles were kind enough to play the part of circus-riders, and to give us the finest ball on horseback that was ever seen.

The illumination of the Cascinè on Friday evening and a

court-ball terminated the festivities in Florence, and the galas are now to be transferred to Genoa on the 14th, and thence, a fortnight later, to Naples. Turin has had its turn. I believe the same round of *fêtes* is to come off, and the same performers are to appear in all the cities. It is a curious evidence of the part which pleasure and show play in these Southern countries. I confess it seemed to me a very questionable kind of ambition on the part of these young gentlemen to show themselves off in a ring, like circus-riders, in gala costumes, and at such an expense of money and time. Certainly each man's costume and horse-trappings must have cost a thousand dollars, and a month's time in actual service, not to speak of a vast amount of drill. But then governments at the stage of this must amuse the people, and must keep up the illusion that rank and station have a privileged life of splendor and pleasure. These *fêtes* are at least a peg or two higher than the *fêtes* the Church provides; and if the people are to be quieted and anodyned with festas, I prefer the police should do it rather than the priests. It is easier to break down the police than the priests, as their weapons are viewless.

GENOA, May 11.

The sun was an hour high as we steamed into the little, crowded port of this proud and aspiring city. How wonderfully picturesque the fortress-crowned amphitheatre of hills that stretches itself, jeweled with villas, about this old place, so long queen of the Mediterranean! It seems striving hard to regain its ancient position. Its wharves are crowded with sailors and merchandise, and one sees little of the idleness and monotony that reign in Southern Italy. It is always encouraging to find any community engaged in working the metals. I don't believe workers in iron and brass and copper can be enslaved, and Genoa echoes with the sound of the

anvil and with the blast of the furnace. The manufacture of beautiful iron bedsteads seems to be a speciality of the place, and is more encouraging even than the traditional work in gold and silver filigree, which does not appear on the decline. The cholera has worked wonders in correcting the seemingly inveterate filthiness of Italian cities. Two years of it have put the Genoese upon their strictest regimen, and the streets are as clean as Paris, and not one bad odor even in the very hot weather offends our sensitive nostrils. Would that there were some remedy for the terrible noises that tear the nerves in Italian cities. The Italian voice, so admirable for singing, and which even the poor children use so melodiously, is just as harsh in speech as it is musical in song. The women have voices almost as gruff as men's, and the power of lungs in boys and venders of vegetables is astounding. Then the Italians seem to love noise. For so excitable a people, it is curious to observe how little delicacy of senses there is among them. They are neither offended by harsh noises nor evil smells. They have put all their best hotels here in Genoa down on the water's edge, the main street for freight-wagons running past their entrances, giving the traveler only an idea of confusion and discomfort. The steam-engine day and night whistles its shrill warning into his aching ears, while the boys and idlers come to play their noisiest games under his windows on a most creditable stone terrace over the arcade that separates the fort from the town.

And yet, Genoa is a city of palaces still. Few cities in the world can boast three such streets as the Via Nuova, Nuovissima, and Balbi. Nor is it only the old streets that are grand. The new ones keep up the old reputation. There is a festive quality about the general style of house architecture which is rather peculiar to Genoa. When money fails to supply costly cuttings in stone, they do their best to make amends with

paint. Perhaps nowhere is there such a bold use of color and external fresco. Some houses are ornamented with a florid excess which is startling. Even the palaces carry the license in the use of stucco, and especially red stucco, to a ridiculous and intolerable extent. But how fine the street views are, where the public buildings on the heights, amid a living greenness, break in so unexpectedly through vistas of stately palaces lining the streets! What can be more beautiful than the views from the public garden—Acqua Sola, I think it is—on the south-east quarter of the city, overlooking the sea and the noble hospitals, and giving such enchanting prospects of the mountains? An English fellow-traveler says the town reminds him of Bath, next to Edinburg the most picturesque of British cities.

Genoa is full of fine churches. The Duomo of the eleventh century, restored in the thirteenth, has a noble nave of Corinthian columns of Breccia marble, and over the entablature a second tier of arches upon short columns—the walls, externally and internally, being in alternate courses of black and white marble. Our ladies found themselves excluded from the costly and delicately-wrought chapel of John the Baptist on account of the behavior of their sister, Herodias's daughter! "L'Annunciata" is, internally, a most sumptuous pile, and the aisles and nave are so finely open, and the double columns so light and elegant, that the splendor of the freshly-gilded roof is not out of place, and gives one a genuine admiration. San Siro, dedicated to Cyrus, an ancient bishop, was the old cathedral in which the popular assemblies were held in the democratic days of the Boccanegras, who broke many of the old yokes of authority. I have a San Siro at home, a modern bishop, with a cathedral fronting on Cambridge Street, who has made it famous for somewhat similar insurrections against established things, but whose saintship has not suffered in consequence.

There are some beautiful Vandykes in the Pallavicini palace here. How supremely elegant his women always are, and what dainty hands?

This same family have a villa at Pegli, seven miles on the road to Nice, which is the finest exhibition of skill in landscape gardening I have seen on the Continent. The walks are laid out with such artful skill that it is made to seem of boundless extent; and the effects are so weighed and balanced, as to keep the wanderer through them in a mild surprise as every turn opens some new prospect, shaded delicately from the last. In one place a moral is attempted; a triumphal arch, as it seems on one side, full of grace and elegance, and suggesting only riches and ease, changes, as you pass under it, into a poor man's cottage, where poverty and labor are inscribed on every feature; and it is the other side of the triumphal arch! I tried to clinch the moral by saying to my worthy guide, "Perhaps the merrier and the better heart dwells on the poor man's side of this arch." But the old fellow looked at me with so unintelligent and unresponsive a face that I gave up all attempts at my cheap moralizing, and think the landscape gardener might as well have spared his moral too. At one point in the grounds the artist has concentrated a variety of elegant and costly effects with superb success. In the middle of a small lake a beautiful open and circular temple, in Carrara marble, rises, reflecting every column and the roof, to its last finial, in the tranquil water. On one side a Chinese pagoda, on the other a Turkish kiosk, elaborately finished, are in immediate view; while upon a height above, a summer-house, composed wholly of vines, contrasts with the artificial works around. The lake is crossed by a light bridge, under the arches of which a distant view of the Mediterranean opens. Conservatories of flowers and flower-beds surprise you as you land from the or-

namental boat which having taken you aboard in a grotto whose subterranean windings are full of stalactites brought from afar, and most expensively arranged in a way so natural that the very elves would be deceived, shoots suddenly out into the lake, which discloses all these pleasant structures. I could hardly conceive how the mind that could arrange so beautiful a scene could descend to invent the practical jokes which abound in these grounds! At a half-dozen points elaborate arrangements are made to cover the incautious or unsuspecting visitor with water—now descending in a fine rain as he closes the door of a summer-house, or spurting in his face as he leaves it in a hurry!

The costly monument erected in the Piazza of the same name to Christopher Columbus shows that Genoa appreciates as her greatest distinction the having given birth to the discoverer of the New World, the proudest title ever earned by any personal enterprise and courage. Genoa may well boast of such a son. But what monument can aid in publishing a fame that a whole hemisphere proclaims, and which grows with the growth of the hundred towns annually founded in its virgin soil?

I could not but reflect at the foot of this monument upon the changes which the discovery of the New World has worked on the Old. It is a curious fact that both the Spanish and the Italian emigration keeps the original track of Columbus. Steam-ships for the Brazils, passing by the West Indies, are advertised in all the Italian papers. Very few of these Southern Europeans are willing to encounter our rigorous climate, our fierce emulations, or our unsymbolic religion. They seem to think our popular liberty no equivalent for these defects. This is a misfortune for us as well as for them, for we need much that they possess in beautiful abundance; for instance, a courtesy of manners pervading all

classes, the growth of ages of civilization, which prevailed among them when we and our Anglo-Saxon fathers were in a savage state, and a certain knowledge how to enjoy life and leisure, which would calm our competitive and restless disquietude. And no nation could help Italy at this juncture so much as ours. All her northern provinces are now alive with a new spirit, and it is the American spirit, but without the American experience of free institutions and economic enterprise. If we could exchange a hundred thousand Yankees for a hundred thousand Italians, it would be a grand bargain for both countries, and would settle the question of Italian unity. I believe more and more, however, that it is to be settled favorably, as I see more of the prosperity of Piedmont and Lombardy, and realize the immense progress of the last twenty years. It is indeed marvelous, and Christopher Columbus is responsible for no small portion of it; for America is the great lifting-power in Europe, as its example animates the hearts of the depressed millions—who all hear more or less distinctly of that poor man's paradise, and understand that self-government is the author of plenty and the protector of liberty.

