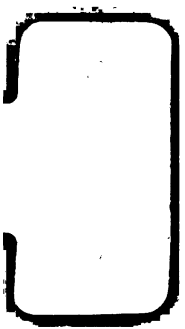

LITTLE IDYLS OF THE BIG WORLD

THE CAMPAGNA — ROME.

LITTLE IDYLS OF THE BIG WORLD

BY

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BEING A FEW WORLD PROBLEMS: STATED, BUT NOT SOLVED; SOME HUMAN DOCUMENTS UNROLLED; AND SOME SIGHTS THAT SUGGEST.

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LITTLE IDYLS OF THE BIG WORLD.

I.

PONTIFEX MAXIMUS.

A RUMOR had gone abroad that the Pope was to officiate in St. Peter's at the mass for the dead on All Saints' Day. The spectacle was sufficiently rare to send all Rome pouring over the bridge of St. Angelo to see Leo XIII. break through that thin crust of fiction which makes him a prisoner in the Vatican.

There was unwonted animation on the piazza. Bernini's curving colonnades, usually deserted, were thronged with sight-seers. The two fountains were playing, and with every puff of wind sprinkled an eager crowd that filed in thin lines towards the steps. Cabs rattled across the paved

piazza to leave their occupants under the façade. The ugly accumulation of buildings which constitute the Vatican, that nondescript growth of many centuries, loomed into a sky of tender blue. But the monster dome dominated everything, placid and full-fed, like a gilded idol, sitting serenely upon its massive substructure.

As the faithful mounted the steps in the light of the sun, and entered within, they seemed to disappear into a dark, insatiable maw, from which there could be no return.

Behind the leather curtains of St. Peter's there is a climate which knows neither winter nor summer. Its atmosphere is as unvarying as that of some island on a southern sea, — soothing, full of genial caress. Its day is toned to twilight, and its night holy with unquenched candles.

As I entered, the place was full of small echoes that came from the moving of chairs, the footfalls of men in cassocks, or the occasional closing of a chapel door. There were murmurs of distant prayers, of

sudden "Amens!" on the organ, or chants in monotone. The sibilants, which are always heard in churches, struck upon the ear from all sides, and the very whisperings of the confessional seemed hovering in the air. All these sounds were caught up by the dome, and thence re-echoed, tempered into a musing harmony. Ah, the immensity which was suggested by this strange musical quality! It was more convincing than all the statistics of measurement.

Cherubs sported on the pillars, or grouped themselves into medallions, — delicious creations full of joy and mischief, who alone served to mitigate the essential vulgarity of the prevailing decoration. For what could exceed the burlesque of the statues, betraying the decay of art? Heroic prophets, standing in theatrical attitudes, their garments hanging in unnatural folds, or on the tombs the voluptuous figures of women, grinning skulls, and popes, knowing-looking and wordly-wise. Bernini's *baldachino* rose in costly vandalism above the main

altar, and at the extremity of the chapel there was a grotesque glory of gilded plaster. But even this plaid of mosaic detail could not rob St. Peter's of its magnificent lines, which, in the aggregate, produce an impression of vastness, at first unsuspected, but gradually creeping into the soul, never to depart.

While I waited in the church, the Vatican was swarming like a hive.

All grades of the Roman hierarchy had sent representatives; all the orders, in their multi-colored cowls, were there; emissaries from the ends of the earth, to wait upon the holy father; country clergymen, coming like Luther, all reverence, into the realms of intrigue; glib *monsignore*, who proselyte among the visiting nobility, and haunt the hotels for converts; monks sworn to poverty, bronzed and bearded; priests with the stamp of holy living on their faces; secret spies, money lenders, and political advisers; missionaries and

chaplains; men fresh from the benedictions of their parishes, or debauched by crimes begun at the confessional or in the flattery of the drawing-room. Pages, clad in scarlet, hurried through the passages in the service of the cardinals.

In the cells of that mighty hive there was feasting and praying, fasting and blaspheming; for aspirations and infamies, which were to affect the world, were being concocted, and the representative of the Nazarene Carpenter was crying aloud for kingly power.

And all the time the Swiss guard watched by the portals. They looked theatrical, and just a little foolish, in the costume of red, black and yellow designed by Michael Angelo. The deliberate guttural of their speech contrasted strangely with the soft Italian of their environment; and, indeed, they stood there somewhat shamefaced, as the only survivors of that mercenary system which, in the Middle Ages, sapped the national life of Switzerland,

and made her the prey of bribing ambassadors.

But the time had come. An impatient crowd awaited the entry of the Pontiff into St. Peter's, with apprehension growing, lest they be cheated of the promised spectacle.

There was heard a loud clanging, as the iron gate of a chapel was thrown open, and a train of vested ecclesiastics issued into the church, and moved towards the main altar. But their magnificence was as nothing to what followed, for suddenly there came a hoarse command, and the papal guard presented arms to the divinity of the place. He came, borne upon the shoulders of the faithful in his sedia, covered with a silken canopy.

Hail, Pontifex Maximus! Ruler of the world!

The triple mitre was on his head, from which some of the greatest jewels of the ages sparkled loftily; his vestments glittered beside his pallid, old man's skin.

He raised his jewelled hand in blessing, bending now to one side, now to the other over the serried ranks, and thus passed on.

And his face? It was keen and intellectual, even to shrewdness, ever watchful and nervous, yet restrained, — a face fit for a scholar, a diplomat, and a fox; at once harrowed and self-contained, anxious and full of resources, cast in a conservative mould, and yet liberal beyond his environment.

The magnificence of this ceremony appalled. Its audacity made one afraid, and yet it fascinated with a savage splendor.

An Anglican clergyman who had been watching with wrapt countenance, now fell upon his knees, for the mark of his future apostasy was already upon him.

Then the sombre music of the mass for the dead stole through the church, from where the incense and the candles burned, and after a while I heard the

thin, small voice of an old man in faint recitation. It sounded attenuated by the immensity of the church, as though it had passed through many atmospheres, or pierced the walls of a tomb. The quavering monotone ceased amid a profound, prayerful hush.

God rest their souls!

When the procession returned from the altar to the chapel door along the marble pavement, I could see the Pope far down the cheering throng, swaying slightly upon his lofty sedia, blessing as he passed, smiling with polite serenity, gratified by the enthusiasm, but weary with old age.

Outside, the sun beat joyously upon the piazza from a luminous sky, the fountains prattled to the bathing pigeons, the air came spring-like to the nostrils; there was the rumble of Rome in the distance, and all the joys of daily life came back again.

II.

THAT LITTLE NEAPOLITAN LIE.

THE porter of the small Albergo Buona Mano liked to put adventure into his work. He would rather any day make a *soldo* by various shifts than a *lira* by direct business methods.

It was in his blood.

Not many foreigners came his way. Occasionally he caught a German artist, bound for Capri; once he had lured a couple of British old maids from the beaten track of star-marked Baedecker hotels; but, for the most part, he had to exercise his talents upon Italian commercial travellers, who were often more than his peers.

As Guiseppe drove to the station one afternoon on the step of the omnibus, his mind was full of delightful criminalities. By the time the driver had drawn

up in line with the other omnibuses of Naples, the porter had secured, in imagination, a family of very rich Americans, who feed him every time they passed in or out the hotel door; a dashing prima donna, who made eyes at him and showed her teeth with a rich smile; an aged count, a diplomat, on his way to the east, who ordered many carriages; and a party of English who used him as a courier, and took him shopping for bargains. He was very glad to go with them, and always got his twenty-five per cent. of the purchases from the shopkeepers.

The whistle of the train, arriving from Rome, woke our friend from his daydreams, just as he had persuaded the King of Italy and the Star of Savoy herself to take lodgings in the Albergo Buona Mano.

But his watchful eye soon after fell upon some American tourists, who were standing disconsolate and distracted be-

fore the line of omnibuses. Evidently kind Providence had sent an answer to his hopes. It would be wrong to neglect so fertile a field, especially as these tourists, for some reason or other, refused the overtures of one porter after another.

"No," said the man among them who had travelled before; "I won't take the first that offers. Last time I was here I stayed at a certain Hotel Diana, overlooking the Chiaia. I don't see the omnibus, though."

"Ask, why don't you?" came from a weary woman's voice.

"Ask? My dear, you must never ask questions in Naples. They make you pay for everything here, even when they lie to you."

Guiseppe had a master's eye for effects. He chose his moments for action with the skill of a great general. It was in his blood.

"Vant 'otel Diane? Verra vell; I do ze zervice 'otel Diane. *Si, si!* omnibus, — *toute de suite.*"

The tourists looked at each other.

"I don't understand," objected the man-who-had-travelled-before, "how he can do the service for Hotel Diana, when the sign on his omnibus says 'Albergo Buona Mano.'"

A female voice: "I am beginning to hate Naples! Let 's have the baggage put on and get away."

"*Si, si!* I do ze zervice 'otel Diane," came from Guiseppe, at regular intervals.

The party clambered into the little omnibus, much relieved; but a cloud of distrust still rested upon the brow of the man-who-had-travelled-before.

As the omnibus rattled over the streets of Naples, Guiseppe swung up and down on the step, smiling innocently upon his victims within. It had been almost too easy, this capture. He heard the-man-who-had-travelled-before describe the atrocities committed by the cab-drivers of Naples, the piracies of the men who rowed passengers over to the Capri boat. Guiseppe felt

as though he were playing the part of villain in some dear old melodrama. He hugged this theatrical thought to his heart. He felt it course through his veins. It was in his blood.

Instead of driving to the Chiaia, the omnibus plunged into a labyrinth of narrow streets.

The man - who - had - travelled - before seemed to grow restless.

"I can't see why we should go through the back streets. Hotel Diana is by the water."

Guiseppe looked carefully away, fearing to betray his joy, and presently the omnibus drew up before the Albergo Buona Mano, a sad and sombre-looking inn, full of dread possibilities. Guiseppe opened the door with a wide swing of welcome, and proceeded to take out whatever bags and bundles were nearest.

"Heh there!" shouted the-man-who-had-travelled-before. "What's all this? Drop those bags! Drive on. This isn't Hotel

Diana; this is your miserable Albergo Buona Mano!"

With a look of gentle commiseration, Guiseppe shrugged his shoulders.

"Scuse mea, *l'otel Diane n'existe plus. Voilà!* I t'ink you lika dis place."

"*N'existe plus?* There is n't any Hotel Diana any longer? But you said you 'd — So you lied when you said you 'd take us to Hotel Diana? I 'll break every bone in your body! (Let me alone, girls; we 've got to show them we won't stand it!) I 'll teach you to lie to an American!"

Before Guiseppe could dodge, the man-who-had-travelled-before had seized him by the coat-collar, and was shaking him to a running accompaniment of keen comments upon the character of Italians in general and porters in particular.

At the first sound the proprietor came rushing out, with hands upraised, beseeching the kind *forestiere* to have patience. It was a misunderstanding.

"I want you to know that I am con-

nected with the press. A word from me, and your hotel will go higher than a kite."

The proprietor hoped the party would be comfortable at the Albergo.

"No, sir! I would n't stay here now for a farm. Climb out, girls. We 'll take a cab, and drive to the swellest hotel in town."

By this time all the servants of the inn were in the street, every window of the neighborhood was full of delighted spectators.

Guiseppe stood there, dazed by his shaking. His jaw fell helplessly. As the cab drove off with his victims, he had one moment of supreme satisfaction. He saw them suddenly duck their heads together, pull their coat-collars and shawls over their ears, and take out their handkerchiefs. Some good soul had thrown a lot of water upon them from a lofty window.

Then Guiseppe finally broke into a long, stage laugh. He felt like an artist, foiled,

but still devoted to his art. It was in his blood.

Guiseppe laughed on, until the proprietor of the inn came to tell him that he was discharged.

III.

A RIOT IN ROME.

MY little apartment was perched high in air on the via Quattro Fontane. The sun poured into it for half the day, and for the other half the varying winds of a Roman winter crept through the ill-fitting windows and chilled the stone floor.

In February there came a dull day,— moist, unwholesome, and threatening rain. I was reading the *Tribuna* after lunch, when something made me start to my feet and step out upon the miniature balcony that overlooked the street. There was a sound in the direction of the Corso I had never heard before,— a distant, ill-defined, elemental murmur: as of the sea, and yet not so common a sound; without apparent pulsations, but rising on a cumulative crescendo that betrayed

no gradations of increase; a smooth, compressed roar, heart-sickening, and not devoid of a certain grewsome harmony.

Pigeons darted and flapped, as usual, over the house-tops, or strutted on the roofs; a gray sky lowered upon the sunless city; the stone-cutters, at work on the Canadian convent opposite, chipped noisily from their Travertine stone, — but in the street there seemed to have arisen a vague alarm.

It communicated itself with mysterious rapidity to the people on the pavement, to the drivers of cabs and carts in the middle of the street, and finally to the shopkeepers. People were seen to stop suddenly, and then hurry off in new directions. Carriages, coming from the Via Nazionale and going toward the Venti Settembre, pulled up and started back on a gallop. The owner of the *pizzicheria*, on the corner, came out in his white apron, to put up his iron shutters, rattling them violently, in trembling haste.

The stone-cutters and masons at the Canadian convent stole cautiously from their work, pale with apprehension and uncertainty, and peered up and down, irresolute.

As the sound approached, it lost its harmonious character. It could now be differentiated into its component parts.

There was the steady fundamental note, made by the rumble of the city, but the superimposed noises of panic could be distinguished from one another. Doors slammed, bolts were pushed forward, men ran through the emptying streets, shouting incoherent warnings, a runaway horse trailed his torn harness behind him. The shopkeepers watched before their doors with ashy-gray countenances.

Then came a crashing sound, which dominated all other notes, — inexplicable, ominous, full of nameless terrors, — and after that the rioters themselves appeared over the brow of the hill.

They were mostly young fellows, some

mere boys, clad in the canvas and corduroy of the Italian workmen.

They carried shovels and picks, and dashed them, as they ran, against the unprotected shop windows. It was this constant crashing of breaking glass which had given warning of their coming. A spirit of exaltation seemed upon them. Some overmastering force was directing their actions, and had stamped a look of purpose upon their faces, which excluded all fear for the future. Undersized and ill-fed, as they doubtless were, they ran with a toss of the dark hair which was truly magnificent, — these votaries of a goddess whose name was Revolution.

There was a driver from the country who had left his cart standing full of firewood, cut, Italian fashion, into long sticks. The rioters quickly overturned this cart, and discarding their heavy tools, armed themselves with the handier sticks. They did not stop to steal or even scatter the contents of the shop windows, but

hurried on, in the service of their implacable goddess, to do their utmost, before, exhausted by their mad exertions, they should fall an easy prey to the police, who now began to show themselves.

One fellow struck the photographer's showcase, on the ground floor, a resounding blow, shattering the glass into a thousand splinters.

Over at the convent the vacillation of the employed, in the face of the excesses of the unemployed, was a study in itself. It was evident that the stone-cutters and masons felt the contagion of the moment, for at sight of the rioting, they rushed hither and thither witlessly, uncertain whether to make enemies of their employers, or of their poorer brothers. I cannot tell, to this day, whether or not I was disappointed when they decided to return to their work, casting furtive glances about, to see if their momentary sympathy with the elements of disorder had been observed.

Just beyond the Via Nazionale a really charming scene was enacted. A young lieutenant had stationed himself in the middle of the street, in front of the glass-covered Galleria Marguerita, to bar the way of the stragglers. He stood with his sword drawn, his army mantle hanging from his shoulder like a Roman toga,— posed as for a painter. The whole had just that theatrical touch which appeals to the Italian character, and made him next day the talk of the *cafés*.

