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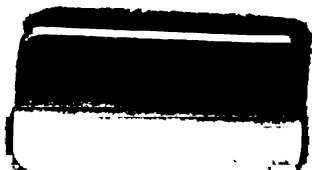
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Ernesto Ferrer y Llorens

L E T T E R S

OF A

SENTIMENTAL IDLER,

FROM

*GREECE, TURKEY, EGYPT, NUBIA, AND THE
HOLY LAND.*

BY

HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

VI

WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR, ENGRAVINGS OF ORIENTAL
LIFE, ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:
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DEDICATION.

TO

MRS. EMILY A. WILLIAMS;

My ever wise, loving, and beneficent friend, to you I take the liberty of dedicating these erratic and unworthy letters of a Sentimental Idler. The "Bookworm" to whom they are addressed has now a larger knowledge than travellers can impart; and when his precious sympathy was lost to me, my eyes were trustingly turned toward *you*, with a child's simple faith, that you would accept the homage which I fain would have laid like flowers upon my gifted brother's grave.

With love and gratitude, I am faithfully yours,

HARRY HAREWOOD LEECH.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM, *January*, 1868.

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LETTERS OF A SENTIMENTAL IDLER.

CHAPTER I.

TRIESTE.

Where we are and what we are, with a few rules of our Order—A flavor of the Orient in the Adriatic—Devotion on deck and a growl from the Gentleman Traveller.

TRIESTE, AUSTRIA, November's last days, 1866.

DEAR BOOKWORM AT HOME:

"And this is the Adriatic," said the GENTLEMAN TRAVELLER.

"At last," I replied with a sigh of relief as I stepped on the platform of the fine station at Trieste. As for EUGENE, as was his custom, unless spoken to, he said not a word, but proceeded to look after our luggage with the same phlegm as if we had been in his own native Russia.

You, doubtless, dear Bookworm, looked for letters from your SENTIMENTAL IDLER from the Black Sea, and you receive them from the shores of the Adriatic. Yes, I have left the winter behind me, and here I find an ardent and splendid summer: just from the snows of the North, and off the frigid plains of Poland, this skimming back through Germany seems like a half-dream—awaking thus almost in Italy, with but the breadth of this blue and sparkling sea between us and noble Venice (whose chains have at last fallen from limbs all beautiful), I have only to blot from my surroundings the white-coated Austrians, and the blue sky, the warm air, the vines, the women with dark eyes, the monks, and hazzaroni, give me back the poet's land of Italy.

When last I tore out the pages of my journal for you, I was

in Moscow; you had my plans of a trip through Central Russia; my projects for Sebastopol, and even my anticipations of Tartary. However, a frozen river, the horrible weather, the dangers and discomforts of sledge-travelling through a savage country, changed all that, and now we only await sunset to sail toward Greece from this busy port.

So it is ever in the life of a traveller. His eyes often gaze most wistfully toward the East; he yet takes a step toward the North, while he is pulled by the skirts to the South, and at length finds himself journeying due West. Touched by influences of which he was regardless an hour before, swayed by desires of which he was lately unconscious, he yet finds, in the change and uncertainty, the novelty and adventure which form of travel its chiefest charm. Obeying no laws but his own caprice, only the slave of his curiosity, he flies from point to point, enjoying each sensation with a livelier ardor, while his excitements are nearly always so well divided between the animal and intellectual, that he extracts from life and nature their most perfect delights. His joy is in action, and he only rests when idleness is sweet and rest a sentiment. So, my Bookworm, object no more to my calling of SENTIMENTAL IDLER, for however much it was out of place in polished France, home-like Germany, or busy Holland (lazy Spain I omit), now that I am approaching the shores of perfect vagrancy, I feel all my native vagabondage working naturally and healthily within me. I would not combat against this feeling. / It is delicious. To become regardless of the color of your linen; to be independent of shoe-blacks; to avoid the man who has a perfect rim to his hat; to court the sunlight and lie down within the shadows of church-doors; to gamble for *biocchi* with the beggar-boys who are as honest as they are dirty; to sleep out o' nights under the stars, and to wander where one listeth—ah, is not all this sweet? yes, though it be incomprehensible to the yoked oxen of *your* tilled fields, who have never tasted the sweet herbage of the free rich prairies in which I roam. /

But let me defend myself a moment at the same time I further explain. The feeling may be more dissolute than mere Bohemianism, but it is a part of it; for he who was a Bohemian in

Europe will be a **SENTIMENTAL IDLER** in Turkey or Greece. He will not know (as in my case) whether it is the transition from the snow-covered mountains to these verdant vine-clad hills; from the dark, dry plains to this beautiful Adriatic; from the cold and sombre tints of the northern skies to the blue vaults above him here; but in the very air there is vagrancy, and he lays down the *utile* for the *dulce* at each inspiration.

Before you place your hand too severely upon this page, permit me to define the degrees which exist in this mysterious brotherhood of Idlers. Do not confound us with the heavy tramps who are almost sure to be footpads, or beggars, or both; neither with pedlers of gay stuffs which are never sold, but only procure for their owners lodging and gentle words, with coquetries innumerable; nor with that great class of itinerant apprentices, who wander from town to town, with pack and cudgel; travelling pedestrians, who see the world by subscriptions from native but too trusting villages; artists, whose palettes are neglected for their palates; clergymen with the equipage of at least an umbrella; stalwart and bronzed young women, with bright kerchiefs twisted around shapely heads, who journey "to the next town" (which is never reached), to find brothers (who are never met). No! confound us not with these idlers who may be sometimes sentimental, but who belong no more to the great free class of which I speak, than the thieves and followers in the rear of an army to the noble body itself.

Nor will I admit among us the fine men and the rich (who are idle as machinery is, because of rust), who travel from city to city and from land to land, some by rail, some by coach, some by boat, only to surprise us in our galleries and—yawn! to meet us at our *table d'hôtes* and—yawn! to confront us yawning in the mad whirl of the carnival, and to make us fly them like a pestilence in Frankfort, lest we yawn in presence of Ariadne, or yield a palace in Rome to them, that we may not yawn before Beatrice de Cenci, and hate ourselves ever after.

Now that you know what we are *not*, it may be safe, my Bookworm, to tell you what we are. The mysteries, then, of our Order are greater than the Eleusinian, and I ally myself to it with a

fervor more sacred than that of a Free-Mason. To be a **SENTIMENTAL IDLER** necessitates the being a gentleman; yet I grieve to say I have known members who were not so called. A man of education he is almost sure to be (more than *one* college-diploma makes him therefore ineligible for life), a poet almost certainly, an artist surely. The following requisites *absolutely* demanded :

- I. Good looks.
- II. Gentle manners.
- III. A knowledge of at least two hemispheres.
- IV. A fondness for wine.
- V. Inherent love of gaming, tempered by adversity.
- VI. Love of woman, tempered by experience.
- VII. Infallible judgment of horses.
- VIII. An advocate of the "duello," and perfect acquaintance with the "code of honor."
- IX. An ample fortune, but never out of debt.
- X. A master of at least three languages.
- XI. A good voice for ballads.
- XII. A distinguished dancer.
- XIII. A musician.

To these requirements others may be added by the consent of the society, from time to time, but the above are at least necessary for the **SENTIMENTAL IDLER**, *par excellence*.*

The petty shifts and little meannesses of travellers are galling to us, and our natural condition being nomadic, you find us rather with one or two chosen companions, than with caravans of tourists and ordinary pleasure-seekers. To be sure, we are generally in the most unheard-of and inaccessible places; our coats may need repairs, but our Homers in hand are generally perfect; our manners may not be social, but I venture a Napoleon our deportment will be easy and our speech correct.

Yet spite of our vagrancy, and bold love of it, the winds in soft confidence whisper to us their secret pain; the landscapes show us their richest colors; the streams sing their sweetest music; the very flowers employ a rare speech, while the lowly

* You are aware, dear Bookworm, that I was admitted to the body ere their laws were so rigorous.

among men disclose to our order their unappreciated but lovely lives. Beauty reveals herself in a thousand entrancing ways, and leads us step by step within the most sacred portals of Nature, by paths untrodden by less daring men. Can you comprehend our strange joy of a life in old tombs and stately ruins? An exploration within the galleries of vast catacombs, or a journey through the desert with our natural Arab brothers? I doubt it. Yet you are glad, I know, dear Bookworm, when we come back once again to the life of cities, and take up the thread of civilization where we had dropped it. See! We have mummies and relics for your museums, strange arms and curiously-fashioned pipes, *scarabei* and ancient coins of Macedonia and Damascus; arms from Nubia; whips of the hippopotamus-hide, and spears from Abyssinia, and some little scraps of *papyri* perhaps, which throw some light upon a dead world. You see the antiquarians need us, though we do so little for that great humanity, the demands of which I have heard you ably plead.

But deny not that we are full of quick sympathies. Is not this modern *gitano* I have painted a lover of his kind? Must I not (being the humblest of all sentimental idlers) have a companion with whom to brush off melancholy moods, with whom to share the largess of beauty, adventure, danger, and enjoyment, which falls to the lot?—

"And this is the Adriatic?" said the GENTLEMAN TRAVELLER. Did I not quote his speech to you at the opening of my letter? He is my companion and dearest friend, and you must know each other.

"The Traveller, Mr. Bookworm!"

My pen ceases for your bows, and now I will tell you all about him. He is younger than myself, handsomer, richer, stronger, full of bravery and tact, with wit enough not to weary you, and fun enough for a regiment. He writes well, but is too lazy; he dances admirably, but rides perfectly. He would make a great figuré in the world, were there the least necessity for it, but as it is he lies back with all his forces in reserve, apparently determined to extract as much good out of life with as little trouble as possible. In the city this man is an *elegante*; in the desert he will be

a lion. I wish to Heaven his letter of credit were not so large, so that his noble brain might work in grander channels. But Eugène—"EUGÈNE DE LANGE," as the passports have it. He stands at my side as I write, and in a few words you shall know him. He was born in Russia, of French parents, was orphaned early in life, took service with your IDLER in Moscow, and avows that he will follow him through Asia, and after to America. He is a youth of twenty, impassive and cold as his own Siberia, but with a blind reliance on me that would be touching if it were not ridiculous (a vagrant like myself the benefactor of a kindred wanderer—you laugh, I know, at this relation). He serves us faithfully, however, as valet and occasional cook, and will doubtless be mentioned often in my rambling letters—and so my caravan is complete. My old friend, my tried servant—all the train and company I need to penetrate deeply into the unknown heart of that glowing world which lies within the sunrise,

Out yonder even now the East declares herself. The light is warmer on these stones which front the mole; hundreds of brightly-plumaged birds in cages around the quaint walls send forth notes strange to me; the snows are indeed within the Ural, but I almost fancy a breath of rose-leaves reaches me from Adrianople. The caïques dance on the waters, and the men in the red caps are fierce enough for real pirates, as they sail in their feluccas to and fro. Even the café I have just left has an Oriental look; men are lazily smoking chibouks (perhaps the bowls are half-filled with Eastern *hashish*), and on the ceiling, with its vault of blue, a hundred houris are represented seducing the faithful to an uncertain paradise behind the rosy clouds; oranges, figs, and dates from Alexandria fill the surrounding stands, and a jargon of Greek, Arabic, and Italian salutes my ears.

Evening.

Safely embarked on the *Trebizonde*, a fine steamer of the Austrian Lloyd's line. Our party take but small heed of the confusion, but with one accord we silently watch the disappearance of the land. Trieste lies like a bow (whose arch is diamond-studded) behind us; the water is heaven itself reflected with all its stars; the lights of the little hamlets (human nests

perched high above the fading city) twinkle and flash like fire-flies among the vines, and then drop out of life, as we steam on toward the bluer Mediterranean.

Who has said that the most difficult of all books to write is a translation? To be a traveller, therefore, is to be a translator, with the eye, thought, and soul, of the colors, sentiments, and impressions of all Nature and human art. Without ever attempting to do this, a **SENTIMENTAL IDLER** may, however, give you the souvenirs written at each moment of his adventurous life, and so henceforth I give you mine in all situations, according to my moods. I know your eyes are critical though kind, but I trust you will not too severely condemn my faults or style, as why should I write at all were it not to give you myself, and to faithfully transcribe that which I see as it passes before me?

What a mass of strange humanity is crowded about us! Jews and Greek merchants; pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre; Italian traders, Circassian women, and black slaves. For the first time the veiled beings of the "Arabian Nights" are a reality, though as yet we have not lost sight of the Illyrian shores. I watch the females, as in a dream, seat themselves on their strips of carpet, and perform their evening devotions calmly; they slowly count the beads of their chaplets—perhaps they are composed of aloes from sacred Mecca. The turbaned men stand on the steamer's paddle-boxes, with unsandalled feet, and lowly bow their bodies toward the Orient. A sweet little maiden with a woman's abundance of bright hair falling over her bare shoulders, dressed in a robe flowered fantastically in many colors, serves a tiny cup of coffee to a sallow wretch, who wears a *fez* and Turkish military trousers; and almost for the first time I hear the **GENTLEMAN TRAVELLER** growl in my ear:

"I would like to strangle the barbarian! and—"

"Steal the child," I interrupt, maliciously.

"Well, yes! after reflection, yes!" is his response, and so, our silence broken, we light our cigars, and stroll among the groups with increasing curiosity. In one place we are piqued by wondrous Hellenic arms; in another we discuss the style of a turban; here we dispute a sentence in modern Greek; and there we

bring down curses on our Christian (?) heads for undue curiosity in the neighborhood of the old pacha's *hareem*, the women of which are cooped up in the narrow pen that may become a pest-house ere we reach the Dardanelles.

At last, Eugène (who moves coldly among these people, and has a comical disrespect for their mystery and tinsel) announces supper, and we leave the decks, to find below the same din, the same smells, and the same grotesque variety of costume and language.

CHAPTER II.

CORFU.—SYRA.

A ramble through a Greek city—Scenes on deck—Our beautiful little Circassian slave
—The Queen of the Cyclades—An Albanian dance and a Frenchman's bubbles.

Sabbath morning.

I WAS awakened early, not by the ringing of church-bells, which summon men in Christian lands to prayer, but by the rattling of chains, the grating of boats against the ship's sides, and a Babel of voices. I looked forth lazily from my cabin-window, and right before me, sparkling like a jewel in the bright sunshine, was CORFU, the *Corcyra* of the ancients, and one of the most prosperous as well as beautiful of the Ionian Islands. It was not long before we were on deck, and soon after a couple of Greeks, handsome but beggarly, were rowing us ashore. Once in the land

All beautiful, in ruins; and in rags
Its godly-fashioned men,

I felt that Attica was still what it ever was, and that I was reading again of Pericles, but, better than all, in a living book.

Here is the Phœcia of Homer, where his greatest hero was wafted by a north wind from Calypso's isle, and the Fountain of Cressida still exists; where the nymph-like Nausicaæ received Ulysses, who bent the knee before the beauteous daughter of Alcinous. Beyond the black "Dodona" crags lies Albania, whose children (robbers from their birth) overrun the fair Corcyra, and strangle her with savage embraces. Men alone are seen in the tortuous streets, which straggle up from the sea, and if perchance a woman, she is veiled, and quickly seeks the cover of the walls; sometimes hags hideous to the sight bear equal burdens with the

lusty men who carry *panniers* of fruit upon their backs of bronze. Lines of asses wind down the hill-sides, laden with skins of native wine; generally they are led by youths whose classical beauty and grace I have never seen equalled in any land. The streets are mostly Italian in their style as well as name; the arcades, by which some of them are flanked, might have come from Venice; the language of the peasants is Greek; that of the dragomen Arabic; and of the Maltese, English. Albanians, petticoated, and carrying an armory in their embroidered sashes, move among the motley crowd with a swagger meant to be aggressive; while sailors, Turks, wine and tobacco venders cluster in front of the low dark cafés, and fraternally smoke from one huge nargile, from which branches a dozen tubes.

The cobbler mends shoes in the open street; the baker's-oven is in full view of the passing crowd, from whence the greasy slabs of half-baked dough are thrust out, and the greasy, base, and mutilated Turkish *piastre* is thrust in. The shrill voice of a water-carrier mingles with the uncertain treble of an orange-dealer, while the awful bass of a sherbet-seller vibrates in a monotone through the din, like a threat. Youths, half-naked and wholly beautiful, beg from you in the language of Homer; and old men, wholly naked and half-witted, whine out their needs in every language—but your own. Imagine, then, these sights so *bizarre*; the goods exposed in the shops, a mixture of French, Italian, Turkish, and Greek; the town itself crowned by a ruined fortress lately held by the English, and a half-ruined palace lately occupied by young King George of Greece, and you will have, dear Bookworm, as good an idea of CORFU as a SENTIMENTAL IDLER can give you in a rambling letter.

You would laugh could you see our procession toward the boat that is to carry us once more aboard the *Trebizonde*. The GENTLEMAN TRAVELLER is laden with Turkish tobacco, and some wondrous pipe-bowls. I am the unhappy possessor of a bag of antique (?) Greek coins. Eugène has a sackful of oranges, while our lazy guide in advance seems fully occupied in beating off the rabble with his knotted stick, and upon my word they bear the blows like stoics.

SYRA.

Monday, November —, 1866.

CAME in sight this morning of SYRA, the great emporium of the *Ægean* Sea. A mountain came up out of the haunches of the water, as a nymph reposes on the sand after her bath, beautiful, pure, elegant, worthy of this sculptured earth. All the passengers were on deck, with more or less curiosity and pleasure depicted upon their faces, but Eugène alone is immobile. An excellent youth he is; a model of correct deportment and good sense; but I believe, if his Infernal Majesty were to present himself before him, he would agree to cook him a capital cutlet, and answer his questions with perfect *sang froid*.

At sea, as in the mountains, we are often deceived as to distances, and we have passed many barren-looking Grecian islands, that looked like great stones fallen into the water. They were of a grand size, so the captain informed me, and now, as we are yet a good hour from Syra, let me describe to you the *mélange* of passengers on the steamer.

As I before mentioned, the half of our quarter-deck is apportioned off for the wives, families, and servants of about three hundred pilgrims of the Mussulman faith, who lie in a sort of pen, having a sail for the roof, and long strips or wooden bars for the sides. These people are flocking from all quarters, many even from Russia, but the bulk from Greece, and are proceeding to Constantinople, from whence they will sail to Egypt, *en route* for Mecca by land; they are generally from the middle and lower classes of society, although there are many old persons extremely poor, who are enabled to make the pilgrimage through charities, always liberally bestowed for such purposes. The men were crowded like cattle on the forward-deck of the ship, among boxes, and beds, and litter of every description, and their dirty appearance was enhanced by the bright fezes they universally wore, and often long gowns of brilliant colors tied with dirty silken sashes; the women were packed with negresses and children, cooking-utensils and articles of the voyage, like sheep in a slaughter-pen, and, when I first caught sight of this place after a

rough night at sea, I earnestly thanked Heaven that we were spared the horrors of cholera on board; it was a special providence I know, for we had all the materials at hand to render us liable to a first-class quarantine at the Dardanelles. The young women of this company were generally veiled, yet those who had any pretensions to beauty contrived to let their *feridjës* slip aside now and then, with a coquettish motion natural to the sex. Old age is hideous in the East, and the old women were hags and rheumy-eyed; the children were extremely beautiful, and the little Circassian slave-girl, the servant of the wife of the Turkish officer on board, was inexpressibly lovely. The GENTLEMAN TRAVELLER did nothing but walk about that pen—at the risk of his life, I believe—from lunch-time until dinner, and, as your curiosity may be sufficiently aroused, I will try and describe her more fully. Her eyes and complexion are incomparable; the former long, dark, and almond-shaped, with heavy fringes of lashes, that in veiling only enhance their gazelle-like beauty; and the latter that perfect blending of rose and lily in tint which Mrs. Norton (I believe) has so beautifully expressed as “rose-leaves crushed on ivory.” She generally wears dresses of brilliant colors, and her negligent manner of winding a bright turban around her shining and abundant brown hair enhances a beauty brilliant as a star. She sat amid the *débris* in this horrible hole, her beauty as much out of place as a golden harp would be (pardon the comparison) in a junk-shop. But I often turned from the scene on our quarter-deck to the groups below, and the heterogeneous assemblage on the wheel-houses and about the smoke-stacks; old people, afflicted with all the diseases known to the medical science, lying among bags of provisions, coffee-pots, tin-plates, orange and potato peelings, while above and around them bowed men in prayer, who, with faces turned Mecca-ward, performed their religious duties with as much coolness and particularity as if they had been in the shadowy aisles of their own mosques, or the solitude of their dwellings; rapt and absorbed, these “*hadjis*” repeated their “*Allah-kerims*” as faithfully as if there were no Babel of tongues about them, no surging of the sea, no curious or incredulous eyes upon them. At least I commenced to have

respect for this religion, whose professors could pray before the world of unbelievers. / Count on your fingers, my dear old Book-worm, how many of our Christian and civilized friends would beseech God thus, in spite of ridicule and the—devil, /

But we are already in the port of SYRA.

The Queen of the Cyclades resembles very much Algiers. At the foot of a warm-toned mountain, earth of sienna, or burning topaz, apply a triangle of dazzling brightness, of which the base is plunged in the sea, and the point occupied by a church, and you will have the most exact idea of Syra. It is positively uniquely beautiful, and retains many of the ancient Greek characteristics. Built of a rosy-white stone, that sparkles crystal-like in the sun, its walls rise high, terrace on terrace, to the conical summit crowned by the church of St. George.

The canoes, sharp-prowed, came and went with a joyous animation; the water, the earth all rolled in light, and life sparkled in all. Very soon our decks were invaded by a crowd of sienna-tinted boatmen, with noses of eagles, fiery eyes, and ferocious mustaches, who offered us their services in a tone with which one demands your money or your life. Some wore immense Turkish trousers, and short jackets, while their embroidered vests were only equalled in brilliancy by their flaming sashes filled with arms; others wore cotton caps and marvellously-embroidered boots and gaiters, meriting, indeed, the epithet that the haranguers in Homer addressed to their hearers, that they would flatter *Euknémides Achaioi* ("Greeks well-booted"). One man, whom we took for dragoman, or guide, was dressed superbly indeed. His vest, embroidered in filigree, was adorned with a centre row of enamelled gold buttons, and through this garment passed the sleeves of a linen shirt of the finest quality, and what was more rare, of an unexceptional whiteness; on the corner of his shoulder was elegantly thrown a beautiful jacket of some scarlet cloth, ornamented with arabesques in gold; he had the usual accompaniments of rich arms, without which no modern Greek or Albanian is fully dressed. This triumphant personage wished, doubtless, to flatter his clients by the luxury of local color, like the beautiful daughters of Procida and Nisida, who do not invest

themselves with their costumes of velvet and gold except for foreign tourists.

As usual, when we went ashore, we walked lazily about the streets, staring at the shops, eating oranges, drinking sherbets, and asking all the questions of our obliging guide that raw strangers *will* ask to the end of time. Don't laugh at me, my Bookworm, for you shall learn, ere you finish my letters, that a Sentimental Idler, even sitting in the door of a Greek café, can pick up odd scraps of information that will be interesting even to an old student like yourself. The quay is lined with shops of all sorts; fishmongers, butchers, confectioners, and tobacco-merchants, mingle in a sensible fraternity, and the streets are crowded with sailors in all costumes, and from nearly every country, who mix with the curious travellers from every land.

At first we traversed modern Syra, mounting on wide steps from narrow street to street, on these staircases, which commence almost at the border of the sea. The women hastily seek their dwellings as we approach, and the seclusion of the hareem seems already to have commenced for them. The men everywhere attend the shops, buy and sell, and carry the provisions. When we approached, by a constant ascension, the ancient Syra, we found the streets paved like the bed of a torrent, and the eager Traveller, pushing forward, often sent the loose stones down on my feet and legs: so between dodging the balls and satisfying my curiosity by peeps into half-open doorways, I had plenty of occupation; and really it was curious to see the meagre hags cooking unknown meats by a brilliant fire in the shadows; and the men near by, with physiognomies of brigands in melodramas, who quitted their *nargiles* to regard our little company with no very gracious air. The route now became so narrow that we ascended, by vaulted passages and staircases in ruins, almost on all fours. The houses are built one upon another, in a fashion that the sill of the higher may be the terrace of the lower, and the route seems to be fitter for goats than men, its chief merit being, I suppose, that the eagles can reach it more easily than human beings, and really ancient Syra is a charming site for nests of birds of prey.

Breathless we arrived on the narrow platform on which stands the church of St. George; it is square, paved with tombs; but from the place we had a magnificent panorama; behind us the mountain on which Syra rests; on the right (face seaward) an immense abyss, savagely romantic; at our feet the white houses of the busy town; far out the sparkling sea, and in a circle the Isles of Delos, Myconos, Tenos, and Andros, all veiled with rosy tints and luminous tender lights, as in a Claude Lorraine picture.

At last, seated at our café in the lower town, I was satisfied, after the *labor*, to enjoy our new experiences, and the Traveller and myself compared our information, laughed at the mishaps, left our brilliant but exhausted guide peaceably in possession of his coveted pipe, and now I proceed to give you the cream of our discourse, and the scraps of information along with it.

The most of the rich merchants of Syra made their fortunes during the War of Greek Independence in manner following, *to wit* (as the lawyers have it, though as yet I have been able to discover no wit in law). Their vessels under Turkish flags captured ships which came from Europe, bringing gold and arms to Greece; then under Greek flags they re-sold these arms and provisions to their brothers of the Morea; as to the money gained thus, they loaned it (always with good guarantees, and at excellent rates) to the cause of independence, thus reconciling their habits of usury and of piracy with their Hellenic duties, which you will acknowledge was ingenious, if even a little irregular.

As we sit here in the sun, we hear these piratical politicians talking about the last-captured ship belonging to the Cretans, and they gazed with gloomy eyes at the steamer now in the harbor, flying the Ottoman flag. "Syra is a capital little port for the revolutionists," said the TRAVELLER, reviving his classical recollections, and speaking tenderly of old Kenyon College.

"Homer sang of Syra, '*Fertile in flocks, in wine, in corn.*'" Here was born Pherecydes (the instructor of Pythagoras), one of the Greek philosophers who first maintained the doctrine of the soul's immortality. And there," I said, looking dreamily out

* *Odyssey*, xv., 402.

toward Maria della Grazia, "is the old fountain at which the nymphs of the island were wont to assemble; the very rendezvous of gallantry, gossip, and love. The pilgrims on their way to the Temple of Delos drank of the limpid water, which flows as purely to-day. And think of Delos! It was the birthplace of Apollo, the holy isle to which alike Sparta and Athens paid homage—"

And add, "an oracle second in sanctity to Delphi alone—"

"Look at it now, floating in the sea, bare and desolate, where Apollo made it fast, says the tradition, in memory of Leto; scarcely a ruin upon it to recall the image of its greatness. The lines of Virgil are now like a sonorous and sacred hymn: *

"*Sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus
Nereïdum matri, et Neptuno Ægaeo:
Quam pius Arcitenens, oras et litora circum
Errantem, Gyro celsâ Myconoque revinxit,
Immotamque coli dedit, et contemnere ventos.*"

"A truce to your Latin; look at that brace of costumes."

"They are Albanians," said our guide, with a strange mixture of bitterness and brevity in his speech. The former was caused by the costumes being more gaudy than his own, and the latter, I imagine, on account of a wholesome fear of the newcomers' knives. A few scraps of history about these people may not be uninteresting to you.

The wild Albanian clans were, after struggles of centuries, first reduced to a condition resembling order and obedience, by the celebrated Ali Pacha, himself originally a simple Albanian chieftain, but who, partly by force and partly by fraud, gradually made himself master of the whole country. Most districts, even now, of Scutari, Berat, and Joannina are nearly as accessible as any portion of Greece, and have been explored by many travellers since Gibbon wrote, less than a century ago, "A country within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America."

Except a few officials sent from Constantinople, there are no Ottomans, by race, in Albania; and, although the Mohammedan

* Virgil's *Æneid*, iii., 74.

Albanians now comprehend full half the nation, they are all the descendants of renegades, who have apostatized from Christianity during the last four centuries. Their new faith, however, sits very loosely on them, and they often confound together Christian and Mohammedan, and even heathen rites and names. Equally feared and hated by both Greeks and Ottomans, they are to be found as mercenary soldiers in all parts of the Turkish empire.

The genuine SKIPETARS (highlanders) are generally of the middle stature, and of lighter complexion than the Greeks; very spare and muscular, and small around the waist. They shave the hair on the fore part of the head, but suffer it to flow in profusion from the crown. The lower classes are filthily dirty, often wearing the same coarse woollen shirt and kilt until they fall to pieces. The peasant-women of Albania are very handsome and well-formed when young; but hard fare, exposure, and the field labor which they undergo, soon nip their beauty in its bud. The maidens carry their whole fortunes on their heads, in coins of many ages and countries braided in their hair, or fastened in rows on their caps. This enables a lover, you see, to reckon up the dowry as well as the charms of his fair one, before he declares his affections.

But Byron's sum of their character and some of his humorous descriptions of life among these people are interesting:

"Fierce are Albania's children, yet they lack
Not virtues, were those virtues more mature.
Where is the foe that ever saw their back?
Who can so well the toil of war endure?
Their native fastnesses not more secure
Than they in doubtful time of troublous need.
Their wrath how deadly! but their friendship sure
When gratitude or valor bids them bleed,
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief may lead."

"No nation is so detested or dreaded by their neighbors; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither; their habits are predatory; all are armed, and the red-shawled Arna-

outs, the Montenegrins, and the Guegues, are treacherous. I can speak favorably as far as my own experience goes. I was attended by two, an infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every part of Turkey, and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service are rarely to be found. The infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem Dervish Tahiri. . . . When in 1810 I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. . . . They had a variety of adventures, for the Moslem Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens, insomuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought, however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette.”

Basilius always said, “Our church is holy, our priests are thieves.” But even while I was looking at these Albanians, whose race was thus criticised, I observed the master of the café approach our dragoman, and whisper mysteriously in his ear, and we were soon informed that for a small piece of gold we would be admitted to a neighboring Syran house, where there was to be an Albanian dance, being the last of a series of marriage festivities between one of the two gallant cavaliers who had just passed us and a maiden from his own mountains. We gladly accepted, and soon found ourselves in a rather gloomy house near the quay, which was filled with Greeks and Albanians, in holiday costume, and rather tastefully decorated within and without with flowers. About a dozen joined in the rude dance. Each man had a handkerchief in his hand, the end of which was held by his female neighbor, thus joining the circle. A villanous-looking wretch played the fiddle, and a lame man with a cracked lute limped around the hilarious party, keeping them distracted by his discord. The dance at first was a bending and unbending of the two ends of the semicircle, with some very slow steps, and an occasional hop, but gradually they commenced to sing, and their movements became more violent. The leader opened the dance, footing it quietly from side to side, then jumped forward like a

glittering grasshopper, dragging the whole circle after him ; twirling around, falling on his knees, and rebounding with a shout ; which remarkable movements were followed by each man in succession. After a while they repeated one of the armed dances of the Laconians, with sudden inflexions of the body, seeming to ward and give blows ; but, as there was not much variety in this, and they insisted with a not ungraceful hospitality that we should drink a horn of some horrible mixture of copper, molasses, and rum, we hastily beat a retreat, satisfied with our visit.

As we slowly walked toward the sea, I remembered an anecdote that a *feuilletonist* * has told of these Greeks, and I will repeat it to you here as I did to the Traveller. The scene was a café in this very Syra, and tends to show how simple-minded these people are :

"Vivier, who went ashore with me, declared that he felt the want of civilizing this savage isle, and that he would teach the natives the true manner to make soap-bubbles filled with tobacco-smoke. We entered a café, when Vivier demanded water, soap, paper, and a pipe. This surprised the *cafétier*, who said to himself, doubtless : 'This traveller is a very clean man ; he desires to wash his hands,' and he soon innocently brought all that was necessary. At the first ball which escaped from the tube, opal-colored by the white smoke held in its frail envelope, surprise arrested the coffee-cup at the lips of the drinkers. Other globes transparent mounted in their turn, and were balanced in the sunlight, reflecting all the prismatic colors ; then the admiration knew no bounds ; a great circle formed around us, and followed with interest the flying balls. When the enthusiasm was at its height, Vivier (who knew how to manage his effects), with a slight breath, sent the balls flying over a dirty billiard-table, instead of the balls of ivory.

"'Look how they are being civilized,' said Vivier, as he pointed out to me a truculent and mustached Greek, who, seized with the fever of imitation, was turning his piece of soap in a glass of water. 'Already their habits are softening.'

"At the end of a quarter of an hour one would have thought

* Théophile Gautier.

that Syra had been invaded by bands of Indian jugglers, and nothing but bubbles went up and came down in all the island. And why should you be surprised at this?" adds Gautier, satirically, "that these people should be amused with a spectacle which for six months has made all the *badauds* in Paris hold their noses in the air on the Place de la Bourse?"

But we are again at sea. The navigation of the *Ægean* is dangerous and intricate. We wind among the bare, bald islands, rude cliffs, and herbless acclivities, whose uniformity is scarcely broken by a single tree, and whose loneliness does not seem to be enlivened by a human habitation. "The currents of the tideless sea glide wavelessly around their shores, and the rays of the unclouded sun beam fiercely down on their unsheltered hills, dimmed with a haze of light." To quote Byron, although he is so out of fashion, seems here, dear Bookworm, to be only natural:

"The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace—
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all except their sun is set.

"—In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine.
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

"You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

"Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—

**I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But, gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves !**

**" Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing save the waves and I
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die :
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down your cup of Samian wine ! "**

CHAPTER III.

AT SEA.

The "City of Roses"—Our first caravan—A word about camels and an Oriental panorama—Through the bazaars with a Hebrew guide, and before a café with a *chibouk*.

AT SEA, November —, 1866.

DEAR OLD BOOKWORM: I am determined to send you my description of Smyrna with this packet, for I am sure, if I do not, my Constantinople letters will deprive *this* of what little interest it may possess. This morning I should put my feet for the first time on the soil of Asia, the cradle of the world. The corresponding steamer which touches at the Piræus has taken the travellers who go to Athens, and we are approaching the land, for a marvel, on a sea as pure and tranquil as Lake Leman. When I talk to you of Athens, you will understand that I shall not visit the Acropolis and Parthenon until I again come westward, and even then perhaps the glories of the Nile ruins and ancient Baalbek will dim their interest, *mais nous verrons!*

All the Cyclades are so small that you can follow the forms on the maps, and Nature herself seems to be a map raised and colored on a grand scale. Strange effect, is it not, to have a palpable geography; to seize all the details of things as on a plan in relief, and to traverse in so short a time so many places that fill history and your own imagination! The day is so calm and the sea so serene, that the most timorous stomachs have been able to receive breakfast this morning without fear or remorse. The City of Roses (Smyrna) is before us, and that which strikes my eyes at first is the great curtain of cypresses that hangs above the

houses, mingling their black points with the white spears of the minarets. A hill yet bathed in shadows, and crowned with an old ruined fortress (from which the dismantled walls are seen to be detached against the clear sky), encircles the amphitheatre behind the houses, and, in contrast with the desolate borders of Greece, the soil of Asia swims fresh and smiling in the rosy lights of the morning.

Before I have finished my voyages I shall have trodden the soil of four of the five points of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and will you believe me, my brother, that I am already madly considering Polynesia? How many years we stupidly lose in life! / All education should finish by a voyage around the world. Every college should have a steamer at its service, to take students to finish their studies in the Universal Book—that Book best written of all, because it is written by God. Would it not be delightful to explain the *Odyssey* and the *Æneid*, in accomplishing the voyages of the Greek and Trojan heroes?

Scarcely were we anchored in the harbor, which was filled with vessels from every part of the world, when our ship was invaded by all classes of fruit-merchants, guides, boatmen, and officials in all costumes, and speaking all tongues.

As I lounged on deck I was addressed by an old Jew with a halting step and a grizzled beard, who offered his services as a guide. Isaac, for so he was called, spoke almost every language under the sun, in his way, which was not one of the best—Arabic, English, French, Dutch, Spanish, and Greek; and after trying the Traveller and myself in English, Spanish, and French, we concluded, for the convenience of all, to adopt the latter. Isaac urged us to go ashore, although we had but a few hours to stay, for said he:

“Messieurs, there is a caravan just in to-day from Persia, and you can buy silken stuffs for nothing; carpets and rugs are sold for a trifle; and, besides, it is a great sight.”

Visions of the rich products of Persian looms floated before my mind, and we soon concluded a bargain with our wily guide to show us the sights of Smyrna, *and especially the caravan*. Arrived at the landing-place, we were soon supplied with suffi-

cient asses for our company, as the point of the caravans was at the extremity of the city, and in the Orient you must remember there is nothing ridiculous in a donkey-mount. These animals are not the small, lean specimens one is apt to see in England, but are stout, strong, and lively; they have a large leather pad placed upon their backs, which is generally made of scarlet or white leather, elaborately embroidered, and when a number of them are together they have more a gay than a piteous mien. We lanced through the streets at a gallop; the dragoman at the head and the donkey-boys at the tail. Excited by the guttural cries of the drivers (and a little also, it must be admitted, by the clubs with sharp nails driven in the ends, which were now and then applied to the flanks of the poor beasts), our asses dashed along in a lively manner, scattering the passers-by in every direction, and especially playing the deuce with the beggars and fruit-venders. In running I threw a *coup d'œil* on the houses, cemeteries, gardens, and people, but I cannot now describe them: if you can imagine the double attempt of a greenhorn trying to tame one of Dan Rice's funny mules in the circus arena, and to take note at the same time of the audience, you will have my position exactly. As for the Gentleman Traveller, he rode in advance of me like a Centaur, and my servant Eugène—his first mount, be it remembered—bestrode his ass with the nonchalance of a native rider.

Arrived at the point of the caravans, we found a little stream winding pleasantly among some grand plane-trees; a half-dozen ducks swam as peacefully on its surface as if the divine blind poet had not bathed his feet in its waters, which three thousand years had not dried up. Under the plane-trees was a café shading one of the stream's borders, and on the other side, amid the cypress-groves, a cemetery was revealed. But this wood awakened in me here no lugubrious ideas; pretty tombs of white stone carved with arabesques and gilded Turkish letters on grounds of blue, and in forms all different from Christian sepulchres, shone brightly under the trees. There was nothing dreadful in all this and it only excited in me a light melancholy, which was not without its charm. At the head of a little bridge was a species of

custom-house, with a crowd of vagabondish-looking Turkish soldiers and officers lolling about; they were picturesque in their high conical turbans, little drawers of white linen with great pockets behind, and enormous sashes of a flaming red color, filled with yatagans and pistols that looked as if they were more for ornament than use; their legs, the color of polished copper, were bare below the knee, and if you add to my description their eagle eyes, curved noses, and great flowing mustaches, you will agree, I think, that they had more the air of fierce bandits than honest collectors of duties.

When we seated ourselves at the café we were quickly served with long pipes and *mastic*. This is a *liqueur* much used in the Levant, and the best comes from Chios—a sort of perfumed gum dissolved in spirits of wine, I think, making a refreshing mixture, not unlike the absinthe of France. As we smoked and drank in this strange locality, there passed in procession before us on the bridge and in the distance hundreds of camels, more or less heavily laden. Everybody has seen these animals in the menageries, without doubt, but no idea can be formed of their quaint picturesqueness except in a scene like this. Their singular amble, which combines the movement of the elephant and giraffe; the rounding of their backs with an undulation of their long ostrich-like necks; gravely they march with the pace of a tragedian; softly they tread like conspirators; and, when they are not chewing their cud in silence, they are uttering plaints so mournful that the air is vibrating with the sad sounds. Great hampers are corded on their backs, and, when their masters are not walking by their sides, they are seated astride of them with their dusky legs hanging on each side of their deformed shoulders, poking a jagged stick into the sorest places, for you must know that a camel-driver *par excellence* is never without a sharp rod, and the poor beast never without a convenient raw spot for the goad. In the distance circles were formed of these beasts, who were lying down unloaded; the packages of merchandise were in the centre of them, and the brightly-colored groups of these gipsy-merchants were scattered here and there among moving figures of veiled women, eunuchs, and ordinary black slaves.

Some of the strange features of the Orient already commenced to dawn upon us.

When, however, I inquired about the stuffs to be purchased, and the contents of those mysterious hampers, I found that Isaac, after a consultation in the Turkish language with the men, could not procure their opening, and that the bazaars in the city were the only places where we could see or purchase the goods.*

We returned then to the city, and for the first time were introduced to the glories of an Eastern bazaar. The quarters which we had traversed were partially deserted, but in the places we were now approaching there was a carnival of movement and of color. Here we idled with the Oriental crowd, and did it with as admirable a conscience as these men who pass their days seated on a mat without a movement.

The bazaars are composed of an infinite number of little streets lined with shops, or rather alcoves, of middle height, in which the merchants sit cross-legged on rugs or carpets, smoking, sleeping, or rolling under their fingers the "*comboloio*," a species of Turkish chaplet formed of a hundred grains, each of which corresponds to the hundred names of Allah.

With his hand the merchant can reach almost every angle of his shop; the purchasers are kept outside, and bargains and sales are concluded with a gravity and propriety wonderful to behold. It is true the merchant has nothing but a square hole cut in the wall, but my dear Bookworm, believe me, it contains, nevertheless, precious stuffs, beautiful arms, magnificent saddles, choice tobacco, rare jewels, and marvels of gold and silver embroidery. All the streets in the bazaars have roofs over them, which rest on transversal poles; these coverings are formed of canvas, woven mats or boards, but with spaces enough between them to let in light to the bazaars. These spaces filter the bright sunlight between them in sparkling bars, and produce the effects of *chiaro-oscuro*

* On returning nearly a year afterward into Europe, I encountered again at Smyrna this same Hebrew guide, who had the old story of the newly-arrived caravan for the travellers—in fact, merely a bait to arrange visits ashore, and to bring business to the bazaars—but, poor fellow, it was his only stock in trade. I have long ago forgiven him for foolish purchases in Smyrna, and believe him to be more honest than his fellows farther East.

the most unexpected and bizarre. I watched with admiration a man just walk under one of them, who received such a touch of light on his nose that he would have been taken for a portrait of Jordæns; the *feridjé* of a woman is lit up as a rosy flame; an old Turk, who is crouched before his shop, containing all the riches of Ali-Baba's cavern, has just had his cut-glass nargile touched by the glory, and it sparkles like rings of carbuncle. We pass by the slave-markets, the fountains, and the mosques. No time to examine the dusky charms hidden in the one; we see the public ablutions before the next, and are content to await Stamboul ere we penetrate the mysteries of the last.

Fatigued, our little group is installed before a café in the centre of the bazaars, and we can see defiling before our eyes the procession of Turks, Persians, Arabs of Syria and Africa, Armenians, Tartars, and Jews in their costumes, sometimes splendid, often ragged and disgusting, but always picturesque. Never kaleidoscope more varied has turned before eyes more curious, and we see then, represented by authentic samples, all the types of the Orient, without excepting India.

But I here pause, and will send my further description of Smyrna from Constantinople.

CHAPTER IV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

A Moslem merchant and a wondrous dressing-gown—The poetry of Oriental etiquette—Seraglio-Point, the Golden Horn, Sultan's palace, landing at Pera and ——"Backshish."

CONSTANTINOPLE, December —, 1866.

MY DEAR OLD BOOKWORM AT HOME : What regrets I had in quitting Smyrna so soon ! that city with its voluptuous and Asiatic grace ; yet I must admit to you that there is a reverse to the medal, and that the Jews' quarter there, and a part of the Turkish, exposed to my view phases of sordid misery without parallel. But I must not forget to enlighten you in regard to our purchases in the bazaars, and the episode which occurred in them, *chaperoned* as we were so ably by our dragoman Isaac. We were no sooner introduced into the Turkish quarter, than our eyes were dazzled by exhibitions of embroidered fezes, splendid robes, rich arms, and the finest of fresh and dried fruits that the world could produce. My fancy turned toward a magnificently-embroidered silk dressing-gown, and something like the following conversation ensued (our dragoman being the translator) between an old gray-bearded Turk and myself :

"What is the price of this ?" I demanded.

"Be seated, your Excellency, and partake of a cup of coffee," was the strange response.

"You do not comprehend ; I demand the price of this article."

"True," replied the wily old merchant ; "but we have time to discuss business afterward."

And as Isaac informed us that we were expected to drink coffee with the merchant, and that it would be thought a great slight if we refused, behold us seated in front of his shop, sipping from little cups (held in small filigree gold stands) the choicest Mocha.

The negotiation continued in this wise :

MERCHANT (calmly smoking his *chibouk*, and holding the precious gown negligently in his lap, but so as to display all its colors).—"This was made from a piece brought from Boroussa for the wives of — Pacha!"

IDLER.—"Ah!"

MERCHANT.—"Observe that the threads are of pure gold."

IDLER.—"Indeed!"

MERCHANT.—"I swear it by my father's tomb!"

IDLER.—"And the price?"

MERCHANT.—"The Sultan should not have it for a *para* less than four hundred *piastres*."

ISAAC (the guide).—"Yoke, yoke" (with expressions of contempt and disgust).

IDLER.—"It is too much. I will not give it"—and the whole party made a movement to retire.

Then came the most amusing part of Mussulman dealing, for which, having been warned by Eastern travellers before, I was prepared. The old merchant threw aside his impassibility and with it his *chibouk*, stood up in his bazaar, while he protested in a voice pitched in a high, sharp key :

"That the Christians were his friends; that his shop, his goods, his slaves, and every thing that was his were at the EXCELLENCE's disposal; only make him an offer for the marvellous gown (all embroidered with threads of pure gold), the stuff of which had been brought all the way from Boroussa for the pacha's wives. He was ready to ruin himself for *his highness* the Christian prince, whose slave he was," etc., etc.

Imagine all these exaggerated expressions howled forth amid Isaac's equally sharp rejoinders that

"The Turks were all robbers and eaters of dirt; that it was a shame for the Christians, who were kings in their own country,

and had a thousand slaves, to deal with such an old bird of prey; that forthwith he should take us to the French quarter, where we could have the same goods almost for nothing," etc., etc.

By this time a crowd of idlers had collected around us (as is the custom in the East when the smallest negotiation is going on, for modesty is unknown, introductions unnecessary, and time of no value), each one joined in with advice and criticisms, until in a few moments two parties were formed, one sustaining the merchant, and another backing the dragoman, while the Gentleman Traveller and myself stood apart enjoying the novel scene, and laughing heartily at the violent gesticulations and angry altercations. The noble old merchant stood in the centre of his booth, holding up the gown with one hand, and with the other waving deprecatingly toward the dragoman, while his shrill treble sounded above the roar of Isaac's well-toned bass; but the Jew, in order to compensate for his lack of voice, shook his fist repeatedly in the old Turk's face, and jerking the gown from his hands threw it down on the floor, turned in contempt from the shop, only to return again in a moment to continue the bargaining—each party assisted vigorously by his adherents. On the one side there was shameful abuse, on the other the meanest flattery, and if I were to believe the Turk, they were conspiring to cheat him, while the dragoman swore he was battling for my honor and my money. But I must give you the result, lest you be as fatigued with my recital as I was by the negotiation:

ISAAC.—“We will give you seventy piastres for it.”

TURK'S SUPPORTERS.—“Oh—oh—oh—*mafiah!*” (equivalent to “Go away—ridiculous!”)

MERCHANT.—“For what cost me three hundred and ninety—”

ISAAC.—“You stole it, I dare say.”

Isaac's adherents with a melodramatic shout in chorus: “The old wretch should be turned out of the quarter; give him the gown!”

TURK.—“I will throw it away; give me *three hundred*, and I will eat salt for a month.”

ISAAC.—“Not a para more than ninety.”

TURK (scenting the approaching bargain).—"Say *two hundred and fifty*."

ISAAC.—"One hundred, and I am robbing the Christians."

TURK.—"*Two hundred*."

ISAAC (firmly).—"One!"

MERCHANT.—"It is yours, infidel!"

And thus I became the proprietor of the four-hundred-piastre gown; but will you believe me, my dear Bookworm, that I afterward learned (and I am sure it is so) that my worthy Isaac received his regular *commission of twenty-five piastres* from the merchant after we left the bazaar.

And this was my first experience in Oriental dealing. But I have yet to add the *joke* of the whole affair.

When I arrived on board the ship, and, in the privacy of my own snug cabin, tried on for the first time my embroidered dressing-robe, *I found it was a woman's gown, with a gored skirt and narrow shoulders, cut in no known style, and incapable of alteration*, and I sank exhausted into my berth, overwhelmed by my own stupidity, the rascality of the merchant, and the laughter of the Gentleman Traveller.