What would have been the probable fate of Europe if the discovery of the New World had been delayed until this time? Either its enterprise would have attacked Africa and overrun Asia, producing more effect upon those neglected quarters of the globe, from which America has stolen away the attention of adventurous minds, or we might have had a few centuries of stolid waiting such as now and then entrances the human race. If any thing is certain, it is that intellectual culture, refinement, and arts can not prevent decline, and that Europe owes her evident reanimation, not to her own inspiration, but to the new hopes, new ideas, and new passions which America has wakened in the popular mind. It is the

common people coming up, that is, repeopling Europe with a new set of ideas and institutions, and these common people get their impulses from their republican cousins across the water. Christopher Columbus was not merely the discoverer of the New World, but the re-creator of the Old. I lifted my hat to his statue as I thought of these things.

MILAN, May 14.

"The flower-bed in marble," as some one has called the Milan Duomo, threw its fragrant shadow far out into the rich plain, and won our admiring attention as we approached the beautiful and finished capital of Lombardy. How truly elegant is every thing in and about Milan! Such pavements, such cleanliness, such absence of poverty, such solidity of structures, such abundance of domestic gardens, such fine shops, such superb churches — and all enclosed with such a verdant and richly-cultivated country! The trees seem to take on peculiarly graceful and elegant forms. Opposite our charming Hotel Cavour, a public garden, full of the loveliest evergreens and deciduous trees, is now in perfect verdure, full of young children and leisurely strollers, enjoying a May that is as soft as an American August. In the Piazza, the fine monument erected by Milan to the ever-lamented Cavour draws the sympathies of every anxious friend of Italy. It is in bronze, and gives the image of a broad, copious nature, restrained by high purposes and informed with a great idea. The face is full as German as Italian—as indeed the soul was. A beautiful image of Fame sits on the steps and writes "Cavour" upon the pedestal—the only inscription. It is truly affecting. Who can take that great man's empty place? and how can Italy live with it vacant? No country in the world, except perhaps

America, at this moment seems so much to need a great statesman.

But with such cities as Genoa, Milan, Turin, Bologna, not to speak of a hundred smaller towns, Italy is to be placed among the progressive countries who have a great future before them. Among the most marked evidences of the new spirit is the comparative unobtrusiveness of the priests. Swarming at the lower end of the Italian peninsula, and thick as flies in August at Rome, they form a very small and quiet portion of the population in Genoa and Milan, and were evidently either kept out of the way during the festivals at Florence, or have greatly diminished in numbers and importance. There is almost a Protestant air about the Genoese and Milanese, in spite of their rich and well-frequented churches.

But with such magnificent cathedrals as abound in Italy, what a fearful struggle the Protestant faith—which accompanies modern liberty and modern economics, as its inseparable substance or shadow—will necessarily have before a sure victory is achieved! Who, for instance, can look on this glorious Duomo, the most splendid pile of white marble in the world, without feeling the mighty hold it has in the interest of the Roman Catholic theory of religion upon this important city and province? All its grandeur and beauty, its age and associations, its cost and its glory, must seem to the people pledges of the truth of the creed that created it, and of the indestructibleness of the doctrines that are still taught at its altars.

How can such a magnificent structure as this, which seems too great for any single genius to have conceived, occupy the heart of a great capital—rising far above all its proudest palaces and monuments—vast in its area, gigantic in its cost, perfect as a jewel in its finish, yet immense as a pyramid in its bulk

—the transmitted work of thirty generations, who have lavished wealth and genius and skill and never-ceasing patience upon its perfections—how can such a glorious and venerable edifice, still young and growing, spite of its age, fail to exert a potent-shaping influence upon this whole Milanese population, and on the religious mind of the province? For the Milan Duomo has the beauty of holiness! It is a strictly ecclesiastical structure—not like St. Peter's, half-classical, half-secular. Its Gothic exterior, original, and almost exuberantly ornamented, keeps its main lines pure and ascending like flames. There is a perfect unity in the effect, in spite of the diversified embellishments, and the countless pinnacles and brackets and statues, and the lace-like parapets and curtains. Their very abundance diminishes their intrusiveness, as the pattern in a well-covered texture disappears in its own flowing folds. If you choose to examine the details, they are exquisite: every niche with a different statue; every corbeille with an original finish.

Besides the three thousand statues of life size which are placed about in the tops of pinnacles, and in the capitals around the mouldings of the windows, there are fifteen thousand smaller figures occupying less conspicuous stations. But it is the general effect which pleases most, and that is of immense mass enveloped in infinite riches of detail—vastness clothed in delicate elegance—the gigantic, without one trace of coarseness, neglect, or sparing of the utmost refinement of treatment. In this respect, there is nothing in the world like the Milan Duomo. The Cologne Cathedral has features—its great tower, for instance—which are superior; but it is still very much unfinished. The Duomo is indeed not yet finished, but its imperfections do not show, while its thorough workmanship, from the foundations to the huge gilded image of Mary on the lanthorn, elicits ever-increasing wonder. Its

roof is as solid as a floor. You may walk about it as in the streets of a strange town, and lose your way; and if its population should come to life, they would make no mean city.

The interior is even more impressive than the exterior, and perhaps not less so for its effect not being suggested by the outside. The severity and simplicity of the effect is indeed a glorious surprise. How those forty mighty pillars suggest an endless forest, with their dark trunks through which the sunsets, fixed in the beautiful windows, send their tender splendors! How nobly and sufficingly spring those arches in the nave, their curves uninterrupted by bulging capitals; and how the fretted ceiling seems a leafy canopy overhead! I found myself attracted again and again to the cheerful yet sober gloom of this true temple of worship. It left nothing to be desired. No multiplication of millineried altars broke the simple grandeur of its aisles, no showy upholstery desecrated its choir. It was furnished by its own proportions and finish, and had been spared the superfluity of any frippery. I forgave St. Ambrose that he had hated and fought the Arians so bitterly, when I reflected that his severer rule and rite had secured for this great temple a freedom from so much of the saint-worship and promiscuous altars that infest most Italian churches. The Milanese have a special privilege to administer the Ambrosian ritual, and they are both proud and jealous of it. As I bade the Duomo a lingering farewell, first inside, and then out, I could not but invoke for it the pity of the elements; that the winter storms would beat lightly on its delicate head, the thunderbolts forgive its marble mimicry of their forks, and spare such beautiful audacity.

Of course, we did not fail to go and see what remains of Leonardo da Vinci's Lord's Supper—a picture which may be said to have the honor of shaping the thoughts of modern

Christendom as to the person of our Lord and his disciples, and the original form of the sacrament; such power has genius to arrest the liberty of our thoughts, and to rob our fancies of freedom! Despite the general decay which this picture has suffered—and damp and intended restoration, neglect and more injurious protection, have done their worst upon it—it survives in genuine power and beauty, and asserts its preeminence still. So masterly and adequate to the subject was the original design and drawing, so life-like and expressive the individual figures, that no amount of fading in the colors, or even blur over the features, can seriously impair its effect. If the faces were gone, the attitudes are so telling that the imagination would correctly replace them. Jesus's own head, always the least satisfactory, is the best perhaps, after another of Leonardo's, which is also in Milan, that we possess. What a blessing it is that excellent copies, nearly contemporary, enable us to reproduce this precious picture with sufficient exactness to satisfy the want which it so wonderfully fills in Christian art! Yet there is something in the original which none of the engravings or copies quite supplies. No picture is less theatrical, or more serious in its effect. It really seems not so much a work of art, as a dim reflection of the actual scene; and it solemnizes and awes, as might the very presence of such holiness.

The Brera Gallery is rich in the wonderful frescoes of Luini, which are altogether the most precious things in a collection where Raphael, Guido, Albani, and Guercino have very celebrated single pictures. The marriage of Mary and Joseph, by Raphael, so well given in engravings, was among the earliest of the great painter's works; and although full of elegance and refinement, and wonderfully rendered in details, is conventional, full of Perrugino, and without much real thought. It pleases, for its colors and its grace, but not for

its meaning, either in the individual faces or in the general effect.

Guercino's "Abraham putting away Hagar" is the most popular picture in the gallery, and was greatly praised by Lord Byron; but although Guercino is a great favorite of mine, I was much disappointed in this work. It is perfectly fresh and modern in its look, so that it has lost nothing of its original force. Abraham looks very little like the stern patriarch who had been able to offer up his own son. I have seen a hundred Turks in the East who would have filled the canvas better. Hagar's grief and dismay are sacrificed to her beauty. The best things are the little Ishmael's sympathy with his mother's trouble, and the face of Sarah, which looks away from the scene, but evidently sees it out of the back of her head with stern satisfaction. Albani's "Cherubs" —a dance of cupids—are not equal to Rubens's picture of the same subject, but he is never more charming than here. Ferrari's "Martyrdom of Saint Catherine" is a very wonderful painting, both in composition, drawing, and color; so is Gentile Bellini's "Saint Mark preaching at Alexandria, in Egypt." It can best be seen in the room opposite through the door. The landscape is wonderfully deep, the architecture superb, and the figures and costumes most real and effective.