And the causes of this sudden outbreak, — what were they?

When Rome became the capital of Italy, in 1870, its grass-grown streets and deserted piazzas took on another aspect. A real-estate boom was started, as pronounced as that of any prairie town in America.

It attracted laborers from the provinces in unheard-of numbers. A great rejuvenation was begun in the ancient quarters; the hitherto unprotected marvels of an-

tiquity were set apart for public edification; vast sums were expended on improvements of all sorts.

Then came a reaction. During the ensuing period of stagnation men were appalled at the debts they had contracted, at the boodle the politicians had appropriated under cover of popular services; but, worse than all, the unemployed workmen haunted the *trattorie*, to talk over their grievances. They had brought their families with them from the country districts, and now found themselves stranded, with the margin of starvation slowly receding.

To add to the general misery of the situation, Italy had joined the triple alliance.

The army and the navy must be inordinately increased to satisfy the demands of the allies. The Budget, which had for some years been coaxed into an annual surplus, showed a deficit. Increased taxation followed. The necessaries of life rose steadily in price, as high tariffs on imports were decreed; for in Italy, as elsewhere, war, or

the fear of war, goes hand in hand with so-called protection of native industries.

While King Humbert was feasting Emperor William, and showing him his soldiers and sailors, there was a fermentation in the rookeries of the Roman poor.

The unemployed finally met in open assemblies to take counsel, usually on the drill-ground, which lies between the churches of St. John Lateran and of the Holy Cross of Jerusalem.

They still bore their ills with that marvellous patience of the Italian people, preferring to endure for a time, if, perchance, work might be given. A committee was finally sent to beg the Syndic of Rome for relief works. But how was it possible to involve the municipal finances, already on the verge of bankruptcy, in further outlays? Besides, confidence was shaken, credit poor; and so the committee returned empty handed.

Several days passed, several more meetings were held, growing noisier as they pro-

gressed. Further refusals of help were reported, until one day violent counsels prevailed over the customary advices of prudence.

A few Socialists and Anarchists by profession spoke of the great revolution which must come some day; they urged concerted action against capital. Then some fellow exclaimed that the time for talking had passed; the moment for action was at hand. Shouts rose from the ranks. A moderate orator tried to make himself heard above the hoarse din; but when some one took a stone from a pile which lay there for building purposes, and hurled it at a passing carriage, the long-pent-up, savage hatred of those thousands had burst its bonds.

They issued from the square a cursing, howling mob, to overrun Rome until the evening.

That night the stars looked down upon a great *uninhabited* waste, lying all around the Eternal City.

It was the Campagna, breeding malaria for want of tillage.

A few noble families, sprung from papal orgies, alone have the right to graze their sheep and horses upon it.

Ever and anon a buffalo strode through the moonlight, sniffing the night air with outstretched head, its black sides glistening in the light. The ruined aqueducts seemed always on the march across the plain from Tivoli, or from the silver-blue Alban Hills. St. Peter reared its dome silhouette, and the broken tombs watched wearily beside the Appian Way.

But in Rome itself the prisons were full of starving wretches.

For that same human greed which had reserved the Campagna for the cattle, had also robbed them of their heritage.

IV.

THE ANGELS OF THE BAPTISTERY

A BLIND beggar was plying his trade one December day in the cathedral enclosure of Pisa.

He was not as blind as he seemed, for he watched visitors warily with open eyes, until they neared, and then stood blinking, with suffering mien and extended hand, ready to curse if they passed on unheeding.

The great bell in the Leaning Tower rang out the noon hour with terrific reverberations, threatening to destroy the whole structure in a cataclysm of battling vibrations.

Soon after, an Englishman arrived in a carriage, and proceeded to see the sights. He was of the usual well-dressed, well-groomed, man-of-the-world type. His face was without expression.

After a stolid visit to the Tower, he entered the cathedral, which had weathered yellow-brown, and looked painted in various shades of sepia.

The blind beggar waited outside.

A quiet magnificence made itself felt within the cathedral, from the bronzed doors to the chastely-carved altars, designed by Michael Angelo, and the profuse ornaments in costly lapis lazuli. Andrea del Sarto's picture of St. Agnes hung from a column, showing the holy maid gazing heavenward, the orange-yellow of her garments crossed by shadows of lovely purple. In the transept Galileo's pendulum-lamp was suspended, resting now, after having taught mankind a new set of laws.

But the Englishman came out unmoved, and the blind beggar cursed him quietly for his indifference.

A strong light poured into the galleries of the Campo Santo, flecking the worn pavements. On the eastern side white modern statues were thrown into refulgent

relief against a background of fading frescoes. Pathetically crude, these latter, full of the grotesque images of the feudal mind, figures jumbled together haphazard and with only a primitive sense of color and perspective. An old-time solemnity haunted this resting-place, but it did not impress the Englishman. He strode by, without noticing the hand of the blind beggar. The latter cursed him a second time, more roundly.

And, last of all, there was the Baptistery, set on the ground like a monster papal tiara, bristling with ornaments, and rounded at the top like a dome. It has a rich and reverent interior. Half-lights steal in through small, sparkling windows. There is a font of marvellous inlaid marbles, and then the famous pulpit of Niccola Pisano, with its strong reliefs and polished pillars borne upon archaic lions.

The Englishman was about to return to his carriage when the blind beggar, standing just within the door, touched his arm and motioned him to listen.

He sang the four notes of a chord in slow succession up into the vault, by no means well or sweetly, but as anyone might do.

Then, in truth, a great marvel was performed; for the dome gathered the isolated notes into its ample arms, breathed its own spirit into them, and thus rained them down again, welded into a single chord, — refined, apparently rarified, and ringing, through a celestial diminuendo, to utter silence.

Now it seemed like the angelic arpeggios of many harps, luxurious and speaking of a golden rest; now enthralling, ecstatic, reaching to one's inmost fibres, and pricking the imagination to supernatural enterprise. In such a moment the very mysteries of life are touched, deeply felt, but dimly known. The soul communes with the unseen, the world apart, in whispers fine.

It was like the eternal harmonies of many whirling worlds, — a concord deep

and wide. It opened the vast expanse of space, and gave one for an instant a short-lived glimpse of what we call Infinity.

The blind beggar saw tears coursing down the cheeks of the man of the world, and soon after felt a good-sized silver piece in his palm.

V.

A WOMAN OF PARIS.

COUNT DE B——, first lieutenant in the artillery, is sitting in uniform before the Café Americain, surveying the strollers of the Boulevard.

It is eight o'clock. He has just dined, and the waiter is bringing him his cup of coffee and *liqueur*. He leans back, with his sword on his knees, a cigarette between his lips, the vizor of his cap tilted up, just a little. His uniform of blue-black, with rich red stripes, is the handsomest in the French army, and the women give him little glances as they pass; he ought to be happy.

But there is a puzzled look in the lieutenant's eyes. It was only day before yesterday that he landed in Toulon, on his return from the ill-fated expedition to Tonquin, and Paris is a little discon-

certing to a man who has been camping in a wilderness of jungle and swamp for two years, fighting a hidden foe, dying and recovering from cholera, or starving on a little rice.

Over a lighted match he kindles a little conversation with his neighbor, an American traveller.

"*Permettez* — thank you."

"I 'm glad to find you speak English, so few French people do."

"My mother, the *comtesse*, is American. You likes Paris? *Gai, c'est vrai.* Plenty pretty women. *Ah, les femmes!* I promise myself much amusement when I return from Tonquin. But I find no longer the same thing. It is well the cholera which change me."

"The cholera!"

"Yes, I had a *poste*,—three guns, twenty-one men; about thirty kilometres from the *camp du centre.* After some time communication was cut away; no provisions made cholera, so my men all had

it. *Ma foi!* many die, black, *dégoutants.* At last my sergeant, Vigoroux, and I catch the sickness, and no help yet which come. One day Vigoroux drag himself to my tent, — I see him try to do *fixe* and salute, — '*Mon lieutenant, ily a une bouteille de Champagne* we save for the *fête. Mon lieutenant,* you take that, and I, too, a little. Perhaps it will do us some good.' *Voyez vous le pauvre,* brave man? *Eh, bien!* we drink and get more strong, till reën-forcements come and take us to the 'ospital."

"That was a tough experience! Did you have any more of that kind?"

"Once I find a letter stick with a knife on my table, and written in Tonquinois 'Death' in big letters. So when I ride to the guns on inspection, I take a guard of ten men with me. The Tonquinois attack, but we beat them away."

"I should think you must feel quite dazed to be plunged so suddenly from that barbaric life into this Paris, where

the utmost ingenuity of refinement reigns supreme."

"Yes, *ébloui*,—like from death into a bright light. 'Ave one sherry cobbler with me, eh? This place is good for that,—Café Americain, you see; but one does not eat well here. Yes? *Garcon! deux, avec de la glace, vous savez?*"

"But you were speaking just now of the cholera having changed your liking for Paris."

"I, which was Boulevardier to the ends, not 'appy away from here; know every café, theatre, and all the best women. *C'a m'ennuie maintenant.*"

The stream of the Boulevard sweeps by them, down the brilliant lines of shops, hotels and kiosques, gaudy with posters. It is a stream that carries many a steady man off his feet, and engulfs many a dainty morsel of a woman. Cabs roll in procession up and down the middle, the drivers lolling on their boxes in impudent recklessness. At the curbstone

camelots are hawking their nauseous wares: comic papers, gallant adventures, toys, songs. The pavement is alive with a multitude, putting its best foot forward to please, to stare, to make an impression, and to be stared at. Stumpy little soldiers in ungainly uniforms salute the lieutenant incessantly.

"When I was getting well in the 'ospital, I think a good deal about women."

"That was right." The American laughs.

"*C'est-à-dire*, these women of Paris. Why are they so bad? I say, and remember my women I could not trust. *La femme de Paris*, you cannot see her round the corner. What you think?"

"No; you're right. I understand what you mean. There is something about your French women that defies analysis. They swim in oceans of tact. There is always just the right touch. They put you at your ease with a turn of the shoulder, or inflame you with the low-

ering of the eyes. Delicate masks and lady-like disguises! And back of it one is continually suspecting some piece of treachery. This sympathy, is it not perhaps diluted selfishness? These tears and friendly taps,— are they not works of art? This pretty manner doubtless hides some incredible past."

"You speak like a connoisseur."

"Well, I have lived. We Americans do not profess to understand our own women, but yours are like sealed *editions de luxe* with gold clasps, to us. If I may exaggerate to make my meaning clear, your Frenchwoman seems careless about crimes, but punctilious about conventionalities. Yet, through it all she never forgets her bread and butter."

"Ah, very good! I cannot express myself like that in English."

The lieutenant turns his eyes for a moment down the street to avoid the salute of a group of soldiers he sees coming. As he does so, a girl passes,

looking into men's eyes without seeming to, — an art. So, too, is her gait, not exactly a stroll, but a walk that suggests; yet daintily, mind you, very *chic*, as a special favor, because *monsieur* is so *très bien*. The lieutenant hears a caressing note, "*Tiens, de retour, mon cher? Viens me voir.*" Yes, it is Josephine, — the same, wearing her adventures unchanged. And she is not a bad girl, either, — one of those big Alsatians, that are as fatal as Helen, when they have learned the arts of Paris.

The American looks after her in amazement. "And a woman like that, too!"

As the night advances, the electric lights seem to glare more pitilessly than ever on the dusty leaves of the trees and the powdered faces in the parade. Discharged servants and shop-girls are exerting their most graceful and determined wiles. *Mon dieu, il faut vivre!* At other *cafés* isolated women sit, *en grande toilette*, who live by changing their addresses, — not too often. *Poseurs* in dress suits and

vacant smiles, or foreigners with money, are the fish most sought after by these anglers.

The lieutenant shrugs his shoulders.

"*La femme serieuse*, what has she? Low wages, long hours, poor quarters. What you think?"

"True; and the woman of Paris is not burdened with a Puritan conscience. She does not suffer long in silence. She always looks well, because she knows no remorse. There is nothing that robs people of their good looks so quickly as continual self-suppression."

The American speaks bitterly.

Paris is beginning to disgorge vast crowds from its theatres and halls. The air throbs with the exaltation of a million people bent on amusement, — a frivolous, kindly air, that stimulates and whispers, "Please yourself first, and others, too, if you can." In the scraps of conversation, in the significant gestures, in the very toilettes, there is a sensual sparkle that

none of us can resist. It lures, it mocks the conscience with a jest. Worse than all, that smell of Paris rises to the nostrils, the smell of scented women, like the fumes of alcohol to the drunkard.

Josephine comes drifting back on the tide to the Café Americain, looking a shade less fresh. This time the lieutenant says, "*Assieds toi, ma petite.*"

While they talk in rapid, low tones, the American sits smoking in embarrassment, and presently excuses himself. As he saunters away, he smiles contemptuously. "Ah, these French people!"

But he does the lieutenant an injustice, for the latter sits till far into the night at the *café*, talking seriously to Josephine. The waiter passes to and fro, nervously at first, then with decided irritation. He ends by piling the chairs upon the tables.

Then the couple rise very gravely, and go out into the warm night, where a soft, sticky mist is beginning to hover about the trees.

"*Tu promets, tu vas chez toi, demain, en Alsace, chez tes parens?*" A *billet de banque* of a hundred francs changes hands, the lieutenant salutes, and walks hastily towards his hotel, clinking his sword.

Next day he starts for Chalons, to join his regiment at artillery practice.

But Josephine buys a new dress at the Magazin du Louvre with her hundred francs, and goes to the races as usual.

VI.

ON THE FRENCH FRONTIER.

A ROW of garrisoned cities and entrenched camps crouch like watch-dogs over against Germany: Besançon, Epinal, Nancy, Toul, and many another.

Railroads, serving as strategic lines, skirt the whole French frontier. At every station the signs of military preparation abound. There are extra tracks and platforms for embarking troops and loading cannon, powder-magazines, and vast storehouses for ammunition and fodder, — all deteriorating for want of use, and needing constant renewal. Almost every hill is crowned with a low fort of the most approved pattern, which is at once a post of observation, a signalling and spying station, and a centre of destruction.

Besançon, the headquarters of the Seventh Army Corps, lies close-packed

upon a loop of the River Doubs. An old-fashioned citadel rises from the neck of the peninsula, and on either hand two strong forts, — Bregille and Chaudanne. All other approaches are guarded by a multitude of walls and bastions; the very bridges and gates seem full-fledged fortresses, being the work of Vauban, that famous builder of Louis XIV. But a new zone of defence covers the surrounding hills for many miles around, hiding itself from the uninitiated. There are three principal heights, — Chailluz, Mont Faucon and Planoise, encircled by lesser forts, and connected by graded, macadamized roads and telegraph lines. In one instant their guns can concentrate fire upon a given spot in the plain with horrible precision. Besançon is without doubt a *place forte.*

Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine, swarms with soldiers. It is a city, flat and whitewashed, that has been beautified in places by the munificence of King Stan-

islas of Bohemia, who once made it his home. The Place Stanislas survives to perpetuate his memory. This place is adorned with a Town Hall, a Municipal Theatre, an Episcopal Palace, and gilded gates of wonderful renaissance workmanship.