Not far from Smyrna is the little village called *Yeni Scheyr*, recognizable by its range of wind-mills. It was easily distinguishable from the sea, and raised in my mind many agreeable souvenirs. Near here is the tomb of Patrocles, the friend of the heart, the brother-in-arms, the inseparable companion of Achilles. There was elevated that gigantic funeral-pile running with the blood of innumerable victims, where the friend, drunken with sorrow, threw four prize-horses, two hunting-dogs, and twelve young Trojans immolated by their own hands, to the manes of the hero, and around which the mourning army celebrated the funeral-plays which lasted for many days. Near this spot deep in the body of the earth is the tomb of Achilles himself. According to the Homeric tradition, the ashes of Achilles were mixed with those of Patrocles in an urn of gold, and thus the two great friends, inseparable in life, were joined in death. The gods even mourned. Thetis arose from the sea with a

plaintive chœur of Nereids; the Nine Muses wept and sung around the funeral-bed, and the bravest of the army executed bloody plays in honor of the heroes. In the time of Alexander there seemed to be no doubt as to these tombs, for the conqueror of Asia paused here to say, "That Achilles was happy to have such a friend as Patrocles, and a poet such as Homer."

But pardon my innocent pedantry almost in face of Troy—I am yet advancing (although a little disturbed by the north wind blowing from the Black Sea, near the Strait of the Dardanelles.) We are steaming near the European border; it consists of abrupt hills, with only little tufts of vegetation here and there. The side of Asia is verdant and laughing, and presents a pleasant comparison to the arid and monotonous tones opposite. An hour ago we were near enough to the land to see five Turkish cavaliers running their horses on a narrow road at the border of the sea, that looked like a yellow ribbon winding around the mountains. But we are approaching Sestos and Abydos, illustrated by the loves of Hero and Leander. Lord Byron, as everybody knows, without being in love, performed the famous swimming exploit of Leander; but, in place of finding a Hero, he simply caught a—fever. He performed his feat in one hour and ten minutes, I think, and was more proud of his prowess than of having written "Childe Harold" or "The Corsair."

Passed *Gallipoli*. This is a picturesque place; the forts guarding each side of the narrow entrance to Constantinople are well-preserved specimens of the Roman era; but as we stopped here for a short time to show our health-certificates, and escape the horrors of quarantine, I was more interested in seeing a fat Turkish pacha and his suite land than in criticising ancient Gallipolis. I had observed for some days an obese, bilious-looking individual promenading the quarter-deck, in yellow slippers, dirty dressing-gown, and fez of questionable color; but great was my surprise this morning to see this figure bloom suddenly into a Turkish officer of high rank, don white trousers *à la mode*, and frock-coat, decorated with all the orders of the empire on the breast, while a crowd of *cawas*, intendents, secretaries, and pipe-

holders, clustered about him, receiving and executing his orders.

His hareem was on board, and dowdy women, who had been lazily lolling on deck, with not very clean flimsy veils over their faces, and gaudy *feridjés* over their bodies, now appeared covered by silken *yackmacks*, in trousers of yellow silk, and attended by slaves who suddenly were transformed from hideous negresses into mysterious servants, who, when their ugliness was concealed by their ample veils, were not without a certain grace. All the domestics were engaged in rolling up mattresses, or arranging carpets, while the principal personages contented themselves by sitting on the wide seats, holding one of their feet in their hands, and coolly watching the proceedings. Soon a beautiful little *caïque* came off for the pacha, decorated with the Turkish flag, and manned by four rowers in those picturesque shirts with flowing sleeves. As soon as it came alongside, one of the officers of the port stepped on deck, accompanied by *his* eunuchs, pipe-bearers, and crowd of servants (which alone gives dignity and sign of wealth in the Orient), and then commenced those ceremonial forms of salutation, which are as beautiful as they are empty, and generally deceitful and unmeaning. While the two Turks are fraternizing, I cannot do better, my dear Bookworm, than to give you some information on these important

POINTS OF ORIENTAL ETIQUETTE.

Really the forms of politeness in a nation are the same as in the gestures and manners of the individual. They reveal in their fashion its character; and in painting a civilization, this consideration should not be neglected. Many travellers, who have visited and will visit the Orient, would learn with some interest and pleasure a sort of manual of laws of Eastern politeness, and thus render less embarrassing their first contact with this society. Can any thing, in fine, be more disagreeable than for people to be in the face of customs whose meanings are a dead letter to them? This is as a second language to learn, and I have a thousand times blessed my Eastern studies, my Bookworm, in that at present

I have some little knowledge of the Turkish and Egyptian salutations.

In the Western world, when two people of different stations meet, it is the inferior who salutes the superior. In the East, on the contrary, it is the superior who initiates the polite forms. It is the highest who does honor to the men who, by fortune, title, employment, or caste, are found in a position inferior to his own. And in this I find a very delicate and generous politeness.

Amongst the Mussulmen the *right* hand is the hand *pure*, with which alone they can eat, and perform all the most solemn and sacred public and private acts; therefore, when two equals meet, they touch each other's right hand, quickly afterward lightly touch their mouths, and carry their hands to their foreheads. If the equality is not perfect, the one lowest inclines the head and body. And in saluting the inferior class, one is bound to place the right hand on the heart; but, in presence of a high dignitary, it is always etiquette to make the same gesture with the two hands, and bend the body low—in fact, this is the "*salaam*" *per se*.

And there is a certain beauty in the *ideas* from which these ceremonials have sprung—and no wonder, for Beauty and Grace were always twin-sisters, and no one doubts the charm of the Arab forms. For instance, when the low *salaam* is performed, it means—

"I am at your feet, I am your slave."

When the hands are touched—

"We are friends."

When the breast is touched—

"I hold you in my heart."

When the hand is carried to the forehead, it signifies—

"I respect your intellect."

And sometimes, in gallantries and compliments between men, the cheeks are kissed, which is the highest mark of love and friendship. They rarely demand of one another the news of the family, and never of the women; the laws of Mussulman etiquette forbid the men to salute the women. Nothing could be more opposite in regard to females than the laws of civilized society. It would be, it is true, difficult to recognize the women under the severe costume which envelops them; but, even when recognized,

the men do not appear to do so, for, this reserve once violated, both are compromised, and inconveniences the most grave result—and the women of the higher orders do not even salute each other in the streets. This much, while the friends are making their salutations on deck, but I reserve for other and later letters full descriptions of the etiquette of the divan, the pipe, and the coffee.

But let us watch them while they are landing—even their baggage is different from that of Western strangers. Sparkling glass *nargiles*, enclosed in red-morocco cases; jasmin and cherry pipes, ornamented bowls in leather cases, embroidered fancifully and gaudily; rolls of Persian carpets, and bedquilts of the most striking patterns. Then the bustle and noise of the servants, so unlike the orderly movements of such persons in our land; they jostle and wrangle, stop midway on the ship's ladders to gesticulate and quarrel, always with motions the most violent. Among them is an overgrown, blond fat boy, all rosy, who has the air of an enormous English baby, parodied as Turk; there is an angular meagre Greek, with the regard of a fox, almost lost in a long robe of light cloth, bordered with fur; they enclose the old pacha as between two parentheses, and seem to bid, by their servilities and activities, for the favor of their master; then the officer of the port, with his bandits in flaming waistcoats and shining sashes, like fierce Arnaouts, twisting their mustaches with one hand, and toying with their girdled daggers with the other—in fact, these fellows had more the air of Oriental princes, and their masters that of domestics out of work.

Although these details may seem puerile to you in your quiet study at home, to us on the ship's deck, and revelling in the excitements of our new experiences, they were not unconsidered trifles, for during all my youth I have desired to see what I am seeing, to do what I am doing; and a desire once satisfied is a happiness in itself, a calm and contemplative pleasure, and a repose of spirit which seems to say, "*Halt here and enjoy.*"

Every time, however, a strong impression moves me, I feel the want of saying, of writing to some one that which envelops me in this pleasant ecstacy; an isolated sentiment is *never* complete,

for man has been created double !/ And, dear Bookworm, who at this moment can enjoy more with me than you, to whom my thoughts involuntarily turn when I am overwhelmed with sadness or pleasure ? I believe I see you—hear you talk in your kindly tones, which early wisdom has yet rendered much too grave.—
‘ Ah ! those of whom we remember so much are never absent, and that which lives so powerfully in ourselves can never be dead to us. A memory embellishes all our impressions, colors and warms the imagination, and keeps it young, and sweet, and fruitful ! But always the most beautiful verses are those we cannot write ; the *words* of all languages are incomplete, and each day I find my lips muttering inarticulately, because each day man finds himself in the clouds of his sentiments, and his imagination lost in the impressions of visible nature, which, for lack of words, his mouth cannot express. The heart and the thought are as a musician forced to play infinite music on a lute which is but capable of a few variations. It is better to be mute, for silence is beautiful poesy in certain moments. The soul hears it, and God comprehends it. That is enough. /

We have passed through the straits, grinning with cannon ; our steamer does not sail so fast, and we learn from the captain that, as it is impossible to enter the harbor of Constantinople during the night, we shall therefore anchor within sight of the minarets of Stamboul, without power to enter the “ Golden Horn ” until the morrow, then—after that—CONSTANTINOPLE !

Of the Sea of Marmora I will not detail any thing to you, for nearly all my impressions were swallowed up by the thought of the Bosphorus, that magic river at whose mouth we lay. As I strolled on deck last night and gazed upon the distant city through the gloom of evening, I confessed to a feeling of bitter disappointment—a painful emotion of surprise and disenchantment.

“ What ! ” said I, “ these seas, these borders, this marvellous city, whose minarets repose on the seven hills—was it only for this that the masters of the world abandoned Rome ? This the capital of the universe, resting on Europe and Asia, for which

all the conquering nations disputed turn by turn? This the queen of cities, planted on the hills and double sea, surrounded by gulfs, towers, mountains, and enclosing all the treasures of Nature and the luxuries of the Orient? Compare this to the Gulf of Naples, which bears a white city, a vast amphitheatre in its hollow body, with Vesuvius losing its golden hill-top in its clouds of purple and smoke!—was it worth my trouble to come so far to seek a disenchantment?”

These were my thoughts in the night, my brother; but when the morning broke, and the milky, opaline sky, swimming with a tender and transparent haze, hung over the graceful gilded minarets, whose crowns pierced the floating clouds—when I saw Olympus, frozen with eternal snows, elevated in the distance above the verdures of the Asiatic hills, and beheld the old walls of Stamboul, built of the *débris* of ancient forts, and surmounted by gardens and sculptured kiosks; the tender azure tints of the painted cupolas which shone like porcelain; the cemeteries, flanked by the gloomy cypresses, and the diverse tints of the houses which sparkled on the vast hills with all the colors of a flower-garden; when I saw the ships with their white sails set, speeding toward the Dardanelles, followed or preceded by the long, swift black steamers, around which flew the *caïques* like birds darting here and there for prey, while the flowing vestments of the rowers and the motion of the oars seemed to be the flapping of their wings—yes, when we moved toward our anchorage I had recovered from my disdain, and longed for the moment when I could look into the very eyes of this beauty who had so charmed me from afar, for I already heard the murmurs of her voice, mellowed by the distance, and toned into music by the moaning of the sea!

SERAGLIO POINT is to the left of the grand basin of the Golden Horn. This point is bordered by long white walls, and above it rise the ruins of the old seraglio, and what is left of the Sultan Mahmoud's palace, almost destroyed by fire several years ago. Yet the walls that slope (with such a dangerous descent) to the sea, the barred and sculptured windows, the gay kiosks, remain with a certain mystery, even if without much symmetry. It is far from the magnificence of the “Arabian Nights,” or of that

sole word "*seraglio*," which makes the most lazy imaginations dream ; but I must avow that these wooden boxes with trellised windows, which should enclose those beauties of Georgia, Circassia, and Greece—houris of this Mohammed's Paradise, of which the Sultan is the god—strangely resemble chicken-boxes. Still the sloping walls are crowned by a dark opening, and gives some coloring to the mysterious stories afloat about this palace and point. For tradition says all the beauties who had displeased their masters were treated to a slide here into the Bosphorus, enclosed in a sack, and having for agreeable company a cat and a serpent. If it is not true, it has at least a local color of the verity.* We have rounded the point, and anchored in the grand basin of the Golden Horn. A marvellous panorama is before me, like a decoration of the theatre in a fairy play. The high white walls of the old *seraglio*, which incline toward the sea, and the terraces of TOP HÉNÉ, form the capes, of which the Golden Horn is the gulf, and the glorious cities, built like an amphitheatre, rise in all their majesty of domes and slender towers on their many hills. At the right an immense building rises, pierced regularly with even ranges of windows, and flanked at its angles by picturesque towers, from which float the Turkish colors. This is now a barrack, but was used as a hospital in the time of the Crimean War, and the same in which that noble Englishwoman, Florence Nightingale, served. Opposite is SCUTARI, an Asiatic *faubourg* of Constantinople ; this city extends to the Black Sea ; a little farther on, rising from the midst of the waters, is an island of rocks, on which is a glittering tower of stone. This is the Tower of Leander. Its elegant form and the purity of the morning light make it appear like alabaster, setting off admirably the dark-blue of the sea. To the left, in

* When a sultan dies, his wives and odalisques (or slaves) are transferred to an old palace, and are forever after sacred from the gaze of man. When the last Sultan's wives occupied the *seraglio* on the point, it was said they decoyed, by means of their eunuchs, boats' crews of men into their fairy-like retreat, and, after having feasts and revelling in their company, they (the strangers) were cruelly murdered by the slaves, and thrown into the Bosphorus. A boat's crew of one of the Austrian-Lloyds' steamers were thus decoyed, and the men murdered ; soon after the *seraglio* took fire—it was thought by the Sultan's orders—and nearly all of the poor creatures perished, thus terribly expiating their crimes.

accidental lines of undulating beauty, between the sky and water, from every point of view rises Stamboul—the exclusively Turkish city. Here rise the great domes of Saint Sophia, Sultan Achmet, Osmanieh, Solimanieh, Sedja Djamissi, Sultan Mahmoud, etc., etc. In the distance a bridge of boats spans the river, and connects Stamboul with Galata and Pera—the Frank quarters—which extend from the borders of the Bosphorus to the hill-tops; beyond Top Héné, on the same side, and opposite Scutari, is the palace of the Sultan ABDUL-AZIZ-KHAN.

Perhaps I cannot do better than to paint it for you here; yet if I had the brush of Rubens, and the touch of Raphael, with Jan Steen's capabilities for *minutiae*, I could not give you the warm effects, the tender lights, or the grotesque details and surroundings. It seemed to rise in an instant, like the white palaces from blue limpid waters in fairy scenes on the stage, and I almost feared to regard its dazzling beauties too long, lest, like them, it should fade into the gauzy clouds that floated above it. It was while gazing upon it that my imagination revelled in the enchanting dreams of the "Arabian Nights." Here, indeed, was a fit abode for the houris. The Alhambra Gardens, in whose shades might repose a hundred luxurious slaves; an earthly paradise, where the sweet silence might only be broken by the tinkling of fountains, or the liquid notes of the lute; where flowers have speech, and seraglio-divans may be fitly "brodered with pearls," and the song of birds be hushed by the sweeter music of the rippling Bosphorus beneath the harcem-lattice.

While other Turkish palaces are but kiosks of wood, and the solid materials are consecrated to the mosques, this is of stone, and will last for ages. It is a great building of no especial order of architecture, with two wings, and combines in itself the most beautiful of the Greek, Roman, Gothic, and Moresque styles, resembling, in its façades, a beautiful piece of jewellery complicated for wanton luxury, and filled with the most foolish and wanton details. In this abode the magnificence of the East has found a fit expression. The windows look out on open balconies with curving colonnades, but they are closed with lattices, festooned with sculptures and arabesques, recalling the

ornate style of the ancient palaces of Venice, such as they were on the Grand Canal in that Queen City of the Sea, when the naiad beauty rose in her youth from the sparkling waters of the Adriatic. The warm sun of Asia shines on the face of this Sultan's palace, and, gilded by its rays, it seems to float between water and sky, as bright as if it had been received directly from the **FIRST HAND**. The multitude of its columns are wreathed with flowers, delightful in their fantastic elegance in comparison with the cold and regular styles beheld elsewhere; and, above all, the walls are painted with a delicate rose-tint, that blends warmly and richly with the deep blue of the waves and heavens. The gardens, whose feet are bathed by the Bosphorus, are filled by the rarest plants and most brilliant flowers, yet not more graceful than their copies traced by the artists' hands on the overshadowing walls. An iron balustrade, of extreme lightness, charmingly worked, lavishly gilded, and carved in arabesque shapes, separates the gardens from the long line of steps of purest marble, extending into the water, and to which are moored a score of carved and painted caïques. But the **BEAUTIFUL GATES**, in the centre, that bar the entrance, are triumphal arches in white marble, with interlacing bars of iron, heavily gilded, and ornamented in the most bright and tasteful manner. All combined in harmony and majesty—the beautiful mosque at the left, the white tents in the gardens for the guards, the dancing caïques on the water, and the waving flags, on whose crimson grounds floated the white crescent—formed an effect as dazzling as it was voluptuous. And here, in parentheses, dear Bookworm, let me add, that one of the most remarkable features of Mussulman decoration is, that not a statue, bas-relief, griffin, dolphin, or sphinx, is represented in their adornments, for this the Koran expressly forbids; thus the Arab style, with broken lines, its stuccoes, and colors green, white, and red, discreetly covered with gold, dominates. Skies of turquoise-blue, in which are floating filmy clouds; pearls that fall like rain-drops; veils of lace in marvellous designs; all the rays of the prism; ideal and ever-graceful flowers, whose corollas and leaves droop from trellises of gold; diamonds, sapphires, and rubies forming their colors in

azure grottoes; infinite interlacings, sculptured boxes, and rosaries in gold—these are the resources of the artist, and in the creation of which the Oriental imagination can have full play. And, I am told, one of the singularities of this very palace is a hall covered by a dome of crimson glass. When the sun penetrates this crown of rubies, every thing is tinged by the strange light, and the very air seems to respire fire; the columns are torch-holders, and the marble floors red as a lava-stream; a rosy light bathes the walls; you might be in a reception-hall of a salamander's palace, built of metals in fusion; the vestments of the guests are scarlet. A hell of the opera is before you, Bengal lights and all. But imagine the warm repose when twilight shall substitute itself—the luxury, the dreams. Ah, give me for an hour the mystery of my thoughts in such a spot!

But I forget that we are surrounded by hundreds of *caïques*, with beaks like birds, and heads of fishes; they dart here and there with a speed incredible. They are manned by *caïdjis*, in costumes bright and picturesque, throats bared, with flowing caftans, sometimes of colored silk, sometimes of cotton. They have no rudder to steer these barks, yet they meet and cross each other with regatta-like swiftness; the *caïdjis*, with sharp warning, cry "Right," "Left," "Guard," and there are no collisions.

Soon we are invaded by that nondescript race of dragomen and adventurers, at once a blessing and a curse to the Oriental traveller. We selected for our guide one Dimitry, as rascally a looking Greek as I ever set eyes on, but he spoke French, and we put ourselves in his charge, to be safely delivered from the dogs of the customs, and properly deposited, bag and baggage, at Misscri's Hotel in Pera.

Arrived at the custom-house—I pause, almost afraid to give you a true description of it. Do not imagine that I had prepared myself for a fine building, crowded with polite officials, who should decorously demand our keys, lightly examine the baggage, and dismiss our company with a bow. Nothing of the kind; but I was far from imagining the noise, the battles, the filth, the unblushing and open rascality which this first experience of Oriental public life opened up to me.

Picture a long quay lined with a set of barbarous beings, who, when not wholly naked, were but half-clad in picturesque rags; add that these men had sorts of padded saddles on their backs, and strong ropes in their hands, on which they carried, and by which they secured, the trunks of travellers. Join to the picture these creatures fighting and battling among themselves for a front rank, and piercing the air with sharp cries, while the old men and boys are being trampled under foot by the sturdier vagabonds. Think, besides, that we were pulled ashore into the midst of them, ourselves allowed to remain unmolested, and our trunks dumped into mud-holes, while around the baggage the *hammals* fought for the favor of its transportation.

"*Backshish! backshish!*" was shouted on every side, and the Turkish officers pushed their way toward our guide, holding out their hands—not for our keys—but openly for the *bribes* which should pass us free beyond their official frontiers.

"*Backshish! backshish!*" This magic word, which is a demand or prayer for a present of money, soon becomes familiar to the ears of the Eastern traveller; it is the base of the Arabic tongue—is the first word lisped by the infant barbarian, and is powerful in a land where every thing can be bought and sold, from people to places; it procures station, it liberates prisoners, it buys titles, it regulates passports, it opens the closed gates in commerce and in state, and, in fine, is a talisman in a country where corruption is the rule, and honesty the exception; therefore—

"*Backshish! backshish!*" shouted the custom-house officials, and while Dimitry laid his stout cane about him on the *hammals'* backs with one hand, he dispensed the five-piastre pieces with the other; so in a few moments our baggage was passed *without one package being opened*, and we were free to wend our way up the steps of the filthy city to Pera.

Now was our disenchantment complete. Imagine to yourself whole lines of wooden buildings thrown together on the edge of the water, many of them in the last condition of decay, but blacker with dirt than with age; irregular streets, once paved with heavy blocks of stone, now out of place and tossed in heaps here and there, obstructing the passage; pools of mire, around

which lay troops of half-starved, mangy curs, among miserable donkeys standing up to their knees in the black mud, and you will have a faint idea of Galata, the lower part of the Frank quarter of Constantinople. We followed Dimitry closely, and he used his stick as unmercifully upon the backs of the jostling crowd, to clear the way, as he did upon the shoulders of the human beasts of burden who surrounded and preceded us. We mounted great broad steps that led through the French shops to the heights above, and passed through throngs of Armenians, Jews, Greeks, Turks, Christians, negroes, veiled women, and dervishes, wearing all the costumes of the Paris carnival, and possessing for us an interest impossible to describe; yet I could not help admitting, that while in the distance the city was beautiful as a dream, face to face with its realities in the streets of Galata, it was as a courtesan washed of her paint in the broad glare of day. Babel tongues sounded in our ears, yet the shops in this quarter looked quite civilized, displaying, as in European cities, goods of every description and variety, with but few Oriental characteristics surrounding them. Approaching the summit of this street, a ruined cemetery is passed in the midst of the shops. Here the earth seems to have discarded the records of the dead, for the round tomb-stones (the tops representing turbans and fezes for the men, and without ornament for the women) lie here and there broken and scattered upon the ground; the dark high cypresses waved mournfully above them, and the fragments present no bad emblem of a battle-field. Indeed, one cannot but agree with Lamartine, when he said, "Pera has neither character, originality, nor beauty, and you cannot see in its streets the sea, the hills, or gardens; you must go to the summits of its roofs to enjoy the magnificent *coup d'œil* with which Nature and man have surrounded it."

CHAPTER V.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Abdul Aziz goes to mosque—The little prince with his retinue of slaves—The most splendid guard in the world—The masters of the Harem—The *Kislar-agassi* and *Capon-agassi*.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *December —, 1893.*

I FIND, dear old Bookworm, from a cross (thus †) in my journal, that you left me at my hotel in Pera, and doubtless you thought me tardy in arriving, but I find it better to write all my impressions, however *naïf* and trivial, at the moment of their birth, for with Idlers like myself the strange and new soon passes into the commonplace, and if not recorded glides into forgetfulness, which is oblivion.

Am I living in the very days of Haroun-al-Raschid? The Janizaries, it is true, are missing, slaughtered in that wholesale manner so characteristic of Sultan Mahmoud, but in all else the people remain the same, with unaltered traditions and habits, dresses and religion—the enemy of reform lurking as much in the slothful natures of the people as in the commandments of the sacred Koran.

To-day we went to see the Sultan go to mosque. It is Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath, and the people flock to see the Commander of the Faithful march out to pray, for by their proper eyes only can they be assured he liveth, and that their creed is guarded and secure for at least another week. Nothing could equal the confusion of the streets through which we passed; in some places they were almost impassable on account of their

ruinous condition. Turks create and build, but they rarely repair. Every possible space was filled with gaudily-gilded carriages, with silken tops, and occupied by closely-veiled women in their scarlet, blue, and orange-colored *feridjes* (a sort of silken gown which is worn over boddice and trousers, and reaches to the feet); by their sides ran or walked black and white slaves or servants, dressed in the most gaudy costumes, but whose colors always pleasantly harmonized with the surroundings; lines of horsemen filed here and there, the animals always with splendid housings, and guided as often on the footways (where they scattered the filthy and fly-bitten children) as in the crowded streets, where sometimes they coursed with a recklessness characteristic of Eastern riding. And nothing, indeed, can be finer than the general effect of horse and rider here. The former is burdened with rich saddle and saddle-cloth of purple or scarlet velvet embroidered with gold; slender reins and bridles dripping with ornaments in silver, and colored ribbons in fantastic styles of flowers fastened to their manes; the latter wear colored robes or silken trousers with flaming turbans, to set off the whole with a picturesque effect. Add to these equestrian dandies their black servants, who run beside them or ahead of them, robed in flowing white shirts, with brilliant girdles, with scarlet fezes on their heads, legs bare and shining like polished ebony, and balancing in their hands long silver-headed staves of almond-wood. Hear their quick, imperious cries of "*Ims-hée, ims-hée!*" (Make way! begone!) and you will have one of the finest effects of the strange tableau I am painting for you.

But the pedestrian groups must not be forgotten. Old men with flowing beards, and long dark *burnoosees*, sitting in front of their shops, smoking the *nargile* or *jasmin chibouk*; knots of idlers like myself at the *cafés*; old age decrepit, and beggars of all ages and sexes, who line the streets; groups of veiled women, accompanied by their *duennas* or eunuchs, and who nevertheless brush their *yackmacks* (a veil for the head and shoulders) aside, to display their fine dark eyes, pure white flesh, and well-cut Arab noses—the sombre tints of the background being the villanous-looking dervishes, who are marching in all directions.

But we pass through a grand ruined cemetery before we descend the hill of Pera toward Top Héné, and I will pause a moment here for the contrast. The sparkling sun burned with its bright tints the cypress-trees bristling with their black foliage. Under their gray trunks laid an army of marble stones, on the top of which, to the right and left, laid the colored sculptured turbans said to be from the graves of the Janizaries. The marbles had lines of the Koran graven upon them, and many little huts in the place had appropriated these fragments for doorways and windows, which perhaps at one time had marked some pacha's grave. Lusty vagabonds lay about in the sun, smoking their pipes; old women crouched in the shade, with naked children playing about them, who on seeing us set up a deafening demand for "*backshish*;" sellers of sweetmeats and tobacco (and of a favorite cake incrustated with almonds) are scattered here and there; chickens pick in the interstices of the monuments, and lank cows search a few blades of grass; the dogs, like jackals, prowl amid the excavations, and sometimes corpses are exposed by these hideous terriers, who often drag them from their asylums to make a midnight meal. Here life takes the place conceded momentarily to the dead, but yet in a corner amid the more clustering cypresses some portion is preserved sacredly, and the melancholy is profound. The swallows have their nests in the black foliage, and the eagles swim above their sombre points, tracing great circles in the blue sky. Past this spot we come to crooked alleys filled with miserable huts; the most smoky, rickety cabins occupied by the charcoal-sellers and blacksmiths; it seems more like a miserable village than a part of the great city. In the sun are seated beggars and lepers; fools and hags in the worst condition of poverty and barbarism; poor little donkeys, with slit ears and thin flanks, stand patiently before the black shops, to be loaded with charcoal; and the old women, uttering a plaintive cry, hold forth their mummy-like arms and wrinkled hands for alms. As nothing is so beautiful as a young girl of the Orient, so nothing is more hideous than old women with rheumy, sunken eyes, noses like beaks, and mouths which never conceal their blackened teeth. While in the men of the East age adds a venerable

dignity, a strange, sad majesty, the women become witches and embodied nightmares. But the sight below and beyond was so strangely beautiful that it seemed to be bathed in the impossible glimmers and glories of the Apotheosis. The palaces in the distance, with Chinese roofs, white walls, trellised kiosks, cypress gardens, and graceful sycamores; the mosques with their glittering cupolas, from which the white minarets arose like masts of ivory; the Byzantine dome of Saint Sophia towering above all; Sulémanieh with Arab elegance and a casque like steel, its light features in sparkling contrast with the opaline blue of the ether, forming altogether a tableau that seemed more readily a delusion of *fata morgana* than the prosaic reality. The silvery waters of the Golden Horn reflecting these splendors in a trembling mirror—the vessels at anchor—ah, it is true these marvels need light and perspective as the delusions of the theatre, and that near to mosque and minaret and ship they are—well, I love to deceive myself. Life is all too full of the grim realities. Cheat thyself then, and enjoy, enjoy! But the palace on the Bosphorus is the only building in Constantinople that does not lose on near approach, and this I discovered happily this morning. All is so light, joyous, and warm-tinted, that the eye never tires in regarding it.

We came in front of the blank yellow walls of the seraglio as we reached the street of the mosque. This avenue is well paved and curves gracefully into the Sultan's gardens. These are guarded by soldiers at the gilded portals. I just caught a glance within at the smooth broad walks that led down to the Bosphorus, the little fanciful painted kiosks surrounded by bright flowers, many unknown even by name to natives of colder climes, and the white pointed tents pitched in the shade of orange and lemon trees bending with their golden clusters of fruit, when we were hurried along to our places by Dimitry, our zealous and rascally Greek. You perceive I never tire of calling him names. At the main entrance officers were stationed awaiting orders, and a score of beautiful Arabian horses, belonging to ambassadors and high dignitaries of state, were held by grooms in all the glory of Albanian, Tunisian, and Turkish costumes. And

here I must run off again (for at least a paragraph), on these horses.

I never had an idea of the beauty of the Arab horse until I saw him in his native land, for this superb and graceful animal loses his kindness, beauty, and picturesque form when transported to cold countries, away from familiar habits and in the shade and formality of our stables. See him here, his head erect, his fine eye searching the surroundings, at the slightest unusual sound all in movement, shaking his long black mane and whipping his flanks, which shine like polished silver, with the turned end of his long tail, which sets the bright, pendant ornaments of his splendid saddle-cloth into jingling music; his head is covered with rosettes of red and blue silk joined with silver, while lines of golden needles droop from his broad forehead to his nose; he throws this veil aside at each undulation of his graceful neck; his large intelligent eyes are soft and proud, and his nostrils red as flame. See the convulsive movement of his cheeks, lips, and nose when he hears a strange sound or sees a strange costume! Music renders him wild with joy; his sinewy legs gracefully paw the earth in time, and his body turns as if he would dance to it.

But I must not forget, dear Bookworm, that you use the scalpel and not the spur.

On each side of the wide avenue, beneath the shade of trees, were gathered thousands of the strange people of Constantinople; the women and their attendants beneath the seraglio wall on one side, and the men on the other. The soldiery were forming, cavalry and infantry, making a brilliant *mélange* of color, impossible to surpass in the world. The foot-soldiers wore the universal fez, but their costume (*à la zouave*), at once graceful and picturesque, is well known to all nations since the Crimean War; their officers approached as nearly as possible to the regulation uniform of the French infantry, but their coats were so sprinkled with decorations, that with the *fez* they had almost as Oriental an appearance as their brethren of the cavalry. This arm of the service is most fantastic, and seems to have been organized solely with a view to effect of color. Think of a regiment of picked men mounted

on Arab steeds, and wearing the most brilliant costumes in the world ; Circassians with their turbans in creamy folds and long white caftans, their spears in hand, with streaming colors flying from their gilded points ; black Tunisians, with vestments of flaming colored silks, and wide, baggy trousers of stuffs interwoven with gold ; Bedouins, with white *burnooses*, great guns slung over their backs, and richly-chased Damascus sabres dangling by their sides ; Albanians with scarlet and blue jackets, the colors almost hidden by the embroideries in gold, and with sashes filled with curiously-mounted pistols ; Caucasians, with breasts ribbed and crossed with silver cords, in which hung their cartridges, like simple ornaments upon a maiden's bosom ; Greeks, fierce-mustached, with their white plaited petticoats and richly-wrought jackets, bearing arms famous in classic story ; Armenians, Turks, Egyptians, Nubians, all in their native dresses (except, let me whisper to you, the latter race), and forming altogether one of the most picturesque, brilliant, and (for service) the most worthless *corps* on earth.

But let us watch the women of the seraglio, who were taking their morning airing in the court carriages. These vehicles were drawn by two horses, and were gilded and painted in arabesques in the glowing manner of the East ; the glass windows extended nearly around the carriages, and the slaves and eunuch guards ran by their sides. The women were dressed in the richest manner in silken *féridjes* of the brightest colors, purple, scarlet, yellow, and blue. Their *yackmacks* or veils were of the finest and whitest gauze, which, being folded in many plies around the head, drooped at length over the face and throat, disappearing at last under the silken folds of the outer garment—the two visible points of beauty being only their soft dark eyes, of a tenderness and voluptuousness inexpressible, and their white hands, nails henna-tipped, and tapering fingers, on which were vulgarly crowded diamonds, rubies, and wondrous turquoises.

Promenading or seated under the trees were the groups from the lesser *hareems*, all wearing the bright-colored silks, and adding to the prismatic lights. Mixed in the crowd of men were long-bearded dervishes, beggars, fools, sellers of sweetmeats, Turks in

all costumes, Europeans, and slaves. But almost ere my eyes had time to feast on the sights and take in every point of wonder, a rattle of drums was heard—a strange peal of clarions, unlike the music of the West—and I stretched my neck forward over my servant's shoulder, with all the anxiety of a child, to demand if the Sultan were yet in view. Eugène was regarding every thing with his stoic eyes, and he replied rather contemptuously :

“Pshaw, monsieur, it's only a little boy dressed up for his *fête* among the soldiers !”

Dimitry sharply responded, not at all pleased that Eugène should not be struck dumb by all this magnificence—

“It is the son of the Sultan, remember !”

“He looks like a *singe* (monkey) for all that,” grumbled my Russian, as he walked into the back ranks.

I watched the advance of the little prince with curiosity. A small, black-eyed, dark-skinned child of ten, who marched in the centre of the guards with all the *aplomb* of a man. He was dressed in the uniform of an officer of the French infantry, and an enormous order in diamonds blazed upon his diminutive breast. He seated himself at length on a drum in front of us, and gazed around him with a calm proud glance and a coolness which to me was extraordinary.

Said I to the Gentleman Traveller (who was coquetting, by means of the eyes, with a Turkish dame, who had accidentally brushed her yackmack aside), “Is this not a dream, a fable of the Arabian Nights ?”

“Perhaps,” was the reply, “but if I had a magic ring, I would find a way to make that princess opposite show me at least her nose and mouth.”

“Can you not imagine,” I interrupted, following the train of my thoughts, “that before us is some pigmy general who commands these giant troops, and leads them to battle in some undiscovered Brobdingnag ?”

But a clash of cymbals, a shriek of brass pipes, and a barbaric melody sounded from the palace gardens, interrupting my reflections and remarks. It was high noon, though no bell in Turkey rang forth the hour—the muezzin from the mosque near

by proclaimed the time for prayers. Officers were mounting at the gates ; there was a stir along the lines ; all vehicles left the central avenue, and in a moment more, to the playing of that peculiar music, the Commander of all the Faithful passed out from his palace-gate, in sight of his adoring subjects and amazed strangers. I will try and describe the procession.

First came the music, wild, strange, and jangling ; close behind, splendidly mounted, followed the grand vizier, seraskier, captains pachas, ministers of war and of the navy, with the principal officers of the household, surrounded by groups of officers, secretaries, and servitors ; then the beys of provinces, agas, solicitors, and officers who have for function the honorable office of taking off the Sultan's boots, holding his stirrup, inkstand, or napkin, and to which officials our dragoman gave names so droll that not only do I not remember half of them, but they set me to laughing when I recall the least of them. For instance, there is the "*tzouhâdar*" (let me hear you pronounce it *à la turque*), the chief of the pages ; the *Iceglans*, and a crowd of servitors of the house of the padishah. Following these, a detachment of the body-guard, of which the splendid uniform responds to the idea of Oriental luxury. They are chosen amongst the most handsome men of the empire, and wear velvet caps, surrounded by crests of feathers ; their trousers are of white Borussian silk, and in their gilded sashes they wear curved sabres and Damascus halberds covered over with the ferocious engravings so common to the old Asiatic arms. Following this strange detachment were six full-blooded Arabian barbs, led by native servants ; their housings were embroidered in gold, filled in with precious stones, being histories in imperial ciphers, the interlacings and complications of which formed arabesques of extreme elegance. These noble beasts marched with proud steps in time to the music ; the light played on their polished haunches, and the gold sparkled on their manes at each movement of their heads ; they had a nearly human air, that elasticity of movement, that aristocratic carriage, so remarkable in horses of high and pure blood. As I gazed on them I was able to understand the passion, even the idolatry of the Orientals for these glorious animals, of which

the Koran enjoins the care, and adds the sanction of religion to the natural fine taste of man.

Behind these rode the Sultan himself.

ABDUL-AZIZ-KHAN was mounted on a white Arabian horse of pure blood, the velvet housings of which were sparkling with rubies, topazes, and emeralds, forming flowers in a foliage of gold. He is a man of large, heavy body, but not above the medium height. His age is about forty-five, but he looks older. His eyes are fine, complexion dark, nose Roman, and mouth firm. A beard and heavy mustache give character to his face, but his hair, cut quite close, is thickly sprinkled with gray. He has been and still is what the world would call a handsome man, were it not for the cold look of pride painted on every feature and apparent in every gesture; great lines are marked about his eyes, carved by Nature's firm hand, who *will* imprint her record on every face, be it that of prince or peasant. He has that peculiar, weary, and contemplative look common to all the Orientals of high degree, and scarcely deigned to look to the right or left as he rode along. The Turks received him in silence, for on no occasion do they remove the *fez* from their heads in homage, but the Europeans raised their hats as he passed, for Mussulmen, though yielding but little to the forms of allegiance themselves, rigorously demand it from others; but the Sultan disdained to acknowledge foreign politeness by even a nod of his sacred head.

Behind his highness rode the *Kislar-agassi*, and the *Capon-agassi*, the chief of the eunuchs black and white. These men were dressed splendidly, but they were distinguished by the peculiar signs which make their species recognizable in any part of the East. The first was black as coal, and his fat, flat features were hideous as a nightmare; the latter had less of the negro tint, but his flesh was sickly and livid; in wrinkles of yellow fat hung his two dead-blue eyes, while his great hanging lips gave him the appearance of an old woman in a bad humor. Next came the governors of the hareem, for whom the revenues of Mecca and Medina are held. These men are immensely rich, and doubtless the centre of a thousand intrigues. Then followed the petty officers of the palace; scribes bearing their pens in golden



J. H. Newman del. H. W. Pitt

EUNUCH OF THE HAREM

cases on cushions of velvet ; pipe-bearers, coffee-servers ; a carriage drawn by two splendid grays, in case the Sultan should wish to drive from mosque ; pillow-carriers, in case he needed repose after the fatigue of prayers ; and, in fine, servitors with fantastic names, whose duties would seem a farce to any but Orientals, who perform the smallest acts with a surprising and ridiculous pomp. Then the cavalry brought up the rear. Nothing can describe the beauty of this body in motion. All the luxury of Asia was displayed in the brilliant coloring of turbans, kal-packs, casques, and sashes, and as they passed us by and disappeared in the distance, while the music grew faint and finally died out of the air, I felt as though I had been dreaming under the influence of hashish ; only as we gained the banks of the Bosphorus, hailed a boatman, and I looked from the caïque toward Stamboul and heard the order of Dimitry for *Galata*, did I dispel my dream-fancies and believe that the sky of Asia really was above me.

CHAPTER VI

CONSTANTINOPLE.

An evening in a Turkish cemetery—A brief historical review—Stamboul and “Far-away” Moses—Costumes, ancient arms, and the bazaars, with a description of the shop of Mustapha Ali—The Gentleman Traveller transformed therein to a Greek pirate—A growl at British stuffs, whereby the maidens of Turkey are made hideous—A diamond bourse—Turning dervishes and the rites within a *tekke*—Music of the *tarboukas*, tom-toms, and flutes of the order, and a few thoughts on its mysteries, the group of strangers assisting as at a strange pantomime.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *Monday evening.*

DEAR OLD BOOKWORM: It is many days since I have written you a line, but body and mind have been occupied, and my faithful journal shall unfold to you the mystery of my wanderings.

Last night I armed myself with two of our good American revolvers, and, accompanied by my faithful Eugène, determined to take one of those strolls which all Sentimental Idlers love so much. It is true I was warned by Dimitry that at night Constantinople was infested by thieves—that the police were powerless against assassins and robbers, who lurked in the crooked streets; but as the Gentleman Traveller had been exploring the bazaars during the day, looking for wonderful arms and splendid costumes, and was too fatigued to venture forth, I determined to take my pleasure and the risk together.

My first intention had been the exploration of Stamboul at night; but once in the badly-lit streets of Pera, by one of those unaccountable freaks which sometimes seize the human mind, I determined to visit the old cemetery, which had so strangely attracted me on my way to the Sultan's palace. Who would suppose we were not Turks?

Our long coats, and brilliant sashes around the waist, with the ordinary fez, made up the costume of the modern Turkish merchant. If we were left unquestioned, we could pursue our rambles at our own sweet wills.

I know not why, but always in a strange land, and particularly on a Sabbath evening, I love to visit the cities of the dead. Thus I was as familiar with the Paris *Père-la-Chaise* as the mausoleums at Munich, and in as fair way to decipher these Turkish tombs as in months gone by the inscriptions in the burial-places of *Nijni-Novgorod* in Russia.

I found myself seated upon a broken Moslem tomb, gazing abstractedly out on the sea, while a host of strange memories flooded my soul. How clear were all my thoughts—how sublime some of them! And where were you, dear Bookworm, at that moment? By some couch of pain, perhaps. My mother! Ah, I know my fugitive thoughts are something sweet to her, even if to others they possess but little importance. Yet how foolish, to suppose that what I feel and think and write can be important save to her—closest of friends! What place is it I hold in things? What void would I leave in the world? An emptiness of some days in your hearts; my dog would search for me, perhaps—that is all—and then all would pass away in its turn.

I was seated under the cypresses—the light of the splendid moon just tinted the edges of the eternal clouds that hung upon Mount Olympus, from which the sun's last rays never seem entirely to fade. Not a soul was in sight of us, and I could have believed myself a hundred miles from the great city, if the thousand noises of the evening, carried by the wind, had not come to die in these solemn groves. I heard the songs of the *caïdjes* in their boats; the noises of the savage instruments of the Bulgarians, mingled with the rattle of the drums from the arsenal and barracks; the monotonous cries of the muezzins on the tops of the minarets; parting salutes of cannon, as steamers left the Bosphorus, echoed by the hills, caught up in the basin of the Golden Horn, and lost in the valleys of the Sweet Waters of Europe. All

these sounds formed a harmonious music with the uneven breathing of a great city when it sleeps—the murmurs of Nature, and the moans of the distant waves—so that it produced in me a profound and infinite impression. All is thrown together, Man and God, Nature and Society, the interior agitation and the melancholy repose of thought, so that it is impossible to say in which we participate the most, the grand movement of animated beings who play or suffer in the tumult of uplifted voices, or in the nocturnal peace of the murmuring elements, as our souls are lifted above cities and empires to the sympathy of Nature and God ✓

The ruins of the old seraglio advance between the two seas ; the moon whitens the kiosks and palace-walls of Amurath. Before me and in my thought is the very spot where so many sinister dramas have been played during the ages. They came up with all their traces of glory or of blood.

I saw a barbaric horde come from the Caucasus, driven by that instinct of peregrination which God gives to conquering people, as to bees which leave the trunk of an old tree to find new hives. The patriarchal Othman, in the midst of his tents and troops, bringing his people through Asia Minor to Broussa, then dying in the arms of his sons, saying nobly to Orchan :

“I die without regret. Go, propagate the Divine law. Be charitable and merciful ; it is by these qualities princes draw on their nations the benediction of God. Leave not my body here, for this is only a route for us, but deposit my mortal dust in Constantinople, where I assign myself in dying !”

Some years more late, Orchan was encamped at Scutari, where the Greek emperor, Cantacuzene, gave him his beautiful daughter Theodora for the fiftieth spouse in his seraglio. This young princess passed over the very arm of the sea where float to-night the Russian ships, immolating herself as a victim to prolong the days of the empire. But treachery at that moment had surprised the Greek sentinels on this side, and for the first time the Turks had a footing and a fortress in Europe.

Four reigns passed ; then Mohammed II. responded to the Greek ambassadors thus :

"I do not form enterprises against you—the empire of Constantinople is bounded by its walls!"

Their diplomatic language in this day is not less treacherous and cowardly. Constantinople, thus bounded, still prevented the Sultan from sleeping. He awakened his vizier, and said :

"I demand Constantinople of thee ; I cannot sleep more on my pillow. God will give the Romans unto me!"

The day of the assault, the impetuous Moslem dashed into the stream which threatened to engulf him, and cried aloud to his soldiers :

"Forward ! I reserve but the city—the women and gold belong to you. The first who arrives in the ramparts I will make governor of my province!"

Under the very cupola of Saint Sophia, whose majestic form is clearly distinguishable in this Dorésque light, the unfortunate Constantine was praying to God for his empire and his faith. On the very next morning he died nobly with his heroes in the breaches of the walls.

A few hours later, and the hatchets of the barbarians dashed down the doors of Saint Sophia. The aged, the young girls, the monks, encumbered the vast basilica, of which the chapels, the galleries, the tribunes, and platforms could contain the population of an entire city—a last cry of dying Christianity went up to Heaven ; but in a little while, sixty thousand old men, women, and children, without distinction of rank, age, or sex, were tied together (the men with cords, the women with their sashes and veils), and the coupled *slaves* were taken to the Ottoman camps, where they were insulted, exchanged, and sold as beasts. Never since have such lamentations been heard on the two borders of Europe and Asia. The city was given up to pillage for eight days, then Mohammed II. entered by the Porte Saint-Romain, encircled by his viziers, pachas, and guards. He halted before the portal of Saint Sophia, and his first act was to strike dead with his *yatagan* a soldier who was breaking the altars. The church became the mosque, which to-day is the most glorious in the world, and I fancy even now I hear the muezzins call to prayers from one of its minarets.

Mohammed, during a reign of thirty years, which was one steady conquest from 1453, added to the empire two hundred cities and twelve kingdoms.

He was driven from the throne by Selim, and died at last from poison prepared by one of his sons.

Ah, but this cruel Selim awakens new reflections as I sit here, where so many of his victims lie.

His first vizier demanded, on the battle-field, where he should place his tents.

For reply, the Sultan ordered him to be bow-strung.

His second, and even his third vizier, asked the same question, and received the same reply.

The fourth, nothing demanding, pitched them so that he could regard the four points of the compass.

This terrible Sultan asked of the latter, "Where is my camp?"

"Everywhere," was the reply. "Thy soldiers follow thee on whichever side thou turnest thine arms!"

"Thus I would be served," said Sultan Selim.

It was he who conquered Egypt, and who, seated on a splendid throne on the borders of the sacred Nile, had brought before him the entire race of the oppressors of this beautiful land, and had *twenty thousand Mamelukes massacred under his eyes*.

I dwell for a moment on this character, because I believe it to be the type of the Mussulman of to-day. He had no personal cruelty, but that sentiment of fatalism, which believes in its mission, animated him; the idea that being the instrument of God made the world his conquest, and the men as dust under his feet.

And you will smile, as I do, when I say, that this same hand, reddened with the blood of thousands, wrote these lines, full of resignation, sweetness, and philosophy, and that the piece of marble still exists containing them:

"All comes from God! He wills our gifts, or refuses all. Selim, the servant of the poor, conqueror of Persia, dies in commanding his vizier to make pious restitution to the Persian families which the war has ruined."

On his tomb is placed this proud epitaph : "To-day Sultan Selim has passed to the eternal kingdom, leaving the empire of the World to Soliman !"

But the insensate passion of Soliman for Roxelana filled the seraglio with crimes ; the intrigues against Mustapha, and the reign of Mahmoud, in whose time the Janizaries perished, are well known to you, and there is no need to review the later dynasties, the last bearer of Mohammed's standard being the Sultan Abdul-Aziz-Khan, already described in my last letter. Have I wearied you with the past ?