The Caracci are fairly represented in this gallery, but Paul Veronese appears to disadvantage, in spite of several large pictures.

After looking through the gallery, one returns to the two entrance-halls, where Luini's faded frescoes are arranged, to feel that more thought and feeling entered into his works than into those of any master represented in the gallery. Such earnestness and simplicity, such tenderness and unconventional courage mark his frescoes, that the oldest and most

hackneyed themes are treated by him as if for the first time, and arouse lively personal sympathy. I saw nothing from Bernardino Luini that was not admirable.

There are several churches of great interest in Milan, especially the San Ambrogio, the oldest of all, which contains precious and indisputable relics of Byzantine art, and is most judiciously restored in its old style. "The Arena," a work of Napoleon's, is worth a visit. It holds 30,000 people, and gives a better idea of the old Roman circus than any thing I have met with. The floor is every now and then flooded for boat-races and nautical shows. The "Arch of Peace," a triumphal gateway designed by the Marquis Cagnola, and built originally in wood, in honor of Beauharnois's marriage with Princess Amalia, was so much admired that the citizens determined to perpetuate it in marble. Though begun in 1807, it was not completed until 1838, and it has changed its name and professed object as successive conquerors have possessed the city—French, Austrian, Italian. It is a beautiful work.

Saint Ambrose and Saint Carlo Borromeo seem to divide the patronage of Milan between them, and most worthy claims both have upon the memory and reverence of the people. The Ambrosian Library, the first to popularize itself and open its riches to the common people freely, is a noble monument of the Borromeo family's devotion to popular interests and well-being. But even more significant is Carlo Borromeo's influence in the fact that Milan contains eighty-five hospitals and institutions of charity, endowed with at least forty millions of dollars. The self-sacrificing example which that saintly bishop and noble gave, in exposing his life to the plague, and giving away his private fortune for the relief of the poorest people, has not failed to inspire the community where he lived and died, too early, with some portion

of his charity. The public hospitals are the best proof of this.

LAKE COMO, Bellagio,
May 15, 5 P.M.

We are spending the day at this enchanting water, which has turned so many dull souls into poets! May, flush as our latest June, and warm as our July, makes the open window at which I write the entrance-way of soft, scented airs, and of a living green from these terraced mountains, which the waters reflect in a more than marine depth of tone. I can't wonder that the younger Pliny had the good sense to be born on Como, and it is strange that any one born here should have the heart to leave it. For surely no hills ever grouped themselves in more picturesque order, or had a greater variety of surfaces—deep, perpendicular rifts in their faces, sharply-pointed heads, roots jutting boldly out, and forming a succession of overlapping promontories not too bold for beauty; the lake just wide enough and just interrupted enough to become the plaything of the fancy, with suggestions of things hidden behind its angles, and enough always in view to detain, and yet to shift the attention. The villas and the little towns contend with Nature for possession of the landscape, and neither conquers. There is nothing lonely, unsubdued, and oppressive here, rugged, precipitous, and mountainous as the shores are. It is all sociable, civilized, and habitable. The transparent waters look perfectly friendly, and the fish abound, and seem to love the shore. Vineyards and half-tropical vegetation cover the sides of the lake. Beautiful trees stand about, and nothing is wanting to ravish the senses in this work of sky and water, and wood and mountain, where palaces and cottages, brilliant boats and leisurely people, and festive-looking hotels seem for the time to put care and sorrow and want and ugliness out of all countenance and memory.

We made our way through Lugarno and Maggiore, visiting Isola Bella, to Baveno, where we took a vettura, and in two days, crossing the Simplon in very charming weather, reached Sion, and then, by rail and boat, stopping one night at lovely Vevay, we reached Geneva. Stopping there a few hours only, we made in a single night our journey to Paris. There is much to remember in those four or five days of travel, but I am admonished by the space now left me, and must suppress my recollections of this portion of my tour. It was curious to find Mr. Motley and Mr. Winthrop in the same train, besides a dozen other Americans.

LXIX.

PARIS AGAIN.

PARIS, May 25.

PARIS seems a very different place now from the Paris we left full-blown, under the Exposition, a year ago. The gala costume it then wore is considerably sobered. The streets are not near as full, nor near as clean. It does not seem so brilliantly lighted, and many of its shows have disappeared. But I confess I like it better in its ordinary aspect; and my sense of its majestic proportions, its grand roominess, and its wonderful accommodation to the wants of a vast population, is not diminished. As to the wealth of its shops, there seems to be nothing that the East or the West, the Old World or the New produces, that can not be found here. I notice that what are considered the specialties of all other countries and towns, and which travelers visit them to procure in perfection or more cheaply, are all to be found in Paris in as much variety and excellency, and at the same or less rates than in their own homes. Nobody need go a step out of Paris to provide himself with every thing which most travelers scour Europe, Asia, and Africa to obtain, and have no end of trouble in bringing through custom-houses and over railroads at so much the pound.

I was struck yesterday with seeing one of the most immovable of all luxuries, a hot bath, moving on wheels—bath-tub, and hot water in a vessel beneath, on a small truck moved by hand—carried and ready to be set up at a mo-

ment's call in any body's lodgings. Can any thing exceed the portableness of Parisian civilization?

Sunday morning we went over to No. 3 Richard le Noir, near the opening of the Boulevard St. Antoine, to hear Athanase Coquerel, *fils*, preach. The father, for thirty years celebrated for the vigor and eloquence with which he preached Liberal Christianity in the established French Protestant Church, died in January last, at the age of 73—worn out with labors and vexations. This church has eight places of worship in Paris, all belonging to the municipality. It is supported about half by the city, a quarter by the National Government, and a quarter by the people. Its ministers receive annual salaries of about $2000, with lodgings. It dates back to the days of the Reformation, and has always had two theological tendencies in it, a Conservative and a Liberal one. It seems to have been hitherto the policy of the Government not to allow either of them to get the entire mastery of the other. The Orthodox tendency is in the ascendency, so far as the clergy are concerned; of the fourteen now connected with the Consistory in Paris, eleven being, it is said, Orthodox, and three Liberal. The oldest, M. Martin Paschoud, is a brave, enlightened Liberal, who has a good deal of the hero in him, and who is fully capable of maintaining his somewhat isolated position with dignity and ability. He is not a man of books or special scholarship, but a man of character and wisdom. He is afflicted with some difficulty of the spine, which often lays him up, and is about 65 years old. He presides by seniority in the Consistory, and yet this Consistory has deprived him now for four years, and M. Coquerel, *fils*, also, of the right of preaching in the churches under their control, on account of Liberal principles. The Government has not approved the exclusive policy of the Consistory; and although M. Martin Paschoud does not preach,

he is still recognized by Government as in office, catechizes and prepares the youth of his parish for communion, and performs all the other functions of his place, and draws his salary. Rev. William Monod is reported to have told him, while presiding this very week in the Consistory, that he, Paschoud, was neither a Christian, a pastor, nor a Protestant! Such is the virulence of the bigotry in the Orthodox overwhelming majority of ministers in the Paris Consistory, that no obstruction they can offer to the influence, the privileges, or the wishes of the heterodox Liberals of their number, is ever spared. M. Coquerel, *pere*, had for thirty years contended with this spirit of rancorous exclusion; but although he made a great impression on the people, he seems only to have intensified the animosity of the clergy. His son, whom he had called to his assistance, and who for twelve years had shared his labors, was deprived about four years since of the right to preach in the Consistorial churches. Every other candidate whom M. Coquerel, *pere*, presented to the Consistory, asking for his appointment as his assistant, the Consistory rejected; so that M. Coquerel's life is thought by his family to have been shortened by the oppressive labors that were laid upon his weary shoulders, and by the sorrow which the persecuting spirit of his ministerial colleagues caused him. None of them compared with him in public influence, in pulpit eloquence, or in useful citizenship. It was Cuvier who called M. Coquerel to Paris. Born in Paris, he had commenced his ministry in Holland, and Cuvier, when a Cabinet minister, had invited him to return to France and take one of the pastorates of the French Protestant Church. He at once greatly distinguished himself, and never lost his great hold on the laity. There are about thirty thousand people belonging to this Church—the Reformed Protestant Church—in Paris. There are also here, perhaps, twenty-five thousand

Lutherans, chiefly Germans, and usually of the humbler class. The Reformed are of all classes—chiefly the middle—but with a few titled and rich families, as well as three hundred very poor families. The Church is said to be governed in the interests of the Orthodox party, chiefly by means of the poor, whose votes are bought at five francs apiece. There are three thousand voters in the Church; and as the two parties of the laity are about equally divided, it does not require a very large body to hold the balance. Now as the overwhelming majority of the clergy are Orthodox, and have in the Consistory the control of the funds and of the whole policy, they manage, it is freely said, to have the popular election go their own way. The Opposition claim that bribery and corruption are resorted to, and that illegal proceedings vitiate most elections. The Government alone has power to correct these injuries to the rights of the Liberals. But the Government is too constantly in the use of the same methods of controlling and vitiating popular elections to dare to say any thing, and so the wrong goes on.