But near by there is another square, the Place de l'Alliance, flanked by plain, old-fashioned houses. A grotesque rococco fountain mutters in the centre. Here the survivors of an old generation live apart, ruined by the late war, and nursing their pride in solitude. But their door-plates are kept brightly burnished, so that one may read the names of those who mourn within, waiting for the *revanche.*

An hour by train from Nancy, and farther from the frontier, lies the entrenched town of Toul. It is surrounded by formidable hill forts of the latest design, all connected with the town by an ingenious narrow-gauge railroad, which is constructed to climb steep grades, so

as to transport the heaviest ordnance to the surrounding heights. Two regular trips are made every day to victual the forts and carry soldiers up and down.

The town itself is uninteresting, in spite of a fine old church and neglected cloisters. As a matter of fact the population and the garrison number about the same, so that the former merely ministers to the latter. The military spirit really dominates every thing.

MORNING.

A light came up over the farther hills of Franche Comté and Lorraine.

It wavered for awhile like faint summer lightning. Then the birds twittered to it from the edge of the woods, and soared to it from the fields. There came a breath that brushed the plumes of the poplars along many a roadside, and swept the scent of clover into the red-roofed towns and grim fortresses of the frontier.

The sentinels on the ramparts sniffed the air eagerly, watching the brazen sky turn blue, and so a June day dawned in eastern France.

After the *réveille* had sounded in Besançon, an officer could be seen riding slowly up to Fort Bregille for his daily inspection. The red of his uniform was thrown into brilliant relief by the green of the roadside, or the foliage of the trees he passed. Presently a little file of green and gray-blue sharpshooters crossed the bridge of St. Pierre to manœuvre among the lanes of the countryside. In another direction a train of artillery rattled on the highway, the men riding in linen jackets and shapeless blue-black trousers, striped with red. A discordant medley of trumpets, practising the calls, came from somewhere in the barracks.

A hundred miles farther north, at Epinal, enormous white barracks glistened ominously among pine forests. Red-legged soldiers swarmed in and out the

doors, or marched in steady lines up the roads.

In Nancy, another fifty miles farther, there was similar activity.

It was before the sun had fairly risen that a detachment of infantry swept through the Place Stanislas, outward bound. There was first a gentle breath of music far away by the barracks. It rose to a stimulating and triumphant march as it approached. The ground throbbed with the steady tread of the soldiers, — cheery little fellows, burned brown by exposure, loosely and comfortably set up. A minute passed, the band was clamorous with rhythmic bursts; three minutes, and the musicians were already far up the street, only the heavy tramp remained. At last there was the shuffling of the rear guard, a little out of step; and all was still again.

In another direction, just out of town, the artillery barracks were astir.

On the road thither one met untidy

soldiers in foraging suits, carting fodder and manure in four-horse military wagons. But within the large enclosure squads of fine, tall artillery men in rich, sober uniform, were being put through the infantry drill, for theirs is a complicated branch of the service, involving a knowledge of many tactics. Under a long shed stood a row of field-guns, carefully guarded by a sentinel, who had orders not to allow any one to approach, except the officer of the day, for the mechanism of these melinite guns is still a war secret. In the riding-school new horses were being trained for the saddle. At first the men rode with their sabres under the left leg, that the clattering might not frighten their mounts, but the animals soon became accustomed to, and actually enjoyed, the noise.

After awhile an officer passed through the long dormitories on inspection. Over each rough but clean cot was written a soldier's name. In the kitchen there

stood an enormous coffee machine, while an appetizing French soup simmered slowly on the range. As the officer entered one room after another, the men in charge cried, "*Fixe!*" and stood, set up in their ungainly linen suits. The stables, too, were kept in scrupulous order, where horses munched and rattled their chain halters comfortably, — great strong animals for drawing guns, and lighter ones as mounts.

On the drill-ground of the infantry barracks in Toul squads of recruits were practising gymnastics, bending to right, to left, backward and forward. Others jumped on tan bark, or climbed poles and ladders. The best of feeling seemed to pervade the ranks: men and officers mingled freely, displaying neither brutal arrogance nor abject servility.

As a rule the soldiers looked bronzed, good-natured, ugly little fellows, and were allowed to chatter a good deal while waiting for their turn.

A Prussian drill-master would have despaired of them at once.

NOON.

As the brilliant day progressed on the frontier, violet shadows were thrown upon the saffron ground of the vineyards. The wet meadows by the rivers and canals were full of glistening light; waves of heat trembled incessantly above the railroad tracks. A few white clouds coursed on high, trailing their shadows over the hills of Franche Comté and the plains of Lorraine.

Throughout the morning men and women hoed, somewhat hopelessly, in the vineyards, bent to their tasks in dogged industry. It appears that the vines are dying pretty generally in the east of France. Some say the climate is changing; others shake their heads, perplexed; but all agree that taxes are rising to support the army. Still, the children did not

seem to care, as they clambered about the cherry-trees, picking a little fruit for their baskets and a great deal for their mouths.

The haymakers worked with a better will, so that carts now drove on to many of the fields, where the hay lay crisp in pale olive-green mounds. It would often be a woman who clambered in to adjust the armfuls which men in blue blouses handed up to her upon their pitchforks. As the pile grew, she floundered about, knee-deep, tramping to and fro, and trimming the load high in the air.

Beyond the suburbs of many a town, laborers were planting and watering stretches of market-gardens, where long lines of vegetables grew in mathematical order from end to end, infinitely neat and appetizing.

Just at noon a deep sense of peace seemed to fall upon the land. The sweating peasants sat under their trees, on field and countryside of the frontier, eating their morsel in silence, looking out over

the shimmering landscape as they munched. The crickets *churred* in the tall grass. A wave of warm air passed by, laden with the fragrance of hay and flowers. Here sat a woman, her back against the trunk of a tree, her eyes growing dreamy and stupid in the sleepy atmosphere. There, a man rolled over and stretched himself, with his nose to the ground; or another lay flat on his back, his hat tilted over his eyes. Even the birds sang no more from the branches of the cherry-trees.

At this very time in Nancy, at the Grand Hotel on the Place Stanislas, there was a continual going and coming of officers in *tenue*, the reason being that an inspector-general on a tour was receiving reports and giving orders there. The vestibules were gay with uniforms of all arms, and the steps loud with clinking swords. It was like the wings of a theatre on a spectacular night.

Infantry officers, in vivid brick-red trousers and caps, dark tunics and brown

gloves; light cavalry in sky-blue, with magenta stripes, and white frogs across the breast; the *gendarmerie*, in handsome blue, with black stripes and white decorations; cuirassiers, engineers and commissariat officers, vieing with each other for gaudiness, — nothing could be more brilliant, more like *opéra bouffe* for unaccustomed eyes. The sober uniform of the artillery came as a real relief. A detail of dragoons waited at the entrance to escort the general and his suite upon their rounds, after the grand banquet with regimental music, which was just going on, should be over.

NIGHT.

The afternoon waned at Besançon. There was a decorous gathering of citizens and officers in the Promenade Micaud by the Doubs; the river-bath was crowded with a noisy troop of boys; washerwomen knelt on the banks, scrubbing and pounding their linen; a dusty battalion returned

from rifle practice with a burst of music; disbanded soldiers leaned on the parapets, smoking at their ease, alternately saluting officers or teasing the country-girls, homeward bound.

Later on, perhaps, a band will play in the charming little garden of Granvelle, where the same citizens will probably reappear with their wives and daughters. Officers of all arms are going to sit over their absinthe and dominos at the *Cercle Militaire;* civilian sportsmen will do the same at the *Cercle Nautique.* There is sure to be everywhere a great deal of civility and good manners, but not much hilarity, unless it be shown by a few soldiers, returning arm in arm to their barracks, singing out of tune.

In the evening a wedding party drove up before a country inn, within a mile or two of Besançon, to drink and dance till late at night. Old and young sat at table in noisy confusion. Some wavering horns played for the dancers. At intervals

heated couples rushed out into the garden or up the road, with their arms about each other, — flushed, laughing, pushing and caressing each other in awkward abandon. But, curiously enough, a great powder-vault had been placed around the corner from the inn, a mass of masonry, with iron gates leading into the hill-side, kept ready for war, for that great catastrophe which oppresses so cruelly, even by anticipation.

It was a sort of *memento mori* to the lovers that strolled along the road.

So, too, in Nancy, when the day's work was done, good fellowship reigned at the *Cercle Militaire*, which was lodged over the Municipal Theatre.

The officers, on entering, hung their cloaks and caps in long rows up the winding stairs, then passed into the assembly room to play backgammon and cards, and sip *liqueurs*. New-comers were greeted with frank courtesy, and in a spirit of genial wit. The prevailing amusements seemed almost childish, but not silly, for in

France fun never degenerates into buffoonery, but always preserves a certain something of delightful formality. Moreover, there was none of the toilet and painful stiffness of the German officers. Indeed, a certain indifference to dress seemed quite the thing. These men were not tall, on an average, wore the regulation moustache and under-lip goatee, and their heads were close-cropped.

When it grew dark, some of them went over to the gilded *café*, to smoke and see the papers. Several mounted into a room upstairs, of which the windows were carefully screened, and passed the night at the gaming tables.

A few of the handsome women of the town dropped in from time to time, to stake their earnings or lure the winners. Good manners, however, were strictly maintained, except that for a moment a dispute arose over a doubtful stake, because a woman had advanced her money hesitatingly. It was a question whether the gold

lay fairly on the table before the trick was called. The dealer, meanwhile, smoked cigarettes without ceasing, his hat tilted on the back of his head, never losing his phenomenal quickness in making change for winners and losers.

At one o'clock the lights were put out, and many of the players drilled their men a few hours later at *réveille*.

But the frontier never sleeps. No sooner are the lights put out in one place than they blaze up again farther north or south. And so that night, Nancy had barely sunk to rest before the call to arms rang through the town of Toul, setting in motion a whole regiment, to manœuvre on the plain of the Meuse.

It was two o'clock in the morning. The soldiers of one division wore white bands on their *képis*, to mark them as the enemy. The infantry marched and countermarched through the summer darkness; the artillery stood in hiding on the hill-sides; the engineers dug trenches in the plowed fields,

ran for positions, or lay, cramped and wet, waiting for orders. As day dawned, the whole action could be beautifully watched from a captive balloon that swung high in the air above a neighboring hill, like a soap-bubble.

Later in the day the regiment returned to Toul, but with music, and flags flying, as though from victory. Men and horses were, of course, muddy and tired, hungry and thirsty. More than that, the soldiers were loaded for war, carrying a complete outfit of ammunition, clothing and provisions. Even tiny fagots of wood, for kindling fires, lay on the top of their knapsacks. They trudged bravely by in their barbaric uniforms of crude reds, yellows and blues. Their baggy trousers, soiled gaiters and boots, heavy with mire, gave them a certain grotesque appearance; but they looked willing, cheery and intelligent in all their fatigue.

And, when the time comes, these fine

fellows will glow with a sullen frenzy of revenge.

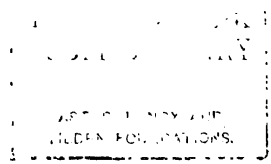
Two hours after the declaration of war, every French soldier on the frontier will be in his place, to start on the campaign. Nancy lies only four hours' trot from German soil; Pont-a-Mousson only two. Before the signal has fairly resounded in Europe, the cavalry and artillery of the two armies will be galloping towards each other, and manœuvring for positions, long since established by the general staffs of both armies.

Beyond that imaginary line, over in Germany, another set of peasants have been dressed up in a different uniform. They wear helmets instead of *képis;* they call their smokeless magazine rifle by another name; they use different oaths upon their officers when the latter's backs are turned. But, as for the rest, the peasants on both sides plow within sight of each other; they meet at market, and sometimes drink to each other on the sly.

It seems to them a waste of time to spend three and four years of their lives learning to kill each other.

The same clouds float over them, the same winds sweep their fields, and the same rivers wind through their plains. The birds make their nests impartially on either side, the flowers grow as gayly, and the rows of poplars pass from one country to the other, — without a break.

JEANNE D'ARC.— BASTIEN LE PAGE.



VII.

JEANNE D'ARC'S LAND.

ON a day when the meadows of Lorraine were fairly throbbing with the flutter and trills of the larks, I trudged from the railroad station of Domremy-Maxey to the hamlet of Domremy-la-Pucelle, the birthplace of Jeanne d'Arc.

I found the place to be a cluster of poor mortar houses, sheltering not quite three hundred souls. It nestled against a low ridge, covered partly with vineyards, partly with woods.

Following a road that mounted gently from behind the hamlet among the vines, I came to the Bois Chenu, the holy of holies, where Jeanne had her visions. From the steps of a commemorative basilica, recently built, my eye ranged over the broad valley of the Meuse. The land was sown in long

strips of many colors, like variegated ribbons; a train of cars rumbled afar off, as it turned a sharp curve; straight, white highways crossed from one village to another, between rows of rigid poplars that rustled their silver leaves in the breeze. Two mounted *gendarmes* rode slowly along, side by side, saying nothing. Women in large sunbonnets were bending to their work in the fields. At intervals long streamers of sunlight broke through the clouds and passed rapidly across country, like the rays of an electric search-light.

Here it was that Jeanne, between the ages of twelve and eighteen, received the visitations of those mysterious voices which urged her to go forth, exhort the king and save France from the English invaders.

The home of Jeanne d'Arc is in reality an old-fashioned farm-house, some what embellished in the style of the fifteenth century. It has the sloping,

one-sided roof, characteristic of French farm-houses. The old tiles, once red, are now a russet-brown. The windows are framed in stone. The narrow door-way is carried up into a richly-carved Gothic point, which contains the fleur-de-lis of France and the coats of arms of the allied families of Thiesselin and d'Arc. Above is the strangely modern-sounding motto "*Vive Labeur*, 1481," and below "*Vive le Roi Louis.*"

A niche over the door-way contains a statue of Jeanne d'Arc, kneeling, bare-headed, with folded hands, and clad in a complete suit of armor,— greaves, breast-plate and all. A sword hangs by her side. Her hair falls down her back in long waves, and her woman's form shows plainly in the cut of her knightly accoutrements. The steel-clad maid does not lose by her mannish attire, like the modern woman who, undeterred by outward, conventional considerations, changes her very dress to suit new conditions, if

need be, at the same time retaining the eternally feminine throughout her contact with the world of work.

Think of a girl in 1431 daring to say, "As for the works of women, there are plenty of other women to do them."

The first room you enter is the kitchen, and general living-room of the family. Here Jeanne probably spent many a winter evening, sewing by the firelight and listening to tales of English invasion, brought by wandering pilgrims. Jeanne's bedroom is bare and badly lighted by a tiny square window. A third room was used as a cellar, and a fourth by Jeanne's brothers.

The general impression is that of a damp and dingy house, long uninhabited. But, in reality, Jeanne's father was a well-to-do yeoman and a local magistrate; his house is even now one of the best in the village.

Jeanne worshipped oftenest in the parish church. Indeed, she was by nature

intensely religious. The keynote of her life was devotion, — to God, to the saints, to the king. The call of duty, as she conceived it, was supreme for her over every other consideration.

"If I had had a hundred fathers and a hundred mothers," she once exclaimed, "if I had been a king's daughter, still would I have gone forth."

Whatever may be the explanation of the voice that haunted Jeanne, she herself had no doubts about its origin.

"I firmly believe, as firmly as I believe in the Christian faith, and that God has redeemed us from the pains of hell, that this voice is from God."

She resisted the subtle interpretation of the questioner at her trial, who suggested that she imagined voices, as one sometimes thinks to hear and understand certain words amid the sound of bells ringing. The voice was too real; its prophecies too true for her.