But the troops of dogs were coursing through these deserted groves, and the height of the moon in the heavens warned me that midnight (even in reviving history in a Turkish cemetery) was not the most prudent hour to be abroad. So, shifting my revolvers to be within easy grasp, and followed by patient Eugène—that most valuable of all companions, who never moves or speaks without an order—I found my way back through deserted Pera to my hotel. Passing on the way, however, many dark, lurking figures (who crept away into the shadows at a sight of our arms), and whole battalions of those half-starved savage curs, who were engaged in their nightly maraudings.

STAMBOUL, December — , 1866.

Hitherto, each morning that our party wended their way down the hill of Pera to Galata, making for the bridge that crosses the river to Stamboul, it was accompanied by the hotel dragoman, Dimitry ; but, from the Gentleman Traveller's experience in the bazaars with that worthy, he felt convinced that, for every hundred francs expended, the Greek received at least fifty for his modest commission ; so we decided this morning to dispense with Dimitry's services, and behold us on the bridge alone, determined to explore the intricate bazaars at our own risk.

Mais l'homme propose, etc., etc. No sooner had we stepped beyond the little toll-gate at the end of the bridge, than we were set upon by the most furious, insatiate crowd of Jews, Turks, Greeks, and Egyptians, who, in all known and unknown tongues, insisted upon guiding us, thrusting their dirty cards into our

hands, and their unkempt beards in our faces, obstructing our passage, and setting up such a clamor of entreaties, yells, and demands, that not until we had used our canes (a trick we had not been slow to learn from Dimitry) could we clear sufficient space, or rid ourselves of the most pressing of the rabble.

Confident in our newly-acquired Turkish, we shouted: "*Foke, yoke. Ma'fish! Im'shee!*" etc., etc., but the rascals followed us like a pack of hounds. No sooner did we stop before a shop, than there were a hundred tongues to interpret for us, a hundred hands to serve us, until, after vainly threatening, we were again worried and vexed to that degree that we laid about us with such effect as to make the limping, howling mass scatter in all directions. After our ignoble victory we thought ourselves free to pursue our rambles, but no, there was still *one* of the foe undaunted, undismayed, and to him must I render tardy honor. He was a poor Jew, of perhaps forty years of age, with fine features, flowing beard, thickly streaked with gray, and the saddest of eyes, which, alas! I learned afterward had often looked upon the weary side of life. This man was incorrigible. When his fellows had scattered, he too had disappeared, but, in a moment of perplexity as to direction, he would like Banquo's ghost rise up, resolve our difficulty, and disappear again silently. If we halted at a fruiterer's shop he was there to recommend the choicest sweets; and once at a scribe's, on whose stand I saw an elegant book in Arabic (with all the letters traced in gold, and for which I found it impossible to bargain except to utter the feeble demand, "*Katch-koorouch?*" "*How much?*"), he was the good genius to purchase it (almost for nothing, too), and, when I gave him a few piastres and peremptorily dismissed him, he dropped out of sight only to reappear at an armorer's shop, and to render as signal service in the purchase of an old dagger. The effect of his coming and going was so comical, that the Traveller and myself laughed heartily, and something like the following conversation took place:

IDLER.—"What is your name?"

GUIDE.—"*Far-away* Moses!"

IDLER.—"Why '*Far-away*' Moses?"

GUIDE.—“I don't know, sir; I was put in Bradshaw with that name, and I have had it ever since.”

IDLER.—“Well, ‘Far-away,’ why did you not leave us with the others? We do not want a guide.”

MOSES.—“Yes, but you see, gentlemen, I have been of great service. I will save you money in the bazaars, for these rascally Turks *will* cheat you; and I will never intrude myself on you except when you demand me.”

IDLER.—“What is your charge per day?”

MOSES.—“Listen. I will serve you while you are here; buy for you in Stamboul, and give you the benefit of my commissions: give me nothing until you go away, and, if you are satisfied, pay me.”

This was fair, certainly, and here I will record that a more trustworthy, intelligent, and faithful servant I never had in the Orient than “Far-away” Moses.

But I must not forget that while the bazaars are so familiar to me, to you, my dear Bookworm, they are a mystery. In entering these wonderful labyrinths of Stamboul by the road from *Yeni-Djami* to the mosque of *Sultan Bajezid*, you will arrive at the great drug-bazaar. This is a grand hall, arched, which traverses from one narrow street to the other, each end of which is closed at night by immense doors. A penetrating and aromatic odor of all the exotic products of Europe and Asia assails your nostrils the moment of entering. Exposed in cups, cases, or covered sacks, are henna, sandal-wood, antimony, camphor, thousands of colored powders (the names of which I am as ignorant of as I ever hope to be of their taste), pistachio-nuts, ambergris, opium, and hashish. These articles are spread out on little cases or wooden tables, before the small dark square holes in the wall (called shops in the bazaars), behind which are seated in *nonchalant* attitudes the cross-legged Turks, who seem stupefied by the pungent odors of the place. And, indeed, this atmosphere, saturated with perfume, must have its effect, if your *savants* who have faith in inhalation are in the right.

We soon pass from this into a grand bazaar which still preserves the name that the Franks have given it. This covers an

immense space of earth and forms a city in a city, with its streets, passages, fountains, and inextricable labyrinth, in which I have been lost more than a dozen times. This also is vaulted, and the light falls through little cupolas, with the same strange effect I have noticed in one of my former letters—this peculiarity, I imagine, is much more advantageous to the merchant than the buyer of goods.

Entering by an arcade without architectural character, you find yourself in a narrow lane occupied by the perfumes. Here I have bought for you some of those rare essences of *attar of roses*, *jasmin*, etc., for which this place is celebrated. On every side are exposed for sale, in gilded bottles and velvet-covered *flacons*, the precious extracts; chaplets of cocoa, amber, and camel's-teeth, nuts of rose and sandal wood, pastilles to burn in the seraglios, Persian mirrors, rouge, *kohl* for eyebrows, henna for finger-nails, and, in fine, all the arsenal of Turkish coquetry. In front of these shops you will always find groups of Turkish women who idle away the best part of the day in making their purchases. As usual, the colors of their long *feridjes* harmonize well: apple-green, rosy-mauve, and delicate orange—often they hold by the hand beautiful children dressed with red or green vests embroidered with gold, and wide silken trousers; negresses enveloped in white or blue cotton stuffs keep behind these parties and complete the picturesque effect, and often the livid-faced eunuch makes the way for his party among the wretched crowds by the quick strokes of a *coorbach*, which is a sort of an elastic whip made out of hippopotamus-hide, and the distinctive mark of the slave's authority.

The merchants, seated behind their goods, respond with a phlegmatic air to the thousand questions of the women, who, when they hear the prices, turn over the goods, and often leave with bursts of incredulous laughter. Behind and above the little shops the objects more precious are held in strong boxes, only to be disclosed to serious buyers—beautiful scarfs of Tunis, carpets and shawls of Persia, mirrors of mother-of-pearl, tables incrustated with silver, enamelled circular plates for sweetmeats, cups of China and Japan, and all the curious filigree ornaments of the Orient.

As we approach the principal street of the bazaar we see numerous fountains, painted and carved, before which scores of Turks are making their ablutions—in fact, they will leave you in the midst of a bargain (when a muezzin's voice is heard), and kneel upon their carpets with faces Mecca-turned, and say their prayers with as much phlegm and devotion as if under the dome of Saint Sophia or Sultan Achmet.

The Gentleman Traveller was in search of a costume, so Far-away Moses led us to the shop of Mustapha Ali, a Turkish merchant. We were received by him with all the forms and amiable expressions of the Orient, with which, by this time, we were tolerably familiar, but our business could not be approached until a slave had served us with little cups of Mocha coffee in little China vessels, held in carved silver holders of the old Turkish fashion. While I was sipping this delicious drink, my eyes were busy in examining the precious store, that would have enriched Rembrandt's Museum of Antiquities—old arms, precious laces, curious jewelry, singular potteries, utensils of a usage unknown; packages of costumes with embroideries that dazzled the eyes; amber mouth-pieces for pipes, studded with gems; carved dagger-handles; packages of turquoise put up in bundles and looking like lucifer-matches; coral of all forms and sizes; tobacco-pouches; fine silken shirts—in fact, all the fabulous luxury, all the richness of this sunny land, which seemed to group around me with something of the rich and fantastic delusion of a dream. When the pipes were finished we were permitted to dive into and toss over all these Oriental marvels—I was fumbling in the wardrobe of the “Arabian Nights.” I could try on, if it pleased me, the vest of the Prince Caramalzaman, and touch the authentic robe of the Princess Boudroulboudour.

After seeing the Traveller transformed by turns from an Albanian bandit to a Greek pirate, from a Bey of Tunis to a Turkish gallant, I was charmed at last to see him select a costume that would puzzle the Mamelukes. What do say to an Algerian *fez*, an Albanian jacket, an Egyptian vest, a Turkish sash filled full of Damascus arms, and trousers of the Bedouin sheiks? Upon my honor, I shall never forget the sight; and I sunk back into a dark

corner, laughing so violently, that I expected the fierce fellow would every moment come to me and chop my head off with his *yatagan*—and I deserved it, behaving myself like a foolish Idler under the very hatchets of Mohammed II. and the studded saddles of Al Borack.

Each street of the bazaar is confined to some specialty. Here, for instance, are whole rows of shops where nothing but slippers and shoes are sold, and indeed they are beautiful in color and embroidery, if not in make; in shape they are generally like Venetian gondolas; the shoes of infants are the objects of the most charming caprices of form and ornamentation, yet it is a great pity that all these pretty marvels, only fit for the Indian or Persian carpets, should so quickly be made acquainted with the black mud of the streets.

Here are the stuffs of Europe for sale—great English prints, with lustrous letters and figures of gold and copper, to flatter the Oriental taste. You can there recognize the perfection of the machine and the natural false tones of Great Britain. I avow, with Théophile Gautier, that such discords make me grind my teeth, and send, with a good heart to the devil, the industry, commerce, and civilization which produce those hostile reds, those hard blues, those insolent yellows, and troubles, for I wot not what gain, the tone serene and harmonious of the Orient. When I think that I will meet these horrible stuffs cut in vests and caftans in a mosque, or a street of which they destroy all the effect by their inharmonies, a secret fury burns in me, and I wish that the sea would swallow the ships which bring these abominations, the fire destroy the factories, and Great Britain evaporate in the smoke from them. If I talk with so much bitterness, it is because I have a profound sorrow to see these little Turkish girls, beautiful as *houris*, wearing caftans of English stuff; for the sun's rays, although attracted by their charming faces, dare not lighten up these modern monstrosities!

But we come to the jewelry bazaars!

These seem to be situated off the main avenues, and nothing can exceed the admiration which seized us as we wandered through avenues of little shops, with glass cases and stands in front of them,

in which were placed for the public temptation some of the richest gems and most fantastic jewelry in the world. By the side of their fire-proofs and strong boxes sat the Turkish merchants, watching with never-resting eyes their sparkling treasures. In some places there was a sort of diamond-bourse held (as I have seen in Amsterdam, Holland), and then the merchants in little knots scanned with their critical eyes some rare emerald, or poised with careful hand a rich brilliant, discussing qualities and prices in low tones; for, be it remembered, in the Orient, transactions in valuable goods are carried on with a solemnity and dignity which nothing can surpass; it is the orange-merchants and sweetmeat-venders, the armorers and old-clothes dealers, who rend the air with vociferous cries, and do battle with their hands and arms.

Here in these little cases of plate-glass, with a coveter on one side and a miser on the other, are the diamonds of Golconda and Visapour, the rubies of Giamschid, the sapphires of Ormus, and the pearls of Ophir, brought by the caravans; topazes of Brazil, opals of Bohemia, and the turquoises of Macedonia, in brilliant confusion, with the beryls, *acqua-marines*, malachites, *lapis-lazulis*, which constitute value as well as luxury. • Not recognizing the refinements of modern finance, these Turks draw no interest on their capital (which, besides, is rigorously forbidden by the Koran), and, therefore, they hold these precious stones, as men in other lands their houses, as real wealth. A diamond is easy to conceal, and represents to him a large sum in a small volume. From their point of view there is no better security in the world: thus, in the harems, their wives and slaves often bear on their arms, necks, and hands, nearly the entire wealth of their master.

Generally the rich stones in this bazaar are set without taste and in heavy styles, leaving no traces of the light and elegant Arabic forms which our civilization has often seized upon as a base for the best artistic effects. Although I have exaggerated nothing to you in my description of this place, still, not for a moment did it make me think of the treasures of Haroun Al-Raschid, for the head ornaments, stars, flowers, sabre and poniard handles, were arranged so vulgarly, that, were it not for the scarlet and blue flashes of light that almost dazzled me as I passed, I could

readily have believed myself in some little Bohemian town amid the common cut-glasses of the region.

But the heart of Islam is the Bazaar of the Arms. Over this sill you enter ancient Turkey, represented by old barbarians who hate the *dogs of Christians* as profoundly as in the days of Mohammed II. They do not disguise their dislike and indifference, and contemptuously tell your dragoman that they regret the Janizaries—which is a remark significant even in this day. There they sit smoking their long chibouks, with jewelled amber mouth-pieces; they wear great folded turbans, sometimes white, and, if they have been to Mecca, green; they have long robes bordered with fur, and large trousers *à la Mameluke*; look at their faces, impassible as fatality, their eyes serenely fixed (most of them are hashish-eaters or opium-smokers), their eagle-noses curving over white beards, their hollow cheeks tanned by the use of the vapor-baths. Look at them well, for in fifty years more you must go to search for this type (fast disappearing) in the heart of Asia! They disdainfully close their bazaars at noon, and most of them (being millionaire merchants) retire to their kiosks on the borders of the river, where they dream away the hours in their beloved *kief*, and regard with a bitter scorn the passing steamers with which the diabolical Franks have invaded their beloved Bosphorus in days gone by, only disturbed by the splash of the *caïde's* car.

But showing you again the reverse of the bright bazaar-medal, I must not omit to walk with you into the bazaar of old clothes. This is the charnel-house, the finish of all the beautiful things, where the caftan, which has graced the shoulders of a pacha or vizier, finishes its career on the back of a hammal; the vest that concealed the opulent charms of a slave of the harem, now, soiled and disgraced, covers the mummified back of an old beggar. There is an incredible mixture of rags that hang with a sinister effect on old nails, with that vague human appearance, producing, in my mind, a sad resemblance to the Morgue at Paris; they are, doubtless, filled with vermin, and the pest is concealed under their tattered folds, to break out in some filthy quarter among the wretched and the poor, carrying terror into Europe, and giving birth to that plague-child—quarantine.

But we pass from Stamboul again, and, as we stroll through the wider bazaars, the scene is carnival-like in its bustle, color, and effect. The middle path is encumbered by rich gilded carriages, in which are seated women closely veiled, who are surrounded by servants, who guard them, and obsequious merchants, who tender them silks and embroideries to examine; asses richly caparisoned, mounted by women (who in the East invariably adopt the fashion of men in riding), and attended by boys, who guide them, move here and there among the crowd.

Fools (who are considered sacred among the Orientals) are seated in the corners, and shout out silly songs and prayers as we go by. Beggars and dervishes crowd about us, and solicit alms in a voice pitched so high, that it seems as if I were placed between a pork-butcher on one hand and a school for the instruction of the violin on the other. Venders of sweetmeats assail me in front, but the moment I touch a small morsel of *rahat-ee-look-oom*, the sherbet-sellers attack me in the rear, and I am deafened by the tinkling of bells, the rattle of glasses, and suffocated by an odor of burnt almonds.

Glad to escape from this wearing din, I fled across the bridge to Galata, and thence to my hotel, with a shrewd idea that it was the most vexatious labor in the world to be my own, or even my dear Bookworm's, Sentimental Idler.

CONSTANTINOPLE, December —, 1866.

This morning we made up a party to visit the TURNING DERVISHES. These people are a species of Mohammedan monks living in monasteries, which they call *tekkes*. The word *dervish* means poor, although, like their brethren in all countries, the members of such societies are not prevented from receiving legacies and donations, whenever or however bestowed. The ulemas and muftis look with a gloomy eye on these communities, maybe on account of some difference in doctrine; maybe on account of their influence on the people. As to me, I am not very strong on the Turkish theology, only giving you an Idler's modest opinion, that if they be considered in the light of beggars, they are the most dirty and clamorous of their tribe; and

if only in connection with their gymnastics, as being all that can be desired of wooden heads and India-rubber legs. Contrary to the other Mohammedans (who prevent the *giaours* from assisting at their curious ceremonies of worship), these dervishes allow strangers to be present during their prayers in their mosque (I was about to say circus), only on condition that they leave their dirty boots at the door, and enter with naked feet, or in list slippers, furnished for a small *backshish*.

✓ We entered the court-yard of the *tekke*, near our hotel on the top of Pera, and found it filled with Mussulmen preparing for prayers, which means washing hands, faces, and legs in the basin of a richly-carved and painted fountain; the place was encumbered with candy-sellers, orange-merchants, strangers, and beggars. Soon "Far-away Moses" had our boots off, a pair of soft slippers for each of us, and we entered a sort of vestibule, to await the moment for the doors to open and the *exercises* to commence. Glancing at the convent at our sides, I found it to contain none of the cold and forbidding features of similar places in other lands. The sad and sepulchral looks of Catholic convents were here replaced by gay lodgings, painted in laughing colors, surrounded by gardens filled with the brightest flowers, and windows large and open, which took in that wondrous panorama of the Bosphorus bathed in light. The exterior aspect of the building in which we were waiting reminded me in no wise of its sacred character, except by the bright interlacings in blue and gold of lines from the Koran, and which seem to the artistic eye as much like graceful arabesques as holy letters.

✓ When we entered the interior, it perfectly recalled to me a circus, with this exception, that the ring was boarded over for a dance. A circular balustrade, to keep off the bystanders from the performers, occupied the centre, and graceful wooden columns supported a gallery containing the places for visitors of distinction. The box for the Sultan was here, and a similar one for the seraglio, which was fancifully decorated in colors, and closely trellised with sculptured bars like the windows of all the harems. The orchestra (!) was opposite to these cages, and in front of them were tablets fancifully ornamented with verses from the Koran.

The Traveller seated himself near Far-away Moses, just behind me. I took a front place on the floor, amongst a crowd of dirty-looking people, with bare feet, while Eugène, tripping in his unaccustomed slippers, fell heavily into the lap of a mummy-like old Turkish woman, and settled himself (I thought almost where he had fallen), notwithstanding her curses and whines. What would I not give for the phlegm of that youth? Why, my dear Book-worm, *I have not even seen him scratch himself* since he has been in the Orient, yet, being a Muscovite, there may be some good reasons for his impenetrability.

After waiting some time, the dervishes slowly arrived in pairs. The chief of the community was a little, wizened-faced old man, with skin the color of lead, and after marching around the circle according to the formula, and bowing low before the verses of the Koran, he seated himself with a fatigued air on a pile of carpets and gazelle-skins facing the audience.

The other dervishes filed before him, saluting him in the Oriental manner, with profound respect, the same as they do a sultan or a saint. They wore high conical hats, made of a sort of yellow felt, which looked like flower-pots reversed; a white vest, and an immense petticoat, bell-shaped, made out of some blue material; short, loose, white drawers, extended just below the knee, their feet being bare.

In a few moments the ring was filled with the dervishes, who, before commencing prayers, stood with their arms folded over their breasts, and eyes turned toward heaven. I had a good chance thus to study their physiognomies. They were of all ages, a few as young as eighteen, some as old as sixty, but they were generally muscular men of from twenty-five to forty; most of them wore beards; their hair was cut close, and may I never idle another delicious hour if I tell not the truth in saying, they were as villanous-looking a crew as I ever saw assembled in any of our great penitentiaries; sly, cunning eyes, thin, firm, deceitful mouths, fat, flabby cheeks, and any thing but a mild, religious expression beaming in their visages.

The music struck up above us in the galleries. Heaven forgive me! but if I had been seated before the Sultan himself, I

should have laughed ; it was too much. I looked around at the Traveller, whose cheeks were puffed out resembling two ripe apples ; I gave a glance at Eugène, whose mouth was twitching just a little, and then we all three burst out in one of those spasmodic laughs which ends in a cough, and, added to the shame, makes one feel as if every blood-vessel in one's body was bursting. The music—imagine, if you can, a dozen hurdy-gurdies in an empty room all out of tune, playing the same air, and accompanied by a chorus of voices, from the shrill treble of a child, to the cracked bass of an old man ; add, if you can, to this effect, the low, dull beatings of “tom-toms,” which instruments combine the delights of the tambourine and drum, and the sharp notes of flutes playing infinite variations, with but the sole aim to drown the sound of the voices and the other music, and perhaps with a lively imagination you will have a faint idea of this first musical experience of ours in the dervish *tekké*.

The dances commenced by the group passing slowly around the hall, bowing before the iman, who remained seated, and then bowing to each other in much the same way as partners in a quadrille, although, I am bound to say, generally with more grace. This formality finished, a sudden change took place in their visages ; their eyes brightened, their bodies trembled, their feet beat the floor with a nervous trepidation, their arms were elevated above their heads, and they commenced their turnings and undulations, as a waltz all around the parquet, keeping a sort of time to the music, which each moment became more wild, more incomprehensible than ever.

Each one now seemed to vie with the other in the regularity, speed, and even grace of his turnings ; sometimes with arms folded over their breasts, sometimes raised perpendicularly above their heads, and always with eyes fixed in a sort of ecstasy. I have seen dancers in our own country turn for many moments in the incomprehensible movements of the modern waltz. I have seen the mad whirl of the participants of the students' balls in Paris ; I have attended the *bal-masques* in Rome, and I have viewed with wonder the German waltzing in the Vienna halls, but never before the equal of this incredible spinning, whirling, and

turning, that made me dizzy in the contemplation of it. Five, ten, twenty minutes passed ; the young men were breathing heavily, and the old men were almost dropping from fatigue ; thirty minutes, one after another of the *veillards* stood still, but with no dizziness in eyes or gait. This was a physiological wonder. A moment's pause for all, and then as the *tarboukas* screamed above, the horrible viols screeched, the flutes whistled, and the "tom-toms" bawled with a more wild and furious clamor, the dervishes, with a motion more fit for the *ballet*, threw off, as one man, their blue bell-shaped petticoats, and appeared in white and lighter garments, commencing again their marvellous turnings faster and more wonderful than ever.

Their arms were now extended as crosses ; their heads inclined on their shoulders ; eyes were half-closed, and the mouth half-open, as confident swimmers, who let the river carry them on without a thought of danger. Their undulous movements now had a suppleness extraordinary ; no sensible effort to turn, mechanically moving to the strange barbaric music without the least apparent fatigue. Like tops they spun, and seemed to be unconsciously sleeping to the sound of their own snoring. The old iman, who before had been rocking himself on the skins, and mumbling his prayers, read out of an imaginary book, in uplifted but empty hands, now joined the dancers, striking his hands together, to indicate to the orchestra to play faster or slower, and sometimes patting the back of a dancer, to applaud his pious zeal.

His impassible mien formed a strange contrast with all these convulsed figures ; this cold old man travelled among the frantic phantoms, as if the drunkenness of the prayers and the vertigoes of the sacred incantations had no emotion for him, like the hashish and opium eaters, *blasé* with the effects of their drugs, and obliged to increase the dose until they have poisoned themselves.

But now the arms of the dancers were dropping to their sides ; the bathers had lost their feet, and were abandoning themselves to the current ; a light froth escaped from some of their mouths, and their set eyes were drunken with the hallucinations of paradise. What did they see, these ecstatic waltzers ? Perhaps the forests of

emeralds, with fruits of rubies, the mountains of amber and myrrh ; the kiosks of diamonds, and the pearly tents of Mohammed's heaven ! perhaps their smiling mouths received the perfumed kisses of the *houris* ; the splendors of Allah's abode made the earth disappear, and they floated unconsciously in the sweet mists of eternity, which bore them on to their infinite rest with ever-increasing rapture. Who knows what mystic pleasure these souls may have enjoyed in this mad ecstasy ? One thing is certain, *my* head swam long before these dervishes had finished, and I could hardly stand upright, as I took again my shoes at the door, and walked out into the street of Pera. Ever since then I have seen the turning petticoats, performing their infernal dance before my eyes ; and the hum of the *tarboukas*, the wild shrieks of the flutes, the dull sound of the tom-toms, and that demon-chorus of children, are forever in my ears.

CHAPTER VII.

SCUTARI.

The howling priests on the Asiatic side—The true soil of Islam commencing at the Field of the Dead—The faith of the Orientals in their fools—"Allah-hou!" "Allah-il-Allah!"—An adventure and invitation to the house of a silk-merchant—Pleasing forms of Mohammedanism—A confession about the sultanas, and a glance at the etiquette of marriage—The bath.

SCUTARI, December —, 1886.

THINK of it, for the moment I am writing to you from Asia! Yes, in order better to explore this border of the Bosphorus, I am living here with a Turkish merchant. I have ascended Mount Olympus (which was quite a journey). I have rummaged the traditions of these people among their houses, in their cafés, in the bazaars, and even read their histories on the broken tablets of the famous cemetery of Scutari. But this very day even I return to Constantinople, and, before I seat myself again in my caïque to cross the Bosphorus, I will form a fit supplementary letter to my last, by giving you a description of the

HOWLING DERVISHES OF ASIA.

If you ever visit the Turners of Pera, you should never omit the Howlers of Scutari. Take a caïque at Galata, manned by two vigorous Arnants, and in half an hour they will land you at the other side for ten piastres. And such a delicious excursion! The boiling waters break under the warm sunlight in millions of sparkles, and they are kissed at each moment by the flocks of black and white birds skurrying here and there in perpetual inquietude. The Turks poetically call these "souls in pain," and they really seem to be always chasing an invisible foe as they dart here and there, their feet in the water and their

wings in the air. How you dash along, aided by the current and the four stout arms! How dreamy and melancholy you become under the blue sky and the bright sun of Asia; how the light trembles on the great violet shades of the capes and borders which cut the silver of the waves; even the bustle has subsided on the long black steamers that lie at anchor before you, and you hear scarcely any other noise than the cadenced respiration of the *caidges*, and the regular rhythm of the city's sounds subdued by the distance. All the world takes its *siesta* but you, and the few hungry dogs who howl and bark in the filthy lanes of Scutari.

This city has a physiognomy more peculiarly Turkish than any of the others of Constantinople. The moment I landed I was struck by its red-painted houses, and its white minarets that stand forth in relief against the dark cypress curtain of its FIELD OF THE DEAD. This is the true soil of Islam, and no European idea has spanned the narrow sea that separates it from the Frank quarters of its sister cities. I encounter everywhere the great folded turbans, long robes, and caftans of bright colors. The street is lined with tobacco-merchants, who exhibit their golden *latakiah* for sale on small tables in front of their dark and narrow shops; cooks who offer to the passers-by the succulent *kebab*,* which turns on a perpendicular spit before a charcoal-fire; the butchers, who exhibit their meats suspended by chains, and surrounded by millions of flies; scribes cross-legged in front of their tables writing, while their shops behind are placarded with calligraphic characters in blue, and yellow, and red; and *cawadjis*, who take to their customers their *nargiles*† and *hookahs*;‡ crowds of dogs sleeping in the holes in the public way; women closely veiled, walking with children so lovely that by their beauty they betray the studied incognito of their mothers; a coffin

* "*Kebab*," mutton sliced and placed to cook in equal portions of fat and lean on long perpendicular skewers. This is a favorite dish of the Arabs, and is for sale in every cook-shop in a Turkish town.

† "*Nargiles*," colored glass vessels, in which is placed scented water; on the top are tubes to hold the tobacco. They stand on the ground, and the smoker uses a long, flexible tube, in drawing through which the smoke is cooled, and the water bubbles with a pleasant sound.

‡ Tubes made of cocoa-nuts on the same principle as *nargiles*. The smoker draws through a reed, and holds the pipe in his hand.

covered with gray cloth, and borne on the shoulders of four men, who march rapidly up the hill to the cemetery, mingling with a procession of camels, which, laden with goods, and mounted by armed Bedouins, pass toward the country; the soldiers on horseback, leaving with an insolent and proud air the poor old men in rags, whose long, skinny legs dangle over the sharp shoulders of ill-fed asses—these are the sights which met me, and will meet you, if you pass up the hill of Scutari toward the cemetery and *tekké* of the howling dervishes.

Entering the court-yard at the left of the street, I saw before me a fountain in the form of a tomb, and at my right hand a black little hole, which my guide informed me was a café, and that we should wait within until the hour for the howling commenced. This place was crowded with a filthy-looking set of Turks and dervishes, who were sipping coffee and eating crisp little pies, which were dampened with cherry-water, and, as I had nothing better to do, I also commanded coffee, and partook of a pie dampened with cherry-water. I neutralized the taste of one by a sip or a bite at the other, while an officious black was taking off my boots, and substituting a pair of slippers for service in the *tekké*.

Seated near by me was a fool. The Turks, as I have already informed you, venerate these men (who are often more knavish than silly) as saints. The Orientals have a sort of simple faith that God inhabits their empty brains and pardons them all sins, as He would those committed by little children who know not what they do. This one was seated on a stone, rocking his head and mumbling prayers of the Islam formula, rolling a chaplet between his hands, and following with his idiot-eyes some vague hallucination that made him smile. Once in a while he broke his *kief* to search very intelligently and methodically for vermin, and when found he deliberately placed his prey upon the clothes of an old Turk seated by him, who, instead of resenting this nuisance, puffed away at his pipe, and accepted the fleas as a blessing of God.

Some devotees, newly arrived, piously embraced this disgusting personage, who received their hugs with the stolidity of a

Japanese idol; as to me, I was glad when I was summoned from this hole to enter the *tekké*, although my movements were followed with evil eyes by the Mohammedans around.

This hall, instead of being brightly-tinted and circular, like that of the turners in Constantinople, is gloomy, dark, and a parallelogram divested of all architectural character. It might have stood for the torture-chamber of an inquisition, for the walls were ferociously decorated with darts of iron terminated by balls of lead, chains, masses of arms, pincers, all sorts of instruments of barbarous forms, for an incomprehensible but frightful usage which would tear, burn, and lacerate the flesh according to the most cruel desires.

Seated in a circle around this hall were the dervishes in their sacramental *poses*, repeating in a chorus a species of litany. They were led by a large negro, with the breast of Hercules, the neck of a bull, lungs of iron, and a stentorian voice. At each verse they threw their heads backward and forward, touching their foreheads nearly to the ground in front, and their crowns to the walls behind them, all of which finished by giving me a sympathetic vertigo. Sometimes they were joined by Turks from the audience; then their shouts grew louder and louder, and culminated in exhausted whines. Among them were children and negroes, eunuchs, and beggars, in all sorts of costumes, and the mixture of heavy basses and weak tenors, cracked baritones and feeble *falsettos* gave me a lesson in harmony and *thorough bass* I shall never forget.

“*Allah-hou!*” “*Allah-hou!*” “*Allah-il-Allah!*”

The inspiration and excitement arrived little by little; their eyes burned like those of savage beasts in the bottom of a cavern; an epileptic froth covered their mouths, and their visages became decomposed, shining lividly under the sweat; the lines became broken and excited; the contortions were fearful, and why some of those delicate lungs did not break from their bony cages by such abnormal efforts is a marvel to me to this day.

“*Allah-hou!*” “*Allah-hou!*”

They were no longer human beings. Their howlings had be-

come frantic shrieks, and the masks convulsive and epileptic took the place of human features.

The iman here was a younger man than his brother of the dervishes of Pera, and he marched among the groups encouraging and joining in the worship, and at times a part of the company would rise and advance toward him to kiss abjectly his feet, his hands, his forehead. Soon two fanatics varied the performance by advancing to the centre, seizing two iron darts from the walls, brandishing them savagely in their hands, and commencing a strange sort of dance to the time of the terrible vocal accompaniments of their fellows. In place of avoiding the points of each other's weapons, they rushed upon them, wounding themselves until the blood ran from the spots, when they rolled to the earth amid wilder cries of "*Allah-hou !*"

From this terrible spectacle I was glad to withdraw, noticing, however, as I passed from the court-yard, that nearly every dervish had some awful scars and healed wounds on face, arms, and legs.

Taking our coffee in Pera one day among the Turks, the Gentleman Traveller and myself happened to be conversing about America, our own dear land, when we were approached by a young Turk, who (after making us the usual salutation on breast and forehead) demanded in excellent French if we were not Americans ! On answering in the affirmative, we learned that our interlocutor, Hassim —, was a young silk-merchant, who had been in America, and even visited our beloved city of Philadelphia some years ago with his father. He expressed himself as having a great admiration for us as a people ; he read every thing about us he could glean from books or newspapers in French, and in fine gave us an invitation to dinner at his house on the next afternoon, which we accepted on the condition that he would permit us to reciprocate his politeness in the future at our hotel. This social diplomacy happily finished, we parted company.

The next evening, near six o'clock, we took a *caïque* at Top-Hène with two pairs of oars, and, seating ourselves among the soft cushions in the bottom, gave the word for *Beschick Tash*, where lived Hassim.

After rapid rowing of half an hour, we were landed near our destination in a little street bordered with sweetmeat and fruit shops, interspersed with pleasant little gardens at the bottom of a verdant hill, which was crowned by an old tumble-down wooden palace of a former pacha. Near this great building was a neat square structure of stone that might have been taken for a European house, had it not contained the closely-barred and curiously-carved windows, indicating the locality of the harem. A low door was opened to our knock by a servant in the brightest of Oriental costumes, who, after performing the humblest of *salaams*, assisted us to doff our boots and don our slippers. He then preceded us through a large (though rather dirty) court-yard, mounted one pair of stone steps, and showed us into the *selamlik*, the men's apartment, and which is always separate from the *odalik*, the women's quarter of the house.

We found our new friend ready to receive us. We were introduced to his father, a very old man, who wore a huge green turban (for he had been to Mecca), and who occupied a corner of the divan, where he was rolling in his wrinkled hand a chaplet of sandal-wood. All the salutations in our honor were made with that excessive superficial politeness characteristic of the race, such as—

“May Allah bless you, your family, and your seed!”

“My house, my servants, my asses, my goods, are yours!”

“Command me, for I am your friend.”

“You have the bearing of a prince, and your dress is as rich as the Sultan's.”

“Allah preserve you. *Allah-Kerim!*”

All this going on amid bows and motions serious and profound, and to which we responded by the warmest *Khá, ther y racks* * (“Thanks! I am much obliged to you for the honor,” etc., etc.) our imperfect Turkish would permit. But the old merchant during these solemn speeches never quitted his place in the corner of the divan, which he rarely does for any one, except greatly above him in rank; this is a phase of Turkish etiquette.

* “*Khá ther y racks*,” or “*kháyrak*,” thanks, is, next to “backshish,” the word oftenest used to and by the traveller in the Orient.

This room was plainly furnished, nothing but the rich cushions on the divan, and the rugs of Persia on the floors; all the luxury is intended for the harem. For the odalik are reserved the soft carpets of Ispahan and the brilliant rugs of Smyrna; the divans covered with silken embroideries, tables incrustated with pearl, Venetian mirrors, and marble fountains. There are to be found the ceilings painted and decorated with marvellous arabesques, and the floors of polished woods, for there is lived the life of intimacy and secrecy which no friend nor relation can penetrate.

The silence of midnight reigns about these mysterious abodes, which enclose, doubtless, so many languors and so much weariness, and I could not help thinking sadly of all the treasures of beauty lost to the human regard, all those marvellous types of Greece, Circassia, and Africa, which vanish without having the canvas or marble to reproduce and perpetuate them. Art could, doubtless, in these solitudes, find fit legacies of beauty for the centuries. Alas, the Fornarinas here have no Raphael, the Phrynes no Praxiteles!

After all, my dear Bookworm, these thoughts will find but a feeble echo in your grave mind, immersed as you are in your scientific studies, surrounded by your crucibles, chemicals, and great dark mystical tomes in the silent study, but I am forced at each step to philosophize as well as sentimentalize; and so you will pardon me if I halt you before the shows, and keep you even waiting for a Turkish dinner while I ramble on in my own way.

But our pipes are smoked, our conventional cups of coffee finished, and the serious business of dining has commenced. The servants, after bringing us some light confectionery, which almost always precedes the dinner in Turkey, soon set before us at the side of the divan a great silver dish, which was divided in compartments by small strips of enamelled china. In each division was some different kind of meat; we could have been furnished with knives and forks *à la European*, but we asked our hosts as a favor to permit us to dine with them in their fashion, which was charming to us by its novelty. So we used our fingers, not, it is true, with great effect, for I confessed to as much hunger after

the repast as before it, but still tolerably for a first trial. We could take our choice of vegetables, herbs, mutton, and chicken on this dish, but I wiped my fingers so often on my little damask napkin, that I fear the others had more than a fair share of the choicest morsels.

After this great plate had been removed, another was brought in by a different servant, in a different dress, and I observed with what ceremony and solemnity the mere matter of eating was attended in the Orient. Here were olives served, little dishes of rice cooked in every imaginable form; this was called *doul mâ*; little aromatic balls of some sweet, paste-like composition, but rolled in all the condiments; slices of lemon in every dish, small pâtés of lamb seasoned and spread with thin coats of *hashish*.

Again was this plate removed, and an enormous copper dish, polished like gold, was brought in by still a different servant, dressed more richly than his predecessors; for by the number of their servants and the richness of their dresses is men's wealth judged here. This dish contained the choicest pastry and sweetmeats, in which cooked almonds and raisins, jellies, moulded honey, candied figs and dates formed a prominent part. Apricots, oranges, and pistachio-nuts were served afterward, and the repast finished by the universal cup of coffee, and the tender of a *chibouk*.

I confess to you that there was a sort of patriarchal charm in eating in this manner; and when, after the hands and mouth being washed, the Turks, father and son, performed their rites of worship upon a carpet at one end of the room, their seriousness and simple assertion of faith relieved the scene of all ridicule.

When the hour of departure arrived, we took leave of the father and our friend Hassim with much regret, and were overwhelmed by their kind offers of services. We found our *caïdjes* awaiting us, and we were rowed back to Top-Hène by the light of a splendid moon, the boatmen regaling us with a wild Turkish chant, which was remarkably free from the nasal whine so commonly heard in the Orient.

The first question almost that is asked a young bachelor in coming from the Orient is—"And the women?" Each one re-

sponds with a smile more or less mysterious, according to his degree of Fool in the human academy, and in a manner to make a number of good reputations for gallantry. Although it may be at some cost to my *amour propre*, I will admit that so far I have not committed the least indiscretion, and have had no adventure, romantic or amorous, to relate. I know this is no fault in your eyes, but there are many who in this age would have preferred my faithful letters about dervishes, cemeteries, and bazaars to have been spiced by secret doors opening into court-yards, where fountains played and flowers bloomed ; it would have been quite easy to have introduced the dramatic figures of a eunuch leading a blindfolded man into a splendid harem, where a dark-eyed sultana awaited him with a smile, in which lurked a sweet, voluptuous promise. I might even have varied the scene by the arrival of a furious Turkish husband, with struggles hand to hand, or a fearfully tragic sack slid into the Bosphorus. But the truth is better to be told, that a *cawas*, a *hammal*, a man of the people, who sees a Mussulman-dame talking to a stranger, or even signs of intelligence, soon raises such a fanatic crowd who are ready not only to murder the offender, but to pull down the very houses to protect the husband, father, or brother. There is no scoff here of infidelity among these most unfaithful of people, and the word *kerata* is the most deadly insult to a Mohammedan.

But it is yet true that the Turkish women go out and come in with perfect freedom ; they make trips to the Sweet Waters of Europe ; go to Hyder-Pacha in carriages, pass entire days in the baths or visiting their friends ; talk under the arcades, in the mosques, and gossip in the bazaars, with only an old negress or male slave to accompany them. Yet the marvellous intrigues of which many have read, if occurring at all, have had for actors the Armenian women, and for male participator most likely a duped Frank, to whom an isolated house, with barred windows, and a negress guide have been sufficient to make dream of a pacha's bride, and to fill his empty head with romance, which has been whispered in the ears of friends, or dribbled on good foolscap for the printer.

But the Turkish life is sealed so completely that it is not only

difficult but nearly impossible to know what passes behind the finely-trellised windows, and for this reason and the absolute government of the Turks in their houses, I can readily believe those stories of terrible cruelties and crimes committed by the barbarous masters on wives and slaves; in fact, as an active criminal agent, poison is in frequent use, and I have heard Turks talk of the *strong coffee* with a cool and terrible emphasis. Talking to a Turk of his wife or the female members of his family is to commit the most gross impoliteness, and banished from the subject of social conversation are all those polite inquiries of "How is your wife's health?" etc. In fact, the wife of one of our ambassadors, in presenting some beautiful presents to one of the pachas, which of course were intended for the lady-members of his household, used words such as "Here are the stuffs which you know better than any one how to employ!" Therefore, it is one of the incongruities of this strange people, that being the most barbarous, gross, and selfish, they yet can have their susceptibilities wounded more quickly than any other people in the world.

Besides, in this matter the Turks are consistent, and one intimate acquaintance never seeks or desires to penetrate into his friend's house beyond the *semalik*. When one *hareem* visits another, the strange slippers are placed outside of the door of the *odalik*, and the master of the house himself is prohibited from entering until the strangers have departed. Finally, I have no intention of saying that there are no crimes, intrigues, and infidelities, but they are rare, and, when discovered, terribly and quickly punished.

See what a charm there is in the perpetual carnival which circulates in the streets, when the dominoes have not even the permission to unmask. The large *hareems* only belong to the pachas, beys, viziers, and very rich persons, for they cost very dear, as each wife becoming a mother can claim her separate house and slaves. The Turks of moderate fortunes, not having more than one legitimate wife, employ one or two slaves or *odalisques* in their mansions.

It is, besides, curious to know how these people arrange their marriages. A Turk has always recourse to an old woman, whose

business it is to frequent the baths, the *hareems*, etc., where she finds a certain number of Nourmahals, Lelias, Mihri-Mahrs, and Fatimas having want of husbands, or who are more or less beautiful and—marriageable. After the descriptions of this woman, of the family, etc., the sighing swain procures bouquets (always of flowers that have a speech), drops them in the pathway of the beloved, exchanges messages, and sometimes glances of the eye, finally making demand of her from her father or proper relative, and, when the fortune is discussed and settled, marries her, with all the curious ceremonies which I shall hereafter fully describe to you.

Among other ceremonies of the marriage the bath plays a principal part, the dames and their wedding company occupying oftentimes for several successive days these luxurious and sanitary retreats, which are then the scene of entertainments of all sorts, music, dances, singing, etc.

But I cannot better describe these places which have a particular character in Turkey, than by mentioning my own experience in one of them.

Being attacked with a severe cold, accompanied with much fever and pains in my bones, I was advised as a sure remedy for all these ills to take a Turkish bath; and as this advice was more consonant with my ideas than swallowing masses of nauseous drugs, I made my way over to Stamboul to the baths of Mahmoud, situated near the bazaar. These are the largest in Constantinople.

The thermal traditions are all preserved in the Orient, though not generally regarded as much in more civilized lands. The doctrine of the monk of Grenada after the conquest, that bathing was sensual, is held in Turkey to be a heresy of the first class, and I think justly so, although decidedly these vapor-baths partake more of that character in the East than elsewhere; among a people naturally indolent, whose very religion makes it incumbent on them to bathe frequently, these vast halls become pleasure retreats in which they can indulge in the voluptuous delights of the bath, and at the same time occupy the weary time by the drinking of fragrant coffee, sipping of aromatic sherbets, smoking the

universal *chibouk*, and indulging in dreamy-idleness or gossip, in which latter respect they outvie the women.

I entered the building, which was grand with its dome, cupolas, and columns, and was soon in a large hall opening on the street. Near the door the bath-master was seated behind a great cash-box—to the first I paid the price of a bath, in a compartment of the latter I deposited all my valuables, locking the box myself and taking the key. And one word here about the dealings of Mohammedans together—I speak of the ordinary common people—they suspect each other and cheat in the most unblushing manner; therefore, they are openly and constantly taking the meanest precautions against fraud, which, in common dealings in other lands, and among people more honorable, would be quickly construed into insult.

In this hall, of a moderate temperature, two species of galleries ran all around, on which were placed beds and couches. The floors were of marble, and in the centre a large fountain was playing; around the circular basin were placed many flowers—heliotropes, sweet-basils, and many odoriferous plants—the perfume of which the Turks are very fond of. Running in every direction across the ceiling were lines on which were hung immense towels and bathing covers; these were of red, blue, and white colors, and looked not unlike that curious old banner display in the hall of the knights in Westminster Abbey. Servants, naked, except a strip around their waists, were running here and there, some throwing the towels aloft with a marvellous dexterity, others serving sherbets, coffee, and *chibouks*, to men on the little couches, who, enveloped to the chin in robes and towels, looked more like patients in a hospital than human beings in a condition of enjoyment after the bath.

I was shown by a *tellak* to a bed on the second gallery. He commenced unrobing me, wound a great towel like a turban around my head, another around my waist, and, slipping a pair of wooden pattens or clogs on my feet, led me unresistingly through the groups of languid barbarians to the first chamber of the bath. The atmosphere here was close, and a feeling of oppression took possession of me, but soon I became accustomed to this tempera-

ture, and was conducted quickly into the inner chambers. The atmosphere was stifling here, I felt as if I was suffocating; my body streamed with perspiration, and my heart thumped as if it would burst from my body. Surely, I thought, this might answer for an antechamber of the infernal regions, and he who could support this stifling vapor would be able to endure a first interview with Satan in his own dominions without fainting from the heat! But my *tellak* laid me down on the floor like a piece of humid useless humanity, and left me while he went to look after some of the other bathers. I gazed hopelessly, helplessly around me. Was not this one of Dante's circles? Imagine a great, gloomy, vaulted room, filled with a thick hot mist that rose from the marble floors, oozed from the stone walls, and dropped like reeking sweat from the domed ceiling, in whose centre was a cloudy bull's eye dimmed with moisture, that lit up with a strange light the extremities of the chamber. On the floors everywhere, in all forms and positions, as on a battle-field, lay men stretched at length; among them moved dusk figures like torturers, and where they stopped I heard bones cracking and men groaning. I could not determine at that moment if the sounds were of pleasure or of pain. Soon my *tellak* returned to me, turned me over, doubled me up, playfully ran his knees like a plane over my spine, pounded my chest, twisted my legs, cracked my fingers, and finally jerked my arms so violently, that they fairly snapped in their sockets. What horrible gymnastics! I groaned with pain, and down was I laid again helpless and limp, while another victim was put through a similar course of hygienic torture.

In a few moments more my tormentor returned; this time his hands were covered with a pair of coarse black woollen gloves. What new ordeal was I to be subjected to? He commenced at me much as I have seen women washing clothes on the River Rhone: they place them on a stone, and rub them with a vigor which seems to argue that it is a contest as to which will last the longer—the stone or the texture—and now, if there was to be a trial between the muscles of this athlete and my poor fibres, I knew, as in the case of the washerwoman, which would beat.

But I suffered, and was strong. A marvel came to be worked. Had I ever bathed before? were not all my previous ablutions mere compromises with that godliness which was so nearly allied to cleanliness? I thought so now. As this barbarian grunted over me, rubbing arms, and limbs, and chest, he peeled off masses of—I fear to say what—throwing off from me with his deft hands little strips of flesh, much in the same manner as I have seen butchers trim mutton-cutlets; and, when all was finished, he placed me under a little fountain and let the scalding liquid—which, under any other circumstances, would have boiled me like a lobster—flow gently over me: gradually the stream grew cooler and cooler, and feeling refreshed, recovered, as if I had just drunk of the waters of eternal youth, I permitted my attendant to lead me forth into the grand hall, where I sunk on my couch with a delicious sense of rest and freedom from pain; as a convalescent after fever, I experienced only a languid delight, that sort of dreamy repose which finds a vague sweetness in the air, a strange warm perfume in flowers, and a dozy pleasure in the hum of bees; in fine, that refined sense of joy which is only experienced when one walks on the border of life, and is only retained in the realms of time by a divine breath which blows from eternity!

Yes, I dreamed my dreams, I drank my iced sherbet, and went forth into Stamboul—

“As if the angels of the sky marched at my sides.”