The people take every method—that is, a full half of them do—of manifesting their sympathies with the Liberals, and especially since the persecution which deprived M. Martin Paschoud and M. Coquerel, *fils*, of the right to preach in the churches. They send them their children to prepare for the communion; they call on them for marriages and baptisms; and as these ministers still have the privilege of going into the churches to administer these rites, they often seize the occasion to preach to the large companies who assemble to honor their service.

It may be asked why the Liberals do not secede and establish a church of their own? The answer they give is, that French Protestants are too much attached to their history; and feeling that the Liberal tendency was coeval with their

Church, they maintain a rightful claim to all the *prestige* of three centuries of existence; that to secede would be to acknowledge themselves *new* men; that the bulk of their adherents, who love their Liberal doctrine, would yet be shocked and discouraged by any ecclesiastical revolution; that the Protestants in France, and especially in Paris, are surrounded by such an overwhelming Catholic population, any division among them would end in the engulfing of them all. They propose to fight it out in the Reformed Protestant Church, and to wait until some general change in the relations of Church and State places all Protestants on a better basis.

Meanwhile there can be no doubt that, despite the bigotry of the clergy, and the aid and assistance afforded by English and American Orthodox sympathy and money, there is a decided increase of Liberal feeling among the laity. True, there are a dozen large and rich families, mostly Swiss in origin, who aid in sustaining by generous gifts the Orthodox party. They act in concert, and have great influence. But, in spite of this, it is noticed that the attendance on the Liberal preaching is largest; that the charities under the Liberals are most flourishing; that the collections taken up when they preach are fullest. M. Coquerel's successor, for instance, yesterday took up in the great church, where he preached to a few people, a collection for the starving Arabs in Algeria of a couple of hundred francs; young M. Coquerel in the hall, up four pairs of stairs, where a crowd of six hundred people had collected from all parts of the city to hear him, took up a collection of two thousand francs—just ten times as much—for the same purpose! The Liberals, silenced in the churches of the Consistory, although their case is not yet finally settled, since the Government halts, and avoids confirming the acts of the clergy, are now, without conceding any defeat, sustaining preaching in three public halls

at their own cost, and with a special license from the Government. These meetings are crowded, and evince a determined purpose from which excellent results may be expected.

I may say, in passing, that Louis Napoleon authorized shortly after he came to the throne the continued existence of all churches in Paris which had been in actual working operation at a given date a few months back. No new ones can be opened without special license; and although there is a show of liberality in the Minister of Public Worship, yet, after his allowance is given, the permission of the head of the police is still required—and he may and does object on a hundred different pleas, such as that the proposed church is too near some other, or is not sound in roof or floor, or is liable to fire, or is in a bad neighborhood; so that any religious movement which the Government wishes to paralyze, it easily stops through the police, without the odium of objecting to it on religious grounds. The difficulties of starting new movements are great. As to the French Protestant Church, the Government does not wish it to die or to flourish, nor does it really much favor the Orthodox party. The Orthodox party are suspected of Orleans sympathies, and nothing is so hateful to Louis Napoleon as that; not even Republicanism, which is supposed to be the political tendency of the Liberal part of Paris Protestantism. But the Liberals are considered by the Minister of Worship, who is a Catholic, as more logical than the Orthodox. "Why should Protestants affect Catholic scruples about purity of doctrines?" is his question. "If they wish to be dainty and consistent, let them become Romanists! But all their qualms of conscience about purity of faith are ridiculous, in their heretical attitude!"

When M. Coquerel, *pere*, died, the family, following the directions of his dying testament, invited nobody to his funeral, and sought to avoid all publicity. They chose a sim-

ple hearse, and provided no carriages; but although the January weather was wet and cold, a great crowd of people from all classes of society, duchesses and marchionesses, mechanics and laborers, followed his remains to the cemetery on foot. But the most curious attendants there were the uninvited clerical colleagues of the Consistory, who had worried him to his death! They wished to show him the respect in his coffin they had so carefully withheld till he got into it!

M. Guizot is naturally enough regarded as the potential head of the Reformed Protestant Church in France. He is a man accustomed to lead and to govern wherever he is. The grandson of a Reformed minister of no great distinction at Nismes, his father was a notary, who was beheaded in 1793, when Paris had set the guillotine to work in all the departments, and poor M. Guizot, simply from having had a good deal to do with the money affairs of the richer and more unpopular people in his city, shared their fate from public violence. M. Guizot came to Paris early, distinguished himself as a writer, and became a professor, with Cousin, in the Sorbonne—where their lectures, regarded as the bravest and most generous words of the time, brought down the stormy applause of all progressive listeners. But M. Guizot was not, by mental or physical constitution, a lover of liberty for its own sake. He wanted as much liberty as he needed for his own comfort, and thought when *he* was satisfied every body else ought to be so. A doctrinaire, he made facts fit his theories, and thought nothing could happen amiss if his ideas were not violated. He never could believe that Louis Philippe's government was threatened with revolution. *Emeute* he was prepared for, but not revolution. The earth had to open under him, and not till he found himself at the bottom of the pit did he believe in the earthquake. Flying to England for a time, he returned, under the general amnesty, to Paris, and

has, in his retirement, continued to be a power in the State. A prime-minister for so long a period, he had put too many hundred men in offices, which, after the excellent fashion of the country, they still retained, not to have a great body of influential men in all the departments gratefully obedient to his wishes. A member of the five institutes whose ribbons are so absurdly prized in Paris, and really master, by his imperious will and great talents, of three of these acadamies, his influence over the rising men who are itching for election into these bodies is of vast importance. And it is thought that he does not disdain to bargain, even with ministers, for their favors toward his Protestant adherents and schemers, by giving his influence toward the election of persons whom the Government wishes to see honored with the ribbon of the institutes and academies. For a long time Guizot was generous to the Liberals, being not wholly forgetful of his own youthful passion for freedom; but of late he has been very exclusive, and is probably the greatest obstacle to Liberal progress in the Reformed Church.

The influence of the Emperor on the prospects of Protestantism is at least not bad. He is believed to be himself a skeptic, who thinks all religions equally true and equally false. Having no predilections, he merely considers what policy requires him to favor, and he is shrewd enough to know that Protestantism, even in France, can not be safely suppressed. Doubtless Louis Napoleon, an invalid, to some extent, is no longer so influential, even in his own Court Cabinet, as for many years he was. It is understood in intelligent circles that three of his ministers—Rouher, Barroche, and Vitry—have determined to stand and fall together; that they support each other by concert in all measures urged on the Emperor, and carry their points, even against his opposition, by their combined resolution. The Emperor has owed his past

success to the slowness of his mind and the apathy of his temper, backed by a well-informed understanding of considerable native vigor, and a united firmness and patience which tire out or outlive opposition. Like General Grant, he has known how to wait, and how to be silent. He can hear counsels, and express no opinion of his own, and yet wait till his counselors have more agreeable counsels to offer. He can seem to resign purposes to which he still holds firm. Hitherto he seems to have usually been of his own opinion to the last, and oftentimes his judgment has been wiser than all his ministers. To him is attributed an expression which well illustrates his own success. In a final interview with one of his own ambassadors who had a little too much eagerness and ambition, the Emperor said, "Remember that the world belongs to intelligent phlegmatics." The Emperor's phlegm is said to be able to resist every thing except the frowns and coldness of the people immediately about him. He is truly amiable and affectionate to his household, and does not like to oppose the wishes of the Empress or of the habitués of the palace. If they treat him coldly, and are short in their answers for a few days, it is said he gives in to their views, though opposed to his own. The Empress, who is not bad, is yet both flighty and bigoted. Her influence can not be good. She is courageous, however, and in this is a true support. No people of judgment seem to think that the Empire is insured beyond one man's life, or that the Empress could hold the reins in her husband's stead, or that the Prince Imperial has constitution enough to make his prospects very good. France is always sitting over a volcano, and revolution might come any day.