The judge, probing for some pretext to condemn, asked:

"What were you doing yesterday morning when the voice came to you?"

"I was sleeping; it woke me."

"By touching your arm?"

"It woke me without touching."

"And what said the voice?"

"It told me to answer boldly, and that God would help me."

The good old-fashioned word inspiration no longer satisfies us. Was Jeanne a psychic medium, or a victim of auto-suggestion?

When you have read the mystic words of this peasant woman, and puzzled over the nature of her visions, go to Nancy, the capital of this same land, Lorraine. Perhaps there you may find a strangely modern answer to your mediæval puzzle in the hospital now become famous the world over for the experiments in hypnotism which have been conducted there.

A young girl lies in the hospital ward, with body relaxed, hearing everything, but subject to the will of the doctor.

"Look at me, and think only of sleep. Your eyelids will close; you cannot raise them."

She has become inert, plastic and obedient. The doctor proceeds to fill her mind with hallucinations.

She sees an imaginary rose. She touches it, smells it, describes it, turns it about, admires it. Then it disappears and the girl looks disappointed.

He makes her play with an imaginary ring on her finger, a bracelet on her arm, or a fan in her hand. Suddenly she takes hold of the sheet of her bed. She goes through all the motions of washing and ironing it, omitting no detail, even putting in a few stitches where she fancies it needs mending. Once she raises her finger hastily to her mouth: she imagines she has pricked herself with the needle.

The doctor now causes the patient to enact a little play.

First, she hears military music in the courtyard of the hospital. The brisk

measure and full, joyous tones make her smile with pleasure. But the next instant a look of surprise comes over her face: the soldiers are tramping up the stairs, two by two, drawing nearer every instant. She starts in dismay and pulls the bedclothes about her, for the soldiers have opened the door and now fill the room. Worse than that, the girl shrinks all at once with fright close up to the wall, and screams: a drunken officer has tried to throw his arms around her. In another moment she is seen to give somebody a box on the ear, while she calls lustily for the nurse.

Yes; and these hallucinations can become self-made after awhile, in certain cases. By means of auto-suggestion, doubtless an unconscious process, many men and perhaps more women have fitted themselves for great missions on this earth.

Contrast the mediæval maid in the Bois Chenu, and the modern maid in the

hospital of Nancy. Is not the world walking the brink of great discoveries, which may some day explain many mysteries of our present life, and strip not a few masks from history.

VIII.

THE GERMANIA.

ONCE a year, when the spring is young and the nightingales caress the air of dusk, the huge bronze Germania relaxes from her triumphant pose and becomes a woman again.

She lowers the imperial crown of Germany, which she has held aloft for a whole year; she lays aside the two-edged sword she has grasped so firmly, — and turns to see how her clothes set at the back.

Last year I was hiding under the trees of the Niederwald, near by, when the Germania woke from her trance.

She looked down the vine-clad slope on which she stood, across the Rhine to Bingen, and beyond to Alsace and France. She sighed, as though she would like to step down from her great stone pedestal.

It was hard work posing as a martial goddess, when her soul yearned for peace and love. But she dared not leave her post — she, "*Die Wacht am Rhein*" — as long as old William I. sat quietly on horseback in the bronze frieze on her pedestal, surrounded by the great men who labored for the unification of Germany, — Unser Fritz, Bismarck, Moltke, Ludwig of Bavaria, and others.

The Germania stood for a long time listening to the nightingales. Occasionally the sound of a dog barking came up from Bingen, or some one hammered among the shipping on the Rhine. The moon finally rose. A damp, delicious woodland smell came to her nostrils. She felt the balmy night air strike upon her shoulders and bare arms, and a thrill seemed to run through her from head to foot.

After that I saw her lean forward in the moonlight, with set eyes, and make strange, slow passes in the air, like a magician. Before long her face looked less severe,

she smiled, and then laughed softly to herself. No wonder she laughed, for she had waked from their trance all the figures on her monument.

Old William I. shifted his position slightly in the saddle, Unser Fritz tried to get at his cigar-case, Bismarck, Moltke and Ludwig of Bavaria exchanged surprised glances. Even the symbolical statues of War and Victory moved a little, while recumbent Father Rhine turned over, and the fierce *Reichsadler* rustled its feathers.

The aged emperor turned to the only man among his attendants who was still really alive.

"Chancellor," he said, "how are the affairs of our realm this year?"

Bismarck bit his lip. Then, with that tone of filial reverence, which he was in the habit of using towards his dear master, he answered, simply, —

"Your majesty has not yet heard that your grandson dismissed me from office soon after he came to the throne."

These words created a great stir among the figures on the monument. A veritable buzz of conversation arose. Unser Fritz alone said nothing, but puffed contentedly at his cigar.

William I. drew Bismarck affectionately to his side, and leaned down to speak in confidence.

"Tell me, how did it happen?"

The two old friends were seen to remain a few moments in whispered conversation. After that Bismarck said, aloud, —

"But he has since heaped me with honors; and the fatherland keeps my birthdays like national holidays. I do not complain. I have retired to Friederichsruh to rest."

Moltke stroked his smooth-shaven chin, meditatively.

"But tell us, my friend, even if you are no longer in office, what is your opinion of the state of the country?"

"For the present, the great German Empire we labored to unite seems secure,

without and within. The triple alliance holds, and the Socialists, though active, do not resort to violence."

"A powerful Germany in the centre of Europe," spoke William I., sententiously, "is the best guarantee of peace."

"True!" broke in Moltke. "A State must first protect itself externally. Disarmament would mean national ruin. After all, scientific war is a civilizing agent; it proves beneficial in the long run."

Unser Fritz fidgeted a little, but said nothing.

"And art?" asked Ludwig of Bavaria, with a lofty raising of the brows. "What place do you assign to her amid the influences that make the nation?"

Nobody answered. The mad king, drawing himself to his full height, looked about him with glowing eyes.

"Our Germany is sunk in a military materialism, before which everything is sacrificed. I have tried to counteract the tendency by building my palaces.

But take this very monument of which we form a part. It bristles with heavy defiance. Our figures betray the cannons out of which they are moulded. That statue of Germania above us, which ought to represent the culmination of German art, is nothing but an overgrown, clumsy war goddess."

Everybody looked up. The Germania who had been leaning forward and listening with considerable interest to the conversation, now drew back resentfully.

"It seems to me, King Ludwig," she blurted out quickly, "you had better pay for your palaces before you talk of raising the tone of the German nation with them."

Bismarck nudged Moltke and chuckled with delight. Old William looked puzzled and a little shocked.

Unser Fritz drew his cigar from his mouth for a moment, while he said, —

"She is the new woman."

As this was the first time he had

spoken, his companions glanced at him, expecting an explanation. But he volunteered none. His handsome, manly face merely smiled at them pleasantly.

Fortunately King Ludwig did not hear what the Germania was saying. His eyes roamed tragically up and down the Rhine, now bathed in moonlight. For an instant it seemed as though he was about to disengage himself from the frieze, and plunge down the slope into the swift-flowing gold of the river. But the suicidal mood passed as suddenly as it came.

"Do you think there is anything in the Russian and French *entente?*" now asked William I. of Bismarck. "You know my parting words to my grandson: 'Keep friends with Russia.'"

"Well, sire, I do not believe there is any alliance in the real sense of the word. A vast autocratic empire, controlled absolutely from headquarters, cannot afford to tie itself to a republic, whose

policy is subject to popular approval. But the threat of this alliance is very useful in the Reichstag, when the military credits are to be voted."

Moltke looked interested. "I trust we shall not carry out the theory of a weak attacking force and a strong defensive one. We do not want to reduce our army to a militia force, like the Swiss."

"No," continued Bismarck; "we Germans fear no one but God; at the same time, we like to keep our powder dry. Perhaps some day the nations will no longer need to apply the better part of their revenues to armaments."

Unser Fritz threw away the stump of his cigar.

"Is there not a very easy way of hastening that happy day even now?" he said, suddenly.

William I. smiled indulgently. The Prince had always been a good deal of a crank.

"Declare free trade with the world,"

the Prince cried, enthusiastically, "and you will have peace. Protective tariffs, so-called, destroy the natural brotherhood of nations. They bring estrangements, jealousies, imputations of evil motives and misunderstandings without end."

"But, Prince, we have our commercial treaties," retorted Bismarck.

"It is true, they are a step in the right direction. But, after all, artificial reciprocity is based on the silly assumption, that people do not know what goods they want to exchange, and must be guided in their selection."

"We need the revenue from indirect taxation."

"You think you do, because you have neglected the principal source of direct taxation, namely, land values."

Bismarck's moustache began to bristle visibly.

"Prince, you were ever hard on our landowners. What would you do without the Yunker? Where would you get your offi-

cers for the army, if you destroyed the landed aristocracy?"

"I would not care what became of the army, as long as justice prevailed. The army might even be abolished."

A horrified murmur ran through the frieze. Old William tried ineffectually to turn the conversation upon less sensational topics. The Germania, who had been looking wearily away to the horizon during this discussion, now clapped her hands gleefully. This was the first radical utterance she had ever heard from the frieze.

The two men faced each other with determination.

"The army is an internal means of education," began Bismarck, trying to speak calmly. "It trains the nation physically and morally."

Unser Fritz squared his stately figure. His bearded face did not lose its complete composure.

"True; but is it necessary to take men

from their life-work during their most important years, and then teach them the science of killing their fellow-men in order to impart this training? Chancellor, you know me for a soldier. We have fought side by side, but let me tell you that I loathe this profession. It is a survival from a savage past, when men fought for a foothold on this earth."

"You speak like a Socialist, Prince."

"Call me what you will, but you shall hear me. If I had had more than my ninety days of reign, the world would have known me for what I am."

Unser Fritz turned his eyes over the moonlit land, and continued:

"This earth belongs equally to all men. None of us can add or subtract an atom from its bulk; none of us can, therefore, own it, though all are entitled to use it.

"Now taxation can regulate this usufruct to the earth's surface in an equitable manner. Take for public purposes what belong to the public, by taxing land according

to its value, but leave to individuals all that they produce."

A perfect uproar now ensued, which even the presence of the venerable emperor was unable to check. Not only did Bismarck, Moltke and Ludwig of Bavaria all try to talk at once, but the symbolical figure of War brandished a sword excitedly, while Victory blew loudly on a horn. The recumbent Father Rhine rolled over and over, and the *Reichsadler* screeched dismally.

The Germania could hardly contain herself for joy. She danced upon her pedestal with the absolute abandon of the new woman, until suddenly she saw the moon set behind the trees of the Niederwald, and she realized that the day would soon dawn, bringing the usual crowd of sight-seers to the monument.

With a mighty effort she pulled herself together. A last glance down upon the frieze showed her that the unifiers of Germany might come to blows any moment.

She leaned forward, with outstretched arms. "Hush, the dawn!" she whispered. Her eyes once more grew fixed. She made her mysterious passes. The noise ceased. One by one the figures on the monument relapsed into their habitual positions, each trying in vain to say a last word.

When all was still, the Germania took a final look across the Rhine towards France. She shook out her flowing gown with a backward kick of her foot, grasped her two-edged sword firmly, and raised the imperial crown of Germany on high. Within her the soul of a woman turned to bronze.

Soon after the nightingales sang to the dawn.

IX.

A SUNDAY IN VIENNA.

THERE is no New England Sabbath in Vienna. Whatever may be the opinion of the city in regard to a goody-goody heaven and a brimstone hell in the morning, in the afternoon everybody believes that the better the day, the better the deed.

That is why on a Sunday two great streams of pleasure-seekers flow in opposite directions, out to the gardens of Schloss Schönbrunn, or the beloved Prater. Those who ride in carriages, those who take the trains, and those who walk, together form a vast population that moves forward with irresistible momentum.

When one of these streams has passed the last rows of new city houses, it is confronted by a long cream-colored building, — the Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn.

This place is sufficiently plain in itself to act as an admirable foil to the glorious gardens at the back.

There, indeed, Art has triumphed over Nature.

A superb stretch of rising ground sweeps from the palace up to an elaborate colonnaded gloriette, or belvedere, built in rococco, on the crest. The intervening ground is laid out in large flower-beds, wide gravelled walks and strips of lawn. At intervals statues gleam from the shrubbery. There is room for a multitude to saunter without jostling. About midway to the top a fountain, benymphed and beneptuned, full of marble dolphins and live goldfish, sprays the holiday air with conscious pride, for the whole place is named after it, — Schönbrunn.

But most wonderful of all are the forests that flank this brilliant slope. They are pierced by avenues, radiating in straight lines from the palace to the remotest corners of the grounds. Their

lofty trees are clipped with absolute precision, like the boxwood hedges of an old-fashioned garden. So great is the distance, that these avenues fairly lose themselves in dim vistas, where, at the end, their green sides seem to meet, and earth and sky come to a point. You feel yourself caught in one of those tantalizing dreams which lure you on and on towards an ever-receding goal.

Artificial? Yes; but the scale is herculean. The gardeners of Schönbrunn apparently believed that they could improve upon nature; and what is, perhaps, more wonderful still, they have almost persuaded us that they were right. We can readily believe that they protested against drooping and arching branches as decidely bad form; that they would like to have painted the sky some permanent shade to match their flower-beds; to change the scents of certain blossoms; to temper the breeze and regulate the rainfall according to some etiquette, prescribed at court.

The city crowd wanders at will through these marvellous gardens. We imagine the avenues once peopled by simpering shepherdesses in Watteau gowns, tripping on over-high heels, handling crooks tied with ribbons; at their sides, lovers all lace and ruffles, making well-worn compliments. On the benches we are ready to see dainty coquettes, planning intrigues under their enormous coiffures, that are no more real than they. Throw in a wicked dowager or two, some snuff-taking diplomats, a soldier with conquering air; besprinkle everybody with much paint and powder and not a few familiar perfumes. Then tie the whole with ribbons, pink and blue, — that may have been Schönbrunn in the age of rococco.

Nowadays the grounds are open to all. There is even a little menagerie for "the people," to use this term in its feudal sense. And, indeed, queer specimens from the utmost ends of that strange polyglot Austrian Empire find their way to

Schönbrunn. I remember two long-haired, long-coated, unwashed Polish Jews, veritable Svengalis in their hirsute blackness, who questioned me eagerly about the animals. They had never seen a bear; they stood in amazement before the enormous cat, which was a lioness; they pulled my sleeve excitedly, and pointed with greasy fingers at a huge hen with storks legs, the pet ostrich of the place. These grimy brothers must have issued from some dank city slums, forever cut off from the world.

But the women of Vienna saunter about, altogether at their ease. Can they do otherwise, these leisurely, well-dressed creatures, whose glances contain endless possibilities? Even the frequently recurring Slav type is fascinating, with its ugly little eyes and flat nose.

And so Sunday will pass at Schönbrunn in the midst of decorous sight-seeing, and not a little flirtation in the forest glades, where the trees are not

clipped, but coquettish little twigs are allowed to make advances to each other across the paths, and even to throw out sheltering branches in order to shield those lovers who desire nothing so much as to be left alone, and not noticed.

It is true, however, that most of the open-air love-making of Vienna is done in the Prater.

At all hours of the day tram-cars and omnibuses bring loads upon loads of people to the circular space at the entrance to the park, called the Praterstern. From there they distribute themselves according to their tastes and stations in life. Habit seems to have regulated the pace and demeanor of the Prater crowd. There is no hurrying, and yet every face shows anticipation of amusement.