CHAPTER VIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The famous mosques of the city—The glorious Saint Sophia and Sultan Achmet—Sights within the temples, with the riches strewn upon the tombs—Buyukdere, Belgrade, and the delicious valleys—An Idler's philosophies—Adrianople—Again on ship-board—To Egypt.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *December —, 1866.*

MY DEAR OLD BOOKWORM : Some years ago it was dangerous to penetrate into the mosques of Constantinople even with a *firman*, for the superstitions of the people were so great that mobs have even been known to attack the Christian ambassadors who had entered these holy sanctuaries of the Mohammedans ; but I am happy to say that to-day we accomplished our visit, and, although *firman*s have still to be procured and an enormous amount of *backshish* paid, a student and idler, like myself, could never think of leaving this city without having seen and studied one of its most ancient and interesting features.

We were escorted by a *cawas*, in full uniform, from the consulate, our own dragoman, "Far-away Moses," and took a caique at Galata for Stamboul.

We commenced, of course, with the Mosque of Saint Sophia, the grandest in the world. This immense structure, as you know, before being a mosque, was a Christian church, dedicated not to a saint, as its name would seem to signify, but to the divine wisdom, *Agia Sophia*, personified by the Greeks, and, according to them, mother of the three theological virtues.

When you regard, from the place which extends before Baba-Hummayoun, its back, based on the delicate carvings and sculptured inscriptions of the fountain of Achmet III., Saint Sophia

presents an incoherent mass of different constructions. The primitive plan has disappeared under an aggregation of walls which obliterates the general lines. Under the giant walls, like nests of birds, are hidden tombs, schools, baths, and shops; and above the tumult, between four heavy minarets, the great cupola rises, based on white and rosy-colored walls, and is encircled as a tiara by closely-trellised windows.

We arrived at a heavy bronze door, on one of the panels of which still remain the mutilated remnants of a Greek cross; and after passing the guards, and leaving our shoes in charge of a servant, we entered a gloomy wide-arched hall, which led to the body of the famous mosque.

At first I could have believed myself in Place Saint Mark, at Venice, and this delusion was not only confirmed by the size of this wondrous edifice, but by the colossal lines and splendid columns that rose from the marble floors, which were nearly all covered over with rich carpets. Indeed, Saint Mark may be Saint Sophia in miniature, for Venice, separated by a narrow sea from Greece, lived always in familiarity with the Orient; and their architects had, no doubt, studied to reproduce the type of the church which passed for the most rich and beautiful in the world. It had been seen in all its integrity and splendor before it had been profaned by Mohammed II., in 1453. Anthemius de Tralles and Isidore de Milet traced the plans and directed its construction. All the Pagan temples were despoiled to enrich the new church, and the cupola of Christ was supported with the columns of the Temple of Diana of Ephesus and the pillars of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra; they took from the ruins of Pergamus two enormous urns of porphyry, the lustrous waters in which were first used for baptism, then for ablutions; they tapestried the walls with golden mosaics and precious stones; and, when all was finished, Justinian was able to cry, in his joy: "Glory to God, who has judged me worthy to finish this grand work. Oh, Solomon, I have vanquished thee!"

My only feeling on entering this gigantic mosque was one of surprise mingled with awe. I had stood in St. Peter's in Rome, but its magnitude does not strike one at first sight because of its

harmonious and just proportions; besides, the glory of its statues, and the purity and splendor of its columns, had been familiar to my eyes, only in a lesser degree of majesty, richness, and beauty, in all Catholic countries; but in Saint Sophia no statues were in the niches, only in front a wondrous altar, or rather a throne, made of a sparkling metal, and on the columns painted gigantic unknown birds whose songs seemed to palpitate through cubes of gold and crystal; in cartouches of porphyry glittered the verses of the Koran and the names of the caliphs, the bright arabesques flashing with a thousand lights that poured in from the wondrous painted glass windows above them. Descending from the great dome on hoops covered with richest silk, and bright feathers of every tropical bird, was an immense chandelier, whose lights hung within ten feet of the polished floor. Above, the great dome was encircled by half-domes, all of which were scintillant with golden mosaics; below them were tribunes borne on columns of jasper, *verd-antique* marble, and porphyry, whose sculptured capitals were of a strange Corinthian order, where crosses (much defaced) and imaginary animals were interlaced with leaves and flowers.

To add to the strange effect of this barbaric temple, I had before me long lines of Mussulmen who knelt and prostrated themselves, with their faces turned toward a slab of red marble which marked the direction of Mecca. I heard the chant of the iman on the rich *nimbar* or pulpit, and he was followed by the strange, painful hymn along the line of worshippers. At the sides in the deeper shadows some closely-veiled women were performing their religious duties; near them two dirty beggars were asleep, rolled up on a mat by a pillar, and opposite to them, in front of the *nimbar*, burned the golden bars of the Sultan's tribune. In the side chapels, through which we soon passed, were great boxes of valuables and packages of all forms. On inquiry, I found that these were the precious effects of Turks who were travelling, and who deposited all their worldly goods in this place in the care of God, having no fears for its safety, and there had never been an instance where to the crime of theft that of sacrilege had been added, so the Moslems voyaged in peace. In or-

der to ascend to the upper galleries, we traversed a vaulted winding passage in the immense walls, and finally arrived at the gigantic circular space which surrounds the body of the mosque. The walls, the floors, the balustrades, were of marble, and here and there on the latter the mutilated Greek cross could be distinctly seen. Some of the golden square mosaics had fallen from the dome above, and our worthy guide, despising not the backshish I offered, sold me a dozen morsels as relics, for, although I do not belong to that class of tourists who chop off fingers, and break the noses of statues for the souvenirs of monuments I visit, still am well content to take away such mementoes as the above from a spot so celebrated, and you may be sure I shall offer them to you, dear Bookworm, when I look into your kind eyes again.

I have vainly searched for the trace of the bloody hand of Mohammed II., who penetrated on horseback into this sanctuary. The history says when the women and virgins fled near the altar, the conqueror touched the wall in token of possession, and that the bloody shape of the hand was left there, but this is simply a legend.

But as I write the last word, whose mysticism is always a charm to me, I will tell you a current story of Saint Sophia. When the doors opened under the blows of the barbaric hordes who besieged the city, an old priest was before the altar, performing a mass. At the noise made on the slabs of Justinian by the shoes of the Tartar horses and the howlings of the savage soldiery, a cry of fright went up from the faithful; the priest interrupted the holy sacrifice, took with him the sacred vases, and with a slow and solemn step walked near one of the lateral naves. The soldiers, brandishing their scimeters, rushed after him, when the holy man suddenly disappeared in the wall, which opened quickly and as quickly closed. The first thought of the foiled barbarians was a masked door or secret issue. But no; the wall was solid, compact, impenetrable. He had passed through a mass of masonry; and to this day is heard vague psalmody from that haunted spot. This is the living priest who, like Barbarossa in his cavern, murmurs in sleeping his interrupted litany. The legend ends by saying, "When Saint Sophia is rendered again to

Christian worship, the wall will open of itself, and the priest come from his retreat to finish the mass commenced four hundred years ago !”

In going from Saint Sophia I visited (always by virtue of the same *firman* and the most liberal backshish) the MOSQUE OF THE SULTAN ACHMET. This is one of the most remarkable of Constantinople, having six minarets, which give it the name in Turkish of *Alty-Minareli-Djami*. During its construction it gave place to a serious debate between the Iman of Mecca and the Sultan. The Iman cried : “ Impiety, sacrilegious pride !” and “ that no temple of Islam should equal in splendor the holy *kāāba* at Mecca !”—this latter being flanked by the same number of minarets. The works were interrupted, and the mosque would never have been finished, had not Achmet, being a man of wit, directed that the *kāāba* should have added another minaret—the seventh ; by this ingenious subterfuge he closed the mouth of the fanatic iman. It cost a fabulous sum to build, but the style of its architecture is noble and pure, and recalls the beautiful epochs of the Arab art, although it was only built in the commencement of the eighteenth century. Its high cupola rounds majestically in the midst of many half-domes, between its six glorious minarets, encircled by open balconies like bracelets. It is entered by a court enclosed by columns, with capitals black and white, and bases of bronze, which support the arcades, forming a quadruple cloister. In the midst of the court-yard rises an ornamental fountain, with complicated interlacings of arabesques and flowers, and covered with a sort of cage with gilded wires. On entering this mosque, as at Saint Sophia, I found all the arches of the lower sides filled with valuables ; packages placed there by the pious Mussulmen, under the safeguard of Allah. Around the tomb of Achmet, in the funeral chapel, were the sepulchres of his wives and favorites, on each one of which rested plies on plies of the richest cashmere shawls, jewelry of the most magnificent description, and splendid feathers and robes that had belonged to them in life. On his own tomb the most precious stuffs of India and Persia were piled, and on top of all rested his rich turban with a plume of diamonds. In a case near by sparkled an ar-

mory of sabres, *kandjars*, and daggers, whose hilts were studded with rubies, sapphires, and emeralds.

The body of the mosque is light, graceful, and beautiful. After passing the magnificent door of bronze, you are struck by four pillars, or rather towers, which bear the weight of the principal cupola; these have capitals cut in stalactites, and are encircled half-way up by inscriptions in Turkish letters; they have a majestic character, and sparkle like gems. Everywhere along the cornices and around the cupolas of the domes are verses from the Koran, and a kind of Alhambraic ornamentation that lends an admirable effect to the whole. The tomb of the mihrab who designed the splendors of Mecca, the holy book incrusting with lapis-lazuli, jasper, and agate, the black fragment of the *kāāba*, and the standard of the prophet which Mahmoud seized and waved as he announced to the people the sentence of extermination against the Janizaries, are all in this mosque.

Around the circular hall of the building many Turks were prostrating themselves in prayer, while others, seated cross-legged, were reading, in a sort of murmuring chorus, portions of the Koran, from splendid books, written in golden characters, and placed on low mahogany frames in front of them. And nothing to me demonstrated more clearly the impassible character of the Orientals than their indifference to the moving body of strangers all about them. What other sect or people on earth would calmly and fully perform their devotions while groups of curious and often impertinent strangers encircled them? I have closely observed the Catholics in all countries, the Greeks in Russia, the Quakers in America; and whether Trappist, Santon, Methodist, Copt, or Druid, unlike these phlegmatic Moslems, they need privacy for worship and prayers.

According to the fashion of the founders of these mosques, Bajezid, which we visited next in order, has his sepulchre covered with golden and silver embroideries, shawls, robes, and gems; but, with a feature worthy of Christian humility, beneath the Sultan's head is placed a petrified brick, the dust of which, from time to time, naturally is supposed to soil his garments and mingle with his body. On asking the reason of this eccentric fashion,

I was pointed to a verse in the Koran, which read: "Those who are soiled with dust in the roads of Allah, need not fear the fires of hell!"

On leaving the mosques, we had always to pass a battery of backshish-beggars in the court-yard; not only were there mendicants of the ordinary order, the halt, lame, and blind; but the fat, turbaned officials, seated on their divans, smoking their chibouks with jewelled amber mouth-pieces, clamored for presents from our dragoman; and while Far-away Moses was contesting each piastre, as a good general each inch of ground, amid the noise of the battle, we made our retreat, being joined in a few moments by our faithful ally, who generally looked flushed with fatigue, if not with victory.

December —, 1886.

I have been passing some days in the solitude of Buyukdere, with the Bosphorus and the Black Sea under my eyes; studying, reading—always from the book of Humanity, and with the rich leaves of Nature spread out before me. The days passed in delicious impressions, the nights dreamy and full of sentiment. Sometimes in Belgrade, often in a caique, wandering through the incomparable forests; on the border of Asia; at the mouth of the Euxine; or in the valley of roses situated behind the mountains. This delicious valley is watered by a little stream always full of the odor of the rose-fields through which it passes; here I have heard the bulbul sing, and felt all that idle luxury of thought induced by such an atmosphere and by such scenes. The Armenians come with their families to sit under the great plane-trees, and take their suppers beneath the leafy arches; young girls, of ravishing beauty (for these are unveiled) dance together—decent and silent pleasure that breaks not the father's *kief*. There must be a profound sympathy between the souls of these children and opulent Nature; see, their forms sway like the leaves; their laughter ripples like the stream from rosy mouths; and when they sink into repose, it is like the still evening—calm, tender, but passionless. And then the sea and sky. What colors! Is not all this delicious, dear Bookworm? Yes,

but useless, I hear you say. No, it cannot be that the capacity to receive these marvellous impressions—this intuition of beauty, is all in vain. God permits the sunlight to flood the soul sometimes, as He permits it to warm the flowers. Ah! there are many consolations with me in this terrestrial exile from you. What dry fatigues, what hopeless toils, and useless wanderings, if this sweet and serene light could not be reflected on you; if my thoughts could not echo far away to the living Occident from this dying Orient! I may watch the lines of veiled figures on the distant borders; I may pass the idle hours in delicious contemplation of the sea, the moon, the forests, and inhale the night's own calm; but is not this a harmless voluptuousness which holds even the senses in control by the soul? Nature talks in her higher tones, and is quickly comprehended and adored by those whom the world calls dreamers and poets. Save me from those wretches who cannot hear the voice of God in the numerous winds; who cannot comprehend love through bounteous Nature, and be taught all the virtues of charity by the meanest moving insect! Yes, Nature is the only model; modern painters search the romantic by system, instead of looking into her eyes for form, and grace, and color: if they gazed from their canvas for a moment, they would find all was invented before them. Here is the fruit born on the tree, and not moulded in wax and painted in false colors. Here are picturesque attitudes, energy of the passions, depth of sentiment, truth and dignity united—vigor of contrast, honor and beauty together—this is the most beautiful painting one can see in life—ever active and never fatigued. Ah! my artists, if you have not found all this, you have not searched for it, and your school will fail. There is nothing new in nature and art. All that you do, has been done. All you say, has been said. All that you dream, has been dreamed. Every century is a plagiarism of the last, for all artists or thinkers copy in different manners the immutable and eternal thought of the Creator.

— — — Later.

I have visited Adrianople, where they make the famous *attar de rose*—nothing but rose-fields. The air is heavy with perfume.

The process is simple, I am informed, in extracting this most esteemed of all essences. Rose-leaves are gathered—by tons I would almost say; they are placed in tubs or pans of water, in the hot sunlight; the oil gathers, but in scarcely-perceptible drops; these are absorbed by the careful laborers, with cotton, and afterward expressed in bulk, going through some process in the houses with which I am unacquainted. I was told how many *pounds* of rose-leaves it required to produce a single drop of the *attar*, but it seems so incredible that I will not repeat it here.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *December* —, 1866.

Now, my dear Bookworm, I am ready to turn my face toward Egypt, and these will be the last lines you will receive from me before my feet will have trodden the land of the Ptolemies and the Pharaohs. It is true I know all the nooks and corners of this great city, for one with proper industry can see many wonders in thirty days in the Orient; without doubt, this is too short a time to study the character and habits of a people, but it is enough to seize the picturesque physiognomies of cities, and I have a base for my studies which will make the learned works on the Orient intelligible to me. Life is walled in here, and the religious prejudices of the people are opposed to its comprehension by strangers. The language is impracticable, except you study it for several years, and therefore I am forced to be content with the exterior panorama. A prolonged sojourn would not have taught me more; and besides, I begin to have thirst for the more barbarous pictures—the pyramids; the Arabs on their native sands; the grand old ruins of the Nile; the passage of cataracts, and perhaps a lion-hunt in Nubia—and my imagination already plucks me by the sleeve and whispers in my ears (ever buzzing with the echoes from my busy workshop of the brain), “Holy Land! Jerusalem! Damascus! Baalbek.” Therefore I fly, well contented, from this eternal masked-ball of the streets, where the women commence to make me desperately unhappy. I have had enough of veils; I would see faces, even if they are a trifle darker, and will willingly forsake Fatima for Cleopatra. This mystery, which at first was delightful, finishes by fatiguing, and one com-

mences soon to give up all hopes of divining it. Now I walk the streets, my dear Bookworm, with a glance as steady and grave as your own, never more wasting useless sighs on the phantoms defiling before me—to-morrow I shall pace the deck of the steamer *Ferdinando Massimiliano*, and look for a last time on Constantinople with that indefinable melancholy which seizes the heart when we gaze upon a form or place that probably we shall never see again.

ON SHIPBOARD, IN FULL SEA, *December —, 1866.*

How I long for the hour when our anchors shall be cast in the port of Alexandria, for then I shall expect to receive letters from you! Ah, you know not with what a feverish anxiety I await the news from home—it seems so far away now as I sail over the deeps of this capricious sea. Yes, the Mediterranean has had her fits and storms, as usual—this is our third day out—but now she has smoothed her mirror as if she would regard her beauty reflected in the calm blue sky. We have good health; I escaped sea-sickness; the Gentleman Traveller never forgets himself so far, and as for Eugène he has not had a throe. The evening we left Constantinople was beautiful. Far-away Moses had passed our baggage through the custom-house with the customary backshish; and here let me remark, as an instance of the shortsighted political economy of the Orientals, that not only are goods subjected by law to a duty on entering port, *but also on leaving it*. Favorable to an extensive foreign trade, is it not? Our faithful dragoman had seen us on board ship, arranged our luggage in the cabins, and really, when the good fellow took leave of us, he kissed our hands, the tears were in his eyes, and we could see him waving his worn fez after us until our ship was out of sight. Peace and good fortune be with thee, “Far-away Moses!”

A young moon hung over Scutari, and the last blended colors of the setting sun mellowed the sharp points of the rocks descending from the Asian hills to the depths of the Bosphorus. We passed so near the shores, that the great mosques threw their shadows over us, and we even inhaled the balmy breath of the

flowers which covered the painted houses and kiosks crouching at their feet. Here, was a Mauresque fountain; there, great minarets, whose tops were confounded with the crests of the dark cypresses; scores of vessels were anchored under the garden walls, and the vines and trellises covered them as with a veil; the dainty calques were rocked in a cradle, with sycamore and jasmine leaves for canopies. The Chateaus of Europe and Asia, where Mohammed II. menaced for so long a time Constantinople, arose like two white phantoms among the pines, as if they would close the passage of the two seas; spread at their feet were the Turkish cemeteries, whose turbaned tops looked like the heads of skeletons beneath the moon. Ah! happy Turks, I thought, they repose always on the spot they love; in the shade of the arbors where they slept in youth; visited by the doves they nourished when living, embalmed by the flowers they planted, and though their religion of fatality does not consecrate their tombs, no other destroyer but unsparing Time can molest them in their eternal *kief*.

CHAPTER IX.

EGYPT.

The land of the Ptolemies, and our unpromising entrance therein—Backshish in high places, and the artistic amusements of the Pacha's officers—The sky of Egypt—Cleopatra's Needle—Our dragoman court, with the Traveller and Idler as judges—Our future master and his wonderful costume—Contract with Mahmoud Hassain, and a copy thereof—Our Consul-General of Egypt.

ALEXANDRIA, December —, 1866.

At last in Egypt—the land of the Pharaohs. Shall I describe to you the perils through which I passed to reach my hotel haven of safety? They seem to me now to be principally ludicrous, but, at the time, I was incensed and chagrined at the treatment, unjust and barbarous, which I received at the custom-house on landing. As our ship approached the land, which was hardly discernible from lying so low and flat on the water, we were invaded, as usual, by the class of *caïdges*, irregular dragomen, hotel runners, etc., with whom by this time we were tolerably familiar. We gave our baggage to a muscular-looking Arnaut, who, after pitching it with rather a fearful dexterity into his *caïque*, thought it his duty to pitch us in after it, and so we were seized, one after another, and turned over (literally) to a brother savage in the boat. No sooner were we seated than our ears were saluted with clamorous demands for *backshish*, which we proceeded to satisfy, with the distinct understanding that the men were to fee the customs officers, in order to pass our baggage free, as at Constantinople. Rowed quickly ashore, we had to pass through a line of howling and dirty wretches the same as in Turkey, with the exception that the skins of these men were blackened under the suns of Nubia, and that they had upon cheeks, and foreheads, and chins, frightful scars and curious tattoos, which gave them at once

a curious and savage expression. First of all, our passports were examined, then we were handed by our guide to the tender mercies of a group of tattooed wretches who, notwithstanding our expostulations, commenced to rummage through our trunks. I believe now that our rascally guide never gave the backshish to these barbarians, which had been exacted from us for that purpose. Amid a confusion common to the East, precious goods were tumbled out upon the dirty benches, and my tormentor was about to permit my trunk to pass, when he spied a looking-glass with a velvet embroidered frame, which I had purchased in the Stamboul bazaars for my darling little sister. This was dragged forth, and every black-mustached monkey was grinning at his human counterfeit in it. Signal was now given for further search, and, for the first time in my life, my private Russia-leather bag, worn over my shoulder, was opened. This was a rich mine to the fellows: a roll of napoleons was first pulled out; then came a number of unset jewels, such as turquoises (bought in Turkey), malachites (from Russia), opals and rubies (from Bohemia), all of which, in my mind, were sacred, because I intended them for presents at home, and each of them represented to me some pleasant picture, some smiling face. The cries for backshish became louder, and my precious things were passed about for appraisalment from hand to hand. I protested, but the wretches only spoke Arabic; I appealed to my dragoman, but, while pretending to translate for me, he was doubtless cursing me. I now demanded to be taken where there was an interpreter, who spoke French or English, and we moved off to an adjoining shed, in a dirty court-yard, followed by a crowd of scarred Nubians, villainous thieves, dragomen, and donkey-boys. I shall never forget this second experience. On a wide, dirty bench, strewn here and there with faded Smyrna rugs, lounged four officials, in greasy gowns and immense turbans, whose only evidence of work lay in the dirt at their feet in the shape of divers half-smoked *nargiles*. Their eyes were blue-rimmed and stolid; their faces were haggard and leaden, showing at a glance the habitual caters of hashish. These were the higher officials of the Viceroy of Egypt. Like a culprit, I marched before them. My chief dusky tormentor, with

my valuables in his hand, and the miscellaneous pack behind us. As the Nubian approached the officers, he made the servile salaams of his country, and doubtless explained the condition of things in Arabic. How think you the judge was occupied during his harangue? By all the powers of truth, *he was playing upon the bugle*, and on my honor he did not condescend to notice me nor them until he had finished his practice. Spite of my chagrin, I laughed at the figure we cut in *that* court. No interpreter yet; the jewels were examined again, and handed from one to another with a childish curiosity; heads were shaken ominously, and then the order was given to take me before the pacha (the supreme head of the bureau), for final disposal. My patience was exhausted, and I followed my grinning Nubian through dark and tortuous passages, uttering dire and terrible threats against barbarians in general and scarred-skin Nubians in particular; but, until I reached the divan of the chief of the customs, I heard the sound of *that bugle* above all the clamor of the crowd about me.

Seated on a long divan was — Pacha. He was a mild-faced, intelligent-looking Egyptian, and I did not doubt he would listen to reason. An interpreter was called who spoke French, and something like the following conversation ensued:

PACHA.—“Who are you?”

IDLER.—“An American traveller.”

PACHA.—“Where are you going?”

IDLER.—“On a voyage up the Nile.”

PACHA.—“You are not a merchant?”

IDLER.—“No. I have simply these personal valuables which I have bought in different countries for presents to my friends when I return to my own country.”

PACHA (simply).—“For backshish?”

IDLER.—“As you say, for backshish.”

PACHA (taking up each article and holding it in the light to watch the colors play).—“What is this stone?”

IDLER.—“A carbuncle.”

PACHA.—“It is a pretty stone” (“*Taïb Kâtéer*”), but I think you must pay the duties.”

IDLER.—“I will appeal to our consul first!”

PACHA.—“It is a very pretty stone.”

IDLER.—“Will your highness accept it?”

PACHA.—“Backshish?”

IDLER.—“Yes, backshish!”

Immediately there was a change.

PACHA (to his officers).—“Clear the divan of those vermin (alluding to the crowd about the door and in the room), give this gentleman a guard to his hotel that he may not be robbed on the route.—(To me) You can go free, sir!”

The officers laid their *courbaches* about the shoulders of the donkey-boys and dragomen; the Nubians delivered my goods, and, amid bows and polite salutations, I left the divan where modern Egyptian justice was so simply dispensed, and, joining my friends in the dirty street, I mounted a flea-bitten donkey, and was soon galloping (followed by my guard of honor, shouting “Backshish!”) to my hotel.

Your letters have just reached me here, after forty days of ceaseless voyaging. Yes, I am very far from home, but all the messages you convey me, dear Bookworm, are treasured in my heart. You say, “Do not forget to send me some of the *solid* information you gather in your journeyings.” Well, then, I promise you to glean from my *studies*, as well as from my fancies, and if, at times, I give you a scrap too much of history or antiquity, throw it among your waste-papers with all my sentiment and dreamings, and perhaps, after all, it will make a mixture profitable and palatable that you can prescribe for all your patients. But—Alexandria. The streets through which you pass from the sea-side are narrow and irregular, the houses appearing as if they were thrown together by chance, and they have not particularly an Oriental character, excepting here and there a Saracenic arch or a sculptured lattice. Passing through the bazaars, which are dirty, narrow, and dark, you see nothing akin to the splendors of Stamboul. Entering into the Frank quarter (and the city has been invaded by Europeans to such an extent, that its Eastern character is here entirely lost), I was surprised at the fine buildings, large squares planted with trees; splendid houses of the

consuls, with flags of every nation flying from their roofs ; civilized-looking hotels, and the general animation of the moving crowds, mostly in European dress. I might have believed myself out of Africa were it not for the long lines of heavily-laden camels marching slowly toward the port ; groups of black-skinned "runners" seated around fountains ; the graceful palm-trees growing in the open air ; and now and then some sight or sound that can only be comprehended in the glowing Orient !

Besides, there is one thing that never changes here, for it is above man—the sky of Egypt. It is constantly pure, its azure is blue, deep, and soft, like the eyes of a maiden swimming in light, when the first sweet surprise of love has awakened the soul. No lightning tears through its calm vaults ; no clouds mar its brightness—it is transparent, tender. If I make no faithful picture of it to your mind, it is because its ardent tints cannot be painted—if I convey not the poesy of its calm, it is that it is indefinable, and therefore indescribable. It would make men dream who never dreamed before ; it would plunge you into reveries from which you awaken comprehending better the Infinity. When the sun rises it gives to the sky a thousand brilliant colors, but no dashes of light, no flaming banks of clouds behind which throbs the Eternal Mystery ; only brilliant blendings of powdered gold, sparkling like dust from the highways of heaven—and when the sun sets, a rosy veil is thrown over the blue sky in the west, and softly, solemnly, the day dies out and you are enveloped in the tender twilight, as in the reverie of prayer.

The monuments of ancient Alexandria have well-nigh disappeared ; the *Pharos* and that wonderful library established by Ptolemy Soter : the former as you know was one of the Seven Wonders of the World, a sort of square light-house of white marble, which stood on a rock of the island of Pharos, and on the splendid ruins of which now arises an ordinary structure ; the latter (library) being nearly destroyed during the war of Julius Cæsar with the Alexandrians. However, for the modern sight-seer there is *Pompey's Pillar*, some old Egyptian ruins, and *Cleopatra's Needle*.

Riding past the Tombs on the outskirts of the city, I first saw that splendid shaft which is surrounded with so much mystery. Pompey's Pillar is a single column 98 feet 9 inches high, of a rosy granite, with elegant shaft and graceful capital. An Arab tradition pretends that it is the last of the four columns supporting a dome, and that it stood in a *stoa*, surrounded by 400 columns, near the Library that Omar ordered to be burnt, but it is more possible, judging by the inscriptions, that it was erected by Publius, the proconsul of Egypt, in honor of the Emperor Diocletian. There it stood, solitary in its grandeur—a monument of taste and art, amid the catacombs of the city, the miserable huts of the living, and the crumbling tombs of the dead. A crowd of Arab children, nearly blind with the ophthalmia of the land, groped about its base; a stray camel plucked the herbage here and there; old hags scrambled from their burrows to shriek backshish in the stranger's ears; the great cactus-trees grew below in the hollows of the old Gymnasium, and I was glad to leave the spot clustering with a thousand memories of the past, and marking its glory but by one single column. I soon traversed the Arab quarter to find, near the sea-side, another precious relic—*Cleopatra's Needle*.

Formerly, it was possible to write *Cleopatra's Needles*, for there were *two* of these splendid obelisks; but one was given to the English Government, and that wise system which spends millions in useless support of younger sons was yet not rich enough to afford the transport to Albion's shores of that antique: so, after having been lowered to the earth, it found a grave there, and not a vestige of it remains. The "needle" is an obelisk of rose-granite, sixty feet in height and admirably proportioned; it bears on each face three columns of characters, and was supposed to have been erected by the King Mœris. It is generally credited that these obelisks were formerly at Heliopolis, in front of the Temple of the Sun, but that Cleopatra removed them to decorate the entrance of the Temple of Cæsar in the time of her amours with the conqueror.

Near by, the antiquarian can be amused by searching the supposed tombs of the Ptolemies and of Alexander. Strabo says that the royal cemetery is here; and Leo Africanus mentions

"a small edifice standing in the midst of the mounds of Alexander, remarkable for the tomb where the body of the great prophet and king is preserved."

But, my dear Bookworm, one does not care to search these dust-beds which have been raked over by generations of antiquarians, only to find a few counterfeit Greek coins and an army of fleas already too friendly. No, after Stamboul I long for Cairo, the true type of the Orient, and I detest this mongrel city of French, English, Greeks, and Italians, who have left nothing of the East remain but its palms and roses, its camels, and original dirt. Why, even in rambling among the bazaars I find pots of French pomade alongside of Greek fezes and German pipe-bowls; and even if I dare my modest "*Temmen sayr?*" ("How much?"), the purest Arabic, I warn you, the merchant answers in the vilest manner the requisite number of shillings or francs.

One day later.

Yet at Alexandria! Shall I tell you why, after copying my hearty detestation of it from yesterday's journal? The first day here we had our antechambers filled with dragomen, all quarrelling for the honor of conducting us on the Nile. I know not how it was, but these fellows seemed to know more about our intentions of voyage than ourselves. The Gentleman Traveller never went out but what he was annoyed by them, and my courbach had to be kept in motion to save me from importunities and—vermin. However, in order to make our arrangements for our Nile voyage properly, we gave notice that, at certain hours, we would receive the propositions of these men; and therefore imagine us holding a sort of "court of inquiry," at which the judgments (to be communicated to you later) were arrived at.

We shouted "Enter!" in chorus to the first *tap, tap*, at the door. It was agreed we should cross-examine by turns. A villanous-looking Maltese was before us.

GENTLEMAN TRAVELLER, with a severe air.—"Well, sir-r-r!"

MALTESE.—"I am a very honest man, sir—"

TRAVELLER.—"One can see that by your face!"

MALTESE.—"Yes, sir, of course—I always travel with English

noblemen, sir—and here are my vouchers, sir, my certificates from Lord B——”

TRAVELLER.—“ Ah, that is no recommendation to me (reading the greasy papers). ‘*Five-pounds-ten a day, good cook, . . . Colonel Flash-hawk.*’ Let me see another. ‘*Five pounds a day for two persons, good cook, and honest as the generality of Maltese.*’—Can you read ?”

MALTESE.—“ No, sir.”

TRAVELLER.—“ Well, I don’t like your recommendations.”

IDLER.—“ Agreed—the seal of the court is on that !”

EUGÈNE (*sotto voce* behind my chair).—“ And I saw this fellow whipped yesterday in the *cadi*’s court.”

MALTESE.—“ No, no, I am an honest man.”

TRAVELLER.—“ You can go ; if we need your services, we will send for you !”

MALTESE (radiant, and bowing himself out).—“ Oh, thank you, thank you, sir.” A moment more the rascal was telling his dragomen friends below that we had engaged him and paid him a portion of the money—a *ruse* commonly practised here.

Tap, tap, again. There were some old birds not yet caught by Maltese chaff, it seemed.

This time a Nubian presented himself with low salaams. He was a very handsome fellow, decked off in all the glory of a Tunisian silk turban, flaming girdle, in which flashed a long dagger ; brilliant cashmere vest, and flowing trousers ; but his voice was too silvery sweet, and I thought I detected as much the glance of a tiger in the sleepy eyes as the purr of the cat in his voice.

“ Effendi, I am a Nubian dragoman—the best on the Nile. I have made twenty trips to Assouan.”

IDLER.—“ That is to the first cataract.”

NUBIAN.—“ Yes, effendi.”

IDLER.—“ But we wish to go to the second cataract.”

NUBIAN.—“ I was born at Wady Halfeh,” he replied, hesitatingly.

IDLER.—“ Well, that is above Aboo Simbel, is it not ?”

NUBIAN.—“ Yes, effendi.”

IDLER.—“ We wish to go there.”

NUBIAN.—“My gentlemen only go up to the first cataract.”

IDLER.—“You will not suit us. Go!”

The fellow went out quickly. He had lost his politeness, and I am sure I was right in not trusting our lives to him; there was a defiant glitter in his eyes, and the way his black hand sprung to his dagger-hilt was dangerous.*

Next was a Greek.

Of all bad faces this was the hardest: with lines carved in it by the hand of crime; little eyes that rolled furtively from side to side under heavy, bushy brows; a thick, bristling mustache, under a nose of a bird of prey; a powerful form, which his costume set off to advantage; and brown, bare, sinewy legs. His girdle was an arsenal of deadly weapons. His name “Dimitry” —*something*.

TRAVELLER (in turn).—“Well, give me your certificates, tell me all about yourself; don’t be modest, and get through as quick as possible, for I want my dinner.”

“My name is Dimitry. I am a dragoman for the Nile. I am the most honest man in Egypt. I speak English, French, Greek, Italian, Turkish, and Arabic; can sail a boat, cook a beefsteak, run like a gazelle, fight lions, whip sailors, and steal mummies.”

IDLER.—“Phew, stop, stop! The Traveller told you not to be modest!”

DIMITRY.—“I am not, *sidi*” (master).

TRAVELLER.—“Well, can you speak Nubian?”—this being, apparently, the sole point on which the voluble Greek had not touched.

DIMITRY.—“Do you go to the second cataract?”

TRAVELLER.—“Have you ever been there?”

DIMITRY.—“Not yet, *sidi*, but—”

TRAVELLER.—“Well, then, you will not do, Dimitry.” And, handing him back his certificates, we left this “*most honest man in Egypt*” to fling his petticoats out of the door without even bidding us “good-morning.”

* Eugène learned afterward that this man had killed a sailor at Wady Halfeh, and had escaped the governor of the village. This accounted for his reluctance to go into Nubia.

We were thoroughly worn out the first day with our examinations. In all of these people we found some fault—a desire to overcharge, a lack of candor, bad physiognomies, or a want of knowledge. As all the comfort of our journey depends upon the selection of a proper dragoman, we are giving it careful attention.

Second day of our Dragoman Court.

DEAR BOOKWORM: At last we have engaged our “guide, philosopher, and friend.” Let me describe him, and the way we fell into his hands. MAHMOUD HASSEIN is an Egyptian, of perhaps forty years of age, moderately tall and very fat. His eyes are dark, and twinkling with merriment—the left one having a peculiar defect of the pupil rolling up under the eyelid, which discloses too much of the white, and gives him a comical as well as a sly expression. His skin is of the color of polished copper, and he wears a little mustache carefully tended. In every movement there is a sign of childish dandyism. His face is round and jolly; his hair black and lustrous, and curls like a band around the edge of his Tunis fez. Coquetry of dress is adopted by the Orientals without distinction of sex; so I found Mahmoud (pronounced *Mock'mood*) wearing the richest costume of an Egyptian gentleman: a short embroidered jacket of worsted, arabesqued all over with silken braid, this covering a vest of a bright pattern, made of the finest linen, on which lay *two* rich and heavy gold chains crossing each other, hung with ornaments in gold and coral. Of course, in his fine cashmere girdle were *two* watches, one keeping English, the other Arabic time—there being a difference of several hours between them. His trousers, long and flowing, matched his jacket; his shoes, with turned-up toes, were made of bright-red morocco, and his fat brown hands (the fingers of which were covered with rings of diamonds and turquoises) toyed with a long Malacca cane as he came into our room to solicit employment as our dragoman. But let me give you the interview.

He closed the door carefully behind him, laughing to himself all the while, and advanced near to us as if about to communicate some great secret. He spoke in tolerable English something to this effect:

"Going up the Nile, gentlemen? I am dragoman—first dragoman of Egypt. I Arab of Cairo—not live in Alexandria; much thief-people here. My brother merchant here—very rich man—butcher. I saw you at custom-house 'mong all the thief-people—Maltese, Nubians. My heart, he told me *these my gentlemen*, for up the Nile."

"Well, that is cool!" we echoed in chorus.

"I rich man, too," he continued. "Own thousand houses in Cairo; not have to go up the Nile, like those beastly Maltese. My gentlemen never get sorry (angry) when they with me. Every thing for laughin'—only when I not go up Nile I get sorry at Cairo; my held (health) grow bad. My wife and my slave-woman he thinks bury me."

"What will you give us to eat?" we demanded.

This savage is an epicure at bottom, for his face lit up as he replied:

"Look here, gentlemen, I not poor Nubian; look at my 'stificates—'Mericans, Hinglish. My boat always full of turkeys and bigeons (pigeons), and mutton and Hinglish jam. Every palace and garden I pass—stop for fresh oranges and bandannas (bananas) for gentlemen. Always for laughin' they pull me out of bed, and I not get sorry. I knows my business. First Arab dragoman at Cairo.

We consulted his "'stificates," and found that he was highly recommended; and, being familiar with Nubia, having made many voyages to the second cataract, we concluded our engagement with him. He strode out of the room among the other dragomen, twirling his cane, and pushing the other servants aside, with the complimentary names of "dogs," "trash," "vermin," etc., so often used to decorate the Arabic tongue.*

* As our contract may be serviceable to you, or to show friends who may make this same journey, I enclose you a copy of it here:

Contract entered into between Mahmoud Haseein, dragoman of Cairo, of the one part, and a "Gentleman Traveller" and "Sentimental Idler" of the other part, this — day of December, 1866.

It is hereby agreed that the party of the first part shall furnish the parties of the second part a good *dahabéék* (large Nile boat), perfectly clean, with at least two good cabins for their especial use, complete canteen, boat furniture, bedding, and to pro-

Thus you see, my dear Bookworm, that, as far as preparations go, we are nearly ready to start for Cairo, and from thence to embark on that mysterious river whose sources, to this day, are an enigma to the scientific world.

Last day at Alexandria.

I cannot tell you the extent of our obligations to our American consul here, Mr. Charles P. Hale, of Boston. He has been our adviser and friend in those thousand affairs of which travellers and idlers are ever ignorant. He is a quiet man, of great culture, and his quaint manners and courtly address put one in mind of the gentlemen of the last century. After my experience of some of our representatives abroad in Europe, I feel quite proud

vide a liberal table, and, in fine, every requisite for a trip from Cairo to the second cataract on the Nile and back.

The said dragoman also agrees to keep the boat in good repair, with sails, oars, cordage, and sufficient spare rope to remedy accidents without causing delay. That, in addition to himself as dragoman, he provides a good cook and saloon servant, and a boat's crew which shall consist of a *râle* (captain), second *râle*, and ten men, all able and strong. He also agrees with the parties of the second part to perform the trip to the second cataract as soon as possible, making due allowance for wind and weather; that he will sail by night as well as by day, when there is sufficient wind; and, when there is no wind, he agrees to make progress by tracking by day up the river, and, on coming down, the men shall row continuously—six by day and four by night. The said dragoman also agrees that he will be responsible for the safety of the boat, and all injuries, whether in passing the cataracts, from fire, or other causes. That he will satisfy the sheiks and men at the cataracts, including all backshish in and out of the boat, hire of asses, for visiting ruins and tombs, etc. It is further agreed that the parties of the second part shall be allowed fifteen days for stoppages at the different points on the river, and that when the dahabésh is arrested for bread-bakings at the villages, or for wants of the dragoman, that such stoppage is not to be deducted from the time of the parties of the second part.

In consideration of the faithful performance of this contract in each and every particular, the parties of the second part agree to pay to the dragoman the sum of three hundred and sixty-two pounds sterling in manner following:

£300 at Cairo, before starting.

81 at Thebes, on ascending the Nile.

81 on arriving back at Cairo.

£362 total.

It is further agreed, in case of any dispute as to the fulfilment of this contract, that the matter be referred to the American consul at Alexandria, and that his decision be accepted by all parties as final.

In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands and seals.

{ SEAL.
Mahmoud
Hasseln, } DRAGOMAN.

GENTLEMAN TRAVELLER, { Parties
SENTIMENTAL IDLER, of
second part.

of our Egyptian consul. By-the-by, he has just caused the arrest of young Surratt, who is accused of complicity in the murder of our lamented President Lincoln. He is to be sent home in a sloop-of-war expected here to-morrow. Good-by, dear Book-worm. My next letters will come to you from Cairo, and, after that, as I float on the dark River Nile, there will be a long silence.

CHAPTER X.

CAIRO.

Letters from the Occident—Chronology of Ancient Egypt from Adrian to Ismaïl Pacha—An Idler's verses on the Nile—The inundation ceremonies on the opening of the Kalisch—The real condition of Modern Egypt—The park El-Uzbekééh—Lazy life, and pictures seen from a hotel window—The fatalism of Mahmoud—The hashish, *kief*, and delights of the drugged pipes of the Orient—Rites of burial, with some description of the mourners—The Evil-Eye—Serpent-eaters and serpent-charmers.

CAIRO, December —, 1866.

THOSE letters from your steady hand, my brother, and a sweet little note, all perfume and pink, from dear little sister—ah, the fragrance of that is sweeter than the balm of all the roses in the El-Uzbekééh garden, in front of which I am seated. You kindly say: "Fear not to tire me; give me the details of ancient as well as modern Egypt; record your souvenirs and inspirations of the countries you are visiting, in order to refresh and instruct me, who have not the happiness to follow you. You are not selfish, my idling brother, I well know, and I watch with eager eyes the coming of your letters, in order that I can enjoy with you the charms of your strange pilgrimage." Little perfumed pink and pretty only says, "Do not forget me!" To you, then, dear Bookworm, I answer, "For a moment I will play the pedagogue;" and to her only, "*Heart, what dost thou want?*"

The known chronology of ancient Egypt, then, dates from 2700 years before Christ. To consider the dynasties from Menes to the Ptolemies would lead me to regard those eras when flourished the Shepherds, Ethiopians, Saïtes, Persians, and Macedonians, with their hosts of kings, which, in letters of this description, would be out of place; but I think it will not be uninter-

esting, for a Bookworm like yourself, to have a table like the following for ready reference of Egyptian events :

A. D.

- 122. Visit of Adrian to Egypt ; and again in 130.
- 297. Taking of Alexandria by Diocletian.
- 325. Council of Nicæa, in the reign of Constantine.
- 379. Edict of Theodosius. Destruction of Temple of Serapis.
- 622. Conquest of Egypt by Amer (Amrou).
- 1517. Conquest by the Turks under Sultan Selim.
- 1763. Rebellion of Ali Bey.
- 1798. Invasion of Egypt by the French.
- 1801. Expelled by the English.
- 1806. Mohammed Ali made Pacha of Egypt.
- 1849. August 2. Death of Mohammed Ali.

And then succeed the reigns of the Viceroys Ibrahim Pacha, Abbas Pacha, Saïd Pacha, and the present viceroy, Ismaïl Pacha, with the principal acts of which all are familiar.

Under the Pharaohs, Egypt was the happy rival of the most grand monarchies of the world, and the stability of its laws gave it power and force. Invaded and devastated by Cambyzes, it was for one hundred and ninety-three years subject and vassal of Persia, until Alexander the Great came as the liberator. The Ptolemies, pending three centuries, made flourish the arts and commerce. Near the year 887, succeeded to the power of the caliphs the Janizaries (Turcomans), who dominated until 1250. Then came the Mamelukes, or soldier-slaves, who massacred their masters and took authority, and Selim II. permitted the reign of their twenty-four beys, exacting only a tribute from them. In 1798 the French abolished this dangerous aristocracy, and arrived at power in the land, and the world dreamed of a great European colony civilizing this beautiful and rich country ; but in two years France retired from an impossible task. In 1806 the English tried the conquest, but in the same year they retired. From that moment Egypt became the theatre of the most frightful anarchies. The Mamelukes tried to seize their ancient authority, and terrible combats took place between the chiefs sent by the Sultan, until the moment Mohammed Ali was chosen viceroy. And here let me

describe one of those terrible scenes with which the Orient is so familiar, and which discloses at once the cruelty, treachery, and barbarity of the Mohammedan mind.

On the 1st of March, 1811, Mohammed Ali invited all the Mamelukes to a dinner at the Citadel Palace; he had long feared their influence, and, since he had defeated the English, he determined to rid himself of his enemies at home, before he departed on the expedition commanded by the Sultan against the Wahaby Arabs, who were impeding the road to Mecca. All the chiefs assembled in the palace, with their retainers, in the great open court-yard which overlooks the city; the viceroy entertained them in a regal manner, and bade them farewell with smiles on his lips. No sooner were they mounted and massed together, than a signal was given to the Albanian troops, and from every crevice of the palace, from every corner of the crooked and narrow streets outside, poured a terrible and murderous fire upon the bands of Mamelukes. No quarter was given—families were given up to slaughter—and the butchery was horrible and complete. But one man (Hassim Bey) escaped, and he did so by a miracle. He pushed his horse through a shower of balls, at full speed, toward the declivity below the marble parapets of the court-yard. The animal took the leap—I looked at the spot to-day—it was a descent of fifty yards to the hard stones below—the beast was killed, but Hassim Bey, bruised and fainting, was carried off by a *fellah* and secreted until the massacre was finished. The word had been given throughout all Egypt, and that day was the bloodiest on record. Thus Mohammed Ali rid himself of his enemies.

You of course know that civilization (induced by cotton speculation) has touched this land in a slight degree: the first and only evidence, at present, being a *railroad* from Alexandria to Cairo; but *such* a railroad! battered cars on twisted bars, running over a boggy plain (on which, at this moment, in mid-winter, the verdant grain is blooming)—conductors with black skins, blue cotton shirts, faded fezes and bare legs, who shout out Arabic to you spite of your black frock-coats and Paris gloves, and harem-cars all trellised as the windows of the *odaliks*—such are a few of the comical incongruities of this Egyptian railroad. And its

management is characteristic of the East. Confusion in the baggage-rooms, with disputes to the point of battle between drago-men, Greeks, Maltese and Arabs; circles of beggars, donkey-drivers and sharpers at all the exits and entrances; detentions of trains (sometimes for hours), for some pacha, his wives, or his horses; the babel of tongues along the platforms, above all of which can be heard the shrill sharp notes of the Arab itinerants. In fine, if a way station for pandemonium had been just completed, I should have thought this to have been the opening day. On our first ride to Cairo, at a frightful rate of speed considering the condition of springless cars and elastic rails, was caught the first glimpse of the mysterious river, as it curves its way through the low green plains like a sparkling ribbon. The Nile! Do you remember the few hasty lines I sent you in a letter to my mother?

Oh, the glints of the white moonshine,
The blanched face of a winter's moon,
Is so beautiful on the Rhine;
But under the tropical line,
All the mellowest tints of June
Shine from the eyes of the moon—
O beautiful moon!

Oh, sweet the bloom on the clover,
In the youth of the red-lipped June,
When the drunken bees fall over
From the honey-warm of the clover,
All humming the drowsiest tune,
Like the slaves in the rich Fyöom—
O mournfullest tune!

Oh, glorious sparkle of stars
In lands where the pomegranate grows!
Your lances, like diamond-spars,
Leave traces as luminous scars,
And the touch of your pale hand goes
To the heart of the dark aloes—
The soul of aloes!

But oh, sun of the River Nile,
Touching your palms with henna and gold;
Making the desert, when you smile,
Opaline crucible each defile;
Wrinkling with purple every fold
Of the Bedouin's *dürnoos* fringed and old—
So stately and old.

Oh, more beautiful sun of the Nile
 Than the stars and white-faced moon,
 Glancing upon each sacred pile,
 The silent gods of the temple smile;
 And frozen lips will murmur soon,
 Songs that the Ages have set to tune,
 Set to their music in stone.

But the river flows on in the dark;
 The Nile under this beautiful sun—
 It raves where the cataracts mark,
 And sings by the shores like a lark—
 But who can say where the song begun?
 How far from the sea its black feet run,
 Who knoweth? *Not one!*

I can comprehend now, without difficulty, the reason of the veneration of the Egyptians for the Nile, rendering to it divine honors. In effect, the Nile is the creator of this land; it renders the sand prolific, and where it touches the desert valley, there springs up an oasis all sweet, nourishing, and blooming.