But I have got very far from M. Coquerel, *fils*. The hall to which I followed him was so densely crowded that I could get no seat. I could hear only very poorly in the noise about

the door. His presence and manner in the pulpit were easy and winning, his voice sweet and full, and his utterance extempore. His prayer, like all French Protestant prayers in public, was too eloquent and oratorical to be satisfactory to my taste. In what little I heard of his address, for it was not a sermon, I was simply struck by its directness, simplicity, and good faith. He was urging the claims of the starving Arabs in Algiers, and he did it well enough to draw 2000 francs from a very mixed audience—most of them seeming to be mechanics. There were, however, people of rank and title in the congregation, unattractive as the place was. Indeed, M. Coquerel, *fils*, is getting to be followed almost as eagerly as his father was, and is already a power in Paris. It is a wretched shame that a man of his noble talents, accomplished culture, and excellent spirit, should be fighting for a chance to preach—driven about into attics and cellars, and hampered and blocked by a party of Protestant bigots. Fortunately, he is of an irrepressible courage and earnestness, and can not be kept under, or prevented from running an important career.

I had the great pleasure of seeing him at his own house, as well as at my lodgings, and after dinner we had a memorable talk of several hours. M. Coquerel is forty-eight years old, and has been twenty-four years married. I think he is without children. He has a fine person, of medium height, and considerable robustness, with an oval head of lofty and large proportions, and a face full of vivacity and kindness. He speaks English fluently and correctly. He is overflowing with intellectual and moral life, and converses with grace and richness. I found him thoroughly fraternal in his sympathies, and anxious to be in close relations with Liberal Christians in England and America. I told him frankly that somehow our Unitarian ministers visiting Paris in his father's lifetime had

not felt themselves very cordially owned, and had sometimes complained that M. Coquerel, *pere*, was inaccessible. He said that there could be no proper foundation for any such impression; that although they did not take or like the *name* Unitarian, the *thing* they liked perfectly, and maintained. I could find no jar or discord in our views, and discovered that the same questions were before M. Coquerel's mind that are now occupying our attention. M. Coquerel knew the English Broad-churchmen, Dean Stanley and Prof. Jowett, and esteemed them highly. His own writings are receiving much attention, and, now that his father's overshadowing presence is taken away, Athanase Coquerel, *fils*, can not fail to take a very distinguished position as a leader among French Protestants—probably *the* leader. Our English brethren who are so near Paris ought to cultivate M. Coquerel assiduously. I have urged him to visit America—which he heartily desires to see—but he is too busy at home, and the workmen are too few in his vineyard for the present.

May 27.

Yesterday we went down into the sewers of Paris—a not very savory enterprise to think of, but by no means so disagreeable in itself as those who have got their ideas from Jean Valjean's excursion might suppose. Starting on a ticket of admission, which our attentive bankers, Messrs. Bowles, Brothers, and Co., had procured, we found ourselves at half-past two P.M. standing over an iron trap-door, in the middle of the square Chatelet, which almost immediately opened and let forth a stream of visitors who were just emerging from their subterranean visit.

Descending a winding staircase, we found ourselves at twenty feet below the surface in a stone tunnel as large as the railroad tunnel of the New Haven Road at Thirty-second

Street, through the centre of which ran a channel of ten feet wide, and perhaps five deep, through which a stream of almost inoffensive sewage was just about emptying itself into the Seine. Suspended in the air on iron posts ten feet above the floor were two great pipes, of the diameter of six feet each, through which the water flows that supplies certain wants of the city. Telegraph-wires, enclosed in lead pipes, were also hung on the sides of the vault of the sewer. Gas-pipes I looked for, but did not find, and why, I can not surmise, as there seemed ample room for them and much more. The long hall—for it seemed such—opened in several directions, and was lighted quite brilliantly with oil-lamps and reflectors. We found ourselves in what may be called the Dépôt, in the midst of seventy-five ladies and gentlemen (at least half ladies), who had come on the same errand, and then learned for the first time that the sewers were one of the great attractions of Paris, and had daily some hundreds of visitors.

The authorities had provided with French system for their proper reception and conveyance, but under very strict railroad surveillance. Six open cars holding twelve persons each —nicely and even elegantly built, cushioned, and with a *carcel* lamp at each corner, were soon filled with the passengers. But do not imagine that the passengers got into them when they pleased, or as they pleased. If they had been dolls, they could not have had less freedom in their motions. They were ordered in and out, packed in pairs, and superintended generally to a very offensive extent, but finally got their places. The rails are placed on the edge of the channel of the sewer, so that the cars run directly over it. A path of two feet is left on either side, on which the men run who propel the train. It moves at the rate of perhaps five miles an hour. We soon left the larger tunnel, and were switched,

car by car, on a circle off on to a narrower track. We kept passing the numbered openings of smaller sewers, matching the streets above, and into each of these were apparently openings from each building in the street. It is said that there are three hundred miles of these sewers; and if all Paris is brought into the system, there is nothing extravagant in the statement. The plan seems to be to make the sewers so large and high and light, and to pour so much water continually through them, that it will be possible for a necessary force of men to live constantly in them (there is a day and a night watch, twelve hours each), watching, and preventing any stoppage or accumulation, any leakage or injury of any kind either to the sewer itself or to the pipes that carry the water, the telegraph-wires, or any gas-pipes that may exist in other parts of the system. The vast outlay in the plant of these sewers it is indeed overwhelming to consider; but the economy in their management, after the original cost, is equally vast, and no greater wisdom could mark the sanitary arrangements of a city. For so long as there are crowded, clogged, and filthy sewers under a city, as in New York, for instance, there will be dreadful smells coming out of their mouths into the streets, as in New York. Until the sewers themselves are built on such a rapid decline as to secure a swift flow, and are flooded often enough to keep the mass in them in a thoroughly liquid form, there can be no adequate security for pure air, and a healthy and inoffensive atmosphere above-ground. Now the proof of the thorough purity of Paris above-ground is the essential sweetness of the sewers themselves; and this is proved by the fact that hundreds of workmen live here twelve hours of every day without sickness or developing any local disease, and still more by the daily evidence that troops of ladies and gentlemen go through the sewers without spotting their garments or disgusting their senses.

We rode on the cars about two miles apparently, and then the ladies got into boats of a quite festive character, and were drawn along a large sewer to an exit similar to the entrance, which let us all out, after about an hour's under-ground life, in the square of the Madeleine—a mile and a half from where we had entered.

There was very little noise in the sewers, either from busy, driving Paris overhead, or from the fall of water. Occasionally a rushing drain emptied noisily into the main sewer. Doubtless if we had been in the sewer either early in the morning or late in the evening, when the streets are flushed with water, we should have heard a very merry sound of rushing streams. Indeed it is said that a sudden shower, if violent, causes an immediate swell in the sewers, and that occasionally a long rain-storm fills the whole room, and submerges pipes and all. I am not disposed to believe this, as the water-pipes, nicely painted, showed not the least sign of ever having been wet. So little appearance of refuse matter was there in the sewers that the stream looked simply as the water does about a dock into which a few waste matters have been thrown. I saw one of the conductors thrust his hand in and catch at what seemed a walking-cane. It came out clean. The boat, as it floated, aroused no odor. I will not say that the air in the sewer was not damp, heavy, and stifling, for it was a very hot day. It was not an atmosphere one would choose for a July noon, but it was far purer than the air above-ground in many of the streets of New York in August or September. On the whole, the magnificence of this subterranean work equals any thing above-ground in Paris, and exhibits the thoroughness of the sanitary police under which this beautiful city is placed. I have never yet smelt any thing in Paris worse than a pastry-shop. If Paris were in the least filthy, it would appear in this intolerably

hot weather—one week of which has condensed all the caloric missing in the whole European summer of 1867. Here it is not yet June, and Paris is positively sweltering in an August sun. Life is almost intolerable, and would be wholly so, if the gutters were not all clean and pavements all sweet, and the sewers all flooded and in perfect order.

The longer one stays in Paris, the more one's wonder grows at the relative perfection to which the art of living is here carried. The infinite detail in which the convenience of the public, and of each member of the public, is studied and provided for, is marvelous. There seems no waste here. The apparatus for renewing every thing exists. You can break nothing that can't be mended; dull nothing that can't be sharpened; stain nothing that can't be cleaned; want nothing that can't be had, and all within such immediate call that twenty-four hours suffices to order and to receive back every thing—except ladies dresses! This is not strange, as they all want them at the same time, of the same modiste, and in the latest fashion! I dare say every thing is cheap except *style.* That is dear everywhere, because people are always willing to pay whatever it asks. People can live comfortably on very little, and can get that little very cheap and well served. So far as we see, few people live at all as luxuriously as thousands of our private families live all over America; but they make a wonderful show here on a very little. I don't dare to say how many families, but I think at least sixteen are living in the building where our apartments are, No. 8 Luxembourg—a narrow, neat street, near Rue Rivoli, and in the heart of the shops and attractions of Paris. We have a suite of rooms at thirty francs a day, saloon, dining-room, four good chambers, a servant's room, a waiting-room, large entry, kitchen, etc. It is ample for a small family. But what a poor affair, compared with

a house of equal rent! I do not find that we could hire the apartment at much less by the quarter; perhaps by the year it might cost not more than $1500; but this would procure an independent house, with every comfort, in New York or Boston. Here you are in a hive, with real privacy, it is true, but with no great feeling of privacy, and a terrible feeling of confinement in place of it. Yet there are several families in this very modest building who keep carriages and footmen, and ride in considerable style every afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne. I doubt not their house-rent and carriage exhausts half their income, and that they live very small in all other ways. Paris is a city of show, as well as convenience and comfort. The soft stone, which cuts almost like cheese, and hardens in the air so that it stands the climate for generations, is easily wrought into the most ornate forms, and makes the architecture of the city festive and ornate beyond account. I can't say it is impressive in all its later manifestations. The new Opera-house, for instance, tries to effect by multiplicity of elegant details what can only be produced by fine lines and great features, and is, in my eye, a splendid failure.