It may be taken for granted that "the people" will stop in the Wurstel Prater, the Clown Prater, which is a veritable village of booths with painted monstrosities, tents and even theatres; a permanent

fair of merry-go-rounds and beer gardens, — a standing joke. The Viennese smile easily; they are good-tempered; they like old friends; they never tire of the Wurstel Prater.

Nowhere can one be made to realize better the mixture of nationalities Austria possesses. Tyrolese, clad in gray and green, with bare knees, wide leather belts, and black cock-feathers in their felt hats; Hungarian nurses in short skirts and top boots; Polish Jews, with cork-screw curls; peasant women, wearing dresses stiffly starched that reach only to the knee, and stand out besides like the frills of ballet dancers, — imagine all these types, and add an occasional heavily-embroidered Dalmatian, a Greek in divided skirt, or a soldier of the Bosnian contingent.

A certain avenue, the Haupt-Allee, is given over to carriage-folk by tradition, though the Prater is everywhere open to everybody. There never was a more unfenced show-place in the world, but by

common consent "the classes" do not interfere with each other, and, in point of fact, really enjoy having each other somewhere near. Of course this can only happen in a country where there is next to no chance for self-made men. In America we are far too much afraid of one another to let down the barriers of exclusiveness, except for very decided considerations.

One must see a *Papier-Schnitzel* evening in the exhibition grounds to feel the complete charm of the Viennese character. The Austrians love this word *Schnitzel* above every thing, and so they have lately invented a carnival game which gives them a chance to use it in a new way. Everybody is armed with a bag full of thin paper strips, brightly colored and crinkly. As they stroll up and down the promenade, these delightful children throw handfuls of the light fluffy stuff at each other. It decorates their bonnets, it hangs from their beards; it clings to the cor-

sage or the folds of a dress; it perches on top of a silk hat; sometimes it nestles on a dear little neck, where the love-curls catch it, or it twists about a wee shell of an ear that immediately looks rakish. Very often some gallant seizes a bunch of *Papier Schnitzel*, kisses it, puts it in his left-hand vest-pocket, as a souvenir. Another hopes to see a certain fair one again; she picked him out with an arch eye, she threw very hard, and missed him. He would like to have her try again, this time to strike him with her hand, if need be, as long as she but touch him.

A Hungarian band plays in the open air naïvely savage music, fiddling established rules to the winds. We have overdone Hungarian bands by this time at home, but to hear their music for the first time, alternately rent by spasmodic storms, and then lapsing into inexpressible tenderness, is to enjoy, in truth, a never-recurring musical moment.

First comes an exquisite little theme in

waltz time, the unpremeditated expression of a people to whom dancing is like daily bread. It swings and whirls its way through several bars, but after that a change comes upon the musicians, like the ruffling of the sea by a squall. Without obvious rhyme or reason each instrument seems possessed by some ungovernable impulse, seeking to express independently an overmastering desire. They go every which-way, freely, into ecstasies of passion, wild laments or incomprehensible vagaries. The whole forms an incoherent, insane, cumulative cry, like the uncontrolled howl of a mob, which yet emits a certain unmistakable harmony.

When it seems as though the musicians could rise to no greater heights of folly, they are brought to reason by some sudden, superb chord, trailing itself out like a sigh of relief. The chaos of a moment ago is instantly reduced to perfect order. The musicians dwell upon these calm notes with an air of satisfaction, clinging to

them for safety from further spasms of emotion. The waltz theme once more weaves its sinuous swing into their measures, and the piece comes to an end unexpectedly, as though the motive power of their inspiration had given out.

Was it truth or fancy that the whole life of the still half-developed Slav race was pictured in that music, — in its barbaric, unrestrained bursts, and its melting moods, contrasting with each other? Certainly the element of melancholy asserted itself throughout, for this is the music of a race of dreamers, full of magnificent possibilities.

At nightfall most of the family groups that have picknicked in the Prater will saunter cityward. The carriages of the aristocracy have driven by some time ago. At the swell *cafés*, numbered 1, 2 and 3, on the Haupt-Allee, rows of lamps glimmer through the branches, as though the rich who are not noble, intend to keep on enjoying themselves.

But the principal gayety still centres in the Wurstel Prater. Every beer garden which hopes to live in the hearts of the Viennese now piles up its white-painted chairs, and makes way for the dancers. The poorer the people the more they will dance, for it costs nothing extra, and yet is food and drink to them.

X.

THE SULTAN'S PRAYER.

CONSTANTINOPLE looked like a vast encampment. It seemed the temporary resting-place of some nomadic tribe, and not the permanent home of that poor Turkish race which, day by day, withers like a weed in the chink of the pavement.

As the crowds passed through the streets to see the Sultan pay his weekly visit to the mosque, jackal-dogs slunk about, ferreting out all manner of foulness in dark corners, or slept undisturbed in the open spaces. Money-changers sat at their stalls, haggling. Some *hamals* (porters) were climbing the steep cross-streets, stooping under incredible loads. A flock of pigeons strutted with prinked feathers in the mire, and an old woman held out a piteous, trembling hand for alms.

The carriages swept by Dolmabatchke, the winter palace on the Bosphorus, and climbed the elevation to the Yildiz Kiosk, where Abdul Hamid was then residing. A small mosque rose near by.

The kiosk and mosque were already surrounded by troops, about three thousand strong, principally infantry of the line and cavalry in Circassian costume. A Nubian regiment of coal-black negroes in green uniforms was stationed at the post of honor. Around this cordon of soldiery there was a fringe of motley sight-seers, the flower and weed of Constantinople. Some smart carriages were drawn up, with ladies of rank and fashion leaning back in a wealth of gay colors, provokingly handsome in their silk mantles of sky-blue, yellow or crimson, their faces thinly veiled with transparent *jashmaks*. A mendicant *fakeer* strode solemnly through the crowd. He had thrown a goatskin over his shoulder, a spear was in his hand, and a begging-cup hung by his side. There were

venders of water, for which you paid by the glassful, and of strange sweetmeats, made with oil and honey.

A sudden silence fell on the multitude, broken only by the clink of the sabres as the cavalry quickly perfected their alignment. Then Abdul Hamid, ruler of the Ottoman Empire, mighty and supreme, was seen riding slowly from his palace on a white Arabian. He alone was on horseback, for the members of his suite who surrounded him, were on foot, and, indeed, had difficulty in keeping pace with his magnificent stallion. Osman Pasha walked on the right, the erect and sturdy defender of Plevna, and the hero of the army. Some of the Sultanas followed in broughams attended by eunuchs.

As for the Sultan, he is a pale-faced, black-bearded Oriental, with flabby, dispassionate features, and shoulders slightly stooping, — a man who is said to be in constant fear of assassination, perhaps on account of his predecessor's mysterious

death. For the rest, a diplomat of some pretensions, who has not been altogether without success in playing off the great powers against each other.

At all events the soldiery cheered bravely as he passed, and a group of Pashas and notables stood in the court of the mosque to salaam to his majesty as he disappeared within the portals.

While he worshipped, grooms brought a victoria to the door, with other carriages, from which he could select one for his return. Also four superb Arabians, ready-saddled, with golden cloths and silver bits, prancing with arched necks, and looking out of great eyes, full of spirit and gentleness.

When the Sultan reappeared in half an hour, he chose the victoria, and drove rapidly back to the palace. A woman in front of the crowd held up a framed inscription, crying out something at the same time. It might have been a petition, or perhaps a votive verse, to be blessed by the

Sultan, for he is also titular head of all Mohammedans.

At this moment a few drops of rain were beginning to fall. The troops defiled, with flags flying and bands playing. The carriages, full of tourists, turned back to the city, along with the street hawkers, who had momentarily deserted their regular rounds. Soon the kiosk and mosque stood there alone, save that a few of the straggling poor hung about, unable to tear themselves from the lingering aroma of departed majesty.

Who of us Occidentals can ever hope, in our waking moments, to understand that listless, loitering life of Asia? — Arid, yet warm; phlegmatic, yet full of passion.

XI.

DANCING DERVISHES.

THE psychic spirit of the East brooded over the city.

The housetops of Stamboul rose, amphitheatre-like, tier on tier, above the waters of the Golden Horn. On the sky-line the mosques and minarets seemed bleached into supernatural whiteness by the vivid sun. Near them clumps of cypresses pointed black fingers from the cemeteries. A clatter of many crafts, the hum of many languages spanned the air, as with a pulsating web of sound, and a sparkling breeze swept through the shipping of the harbor, past the dingy wharves and warehouses, and up to the stone and stucco palaces beyond.

In the afternoon the Dancing Dervishes performed their ceremonies in an octag-

onal wooden building, that had a smooth, polished floor. A part of this was railed off for spectators, and there was a gallery on one side for a miniature orchestra.

About twenty Dervishes were sitting cross-legged around the hall, each upon his sheepskin, seemingly absorbed in mystic meditation. They were mostly young fellows, and were engaged in reciting inaudibly the name of *Allah* in endless repetition. The air was thick with an Oriental foulness, an unwashed, unventilated closeness. A half-light converted the crude dinginess of the hall into mystery, and something like spiritual abstraction rested upon the crouching devotees.

Soon the thin, small tones of a reed-flute came from the gallery, playing an uncertain, halting theme, meandering up and down the scale in meaningless vagaries, that usually began in haphazard trills and died away in a long-drawn, dismal wail, truly Oriental. The irregular tom-tom of a drum, primitive and savage

in quality, completed this morose and wayward music.

As the drum gave a louder beat, the Elder rose from his place, the Dervishes fell on their faces, and then sprang to their feet. The ceremony had began.

The Elder, or Sheikh, lifted his hands in silent prayer for the founder of the order, bowed toward Mecca, and, wheeling round, bowed again to his vacant seat. He then began to march slowly around the hall. Each Dervish in succession performed the same outward rite at the Sheikh's vacant seat, and passed on around the hall. There was not a little grace in their deliberate movements, but their faces were set in sallow, imperturbable lines, and the purposeless, incomplete music sounded inharmoniously from the gallery.

A single Dervish detached himself from the rest and took up a position in the middle of the hall, to act as director of the dancing.

Having made the round of the hall three times, the Dervishes, one by one, as they reached the Sheikh's seat, quietly began to revolve into the middle of the hall, turning on the left foot and pushing with the right. They wore tall conical caps, called *kulah*, like sugar-loaves in shape, white or yellowish, and skirts reaching to their ankles, caught in at the waist by narrow cloth girdles. Short jackets completed a somewhat shabby and shoddy-looking costume.

As they whirled, the arms gradually rose to a horizontal position, the left hand being turned down and the right palm upwards. They leaned their heads over the right shoulder. Their eyes were either closed or fixed, expressionless, as in a trance.

If they approached too near to one another, the director stamped his foot as a warning signal. Their skirts rose and stood out, when the pace increased, forming inflated cones whose apex was at the

waist. Their legs showed beneath, clad in untidy hosiery.

And still that harrowing accompaniment inflamed them with its perverse and rambling trills.

A species of mute exaltation was upon them. One looked to see some fall for dizziness, but they kept revolving in mystic circles, repeating inaudibly an invocation to Allah, like so many *Ave Marias*. It was a marvel that they never jostled each other, blindly turning, circle within circle, each in his mad orbit, round the hall.

The Dervishes claim that their movement pictures the harmony of the many-whirling worlds. In fact, the central idea of the *Mevlevee* Order is the divine love of God, all-embracing, all-pervading. They represent a sort of esoteric pantheism. Occupying very much the same position in the Mohammedan religion that the monastic orders do in the Christian, the various bodies of Dervishes have a philosophy of their own, called *Soofooism*. For

this reason they are not on the best of terms with the *ulemas* and *imams* of the orthodox priesthood.

But now the whirling began to hurt one's eyes, the subtle reiteration of the music to tell upon the nerves. The accidental, *naïve* discords of the flute and drum irritated beyond measure. They were like the fiddler's notes that set the bridge a-swaying, or the organ that makes the church windows rattle. They became truly distressing and painful. Some of the insane folly, which was whirling the Dervishes in their uncanny rite, seemed to enter into one's soul. It opened vistas into a remote, savage ancestry; its barbaric persistency was excruciating to the senses of a civilized nature. There was torture and frenzy in its culminating wail. Its spontaneous sombreness pictured vast Asiatic desolations, and its stubborn shrillness all manner of abominations, — maddening, disgusting, infuriating, driving one into a dismal world of nightmare fancies.

At length the Dervishes stopped dancing. It had lasted perhaps ten minutes, this insensate ceremony, but it seemed a whole æon of sensation. They crouched upon their sheepskins once more, apparently free from dizziness, and relapsed into a state of abstraction, calling on *Allah* in silent and mystic repetition.

Ah! it was well to breathe the air of the street once more, even if the dogs and dirt were there, for at all events the minarets pointed to an unsullied sky, and a breeze, that blew fresh from the Black Sea, had set the *caïques* dancing on the Golden Horn.

XII.

FROM SMYRNA TO EPHESUS.

THERE is a land, but little known to modern men, which is destined some day to rival Egypt as the haunt of the winter tourist.

Asia Minor has given the world Homer, the father of poetry; Herodotus, the father of history; Æsop of fables, and Pythagoras of philosophy. It furnished three of the seven wise men of the Greeks, — Thales, Bias, and Pittacus, — and built three of the seven wonders of the ancient world, — the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Mausoleum in Caria, and the Colossus of Rhodes. It has contributed at least four words to the every-day speech of mankind: its river, Mæander, has given us our expression for leisurely and tortuous progress; one of its cities, Magnesia, the word magnetism, because magnetic iron was first discovered on

a hill near by; the Colossus of Rhodes our epithet colossal; and the tomb of Mausolus has named for all time every monumental sepulchre.

To-day Asia Minor supplies the world only with carpets, figs and licorice.

My friend had urged that if I was going as far East as Constantinople, I might as well extend my trip to Smyrna, and pay him a visit at his home in the valley of the Mæander. It was this invitation which tempted me upon a March day to succumb to the spell of the magnificent desolation of Asia Minor.

It actually snowed a little the day I landed in Smyrna, on the 12th of March. A wintry blast had swept down upon the city from the Black Sea or the Phrygian Highlands, and given the shivering, bare-legged population the rare spectacle of a snow-flurry. But the sky soon cleared, a cold wind ruffled the bay into brilliant blue, and gulls fluttered, screaming, over the floating refuse of the harbor.

A young man had been sent to make me welcome, and see me through the organized brigandage of the custom-house. My passport, also, was sent to receive the official *visé*, before I could make my way to the hotel, awed and bewildered amid the sights of the Smyrna streets.

The spell of the East was already upon me.

There seemed to be dangers lurking in every corner, and plots of robbery hatching amongst those armed men, loitering about in outlandish dress and with imperturbable faces.

Before the *cafés* petty merchants, from all the country districts and neighboring islands, lounged, haggling vociferously, while the *cafeji* unconcernedly filled their pipes. A troop of women passed to embark on one of the steamers, — the harem of some rich official, perhaps, — skurrying along like a flock of frightened partridges. They shuffled awkwardly in outdoor shoes, but their costumes were surpassingly bril-

liant, from their silken trousers to their multicolored cloaks, — sky-blue, yellow and white, magenta or pale purple. Albanian adventurers were smoking by the house doors, clad in white, with pistols in their belts and daggers everywhere, like Scotch Highlanders. Sallow-faced Armenians, looking askance, went by upon their business, a race full of high aspirations, but become warped and tricky by tyranny. Greek islanders in brown homespun waited for sailing orders. A negress in a bright yellow *jashmak* strolled leisurely, or a Tartar groom led his horse by the bridle.