Amrou wrote to the Caliph Omar, in describing his conquest: "Prince of the Faithful! picture to thyself an arid desert, and a country rich and beautiful in the midst of two mountains; of which the one has the form of a sand-hill, and the other that of a camel's back. Such is Egypt; all its riches, its productions, from Isoar to Morcha (Assouan to Ghaza), come from a blessed stream, the Nile, which runs with majesty in the midst of it; and the moment of the increase and falling of its sweet waters is as regular as the course of the sun and moon. In a fixed time, all the streams of the earth come to pay to this king of the rivers the tribute which Providence has ordained. Then the Nile swells, and, flowing through the land, deposits over all its surface a fat earth which nourishes the husbandman's seed, as a mother, by her milk, her beloved child. From village to village there is only communication by little barks, as numerous as the leaves of the palm-trees. Then when the water ceases to be necessary to fertility, this docile Nile retires to the boundaries destiny has prescribed, and leaves the treasures to be gathered which she has concealed in the body of the black earth.

"After the rich crops are gathered, this prolific mother at once becomes sterile again; and thus it is, O Prince of the Faithful,

that Egypt successively offers an image of a desert arid and sandy, and of a rich plain liquid and silvery ; of fields of mud black and lustreless, and of a prairie green and verdant, blooming with flowers of every tint.

“Blessed be the name of the Creator of all these marvels !”

After Amrou’s poetical description, which is also quite just, it may not be out of place to add that, in this age, it is generally believed that the Nile’s increase is owing to the storms formed by the vapors of the Indian Ocean, pushed near Abyssinia by a south-east wind, and retained in this region by the high chain of mountains, where they fall in rain.

It is a popular belief, by those who have not travelled here, that the Nile inundates the fields like a deluge. Far from this is the truth. The inundation takes place nearly everywhere by means of irrigating canals which bear the water into the interior of the land. When the Nile is sufficiently high for inundation (which is determined by Nilometers at Rhoda and other places), the high officers of the government proceed with pomp to the opening of the *Kalisch* at Cairo. This is the canal which traverses, with many ramifications, the eastern border of the Damietta branch. The night preceding the opening day, great fêtes, public and private, take place ; the city is illuminated, artificial fires burn in the quaint and crooked streets ; the public gardens are given up to gayeties of the carnival, fire-crackers are exploded, *tom-toms* beat, and bands of Arabs travel the streets chanting their strange songs in honor of the Nile. At the side of the canal, at Bouïak (an outskirt of Cairo), all the germs, dahabééh’s, kangeh’s, and maadééh’s, large and small boats, are sparkling with a thousand lights, and gayly dressed with flags ; generally they are filled with merry companies, and they move up and down the river—dancing and music everywhere. In the morning the troops are under arms, and a cannon is pointed at the dike ; at a given signal it is discharged, and, amid the shouts and songs of the people, and the sound of barbaric music, the boiling waters are precipitated into the canal.*

* It is the custom at present, in opening, to throw pieces of money into the *Kalisch*, for which boys dive and scramble in the rushing tide ; but the ancient authors

To you, as a physician, dear Bookworm, it will not be uninteresting to know that the qualities of the Nile water are health-giving. The chemical analysis recognizes that their agreeable savor is owing to their great purity; and that they are as valuable for medicine as the *cuisine*—in fine, in the preparation of drugs they could easily replace distilled water.

The ancients, not content with rendering homage to the goodness of these waters, attributed to them further many mysterious properties—the cure of disease, sterility in women, lack of milk, etc.; and we have it, on the authority of Pliny, that “Ptolemy Philadelphus sent his daughter Berenice, wife of Antiochus, King of Syria, here, to drink exclusively of them.” And these ideas still hold good with the modern races, for it has been long the custom to have a cistern filled constantly with Nile water at Constantinople, for the use of the Sultans and their families.

So much has been written of the Orient, and so many pens have been dipped in the gold and azure that blends in the immensities of its own warm skies, that I feel it to be more than an Idler’s task to dissipate in your mind some of the vaunted beauties of the East as well as to deepen the colors in some places

have pretended that, pending the celebration of this fête, the Egyptians offered to the Nile, in sacrifice, a youth and maiden adorned with flowers, but this probably is a fiction growing out of the still-prevailing practice of throwing into the water a species of human form crowned with blossoms. An Arab historian, Mustany, however, recounts that, the year Amrou made the conquest of Egypt, the Nile did not increase at its accustomed season; the chiefs of the people prayed the conqueror to permit them, according to the antique usage, to throw a young girl adorned with rich vestments into the stream. The Mohammedan general opposed this, but the three months following the summer solstice went by without more signs of the Nile’s increase, and the alarmed and superstitious Egyptians made their prayers anew. Amrou wrote to the caliph his master for instructions, and in response received a note which enclosed another containing these lines:

“Oh, Amrou, I approve your conduct and the firmness which you have shown; the Mohammedan law should abolish barbarous customs. When you read this, throw into the stream the note which it encloses.”

The Nile note contained these words:

“In the name of God merciful! The Lord who blesses Mohammed and his family!

“Abd-Allah Omar, son of Khettab, Prince of the Faithful, to the Nile, greeting:

“If it is by virtue of thyself that thou runnest through our land to bless it, suspend thy courses; but if it is by the will of the all-powerful God that thou enrichest our soil, we pray thee to continue thy benefits. Peace be with the Prophet! Salutation and benediction for his family.”

According to Mustany, the waters flowed, and prosperity once more blessed Egypt.

where the word-painters have only touched with their pencils—the most unpractised of which, however, are better than my own.

Many travellers arrive on the borders of the Nile, at this day, with preconceived ideas of European advantages of travel, while others have as fixed sentiments of the utter savageness and barbarity of the country. While the former class are always wrong, the latter are almost equally so, for, excepting one penetrates into Upper Egypt or Nubia, there is almost always a certain consular or law protection. But they are nearest right who believe that they enter a land at once barren and rich—a desert and a garden, the original barbarous ideas of whose people have been softened by the touch of civilization's hand; where the rich are powerful chiefs, and the poor are miserable slaves; whose monuments of an unparalleled grandeur rise from the centre of mud villages, where Justice hangs a *fellah* * for theft, and holds out her hand to receive a sheik's bribe for murder. In effect, those who expect a complete mixture of human depravity and wretchedness mingled with human luxury and power—skies admirably pure, and an air of perfect balm, serene starry nights, which only forewarn of frightful *khamisans* (graveyards in cities), and all surrounded by the vast and solemn desert, are those who will not be disappointed or mistaken.

I have heard complaints that the land of the pyramids, the sphinxes, and obelisks, presented none of those piquant joys which render travel in Europe so delightful: but I have lingered in green and laughing Rhineland; traversed the immense forests in Russia; viewed the enchanting Como and Maggiore, those beautiful lakes which lie in the heart of Italy, as mirrors only to reflect her warm beauty—yet, to me, nothing can equal this prolific land, lost in an ocean of sterile solitudes. The monuments of Egypt stand alone in their majesty for grandeur, beauty, and immensity, and the souvenirs they recall talk to the heart and the intelligence of man. These villages are mud, these infants naked and blind; but the Bedouin leads his band across the desert trackless as the sea, and masculine physical beauty here is perfected in the enemies of civilization—impressions multiply and

* *Fellah*, common Egyptian laborer.

new sentiments are born, all the strange physiognomies are in voluntarily printed on the mind, even in a sweet confusion which adds to their charm. Yet there is no language to express such ideas; they have a birth—they do not die, but keep revolving until, I think, speech is unloosened, and made more rich, more glorious, by death.

Here we are, at Sheppard's Hotel, in Cairo (which looks upon the park *El-Uzbekééh*). This is a great square building, in front of which is a large, graceful portico, always filled with crowds of India travellers, *howadjis*, and dragomen. Before the hotel stand at least fifty asses, caparisoned gayly, with attendant Arab boys, who, at the first attempt of a stranger to leave the portals of Sheppard's, charge upon him simultaneously (asses well in hand), in front and flank, until he either beats an ignominious retreat or mounts a donkey. The howadjis generally do the latter, to save their lives.

The park, on which my window fronts, is an extensive square, filled with magnificent trees, gums, palms, figs, and vines. Formerly it was flooded by the inundation, but now a canal has been cut around it, and splendid trees line its banks, beneath the shade of which are ranged modern-looking carriages for hire; but, following the incongruity of this country, mounted on the boxes, are Nubian and Egyptian coachmen, with turbaned heads, bare legs, and a unique garment of white or blue cotton. The men look as much out of place in those modern vehicles as they would in the lord mayor's coach in front of Guildhall. At the side of our hotel is the palace of the late Mohammed Bey Defterdar, and in the very garden on which I gaze the unfortunate General Kleber was assassinated.

Nothing can be more picturesque than the stream of life constantly pouring into and past this hotel. At the entrance, fair-haired German girls mingle with dark-browed Italians; rosy-faced young Englishmen walk by the side of yellow nabobs, who have let their best blood dry under the suns of India. Bright American girls, graceful and ever the most beautiful of all foreigners, chat gayly with their nervous male neighbors and

compatriots. All the travellers wear light clothing (for it is extremely warm here), and hats covered with white linen havelocks, which gracefully fall over their shoulders. Around this a blue veil is folded as a band, so that when one ventures on the desert or out among the caliphs' tombs (where the sunlight almost blinds you, reflected from the bright sand), it can be thrown over the eyes and face. On all sides the dragomen, gayly dressed, escort their companies to and fro, dispute with their brethren, or sit cross-legged under the shade of the trees, smoking their nargiles. Long lines of camels are constantly passing, laden with goods, or having the silent, impassive-looking Bedouins upon their backs. Now and then gay carriages dash by, filled with veiled women, with Nubian drivers and two or more "runners" ahead of them, according to the quality and riches of the occupants. The men wave their almond-wood staves, and shout to the passers-by their warning, "*Emseëh, mafish!*" and then disappear as quickly as they came.

Add to this scene the little cavalcades of magnates, on splendid Arab horses, and followed by eunuchs and slaves; the troops of beggars; the performances of necromancers, serpent-charmers, and monkey exhibitors, and the confusion among the Arab boys who hire the donkeys, and you will have a slight idea of the sight at this moment before my eyes and the sounds so *bizarre* in my ears.

For me nothing is more delightful than to sit lazily here, before the open window, in December's latter days, and watch this panorama of strange life; and there is besides such a charm in the balmy air perfumed with a thousand flowers, in the singing of the strange birds, and the sight of the luxuriant plants of the tropics, that I enjoy all with a sort of ease that is voluptuous; but a Sentimental Idler, who is at the same time an Oriental Traveller, soon finds that he must toil as well as dream: so I resign myself from time to time to Mahmoud Hasein to visit mosques, dervishes, serpent-charmers, magicians, and bazaars, for amusement, and the borders of the Nile for business, to hire a dahabéëh for our journey. Thus, for the present, dear Bookworm, I shall jot down for you my experiences in an irregular manner, leaving all

dates (excepting the excellent ones I am eating at this moment) out of the question, until we are fairly embarked on the sacred River Nile.

I begin to believe that Mahmoud really did not make use of Oriental exaggeration when he proclaimed to us at Alexandria that he was the "first dragoman of Cairo." To see this grand seignor strut about amongst his fellows, flourishing his dainty Malacca cane, twisting the points of his mustache fairly out by the roots, rolling up his defective eye until the pupil is lost to sight, and flourishing his purse around to the wonder of the donkey-boys, would fairly make you laugh; but this man is a good type of the race of dragomen—a sort of philosopher, too. Every action is for effect, and, in a land where riches are only measured by the quality of a cashmere sash or the number of servants one employs, it is not wonderful that this fellow makes bombast pass current as veritable capital. No sooner were we installed at Sheppard's than we were waited on by our intended boat-servant, Hasseyn, a lithe, handsome young Egyptian of twenty-five. After making us the most profound *salaams*, he took the hand of Mahmoud, graciously extended to him, and pressed it successively to his breast, lips, and forehead, in sign of respect, love, and obedience. Hasseyn seems to be a docile sort of animal enough, but it is amusing to see the airs Mahmoud gives himself while directing the servant in our presence. It seems to be the droll and petty authority of a child, and I promise myself much entertainment in watching the little comedy during our journey.

Something like the following conversation took place this morning between the Gentleman Traveller and Mahmoud:

TRAVELLER.—"Mahmoud, when will you be ready to sail?"

DRAGOMAN.—"When Allah be willing!"

TRAVELLER.—"Can you form no idea of the time?"

DRAGOMAN.—"Allah knows. When my God pleases, He let Mahmoud sail."

TRAVELLER.—"But each day we stay here, after January 1st, will be an expense to you."

DRAGOMAN (who seemed to be struck for the first time with this idea).—"Well, my God, He gives no wind. How you sail with no wind?"

TRAVELLER.—"But you can hasten your preparations and purchases, make certain choice of the dahabééh, so that we can be all ready when the wind comes."

DRAGOMAN (philosophically).—My God very good to Mahmoud. I have always good heart (good luck). When I be ready, the wind he comes; and we go more fast than race-horse."

I mention this conversation to show you what I have long since proved among the Mussulmen of all countries—that they have no idea of time or its value, and I aver that they are equally ignorant of space and quantity.

Mahmoud will go when Allah wills; he will come when Allah ordains; and his philosophy is proof against all assaults of fate. When an annoyance arrives, he smokes—when he smokes, he plays at draughts in front of some café—and when he plays at draughts he goes to sleep.

The sleep for the Mussulmen is the second life—if it is not the first. When they are awake they rarely think; when they sleep they often dream; and to dream is the great occupation of the Orient, the grand preoccupation. See Pharaoh's dream explained by Joseph; see all the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides—dreams everywhere. For this they have discovered (I had almost said invented) the *hashish*, the *kief*, and the *caq*—that is to say, the means of dreaming awake. The hashish known in Europe and America—the hashish of *Monte Christo*—is made from the leaves of hemp, but that of the Arabs, although having a base of the same plant, is a sort of confectionary or paste, less strong for eating, or made of the dried powdered leaves, which they mix with their tobacco for smoking. From this comes the *kief*. The *caq* is the leaf of a bush similar to that which produces the tea; the leaf is mashed, and produces the same condition, though in a less powerful degree, as the hashish.

Speaking incidentally of these drugs, leads me naturally to consider the cafés of Cairo. They are everywhere: around the gardens of El-Uzbekééh, in the French bazaars of the

Mousky, and in the dark and tortuous streets of the exclusive Mussulman quarters. If I wish to be informed of the life and manners of the people in any European capital, I go to a café; then how much more important to idle in these places in the Orient, where the real habits of a curious people can be studied as in an open book! My first experience was in front of the El-Uzbekééh, where dragomen, slaves, Europeans, and Bedouins congregated in picturesque crowds. A strange mixture here of barbarity and civilization. Imagine a French billiard-table in a corner of a long, low room, almost hidden by men sitting cross-legged and smoking *hookahs*, coffee served in cups of French china to dusky-skinned Arabs, whose camels kneel before the door; and, stranger than all, a band of music (Heaven save the mark!) stationed under the trees, the savage blasts of their instruments reversing all the ideas of harmony I ever received. A few howadjis rolled their cigarettes by my side; a Frenchman (probably a merchant here) was quarrelling with an Arab; dragomen were playing draughts, and gambling for piastres in little groups; naked children with tight cord drawn around their puffy little stomachs, and eyes half-closed with ophthalmia and covered with swarms of flies, cried, "*Backshish! backshish!*" meagre beggars laid in the sun, and held out their withered hands for alms; donkeys dashed by at full run, ridden by young girls or long-legged strangers, followed by Arab boys, whose sole business in life it was to shout "*Emseéh*," and goad the animals to the highest speed; while our dragoman orders coffee, and, as it is being served, the *hookah* passes around from mouth to mouth with a gravity which nothing can disturb. In this *hookah* (the bowl of which is made of cocoa-nut) we smoke the delicious tobacco called *tumbac*, which comes from Persia. As a mark of consideration, we were passed the pipe, and after us it was given to the others, at whose curious avarice I could not help smiling. Some guarded the smoke in their stomach for a time more or less long, and took wonderfully long draws, while others, sucking it in, rendered it after awhile in wondrous clouds by the nose. Decidedly the *tumbac* is delightful. It is a product of Shiraz, where also grows a famous wine. It arrives rolled in balls, and, being

pounded, produces a coarse, broken leaf. This is placed in the hands, and water poured upon it; then wrung out according to the degree of strength required for smoking, and put in the pipe-bowl (*schoukouf*) wet; on this is placed a piece of live charcoal, which lights the pipe and rests upon the tobacco until it is smoked. Nowhere is the *caste* of the Orient more marked than at the cafés; the rich not only have their *hookahs* brought by slaves, who carry them after them wherever they go, but they also have a mat or rug of Persia, on which they are seated. On the right hand is generally worn, by the upper classes, an elegant ring of gold, in which is set a stone, with their name carved upon it. This is almost absolutely necessary, in order to seal contracts, as the generality of these people neither know how to read nor write.

Having spoken of the coffee, hashish, and pipe, I must not forget to note another habit of these people—the drinking of *araki*. This is a species of oily anisette, very alcoholic and injurious, whose aromatic odor is the delight of the Egyptians, who drink it to excess—its opal color and agreeable taste seeming to ravish their eyes, as well as to delight their stomachs. This *araki*, drunk to excess, becomes a mortal poison, and I am sorry to see to-day the Europeans imbibe it with an avidity equal to the Arabs.

But even while these sights and sounds were amusing me greatly, I heard from a low house, in a small street, alongside of the café, the most piercing howls and shrieks. Feeling sensible that there was trouble of no ordinary kind, I started up to search the cause of all this distress, when Mahmoud detained me by a touch of the hand.

“What is it?” I demanded.

He replied calmly, pressing great clouds from his hookah: “Only the *neddabehs*!”

“And what are they?”

“Howlers for the dead,” he replied. “Will you go with me to see them?”

In a moment our party were in a little chamber, dark, damp, dirty, with earth for the floor, and twisted palm-branches for the

ceiling. In the centre was the corpse of an old woman, covered over with a long sheet of blue cotton of doubtful cleanliness, and around the body were seated men and women who were uttering the most piercing cries; some of the men, half-naked, and of a savage appearance (rendered still more positively so by our intrusion), beat tom-toms and tambourines, and joined the women in cries of despair. Not willing to push our curiosity too far, we soon retired, with feelings of sadness, which even the ludicrous features of this scene could not entirely efface.

From Mahmoud, my own experience and studies, I have since been able to gather some information of the ideas and practices of the Egyptians in regard to their dead, and I will recount them to you here, if only you can be brought to pardon my rambling style.

Notwithstanding the warnings of physicians, the Mohammedans are never willing to believe that a man is dying until—so to speak—he is dead. Generally, those dangerously ill show the most pious resignation.

“There is no God but God,” they say. “We came from Him, we return to Him.” When they have yet strength, they perform their ablutions as before their prayers, in order to go into Allah’s presence in a state of complete purity—and before they expire they are turned with face Mecca-ward. When the last sigh has been rendered, the friends and relatives, who have, until then, maintained a stoical calm, manifest their sorrow by the most violent and piercing cries—the men beat the ground with their feet, the women pull out their hair and join in a savage *in-harmony* called by the Arabs *oueloueleh*. The exclamations and funeral chants are varied according to relationship of the dead to the mourners. If a father dies, his wives and children commonly cry :

“O, my master, my dromedary ! O thou who nourished us and sustained our existence. O, my lion ! O, base of our house, why hast thou abandoned us ?”

The *neddabehs* join in these shouts, beating their tambourines, and reciting the virtues and qualities of the deceased in the most exaggerated manner.

The Orientals have no fixed laws in regard to the time of burial—oftentimes the body is inhumed an hour after death; this is often rendered necessary to prevent putrefaction and disease in so warm a climate. As soon as possible after the death, the *moughasils* are called—these are men, or women, whose business it is to wash the dead. The body is always taken to the mosque head first, while, by law, the bodies of Christians are obliged to be taken feet first. The body is preceded by a line of blind men (and this corps is not difficult to form in a land where ophthalmia is the prevailing disease), who solemnly sing the sad formula of the Mussulman faith:

“*Lâ ilah Allah!*” “*Mohammed reçoit Allah!*” “There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!”

After them come the weepers, in vestments of long blue cotton and white veils; then the men who bear the bier on their shoulders; and, finally, the miscellaneous crowd, always at hand in the East, of dervishes, sheiks of the mosques, naked children, beggars, etc. The Egyptian cemeteries are ordinarily situated in the sandy places outside of the cities and bordering the great desert plains; sometimes, however, a solitary sycamore waves over a tomb, or some flowers, cultivated by a friend or relative, trail over the bones of the dead, but these are rare exceptions. In times of war and epidemics, the Mussulmen fly with their dead as with their living, and you can imagine the frightful horror of this custom, which often scatters the seeds of the pest, as the winds of the *kamsin* the sands of the desert.

As for mourning apparel, they tint the arms with henna or indigo, and do not wash as long as the color remains; the women leave their hair in disorder—and between us, and not to make a jest of a serious subject, dear Bookworm, the dames seemed to me to be in continual mourning. At the death of the master of the house, they turn upside down the carpets, mats, and coverings of the divan. To continue my information in regard to habits and ideas which have always seemed to me to be as interesting as they were little comprehended, I will mention in this place some of the

SUPERSTITIONS OF THE EGYPTIANS.

Their belief in good and bad spirits is universal and curious. First in the *djinns*: they think they form an intermediate race between angels and men; that they were created before Adam, born of the fire, and live for ages. They have power over the elements, they take many forms of men, animals, and monsters, and become invisible at will. They live in the mountains of *Ckaf*, which (according to the ignorant) encircle the whole earth, which latter is a grand place. They are of two kinds, good and bad *djinns*. They reverence the one and fear the other. I have often seen them muttering, when they lit the fire, spilt water or salt, or stumbled in walking: then they are praying to the *djinns*. They believe that they inhabit ruins, baths, and wells. Each quarter in Cairo is believed to be presided over by these *genii* in the form of serpents, and a Mussulman thinks as soon of changing his "quarter" as his country. The bad spirits are named *efrits*, and are always supposed to sit on the tops of the harem windows and roofs, to throw stones and bricks on the heads of the passers-by. During the months of Ramazan, or the Holy Fasts of the Mussulmen, Allah imprisons these *efrits*, and prevents them from doing harm—shooting stars are darts which Allah lances at the *efrits*, and the fugitive meteors are always hailed by the Egyptians with some such expression as "May Allah pierce the enemy of our faith!"

Although the Koran has not especially established the worship of saints, the Egyptians have many which they have fairly consecrated—and, although they are not bound to venerate them after death, during their lives they are the object of the respect and charity of the masses.

The *fools* are especially the *santons*. A Mussulman will tell you that "their minds are in Paradise; only the gross parts of their beings are mixed with life and human miseries." All is permitted to this curious species of idiot-saints. They group themselves together at the corners of the streets, and in the bazaars, are frequently entirely naked; they violate all religious

precepts ; they permit to their bodies all the brutal caprices and material passions ; but they seem to offend no one, "for," say the Egyptians, "their souls are too much absorbed in the contemplation of Allah, that they can be occupied with the actions of their bodies in this terrestrial sphere." It may be so, yet I confess to you I have been tempted by these santons to try the effect of a good caning over their naked backs, to see if I could not arouse their slumbering souls to a knowledge of the absurd and gross actions of their bodies.

To my mind more knaves than fools, these *ouelys* (favored of Heaven) each affect an idiocy different. Some move their heads in different directions, and mumble without cessation the same prayers ; others make grotesque grimaces, and speak not at all. I call these the wise fools, and the only ones I can endure. Then there are the dancers and singers, those who eat every thing and those who eat nothing ; those who never sleep, and those who are sleeping always ; those whose heads are combed, but, I judge, never those whose hands are washed. They perform miracles, and have a chief called *kouth*, who holds the preference at Mecca, and whose soul, from the roof of the holy *Caäba*, cries forth at midnight.

These people believe in the EVIL EYE (*Nazar*). They see envy in all admiration expressed in a lively manner, and especially are afraid of the steady regard of a stranger or foreigner. They, on this account, are very sober in their expressions of admiration toward one another. Never do they say, "That is handsome," or "This is beautiful," without adding, "*Machallah*" (will of God). If a Mussulman fears the evil eye has been thrown upon him, he says quickly, "Blessed be the Prophet !" If the response is quick, "Allah blesses him"—there is nothing to fear. It is this dread which has caused the use of *charms* to be so universal. These *hejabs* are little sacks made of leather, and usually worn over the breast, or on the left side, either under or over the clothing. I scarcely see an Egyptian of high or low degree who does not wear one. These amulets contain sometimes a passage from the Koran, or the ninety-nine names of the Prophet ; sometimes a mixture of precious gums prepared during the first ten days of the

month of *Moharrem* ; this talisman is called *melyah moubarakeh*. They have also their days happy and unhappy. Sunday is unfortunate ; Monday (*El-Fadileh*) is consecrated to the marriages ; Tuesday, *day of blood* ; Wednesday, indifferent ; Thursday (*El-Moubarac*) is blessed ; Friday is the most sacred, and the Sabbath of the Mohammedans ; Saturday, the most unlucky day of the week.

If their infants are beautiful, they permit them to remain unwashed and unkempt, for fear of the evil eye ; and I have seen many a poor child lying in a dust-hole, with its little body covered with fleas and flies, whose eyes could have been cured of the growing blindness, and its body of disease, if only some careful hand had been able to apply those wondrous medicines known as soap and water.

As all superstitious people, the Egyptians hold great faith in *Divinations*. When they would resolve some doubt, they search a species of Pythagorean table called *zairgeh* ; this is in a hundred little squares, in each one of which is found a written Arab letter. Then they read the first chapter of the Koran (providing they can read at all), and the fifty-eighth verse of the sixth, as follows :

“ In Him are the keys of all things. No one knows but Him. Every thing on the earth and in the sea ; there falls not a leaf without His knowledge ; there is nothing in the bowels of the earth, no green thing, nor dry thing, nor grain of sand, that He does not know.”

Then the finger is placed on the table without looking, and the letter is noticed on which the finger falls, and following, alternating, according to the rules, all those which are found in the same vertical column, characters are found supposed to give the desired counsel. Those who make the *zairgeh*s dispose their letters in a manner to give four negative responses to one affirmative. So you perceive that the simple-minded old lady, who opens her Bible in America by chance, to receive divine counsel, has not an original idea by any means.

It will not surprise you, therefore, to find that astrology has its firm adherents. It may even be said that this is the land of

its birth, and Bulwer was not far wrong when he increased the mystery of the character of Arbaces (in the "Last Days of Pompeii") by adding THE EGYPTIAN. It must be confessed, however, that their sorceries are very puerile, when viewed alongside of the marvels I have myself witnessed in other lands, wrought by the aid of magnetism. M. W. Lane, in his "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," describes his interview with a magician here, Sheik Abd-el-Kâder, and expresses much faith in his performances; but this sorcerer's calling up visions of the dead in mirrors of ink has since become so ridiculous, and environed by so much apparent knavery, that, *as a sight*, travellers now no longer seek him. The star-readers have more credence, and I have been told of some wonderful revelations by the astrologers to strangers; yet, up to this moment, I have had no personal experience to record; and, even as you read these lines, I see you smile, to think of me seriously contemplating these picturesque Arabs, who are drawing horoscopes around me; determining favorable periods for enterprises, and divining fates from the signs of the zodiac. Yet, after all, our past, present, and future, may be traced in the sands, the marks of which a breath might alter or destroy. One more of the simple beliefs of the Arabs is, that the Philosopher's stone can be discovered by any of them who can pass seven days and seven nights without sleeping. But they are such a sleepy race!

Now I must describe to you, as I sit in front of my café, among all the wonders of the street scenes, the *serpent-charmers*, whom I have seen to-day for the first time.

As there are Bohemians in every land, so this class of mysterious vagabonds have their representatives on the borders of the Nile. These wanderers in Egypt form a class apart, and those who performed their marvels before me were the Amazirgues of Morocco. The type of their physiognomies was distinct, and they were blacker than the Arabs, who surrounded them on every side. They spoke in the language of their country, which is sharper and more guttural than the Arabic; and, although Moslems by name, they are not supposed to practise the faith of Islam. They wander from city to city, village to village, in fami-

lies and troops. The men are jugglers, serpent-eaters, and serpent-charmers; the women, dancers and singers. The former are naked, with the exception of a thick girdle twisted around loins and thighs; the latter wear over the shoulders a gazelle or goat-skin, which contains amulets, talismans, medicines, and serpents, and these strange women are constantly chanting the virtues of their remedies, the value of their secrets, and the small price at which they are willing to sell their marvellous treasures.

In commencing their exercises, the men commenced to play their *aynals* and *tébels* (the first a sort of rude bag-pipe, the latter tambourine), and made rapid turns, like the dervishes of Constantinople; the women accompanying by the low, strange chants of their country. After a short time, one of the men put his hand into a sack and drew forth—a *cobra de rapello*!

“*Buska ! buska !*” cried the Arabs in fright, and they leaped back from this most dangerous of all reptiles, the terror of travellers in India, Africa, or South America. The moment the serpent saw the light of day, his thin tail, that glanced like a curving blade of fine steel in the sunlight, struck the ground angrily; the dangerous head was elevated, and the jaws (from which darted the forked, poisonous tongue), a moment before round, flattened out like an expanded leaf.

The crowd drew back in fear, while the reptile darted at the arms and legs of the charmer, who danced before it, dodging it dexterously, all the time singing in a sort of caressing tone, which seemed to increase the rapidity of the cobra’s movements. At each dart of the serpent’s tongue it would *almost* touch the flesh of the Moor; but, as if it was thrown back by some repellant, electric force, it would abstain from stinging, and retire an instant, only to renew the attack with a more lively fury.

There was something horribly fascinating in the sight! But now the charmers increased the number of their serpents; one after another was taken out of their bags, until *four* were writhing, darting, and spinning in a circle about them. All the time the principal *psylle* (leader of the enchanter) was increasing the excitement of the song, and his companions were beating their *tébels* with a sort of frantic energy.

"*Sidna Aïser !*" cried the man.

"*Sidna Aïser ! Sidna Aïser !*" echoed the women. And the Arabs around, who seemed to understand the meaning of the words of incantation, joined in a sort of monotone the chorus of "*Sidna Aïser !*"

Later I learned the meaning of the words. These were the names of the religious founder of the sect of *Aïsaouas*, the charmers of serpents, eaters of scorpions, and drinkers of fire. "Agreeable professions," I hear you say. *Sidna Aïser* must not be confounded with *Sidna-Aïca*, which is the name the Mohammedans give to Jesus Christ. Two centuries ago the former sage lived. He was an apostle, who was followed by a great multitude, and, flying from the cities, took to the desert. His army of believers were hungry. Unlike God, who rained manna for His followers, this saint could neither multiply bread or fish, and his devout army cried, "*Esh kî'sra !*" (bread). *Sidna-Aïser* responded, probably, with more impatience than faith, "*Koûlsim !*" ("Eat poison !")

The crowd took his words literally. His disciples devoured the serpents without harm—with a faith that would surely remove mountains. The legend continues, that the descendants of these people can eat with impunity the most terrible reptiles, and that their bites are harmless to them.

Meanwhile, as I recite this bit of legend to you, never vouching for its truth, however, these terrible *Aïsaouas* continue their exhibitions.

A cobra has touched the arm of one of the charmers with his deadly fang, and the blood runs from the wound. This becomes a frightful exhibition. The man dances more frantically, wipes the blood from the arm, and applies his lips to the puncture, and in a moment more the blood has ceased to flow, and no pain apparently follows a wound which, to others, would be mortal. The performance changes. One takes a small flute, rudely made of reed, and blows on it a soothing air ; the songs of the women become nothing more now than a sort of sad murmuring, always in time, however, and accompanied now and then by the ring of the *tébels*. The serpents seem to be completely in the power of

this music ; they try at first to strike the charmers, but soon fall back powerless ; they lift their heads and balance themselves right and left, keeping time to the measure of the music ; their eyes emit a strange fire, their forked tongues dart from their flat heads, but they rock like automatons in one place, and wave like the batons of musical leaders. Then, from a small basket filled with green leaves, the psyllé took one of the most venomous serpents of the desert, the *lefâas*, which he laid upon the ground. The reptile followed, from time to time, the measure of the music ; but, all at once, as the dancer approached, it darted like lightning upon him. This time the charmer caught it in his *haïck*, and, the moment after, he showed to the crowd *the garment impregnated with the poison*. From this moment I put aside my idea that the venom was extracted from the bags in the mouth before these charmers commence their exhibitions, and the only rational explanation of their immunity is, that they know some antidotal plant with which they anoint themselves and their wounds, the secret of which they have kept with a fidelity which *our* civilization would be incapable of.

Alexander Dumas says, curiously enough, in one of his works, that he believes these serpent charmers and eaters to be apportioned in animal fractions—a fraction of lion, a fraction of panther, a fraction of camel, a fraction of dog, cat, sheep, and—hog : a sort of ladder of masonry—the lion being the top round, the hog the lowest. And he makes the curious addition, that “each fraction is obliged not only to imitate as much as possible, in human nature, the gestures and language of the animal to which it belongs, but again to be nourished with the same aliments. The lions and panthers eat raw meat ; the camels, cactus-leaves ; the dogs, that which nourishes man ; the cats, rats and mice ; the sheep, grass ; and the hogs, offal.” And, from a short study of these people, I should add, that indeed they fulfil many of the conditions set forth in the curious theory of the author of “Monte Christo ;” yet I give it to you decidedly without an Idler’s indorsement.

You will naturally ask me if I have seen these people *eat* serpents. I reply no. Yet I could have gained the experience for

a small sum, for the chief of the psylls held up a *cobra* before me, and offered, through my dragoman Mahmoud, to eat it for the insignificant amount of *five shillings* English. I declined to invest the one quarter of a sovereign, for a very sentimental reason—the hands of my watch pointed to my dinner-hour.

CAIRO, December —, 1867.

I went with a company this morning to see these Aïsaouas charm serpents from a house where many were secreted; but, as their performances smacked of charlatanry, I will give you, in place of my experience, the more charming history of one whom I have found a piquant and delightful companion since I have come into “Happy Arabia”—Hadji Abd-el-Hamid Bey. His narration is as follows:

“The Aïsaouas are the hunters not only of large serpents, but of scorpions. As they make great use of them in their exercises, they are obliged to recruit their forces often. Always in the night they commence their strange chase. You can see each night in the villages, where these people live, bands of men, who seek their prey by means of long rods, on the top of which torches are burning. With these torches they illuminate the mud walls, and the scorpions fall from their secret places. Once fallen, the hands are presented, and, without fear, the reptiles are placed in safe places, ready to be eaten before curious audiences. Without doubt, by a process well known to the sect, their fangs are extracted, and after this they are placed quietly on the tongue, and swallowed with as little effort as a pill. The Thugs of India are nearly all serpent-hunters, and I have often thought that all these men were the modern *Assassins*, and that their grand-master is the successor of the Old Man of the Mountain. I am sure that in Tunis there are at least forty thousand of these Aïsaouas.

“One day a psyll, who chases serpents from the interior of houses, came into mine, and told me, with an inquietude all philanthropic, that the walls about me were filled with serpents.

“I knew, generally, that when a *savant* of this species announced to a man that his dwelling was haunted by one or more of these reptiles, he is commanded to expel them at so many

piastres for each one, and, what is more valuable to the charmer, the serpents into the bargain. So, although I had encountered the scorpions (but not of the asp species), I doubted the perspicuity of Abou Arich. I told him, however, he might try his powers, although I strongly doubted that the man was an impostor.

"Abou Arich was a man of fifty. He wore the green turban of the descendants of Fatima. His clothing consisted of a long black shirt, closed around the body by a sash, or cord, of camel's hide. He had a grave air, and saluted me by crossing his two hands over his breast, and inclining before me very profoundly. I interrogated him: 'I have called you, because you have pretended that in this house there are numbers of serpents.'

" 'There are,' replied Abou.

" 'Are you very sure?' He looked at me in a fashion which seemed to imply that my doubt wounded him, but he answered—

" 'Sure, sīdi !'

" 'How many ?'

" 'There is one, two, three, four, five, six—at least.'

" I expressed a doubt.

" 'If you do not believe me, I will go away,' he said, quickly, adding, significantly, 'and abandon you to your incredulity.'

" 'Stay, Abou,' I returned. 'I charge you to destroy the serpents in my house. Are you agreed ?'

" 'Yes! I call them—they will come.'

" 'I would like to see that,' I replied.

" He led the way to my dining-room, first calling three of his companions from the outside. These men seated themselves in a circle, putting their tambourines between their legs, filling their mouths with some odoriferous herb, and commencing to chant '*Allah, Allah, Allah!*'

" At the same time they puffed from their mouths their breath strongly perfumed. While this was going on, Abou drew from his gown a little pipe of reed, on which he commenced to play. At the same instant there descended from the cracks of the walls, from the windows and dark nooks, at least twenty scorpions, who advanced toward Abou. I really trembled to think that I had

dined in such terrible company. Quickly gathering them up, Abou put them into a little sack of skin, and, turning to me triumphantly, said—

“ ‘You see, sîdi ?’

“ ‘I see.’

“ ‘And you believe your eyes ?’

“ ‘Yes ; I am forced to recognize your power, but I do not see the serpents.’

“ He commenced to blow again on his flute, but this time with a hissing, veiled sort of noise. As if from its echoes, I heard the same sounds repeated from a dark corner. I saw in a moment a serpent advancing, at least four feet long, rolling its high head and wrinkling its yellow and green rings as it advanced toward Abou, who commenced to laugh like a spirit possessed. Abou took it, without ceremony, by the neck, and was about to enclose it in his sack, when I claimed it.

“ ‘This serpent was caught in my house ?’ I asked.

“ ‘Have you not seen it, sîdi ?’ demanded he.

“ ‘Certainly, but all in my house belongs to me. Do me the favor, instead of putting the serpent in your sack, to put it in this glass jar—’

(“ You know I am a physician,” said Hadji Abd-el-Hamid Bey to me, by way of explanation.)

“ I presented the jar to Abou : it was filled with alcohol, and always in readiness for some zoological curiosity.

“ ‘But’—said Abou.

“ ‘Obey,’ I replied, ‘or I will say, without payment of piastres, that it was not here ; or was placed here in advance, or was not tamed—’

“ Abou sent the serpent, without another word, into the jar. I was all ready with the cork, and the terrible thing, notwithstanding writhes and hisses, was obliged to live—or die—in his new domicile.

“ ‘Are there any more ?’

“ ‘Yes,’ replied the psylle, sullenly.

“ ‘Call them !’

“ The men beat the air again ; Abou played, and in a few sec-

onds more another serpent, but not so large as the former, appeared, making directly for the charmer. I took a second jar.

“‘Good,’ said I, ‘this will make a pair! Are there any more?’ I continued, sternly.

“‘Four in the kitchen,’ replied Abou, completely crestfallen, ‘but you will ruin my business—’

“‘Bring them forth—that will give me a good half-dozen.’

“The same process was repeated with the same results, and, to save the two last, Abou would have consented to lose his reputation in my eyes, but I was implacable.

“When he went forth with empty sack, he bemoaned like a child his losses.

“‘They were worth more than a hundred *talaris*,’ he said.

“I never was more troubled with Abou, nor the serpents in my house,” remarked, in conclusion, Hadji Abd-el Hamid Bey.

CHAPTER XI.

LAST DAYS IN CAIRO.

In the footsteps of the Caliph Haroun—A ride through the Mousky on Billy Barlow—The Mussulman quarter, and the rich bazaars of Cairo—The traditions of the Gâmas, with some account of the invention of the minaret—The division of the shops; costumes, silks, armor, cloth, perfumes, fruits, etc.—The tombs of the Caliphs, the precious souvenirs of an architectural type nearly lost—The festivals of Cairo, with the Moslem months of the year—The judiciary of the East—Marriage—The road to Mecca.

MY DEAR BOOKWORM: I could write you letters enough for a volume about these last days of your Sentimental Idler in Cairo; but I will only group as many subjects together as are to me specially interesting, leaving the thousand points and strange characteristics of this Oriental city to be recited to you when we meet, and my mind has been able to classify into something like order the sights that impress me at this moment more as visions of the "Arabian Nights" than aught else.

The narrowness of the streets of Cairo adds to their Eastern picturesqueness; and whether I wander from the French bazaar into the Egyptian quarter, or branch from the Usbekééh gardens into the tortuous streets to the right or left, the same dark mud-walls, or Saracenic mosques, form a scene of Arab peculiarity to be met with in no other city. Nor is this style confined to the exteriors; if I enter, with the aid of Mahmoud, the private courts and dwellings of the Caïrenes, I am reminded of the Caliph Haroun, and the mysterious accounts of the "Thousand and One Nights" have a possibility, and are invested with a charm never before known. Nothing can be finer, to an eye accustomed to and fatigued with the regularities of the architecture of civilization, than the picturesque confusion of the Arab courts, the inlaid



"BILLY BARLOW" AND HIS MASTER

marble, and open fonts ; the *mandaras*, with a façade of two arches supported on a single column ; the elaborate fretwork of wood, forming the *mushrebéehs*, or projecting windows ; and the principal rooms, with covered lights, divans, deep window-seats, and stained, diamond-shaped windows ; and, although the walls are not decorated with the lavish richness of Damascene mosaics, the Saracenic idea is better preserved in Cairo than in the Perennial City of Syria, her richer and more powerful rival. Over the doors of many of the houses are hung huge crocodiles, shot on the Nile, and they are as sacred as the Nile itself, for the ancient Egyptians embalmed them as carefully, and buried them as decently, as their kings.

Riding through the *Mousky* on my excellent donkey, which, strangely enough, has been named "Billy Barlow" by the indefatigable driver, I could not help admiring the gay and animated spectacle which was presented to my eyes. In my European letters, I have often described to you the marvels of the London Strand ; the charm of the *Champs Elysées* ; the kaleidoscopic effect of the uniforms on the Vienna *Graben* ; the severe propriety of the Berliners' *Unter den Linden*, and the dash and whirl of the Russians' *Nevski Prospekt* ; but these had only varied peculiarities of our own dresses, while the *Mousky* of Cairo is filled with a mass of costumes from every land under the sun. On each side are ranged, pell-mell, cigar-sellers and wig-makers, dry-goods merchants and confectioners, watchmakers and tailors, dovetailed among Egyptian merchants, who are seated quietly in front of their narrow shops, smoking their hookahs as tranquilly amid the din as if in their own *menzél*. In mid-street wind lines of camels, whose long necks roll from side to side as if they would fain peer into the secrets hidden by the *mushrebéehs* along the route : as they march, they grumble and growl like angry pedagogues, and I am warned (as my ass darts under their very noses), by their muzzled mouths and the vigilant eyes of their Bedouin drivers, that the proximity is not without danger. These poor beasts are generally laden with cotton-bales or huge stones, but I passed one burdened with water-sacks, one of which, having burst and sprinkled the passers-by, has now drawn around him and his Arab

driver an angry crowd, who threaten, gesticulate, and fairly choke themselves with expletives. Now I am passed by "runners," who precede two elegant carriages containing some fat pachas, and the words "*Emseéh, Ouah!*" resound on all sides. Soldiers on horses, strangers on asses, Arabs and veiled women, "fools" and paralytics, naked children, female beggars, who hold out their hands for alms, with fingers covered with turquoise-rings, sherbet-sellers and fruit-venders, dervishes and dragomen, troops of dogs; a corpse passing this way, whose attendants make the *Mousky* resound with their howls; a marriage-party, passing in the opposite direction, who drown the others' cries with their songs of glee and beating of *tébels*; turbans of pilgrims bobbing above English umbrellas; street-sprinklers, dodging the horses and sending the water from their hog-skin sacks over the legs of travellers and heads of asses, deluging fruit-stands and half-drowning beggars, mingle with this scene; then the cries of the match-sellers, the noise of a distant Egyptian orchestra; the howls, shouts, imprecations and supplications, which roll with a deafening hum from every quarter—and you will have a faint idea of the *Mousky* of Cairo.

To the right or left from this street we come upon the Mussulman quarter. The bazaars are situated here, and the narrowness and irregularity of the avenues make me with more propriety call them lanes. The description of the bazaars of Stamboul will answer for those of Cairo, with the exception that those of the latter are not so large nor rich: the same holes in the wall, the same divisions of merchandise, the manner of dealing the same; and if you substitute for a fat Turk a meagre, bronzed Egyptian, and for the nargile the universal hookah, you may shut your eyes in Constantinople and open them here without a great surprise at the transformation.

I stop on my little animal in front of a pretended shop; there are some silks for sale that tempt my fancy. I examine, but say nothing; the merchant is as silent as I am, and does not budge, but tranquilly puffs his pipe and counts the beads of his dirty chaplet. After a moment he perceives that I still remain; he makes a sign to one of the coffee-boys who are constantly circu-

lating here, and very soon I am presented with a little cup of delicious Mocha; and, alighted from the ass, I seat myself in the corner of the little shop, and our serious negotiation commences. To do justice to the Egyptian merchants, however, the acceptance of coffee and pipe does not commit you to a purchase; it gives them a pleasure to offer you this politeness, if you leave without buying a row of pins.

Without repeating to you the long process of purchasing the most trivial article here, and the efforts of the merchant to cheat you, I will only say that the description of my Smyrna purchase will answer for nearly all dealings in the Orient. I smoke, drink numberless cups of coffee, and finish by purchasing what I wish with a reduction of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred per cent. below the first price, but with the full consciousness, after all, that I have somehow been cheated.

I have purchased many times for twenty piastres that for which I have been asked one hundred.

I will finish my considerations of this nature by a few more remarks. In the Orient, if you say to a merchant, "Show me the handsomest thing you have in your shop," he will be almost sure to present you with the worst rubbish he has on hand; and it is only when you have shown enough discernment to reject all, that he consents to exhibit to you his choice lots of goods. You would say they do you a favor to permit your examination, and that you relieved them when you departed. With these ideas it is not astonishing that commerce has not taken the most grand developments amongst the natives of these countries; and if there exist in all their cities some great houses of business, they are directed by Greeks, English, or Armenians, for an Egyptian would be incapable of controlling them.

You cannot traverse these bazaars to any extent without coming to a mosque. They are called *Gâma*. Without being so splendid in their interior as the mosques of Stamboul, they have an interest all peculiar, not only in their style of architecture but in their antiquity. There is not much difficulty for a Frank to gain admission into them, but strangers should always be accompanied by a good guide, or a *cawas* from the consulate of his

nation. The first *Gâma* in interest is decidedly Ahmed ebn é Tooloon. It is said to be built on the plan of the *kaäba* at Mecca. The centre is an open court, surrounded by colonnades; those on three of the sides have two rows of columns, and that on the eastern end five rows, all supporting *pointed arches*. These arches are most graceful, retaining a little of the horseshoe form at the base of the archivolt, as it rises from the pier, and in a wall (added afterward to connect the mosque with the base of the principal minaret) is one round horseshoe arch, rarely met with in Egypt. Around the building is an outer wall, partly encumbered with houses, from each angle of which rises one of the minarets. This mosque was founded in the year 265 of the Hegira (A. D. 879), as is attested by two Cufic inscriptions on the walls of the court. This monument is of the highest interest, from the fact of its proving the existence of the *pointed arch* in Egypt three hundred years before its introduction into England, where that style was not in use until 1200. The minaret of the mosque which rises from the exterior wall of circuit has a singular appearance, owing to the staircase winding round the outside. The story runs that a *wizéer* reproved a caliph for idleness in rolling up a piece of parchment into a spiral form, and having remarked :

“It is a pity your serene highness has no better employment.”

The reply of the ruler was :

“Far from trifling; I have been thinking that a minaret erected on this principle would have many advantages; I could even ride up it on horseback; and I wish that of my new mosque to be built in the same form.”

Nor is this the only fanciful tradition narrated. On this very hill—Kalat-el-Kebsh—Noah’s ark is reported to have rested at the very spot where a *nebk*-tree grows.

Then there is the “*Jâma-t-e’ Soltân Hassam*” immediately below the citadel. Its lofty and beautifully-ornamented porch, the rich cornices of its towering walls, its minaret and the arches of its spacious court must delight every beholder. The Cairenes believe that the king ordered the hand of the architect to be cut off, in order to prevent his building any other that should vie with it—

absurdly ascribing to the hand the work of the brain. The blocks used in the erection of this beautiful edifice were brought from the Pyramids—a sacrilege more excusable than the defacing of the old Nile temples to build the palaces and even sugar-mills for the present viceroy, Ismaël Pacha. The interior of the mosque consists of a court with a square recess on each side covered by a noble and majestic arch; at the inner ends are the niches for the prayers of the *imans*, and from the walls are suspended handsome colored Syrian vases bearing the name of the Sultan. Behind is a tomb which bears the date 764 of the Hegira (A. D. 1363). It is surmounted by a large dome of wood and plaster on a basement and walls of stone. On the tomb itself is a large copy of the Koran written in beautiful, distinct characters, over which are suspended three colored lamps.