There are painful evidences of the want which exists here among the poorer classes. Nothing is more affecting than the endless number of men, women, and children who get their living as wandering musicians. Into the court of our apartments come every day a half-dozen companies of musicians; now with harp and violin; now with a hand-organ; again, a man who sings, while his wife carries a baby—more eloquent than his really pure and touching voice; then, later, comes a woman in shabby dress and serious mien, who has only one thing to depend on—a sweet and pathetic voice—and she stands and sings, and waits for a sous or two to be thrown her from some of the apartments. And so it goes

on all day. Begging is forbidden, but now and then a workman in his blouse sidles up to some stranger and hints that he has eaten nothing all day. On the whole, the people look cheerful, healthy, and busy.

A SHORT RUN INTO BELGIUM AND HOLLAND.*

BRUSSELS, Belgium, June 25, 1867.

A JOURNEY of six hours carried us swiftly and smoothly over the rich plains of France, through an uninteresting country, to the capital of Belgium, without any other interruption than the stoppage of twenty minutes on the borders of the country, where every trunk and package was taken out of the cars, carried into the custom-house, examined curiously, and returned. The examination of the baggage was made in the presence of the owners, who were all huddled into the "Douannerie," each with keys in hand, and all ready to declare that they had nothing taxable in their various packages. On arriving at Brussels, the noise and excitement made a Babel of the station. The Continental custom of giving the traveler a paper receipt for his baggage, instead of a duplicate check, makes the whole matter of delivery doubly complicated and distracting. Then every pound of baggage is weighed, and woe to the purse of the unhappy wight who has more than his allotted fifty pounds—which is not far from the weight of a strong American trunk before any thing is put into it. A dollar or two for extra baggage is a very common charge on short routes, with our party of four. To make up for this, the transfer of luggage to and from the cars is very cheap. We find ourselves and all our luggage carried to a

* This letter was accidentally omitted in its proper place after Letter VII., page 71, Vol. I.

hotel for about sixty cents, in place of the two or three dollars it would cost in New York. The railroad fares are higher than with us, but the roads are smoother and the cars more comfortable, although the speed thus far is not as great as on our express trains. We find the hotels everywhere excellent, and not immoderate in their charges.

Brussels, a city of about 200,000, seemed quietness itself, after Paris. It is a lovely capital—clean, prosperous, and contented. Six thousand English are said to live here, whether to enjoy the cheap markets or the nearer view of Waterloo, I will not guess. The streets are smooth, and beautifully thorough in their whole structure. Brussels is often spoken of as a miniature of Paris in its parks, cafés, and general appearance. Certainly what it has copied it has copied well. The French language is in general use, and the coins are precisely like the French. The people show their fondness for out-of-door life, and have made beautiful parks to enjoy it in. It would be difficult to find nobler trees more skillfully arranged than in the park which Maria Theresa gave the city, full of fountains, statues, and shade. Charles V. made his abdication in 1555, in the old chateau of the Dukes of Brabant, which once stood within this park; and in it occurred the chief struggle in the Revolution of 1830. The king's palace is a plain building overlooking this park, and contains nothing as interesting as its near neighbor, the ducal palace, a modern building, only finished and occupied in 1829 by William II., king of Holland, when he was Prince of Orange. Since his expulsion, in 1830, it has served as a museum of modern Belgian art, but contains nothing of special note.

The Chambers of the Senate and Deputies are splendid in their recent decorations, but more interesting as the scenes where a people who love liberty and enjoy a mild rule

succeed in keeping the freedom of Belgium up, and its taxes down. There are three parties in the Chambers—the Catholic party, the Liberals, and the Moderate men. The Liberals are slightly in the ascendency, but it is said have lately lost a little ground. Belgium is manifestly as Catholic as France in its customs and tastes. In Brussels, as in Antwerp since, I observe not only a rigorous upholding of Catholic worship, but a manifest love and devotion to it in the masses of the people, which show clearly the strength of the political party which has so long and so successfully resisted any very progressive tendencies here. But, despite all, the great column erected in the Place du Congres in 1859 commemorates a constitution quite worthy of the people's pride, in which the liberty of the press, the liberty of worship, the liberty of assembling together, and the right of popular education are solemnly guarantied.

The Hotel de Ville rises to magnificent proportions on the side of a public square—the "Grande Place"—which, as the scene of the beheading of the Counts Egmont and Horn by the hated Duke of Alva, has a historical interest which will endure while Schiller's and Motley's brilliant records survive. Around this square stand the halls of those proud guilds, Brewers, Archers, Mariners, and others, who embodied their rivalries and their love of display in most picturesque façades, and which Walter Scott has reproduced in Quentin Durward and other tales. The Hotel de Ville, begun in 1401 and finished about the middle of the century, is the most costly of all those monuments of municipal power and pride which adorn the cities of the Netherlands. The spire is three hundred and sixty-four feet high, full of Gothic openwork, visible from a great distance, and always attractive; the façade is decorated as far as the north-west wing with a most elaborate array of statues and a highly ornate finish of

windows. Within, the place is ugly and bare, excepting some interesting tapestry commemorating the abdication of Charles V. It is still used for civic purposes, and all marriages are legalized by civil process within one of its apartments before they are solemnized by the priest at church. In the public square, where the old markets were held, and where so many scenes of bloody controversy, royal entries, displays of corporate ambition, or ecclesiastical pretension have occurred, and which to the eye of memory seems peopled with men in armor, or priests in splendid robes, or with burgomasters proud as kings, or goldsmiths, or clothiers, prouder still, I now saw with the eye of sense only street auctioneers disposing of old furniture, or tinkers mending broken china, or flower-girls peddling potted plants or nosegays. But I rejoice to say that Brussels has doubtless now more real wealth, and substantial liberty and importance, than when its Hotel de Ville shone in brand-new architecture, surrounded by its gilded square of corporate trades.

St. Gudule is a fine old church, one of those miraculous products of the power of faith, which, unless every considerable Continental city repeated the visible testimony, we could not believe in. Where the labor, the wealth, the patience, the oneness of purpose came from which these mighty structures imply, our modern experience fails to teach us! That buildings so uselessly large, lofty, and costly should have been almost universal, passes our power to explain. Yet here they are, and no account of them can make any one who has not seen and studied them appreciate their grandeur, expensiveness, and frequency. St. Gudule has but one of its stupendous towers finished. It is not specially beautiful in its proportions or workmanship, but its interior is commanding on account of mass and height, and for its exquisite stained glass, where color is not abused nor composition crowded,

but a delightful and grand effect is achieved. The pulpit is a master-piece of carving by Verbruggen, and looks as if he had spent a life upon it. It represents at the base Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise by an angel with a flaming sword, while a death's head meets them as they flee, to intimate their punishment. The pulpit, in a globular form, rests on the tree of the knowledge of good and evil and the tree of life, hanging with fruits, and with numerous large birds and animals on the branches. The sounding-board, a most graceful canopy, is surmounted by the Virgin, who holds the infant Saviour, and directs the standard of the cross in his hands against the serpent's head. The whole design is impressive, pertinent, and exquisitely executed. Beyond the Hotel de Ville and the Church of St. Gudule, I saw nothing in Brussels to interest me excepting the natural beauty of the new town overhanging the old, and the general appearance of comfort, solidity, and elegance in the city generally. It is a part of the general testimony which the traveler collects against the impression, born of ignorance and national complacency—but very common in America—that Europe is a worn-out country, and is in a general state of decay, living on the memory of better days, and patching up its tatters while its little day lasts! A great and mischievous error, which demagogues at home are ignorant or mean enough to encourage, but which a few weeks on the Continent must always correct.

ANTWERP—RUBENS.

June 27.