The quay looked modern enough, with its line of horse-cars. Behind it there were storehouses for figs, cotton, raisins, tobacco, and licorice, and beyond them began a network of alleys, leading nowhere, at cross-purposes, and without plan, into which I dared not enter far. Sometimes a string of camels blocked the way. At such times it was necessary to raise the loop of the rope which bound them

together, in order to pass. Greek women went about unveiled, their raven black hair coiled upon their heads in oily tresses, or hanging down their backs in braids. There was the pleasant droning burr of Turkish, and the clatter of a multitude of languages. Stale smells came from the cellars, but tobacco smoke and steaming coffee mitigated the evil. A vender of *halvar* sweetmeats called to his customers, and a mangy dog slept curled up in the gutter.

Next day I visited some friends in Burnabat, a straggling suburb, distant a few minutes by train, reposing amid cypresses and gardens of untold loveliness.

After dinner a party of us walked out to gather anemones on the hill-sides. The flowers were at their best, covering the stony soil in motley profusion, and nodding gayly to the afternoon breeze.

A camel train went by with a measured tinkling of bells. I watched the animals as they wound over the hills, unable to rouse

myself from the contemplation of their mysterious progress. "Where are they going?" I asked, at last.

"Oh! into the interior, to Aidin, perhaps, to Isparta, or even Konieh, — far off, weeks and months of travelling."

A nameless desire seized me to follow them into that unknown East, — and so next day I took the train for the valley of the Mæander, to make my promised visit there.

The Smyrna and Aidin Railroad is an English-built affair; track and rolling-stock are typically British. It is designed primarily to tap the great fig-growing district of the Mæander Valley.

At first the train steamed through a land of vineyards, orange trees, and fig and olive orchards, past the Caravan Bridge, and Sedikoi. Hovels of sun-dried brick showed here and there through the foliage.

Later came a prairie-like expanse under scanty cultivation, where an occasional

peasant could be seen laboring in a primitive fashion; and after Devlikoi, there were alternating stretches of swamp and pasture land. Herons stood fishing amongst the reeds; on the dry ground, sheep with long flat tails nibbled contentedly, while their shepherds watched them with staff and dog, huddled under stiff felt cloaks, without sleeves or collars, which serve also as shelter for the night. Camels browsed beside their young, herds of mares and colts galloped off at our approach, and on the rocks of the limestone mountains near Tourbali goats were clambering in search of food. Here, on the right, loomed Mount Galesion, sheer and precipitous, crowned with ruined fortifications, called by the Turks the Goat Fort.

Then the country became more barren still, the train crossed a brook, the Cayster, and finally drew up at Ayasaluk, the modern name of Ephesus. Herein is a record of St. John's presence, for Ayasaluk is nothing but a corruption and contraction of Hagios Theologos, St. John's title.

A Greek keeps an inn near the station, a man of unblushing overcharges, who supplies horses and mules for the tour of the ruins. Ayasaluk itself is an ill-favored group of a few dozen hovels, patched together from fragments of ancient Ephesus.

Travellers are generally disappointed with their visit to the ruins, because the latter are not grouped effectively, but spread over a wide area, which cannot be easily appreciated as a whole, but must, perforce, be examined in detail.

Ephesus is not well posed for a painter.

A lonely reach of marsh and rank vegetation stretches to the sea, enclosed by many miles of circling hills. On the right a battlemented castle, perched on an elevation; in the level, the mosque of Sultan Selim, roofless and abandoned. Beyond, and to the left, covering Mount Prion, which projects into the plain, are the principal ruins of the ancient city in the midst of infinite desolation.

The site of the famous Temple of Diana,

for a long time sought in vain by explorers, was discovered in 1869 by Mr. J. T. Wood, once an engineer connected with the railroad. It has been carefully excavated, and the results of his labors are to be seen in the British Museum, where a special room has been assigned to them. There is now nothing but a hole in the ground to mark one of the wonders of the ancient world. The best portions of the temple were first carried off by Justinian to beautify St. Sophia in Constantinople; then came the destroying Goths, the hosts of Islam, the warring Crusaders, and, last of all, the archæologists.

A profound melancholy brooded over the street of tombs, as I passed, and a nameless piteousness was in the Thermæ, the Odeum, the Gymnasium, the enormous theatre, and the port, overgrown with tall reeds, whence a canal led straight to the sea.

And so, who shall say that aught en-

dures? Ephesus, founded before men could even write her records; placed to command commerce; housing her many-breasted goddess in a marble shrine that was sculptured by Phidias and painted by Apelles; well-beloved of Alexander the Great; visited by St. Paul; her church nurtured by St. John, — how comes she to be buried in the mud of the Caÿster?

Asia Minor is a carpet, worn in spots to threadbare tatters. The Lydian Crœsus spread his wealth upon the middle; the Greeks displayed their arts along the edges; Cyrus, the Persian, and Alexander, the Macedonian, marched and countermarched their armies across its length and breadth; Roman legions, Byzantines, Saracens and Crusaders trampled its choicest patterns; and, finally, the Turks rode roughshod over the whole, wearing away its last vestiges of decoration, tearing ruthlessly its fabric, spurning everything, — and never mending anything.

XIII.

ALI, THE BRIGAND.

I CAN see him now, riding ahead on his white stallion, a rifle across his knees, pistols in his belt, and his saddle-bags full of provender.

He carefully picked out the best trail, and turned from time to time to see how I fared, for there were often muddy pools to ford and steep places for the horses to clamber over.

They had given me a horse from the Khan, a sorry-looking, ill-used animal, that stood with hanging head to await my pleasure. But it was surprising how that faint trace of the Desert Arabian, which lurked somewhere in its veins, stood it in good stead, when it felt the pressure of a rider.

After I had bathed in the pool of Hierapolis, Ali told me his story through an

interpreter. I was lying in the shade, enjoying the after-effects of my swim. Ali knelt by my side, rolling cigarettes for me, as gentle a servant as ever a prince could desire.

But his story sounded like a feudal tale.

It appears that Ali was a man of good family, as we say, without knowing very well what that may mean. The patrimony he inherited made him a sort of independent land-owner. One day, returning home from hunting, he found his slave loitering at the door. He ordered him to perform some service. But the latter was reluctant or impudent, and Ali, who was not a man of many words, shot him on the spot, just as one of our Teutonic ancestors might have cut down a disobedient bondman.

In Turkey, justice is bought and sold, as a matter of course. Unfortunately it took practically the whole of Ali's estate to clear him from his crime.

And this made me think of the Teutonic *wehrgeld*, that old-fashioned fine for murder. In the feudal age, if you killed a nobleman, you had to pay a sum of about four thousand five hundred dollars in modern money to his kinsmen. A bondman costs some two hundred and eighty dollars.

After Ali had paid his money to the kinsmen of his victim he was a pauper; and so he turned brigand, much as one of our ancestors might have turned knight-errant or highwayman.

The Turkish Government has so much trouble with brigands that it has resorted to an ingenious method of getting rid of them. At intervals an official announcement is made, that if the brigands of a certain district will present themselves in some particular village, at a stated time, and promise to do so no more, they will be forgiven. Our friend Ali seized one of these opportunities to return to the open arms of forgiveness. Strangely enough, a business firm, which was thoroughly familiar with

his career, immediately engaged him as a *cavass*, or armed guard.

His employers had not been mistaken in his character. Although Ali had already been in their service several years when I met him, he had proved himself the soul of honor. His life was nothing to him in the discharge of his duty. His watchword was loyalty.

I looked at him as he rose from my side, and liked him, even if we could not talk to each other directly. He was a thorough gentleman.

His face was imperturbable, truly oriental. The hair of his head was shaved part way back to the rim of his small fez, which had around it a piece of ancient muslin. He wore a handsome dark-blue jacket, embroidered with braid, and his Turkish trousers hung awkwardly about his legs, like a divided skirt.

Ali was not a man of many accomplishments. It is true he could ride anything on four legs, and could roll a cigarette the

while with one hand. He was also first-class at rifle practice; nothing pleased him so much as to pick off, in the ruins we visited, an ornament on a capital, carved two thousand years ago.

But, like most inland Turks, Ali could not swim.

They told me an amusing story, to illustrate at once his helplessness in the water and his absolute obedience.

Some of his employers one day rode out to bathe in the pool of Hierapolis. They stripped and dived in, while Ali watched helplessly from the bank. After awhile they called to him to follow, knowing that he could not swim. Ali explained gravely that he had never learned, but that if they insisted, of course he must obey. The employers insisted. Ali did not expostulate, but when he was on the brink, ready to throw himself in, he begged them to take care of his wife and children. They promised, and before he could realize what they were doing, they seized him, one by

each arm, and swam across the pool with him safely to the opposite bank. Ali crawled out, dripping, dried and dressed himself without a word. Then he was ready for any further test of his loyalty his masters might devise.

No people in the world are more misunderstood than the Turks.

There is, of course, nothing to say in favor of the official Turk, — he is the unspeakable Turk we hear about, and is very often a Greek or an Armenian convert to the Mohammedan faith. The Government is organized brigandage, from top to bottom.

But the rural Turk, the man of the soil, the husband of one wife, who worships daily in the village mosque, and is getting ready for his particular paradise, — he is quite a different sort of person. You may put him down as a thoroughly good fellow within his limitations.

He is first of all hospitable. You may knock about the country and put up at

the first house you reach, with the certainty of courteous welcome. The Turk is made temperate by his religious principles, and he is honest by instinct.

His kindness to animals is illustrated in a curious manner by the behavior of the storks, which are very numerous in Asia Minor during the winter.

Almost every town has its Turkish, Greek and Armenian quarter. The Turkish quarter, however, may be instantly recognized by the presence of storks' nests on the roofs of the houses. The Greeks and Armenians drive the birds away with sticks and stones, so that their roofs are free.

It is an amusing sight to see a stork walking solemnly behind some Turkish ploughman, picking up grubs in the furrows. There seems to be a sort of comradeship between man and bird.

But the Turks are not modern; they do not fit into the present industrial system; they have no commercial instinct,

and are still in the feudal age, full of old-fashioned virtues and vices. They are decreasing in numbers, and are growing poorer; they know too little arithmetic.

When the time came for me to part from Ali, I felt that I was losing a friend. With much hesitation I slipped a Turkish dollar into his hand. You ought to have seen that ex-brigand, who had killed his man more than once, blush up to the rim of his fez.

XIV.

A TRAIN OF CAMELS.

IT was a March morning in the valley of the Mæander. A group of camels waited patiently for the rising sun, crouching on the gravel bed of the brook which bisects the little town of Sochia.

Their mouths worked slowly, in a sensitive sort of way; their great fringed eyes seemed to plead; the inverted arch of the neck appeared at moments magnificent, then again only comical. Uncouth, perplexing animals! Those callous spots, on their knees, suggested abject submission, and even the humps on their backs, that were overborne to one side by their own weight, looked pathetic.

With the first ray of sunlight a driver went among them and prodded them to their feet. Then he took the end of the rope which bound the animals together,

and rode ahead on a donkey down the valley of the Mæander to the sea.

The camels strode forward unerringly and stealthily on their padded feet, advancing with a seesaw motion of marvellous regularity, their loads of licorice root creaking in unison. First there was the invariable forward reach of the neck, — something between a lurch and a swing, — and then the tremendous gathering up of the long, attenuated hindquarters, which looked so weak but were immensely strong. Ever and anon one of the camels would turn its head a little, with slow, affected grace, but for the rest there was no variation in the march.

As the train passed through the narrow, haphazard by-ways of the town, storks were nesting on the Turkish houses, smacking their bills in connubial bliss. Scavenger dogs prowled and barked about the alleys, or snarled at each other over the refuse of the streets.

Beyond Sochia the hill-sides glowed with

color. It was the anemones showing through the grass on every hand, — of all hues, from scarlet, through changing blues, to pale saffron, the whole forming a vast primeval Smyrna rug. Sparrow-hawks fluttered over the reeds; ground-larks scurried away; hounds rushed fiercely from peasant hovels to gnash at the camels' heels.

There lay the valley of the Mæander, unreclaimed from the ravages of annual floods and breeding malaria! Its coloring resembled that of the Roman Campagna in winter, — vague, subdued and rich. There were the same yellows of dead grass upon an undertone of dark sod, the same living brilliancy around the pools, and the same gray blight cast upon the expanse. A marvellous harmony haunted the region in a minor key, — piteous, magnificently oriental, never-to-be-forgotten.

At Samsûn the train of camels stopped a while for the driver to drink a cup of

coffee and smoke a cigarette in the midst of a motley group of travellers, all fully armed, freebooting-looking, speaking a dozen different languages, their horses gayly caparisoned.

In the evening the sea sparkled its welcome, and the isles of Greece leaned upon the horizon, — Patmos, Samos and many others. But the camels cared not for that. They kneeled, their loads were taken off, and they munched their feed. Poor animals! full of ugly graces, apologetic in their bearing, and yet gifted with unconscious strength, like browbeaten, uncomplaining and unlovely women.

Next morning the loads were delivered to a schooner sailing for America. The camels kneeled again. New bales were strapped to their humps, and the return journey to Sochia began rather late.

The sun was high and warm; a damp, earthy smell rose from the Mæander Valley, a desolate languor lowered upon the expanse. At rare intervals men and women

were passed, digging for licorice root, or driving laden donkeys before them. A yoke of buffaloes, with black, glistening sides, drew a rough cart; a trader sat perched high on his saddle-bags; a woman in bright red drew on her veil, and some little children had woven anemones of many colors into their hair.

Night fell before the train of camels had reached Sochia.

One by one the stars appeared. The mist settled upon the river. Only the tinkling of the bell on the foremost camel could be heard, or an occasional expostulating moan from the great, stupid, patient beasts of burden.

It was a night of the East.

One star especially seemed to change from green to red, and back again,—surely a double star, discernible in the clearness of that Asiatic sky!

But where was it this same scene had been enacted once before? Yes, truly: there was once a Star of the East, and the

wise men travelled until they came to the spot where it shone, and there were camels, too, laden with precious gifts for a little Child.

In Sochia the men were gathered in polyglot confusion before the inns, smoking chibouks and drinking innumerable cups of coffee. Attendants went about replenishing the pipes, or supplying them with live coals. A ragged, vermin-infested dervish howled dismally for alms, staff in hand. The dogs skulked in search of offal. A peasant homeward bound sang from the countryside. It was one of those dirges which, in the East, passed for popular songs, but sound to the Western ear like the wail of a dying race.

And then the camels kneeled once more; their loads were taken off; they munched their feed, and after awhile they were allowed to sleep.

XV.

THE GOATHERD OF PRIENE.

EVER since he could remember, Usuf had driven his goats to the plateau of crumbling limestone, where the ruins of ancient Priene are perched in brilliant wreckage above the plain of the Mæander. He was now a shy old man, and had grown almost speechless from his long solitude.

His garments were made of long-haired skins; coarse sandals protected his feet, and leather thongs were wound about his legs. In his hand he carried a strange old staff, and a flat felt hat sat upon his matted gray hair.

He had no idea what the ruins meant; but he liked to go there, because the Turks avoided them, and left him in peace. He did not even know that he belonged to a primitive race, which had lived thereabouts

from time immemorial, long before the Turks were ever heard of.

Once inside the broken walls of Priene, the goats wandered at will, feeding on the grass-grown streets and the shrubbery of the wayside. Great blocks of marble, trunks of columns, fragments of capitals, and everywhere massive foundations, told of the classic age. Especially fine were the remains of a temple, whose columns of white marble lay prone as they fell, split into their original sections by the force of their fall.