But as Cairo is said to have a mosque for each day in the year, and as it will be impossible for me to visit, much less describe them all in my Idle Letters, I will only add, my dear Bookworm, that, after those I have mentioned, that of Sultan Kaloón, the Shārāwee, and the Mosque of el Ghóree, have an especial interest. In pilgrimages among the mosques the traveller must needs pass through the most picturesque quarters of this ancient city, where his studies from life will not be unprofitable. For instance, in the *Khan Khaléel* (which occupies the real site of the Caliphs' Tombs), cloth, dresses, swords, silks, slippers, and embroidered stuffs are sold on Mondays and Thursdays by auction—the *delláls* (or appraisers) carry the goods through the crowds, shouting out the price bid; and to see these men in their quaint costumes wading through the bazaar, laden with drawn swords, amber mouth-pieces, chain-armor, silk dresses, guns, slippers, or fancy water-jars, is a sight that can only be equalled, I am told, in one other place in the world—Damascus. Within this khan is a square occupied by dealers in copper and other commodities; and in a part called “within the chains” are silks of Constantinople—these, as well as most of the other shops, are kept by Turks. There are also some Greeks, but these are principally tailors, who sit at their work in the open air. All these shops open in front, and indeed look like great family cupboards.

The Hamzówee is the place where cloth, crape, and European goods are sold—and this is closed on the Sabbath. In the Ter-béeā, *attar* of roses, silk thread, and various perfumes, are sold—near by is the Fahamín, the abode of the Moora, who sell blankets, Fez caps (*tarabeésh*), burnooses, and other articles from the Barbary coast—then comes the Akkadeen, where silk cord and gold lace are bought, beyond which is the *sookeréén* where sugar-almonds and dried fruits can be purchased. You perceive thus that the Quarters are called by names which distinguish the trades or commerce carried on : Khordukléeh for hardware, knives, and coffee-pots ; Secooféeh for sword-mounters ; Ságha by gold and silver-workers, and the Gohergéeh by jewellers.

The Jews' quarter, as in all the cities of the Orient, is always interesting to me, *malgré* the sights, sounds, and smells are none of the most agreeable. Here the community huddle together in narrow, dirty lanes, while the houses on opposite sides of the way nearly touch each other at the upper stories. This mode of building has many advantages ; it renders them cooler in summer, for the sun cannot light up these tortuous ways, and renders it facile to barricade the entrances ; as this population constantly fear a massacre, and outbreaks among the Mussulmen, such as created the terrible scenes in all Syria and Egypt in 1861.

Before we had been twenty-four hours in Cairo, the Gentleman Traveller had seen the "TOMBS OF THE CALIPHS" outside of the east walls of the town, and his descriptions of their magnificence tempted me, after I had left the Jews' quarter to-day, to direct my little Arab guide to turn "*Billy Barlow's*" head in the direction of said tombs. They are really not of the kings of the Eiyóobite dynasty, but of the Mamelukes of the Circassian or Borgite dynasty who ruled from 1382 to the invasion of Sultan Selim in 1517.

In nothing is the grandeur of the ancient Arabs more apparent than in the grace, richness, and majesty of these tombs.

The Arab architecture dates from the establishment of Islam, that is to say, from the seventh century of our era, at an age where the traditions of ancient art were lost in the new ideas, submitted to the dogmas of a severe religion ; ready to break with

the past, and to create a type which should owe nothing to the worship of images.

Gaining little by little in grandeur, by the strength and grace of its monuments, we find in it to-day the very perfection of delicate, exuberant beauty; and by the richness of its details, the harmony of all its effects, it has everywhere left a high idea of the power of its founders. Thus the Byzantine monuments, of which Africa and Spain alone retain the most perfect specimens, are shrines to which the composers, who set their music in stone, wander with throbbing hearts and ever-longing eyes.

Cairo, a thoroughly Arab city, has therefore preserved its precious souvenirs, as best it could, in an age when the rapacity of gain has almost strangled the love of art by its cotton-bales and the dust from the busy highway of traffic. These mosque tombs stand on the desert's border; their grand Byzantine domes, slender columns, and carved deep portals, are in relief against this ever clear, blue sky—the graceful minarets arabesqued from the base to point; the exquisite arches of the Mauresque type; the steps wrought so curiously; the cornices carved in leaves and flowers; the broken tombs within the solemn shadows—all formed a picture which I shall never forget. Little birds were flitting about amid the cracked columns and holy coverts, and their music was in harmony with the place. Nature had retaken her hymn there where man had finished his own.

I dismounted from my ass, who lay down near some camels chewing their cuds in the shady court-yards of El Ashraf Aboo-l-Nusr; my Arab guide took some dates from his cotton gown and stretched himself at length among the bones of some forgotten king, and I wandered at will among the ruins. All was sad, arid, desolate here; amid the beauty of these yellow walls (which needed not even this bright sunlight to gild them) there was a weight on the heart; nothing green, gracious, or animated: the crumbling monuments; the crenellated towers; the sculptured portals; the solemn recesses; the long squares and paved courts, all were eloquent of a glory passed, expressive of a grandeur now only represented by the Bedouin who slumbered in the shadows. "No," I said half aloud, "these people *create* no longer; and, although they

destroy nothing, they renew no longer, leaving Nature to act freely around them—they only want the soft murmurs of fountains, the shade of their trees or dwellings—inertia, another name for misery. Is this not a crime, this philosophic apathy, which, under the fatalistic dogmas of the faith of Islam, leads a capable people into all the weaknesses of mankind?" But my donkey-boy chewed his dates, my dear Bookworm, the Bedouin slept on, the camels groaned, and the ass brayed,—what cared they for my philosophy?

In considering Cairo, the public FESTIVALS, appertaining specially to this city, cannot be omitted. You might say that the founder of the Mohammedan faith had intended to distinguish it in all its practices from every other religion: to call to prayers, they do not make use of trumpets like the Hebrews, nor bells like Christians; but the voice of man from the minarets is the "call of the muezzin," that summons the faithful to their worship. The Israelites enter their temples with hats on; the Christians with hats off; the Mussulmen, on the contrary, with shoes off and turbans on. For the Sabbath of the Christian, they substitute Friday, to which day, in our land, there is attached more superstition than any other; after their prayers, however, they attend to their worldly affairs as usual; but, to make up for this, they also pray *every day*, and interrupt the most grave business matters to prostrate themselves on their mats, and count their beads. The principal annual ceremony at Cairo is the departure of the pilgrims for Mecca, on the 25th of *Chewâl*.* The *mahmel* and the *kisweh* are the chief objects in this procession. The former is a velvet canopy borne on a camel richly caparisoned, and was originally intended for the travelling-seat of the wives of the caliphs who performed the pilgrimage. This, and the *mókub* or pomp that attends the pilgrims, was first suggested by the queen of Sultan Sâleh, who was anxious to add to the splendor of the

* It may not be uninteresting to you, my dear Bookworm, to have some particulars about the Arab months. So, with much difficulty, I have obtained the following:

The Mussulmen know nothing but the lunar year; at the approaches of the new moon, the muezzins of the most elevated mosques pass the nights in the minarets, watching the precise moment of the rising of the new moon, which decides the com-

hitherto simple procession of the Faithful. The *kiswet é nebbée* is the lining of the kâaba or Temple of Mecca. It is of rich silk, adorned with Arabic sentences embroidered in gold, and is yearly supplied from Cairo; the old one being then returned and divided among the pilgrims in small portions.

I give you the following particulars, in regard to this interesting procession, from an English authority :

"The pilgrims, after staying two days on the edge of the desert, proceed to the Birket el Hag, or "Lake of the Pilgrims," where they remain a day : from thence they go to El Hamra, and, after the halt of a day there, they continue as far as Agerood ; and, having seen the new moon of *Zilkâdi*, they leave the frontier of Egypt, cross the northern part of the peninsula of Mount Sinai, to El Akaba at the end of the eastern gulf, and continue their march through Arabia to Mecca. After having walked at least *seven* times round the kâaba, and kissed the black stone, taken water from the holy well of Zemzem, visited the hills of Zafa and the Omra, the 70,000 pilgrims (for this is the number said to be annually collected) proceed to the holy hill of Arafât, where they perform their sacrifices. After staying there one night and a day, they descend, and, with closed eyes, they pick up *seven-times-seven* small stones, which they throw upon the supposed tomb of the devil, and next day go again to Mecca, where they remain for some time. The period from leaving Cairo to the Wâkfèh is thirty-three

mencement of the month ; they calculate the day also from rising to setting of the sun. Their months are alternately of thirty and twenty-nine days, and travel completely the solar year in about thirty-four years.

1st month of the Moslem year is				Moharrem,	30 days.
1st	"	"	"	Safer,	29 "
2d	"	"	"	Rabî-ewel,	30 "
3d	"	"	"	Rabî-akhir,	29 "
4th	"	"	"	Djemâzi-ewel,	30 "
5th	"	"	"	Djemâzi-akhir,	29 "
6th	"	"	"	Redjeb,	30 "
7th	"	"	"	Chaban,	29 "
8th	"	"	"	Ramazan,	30 "
9th	"	"	"	Chewal,	29 "
10th	"	"	"	Zilkâdi,	30 "
11th	"	"	"	Zilhadjé,	29 "
12th	"	"	"		

There is also a Coptic calendar in use among the Copts in Egypt, but it differs greatly from this, and is of no interest here.

days, and the whole period of time consumed until the return is sixty-seven days."

In the month of *Safer* they return, and the festivals commence, but they are not so important as those of the departure.

One of the most interesting *fêtes* of the year also is inaugurated on their return, being the *mooled é nebbée* or "birthday of the Prophet." The whole *Usbekééh* has the appearance of a fair; booths are erected, public swings are put up, sherbet and coffee are served free to the populace, and the *psylli dervishes* go in procession and perform their juggling feats; yet the ceremony of the *Dóseh* is one of those barbarous sights which can only be met with in these lands. Clot-Bey says:

"On this occasion the sheik of the *Sâadééh*, mounted on horseback, and accompanied by the dervishes of various orders, with their banners, goes in procession to the *Usbekééh*, where between two and three hundred fanatics having thrown themselves prostrate on the ground, closely wedged together, *the sheik rides over their bodies, the assembled crowd frequently contending with each other to obtain the post of danger!*" (Doubtless these heroes are the descendants of men who had a caprice for the car of Juggernaut.)

The *fêtes* of Saydeh Záyneb, the grand-daughter of the Prophet, and other male and female sheiks of Cairo, are celebrated by the illumination of bazaars and mosques. But, without doubt, the nights after the fasts of Ramazan offer to the stranger, who understands Arabic, more of interest; these ceremonies I will, in future letters, describe to you, with the drolleries of the *karagioos* (the "Punch" of the Moslems), and the romances of the story-tellers in the midst of those animated scenes, which truly transport the imagination to the marvels of our childish fairy-books.

You will soon wish, my Bookworm, that my *last days* in Cairo were *really* at a close; but when I think I have written down for you faithfully all I have seen in this curious city, some new wonder arrests me, and I wish to make you an equal sharer in my pleasure—so the blank white pages are rapidly filled and speeded to you, full of my souvenirs and impressions. . . .

We have already selected our *dahabééh* at Boulák among a score lying tied up to the dirty banks of the Nile. The nego-

tiation for the boat between Mahmoud and the *réis* was conducted after the Eastern style; that is, our dragoman wanted dahabééh, sailors, captain, and all else, nearly for nothing, and the *réis* demanded as much as would buy the vessel, outfit, and crew; so days were consumed in negotiation, pipe-smoking, coffee-drinking, oaths of rascality on one side and asseverations of ruin on the other, until at last (as is always the case) both parties, wearied with their attempted trickeries, accepted a compromise as nearly approaching fairness as possible. There is nothing in life more rascally than an Arab barter; false oaths are taken, the meanest devices are resorted to, and, if one party overreaches the other, he will boast of the knavery with pride. To cheat one another is natural; to cheat a Christian is the performance of a duty and religious act!

We have had the privilege of naming our boat, and so the Gentleman Traveller and your Idler in solemn consultation have concluded to call her "THE BUND." You remember I was in Frankfort-on-the-Maine during the German war of 1866, when the imperial free city was captured by the Prussians, and the old Diet, the last emblem of the Confederation ("Bund") had removed to Augsburg. During those stirring scenes, strangely enough, there were united several of my American friends, and we organized at that time a little club which we called "The Bund;" and now two of its members, not forgetting the charm of those adventurous days, intend to unfurl their banniers with the old loved name on the Nile, and literally "carry the war into Africa."

As we returned from Boulák with our dragoman (whom I am beginning to suspect is as accomplished a rascal as the rest of his tribe), through some of the most curious crooked avenues, I saw before a dark, low archway a crowd of people gesticulating; on demanding the character of the place, etc., I was told it was the

"MAHKEMEH," OR CADI'S COURT.

This to me since has been one of the most curious sights of Cairo. The cadi occupies a portion of the old Palace of the Sultans, built by Góher el Káéd, the founder of Cairo; and I have witnessed scenes here which are too *bizarre* and ridiculous to describe.

The crowded state of the Mahkemeh sufficiently shows how fond the Caïrenes are of litigation, every petty grievance or family quarrel being referred to the *cadi*. Cases of a serious nature are settled by the judge himself, who is appointed by the Sultan, and sent from Constantinople; others of an ordinary nature are decided by an *effendi* and confirmed by the *cadi's* seal, while trifling affairs are arranged by the *kâtebs* or scribes, with the aid of that powerful lever "backshish," without which, here, the wheels of the car of justice could not move.

They are like a parcel of children more than dignified law-officers—the *cadi*, *effendis*, *kéhias*, *roossuls*, *máhdurs*, or in other words, the judge, scribes, clerks, messengers, and dragomen mingling together smoking, joking, and drinking coffee as in a café. Every Thursday the fees are divided—*four-fifths* going to the *cadi*, and the remaining *fifth* divided among the minor officers, according to rank.

When the case is brought up for decision, the documents relating to it, after passing through the hands of a scribe, are examined by an *effendi* and settled by him, the backshish is decided on and demanded.

Minor cases, as such trifles as disputes between husband and wife (often settled, however, by the former giving the latter a sound beating with a bamboo rod), are generally arranged below in the hall by a *káteb*, for which fees are quickly demanded; if the parties are too poor to pay money, rice, henna, wool, beads, or any other commodity, will be received by the obliging law-officer in exchange for his services.

In cases of murder, or wounding or maiming, if the friends of the deceased or the injured party consent to an adjustment, certain fines are paid by way of requital. These are fixed by law, and regulated by the quality of the persons. Ransoms for murder (*dééh el kutéel*), fifty purses (about twelve hundred and fifty dollars); an eye put out in a fight, twenty-five purses; a tooth knocked out, five purses; bloody noses or a black eye, my dear Bookworm, are unconsidered trifles—the tariff graduating in such a manner as even would puzzle the most clever of our revenue commissioners.

If by chance a simple-minded applicant, trusting to the justice of his cause, appears at the *cadi's* court without the universal backshish, the officers are too much occupied to attend to him—he must apply to another person (who can never be found)—and, until the *present* is made, the poor Arab finds that Justice is blind indeed.

Oh, the starry nights of Egypt! Shall I ever forget them? How the glittering diamonds sparkle out one by one until the heavens are scintillant with their brightness! how the calm vault deepens from the bright, clear azure to the dark, wondrous liquid blue, as if its beauty had passed beyond the maiden blushes of the twilight, to the *conscious thought* of its own loveliness in the maturity of night! Sometimes the white moon sails out into this heavenly sea, and then with a misty veil she enwraps herself like a bride and touches capriciously the palm-leaves with her smile, but they tremble and shiver as if they felt her beauty in their hearts. At such moments my senses rest with Nature, and she never denies me peace; thought flies like vapor before the magic of its own perceptions—abandoned to my idle dreams, I taste that communion with the spirit which makes life a thanksgiving, and each sound a hymn. Knowledge is not produced from reflection, but inspiration is from dreams. I try to conceive the author of these countless tones of night; the stirring of the leaves; the shiverings in the warm, perfumed air, and my strivings germ ideas of the Infinite. Will you tell me, that my daring does not touch the garment of the unreachable, that this mystery which nourishes dreams in the still night is not the flame lit by the Eternal Hand? I will not believe you! Is it nothing to understand the silent signs in these sparkling skies, and float in the mysteries of strange longings and desires, which, although uninterpreted, are nearly comprehended? nothing to hear the singing voices communicating their secret happiness in the air about us? nothing to have dear caprices in solitude which harmonizes every echo? nothing to tread the inaccessible paths and understand “*the voluptuousness of breathing?*” Ah, give me the heavens, dear Bookworm, and I will understand the creed of God better than with all your tomes of theology!

These thoughts were passing through my mind. I was sitting by the window in our common saloon at Sheppard's Hotel, surrounded by my friends, and plunged in one of those *kiefs* ("hearing, yet not hearing") of which the Arabs are so fond, when the silence of the night was broken by the sound of *tom-toms*, *tébels*, and the shouts and songs of many voices. Mahmoud rose from the floor, where, with legs crossed, he had been sitting smoking his hookah; the Gentleman Traveller rushed to the window, and even Eugène looked with some curiosity on the scene that was now animating the Usbekéh garden.

Crowds of Arabs of both sexes were marching in procession by the light of scores of flambeaus, which flung a weird light over the trees and fantastic costumes of the merry-makers. In front of the long line marched a band of musicians, playing on rude flutes, *tébels*, *tom-toms*, *zoumarahs* (flageolets), and violins—the latter made of cocoa-nut shells, the strings being of horse-hair. Behind these came groups of *alatyeh* (singers), who were chanting the barbaric and dissolute songs of their race, and dancing fantastic dances. Immediately behind the latter, in the centre of four women, walked a female figure, completely veiled from head to feet in a long embroidered *feridje* of scarlet silk; over her head, and supported by her women, was a sort of canopy of silk; this was filled with little bells, which jingled merrily as the groups proceeded. Next followed men bearing cushions, on which seemed to be numberless presents of embroideries, scarfs, jewelry, coffee-cups with golden holders, goblets, copper and silver tables, shawls, etc., etc.; and behind all a miscellaneous crowd of men, women, and children, dressed in the most extravagant styles, rings on fingers, rings in noses, eyes blackened with the *kohl*, eyebrows painted and joined together over the nose, arms and hands henna-tipped, and teeth and nails stained; large bracelets on ankles and arms; necklaces of coin around their throats, and covering their breasts; ornaments of the same description covering their heads, and falling in strings over shoulders and arms—and all dancing and singing under the influence of *arraki*.

"What is all this?" we demanded of our dragoman.

"A marriage," said he.

After many inquiries and explanations, he promised to procure us an entry into the house to-morrow, when all the ceremonies are to take place ; and, before I make the visit, I will give you some particulars about the

CEREMONIES OF MARRIAGE IN THE ORIENT,

and the ideas and practices of the Egyptians in this respect. Marriage is regarded by these people as a moral obligation not to be slighted. A man is obliged to take a wife at the earliest possible moment ; and the prejudice is pushed so far, that he cannot be permitted to hire a house in any of the quarters for himself alone, until he is married, or owns slaves. A bachelor is obliged to live in an *okel*.

Some of the Arabs marry their daughters at the age of ten, when they have not acquired the mental or physical development which should distinguish the woman. I have often seen men of thirty and forty have as brides mere children, being guided in their union only by that sensual taste which degrades the woman and disgraces the man.

• They have, however, *some* forbidden fruits ; as, for instance : by law, a man cannot marry his daughter, sister, or niece, nor his wife's sister—*while the wife lives, or is not divorced*. The commencement of love-intrigues is always interesting in this land, and although I have never been involved in any of them, our dragoman, a true *bavard* in all things, has given me detailed accounts of *his* experiences ; and, in fine, unveiled mysteries of the harem life to me, about which Mussulmen are generally especially reserved, but my *arraki* liberality is never lost.

An Egyptian girl or woman, concealed behind her *shu-bák* (window), sees pass a man who pleases her fancy. She calls, and as the head of the unknown is raised, a flower, a note, or a handkerchief, is dropped at his feet. This is not yet a rendezvous, but an invitation to come again near the same place. At the moment the favored one leaves the spot, the door opens, and a eunuch or negress follows him. This servant is charged to know who he is, where he rests, what is his name, and condition in life.

The day after, in passing by the same house, if a flower, or other token, again falls from the same window, the lover knows that the report of the servant is made, and that his suit is favorably received.

"Now," adds Mahmoud (I translating into fairer English his odd expressions), "is the dangerous time. Sometimes at the café, sometimes in the street, you are met by an old woman, who tells you that such and such a man has a beautiful daughter, who wants to be married. She has the beauty of a princess, and all the charms that can tempt the imagination."

"I wish to see her!" says the lover.

"Impossible," replies the old dame. "Gaze upon the beauty of a child of the faithful before marriage—Mohammed forbid!"

"I wish to see her," repeats the lover, unmoved, and he slips a piece of gold into the woman's hand.

"You shall behold the glory of her eyes," replies the woman, softened.

"No,—more," repeats the lover, and another backshish is pressed on the woman.

"You shall behold her rosy mouth, filled with teeth beautiful as the pearls on the sultana's neck."

"More!"

And, at the third gold piece, the woman leaves the lover, saying, "You are a prince, and I am your slave!"

From that moment the interview is determined on.

The best occasion is generally that of the mosque or the baths. In the shadows of the former, at a proper moment, the girl will remove her veil, even so far as to expose her neck and shoulders, that is, if some jealous eunuch is far enough away. As to the bath—this is a thing more full of danger and coquetry. The master of the bath is nearly always in the intrigue. He has two *backshishes* to gain: one on the part of the woman, another from the lover. The eunuchs, or slaves, rest at the door of the bath. These immense halls have a cupola on high, pierced with a thousand little holes, each of which is supposed to be covered with glass; but the lover discovers that some are not thus closed, when he is led by the master to the roof of the building, where,

if he be wise, he will be able to judge of the beauty of the woman he loves, as she rests in all the charming *négligé* of the bath-toilet.

Oftentimes these adventures are varied, by the lover being introduced into the very house of the maiden, by the old woman, who dresses him up as a companion, or servant, blackens his face, stains his hands with henna, and, closely veiling him, takes him into the very presence of the beloved one, past all the dangers of attendant slaves, etc.

At all events, having disclosed this much, you are at liberty to believe that they are only of the most stupid class in Egypt who propose to marry girls without having at least looked upon their faces.

When a man has demanded a woman in marriage, and has been accepted, they proceed to the arrangement of the contract at once. As I before remarked, marriage is an act of civil convention, and does not need the formality or sanction of religion. Thus most of the contracts are signed before the *cadi*. The woman acts through her father.

"I marry you" ("*zaouagtak*"—a hard word to pronounce, believe me), says the husband. "I accept you" ("*gabeltak*"), responds the father, and the affair is finished.

In Egypt the husband *buys* the wife. By law, the man is obliged to bring the dowry to the woman. In a society where divorce is so common, this seems really just. The amount paid is according to the fortune of the husband, and is generally estimated in *riyals* or *purses*, if the man be rich. On entering the house of her husband, the wife receives two-thirds of her *dot*, which she can dispose of at her pleasure; the other third rests in secure hands, in case her husband divorces her, in which event she has in reserve enough to enable her to live.

The interval between the signing of the contract and the marriage is generally eight days. The parents and friends provide her wedding-garments, and the lover sends rich presents. The days chosen as the most fortunate are the Mondays or Fridays; the time—from the increase of the Nile until Ramazan. At the commencement of the new moon is considered also a happy moment. All the houses in the quarter where the maiden lives are

illuminated at night; carpets and cloths are hung across the streets; musicians are stationed all day long in front of the building, playing; native *almées*, pompously dressed, their heads ornamented with crowns of coins, dance before the *musrebééh* of the bride, and, in fine, rejoicings without number take place during this period.

The young man goes to the bath, surrounded by his friends, and spends an entire day there, listening to music, smoking, beholding the marvels of serpent-charmers, and the exhibitions of the *almées*.

I have already described the night-scene where the young girl walked in procession, closely veiled, accompanied by the music and the shouts of her friends. This also takes place in the daytime with banners floating around her, and people who throw perfumes on her clothing, and scatter flowers under her feet. The rich and noble women, however, now in marrying, adopt that innovation of civilization which provides *carriages*, instead of the foot-procession; so I have seen lines of carriages in the *mousky*, over the tops of which were strewn cashmere shawls, and all the presents to the bride, followed by a procession of half-naked singers, and preceded by a band barbaric. If you reflect that within these carriages is the closely-veiled bride and her bedecked and painted attendants, you will be struck, as I was, by the folly and ludicrous effect of this innovation.

I must not forget to note a curious preparatory operation. One month, often before the marriage, they commence to fatten the bride. This is done by farina, cooked almonds, fruits, butter-and-sugar confections, and every substance conducing to obesity: the standard of Arab beauty is contained in one word, *FAT*. Pending this time, the poor brides are given but little to drink, some drops of sugared water only being allowed, each day, by their hired fatteners. Among the poor, this operation is only followed for eight or nine days—it is expensive; and the bridegroom must be content with a more meagre wife; I marvel much if the expression “the fat of the land” did not originate in Egypt?

But I forget that I am describing all these affairs to you without leading you to the closing scene of the enactment.

Led by Mahmoud into a narrow street, crossing the sill of a house which seemed to be built of pressed mud, we found ourselves in a square court-yard filled with all sorts of people, who, hailing our dragoman as a friend, filled his cup and our own with *arraki*, and seated us in the places of honor where we could observe the strange scene. I looked about me; this was a house of nearly four stories in height, built of different colored stones, and having balconies running all around the court-yard, overlooking which were the harem-windows. From each window streamed out little fanciful banners, and shawls, silks, and colored festive robes hung over the balconies; strips of rich carpet were stretched over the court-yard, from which hung colored lamps, and the merry company all around were enjoying themselves, without paying much attention to the strangers—seeing which, I was quickly at my ease.

When I was served with coffee, or sherbet, I went through the most polite formula of which I was master, said "*Kater-kháyrak*" ("Thanks"), or "*Tyéé-katéér*" ("Very good"), with the nonchalance of a pure Arab, and took my mental notes of the scene and actors in it. The bridegroom was dressed in a magnificent costume of silk and gold, and received the compliments of his friends in a manner which proved to me that he had paid his court to King Arraki in earnest. Around a table laden with sweetmeats, and large vessels filled with sherbet and punch, circulated the new-comers; active slaves served coffee and filled pipes, and constantly renewed great round covers filled with cooked mutton, which these worthy people made quickly disappear by the aid of their fingers. In the centre of the court a troop of Nubian dancers, whose tattooed faces were painted and dyed with many colors, executed the dances of their country. They advanced and receded, led by the voice and action of a man at their head, who held a curved sabre in his hand, and who made the most extravagant noises with his mouth, and executed the strangest steps with his feet.

The *almées* accompanied these dancers by their grotesque movements, striking with their fingers the *tarabouki* (a sort of castanet), their bare arms sparkling with coin ornaments, moving at the height of their ears, and their voices joining in a wild chorus with an effect impossible to describe.

The little blacks circulated in the crowd, throwing a water perfumed with rose-odors on the beards and garments of the old men, and receiving trifling backshish from all.

After a time the Gentleman Traveller drew my attention to a stir near the door where we had entered.

"What is it, Mahmoud?" he demanded of our dragoman.

"They are killing the sheep of sacrifice there at the entrance." And sure enough, amid this festivity we heard the last bleatings of the poor animal blending strangely enough with the songs of the *almées*.

"Come with me to the spot," continued Mahmoud, "and you will see another ceremony!"

A great ball of transparent sugar was held in the hands of a eunuch, and just where the blood of the sheep was running over the sill of the door, the globe was broken, and two live white pigeons came forth and flew over a neighboring mosque to the east, amid the shouts and songs of the crowd.

"*Tayéb katér! Tayéb, tayéb!*" This is a custom of high antiquity, and by such performances these superstitious people draw auguries of their happiness or misery.

Now the bridegroom was conducted by his friends into the house, and even to the door of the bridal-chamber, and I draw the veil over the scenes that followed in the court-yard—but *one* circumstance, which cannot be written, exposed the barbarity and utter demoralization of these people whom God has seemed to strike with blindness only to destroy them.

In these last days in Cairo, we have visited Old Cairo, about three miles from here, but it does not merit particular description, being only a sort of poor *faubourg* of the great city. Also, we made a pretty excursion to the island of Roda in the Nile. Here is the Nilometer, and also the spot where Arab tradition fixes the finding of Moses by the daughter of Pharaoh; but let me whisper to you, dear Bookworm, all this is tedious without you can (like us) break into the pacha's palace garden and steal a few handfuls of delicious mandarins and golden bananas. Heliopolis is the general ride of an afternoon from the hotels. Here was

supposed to be situated one of the Temples of the Sun, which Strabo and other famous ancient historians have been at so much pains to describe ; but, beyond a splendid obelisk, we found nothing of especial interest. The ground close to the granite column claims the honor of having been the spot where the cultivation of Indian cotton was first tried in Egypt, as well as the place where Cleopatra raised the balsam-plants, the first of which she brought from Judea. She removed them in spite of the opposition of King Herod, and trusted for immunity to the influence of Antony. Josephus says "that the lands where the balsam-tree grew belonged to Cleopatra, and that Herod farmed of her what she possessed of Arabia, and those revenues that came to her from the region about Jericho, bearing the balsam, the most precious of drugs, which grows there alone." This is the balm of Gilead mentioned in the Bible ; the plants were in later times taken from this spot and grown near Mecca, whence the balsam is now brought to Egypt and Europe under the name of the balsam of Mecca, and, as you may believe, finds a ready sale among all followers of Mohammed.

Beyond Heliopolis is the Lake of the Pilgrims, where the Mecca travellers (as I have already mentioned) halt the first night. Another beautiful afternoon ride from Cairo, and one very popular with idlers like myself, is to the gardens and palace of Shooobra—the summer dwelling of the viceroy—but beyond the *dolce far niente*, the scents of the delicious flowers, the simple breathing of the pure dry air, and calm rapt contemplation of the deep-blue, cloudless sky, there is but little to note of this ride ; always here, I have a lazy, negative sense of enjoyment ; active sensation becomes lethargic. I hear the birds sing, the bees hum, the camels complain, and all the peaceful melodies of the summer-time blend harmoniously like the sweet notes of a single flute. Melancholy lays hold on me, and in the trance of waking dreams my spirit ripens ; like a soothed child, I let my troubles sleep, and no longer weep for what is denied me. No burning passions seize on my brain and consume themselves, and—me. I have only to shut my eyes, and I gaze on all that is dear in the world—my mother, home, and—you. When I stretch forth my hands, they touch

thee—and to think that I have all these sunny days and sunny thoughts that warm the currents of my blood, while you are in the midst of hard-frozen winter! Do not blame me for these dreamings, but surrender yourself quietly to my peculiarities, that our Psyches may be fused; even though at this distance I give thee only dross, and steal from thy refiner part the pure, pure gold.

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

The forest of petrified wood—A ride in a Nile scow with dervishes, donkeys, and sheep—The Traveller makes a somersault—Its various results—The Sheik of the Bedouins at the village of Ghizeh—Backshish again—Scraps of history from Herodotus to Sir Gardiner Wilkinson—An accident on the top of Cheops—A glance over the desert—The Arab runner to the summit of Nef-shofa—A dangerous visit to the King's Chamber—The Sphinx—Exvotos, and the lines of Arrian.

CAIRO, *Christmas Day*, 1866.

AFTER a rapid ride yesterday to the forest of Petrified Wood, in the desert, where we found the most curious fossils of palms and other trees (some fine specimens of which I have preserved for your cabinet), we organized, to-day, our grand trip to the Pyramids of Ghizeh. The Pyramids of Memphis, and the great tombs, we shall leave until we descend the Nile in returning.

Our dragoman Mahmoud, being busy with his final preparations for the voyage, put us in charge of a blind, incapable under-guide, and three villanous donkey-boys, and started us with a smile of satisfaction for Old Cairo. Here we embarked on a sort of scow with dervishes, donkeys, and guides, to be carried to the other side of the Nile, where we had to ride four or five miles to the Pyramids, which loomed up grandly before us.

No sooner were we mounted on our donkeys, than the drivers set up a shout, thrust their goads into the flanks of the poor beasts, and off we started at full gallop through the dirty mud village. It happened to be market-day, and the narrow, slippery streets were lined with petty fruit-merchants, beggars, and the army of half-naked men and quite naked children, always to be found in a small Nile village. In some places the camels quite obstructed the way; in others, the crowds: our guide led the van

on a mangy black ass that looked fit for the glue-pit, but we watched him with anxiety, because his panniers contained our Christmas lunch, with all the *et ceteras* of champagne, dried fruits, and dates. Next behind him rode the Gentleman Traveller, like a centaur, and I brought up the rear with Eugène. We had now a clear space for a hundred yards, and the Arab boys shouted and goaded until the little animals were in full run. There was a slight descent; the Traveller's donkey stumbled and fell. I shall never forget the sight—my friend made a complete somersault, and lit in the orange-stand of an old veiled woman; the fruit rolled in every direction, while all the little Arabs scrambled to try who could steal the most; the woman set up a wail only to be equalled in the East; the men swore and pulled their beards; the donkey kicked and splashed the mud on all sides, and the Gentleman Traveller arose, unhurt, to join in our shouts of laughter, and to empty his pockets of *piastres* to compensate the hag whose business he had ruined for the day.

This little episode without serious results sufficiently discussed and laughed over, we resumed our journey through groves of the palms, across sandy wastes, and over the green, waving wheat-plains. At each step our party was augmented by crowds of the natives, who insisted upon running by the side of our donkeys, beseeching backshish, employment as guides, etc., until, by the time we had arrived at the base of Cheops, we found our company swelled to nearly fifty.

These crafty fellows knew what they were about: instead of taking us through the beaten tracks, they led us over marshy wastes, where the donkeys sticking fast in the mud necessitated our being carried on the Arabs' strong shoulders, for which service extra backshish was given.

We found ourselves surrounded by the Bedouins from the village of Ghizeh, who, with their sheik as commander, have the government monopoly of robbing travellers. However, our guide was charged by Mahmoud with the arrangement of backshish for the ascent of the great pyramid Cheops, so we settled ourselves down in the sand at its base, and awaited, with Mussulman patience, the conclusion of the negotiations. The Pyramids—one of

the seven wonders of the world—have been subjects of discussion among ancient and modern authors. Herodotus says the great pyramid was founded by Cheops, a prince whose crimes and tyranny rendered his name odious. He closed all the temples, and forbade the Egyptians to perform sacrifices, after which he made them all work for him. One hundred thousand men, relieved by an equal number each month, were employed for ten years in making a causeway for the transportation of the stones—a work scarcely less wonderful than the pyramids themselves—the building of the pyramid itself occupying twenty years. It was built in steps, and, as the work proceeded, the stones were raised from the ground by means of machines made of short pieces of wood.

After the death of Cheops, who reigned fifty years, he was succeeded by his brother Cephren, who also built a pyramid, but forty feet smaller than his brother's. After him came Mycerinus, the son of Cheops, who, while having the same mania for pyramid-building, yet ordered the temples to be opened, and once more permitted worship and sacrifices to the religious deities. The small pyramid is said to have been built by a daughter of one of the kings, who became a courtesan, exacting a jewel from each of her lovers to enable her to build the pyramid. Pliny says that they are "an idle and silly display of royal wealth, standing on the barren, rocky eminence on the African shore between the city of Memphis and what is called the Delta, less than four miles from the Nile, and close to a village called Busiris, where the people live who are in the habit of climbing up them. Before them is the SPHINX, even more wonderful, and having the appearance of a local deity. They suppose King Amasis is buried within it. The circumference of the monster's head is one hundred and two feet across the forehead, its length is one hundred and forty-three feet, and its height from the belly to the highest point of the head, sixty-three feet."

Having rescued from their musty books these points of description from writers who visited these tombs over two thousand years ago, I will add my own unvarnished description: Cheops is, according to the best authorities, seven hundred and fifty feet square at the base, and nearly six hundred feet high; its four sides

are equal; the base and some of the lower courses of the stones are buried in the sand; each tier is smaller than that below it, so that a succession of steps is arranged and the pyramidal form of its construction attained. On the good authority of Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, the distinguished English antiquary, it can be asserted to be about *four thousand years* old, and such is the solidity of its construction that, unless overthrown by an earthquake, it will probably endure to the end of time. The courses of hard, rosy stone vary considerably in size, from two feet in height to six feet, and from a length of twenty to four and five feet.

The terms of backshish having apparently been arranged with our guide, the Bedouins seized us by the hands, and commenced to *drag* us unceremoniously up the pyramids. It seems very easy at first this bounding up Cheops step by step; an Arab holds each hand and mounts to the tier above you, and another pushes and supports you behind, but before I had ascended half the distance I found myself much fatigued and demanded imperatively that I should be permitted to rest; to this the Arabs at first demurred (for it is not only a pride to arrive first at the summit, but is a ground for demands for extra backshish), but at last they consented. My companion, the Traveller, suffered from his *amour propre* and ambition. He made the ascent without halting, and when I arrived at the summit I found my friend stretched out on the stones, pale, nearly fainting, and suffering from a violent palpitation of the heart. This is a common occurrence, I learned afterward, with those who commit the imprudence of mounting the pyramid without a rest. The space on top is thirty-two feet square, and is covered over with the names of princes, antiquaries, and professional men, whose fame belongs to the world. The Arabs insisted on scratching our own names, but we refused the offer of cheap immortality, and quietly prepared our Christmas lunch on the summit of Cheops, while we drank the health of each dear one at home by name. Thus, dear Bookworm, are our lives connected by that mysterious thread of sympathy which links the brother in the desert to the brother beyond the sea; and when in the silence of your study you think of me and my wanderings, know that it is the will of my love that impresses you, and



ON THE GREAT DESERT SAK'KARA

that its sweet inspiration will forever warm both our hearts and roll in both our brains!

The prospect before us was magnificent! At a glance I could see the whole range of pyramids which stretched away to the south for a distance of twenty leagues; I could trace the windings of the mighty Nile, with its bordering villages and graceful palms, whose tops seemed like waving feathers against the deep-blue sky. To the right were the quarries of Massara, from which these gigantic piles were formed; to the left, in the distance, old Cairo, and beyond, the modern city with its domes and towering minarets; the sphinx at my feet, whose head was just visible above the golden sand, and close by my side the two other Pyramids of Ghizeh. Where now I stand the Persian Cambyzes, the Ptolemies, and the victorious Saracens, had looked on the fair country they had mastered as from an eternal throne—and just beyond, the Battle of the Pyramids had been fought by the bravest of the French legions. What a host of strange thoughts these memories evoked! And the romantic blended fitly with the heroic.

The great Desert of Sakkára, that sea of glittering sand, stretched far away to the horizon's line, reflecting the sky as in a faithful mirror. A thousand little fantastic "*dunes*" rose here and there, formed and reformed like the waves of the liquid seas; while the camels, those "ships of the desert," pursued their way solemnly and with slow majesty toward the oasis of Kasr el Kharon. Nothing more curious nor picturesque in the world than the caravans in the great deserts. Shall I give you a description of one under my very eyes from the top of Cheops?

A long line of stately camels, some of them laden with bales of goods, some bearing the sheiks (robed in long *burnooses*, red or white, and twisted silken sashes filled full of curious arms, with great long Bedouin guns slung over their shoulders), who gave orders from time to time to the camel-drivers, trudging along by their sides, sometimes singing a strange, melancholy song, to excite the beasts to quicker action. And, in parenthesis, let me say, that if the dromedaries of the desert are beaten, they lie down, in place of advancing; but, if encouraged by the voice, they obey their masters. A little in advance are—what our

guides said were—a company of Algerian merchants, mounted on superb Arab horses, whom, with a sort of savage coquetry, they made dance and prance, and engaged in Arab games of dashing forward at full gallop, with swords and lances in the air; then, with a sudden cry, throwing their reins upon the horses' necks, who stopped suddenly, resting upon their trembling haunches, as if petrified. At the head of these men rode the chief sheik of the company, an old Bedouin, wearing a sort of white tunic on his body, and on his head a long *koufié*—this being a square of the richest silk, with long fringes in different colors twisted around the head, falling about the shoulders, and fastened by a cord of camel's hair, twisted and worked with gold. When the strange company upon the pyramids was pointed out to him, the old Bedouin unslung his long gun from his shoulders, and fired in the air to honor us, making us polite salutations by waving of his arms, and crying, "*Saba-el-käir*" ("The day be blest to you!") We returned his salute with our revolvers, and thus had we our mimic Battle of the Pyramids.

But the guides about us were clamorous for backshish, which, of course, we absolutely refused to pay, until we were safely landed upon the desert sands beneath us. We did not consent to descend, however, until we had tried the experiment of throwing stones from the top of Cheops. It is needless to tell you that the Gentleman Traveller (decidedly the strongest thrower of our company) could not send the stones beyond the base; and, as for mine, they scarcely struck half-way. By this, you can form some idea of the immense size of this wonderful structure.

Another amusement also furnished us on top was this: An old Arab offered, if we would make up a purse of ten shillings for him, he would descend Cheops at full speed, and mount to the top of the next pyramid; he to perform the feat in ten minutes, or no pay. The money was subscribed, and the wiry old athlete started. It was bewildering to see him run down Cheops, one false step only necessary to dash him into a shapeless mass at the bottom. But lightly as a gazelle he bounded over the great stones. In five minutes we saw him speeding across the bright sands between the two pyramids; and, in a few seconds more,

like a cat, he was springing up *Nef-shofo*, whose face of smooth and broken masonry made it a much more difficult task. At times he seemed to fairly hang from the jutting points by his hands; but, in exactly *nine minutes* from his time of starting, he had ascended the summit of *Nef-shofo*, and won his stake.

But the most interesting part of our visit was to come yet—the entrance to the heart of Cheops—into the rooms which have the names of the KING'S AND QUEEN'S CHAMBERS.

The entrance is about one-quarter of the way up, and the masonry over the door is remarkable. Two large blocks, resting against each other, form a pent-roof arch, and serve to relieve the superincumbent weight from the roof of the passage.

The Arabs lit their torches and candles, and led us by the hands into the dark passage, stooping. There is a decline of about 30°, down which you fairly slip for eighty feet—a fit entrance for an *inferno*, I thought, as I whirled into the darkness amid the songs of the guides and the flicker of the flambeaus. At the end of the descent we found—what I should have called the bottomless pit, had it not been that the Arabs threw burning fragments therein, and that I saw there *was* a base somewhere, but very, *very* far down. This was one of the wells of the interior, and a great stone at the bottom closed an entrance into one of the subterranean galleries. We mounted now to a platform, on which there was just sufficient room for two persons to stand, and one guide, with torch in one hand, led me by the other, while a second, acting by me as he would by his stubborn donkey, pushed and even goaded me from behind. Here was a situation! Up an inclined plane two feet wide, with a wall of masonry on the left side, and a cavern on the right, with a savage before and behind, shouting, “*Backshish! backshish! Ouaho! Ouaho! very good American! big backshish, Ouaho! Allah Ouaho!*” However, in a few moments I was safely piloted into the Queen's Chamber. This is seventy-two feet above the level of the ground, and four hundred and eight feet below the summit, and is supposed to be exactly under the apex of the pyramid. The stones in the side walls are admirably fitted together, so that the joints can scarcely be traced, and the incrustations of salt have

tended still more to give it the appearance of having been hewn out of the solid rock.

Soon returning, however, to the great gallery, we ascended again at a considerable angle, and entered the King's Chamber, the principal apartment of the pyramid. The roof is flat, formed of simple blocks of granite resting on the side walls. Toward the upper end is a sarcophagus of red granite, which, on being struck, emitted a clear, sonorous sound, like the tones of a bell. But the vandalism of strangers has already defaced this curious relic, and, in a few years more, it is feared, it will be reduced to a mere fragment.

There is no doubt these ancient monuments were mausoleums; indeed, it has so been proved by the learned researches of archæologists, even an index of whose scientific works would fill a volume; but, as I cannot (even if I had the taste for it) fill my letters, my dear Bookworm, with hieroglyphics which would be charming for *scarabæi*, but very stupid studies otherwise, I pass over these learned considerations entirely.

After we left Cheops, our visit was to the Sphinx, whose dull eyes have gazed for centuries over these sands and palms. It is not quite an eighth of a mile from the tombs. The whole is cut out of the solid rock, with the exception of the forelegs, which are of hewn stone, and extend to the distance of fifty feet in front of it. It is evident, from the position of the discovered altar between the two paws, that sacrifices were performed before the Sphinx, and that processions took place along the sacred area which extended between the forelegs to the breast, where a sort of sanctuary stood, composed of three tablets. At the entrance of the sanctuary two low jambs projected, in the aperture of which was a crouched lion, looking toward the Sphinx and the central tablet. On the granite tablet King Thothmes IV. is represented, offering on one side incense, on the other a libation. Pliny says: "There is no doubt this Sphinx had the character of a local deity, and was treated with divine honors by the priests and strangers who visited the spot. Some Greek *exvotos*, or dedicatory inscriptions, were cut upon the paws in later ages, one of which, restored by Dr. Young, and translated, read thus:

"Thy form stupendous here the gods have placed,
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land ;
And with this mighty work of art have graced
A rocky isle, encumbered once with sand ;
And near the pyramids have bid thee stand :
Not that fierce Sphinx that Thebes erewhile laid waste,
But great Latona's servant mild and bland ;
Watching that prince beloved who fills the throne
Of Egypt's plains, and calls the Nile his own.
That heavenly monarch (who his foes defies),
Like Vulcan, powerful (and like Pallas, wise)."

ARRIAN.

The cap of the Sphinx, which was the ram's horns and feathers, has long since been removed, but a cavity in the head attests its position ; and although that most essential feature for human beauty, the nose, is decidedly out of place, there is yet a look of touching majesty and solemn sadness which moves the beholder ; although I cannot say that the adventurous Arab, who mounted into the *car* of the mystery, added much to the gravity of my thoughts on that occasion.

But the hour grew late ; already the sun sunk low, and inundated with a soft, red light the desert and the pyramids. Fatigued as much with the clamorous demands of the Arabs who followed us, as with our ascensions and explorations, we took our homeward path, enchanted with our new experiences ; but, in performance of my self-imposed oath, dear Bookworm, I will not lay my weary head upon my pillow until I have written all my new delights to you, and imparted to you all my fresh sensations.

CHAPTER XIII.

UP THE NILE.

Afloat at last—Our company and their names—The slave Ferājī—The mud-villages and their sheltering palms—The Idler's birthday—Scenes on deck—The cafés of Paris outdone on the dahabééh—The Princess Naslé Hanen and her savage lord—Adventures in the hareem—Mahmoud the story-teller—Eugène takes a bath—Benisoóf—Gebel Shekh Embáarak—A game of chance with our dragoman—Thoughts and reveries.

DAHABÉÉH BUND, *River Nile*, January 1, 1867.

DEAR BOOKWORM: Off at last. I will send the next package of letters to you from Thebes by a dromedary mail to Cairo, and after that—the Allah of the Mussulmen will arrange all. We have been ready to start for three days, but no wind; hundreds of *cangias* lay up at the banks of Boolák, a score of dahabééh's with all their companies on board, flags flying and dragomen grumbling, but no wind. Last night we slept on the *Bund*. Ugh! I was almost eaten up by Nile-gnats, boat-bugs, and mosquitoes; as for the fleas, I have already made close companions of a score or two. Never mind, this is a part of the pleasure of Oriental travel—a modicum of the Eastern *luxury* we read so much about. I have described to you faithfully what I have seen, and you can judge how much there is of actual grandeur in it all. To-day, at two o'clock, a breeze sprung up, and hundreds of boats hoisted their strange, angular, wing-like sails, and the river was alive with them. All hands being ready on our boat, we shoved off from dirty Boolák, went up on deck and fired round after round from our revolvers, our salutes being answered by the travellers' boats all around us; we then unfurled our American flags to the breeze; the crew sang and shouted, and thus we left Cairo for our Upper Nile trip, our minds plainly impressed with the mystery, dignity,

and danger of the voyage *above* the first cataract, and our hearts palpitating with the thousand emotions which always move the true adventurous traveller on the threshold of an unexplored region.