A curious thing it is to find a city which once queened it over the commerce of the world and drew the ships of all nations in steady files to its wharves, now owing its chief interest, and perhaps prosperity, to the genius of a dead painter, whose ever green and growing fame compels the whole world of

taste and cultivation to visit the seat of his chief works! Rubens rises over Antwerp higher than the lovely lace-worked spire of its Cathedral, that airiest of all structures ever hung in stone and iron so near the stars. Four hundred and three feet high, it has the delicacy and detail of a model wrought by the fingers of some lavish genius expending the leisure of a life upon his idol. Seen from afar or near at hand, it fascinates the eye and lifts the spirit up to its own floating foam of beauty, as full of bells, so high as to have all the effect of distance, it mingles the music of form and sound together, and flings the mysterious charm of an unearthly presence down upon the soul. I could not get away from the fascination of this spire, and felt the full force of Charles V. saying that it ought to be kept under a glass case. The church below is not unworthy of the spire it bears. The seven aisles of the interior, three hundred and ninety feet long and two hundred and fifty wide, finished in a glorious simplicity and with more harmony than is usual, produce a more open and grand effect than is common in those structures where the nave and aisles are less connected with each other. Delightful music was echoing through this vast colonnaded shrine when we entered, and a thousand worshipers silently kneeling, seemed almost lost in the amplitude of space and the depth of shadow. Yet the priest's voice rang clear from the side altar to the organ-loft, where the choir responded with the most satisfying fullness. But no service rendered by the magnificent cathedral is more grateful than that it performs in preserving three of Rubens's chief works, and, above all, his master-piece, the "Descent from the Cross."

Often described and thoroughly known as this picture is, it is nevertheless a privilege which ought to be denied to no one to pay it the fresh tribute of his admiration and gratitude, and to indulge the inclination to share his delight with

others. I confess that it interested me more than any picture in the world, and that Rubens's genius seems more like Shakspeare's than any other artist's. Following him from the wonderful series in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris, where he revels in classical and mythological forms, to Brussels, and finally to his home in Antwerp, where his power to render the most sublime and awful themes is so triumphantly displayed, his various, prodigal, and splendid genius overpowers me with wonder and delight. Whether he is greater in conception or execution, in color or in drawing, in facility or flowing fullness, in audacity or in self-control, it were difficult to say. It is common to find some fault with his drawing, but nobody who drew as much and as boldly ever drew better, to my eye. His female forms are certainly not elegant, nor is the human countenance his most successful field. But his pictures are painted to be seen at a distance, where delicate expression of feature is lost. They must not, to be enjoyed, be looked at through a microscope. It is hardly possible to get too far from the "Descent from the Cross," even in that magnificent aisle, to see it to its finest effect. Then the prodigious force of the masses of light and shade comes out, and the grand harmony and unity of the composition are felt; for Rubens kept his conception and idea sternly in his mind, and bent all details to his master-purpose. His pictures, therefore, are not pictures merely, they are stories which tell themselves perfectly. Indeed Rubens, by the reality of his genius, has made history, and his rendering of the "Descent" and the "Elevation of the Cross" are accepted facts.

The thrift of the churches in Belgium, almost all of which have erected whole rows of small houses against their sides for purposes of income, is most shocking in its effect both on architecture and on reverence. It is somewhat wonderful, too, that in so superstitious a faith, and one in which senti-

ment prevails so much over principle, such desecration should ever have been allowed by priests or people. Happily there is a prospect that the old houses about the Antwerp Cathedral will be pulled away in the course of the year. The base of the principal tower has been freed from them since my last visit.

St. Jacques, where Rubens is buried, is more magnificent within than the Cathedral. It has twenty-three chapels, all richly finished in various marbles, which in the days of Antwerp's pride were the private places of worship of her wealthier families. Rubens's tomb was the only one respected when the French, in 1793, broke into and pillaged this church.

THE HAGUE.

The Hague is a place to which the citizens of Holland and other parts of Northern Europe often retire to enjoy ease and quiet. Nothing can exceed the sober sleepiness of the fine old place, whose monotonous rows of trees, stagnant canals, straight, long streets, level commons, and endless rows of most respectable-looking, clean, capitally-glazed houses, with not a soul going in or out or looking forth from a window, present the picture of unbroken repose. The Court live at the Hague in winter, and the queen has a summer palace at "the House in the Wood," about a mile out of town, which is small enough to relieve the mind of the acute sympathy with kings and queens excited by most royal palaces, where no provision is made for the least comfort in their stately magnificence. The Queen of Holland has the reputation of being an accomplished and an excellent woman, and her palace, freely open to the public, gives indications of a resident of real taste, moderation, and sense. There is a wonderful picture of Jordaens in the ball-room

worthy of Rubens in parts, specially in the horses. Rubens's horses and camels are miracles of truth and life. The Museum at the Hague contains two pictures which will continue to draw travelers there so long as art has disciples. Paul Potter's "Young Bull," known the world over, is the first. It is strange that a young bull, with a few other cattle near, a man behind a tree looking at him, a landscape in the distance, and a few weeds about the bull's feet, with a frog in the foreground, should carry away so many generations of admirers. The interest of the subject is certainly small, but then it is so treated as to leave nothing to be desired. It is one of the few perfect things that pictorial art has accomplished. Every detail is made out with perfect precision, and yet the carefulness in the parts is made subservient to the effectiveness of the whole. The finish has no staring, hard obtrusiveness about it. Without a particle of haziness or attempt to divert attention by tricks of color, it is yet so soft in atmosphere and so full of repose and reality that you gaze upon the homely subject with hearty delight. The man's face (I believe it was his own) seems to me the only uninteresting thing in the picture. Two small cattle-pieces by Paul Potter in the next room are each gems, though they would be passed over by ninety-nine in a hundred were his name not connected with them. But reverence for his name led me to give them a very careful attention, and certainly the exquisite delicacy, the wonderful patience, the absolute truth found in them, in the shadows, in the foliage, in the animals, was such as to win my profound admiration. The other great picture is Rembrandt's famous one of a dead body on a table, with Dr. —— lecturing to his students on a dissection of the fore-arm. The subject is, of course, unpleasant, but the picture is past praise for its dignity, reality, and vigor. Dead flesh could not be more successfully painted, nor light

managed with a more masterly effect. The portraits are all strong, various, and expressive, although the faces are older than those of medical students in our age. Rembrandt's fame is justified at every step I travel in Belgium and Holland, and the only regret one has is to meet with so comparatively few of his works.

The Dutch school, in the midst of whose unlovely truthfulness I have been living during the past week, seems the product of men who had every talent except the sense of beauty. In mechanical skill, in knowledge of color, in patient labor, in conscientious accuracy, in solidity of form, in wonderful learning and study, who can exceed them? And often in solemn sentiments of reverence, or sorrow, or aspiration they have an unaffected passion, which is profoundly impressive, and which the most homely figures and most unlovely accessories can not seriously impair. But I confess that when art lacks beauty, elegance, and grace, it soon wearies my eyes and make it impossible for all its other excellences to win my heart. It is the first duty of art to please. It has the choice of its subjects, and of its manner of treating them, and we have a right to demand that it shall be ideal and lovely. We may gladly recognize the skill and the genius of the painter when we do not and can not enjoy his works. I should be sorry to live in a gallery of even the best Dutch pictures.