Behind the town proper rose an acropolis, — a treeless mountain, three or four hundred feet high, crowned with ancient fortifications. There were steps leading up, cut into the bare face of the precipice; but they were difficult of access, and in places almost obliterated by the action of the centuries. It was many years since Usuf had attempted to climb them.

The old goatherd sat on a step of the temple, his back against a fallen capital,

and looked lazily out over the plain of the Mæander to the sea. His dog barked now and again through the ruins. A mother in the flock ninnied to her young, or a vulture alighted on the city wall, with a clumsy folding of its wings. There was a warm reflection from the sun shining on the shadeless rocks.

The eyes of Usuf fell to the ground, and then grew dim. He was asleep.

With that Priene passed away. Only the bare limestone remained.

But Usuf, looking out to sea with a new pair of eyes, seemed to behold several barks, heading for the mouth of the Mæander. Each was manned by many oarsmen, and had a huge square sail in the centre. Some colonists in rough tunics, rudely armed, unloaded their vessels, then climbed the rocky elevation, and camped upon the site of Priene. They were Ionians.

Many centuries passed unheeded.

Then Usuf, with a new pair of ears,

heard the sound of flutes and lyres, intoning a pæan of victory. A procession of priests and citizens filed through the city gate, and marched towards the headland of Micale, where stood the shrine of the twelve Ionian cities, the sacred Panionium. The tunics of the people were no longer coarse and cheap, they glittered with embroidery, some were even dyed with purple, for Priene had prospered as a seaport and grown rich.

So rich, in fact, that Alyattes, father of Crœsus, laid siege to Priene.

Usuf, with a new power of thought, imagined himself climbing up the steps, then newly-made, of the acropolis. From on high he saw the Lydian army encamped below, a numerous host, but not a brave one. The city, well-provisioned and well-armed, offered a stout resistance. But exhaustion threatened to come at length, so a certain citizen, Bias by name, one of the seven wise men of antiquity, bethought him of a trick.

He fattened two mules with great difficulty, and drove them down the incline into the camp of the enemy. Now, Alyattes, seeing the splendid condition the animals were in, was astonished. He did not suppose the besieged could have spared the food. Therefore he desired to make peace with Priene, and so sent an ambassador.

At other times Usuf heard this same Bias—worldly-wise philosopher—say many a true word; for instance:

"It is more agreeable to decide between enemies than between friends; for of friends, one is sure to become an enemy to you; but of enemies, one is sure to become a friend."

Usuf also saw the aged sage die quietly at his profession. Having pleaded a cause for some one, when he was exceedingly old, after he had finished speaking, he leaned back with his head on the bosom of his daughter's son; and after the judges had given their decision in favor of Bias's

client, when the court broke up, he was found dead on his grandson's bosom.

Again many centuries passed unheeded.

Finally, one day, Usuf heard stone-cutters at work upon a glorious temple of white marble. Many sculptors adorned it with statues, and painters decorated the *cella* with color. When all was ready, behold! Alexander the Great marched through this region, after the battle of Granicus, proclaiming freedom from the Persian yoke. Amid popular rejoicings, the little man with aquiline nose and curly hair dedicated the temple to Athene Polias. Usuf even saw an inscription, recording this fact, carved upon the wall.

More than two thousand years passed over Usuf in his sleep.

Priene was now in ruins, as Usuf had always known it, except that many columns of the temple still stood upright. But even while Usuf wondered, some modern-looking men came prying about the city. One among them, who was master, ordered the

others to overturn a column. They did so, and found a gold coin of great rarity beneath the drum. Thereafter peasants came from all the countryside, hearing there was gold under the columns of Priene. They overturned everything, but no more coins were found. Some of the fluted sections, however, were taken away, to be used as grinding-stones in the licorice factory.

Usuf raised his eyes. He found himself looking out over the plain of the Mæander to the sea. He heard his dog bark at the flock. He smelt the thyme in the grass at his side. Vultures circled, swayed, and swung in mid-air to emphasize the immense, impenetrable desolation. The tortuous track of the Mæander glistened below, and beyond a range of pale purple spoke unutterable mysteries.

The old man turned to look over the ruins of Priene. He had no idea what they meant now; but once, yes, a moment ago, he had known, for a brief instant.

XVI.

HIERAPOLIS, THE HOLY.

THERE can be nothing on this every-day earth more fantastic, incomprehensible and altogether alluring, than that first sight of Hierapolis in Phrygia, as you approach it over the sterile, volcanic plain of the Lycus.

I rode out from Seraikioi, at that time the terminus of the Smyrna and Aidin Railroad. It was the morning of the 22nd of March, a day full of sunny exhilaration. Three *cavasses* led the way with much show of arms and oriental trappings.

Beyond the village, buffaloes grazed, heavy-footed, in the rough pastures, or wallowed through the mire of the swamps; and at the licorice stations, where an occasional halt was made to take breath, there were herds of mares and foals in paddocks. As one advanced, the wayside folk seemed

more untamed and unkempt, the children freer, lovelier; while the women, their hair dyed a dull brick-red with henna, not only shyly veiled themselves as we rode up, but also turned their backs until we had passed. The hovels of sun-dried mud and rushes were pitiably primitive.

In one hamlet a poor little mosque leaned against a tall tree, which, for want of anything better, served as a minaret.

After three hours of riding, Hierapolis loomed in sight.

At first one can only discern a white effulgence on the hill-side, like a monster snow-drift, dazzling and glinting in the sunlight. Above it the ruins of the city show vaguely, as though enthroned on a marble pedestal. The Turks call the place Pambouk Kalessi, or Cotton Fort, but nearer by the mass of white looks more like a frozen cataract, tumbling in great bounds from a terrace, where Hierapolis lies forlorn and forgotten, a sanctuary once, but now shunned by the natives.

At this moment Ali, the head *cavass* on the white stallion, fired into the air. The horses knew their cue; rearing, leaping, and racing, as though the evil spirits of Gadara had entered into them, they tore across the plain, — and so we arrived at the foot of the plateau on which Hierapolis stands.

The terrace, or shelf, is between two and three hundred feet high and several miles long. It has been created by the deposits of a hot spring, which rises amongst the ruins, and overflowing in little streams, runs down the incline, incrusting the ground with a snow-white sediment.

While fresh, this substance looks like pure lime, but it weathers hard and turns into a porous gray-brown rock, resembling Roman travertine. The water is full of carbonic acid gas, and probably, also, contains a good deal of silica in solution, for the grasses and shrubs, that have found a foothold in the crevices, are silently turned to stone, silicified by the impregnated water

and steam. There were leaves and stems still green and barely touched, others already thoroughly incrusted, while some were transformed into white, fragile forms, from which all vegetable matter had long since vanished.

The face of the cliff is a marble-like Niagara.

As the little rills trickle down over the edge, there is a constant banking up of the soft sediment, a busy building of pools, where the shifting light creates colors of enchantment: iridescent, pale blue, yellow and joyous pink. There is the whispered dripping of steaming rivulets, leaping from shelf to shelf, from basin to basin, consorting strangely in murmured companionship. In these water-pockets forsaken Hierapolis now alone can store her wealth.

There is such daintiness and gayety in the descent of these waters into the plain, that one is not prepared for the gray desolation above.

We clambered up the incline, as best

we might, while the horses were led round to mount into the city by the ancient road. On top there was an arid expanse, covered with enormous ruins.

No trace of human life, and a silent blight dominating everything.

Near the edge of the cliff were massive, broken walls; beyond, a group of vast, vaulted buildings, which have been identified by archæologists as the *thermæ* and *palæstria* of Hierapolis, the baths and the gymnasium. Here and there great rents crossed the masonry, the result of earthquakes, for which this region has always been noted. Narrow passage-ways pierced the walls.

When we had climbed to the top of one of the archways, and seen the extraordinary size of the stones which composed it, our astonishment was indeed great. No mortar was used; the blocks held together by their great weight and strength; but it seemed a marvel how the ancients could have hoisted them to such an elevation, or

what sort of a scaffolding they could have used.

Leaving the *cavasses* and horses comfortably placed in the great hall of the *thermæ*, I first passed through an open space surrounded by remnants of columns, perhaps an agora, or market-place and then climbed the hill to the theatre, which is reckoned one of the best preserved to be found anywhere.

The scena or stage was wonderfully intact, but what might be termed the façade, over the main entrance, lay headlong, a tumbled mass of sculpture. I noticed especially a part of the fallen frieze, which represented a hunting scene. The workmanship was exquisite. After vainly endeavoring to decipher an inscription, we entered the orchestra and walked to the topmost tier of seats, still for the most part in their places.

Archæologists give the diameter of the theatre as three hundred and forty-six feet, with forty-five tiers of seats in sight, and others, perhaps, buried under the *débris*.

Was it accident or design that placed so many Greek theatres in positions with wide outlooks?

The plain of the Lycus rolled sea-like to the west. Opposite, Baba Dagh — Father Mountain — surged into the sky, the Mount Cadmus of the ancients, and the highest peak in this part of Asia Minor. It was still covered with snow, like a bit of the Alps in the tropics. At its foot lay the ruins of Laodicea and Colossæ, but behind, in sombre rows, the mountains of Caria rose and fell, bleak and gray against an unclouded sky. No sound broke through the sunlit air. A dry smell came from the heated rocks, where devastation reigned supreme. A musing languor spoke in the dying breeze.

Once there must have been the utmost refinement of pleasure in sitting there, during the days of the city's full tide of prosperity.

Not that Hierapolis ever played a great part in the world's history. A fashionable

shrine, perhaps, a resort for the sick, like some modern Spa or Saratoga, but for the rest, apparently, a quiet provincial town. The peculiar properties of the water gave value to her dyes and woollen manufactures, Strabo says. St. Paul speaks of a Christian church there in his time, and there were bishops until A. D. 1066. Probably the Latin Crusaders, in their many marches through this region, suppressed the Greek ritual; then came the destroying fury of the Moslem, and the earthquakes did the rest.

If Hierapolis can claim any distinction at all in history, it is for having given birth to Epictetus, the slave-philosopher, the pure-souled Stoic.

By some mocking irony he had become in early youth the slave of that profligate freedman, Epaphroditus, who helped Nero put an end to his life. About 89, A. D., however, Epictetus was enabled to open a school of philosophy at Nicop-

olis, in Epirus. It was a magnificently modern saying of his, "Never, in reply to the question to what country you belong, say that you are an Athenian or a Corinthian, but that you are a citizen of the world."

Epictetus was always insisting upon man's divine nature: "Wretch, you are carrying about a god with you, and you know it not." Of the human being he once exclaimed in a supreme moment: "What, and immortal, too, exempt from old age and from sickness? No; but dying as becomes a god, sickening as becomes a god." A sublime paradox indeed.

But his conversation with his pupils seems to have been filled also with homely, telling phrases: "It is not easy to exhort weak young men; for neither is it easy to hold soft cheese with a hook." "The contest is unequal between a charming young girl and a beginner in philosophy."

He once stated the position of the Stoic by referring to himself as an illustration:

"Look at me, who am without a city, without a house, without possessions, without a slave; I sleep on the ground; I have no wife, no children, no prætorium, but only the earth and heavens, and one poor cloak. And what do I want? Am I not without sorrow? Am I not without fear? Am I not free?"

I descended from the theatre, past a well-preserved reservoir with earthen pipes, and came to the famous pool of Hierapolis.

This sheet of warm water is of irregular shape, perhaps forty feet by twenty; the depth varies considerably, for in places the marble pavement, which once covered the bottom, shows plainly through the water, upheaved and broken, apparently by the action of earthquakes. In one spot, however, there is a deep rift, from which the water rises dark and in smooth coils. Fragments of white columns lie prostrate in the water, heaped in superb confusion, the remnants, probably, of a

colonnade which circled the pool. The water is of an iridescent blue, something like that in the famous grotto at Capri; silver bubbles rise incessantly to the surface, and steam fills the air on ordinary days, for the temperature is about 90° Fahrenheit.

I stripped and dived in headlong.

It was the strangest bath I have ever taken. Swimming over columns and blocks of pavement, resting for a moment on a chiselled capital, my body gleaming, as though with some strange phosphorescence, floating with eyes upturned to the sky, or looking round upon the infinite sadness of the city,—where shall a modern man find so ancient and classic a bath in our day?

The ever-attentive *cavass* spread out luncheon near the *thermæ*, then rolled cigarettes for us, and left us dozing comfortably on a blanket, sheltered from the breeze. The effect of the bath was inexpressibly soothing.

Various travellers, beginning with Strabo, have described the exhalations from the pool as dangerous. One of the most recent visitors to Hierapolis, the Rev. E. J. Davis, in his book, "Anatolica," writes that villagers told him of several persons who had been drowned, while bathing in the pool, either overpowered by the supposed noxious gases, or, as the villagers thought more probable, dragged down by some evil spirit. He mentions seeing two sparrows, just dead, which had alighted to drink, and been stifled.

For myself, I can only say that I experienced no bad effects, but, on the contrary, found the bath most refreshing; while a friend of mine assures me, that it has become quite a custom for himself and family to spend several weeks at a time in an improvised tent near Hierapolis, in order to enjoy the bathing.

Other travellers, both ancient and modern, also speak of a mephytic cavern, the so-called Plutonium. Whether the aper-

ture has become blocked up, or the exhalations have been diverted to other openings, certain it is, that neither Mr. Davis nor I saw anything which corresponds to the description given by these visitors. There is indeed a large ruin, rising upon the supposed site, but no aperture is visible.

The *cavasses* amused themselves with a little rifle practice, and then we mounted and rode through the deserted city.

There is a main street, lined with a multitude of ruins. One of these had evidently been a Christian church, for a cross was carved upon the keystone of the arch.

At this point a goatherd started suddenly from behind some stones, and came forward with a few coins for sale which he had found thereabouts. He was glad of the *metallics* I gave him, in exchange for a Byzantine copper coin, of Leo, the Isaurian.

Beyond, there was a gateway and wall,

then another gateway; a prostrate colonnade, a triumphal archway, another Christian church, and after that, for about half a mile, we rode along a street of tombs, stretching wearily on either hand, beside the rough-paved way. They consisted of a sarcophagus and lid, each hewn from a solid piece, and the whole perched on a square of masonry. Some bore inscriptions, some were tilted and broken, and all had been rifled of their contents at some time.

Among them, but standing somewhat apart, was the one known as the tomb of Epictetus, how justly I do not know.

From the end of the street a last look at Hierapolis showed the city lying, yellow-brown, in the afternoon sun. The parched ground looked sear against some sparsely-wooded hills at the back. An abandoned, hopeless aspect pervaded everything, inexpressibly pathetic to anyone coming from the centres of civilization. It seemed as though the mute city were

struggling to cry out against hapless fate, to reproach a pitiless heaven. The very white that gleamed so joyously at our approach now looked more like a shroud.

As the horses turned their heads towards Seraikioi, a vulture squawked in the ruins; but in the plain the grass was gayly green, camels and horses grazed contentedly over wide pasture lands, a peace almost Arcadian rested on the peasant huts.

It was decided to return to the village by another way. All went well for awhile. By degrees, however, the sod became softer, the grass juicier, the horses' hoofs sank awkwardly into the ground, and then we knew that we had ventured into a bog, dry and passable in the summer, but difficult in March.

We dismounted and led the plunging animals gently from one hummock to another. Sometimes they sank to their haunches, struggling with a human fright in their eyes, which was pitiable. But when we reached firm footing once more,

they fell into their rapid, *rachvan* gait, apparently as fresh as ever.