Let me look around me now, and give you a description of our equipage, crew, and surroundings: Our bark is, perhaps, sixty or seventy feet in length, and not over twelve or fifteen in beam. In front, at the extreme point of the bow, is the kitchen, improvised, which I hope will satisfy all our epicurean desires. Between this and the cabins behind are the seats for the sailors when they row; these are sunk below the deck. Then come the covered cabins. As you enter, there is a berth on either side for Mahmoud and Eugène; then the dining-room, a square chamber of ten or twelve feet, with a table in the centre below the skylights, and divans running the whole length on either side of it. This room is comfortably furnished with carpets, cushions, mirrors, etc. Behind the saloon are two small cabins, the left-hand one being occupied by the Traveller, and the right by your Idling brother. Behind this again a dressing-room and general storage-place for baggage and effects. When I add that we have a five-foot long bath-room besides, you will easily imagine that we have commenced our Nile voyage at least with some of the comforts of civilization around us. Over the cabins we have a large sail awning stretched, and beneath its shadows, lolling on the divans, smoking our *chibouks*, charged with the fragrant latakich, drinking the rich coffee of Mocha, writing, studying, or dreaming, we expect to pass the best, the laziest, and perhaps the most instructive three months of our lives.

With the Travellers and their immediate servants you are already acquainted: but besides on board we have the cook, Ali Hamada, a small, wiry, ferret-eyed man, a devout Mussulman, and a capital story-teller in Arabic; Mustapha, the cook's assistant, a wild, Indian-looking youth, with long, straight black hair flowing down his shoulders, and a pair of dangerous-looking, glittering eyes; Hasseyh Ali, our saloon servant, whom I have already described in Cairo; first *Réis* Hagyr Saïd, a deceitful-looking scamp, with clipped beard, and an unmeaning smile ever on his lips; *Réis* Bekeër, an old, gray-bearded, muscular Egyptian, whom

the sun of the Nile has rendered as black as any Nubian sailor, and whose steady hand at the helm gives us all confidence. Then for sailors we have a pair of Mohammeds, a Ramazan, Mansour, Bekëyt, Abou-Oran, Abdullah Negüd, and one or two more, whose names I have not yet mastered.

But there is one appendage to the *Bund* I must not forget to mention—the slave *Feräjj*.* He is a Nubian slave of Mahmoud's, about ten years of age. He sits on the bow, apparently plunged in melancholy thought. He speaks to nobody, and everybody returns the compliment to him; his eyes are generally closed, and his mouth always open; he is dressed in a gay Syrian burnoose, of a red color, and woven in the back are fanciful architectural designs; he wears on his shaven head a tarbooch of the same color, which makes more striking the blackness of his face, which, after the manner of his people, has just been oiled (to prevent it from cracking, perhaps). His cheeks and chin are scarred and tattooed, and altogether he is a type of that peculiar ugliness that is said to be painful. He seems to be half asleep, always in the sun, and when his master shouts out to him "*Feräjj, henna!*" ("Come here!"), he opens his eyes slowly like an animal (and really it seems to be like throwing wide the shutters to let daylight into a dark room), rises deliberately, shakes himself out of his lethargy, and solemnly proceeds to perform the task commanded. I foresee that *Feräjj* will be a feature in our boat-life on the Nile.

But I leave off my writing to permit Eugène to arrange our effects, in order that we shall feel "at home," and go on deck to enjoy the lovely sunset and the novel scene.

January 2, 1867.

Yesterday evening, in company with the fleet of various Nile boats, we passed the island of Roda, and, just as the sun was setting, the Pyramids of Ghizeh were opposite to us. To-day we have left behind us Memphis, with its tombs, and find ourselves sailing well, and passing most of the other boats that left Cairo before us.

* Sometimes spelled *Ferrach*—meaning household slave.

I think I told you that we shall sail steadily on to our journey's end, when we have wind, stopping nowhere (except to bake bread) in our ascent of the Nile, and visit all the ruins and antiquities on our descent; therefore, to-day we [only examined the False Pyramid (Liar Pyramid, as Mahmoud called it), at a distance, through our glasses.

Toward evening the wind slackened, and the sailors went on shore to "track" as it is called; a line is given to them from the boat, and they pull us along slowly, singing one of their melancholy songs. Mahmoud thus far has fully satisfied us: he is agreeable, apparently anxious to please; our table has been liberally furnished, and in the evening on deck he sits before us cross-legged and tells us in his quaint and broken English some Arab story, which we enjoy very much. There is a great deal of superstition in the character of this man; some of his faiths are simple as a child's; but I regret to see a vein of unprincipled thought running through all his ideas, that makes me fear, if he found it politic to betray or annoy us, he would not hesitate to do so. He believes in charms, in *genii*, and more than any thing else in *luck* and his star.

It is perfect luxury the pleasant, equal motion of the boat.—Alas! do you see the ink-splash on my sheet? At the very moment I wrote the above words, we stuck on a sand-bank. There is a shout on deck; the old *réis* at the helm storms at the sailors, Mahmoud showers on them a volley of Arab oaths, and they dash into the Nile, putting their shoulders to the boat, and in a few moments more we are afloat again. The bed of the river is constantly changing, so as to increase the difficulty of navigation when the water is low. A sand-bank is formed by the current, it receives additions by the driftings, finally becomes an island, and in a few years is under cultivation. Just now great rafts floated by us, laden with earthen jars or *goulahs*. They come from Kenéh, a town nearly four hundred miles from Cairo. These slight rafts are remarkable in construction, and are made by a few beams of the palm-trunk fastened by roots of halfa (this is a destructive weed of Egypt). A space is left between each, in which is placed the first layer of jars, bottom upward. So laid, the water is excluded, and sufficient support is given to layers piled above

them. The raft is accompanied by three or four men, and drops quietly down the river to its destination. These clay *goulahs* or water-jars are as common in Egyptian households as chairs or tables in our own. They are made of a kind of gray earth, and, being thin, are very brittle. Egyptians are great consumers of water, and as these jars are porous, and thus cause great evaporation, you can imagine how great a blessing they are to procure and keep cool water in, in so hot a climate.

Now we sail by little Arab villages which line the banks—they are made of mud, and generally sheltered by palm-trees. The women are down at the water's edge filling their jars or washing their clothing; the former is a task, the latter requiring not much time—as when the native women have *any* garments at all (which is rare), they only consist of a string of cheap beads and a blue cotton chemise. You doubtless are familiar, my dear Bookworm, with that most gracious of all trees, the palm, but, to appreciate its marvellous beauty fully, you should see it fringing these Nile shores or waving its plumes above an Egyptian village. Here a man's wealth is estimated by the number of palms he owns. And one of the principal sources of the viceroy's revenue is a tax of a few piasters on each tree. Its luscious fruit is greedily eaten by the natives while fresh, and when dried it forms no small proportion of their food for the rest of the year. From its leaves baskets and mats are woven; stripped into small fibres, brushes of all kinds are made; the firm and strong stalks of the leaves are dried and made into kafasses, seats, and lattice-work. The tree is tapped, and a liquid flows from it which forms the base of the arraki, while the fibrous trunk is almost the only timber employed for building-purposes. It does not bear fruit until after it is twenty years old; the leaves are cut off close to the trunk year after year, and the dates grow in large bunches hanging among the new leaves. The natives, with naked feet, climb up the long, taper trunk to gather the produce, and the fellah of his tribe who can ascend the palm most quickly and swim the best in the waters of the Nile has as much honor as, among the Indians of our Western land, the most successful hunter or warrior.

January 3, 1867.

DEAR BOOKWORM: Know you that this is my birthday? I am sure at home my health will be drunk, and here am I only ten miles from *Benisooéf*, and several thousands of miles from dear old P——. Well, I could not help looking into my mirror to search for the gray hairs, and will you believe me, I have whole locks of them. The beard, however, around my jaws, is free from these monitors of time, and so I conclude, with the cardinal's consoling reflection, "that my brain has done most work of the two." But there are eyes in the world that will look on me with as sweet a friendliness, and there will be a breast on which I can hide after I have written myself weary, whether my locks be gray or shining brown. Ask of a mother if she ever forgets the lisplings of the youthful season, when she first learns of the thousand secret hopes that come to nothing, or the *abandon* of adventurous thought that only tries its dangerous flights because so secure of the upholding mother-love? No, this day I would speak or write my appreciation of it; but, like all great emotions, they refuse to be recorded, and only flutter up to heaven in broken prayers and sighs.

The Gentleman Traveller gave me his congratulations, and as soon as our dragoman heard them, he stopped the boat in mid-stream, told the sailors it was my "Christmas," that no more work should be done that day, sent the men ashore to gather palm-leaves, and commenced his preparations for a *fête*. And this merits a description:

It was eleven o'clock before the sailors came from the shore, laden with their graceful leafy spoils; but, before they came on board, we saw, from our divan-seats on deck, one of those scenes enacted between our dragoman and the country-people on shore, which gave us a curious idea of the manner of trading hereabouts. It was a "fair day"—each village has a day for general market set apart, and the *fellahs* and women from the country round about bring in their produce to the village for exchange or sale. Mahmoud, taking advantage of this knowledge, posted his sailors about in every direction, and as the unsuspecting women trudged along with their stock of eggs, or nets of chickens, they were arrested, their supplies appropriated, and they were sent to Mah-

mound, the "head-centre" of this foray, for settlement. Old men were plundered thus, as they rode along on their miserable asses with their piles of sugar-cane, and children with butter and milk suffered equally. One brawny *fellah* thought of resisting, but the dragoman whirled his courbache around him, told him we were great pachas in the dahabééh, and sent the poor discontented wretch off with the others, paying him what he pleased, and, you may be sure, fixing the price low enough. It is needless to say that neither the Traveller nor myself-countenanced this method of dealing, which, however, we find common enough on the Nile; the dragomen being considered by the peasants sorts of princes, from their association and connection with voyagers, and generally they let no opportunity slip to show their authority; its exhibition being, at times, comical enough, I assure you.

When our crew were again assembled, there commenced a general *fête toilette*: Abou-Oran was the barber of the party. He commenced to shave the heads of the sailors, leaving only a long tuft, called *choucheh*, on the crown. The Koran ordains that the heads of Mussulmen shall be entirely shaven, but there is a sort of traditionary fear among them that, if they are captured in war, or by an invasion of the unfaithful, and nothing is found by the barbarians to take hold of in cutting off their heads, they will thrust their impure hands into their mouths. While Abou-Oran is shaving, and dangerously stropping his razor on his bare arm, I cannot do better, perhaps, than to give you some information as to the ideas of the Egyptians in regard to the beard. They consider it as a symbol not only of manhood, but of power and liberty; their oath by it is the passing of a sacred word of honor, which, doubtless, they keep as well as their other oaths. They speak contemptuously of a man by saying, "You can count the hairs of his beard!" After each religious ablution, the Arabs perfume and comb their beards carefully, and most generally dye them with *henna*, a black beard being considered a grand beauty among them. Although the beard has been suppressed in the army, the viceroy himself and the principal pachas wear these hirsute ornaments. In the civil order, a young man cannot wear a beard until his father permits it, or until his marriage. The slaves



ABOUT OUR NILE BARBER

are never permitted to wear it. According, however, to the usage of the prophet, they ordinarily allow it to grow to the length of the thickness of their hands, and they always cut the mustache to the shape and level of the upper lip.

After Abou-Oran had shaved the whole crew, not forgetting the two *réis*, they put on their wide white muslin drawers, extending to their knees, over which a great blue shirt (*herie*) of the same material was worn, and crowned their toilet by an enormous white or red turban called *lebdeh*, the winding and posing of which was a work not only of time, but of the most grave importance. Then, when their hands, arms, and nails, had been stained a deep orange-color with henna, they turned toward Mecca, solemnly performed their religious duties, and were ready to do the Travellers honor by their music or native sports.

I confess I find it interesting to study the most simple and apparently insignificant ideas of this rude people. Mahmoud has just come on deck to inform us that the sailors had *named* the Travellers. "What?" we demanded curiously. My companion they call "*Howadjî zwyér*" (small). Me they have designated as "*Howadjî kebêér*" (large). "Why," I asked of the dragoman, "have they called me large (kebêér), when the Gentleman Traveller is richer, stronger, and greater?" His response will disclose the simple character of the Arabs: "Because you have a big mustache, like the pacha's!" We had a hearty laugh over the definition and conception, believe me.

There was great excitement in the cook's dominions, Ali Hamada's quarters. Mustapha was running wildly about; we heard the dying cackles of poultry, and the last pitiful bleatings of a sheep; Hasseyne was decorating our table, in the saloon, with wild flowers found on the banks of the Nile, and Mahmoud strutted about with a mysterious smile from cook's house to the deck, giving orders at one time to Ali, and whispering to us mysteriously that "we had the first cook from Cairo." We did not suspect the deep signification of his words till, later, the cries for "backshish" awakened us to the knowledge that the cupidity of the Arabs could not be restrained by time or circumstance.

At one o'clock we had lunch on deck; dates, oranges, bis-

cuits, and—it was a birthday, remember—champagne. Then we had coffee served, and pipes. Not bad, you will say, for the Nile. Thus the time passed pleasantly in chatting, reading, and sketching, until five o'clock, when we were summoned by Eugène to dinner.

Was it possible that, in the midst of this barbarous region, such a dinner could be served? It was more like an attempt of the genii of the Cafés Anglais, Riche, or Trois Frères Prôvenceaux, of Paris, than the simple effort of Ali Hamada, of Cairo, who, from that moment, we voted to be a *cordons bleu* of the first order. What do you say to pea-soup, delicious *entrées* (put all the French names you please at their tails), chickens, pigeons, mutton-pies, and marvellous salads? No, you dined not better in the West that day. But the surprise was yet to come in the shape of a candy-temple for dessert, whose columns of almonds and sugar and altars of jellies and *confitures* soon crumbled before our epicurean if not antiquarian researches. Now add, if you please, to the rich pastry, the luscious dates of Kenéh, and the fragrant oranges fresh from the gardens of Roda, and you will have at least an outline of our dinner on the *Bund* on this memorable day. As a man is never more fitted to enjoy benevolently than after a liberal repast, so the scene that met our gaze, on leaving the cabin for the deck, was applauded by us with a rare enthusiasm. From the bow to the stern, at the sides of the dahabééh, the palm-branches were fastened, and twisted over at the tops until they formed an arch; at equal distances were suspended colored lanterns, at least a hundred, and between them oranges were hung. The sailors were grouped near the bow picturesquely, their black faces relieved by their white garments and immense twisted turbans; they commenced, on our appearance, to beat on their tom-toms and tambourines, and to chant one of their Egyptian love-songs, which, while intended to be merry, sounded like a lament for the departed.

With Mahmoud's help, I have been able to translate these strange songs into something like order. As you will perceive, they are not without beauty. They generally commence with a low, monotonous "*Yah teily! yah teily!*" ("O Night! O

night!"), or with the "*Allah, Allah-kérim!*" ("God be praised!"), etc. Some are licentious and satirical, but the most part are melancholy, and recount in an elegiac tone the pains of lovers. The poetical images they enclose are borrowed from the objects immediately around them, and often they improvise in the most remarkable manner. Their loves are compared to the moon, the perfumes of the jasmine, or the soft tints of the rose; the patience of the camel; the force and majesty of the lion; the delicacy, elegance, and agility of the gazelle; the fecundity of the Nile and the calm serenity of the nights furnish them with abundant figures, while the richness and flexibility of their language permits them to easily modulate their sentimental forms according to the feelings of their hearts. Thus, while we seated ourselves on the divans, they sung:

"*Yah teyly! yah teyly!*"

"O thou, with vestments of flowery stuffs and a girdle of cashmere, I love thy beauty, rich as the red pomegranate! Never have my dazzled eyes beheld any thing so lovely!"

"*Allah! O Allah!*"

"I swear I am slave of thy white cheeks and burning eyes!"

"*Bismillah! Allah akhbar!*"

"The wine and the red rose are the color of thy lips! Thy movements are graceful as the balancing of the nightingale on the tender twigs, and thy voice is as sweet as bees. When will you give me thy love, the thought of which ravishes sleep from my eyelids?"

"*Ou-Allah!*"

"Nothing more enlivens pleasure than old wine; fill then my cup, oh daughter of the tender gazelle, that the sighs of my love may reach thy heart as a soft zephyr.

"*Mabrouck! mabrouck!*" ("Happiness!")

"Hasten to meet me in the garden, sprinkled by the waters from heaven, for the springtime has brought forth the flowers; the roses, like pearls, are scattered without order, and fill the air with their musky odors; all the birds, in their sweet, strange language, sing of my love, and the bough of the Indian plum inclines to salute thee!"

"*Ras bouk ! ras bouk !*" ("By the head of my father!")

And thus they continued to chant as we smoked our chibouks on deck.

Was not this strange, fantastic scene some stray leaf plucked from some forgotten book of *Egyptian Nights*? With the stars in the clear heavens sparkling like gems, the wild scene about me, the dusky forms, and the sound of the rushing Nile waters—I could scarcely realize that I was in the same world. *Feräjj* lay curled up in a corner in his sacerdotal robe, the only unmoved or unacting figure in this spectacle. Eugène was forward, sitting on the taffrail, looking curiously at the group of singers; but his impassive face told me no story of regrets for Russia, or delights in this new existence.

Mahmoud was sitting cross-legged before the Gentleman Traveller and myself, about to commence a story, and Hasseyn moved nimbly about the boat, attending to the illumination, and, from time to time, filling our coffee-cups—which are not bigger than my grandmother's great silver thimble.

After the songs, the sailors commenced to dance one of their fantastic native dances, still beating on their tom-toms and tébels; but although we threw them down, from time to time, piasters, this did not prevent our listening to the

STORY OF MAHMOUD.*

This is the story of the Princess NASLÉ HANEN: Have you ever noticed a tall stone house on the Mousky, in Cairo, with great carved *mouchréébys*, and the doors walled up? That is the palace where the princess lived. She was the daughter of Mohammed Ali, the first viceroy of Egypt. The Sultan had sent Achmet Bey from Constantinople, with the mission of *defterdar*, to Cairo, in order to be a spy over the viceroy's government; to see that the duties were properly collected, and that the Porte's revenues were truly returned.

* You will excuse me, my dear Bookworm, if, in telling you these Arab stories, I often substitute my own language in place of the bad English of dragomen and others; at the same time I will endeavor to retain as much as possible their style, and always the substance of their ideas and recitals.

The question of the impost was a matter very serious for the first viceroy, and he wished, at any price, to attach to himself the defterdar, who was charged with this mission. So a marriage was arranged between Achmet Bey and Zora Pacha, otherwise the Princess Naslé Hanen. Probably also the viceroy thought it fit that the defterdar, who was known to be a man cruel, cold, and bloody, should marry the princess, who was known to possess a character violent and perverse. Therefore, with a refinement of malice, the viceroy gave his daughter to the man whom he detested the most.

The defterdar was a Turk, intelligent enough, with manners affable, and benevolent when he wished to conciliate, but savage and cruel at other times. He was of a stout figure, yet broad-chested and muscular; but his eyes, of a green-gray, made everybody tremble when he fixed them on them. He has been dead thirty-eight years; but even now, when his name is pronounced in Egypt, it is with a trembling of horror. In returning to the Delta from his wholesale murders of the natives of Sennaar and Kordofan, he committed crimes in cold blood which could not have been tolerated in any other man than he who had the protection of the Sultan, and was more powerful than the viceroy himself. One day he walked in the Place of the Usbekééh, near the gardens, when he saw a soldier disputing with a woman :

“What is it?” he demanded, in approaching them.

“This man has bought five piasters’ worth of milk from me, and will not pay me,” complained the woman.

“It is false,” responded the soldier. “I have not!”

“Liar!” cried the woman, “you have just drunk it!”

The defterdar demanded of the soldier if it was true. He persisted in denying, and the woman in affirming it.

Achmet Bey turned to the *cawas*, who accompanied him, always armed, and whispered in his ear.

The *cawas* seized the soldier, and, notwithstanding his struggles, cut open his stomach with his double-edged sword. He had drunk the milk. The defterdar took out his purse coolly, gave the woman her five piasters, with the remark, “You are

right!"—and walked away tranquilly, leaving the poor devil stretched upon the earth in the convulsions of a horrible agony.

Another time he heard a soldier murmuring.

"Of what do you complain?" said he.

"See, therefore, your excellency," was the reply. "I serve my country, and I have not even the shoes upon my feet to march over the *Gibel-el-sheiks* (great mountains), for mine have fallen in rags."

"Ah, you growl for shoes, eh? I will give you a pair, dog, that will serve you a long time!"

He sent for a blacksmith, and had a pair fashioned of iron, and had them nailed on to the feet of the unhappy soldier.

Another time he was performing a journey on horseback in the interior. In passing under a tree, a branch caught his tarbouche and plucked it from his head. He would not have it restored to him, but passed on to the village bareheaded. Fifteen days afterward, in returning the same way, he saw that his fez had disappeared. He sent for the *Sheik-el-belid* (governor of the village), and said, "Bring me the man who has stolen my tarbouche from this tree; if in an hour you do not, I will have you bastinadoed!"

He had his tent pitched under the arbor, and had a meal served. In the midst of it the thief was brought.

"It was you who stole my tarbouche?"

"Yes, excellency, but I did not know it was yours," cried the unhappy wretch, flinging himself at the feet of the defterdar, and imploring his mercy.

But in vain. The order was given, and on the very branch where the fez was suspended, the thief was hanged.

More than once he condemned the contumacious *fellahs* to be blown from the cannon's mouth; and more than that, he would watch the human fragments fly into the air, from a short distance.

I repeat, the Turk was intelligent enough, and had even exact notions of geography. During his expeditions in Sennaar and Kordofan, he occupied himself by drawing a map of the country. This map is the sole of its species in the world. *It is traced in*

human blood, and is now the property of the Geographical Institute of Paris.

In Cairo, the defterdar inhabited the great palace next to Sheppard's Hotel, and, for companions in his hours of pleasure, he had lions, which he had tamed; but often, for amusement, he would send his slaves in amongst them, who would either be wounded by the animals, or almost die from fear. At such times the laughter of Achmet Bey knew no bounds, and this cruel spectacle had a charm in his savage eyes unequalled by any other.

Thus an object of fright for all the world, there was but one person who did not fear him, the Princess Naslé Hanen, his wife. As two mortal enemies, they looked into each other's eyes, and, perhaps, in mutual admiration, feeling that in variable degrees they had at bottom the same instincts and ferocious natures.

Mohammed Ali, the proud warrior, finished by trembling before his son-in-law. He had at first sent him to conduct the war in Kordofan, but this being finished happily, the defterdar came back again to pursue his barbarous career in Cairo and Alexandria. The viceroy was silent, for he feared this man, who had nothing human about him but the figure. One day he talked to the princess of the sentiments with which her husband inspired him. The princess listened to him in silence, but when they parted she closed her father's hand in her own tightly, and said meaningly: "I have been a good wife, but I can be a better daughter." The day after, with her own white hands, she served the defterdar with a cup of that delicious Arab coffee, smiling as she held up the tiny cup to him. He drank it off at one draught. Sometimes the Mocha of the Orient is unhealthy. A quarter of an hour after the defterdar had drunk the coffee he was a corpse.

The Egyptians gave him no regrets. The poor *fellahs* said: "The devil (*El Eblés*) has gone back to hell (*gehennem*)".

From that moment the princess commenced the exploits of Margaret of Burgundy, only that Cairo was her Tower of Nesle. She inhabited sometimes her villa on the Nile, her harem situated in the Mousky, the palace opposite the Park Usbekééh, or a house looking out on the Canal of Khalig.

She was far from being pretty, she was small and possessed an

embonpoint entirely Oriental, but her nature was ardent and voluptuous—the Messalina of her century !

Although always immured in her harem, she knew mankind by intuition ; that to count upon their discretion was folly ; that in affairs of love the most discreet has always an intimate friend to whom his good fortune will be confided ; that this friend has another, and so at the end all the world is acquainted with secrets which should die with their possessors. Naslé Hanen wished her secrets kept most absolutely ; she knew it was useless to demand this of her lovers, so she asked it of Death.

A certain Greek doctor, who had long since embraced Mohammedanism, and was attached to her family and household, played an ignoble part in leading young strangers to the princess. These strangers were conducted blindfolded into one of her palaces, and, after a few days of riotous living, Naslé Hanen would say : “ My husband is coming, and we are lost ; leave me now, and I will send you word when you can come again ! ” If she inhabited at that moment her Nile Palace, her eunuchs would lead the stranger again blindfolded to a door looking out on the dark, swift-flowing river, and there giving him a blow sufficient to stun him would throw him senseless into the Nile, which would soon transport the body afar.

The same fashion was pursued when she lived on the Canal (Khalig) which traverses Cairo. In her harem of the Mousky, a cistern answered her murderous purpose.

Very soon public rumor was occupied with the numerous disappearances. Somebody had seen, by the light of the moon, the eunuchs of the princess throw a body into the water. In the Mousky the neighbors of her harem had seen a man introduced who had never after reappeared ; cries had been heard, and in fine the scandals accumulated, but whispered rather than spoken.

One evening at the principal café one of the eunuchs had been seen to speak in low tones with a young Greek—soon the youth followed the slave, but from that moment he was missing, and his friends and parents searched for him in vain.

One day, however, these rumors arrived to the ears of a brave

young Italian, as handsome as he was adventurous. "Very well," said he, "I will go to the café haunted by the eunuchs of this female Bluebeard, and if they wish me to go and see their mistress I will consent, and, *corpo di Bacchi!* come forth alive!" His friends remonstrated with him, but in vain. Each night he installed himself in front of the café, and tranquilly puffed his hookah and drank his coffee.

At last one of the disgusting neuter-verbs came near to him, and demanded a coal from his pipe. This was granted, and the black entered into conversation with the Italian. "I know a beautiful woman who is in love with you," he began. "I am in her service, and if you are discreet, I can lead you to her without danger."

"I will go with pleasure," responded the Italian, "but not to-night. If to-morrow will do, I will meet you here."

"Be at the *Bab Zoodyleh* * to-morrow evening at seven o'clock, and, when I pass near you, follow me without speaking."

At the hour and place indicated the appointment was kept. When they arrived in a lonesome and dark street the eyes of the youth were bandaged, and he was led by the hand by the eunuch, marching a long time, and apparently a long distance. Finally they entered a house, mounted a stairway; the bandage was taken from the Italian's eyes, and he found himself in a large and splendid apartment, furnished in the richest and most lavish Oriental style. A woman was lounging upon the divan at the end of the apartment, who, though not beautiful, possessed a sort of voluptuous grace which was heightened by her dress of rich stuffs, diamonds which sparkled on neck and arms, and the luxury of her surroundings. Her hands were toying with a chaplet of rose-coral and diamonds, and a slave kneeled before her and fanned her with long plumes of ostrich-feathers. She smiled at the new-comer, and made a sign to him to seat himself on the cushions at her feet, and the young Italian, who spoke Arabic quite well, soon found that her conversation was full of wit, a rare quality in an Egyptian woman, so that it was not difficult to play the lover's character near the fascinating princess.

* One of the interior gates of the city, where culprits were hanged.

Naslé-Hanen did the honors of her palace with such a charming grace that the days flew by as if by magic; now dances were improvised by the young female slaves; then the music and the band of singing-boys were interrupted by the succulent repasts at which all the fruits and confections of the East were served. But when eight days had passed in this carnival the princess said to the Italian:

"You must leave me this very hour; my husband has returned; but I will send my slave to bring you here soon again."

Then interrupted the youth, with calmness and firmness:

"Madame, I know who you are, the Princess Naslé Hanen! Your husband will not come, except from the grave. I knew even the fate that awaited me if I went forth with your slaves without having taken my precautions—"

"Your precautions," laughed the princess, incredulously, but uneasily. "And what are they? What will save you? Ha, ha!"

"They are very simple. I did not follow your eunuch the first night; I said, 'To-morrow I will go!' I therefore warned my consul; and when I was led here, two steps behind me was a *cawas* of the consulate. 'If,' said I, 'you do not find me back again in eight days, you will know that I have met with the fate awaiting all the lovers of Naslé Hanen, and you can search for my body in her palace!'"

The princess did not lose for a moment her *sang froid*: she saw that by permitting this youth to escape, it would give, at least, a lie to the rumors of the assassinations. Smiling, she replied:

"All this is a pleasantry. I have never caused the death of any one, and you are the first man who has ever been introduced into my harem—believe me, you will go forth safe and sound. I only ask of you secrecy!"

The next day all Cairo knew the story, and the princess left suddenly for Upper Egypt, not returning for some years. In the mean time her father had died, also Ibrahim Pacha, and she was no longer young when she inhabited once more the Mousky, and Saïd Pacha was the reigning viceroy.

But her career of crime was now destined to be cut short. A young Armenian was decoyed into her harem, but when the

day arrived for his departure, and the eunuchs endeavored to murder him, he, being heavily armed, shot two of them, escaped into the gardens, and scaled the wall to the street beyond, where he gave the alarm, taking refuge afterward from the emissaries of the princess in the house of a friend. This last adventure aroused the populace. The viceroy, Saïd Pacha, confined the princess in her palace, sent away all her slaves but two, of whose fidelity to him he was sure, walled up every window of her apartments, and exiled her Greek doctor to Nubia. Soon after, Naslé Hanen was found dead on her divan, and so ends the history of her wicked life."

Mahmoud finished his story; the lights that swung among the palm-branches were growing dim; the sailors had changed their songs of "*Allah, Allah*," to "*Backshish, backshish*," and, although we had expressly contracted that our dragoman was to pay *every thing* "in and out of the boat," that unblushing Arab made a demand on us for twelve English pounds, as a proper backshish for our "Christmas" of to-day, and the wondrous dinner we had enjoyed. Verily, the Orient is not favorable to the growth of that sweet plant called modesty, and I even find the Egyptians most able apologist, Clot Bey, says of them: "The first sentiment that seems born with the Egyptian is cupidity. His ideas of honor and personal dignity are lost when the concern is of silver; and I have seen the lower classes beg, of persons more highly placed, a few miserable paras." The Egyptian, no matter of what degree, is always representing his situation as more miserable than it actually is. It makes no difference what you give them, they always hold out the index-finger of the right hand and clamor "*Kaman ouâhed*" ("Give me more—another," etc.). This instinctive cupidity makes the natives fraudulent in all their transactions, and explains the distrust with which they deal with one another. I bought the other day, of one of the first merchants of Cairo, some of his most precious *attar de rose*, I made him fill the little gilded bottles with the essence before my eyes, which I packed in a box for America, but afterward, having more confidence in him, I ordered him to put me up a larger bottle of the same, for which I paid him a fabulous price; I opened this to-day

for the first time—need I tell you, he had given me a bottle of *common olive-oil*, without a particle of odor, that will only be useful in mixing our salad !

But enough ; you will be weary with my birthday stories, thoughts, and doings on the Nile, even if I am not in telling them. Good-night !

January 4, 1867.

This morning we were early aroused from our berths by a great confusion on deck ; the sailors were shouting in an excited way, "*Kawám, kawám ! henák !*" ("Quick, quick, there !") There was a tramping over my head, and the harsh voice of the old *réis* sounded above all. I rushed out of my cabin, and had only just time to see the head of Eugène pass rapidly down the stream. He had fallen over from the bow, and the quick waters of the Nile would soon carry him beyond our reach. But the old *réis* was in the small boat quickly, and as Eugène floated by, partly by his own efforts, and partly with the assistance of the old sailor, he was dragged into the boat. He was as cool as if he had been taking an ordinary morning bath, and we all seemed to be much more frightened than he was. I wish I had been born in Russia, Kamtschatka, or any place else, where blood-currents flow as equally as in the veins of this frigid Muscovite ; I believe, if I were to announce to him the millennium to-morrow, and probable universal chaos, he would make his preparations coolly, and would likely give me a "*Oui, monsieur, je serai prêt !*" mechanically strop my razors, and put up a few necessary summer articles for my use in—Hades.

Passed BENISOOF. There is a residence of the governor on the west bank, a large, square, white-washed stone building ; a mud village surrounds this pretentious structure, but the cold attempt at civilized architecture is negatived by the waving palms, the great gardens of sugar-cane, and the crumbling mosque-dome with its Saracenic minaret which surround this glaring Nile palace. This town was once famous for its linen fabrics, and in the time of Leo Africanus it was said to have supplied flax in great quantities to Tunis and other parts of Barbary. Here is

stationed a native doctor, supplied by the government, but I am told the Arabs have more faith in their barber, who performs, as of old, the office of surgeon and cupper. The bank at Benisooéf presents the scenes common to the large towns on the Nile—numerous boats tied to the shore; merchants seated in groups bargaining with the natives who surrounded them; buffaloes* standing, or lying in the water; women filling their water-jars, or pounding their clothes to pieces (on pretence of washing them) on huge stones at the river's bank; troops of dogs lying in holes, or sneaking with sullen wolfishness away into the shadows of some wall; naked children rushing from the village and crying, "*Backshish, backshish, kowadji!*" (or "*kowâga*," the Egyptian name for travellers), and all these sights and sounds, that would have seemed so strange to us a month ago, now hardly win a regard as we sail by the shores.

January 5th.

This morning we passed Gebel Shekh Embarak, on the east bank, a lofty table-mountain approaching close to the river—a little above it is the Hâgar e Salâm or "Stone of Welfare," a rock in the stream, so called from the boatman's idea that a journey *down* the Nile cannot be considered prosperous until after it is passed.

Back from the shore, some distance, are said to be some interesting "dog-mummy"-pits, which we may possibly explore as we descend the river. This afternoon, just after dinner, we passed Abou-Girgeh, a large *fellah* town, situated in a rich plain about two miles from the river. This evening our dragoman brought in a large bag of copper piasters which he had received for us at the money-changers in Cairo, and we each of us took our shares, intending the small coin for distribution among natives, sailors, etc., and for purchases of minor articles of curiosities. The moment was too tempting to Mahmoud, and, having the passion of all Arabs for gambling, he proposed to teach us a game of chance.

* These buffaloes are a species of cow, ill-shapen and humpbacked, used as our oxen, in agricultural employments; their milk is good, and makes good *kishteh*—a sort of thick, creamy cheese; they resist the murrain, and, when not in active service, may be seen indulging in that almost unique of Egyptian luxuries—the bath.

"*Je le connais*," I think he called it; the stakes were one or more of the piasters. So well did his pupils benefit by his tuition, that in less than two hours we divided *his* pile of piasters between us, he, being overwhelmed by his losses, bewailing them like a child (I think the whole only amounted to a few shillings), and swearing by the holiest oaths of his creed that never would he play at a game of chance again—and we advised him not to, especially with Travellers and Idlers from our part of the globe.

January 6th.

How trifling must all these particulars of our boat-life seem to you, dear Bookworm, in the midst of your earnest daily heroisms! and yet I am telling you of my real self, set off by no artificial lights, and living out a part of my existence, made up of grave thoughts and foolish actions, and of the era from which, perhaps, I can date my character; I have moments of enthusiasm, when my visions of beauty are reflected from the altar-fires of the divine, and I also am, at times, contemplative about my dinner. As thought is thus so plastic, and we are so much the slaves of mood, why should I not instruct you equally about the *ragout* and the *chénoboscion*? To-day I write to you with my liver in capital order, and the air is balmy; the Nile sings; I am devoutly in love with the opulent Nature that surrounds me; all my senses crown me with pleasure, and from every impossible covert I see roses springing forth, that fill the air with a delicious perfume: with a bounding heart, I root my way through every possible phase of fun and merriment, and love the world as the bubbling spring loves the first touch of the warm sunshine—but *to-morrow*, perhaps I will have a rheumatic twist or the colic, and the Nile is liquid mud, the birds are all—geese; the sky is insipid, and the boat smells of cheese; my best friend is an unbearable egotist, wrapped up in the mantle of his supreme selfishness; the dragoman is impertinent; the sailors are thieves, and I wish the whole crew, my own detested self included, heartily to——Hades! There. This may be dyspepsia, but it seems in the human character famously like the gusts and clouds and shadows that sweep over the face of inanimate Nature to prevent her stagnation from

too much harmony or sweetness. Do you know I have just been provoked by the low, purring tones of Hassey's voice? If there is one thing more than another I thoroughly dislike, it is that monotonous, insipid gentleness of tone, or look, or gait, that even sweetness in voice, perfect milk and honey flow of words that would drown inspiration, were it a cat with nine lives. Such peculiarities always makes me feel as if I were being choked in a nightmare, and wanted to kick somebody to get well away. There is something strengthening in a blow; it makes your blood tingle from sole to crown, even if it does knock you down; but the touch of a cold, damp hand, the sweet trickle of a limpid voice that flows into your ears and mounts to your brain without ever deluging your heart—ugh! it smothers me!

Why do I like quiet landscapes, then? Why do I love the long, low, green meadows, shut in by the deep, silent wood, where just enough sun lies basking in the hollows to warm the brown, sleek bellies of the cattle? Why do I hide myself from the haunts of the ploughmen and the mowers, who work in the tilled fields, singing their songs among the fallows and the golden grain? Why seek the distant copse, where the sparrows hop among the twigs, only to lay myself down among the dry leaves, and stretch out my arms, as if I were meeting a friend? Why?—Is not this peace, and sweetness, and rhythm? Oh ye, whose ears are not attuned to the power and force of the *monotones* of this quiet Nature, list for a moment, then; smile, if you dare, with silent derision! There are the stir and hum of the insect-life about us; the drone of the bees; the murmur of a distant brook; the low of cattle, and even—if your ear be fine—the bursting of young plants, “on which the finger of God, each fresh morning, arranges the tender dew in pearls, and paints their leaves with fragrance.” Hear you and feel you the throbbing, the thousand modulations of the same music that bewitches you in dreams? Yes, the voices are full of melody, but composed of all those broken rhymes which, without equal feet, glide into music as surely as this river Nile to the wide-spread arms of the great blue sea. And that is why I love quiet pastures for *my* Pegasus, and hate smooth-tongued people; and if you complain that I have

filled up my journal to-day with these thoughts, I will answer—
You can tear this leaf out, and throw it to Major (your faithful
old “black-and-tan”), to sport with the fragments in the garden.
Again, good-night !

CHAPTER XIV.

UP THE NILE.

The rigors of the Mussulman fast—A look into the most holy Koran—Some punishment for bad wives—The prayers of the Egyptians—Eugène receives a ball from my revolver—The Idler becomes a surgeon, and practises without a diploma—A proposition from the dragoman to dispose of our "Evil-eye"—The birds and reptiles of the river—The glory and sentiment of our boat-life—Poetry original and otherwise—Kenéh and the illumination in honor of the princes—We are received by the Governor of the Nile, and entertained by the sons of the viceroy.

RAMAZAN.

January 7th.

YESTERDAY we observed that the men ate nothing all the day long, neither did a glass of water pass their parched lips, until the sun went down, or a great gun from a neighboring village was fired. This was the commencement of RAMAZAN. This fast is so important, that to pass it by without a full description of its forms and intentions, would be to leave you ignorant of one of the most important features of Egyptian faith, and indeed one of the most instructive points of the religion of the entire Oriental people. With it, permit me to delve among my books, in order to present to you, in a concise form, information about the Koran and its precepts, so as to throw light enough on many points obscure, to dissipate errors which obtain credence in the West.

The Koran, you know, is the book regarded by the Arabs as emanating from God. It is written in literal Arabic. The ulémas pretend that its sublime style cannot be imitated by man in elegance, beauty, and conciseness. It is, therefore, read by them, or read to them, four or five times every day, and some of them know it by heart, and almost all of them are familiar with its principal precepts. It is composed of one hundred and twenty frag-

ments, that the faithful believe were brought to Mohammed by the angel Gabriel during twenty-three years, until the Prophet attained the age of forty—from which age he commenced to fulfil his divine mission, which he continued until his death.

The elementary principles of Islamism are simple ; they are reduced to two : first, in the belief in the Unity of God, expressed by the formula “There is no God but God !” and the faith in the mission of Mohammed thus : “Mohammed is the Prophet of God !” It was around this dogma that Mohammed rallied the Arab tribes, plunged, before him, in the most gross idolatry.

Says Mohammed : “All the faiths have been sent to man at different periods by God through prophets—the Pentateuch to Moses, the Psalter to David, and the Gospel to Jesus Christ. These books,” he adds, “*are all true* ; but the Koran, having come from the sky the last, should be followed until the Judgment-Day, as the established law of God.

“God has a number of angels who watch over the actions of men.

“Gabriel is the minister of celestial vengeance ; Azraël is charged to receive the souls of men when emancipated from the flesh ; and Israfil to sound the trumpet for the general resurrection.

“Those of the faithful who follow all the laws on earth, shall inhabit a paradise. They shall wander through delicious gardens, reposing on couches enriched with gold and precious stones ; they shall be served by children gifted with eternal youth and beauty, who shall present them with exquisite wines in cups of different forms. At wish they will have desired fruits and flesh and birds the most rare ; near them will be the *houris*, with beautiful black eyes, and with complexions so fair that they will rival the brightness of pearls. Here, also, the smile of God will be a more ineffable pleasure than all other joys. But in the hell the sinful men shall suffer ten times all they have made others endure on earth. There is a sort of purgatory, also, where faults are expiated through suffering, before the sinner can be elevated to a higher sphere.”

One of the virtues most praised in the Koran is benevolence.

The good Mussulman should give the tenth part of his revenue to the poor, and the Koran especially prohibits usury, while it praises patience, chastity, and modesty.

The true Mussulman should not regard more than the back of the woman he would marry, and, as to the others, he commits a crime if he sees more than the palms of their hands. (I have often wondered, when I read this paragraph, how many among these men were without sin.)

These rules, however, do not hold with the slaves. It is also expressly forbidden to be curious, or to spy from the interior of the hareems the houses of others. (I am sure the poor camel-driver of Mecca had in remembrance, when he ordained this rule, some one who had looked into his pot while it was boiling for dinner, or cast a covetous eye upon his kábab.)

The tongue should be guarded against lies or calumny; and blasphemy is an enormous crime, which negatives all the good accomplished previously.

Fatality is fostered by the line which says "*that he who flies from the ills God inflicts, pretends to immortality.*"

But the laws in regard to the women are curious and instructive. After the express words of the Koran: "A man cannot have more than *four* legitimate wives; and if he finds this *inconvenient*, it is *recommended* to only take one, or rather replace them by his slaves. It is not permitted to marry without giving the wife a certain dowry, so as to assure her a living in case of repudiation. The slave, becoming a mother, must receive her liberty. The superiority of the man is asserted, and it is the will of God that they shall maintain their preëminence. The wives must be obedient, and keep the secrets of their husbands, otherwise their masters *shall leave them alone in bed*"—

"Terrible!" says the Gentleman Traveller.

"Silence," say I, and continue—"or beat them until they submit—"

"Glorious old faith," says the Traveller, when I had read this much of my letter to him. "I embrace the creed of Islam!"

"*Messieurs, le dîner est servi!*" says Eugène, solemnly, on the top step of the gangway-ladder.

"And I—the faith of Epicurus!" and so we scrambled for the cabin like two boys; and you must wait, my dear Bookworm, like any other Oliver, for "more," until the soup is proven, the dessert passed upon, the chibouk smoked, and the coffee tasted.

After Dinner.

The fast of Ramazan exists for one month. It commences with the new moon, and the day belongs to austerity the most severe, while the night is given up wholly to eating, drinking, and merriment. Says the Prophet: "This month, in which the Koran has descended from heaven to be the guide, the light of mankind, is dedicated to abstinence. Eat and drink until the moment when, by the light of day, you can distinguish a white from a black thread, then keep your fast until the night." And I see this law is fulfilled by all our sailors with a scrupulous exactitude beyond expression. Our dragoman, a sort of outlaw—a man of no faith—keeps it not, and satisfies his conscience somehow by saying, "he is away from home," a practice, indeed, some of my Western friends have of justifying any short-comings, disorders, or irregularities; thus I find the unlettered Arab exhibiting the same *finesse* as the creature of civilization. *Mais, revenons!* The abstinence is even carried to the excess among these people of not smoking or touching a drop of water; and although they toil in the burning sun, and almost faint from fatigue, they will not swallow the saliva which gathers in their feverish mouths. But they count the moments toward the hour of six, and at last surround the pans of dried bread and smoking pots of lentil-soup like famished dogs. We have wind, and are sailing now all right; but if we had not, we would haul up to some bank, and the poor fellows break their bread in peace. And now a word of the Egyptian's ideas of prayer. There are five daily prayers. In the *fègre* (morning) there descends an angel, who rests until *dour* (noon). This angel inscribes all those who have prayed. At noon the book is closed, and—unhappy he who has not his name recorded. Another angel comes at the *asr* (half-past three o'clock), and rests until *magreb* (sunset), and the last rests until the *eche*—two hours after sunset. I find all this rather beautiful. "Pub-

lish the glory of God before the setting and the rising of the sun, during the night and throughout the day, that thy heart may be satisfied with itself" (xx.—130). "Turn thy forehead, in praying, near the antique temple, that Abraham, grandfather of Ishmael, consecrated to the Most High (The Kaäba), and in whatever place thou art, turn thy regards near this holy sanctuary." I had written this much; the night had deepened, and candles just placed on our cabin table, when "*Bang! bang!*" we heard the sound of fire-arms on deck; there was a shout of affright, the sailors rushed to and fro, and I heard the fall of some body. In a moment the Traveller and myself dashed out of the saloon, and a painful sight met my gaze.

I had given Eugène a few moments before my pistols to clean, and, while he was polishing the barrel of one of them, Hasseyn handled the other in front of him—it was the old story of carelessness and ignorance. One of the chambers was charged, and the result was, my poor servant lay stretched upon the deck, in a pool of blood, with a most uncompromising patent cartridge-ball in his neck, and a group of howling savages about him.

"*Où est la balle, mon pauvre garçon?*"

"*Ici, ici—croyez-vous que je vais mourir?*"

"*Non, non, soyez tranquille—Prenez une goutte de cognac—Maintenon—*"

These words passed more quickly than I write them. Eugène had his finger on the ball, which had lodged just above the collar-bone, and the blood was flowing freely. I felt sure, on quick examination, that the bone was not splintered. I was not so confident that the arteries were uncut. Dear Bookworm, at that moment how I wished for you with your calm, steady surgeon's hand, and your quick, resolving eye, and how I thought of that *other* scene when you stood with your *scalpel* over a loved one,* with equal pulse and set lips, performing an operation which should result in life or death, while here I was quaking like a nervous girl, and floundering with my clumsy fingers and conscious brutality into the great hole in the poor youth's neck, as ignorant of all that mesh of veins and ligaments as the useless Arabs about me! But my

* A wounded brother.

voice was nevertheless quiet and assuring, and the Traveller, with quick and cool intelligence, brought me brandy and lint, and executed my orders with the promptitude of a surgeon's apprentice. While the sailors howled and prayed Allah by turns, Eugène bore the pain like a hero; he drank the brandy like a toper, and set his lips firmly, uttering scarcely a groan while I awkwardly fumbled for the ball. I caught it—it escaped me—oh, for a pair of surgical nippers—such as I often shuddered at in your velvet-lined case at home! Again I had it, but it was tangled among the ligaments; I dared not wrench it from its hiding-place. At last fate aided me and I brought it forth, followed by gouts of the thick, clotted blood. We had the sufferer removed to his berth, where I stanchd the blood, washed the wound, anointed it with a precious salve, and then I proceeded to give him medicine to subdue the fever which I knew must set in after such a wound. Did I right, O worthy doctor?

I have watched by the poor fellow until past midnight; he sleeps soundly now, but when I left his cabin first this evening he drew my hand to his lips and kissed it. This Muscovite boy may have a heart, after all.

Hasseyn seems to be overwhelmed with sorrow, for he lies coiled up in his blanket at the foot of Eugène's bed, but, with Arab duplicity, no sooner did he discover that my servant was seriously wounded than he commenced a series of lies to prove to me that Eugène *had shot himself*. It was rather dramatic I assure you, the scene on deck with the Arabs encircling the wounded man, and the light of the lanterns throwing weird reflections on the kneeling (improvised) surgeon and the Traveller, his able assistant; but such a strange character have I, that at the most serious moment I was tempted to laugh by the childish wails and plaints of the sailors, who saw, in this series of accidents to Eugène, a confirmation of their fears that he was possessed by an unlucky *djinn*, and that the voyage would prove in consequence unfortunate.

January 8th.