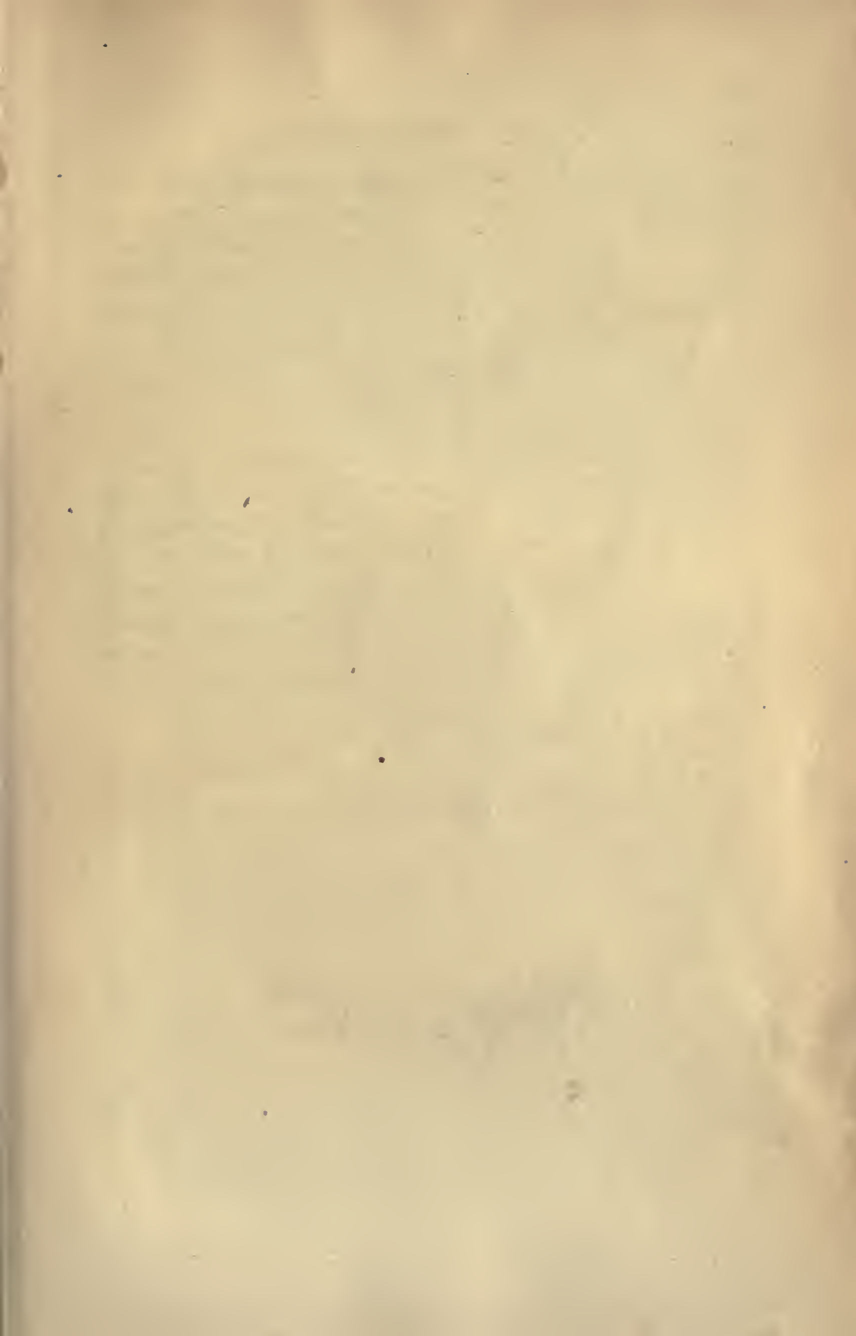
LEYDEN.

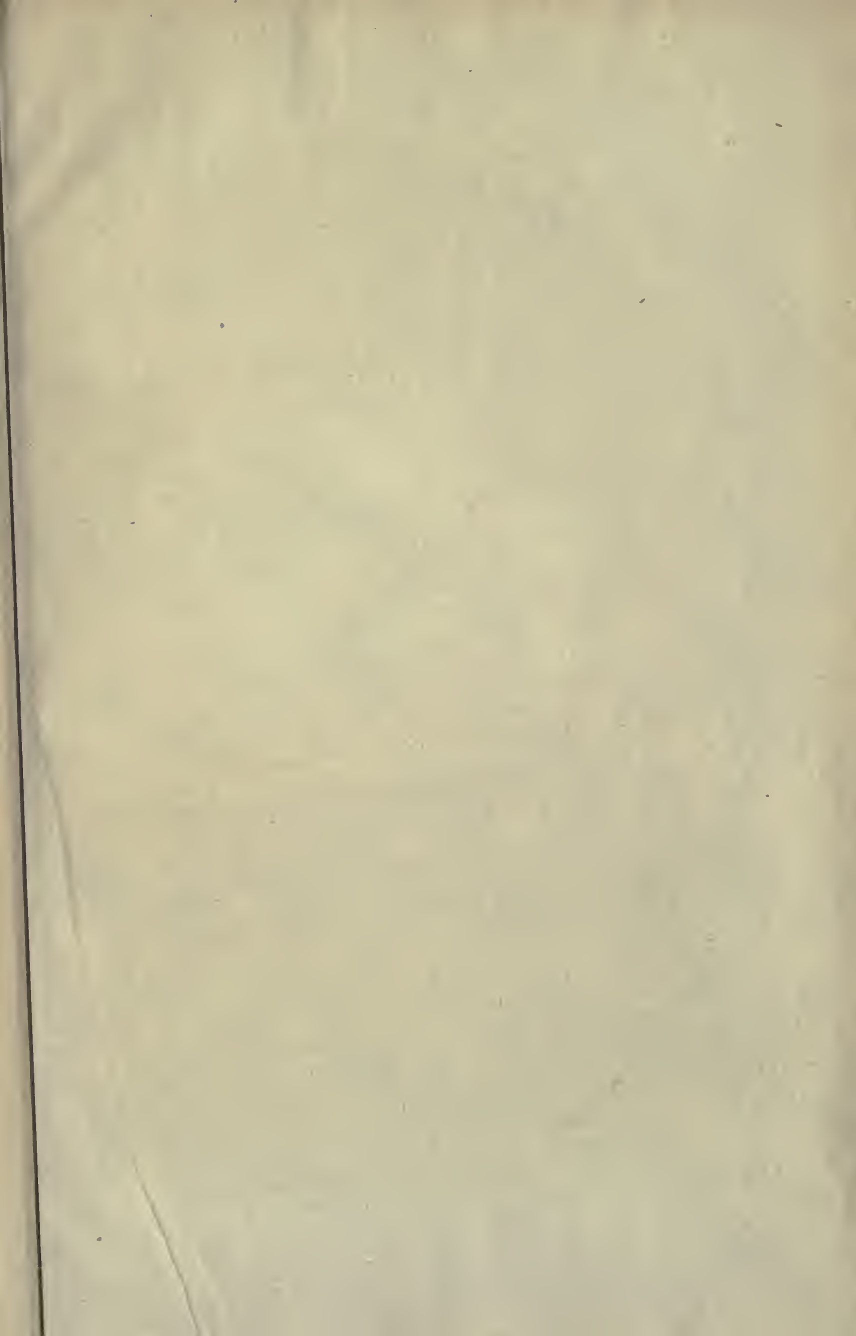
We stopped half a day at Leyden, out of respect to the fame of its ancient University, and the names of Boerhaeve, Linnaeus, Arminius, Scaliger, and other great men who had been professors there. "The Leyden Jar" was my very early acquaintance, and I wanted to see where it was made. The noble defense of the city by its brave old burgomaster, when he resisted the tears and the entreaties to surrender of moth-

ers with dying children in their arms, had been too well told by Motley not to make me wish to tread such sacred soil. The old town-hall contains an effective modern picture commemorating the event and portrait of the brave defender, and is itself a fine memorial of the past. The city is a better illustration of the amphibious life of Holland than even Amsterdam. It is a collection of islands connected with bridges (250, it is said), and presents the appearance of the actual life of the Dutch people—so many of whom live like the Chinese in boats, without other homes. The boats are blunt, clumsy-looking things, but well enough adapted to their purpose. Great loads of peat lie at the banks of the canals, and the odor of its burning is perceived all over Holland. The University is an old, rude building, with the bare-looking chapel and lecture-rooms, which are in all countries considered so favorable to the communication of academic inspiration. Over the door of the examination-room some college wag had written Dante's line, "Whoever enters here, must leave all hope behind," and on one side of the door, in chalk, was a capital caricature of the candidate's despairing expression before going in ; on the other, his hilarious looks on getting out. Various charcoal drawings, all more or less excellent, decorated the walls, and were suffered to remain. I am afraid our American collegians would not be capable of such cleverness with the pencil. The council-room of the professors—familiar to us in the Dusseldorf series of pictures, giving the history of the collegian—is illustrated with at least a hundred portraits of the successive professors of the University, among whom are found Scaliger, Arminius, Boerhaeve, and Linnaeus. The botanical garden connected with the University, though not large, is full of intelligent care and rare plants. Not only are teas and coffees, spices and gums found growing here, but the papyrus, the upas, the banyan.

The trees were ticketed with metallic labels, the shrubs with neat slate, and the flower-pots had an ingenious label, wholly new to me, and excellent. It consisted of a small tube, sharp at one end, into which the name of the plant clearly written on paper was put, and the tube then closed by melting the glass. It was very strong, the label was safe from wet, and remained legible for any length of time.

The Museum at Leyden is the best collection of natural history I ever met with. In beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles it is wonderfully full, and in the best possible order. Great skill has been shown in setting up the animals. Two magnificent camelopards, two very fine ostriches, every species of marsupial, are among the more interesting specimens. A fine cabinet of minerals belongs to the collection; among the shells is a series of pearl oysters, showing the successive states of growth of the pearl. The skeletons of all the larger and many of the smaller creatures are also here. On the whole, it is a great honor and glory to Leyden to possess a Museum which I doubt if all the collections in America put together would equal in fullness and value. Travelers will be very unwise to pass by this beautiful and instructive collection.





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