The afternoon waned. A traveller knelt by the wayside on his carpet, praying towards the east, the villagers were returning to their homes after the field-work of the day.

In Seraikioi motley groups, poverty-stricken, but in gay colors and outlandish dress, stood in the little squares, and all the men were gathered in front of the mosque, to await the evening call to prayer.

Then a figure stepped out upon the gallery of the minaret, and, with uplifted hands, wailed forth a sombre dirge to the night wind.

The sound descended in broken pulsations upon the listening town.

It was lugubrious, charged with sorrow, and burdened with an unspeakable dejection. It rose and fell, from sad sighings and murmurs full of evil prophecies, through dismal howls and blood-curdling execrations, to hoarse shrieks of unbridled

madness. It chilled, and yet inflamed. At the end there came a piteous, nasal note, almost a whine, upon which the priest dwelt with lingering pathos.

"God is great! God is almighty! God is merciful! I testify there is no God but one God. I testify that Mohammed is the prophet of God. Ye faithful, come now to prayers. God is great! God is almighty! God is merciful! There is no God but one God!"

And then the men entered the mosque to worship, leaving their shoes on the threshold in long lines, two and two.

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.

XVII.

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.

OLD Reiser had been a fisherman all his life on the lake of Thun, and he was now over seventy. Just because today happened to be the fiftieth anniversary of his wedding was no reason for stopping work. Besides, lake trout were scarce and in demand, and his fishing permit came high. So he had spent the day, as usual, with his nets off the reeds, where the Aar rushes into the lake.

In the late afternoon Reiser rowed home, obliquely across, to the hamlet of Sundlauenen. It was only a handful of dingy *châlets*, built on the rubble which the Suldbach had brought down through the ages, and inhabited by a wretched, primitive population. As he neared, he turned his boat, — they always do in the Ober-

land, — and rode stern foremost under the rustic roof of his boat-house.

His wife, who was watching, came to meet him from their cottage.

She wore the old-fashioned bodice of the Bernese costume and the wide sleeves. Her face was puckered into weather-beaten wrinkles, her hands hard and callous, her gait stooping and slouchy, peasant-like. As she laid her hand on his arm and pushed him affectionately, her little old eyes were moist with happiness. She had said all along, she knew they would never live to celebrate their golden wedding. It was an intuition, she insisted, but now, after all, it was such a relief to know that she was wrong.

Some young ladies from the pension at the end of the lake, who were fond of picknicking here, on the grass by the water, nicknamed the old couple the Duke and Duchess, — probably because their manners were so much finer than those of real dukes and duchesses. That morning

those dear young ladies had brought their wedding gift, she told him. Four pounds of sugar, two of coffee (for them both, you see), some cotton thread and a paper of pins for her. They had asked about tobacco for old Reiser, but she told them proudly that he never smoked.

Reiser's wife had never been farther from home than Bern, some twenty-five miles away, and that was in her youth. They had never had any children. He had fished; she had worked in their vegetable patch, and woven the hemps for his nets, or helped him mend them. It was always a struggle to make both ends meet, but they had been really happy through it all.

"And to think," she repeated, as they came out after supper, "that I felt so sure we would never live to see this day."

They sat on the bench at the side of the cottage, where the nets hang to dry. There was such a calm on the lake, they could hear people talking on the other shore.

From the fringe of the woods came the smell of cyclamen. A quiet light glowed behind the Stockhorn, but the Niesen had already become a purple pyramid, turning black. An electric light was turned on at the Därlingen steamboat landing, and, soon after, a star appeared over the shoulder of the range opposite.

Old Reiser and his wife sat hand in hand, like lovers. She had brought out the Bible, as though it were Sunday.

At intervals she still persisted that she had always felt they would never live to see this day.

Just then a fish rose. The ripples parted slowly in a circle across the calm, line after line, without pause, infinite, — a symbol of immortality.

"But now I don't care what happens," said the old woman. And they went in.

XVIII.

AT THE MANŒUVRES.

THAT autumn the manœuvres of the Swiss army were held in the upland district of the Canton of Vaud, back of the Lake of Geneva, in a delightful region, lying between Romont and Châtel St. Denis, which is practically unknown to tourists.

There were as many as twenty-five thousand men in the field, encamped in two great divisions, so as to form an invading and a defending corps, equipped for war in every particular.

A general scheme of operations had been drawn up beforehand, and even published in the newspapers. Fortunately it was so simple that even an unmilitary mind could master it at once, with the aid of an ordinary map:

A hostile army from the south has penetrated into the Valais with the intention of forcing a passage upon Bern, the capital, while a native army is gathered in the region of Bern to defend that city. The enemy's plan of attack consists in sending detachments to try and cross the passes which lead from the Valais into the Bernese Oberland, such familiar passes as the Grimsel, the Gemmi, the Rawyl, and others. For purposes of simplification, however, these detachments are supposed to be held in check by native troops, collected for the defence of the passes, so that their operations remain purely imaginary, and play no part in the manœuvres. On the other hand, a large force of the enemy, the left wing, advances from Vevey upon Fribourg, in order to reach Bern from this side, and a corresponding force of native troops is sent forward to meet the invaders, and throw them back upon Vevey and into the Valais again. The two armies are supposed to meet finally near Romont, but the

various details of the conflict are to be left entirely to the commanders, and to fortune, as in real war.

On the morning of the tenth of September a decisive battle was fought on the outskirts of Romont.

The defending force was strongly posted upon a commanding hill. Great masses of infantry were waiting in the woods; Krupp cannon were stationed in trenches, hidden behind hedges, artificially made of cut branches; and the sharp-shooters were thrown well forward in all directions.

Presently, scouts came riding furiously to announce that the enemy had been sighted. A few alterations were quickly made in the position of the artillery, to correspond with the most recent information received, and finally small detachments of the enemy were perceived in the distance, advancing under cover of all possible natural shelter.

It was half-past nine.

The native artillery promptly opened fire upon the exposed enemy. The hostile

artillery responded, and the battle had begun.

Presently the sharp-shooters found themselves within range of each other, and a murderous fire ensued, which steadily increased in volume, until all the hills around resounded with the crack of musketry and the booming of cannon. It took the two armies about an hour and a half to come to close quarters. Then the native army brought forward its reserves, hitherto hidden in the woods behind. Dark lines of infantry advanced in quickstep and poured fusillades into the enemy, posted on the outskirts of a dense forest, whose trees re-echoed the sound of shooting with a terrible, hollow shriek.

Line after line of reserves came pouring out, running every moment faster, with drums beating, bands playing and flags flying. It was now half-past eleven o'clock.

The umpires ordered the retreat to be blown, for victory remained with the defenders. Twenty-five thousand men had

fought each other with grim determination, but there were neither dead nor wounded to deplore, — the surgeons alone had been inactive.

Next day the army, which had been called into existence for the manœuvres, was reviewed by the commanding officers, and was then disbanded to return to civil life. Within twenty-four hours there was not a soldier to be seen in all that country round about.

Of course the appearance of the troops and the conduct of operations were by no means faultless.

An English captain on leave was very severe upon the *tenue* of the men, which is unquestionably slovenly, according to English or German ideas of military smartness. He also thought the lower officers a very uninstructed set of men, and especially criticised the close order in which the lines were brought under fire at the close, — an operation which, he said, would have exposed them to annihilation in real warfare.

At the same time the captain was loud in his praises of the artillery, and was pleased with the enthusiasm and *morale* of the men.

A retired Prussian cavalry officer, although admitting the lack of neatness in the appearance of the men and the amateurishness of the younger officers, was of opinion that the close order of lines at the last was the right thing, because the supreme moment of the battle had come: it was good military science to mass the troops for a last rush.

One of the three French officers, who had been sent to report, was heard to characterize the morning's work as a "nice little manœuvre," — a remark sufficiently non-committal to suit his official position.

But the supreme virtue these critics failed to understand, — the Swiss army is democratic to the core. There are no drill-master tyrannies, but only that obedience is demanded which comes to men naturally in the fulfilment of a patriotic duty.

XIX.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

EARLY in the morning crowds of worshippers repaired to the parish church at Altdorf, and after service dispersed in groups about the village, to await the time when the procession should start for the famous meadow. At last, at about eleven o'clock, there was a roll of drums, a burst of music, and a train of persons issued from the little market-place in front of the town hall.

First marched two men, clad in mediæval costumes of orange and black, the cantonal colors, each bearing upon his shoulders the great horn of a bull. These individuals are called Tells, in memory of the traditional hero, and the horns are those which the ancient warriors of Uri carried with them to battle. Then followed drums and music and a detachment of soldiers, over whom

waved the ancient banner, in the centre of which was embroidered a bull's head, the cantonal coat of arms, and in one corner a miniature representation of the crucifixion. For Church and State, religion and warfare, have always gone hand in hand in the primitive Swiss cantons.

Behind this guard of honor came the magistrates and their seven beadles in carriages, the latter made imposing by cocked hats and long cloaks, also of orange and black. In the carriages were the three symbols of state: the mace, a wooden staff studded with brass nails, and surmounted by a ball representing an apple pierced by an arrow (evidently another reference to William Tell); the sword of state, a long, two-edged weapon; and a bag containing the cantonal seals.

The procession was closed by an irregular following of all the men, women and children who could conveniently leave their homes in various parts of the canton.

Arrived at the meadow, the voters, estimated at two thousand by the weekly paper of Uri, the *Urner Wochenblatt*, ranged themselves upon a wooden stand, built for the occasion, in the shape of an amphitheatre; the chief magistrate, the Landammann, and the Landesstatthalter, took positions at a table in the centre, where the symbols of state were displayed, with the horns, drums, and banner, while the seven beadles occupied raised seats at one side of the ring. The women, children and visitors, on their part, withdrew to the unoccupied portions of the meadow, or to an adjacent hillock, from which the proceedings could be more conveniently watched. Amongst the spectators were also some visitors from neighboring cantons, a member or two of the federal Legislatures at Bern, and a few foreigners.

It is customary for the Landammann to open the Assembly with a speech, in which he rehearses the affairs of the canton, of Switzerland, and even the most important

events in foreign countries, which have occurred during the past year.

While this was in progress, one could look more closely at the men who composed the Assembly, and see how truly democratic a gathering they made. All manner of men were there, side by side; all kinds of trades and occupations were represented, — the cowherd, the artisan, and the shopkeeper; the professional man, the parish priest, the monk, and the soldier; all on an equal political footing, deliberating together for the common good. They paid the closest attention to the speech of the Landammann, who, as he advanced and warmed up to his theme, departed more and more from pure German, and lapsed into the familiar dialect, which was used by every subsequent speaker.

As soon as this speech had been brought to a close, a ceremony of the utmost solemnity took place.

The whole Assembly rose, and stood, bareheaded, for some moments in silent

prayer, — an impressive incident, never to be forgotten: the sudden silence of the multitude, the heads bared to the sky, and the deeply religious aspect of the whole thing. After this the business of the meeting began.

Every one knew that a measure of great importance would be presented to the Assembly that day; in fact, nothing less than the adoption of a new constitution.

The old one had been found to be both cumbersome and antiquated, and the new one had been framed with a view toward simplification, so that it might correspond more closely to those of the other cantons. As the project had been before the people for some time, ample opportunity had been given them to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with its provisions, and the Assembly was, therefore, prepared to discuss the proposed changes intelligently.

A strong minority from the Valley of Urseren, where lies the popular summer resort of Andermatt, opposed the new con-

stitution, especially on account of certain clauses, referring to the management of roads. These views were represented by five speakers, whereas the majority put forward nine. After an animated debate, lasting for two hours and a half, a vote was taken upon the question of adopting a new constitution, pure and simple, adoption being carried by the bare majority of three-fifths to two-fifths of the votes. Another vote was taken, this time upon the adoption of the new constitution as it stood or as amended by the minority, and resulted in the almost unanimous adoption of the constitution as it stood.

The voting was done by a show of hands, according to the old Teutonic custom, so familiar to us; but it was accompanied by a curious sound, which seemed in imitation of the bellowing of a bull, the inevitable bull of Uri. An appeal in writing against the new constitution was then handed to the Landesstatthalter, based upon the forty-third

article of the federal constitution, and the Assembly proceeded to the next order of business, the election of officers.

First came the seven *Regierungsräthe;* literally, "councillors of the Government," forming a sort of executive board. In only two cases was there any serious opposition to the candidate nominated; for it seems to be customary in this conservative little democracy to reëlect officers who have done their work satisfactorily, rather than experiment with untried ones. The result of every election was announced by the head beadle, or crier (*Landesweibel*), who raised his cocked hat, and repeated a set formula, wishing the successful candidate "joy and health" (*Glück und Heil*).

At this juncture the Assembly was asked to choose the Landammann and the Landesstatthalter from the number of the Regierungsräthe. Immediately the actual Landammann rose and resigned his office in a speech in which he declared that he

had served four years as magistrate, and therefore declined reëlection. At the same time he proposed the actual Landesstatthalter as his successor, and with this took his seat amongst the people. The Assembly followed his suggestion as to his successor, and afterwards returned the Landammann himself to the office of Landesstatthalter; so that the two highest officers had in the end only exchanged places.

After the oath had been administered to them, the necessary representatives to the federal Legislature in Bern were elected, and then a number of minor officers of the canton. As a last piece of legislation, the rights of citizenship (*Bürgerrecht*) were granted to a family which had lately immigrated from the canton of Unterwalden.

With this the order of business was complete, and the Assembly adjourned. The session had lasted four hours and a half, when the procession marched back to Altdorf in the same order in which it had arrived.

XX.

HOEING POTATOES.

ALL the valleys hushed, the lakes black. A mist in the hollows, smelling moist and tasting smoky.

Then, on the top of the Jungfrau, a sudden gleam alighted. The sun crept down the great *arêtes*, — those arms of the goddess, draped in muslin. It burnished the rounded snow slopes into rich saffron, and cast mauve shadows into the *seracs* and *crevasses*. The light chased the gloom from the abyss, where the avalanches fall, — that lap of the goddess. It stripped the darkness from her sheer sides.

With this, the virgin seemed to wake, and stretch, and smile.

She saw two women with a child, hoeing potatoes on the Almend of Unterseen. They were dressed partly in brown home-

spun, partly in nondescript calicoes. Their feet stood in great ungainly shoes, with wooden soles. The grandmother still wore her hair twined with white braid, Oberland fashion, but the young woman tried to be modern. As for the child, it played in the dirt.

And so the women toiled, unmindful of the magnificence of their surroundings.

The Jungfrau saw the turquoise of the lake of Thun, the glowing slopes of St. Beatenberg, the green-black firs on the Harder. She heard a man sharpening his scythe among the field-flowers, a boy yodeling to his goats in the shrubs, a herd of cows jingling their bells on the summer pasture. She smelt the mown grass, the briar hedges nipped by the goats, the flowers trodden by the cattle.

But the women neither saw, nor heard, nor smelt.

At noon the Jungfrau looked again. The grandmother was leaning for a moment on her hoe, the young woman worked

in a crude red petticoat, blown by the wind, the child still played in the dirt. They all looked sordid, sullen, stupid.

Then the pitying Virgin turned to Mount Blanc, full eighty miles away. How long must these wrongs be? But before the answer came, the day was over, and the women shuffled sadly homeward, drawing their cart after them, wherein the little girl sat, holding tight to the sides.

And for the millionth time the Jungfrau blushed, and then turned gray and slept.

THE END.

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