Being within a few miles of a village, we sent off a sailor runner at daybreak this morning to fetch a doctor to us, when we

should arrive, for I was not willing to trust the life of Eugène to my own unskilful hands. After breakfast I was waited on by Mahmoud, whose unusually solemn face led me to expect a communication of grave importance. His cool proposal was something like this: That my servant was unlucky for our voyage, he having not only been hauled out of the River Nile half drowned; lost one of the pistols of the Gentleman Traveller (whose companion he had been in hunting on shore one day), and had ended by shooting *himself*; therefore, that the said dragoman had concluded it would be best to leave Eugène at Thebes when we arrived there until our return from the second cataract, being sure that he was the "Evil-eye." In this request Mahmoud stated he was seconded by his crew, who had been murmuring all the morning at having this unlucky person on board, and he therefore hoped, etc.

To all of which rigmarole I replied firmly that, as the youth was under my protection and orders, I should so hold him; that he would go with me as far as I went, until such time as it would please an overruling Providence (or myself) to remove him; that, although Thebes might be a salubrious and interesting place, there I would *not* leave him; and ended by a gentle insinuation that all said Mahmoud's interference in my private affairs would be repudiated from that moment—and so Mr. Dragoman betook himself off with a scowl on his usually smiling face, and I believe he hated me from that moment.

We have passed MINIEH. We stopped for a few moments there, to let the doctor come on board. He was rather an intelligent-looking native, but had an unprofessional look about the feet and legs; in fact there was an entire absence of such garments as are usually considered indispensable in the Family *Æsculapius*. He looked at Eugène's wound, smiled at me, smoked a pipe, and, drank a glass of very good brandy, patted his diaphragm, and, making many bows, was going without his fee. You will concede that this was very unprofessional. However, he was prevailed upon to receive a consideration for his salve and extra lint, and left us with the consolation that Eugène would recover. Minieh is on the west bank, and was built in the time of the Moslems by

Khasceb, who was appointed governor under the caliphate of Bagdad. The inhabitants have much trade with the interior of Africa, and, although said to be rich, take good care to conceal all outward signs of their wealth, from fear, probably, of Ismaël Pacha's tax-gatherers. But the banks are enlivened by frequent villages, and, as we have adverse winds or no wind at all, we go ashore and walk through the towns, generally followed by two or three sailors as interpreters and guards, but trusting far more to our revolvers for protection.

I have just come aboard from a wilderness of crumbling mud huts almost buried amongst the palms—miserable hovels, with rude holes for doors, and twisted palm-mats for roofs; inside and out sit groups of women, whose faces though unveiled are tattooed with blue figures, and are horrible to look upon. In Egypt, as in more cultivated lands, you may take it as a rule that those who are most anxious to cover their faces are the old hags; and indeed the lot of woman is a lamentable one here, for while obliged to share the affections of her husband with others in *this* world, she is supposed to be put aside for the *houris* in the next. Indeed, many ulémas claim that women have no souls, and that their only chance of immortality rests on the tradition of Mohammed's conversation with the old woman who importuned him for a place in Paradise.

"Vex me not," said the husband of Cadijah, "there *can* be no old women in Paradise—"

But when the ancient wife sent forth her lamentations, the diplomatic prophet added, "because the old will be all made young again!"

But I must not wander from descriptions of the village. Naked little children, almost all of them hopelessly afflicted with the ophthalmic curse, lay in dust-heaps in front of their cabins; the larger ones were playing at *koora* with stones and crooked sticks, but they soon left this sport to join the old men who followed us with whines and prayers for backshish. The Traveller coolly shot his pigeons from the family stock in the centre of the town, which raised a clamor among the women, only to be allayed by a few copper piasters. In a line along one of the less crooked

avenues were people sitting in the dirt, exhibiting for sale eggs, brass and copper trinkets, gaudy handkerchiefs, beads, bread, and rice, and making a noise, in bargaining and selling, like unto twenty flocks of geese. Proud-looking Bedouins, mounted on sleek mares, rode through the town, brandishing, with a sort of warrior air, their long spears. Women, probably the dancers or *almées* of the town, sat with fierce-looking men in front of the cafés; they were dressed in scant blue cotton gowns, but with legs and breasts bare; they wore head-dresses, arm, breast, and leg ornaments of silver and gold coins; generally they were tattooed, but their large, velvety eyes were gentle as those of animals, and soft and tender as the gazelle's. Young girls passed us now and then, carrying water from the Nile; their forms were perfect, and the lithe, supple grace of their walk was the very "poetry of motion;" goats, camels, donkeys, and beggars, filled up the other parts of this picture with which we are now becoming tolerably familiar. Now and then, as we glide slowly along, impelled by a faint wind or pulled by the sailors, who always sing at their labor, we see the ruins of some city, wall, or column, whose history dates back two or three thousand years before Christ; but, although we study out all the landmarks with interest from our choice library, we do not stop, leaving our fuller investigations until we return.

Sometimes the breeze freshens suddenly while the sailors are on shore and then there is a loud cry from the old *réis*, the men dash into the water and swim or wade to the boat, loosen the sails and we shoot ahead, while the grateful sailors squat motionless on the deck and sing one of their rude songs, which I have translated thus :

"*Bismillah!*" * cries the Arab friend
Who was a foe before;
Bismillah! for the God will send
His unexhausted store.

"*Allah-kerim!*" † the boatmen sing,
Under the palm-trees towing;
"*Allah-kerim!*" their voices ring,
Adown the swift Nile rowing.

* "*Bismillah!*" Come and eat.

† "*Allah-kerim!*" I trust in God.

"*Salamé !*" * to the sinking sun,
 A cloud its red-blood sips ;
 "*Salamé !*" for the wise words run
 So sure from dying lips.

"*Allaou-dalem !*" † God knows all,
 To none but Him we bend.
 "*Allaou-dalem,*" night is a pall,
 Sleep till its horrors end.

As we get farther up the river, the waters seem to be thronged with huge, strange-looking fishes ; myriads of flies and gnats buzz in strange chorus with the rushing waters ; lizards are glancing, snakes are twining on the banks, and countless insects of unimaginable forms are crawling among the rank vegetation. The low plains of sand that stretch from the desert are all quivering with wild fowl ; snow-white pelicans, with their great murderous bills ; purple geese, herons, ibises, lapwings, and thousands of nameless birds flap their wings with a sound like low thunder, while sometimes the very air is darkened with migrating flocks of doves, pigeons, hoopoes, and swallows ; the eagle and hawk soar above, all watching their prey, and the shrieking vulture whirls in circles over some cane-brake where lies, perhaps, the carcass of a sheep or donkey. Flocks of animals browse about every village, troops of wild-dogs are forever prowling on their outskirts, camels walk in stately and solemn procession along the footpaths, and the buffaloes eternally perform their rounds in pulling the water-wheels that irrigate the land.

Amidst all the exuberance of animal life on the Nile, man only languishes. I asked why I saw some villages entirely deserted and some partially destroyed—the answer was the *corvée* or conscription of the government for labor or the army. If there is a canal to be dug, a railway to be built, or a sugar-house to be erected for the viceroy, the sheiks of each village must send a certain number of men, who work for nothing and find themselves. The men fly to the desert to escape odious service, and the wives and children dare not remain behind them ; it is as well to perish in the solitudes as under the whip of the officers, and the dread

* "*Salamé !*" Salutation.

† "*Allaou-dalem !*" God knows all.

of conscription is such in Egypt that six out of every ten men we meet have deprived themselves of the forefinger of the right hand, their front teeth, and even the right eye, where ophthalmia has not saved them the trouble by taking both.

January 24.

Passed BENI-HASSAN last night, so that we did not even catch a glance of its famous grottoes. This morning early we pulled slowly by RADAMOON, where there are large sugar-factories. The buildings look clean, and the village thrifty, showing the civilizing influence of steam. This factory is owned by the pacha now, but was established by an Englishman called Brine, who died in 1821, and was afterward succeeded by some Italians. The sugar is refined here by means of eggs, the prejudice of the Moslems against the use of blood being too great to admit of its employment. It is sent to Cairo, and then wrapped up in British blue paper imported for the purpose, and sold as imported sugar. Famous trader, this pacha!

The Nile became very winding at noon, and we came suddenly upon the cavernous cliffs of Gebel Aboofáydee. The river here is very dangerous, and great caution is necessary, the wind blowing from all points of the compass at once.

Nine o'clock in the evening.

Passed Manfaloot on the west bank. All right. I have already mentioned the *Bund* carried two American flags, besides a long streamer, on which her name shone forth in a field of blue. Every traveller, before leaving Cairo, adopts a private flag, and registers it at his hotel before starting, so that it is known, when voyagers' colors are seen on the river, who they are, and where they hail from. We saw a dahabééh ahead of us this morning, bearing the English flag; our boat being lighter, and carrying more sail, we soon were enabled to pass them. You may be sure this was an exciting moment for us all, an event in the pleasing monotony of our existence. We were on deck, and, as we shot by our fellow-travellers, we gave them a salute from our guns and revolvers, which was returned by the English, accompanied

with the waving of hats and cheers. The trifling speculations of who these people were, how far they were going, what their dragoman was named, etc.—will you believe my confession?—occupied the Traveller and your Idling brother nearly until dinner-time, and thus, as Mrs. Browning wrote, "*our days go on, go on.*"

There is something time-stealing and delicious in all this positive and voluptuous idleness. Morning comes upon us with such liquid, unvarying brightness; evening, silent and starry-eyed, steals on the heels of brazen noon, and, almost without warning from the fateful hand of Time, days glide into weeks, and weeks into months, as dreams into dreams, sweetly, unconsciously. We rise early, and drink in the beauty of the same blue skies; the same balmy air, dry, and full of its strange balsamic odors, fills our lungs, and makes our cheeks glow with the rich, warm tints of the south. On emerging from our cabins, coffee and pipes meet us at the threshold; after which we take our guns and walk along the banks (if we be tracking), and though we start up the red-legged partridge or strange birds beyond the ken of my ornithological lore, they generally escape with as little profit to the *cuisine* as to scientific societies. Mahmoud makes a foray on the villages for fresh eggs, butter, or poultry, for which he pays what he pleases, and tells, no matter how many lies, about our being great princes, and threatening blood and destruction if we are not at once supplied with the cream of the village. At nine or ten we take a breakfast that would not disgrace a Viennese restaurant, and then, with our unfailing pipes, we lounge on our divans on deck, beneath the awnings; and while the noonday sun blazes fiercely, we talk lazily, and always philosophically, of marriage, immortality, the best beer, the last beauty, what we shall probably have for dinner, the approaching Thebes, the glories of its architecture; who cuts the best trousers; and *whether it is* really better to uncork champagne *before* it is placed in the coolers?

All this seems, doubtless, very foolish to you; but give yourself, my Bookworm, a pleasant companion (as I have), perfect unbroken leisure, and a few thousands of miles between you and all your toils and—friends; lead the calm life in this delicious air, with the same gorgeous sunsets and nightly blue, starry with

constellations, by which "Abraham steered his course from the land of Chaldea;" float tranquilly along, day by day, and week by week, past colossal temples, mountain pyramids, on this ever mysterious river, by whose borders stand the monuments of a glorious world of the past, at whose feet lies crouching the mud huts of the beggarly present—experience all this, and then say, if you dare, thou man of wisdom, that the scope of *our* vision is not grander, the range of our thought more comprehensive, and our ideas lifted up far above the petty level of the politicians, pedlars, and pedagogues, who cramp *your* civilization!

Is my companion a man of fashion? Think you he longs to "lead the German." Is he ambitious? What avails it in the solemn presence of Karnak, that majestic temple, whose architects were forgotten in the year — B. C.? Is he vain, selfish, proud? "Of what, wherefore?" he asks himself, as he walks in the gloom of the mummy-pits behind the Memnonium!

Think you this life, then, is stagnation? It is growth! The man who enters the portals of the rock-tomb of Abou-Simbel, and comes not forth a *thinker*, deserves to lose immortality, or have his little soul return to the dogs—it probably sprung from them.

We talk, too, of people and books; those who were grand in the old days; and we drag out and fight over the bones of our heroes like savages. We compare Gettysburg and Sadowa of the present, and sneer at Wellington's tactics with the sublime affectation of cadets at West Point. We do not quarrel over Napoleon, for his grand genius and sad exile and death touch a chord of sympathy in both our hearts. Then into new channels flows our divan-talk—from the Homeric springs of Simois and the banks of the "divine Scamander" to the rugged, long-perioded Carlyle, and that poor, great, delicious poet, Tennyson, who grew cross and uncomfortable, and moved from Farringford House, because people insisted on looking at him—him, with the massive brow and graceful locks—in the antique waistcoat and linsey-wolsey coat! But we loved him, notwithstanding he loved not our land, and we recited his "Lotus-Eater" as

"All around the coast the languid air did swoon"—

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream
 With half-shut eyes, ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream !
 To dream and dream like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
 To hear each other's whispered speech ;
 Eating the lotus day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender, curving lines of creamy spray ;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;
 To muse, and brood, and live again in memory
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heaped over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass ! "

And then from England's sweet-voiced bard we turned to our
 own sweeter-noted singer, Longfellow—he, of the mild eyes
 and courteous mien, who walks from the house at Cambridge to
 "Boston town" like a modest citizen ; fearing not the human
 gaze, because he loveth humanity not with fine phrases, but with
 the impulse which is an instinct of every generous heart. And
 so we sang with him—

"And the night shall be filled with music,
 And the cares that infest the day
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
 And as silently steal away." *

One of our company (I will not say who) is a sorry musician,
 and would bring forth his violin ; and although his notes were all
 unknown to Paganini, still the sailors would listen dreamily to
 his improvisings, and the clear air would tone down the ruder in-
 harmonies, until, in this sentimental idling —

"We drank the Libyan sun to sleep, and lit
 Lamps which outburned Canopus."

And these nights ! the sunsets ; the sky that deepens softly from
 the brightest blue to the deepest cobalt ; the distant hills, warm-
 tinted with a "purple luminous," blending harmoniously with the

* Longfellow's "Walf."

living emerald of the waving grain along the shores ; the sombre, shadowy reliefs of the distant mud villages, with their overspreading, fan-like palm-trees ; the long line of flame in the western sky, gradually seeming to separate into scintillant particles, which quiver and tremble in waves of rosy light, until the moment when the sparkling stars, or the white moon, appears to pale its glory. Far into these wondrous nights we can see the distant hills floating in a liquid amethystine sea, and, as the Nile dashes by, the brightness of the moonshine makes her palpitating breast glitter as if covered with scales of silver armor, or with the creases of a serpent's skin, writhing under the sun. The boats of the natives glide by like ghostly barks, and were it not that the chant of a melancholy song comes to us ever and anon, like the faint echoes of voices in a dream, we could believe ourselves in another world. And *this*, my dear Bookworm, is our daily *Nile-life*, sweetly monotonous, deliciously idle, until the moment we turn into our narrow berths (I am sure my grave will not inconvenience me at all after my dahabééh experience), to dream of camels and caravans, the desert and tents, backshish and fleas, until the coming morn. Passed Sioot this evening.

January 11th.

We sailed by the famous *Gebel Shekh Hereédee* this morning. This is a mountain on the east bank, well known for the superstitious belief attached to a serpent reputed to have lived there for ages, and to have the power of removing every kind of complaint. We met, and passed soon afterward, an American dahabééh, the finest boat we have yet seen on the Nile ; but, after our exchange of salutes, she hoisted all sail, and soon left us far behind. The Traveller caught me biting my lips that we should be distanced.

January 12th.

We were aroused this morning by a great shouting among the sailors, laughter, and confusion. On going out, we found that some poor Cœnobite monks had swum out to our boat, and were crying for "backshish," and one naked giant, scrambling on deck, cried, "*Per l'amor di Dio, elieeson!*" These fellows are considered as Santons, and not only did we give them a few piasters,

but each sailor a few paras, receiving in exchange a fair amount of mixed blessings in Arabic, Coptic, Cufic, and Italian, which I hope may stand me in good stead some day ; after which these amphibious friars swam ashore, and were scrambling along to their crumbling convent on the desert's edge. Ah, life !

At one o'clock, Mahmoud stopped at a miserable little village to buy a sheep, eggs, and butter. For the sheep (after much hag-gling) he paid equal to two francs and a half (about fifty cents), and for the eggs about six cents per dozen. I noticed that the farmers' wives in this respectable Arab settlement wore no silk dresses nor crinoline.

This evening we arrived at GIRGEH, and went ashore with our dragoman to stroll through the town by moonlight. He bought some bread for the sailors here ; and, being followed by a curious crowd through the wretched bazaars, who almost mobbed us for backshish, we soon took to our asses and rode to the river, glad to take advantage of the fair wind, in order to make Kenéh as soon as possible.

January 13th.

The wind has left us—the sailors, keeping Ramazan so strictly, are almost exhausted with drawing the dahabééh, so we have pulled up at a mud-bank, and the Gentleman Traveller has gone alone with his gun to try and shoot some of the thousands of geese and ducks flying about us. *Later.*—He has just returned, but we have had no wild game for dinner. He says his shot is too light, but I never knew an unsuccessful sportsman in my life who did not use “light” powder, or single B's when he should have had BBB's, whose gun was foul, or whose birds were hit, but somehow got away to cover. Ah, well ! do not we cheat ourselves all the way through life with these little delusions, and make use of trifling deccits to save our *amour propre* ? I think so.

January 14th.

This day we have the wind again; and some little excitement besides. At about two o'clock, as we were bowling merrily along with all sails set, we saw, in the far distance behind us, the thick, black columns of curling smoke which indicated the approach of a steamer, that modern civilized beast, whose black nose would

be poked into our savage paradise, and startle the gentle ibis with its shrill screams. But soon we perceived, with the aid of our glasses, that not only one but two—*three* steamers were following us. Here was an event. All hands on deck, which was cleared for action. Thanks to our Age, we had no fear of pirates, and soon the three steamers were passing us under full head of steam. They all bore the viceroy's private standard and the Turkish flag, a sea of blood, in which sailed the white crescent. The first steamer was filled with horses, sheep, and provisions, the second (as we afterward learned) contained the governor of the Nile (Hassein Bey) and his suite; the last the three sons of the viceroy, with their tutors, interpreters, and attendants—the young princes making their annual visit up the Nile to the first cataract for health, instruction, and pleasure. As they passed the *Bund* we gave them a salute from pistols and guns, which was politely returned by them, with firearms, the lowering of flags, etc., but they soon steamed out of sight, leaving us again alone on the river; this little incident furnished us with as much food for conversation as the burning of a town or a declaration of war would the men of cities. Here are some thoughts I scribbled on the back of your last letter,* and I send them to you along with

* UNSIGNALLED.

I've passed an hundred ships at sea
That sailed like phantoms to and fro,
Hoisting strange banners silently,
That fluttered up from deeps below.

And floating 'twixt the sky and sea,
Here crimson lines, and there a star,
They told their stories, and to me
Dropped out of life, and sailed afar.

But *once* upon a pleasant day
I saw a ship with white sails set,
Which gave *no* sign, but bore away
To where mine eyes are straining yet.

And now my vigil-days go by,
And in the night no beacons guide;
I only watch on patiently,
And scan the spaces us divide.

But still I search the horizon
With solemn faith that I will see
Some day the lone, unsignalled one
Send up her messages to me.

other rubbish from almighty Thebes, although I know the only good will be to swell the light pile in your waste-paper basket. Hourly we advance toward the red-lipped South; brighter suns, more starry skies, and richer luxuriant scenery dawn upon us; sometimes we are crawling through the desert, struggling against the mighty tide of the Nile, with the muscles of our Arab sailors stretched to their uttermost; sometimes we glide along by green strips of fat earth or wide fields of the blossoming bean, which fills the warm air with a delicious perfume. Little gardens, snatched from the desert, are fenced around with sugar-cane stalks, and patches of the Indian corn are ripening in the centre of a wilderness of lupines, sweet peas, and the drowsy-headed poppies; and strange, green-eyed lizards are watching banks of gold-speckled melons, and basking in the warm sands like dragons guarding the rich gardens of Hesperides. At intervals, on the banks, we see the tumble-down sheds of the *fellahs*, and from them come forth the groans of the *shad-hoof** like the cries of a human thing, and under these covers the Arab and the buffalo are at their unceasing labor of irrigating the land.

We arrived at Kenéh this evening, and found the town rudely illuminated in honor of the visit of the princes; their steamers were moored close to the banks, and lines of colored lights were hung from stem to stern; on shore lanterns were suspended among the palms, and from every branch of grand old sycamores; bonfires were lit (a warm reception this), bands of natives were singing and dancing before the boats, and altogether it was like a picture from the Eastern story-books. We did not stop, only saluting again as we went by, and soon we were far away into the darkness, hearing but the plash of the waves against the side of our boat; seeing but the dusky figures of our sailors in the bow, and drinking in those "living airs" of middle night whispered to us from the murmurous palm-trees on the dark and slumberous shore.

* "*Shad-hoof*," water-wheel. It is a primitive affair. A large wheel acts upon a number of buckets attached to a cord; they are filled with water as they descend and turn over at the top when they ascend, falling into a channel which carries off the water over the land—it is formed wholly of wood, no grease is employed to prevent friction, and at all hours of the day and night along the Nile are heard the mournful groanings of this machine.

January 15th.

This evening we hoped to have anchored beyond the vast Temple of Karnak, in front of our consul's quarters at Thebes; but the wind suddenly died out, and we are moored close to a grove of palms growing on a high bank, in a sort of canal two or three hours' sail from the immortal city. Behind us is a wall of mountains, their crowns just touched with the gold and purple of the dying sun, and at each side of this beautiful river there are long fertile strips of grain, besides forests of palm and dom trees.* Mahmoud had our camp-chairs taken on shore, and we smoked our chibouks and drank coffee there, listening as much to the screams of the strange night-birds as to the dragoman's babble. He told us an Arabic story which much resembled Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," including the Shylock's "pound of flesh," and we marvelled much if the great poet had stolen his idea from the ancients. Why not?

January 16th.

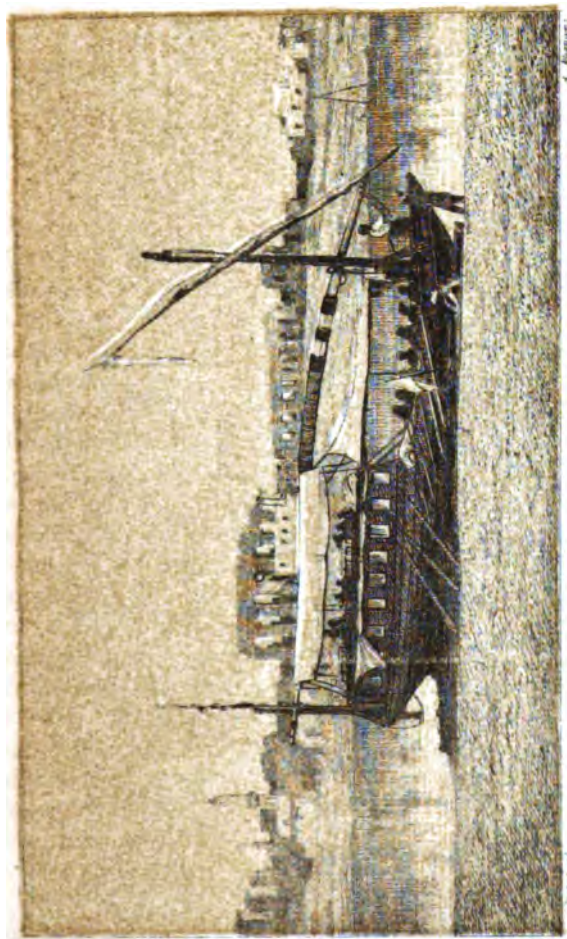
"*Fallough!*" shouted the dragoman to the sailors at sunrise this morning; and "*Fallough*" drowsily echoed the sleepers, crawling slowly from their holes and shaking our great sails free to the freshening winds; the hawser was loosed, and soon the *Bund* was speeding toward Thebes. I had slept but little during the night, for the thought that I should stand (if only a moment) beneath the Propylæa of Karnak, look upon Luxor, and see the Colossi of the Plain, was enough to make me brush the gentle hand of Morpheus from my eyelids, so I was on deck early this morning, and eagerly searching with my glass the sight of the first obelisk or column. The day was blazing hot. Think of one of our American midsummer days when all the air has left the land to go and rock the ocean-waves, and you will have a faint

* "Dom-trees." The *doum* of the Arabs. This species of palm is not found until Upper Egypt is reached. It differs essentially from the ordinary palm. Its trunk is divided into two grand branches, which are subdivided in their turn by numberless twigs having also their bifurcations. Its fruit is different from the date, and is of the size of an orange, of an irregular form, rather elongated, however. This fruit is covered with a reddish, hard envelope, within which is found a spongy substance, very sweet, but rather insipid; in the centre is a large kernel. The tree gives its fruit twice yearly, and is much esteemed by the natives. Its top has a form not unlike an umbrella.

idea of Luxor this midwinter's forenoon. We reached Thebes at eleven o'clock, and we found several dahabééh's moored to the bank, along with the steamers of the princes who had passed us early this morning. As we approached the shore, we fired our salute, and it was not only answered by the other boats, but old Mustapha Aga, an Egyptian, who acts as American and English consul here, gave us a royal return with an old iron fieldpiece.

Without intention of particularly visiting the ruins at this time, we only stop now for letters which should be at the consulate, if any have arrived by dromedary mail from Cairo; so we push up to the Temple of Luxor (above whose vast columns is floating the American flag), where the consul's court is held by Mustapha Aga. This aged Egyptian speaks English tolerably well (through what was once, doubtless, a whole nose), is courteous to strangers, and acts as general antiquity agent; receives and forwards letters, is arbitrator in dragomen's disputes; has power to thrash, maim or put to death any wretched sailor, Bedouin, or *fellah* who imposes upon travellers; serves the howadjis with continual consulate coffee and capacious chibouks—otherwise is quite lame, and is ready to receive any and all backshish, however offered. We ascended the steps of the consulate, and, preceded by our swaggering dragoman in full dress, we entered the reception-room, which was filled with travellers, sailors, sheiks, Bedouins, slaves and tobacco-smoke. Mustapha arose from his broad, dirty divan, where he was acting as judge in some travellers' dispute, and, having saluted Mahmoud, who, it appears, is an old friend, he greeted us warmly, clapped his hands for his servants, ordered us coffee and fresh chibouks, pushed over a mass of letters for our examination, and, seating himself again, calmly took up the thread of jurisprudence where it had been left off on our entrance, passed the judgment of the *bastinado* on a wretched sailor who had grumbled on some dahabééh—cleared the court, and turned to us serenely again to renew the conversation.

We made the acquaintance here of the American strangers on the boat which passed us on the river; they have their wives on board of the *Gazelle*, and only intend going to Assouan, their boat being too large to pass the first cataract. How strange it seems



THE BUND" AT THEBES.

here, on the marge of the desert, to be receiving letters with our names written in great Arabic characters! The Gentleman Traveller has a pocketful (he is the very child of Fortune), while I — well—*only one*, and none from home, toward which all my tenderest thoughts are directed. I am only a silly Idler, I know, but, as I walked down toward the shore, I could have fairly cried, I felt so deserted—*no letters!* Ah, dear Bookworm, do you know what this means in far, far lands, to miss the well-known handwriting; to feel that you are separated, not only by the distance, but the thought; the consolation of being told, even on the white sheets, “*You are beloved?*” Forsaken! why was I, then, ever joined to what I loved? why has my world been so much a dream-world? It is sweet to know the hidden meaning of the sounds and sights of deeper Nature; but, when once the poetic soul has fathomed the mystery of feeling, adieu to peace. Suffer, then, to enjoy; the keener the pleasure, the more sharp the pain; my life has always been nourished by the sympathy of friends; it was the heavenly germ that slept in my heart as the blossom in the closed seeds; and in a moment, all is dead, and the fruitless grains lie black upon the cold earth—lost, lost! Yet why should I bemoan ye, O tardy messengers of love or sorrow? perhaps the breath from your unknown and wandering bosoms might blight me, here in this distant land!

A truce to my lament. I must walk through Luxor. Imagine the palaces of Amunoph and Rameses the kings, with their Sphinx and Obelisks, and glorious walls and columns, all surrounded and built in by mud huts; their hieroglyphics defaced by the smoke from the kitchens of slaves, and their ruined dromos the haunts of the dogs by day and the jackals by night: imagine crooked lines of huts among the temples where crouch the dervishes, beggars, and robbers of the mummy-pits; add a rude fair in the midst of all this, for the sale of meat and vegetables, cattle, trinkets, and charms; a bazaar, long, low, and dark, where fierce Arnauts mingle with proud Bedouins, and lazy *moudirs** with swaggering dragomen: sprinkle among this population howadjis on asses, and native women whose faces are

* Governors of villages.

uncovered, with the usual crowds of children, the aged and crippled shouting backshish in chorus, and you will have an idea of Luxor as it appears this hour.

The sun beats down fiercely, and there is not a breath of air stirring, yet I make my way to the river, where all the population are assembling to witness the Bedouin performances on horseback given in honor of the princes. Under an arbor of palm-leaves, surrounded by their attendants and the *suite* of the Nile governor, sit the youths, watching with lively curiosity the quick dashes of the men of the desert on their Arab mares. The Bedaween run swift as lightning, then stop suddenly, wheel, flourish their tufted spears in the air, cross them with one another, bury them in the sand, the animals running around them in ever-narrowing circles to the sound of rude music and singing. But the heat was too intense, and the wild circus exhibition did not compensate me for the sand that was smarting in my eyes, so I sought the *Bund*, and on its divans felt more comfortable, divested of coat and cravat, and sipping a sherbet that Hasseyn has just handed me.

Evening.

Before our dinner-hour, we received an invitation from the Nile governor, Hassein Bey to come on board of his steamer, which was moored next to our dahabééh. Making more of a toilet than usual, we paid him a visit with our dragoman. I suspected that Mahmoud had, for his own purposes, not only told Mustapha Aga that we were great personages in our own country, but that he had industriously circulated the rumor of our being on some government mission; this explained, therefore, the reason of the governor's invitation, and his warm reception of us; but it was not until later, I discovered the cunning of the dragoman's diplomacy, which, while I condemned it, certainly was of service to us. Every thing is moved here by two levers—braggadocio and brow-beating. Hassein Bey is a man of perhaps forty-five years of age, but he looks older. He is a Turk, swarthy, spare, but mild-eyed and intelligent for an Oriental. He ushered us into his great cabin, which was fitted up luxuriantly; the usual ceremonies of the pipes and coffee which have been so often described, were gone through

with, and then commenced the funny interpretation by the dragoman between the pacha and ourselves :

GOVERNOR.—“ Ah, Americans—great country—big war ; grow plenty of cotton there. Tell me the travellers' names, so that I can count my good fortune from the blessed hour of their coming ! ”

DRAGOMAN (to Travellers).—“ The pacha says he is glad to see you and wants to know your names. I will tell him you are the big governors of all Amerikys.”

TRAVELLERS (in a dismayed chorus).—“ No, no, no ! ”

GOVERNOR.—“ What do they say ? ”

DRAGOMAN (unflinching).—“ They thank your highness.”

(We took the hint here, and poured out what little Arabic we knew, with that famous exclamation, “ *Két therkhayrak !* ”)

GOVERNOR.—“ Is there any thing I can do to help the great Americans on their journey ; any *firman* I can grant within the pachalik of the eternal Nile ? ”

Now was Mahmoud's chance, and he improved it—so he made his little speech : “ May it please your excellency, the great Nile governor, whom Allah bless ! The strangers are great travellers ; they have sailed on every sea of the world, and are as familiar with Cronstadt as Cape Cod. They would cross the great cataracts of the Nile, and go into Nubia, and therefore pray the Pacha (the end of whose honors is more distant than the ends of the earth, and whose glorious deeds are written in Mohammed's good book in Paradise), that he grant a *firman* to his cataract men, to pass the travellers' boat without delay—the first of all—and with the force of all their villages.”

PACHA (clapping his hands for his scribes).—“ I will do it.”

Entered on the scene now two men, with the silver inkstands stuck like daggers in their girdles, to whom the governor gave orders to draw up the necessary *firman*.

One of them I could not help remarking. He stood like a bronze statue, listening to the orders ; his dull, fixed eyes, seeming not to notice a person save the pacha. He was, doubtless, a confirmed hashish-eater, as the dark-blue lines around the sunken orbs indicated, and he moved off as in a dream, making his low *salaams* mechanically.

Between the intervals of their departure and arrival with the documents, the Governor of Thebes, a fat, jolly, old-womanish looking man, waddled in to look at the strangers, and see what was going on. After him came some *sheiks-el-bélid*, or the heads of villages, to pay their respects to the pacha. An amusing scene here occurred. Our dragoman, who had only been taken by the hand by the Governor of Thebes, felt *sorry*. ("in his honor," as he told us), so he advanced toward him after he was seated, and asked him if he did not remember him. "I am Mahmoud," said he. "I had a dozen sailors whipped before you, two years ago, for stealing a bag of henna." The modern Theban law-giver tapped his forehead, and doubtless passed in review all the bastinadoings, hangings, and whippings of the past two years, and finally said he *did* remember Mahmoud and the "*dozen*." They embraced warmly then, kissed on both cheeks, like the Germans, and each took his place with a satisfied smile, as if the claims of this most sacred ancient friendship had been vindicated.

The scribes arrived with the document, which was read first by them to their chief; then by the pacha alone; then by the circle formed by the small governor, the sheiks, coffee-servers, pipe-bearers, and understrappers generally.

Mahmoud had been listening to its reading, with the pupil of his bad eye rolled clear out of sight, when, just as the governor was about to affix his seal, he cried, "*Stop!*"

"What is it?" demanded the dispenser of firmans, surprised.

"That is not all," said Mahmoud, with supreme impudence. "Put in it that the people along the river are to give us butter, eggs, and mutton, at cheaper prices than last year, and that the cataract people are to charge us only for a boat of thirty *adebs*;" and this unblushing dragoman turned to us and commenced to complain bitterly at the short-sightedness of the people, who were, in reality, doing us a great favor and honor.

The pacha kindly sent the document back, and the scribes soon reproduced it with the items of butter and eggs duly inserted. I am particular in describing this scene to you, because it will show you how business is conducted here. The *firman* was

delivered to us, and we endeavored to make Mahmoud translate our really sincere thanks for the favor.

PACHA.—“Tell the travellers they are my friends forever, and when they return, ask them to stop at my palace of Siout, when I will show them my ten spotted tigers.

TRAVELLERS (in an excess of courtesy that could do no harm).—“Say to the pacha that we should be glad to see him in America, where we would show him the elephant and our great city water-works.”

All of which being translated, and thanks received for our stupendous invitation, we took our departure amid bows and dumb motions that would have appeared ridiculous to a newcomer, but which really commenced, to us, to mean something.

In the evening Thebes was illuminated, as Keneh had been the night before, and the steamer of the princes was a waving line of colored light. The wind commenced to freshen, and we had assembled our sailors on board preparatory to a start, when we received an invitation from the governor to come on board the royal vessel and be presented to their highnesses, which politeness led us to believe that, spite of the immodesty of our dragoman, we had made a favorable impression on the old pacha.

At nine o'clock we were received on board the vessel. We passed first through a line of native servants holding flambeaus, and were then met by Mons. J., one of the French tutors of the princes, and by him presented to them.

The eldest (and now the heir to the throne of the Ptolemies) was a sallow, dark-eyed, discontented-looking youth of fourteen; the next in age, a beautiful, oval-faced boy of perhaps twelve, with gazelle-like eyes, and the soft, musical voice of a girl; the youngest, about ten, a perfect little lion, with a savage energy in every lineament, and who talked of hunting like a Nimrod, and wanted to learn so much about our Indians, buffalo-hunting, and American prairies. They all seemed to be far beyond their surroundings in intelligence, spoke French perfectly, and seemed to be charmed to hear about America, that far-off El Dorado, which to them seemed to be invested with something of the mystery of the Mountains of the Moon.

After being served with the chibouk and delicious coffee, we took our leave, which was accompanied on the part of the princes and their suite with many amiable expressions of pleasure at the interview.

Now for a good start, thought we, as we trudged back to the boat; but, alas! we found our cabin filled with sheiks of the surrounding villages; Mustapha Aga, our consul, and his crowd of beggarly native followers; the fat old Governor of Thebes, and a miscellaneous crew of Bedouin chiefs, and other picturesque ragamuffins, who had come—not for a carouse—but to drink a cup of tea, that greatest of all luxuries to the Arabs. Oh, that tea-drinking! the row of strange forms sitting cross-legged on the divans, swathed in wrappings of cotton and silk, and sucking in the hot and fragrant liquid with the sound of a roaring blacksmith's bellows! I shall never forget it, and we paid the old fellows all sorts of dubious compliments, which our dragoman faithfully translated without his or their understanding them, making us roar with laughter as they bowed and vowed, and filled up their cups again, piling in the sugar, and scalding their unaccustomed mouths.

There was one thing amused us still more than this—their explanation of the increase of American travel on the Nile. You know the boats of the English, whose sails formerly whitened the river, have almost all disappeared, and, out of two hundred and fifty-five travellers this year in these barbarous regions, about two hundred and ten have been Americans. Well, the natives explain the matter thus: “America had great war. No cotton, all cannon. They took London,* burnt all the villages, got all the money, and have come out on the Nile to spend it. The English, now poor, stay at home.” Ingenious reasoning, I must say.

About eleven o'clock we were rid of our company, set sail for Esneh (one of the oldest and most amusing villages of the Upper Nile), and I am ready for my cabin, after this instructive but rather fatiguing day.

* The only idea of the natives being that London is England—and they are not far wrong, especially if so it be that Paris is France.

was his grandmother ; that he had shot the assassin three days afterward, and sold him to an Englishman for seven-and-sixpence ! ”

There are all sorts of superstitions among the natives in regard to the animal. They have a king, who is said to reside at Denderah, and a queen half a hundred miles farther up the river ; but the royal family, from my own observation, seemed to be about on all the sand-banks between the paternal and maternal courts. Herodotus affirms that the crocodile is “ blind under water,” and Pliny conceived the same error, but a moment’s reflection will convince any one that an animal living chiefly on fish should at least be gifted with an equal power of sight, in order to secure its prey. Its small eyes are, however, protected by a membrane which passes over it when under water. It has no tongue (the *male* crocodiles should have happy households, according to the expressed opinion of the woman-haters), and moves the *lower* jaw like other animals ; though, from its frequently throwing up its head at the same time that it opens its mouth, it has obtained the credit of moving the *upper* jaw. Another error respecting it is its supposed inability to turn ; but after finding it can strike its head with its tail, I advise no one to trust to this received notion. No one, however, should bathe in the Nile above Kench, where there are shelving or flat sand-banks ; but where the ascents are steep, or the water is deep, with a strong current there is no danger of them. The parent crocodile deposits her eggs to the number of from eighty to one hundred in the sand, which is a sort of foundling hospital for the race ; the sun is then the foster-mother, and the only watchers by the egg-shell cradle are the fishes and the birds of prey. Imagine a nest of crocodile eggs, when the embryos feel it is time to make a start in life, roll about and down toward the river, attempting emancipation. On they come in drunken circles ; flocks of hawks and kites dart at them ; the ichneumons run at them, and strange fishes with bodies like ten-pin balls, and eyes like fire, gape for them, yet enough escape and reach the water to make one very squeamish about bathing in the neighborhood for a long time after.

There is a story about crocodiles the Arabs tell, that I at

first disbelieved, but to which I am inclined now to give credence. When crocodiles lie on the sand-banks, there is a little bird who acts as sentinel for them, and gives them notice of danger by singing. So familiar are these birds with the Nile monsters, that they will go to sleep in their mouths even. I have noticed that, whenever there are crocodiles, little birds are hopping quite near to them, which seems to give a coloring to the Arab belief.

January 21st.

This morning we had a sad experience. We were called to the deck by our dragoman, who pointed to a dahabééh descending the river, whose American flag was at half-mast. Soon a small boat put off from it, and three American gentlemen came on board of the *Bund* to inform us that their friend, a Dr. Brownell, of New York, had died suddenly in the night. He was a consumptive, and had come upon the Nile as the last hope of restoration. Alas! by its banks he would be buried. They were taking the body back to Edfou. We offered our earnest sympathies to the companions who thus had so sad and solemn a duty to perform; and, as we bade them "adieu!" we lowered our own flags to half-mast, and pursued our way toward Kom Ombo and Assouan.

That God hath ordained every thing well, who can doubt? Yet, in moments like these, the mystery of His works is too great for human understanding. Ah! it is sweet to lay down the burden of life surrounded by parents and friends; looking your last into eyes that have always beamed with tenderness for you; hearing the voices that vibrate with a known music, and being touched by the hands made intelligent through love. It seems to me thus that the one step beyond the portals of Time is on roses, and you carry the voices (whose echoes have scarcely died in your ears) and the dear faces (which have not yet lost their reflections in your failing eyes) into the pure and serene presence of God, blended and hallowed as a part of your own soul. But, to be put away in this savage summer-land, where, though the palm-trees wave, and the bul-buls sing, the home-voices are silent, and the dear lips are mute; where, though the Arab chants his mel-

ancholy prayers, and the deep music of the rushing Nile is an eternal anthem to the God of all, yet the church-bells are not ringing, and a stranger reads the service—ah, *that* is far more cold and loveless, spite of all the balm in the air, than the hurried prayers or the first indifferent clod thrown on the poor body. Do you remember the hasty lines?—

.
 “Oh! bury me where a child can play
 Without that shuddering fear,
 Which warns the soul by a creeping awe
 That a dead man's bones lie near.

Oh! bury me far from stately tombs,
 Where columns in glory arise,
 Whose faces white are blushing quite
 With the sense of sculptured lies.

Oh! bury me thus at the eventide,
 As if you had buried your love;
 And leave my dust with the dust below,
 To give life to the flowers above.”

January 22d.

Passed KOM OMBO, and this evening, at ten o'clock, we reached ASSOUAN, just below the first cataract. We did not go ashore here. There are many dahabééh's moored close to the land. The pacha's steamers have arrived, and are illuminated, as usual.

January 23d.

Looking around me this morning, I find the landscape has taken gigantic proportions. The sides of the Nile seem to be closed, and present an aspect wild and savage. Enormous blocks of brown granite and black cobalt cut the waves, and form rocky islands, on which the sparkling waves dash and break in foam. The change in the panorama is not without its charms, from the monotonous shores of Lower Egypt to this sandy mountain on the right (at the summit of which remains of Saracenic towers are dimly seen), and the masses of rosy granite and colossal basaltic pillars on the left. The town is on the east bank, and oppo-

site to it lies the beautiful island of Elephantine, peopled by Nubians, and containing some interesting tombs and ruins. It is still shaded by lofty palms, and carpeted with richest tropical flowers and wild weeds. The ancient name of Assouan was SYENE, and the enormous rock, on which once stood the proud Tower of Syene,* mysteriously marks the boundary between Ethiopia and Egypt.

A grove of palms stands between the modern town and the river, and in this there is, at present, an Arab encampment, while behind, a short distance, are secreted (we learn from our dragoman) a cargo of slaves, lying *perdu*, until the pacha's boats shall leave. These poor creatures, of whom I shall presently have more to tell you, have been brought from Abyssinia and the interior of Africa in the dirty, rakish-looking *kangéhs*, moored at the banks; and although, by statute, the slave-trade is forbidden in Egypt, the law (like many of our own) lies dead, owing to the connivance of officials at Cairo and elsewhere.

We went ashore, and were immediately beset by a crowd of curiosity-sellers; and what, think you, composed their stock in trade? Elephants' trunks, rhinoceros-horns, *courbaches* of hippopotamus-hides, ostrich-feathers, head-ornaments, rude silver bracelets, nose-rings, and anklets, and *the only dress of their women*—a small girdle made of leather thongs. I must confess, I purchased of one black villain the whole wardrobe of his wife, and stood by while the articles were delivered, too. There is no use telling you, my shrewd Bookworm, that I was hunting through the town all day for *Cufic* inscriptions. You would not believe me, so I will confess at once that I took more pleasure in idling through the miserable bazaars, watching the lithe Nubians filling their water-jars, regarding a caravan about starting across the great Arabian Desert, whose waves of sand roll to the very edge of the

* "And the sword shall come upon Egypt, and great pain shall be in Ethiopia, when the slain shall fall in Egypt, and they shall take away her multitude, and her foundations shall be broken down.

"Ethiopia, and Libya, and Lydia, and all the mingled people and Chub, and the men of the land that is in league, shall fall with them by the sword.

"Thus saith the Lord. They also that uphold Egypt shall fall; and the pride of her power shall come down: *from the tower of Syene* shall they fall in it by the sword, saith the Lord God." (Ezekiel xxx. 4-6.)

town, and, finally, in visiting the great quarries a short distance from Assouan.

Speaking of the latter, it was curious to observe the method here for cutting off the blocks. In some instances they appear to have used great wooden wedges, which, being driven firmly into holes cut to receive them along the whole line of the stone, and saturated with water, broke it off by their equal pressure. Indeed, a trench seems to have been cut for this purpose; and the fact of the wedge-holes being frequently seen where the stone is still unbroken, simply confirms this conjecture. In one of the quarries lying southeast of an Arab cemetery is an obelisk, which, having never been entirely detached from the rock, remains *in situ*, as an example of this method of Pharaoh's workmen. It would have been nearly one hundred feet in height over, and eleven feet in breadth. This very hill (according to inscriptions) was under the tutelary protection of Jupiter-Hammon-Cenubis, and Juno, the deities of Elephantine.

January 24th.

All of yesterday our dragoman was employed in conferences with the sheiks of the villages. He strutted about with his governor's *firman*, shook it in the faces of the contumacious, the *rêis* of the cataracts, and threatened all sorts of vengeance if our boat was not immediately taken over the falls. There were coffee-drinking and pipe-smoking, caucuses between the villages on shore, complaints about the low water, the heaviness of our boat, etc., all of which, it is needless to say, was for the purpose of extracting extra backshish. It was finally decided, however, that we were to start to-day, but an adverse wind detains us, and I shall go ashore soon to look at the slave-women.

Evening.

The *Gazelle*, belonging to our Boston friends, is moored at the isle of Elephantine, and they have been all day exploring "Philæ;" but as we stop there coming down from Nubia (it is above the first cataract), and they go no farther than this place, we have not yet visited the temple. Dr. R——n came this evening on board the *Bund*, and, bringing his flute, we played some

duets together, reviving many of the sweet airs of home here in this savage land. As they have been very hospitable, we invited the gentlemen of their party to accompany us in our boat to-morrow over the cataract. They can do this, and return to their boat by asses or camels the same night.

Some of the slave-women whom I saw to-day are certainly beautiful, spite of their color. Darker than their Egyptian sisters, their features are more regular, their skin is soft and fine, and their eyes are gentle and inexpressibly tender. They come, for the most part, from the neighborhood of Dongola, and are destined for house-servants and odalisques for the richer beys and merchants of Cairò and Alexandria. Nothing can equal the beauty, suppleness, and delicacy of their forms, and I could not help thinking that the genius of the great French painter, Gérôme, had more truly seized the characteristics of this grace than any living artist, and his works of the "Almées," "Slave-market," "Muezzin," "Prayer in the Desert,"* etc., have justly won for

* Speaking of this "Prayer in the Desert," my dear Bookworm, leads me to the reflection of the beautiful verses of Miss E. D. Proctor on this picture of Gérôme's. I can only recall a few lines, which, in Syria, the poetess wrote in my autographic book :

" Upon his cloak the Arab stands,
Behind him stretch the solemn sands
Back to the barren hills that lie
Serene against the azure sky.
Slow-winding from their dim defiles
O'er scorching waste and sedgy isles,
From lordly Cairo, Mecca-bound,
Threading the plain without a sound,
Save when the burdened camels groan,
Or tents are pitched by fountain-stone,
The long-drawn caravan is seen
Wrapped in the desert's blinding sheen.

He plants his lance ; his steed he frees ;
Light from the north the rising breeze
Lifts the hot cloud and moans away
Down to some Petra's still decay,
Sad, as if wailing fall and rise
Were won from dying pilgrims' sighs,—
Their couch by billowy sands o'erblown
Where Azrael keeps watch alone.

him the highest honors. These poor creatures were lying huddled together under low tents, apparently unguarded; some of the old women were making bread of millet-flour on a smooth, large stone; some were sleeping, and the younger were even laughing, and humming strange songs that probably had been learned in little native cabins near the jungles of Sennaar. "And this is another phase of life," I muttered:

———"the universal lot,
To weep, to wonder, die, and be forgot."

January 25th.

This morning, at ten o'clock, we had assembled on the *Bund* the most miscellaneous group of savages it was ever my ill-fortune to witness; big and little, old and young, all headed by the two *réis* of the cataract—one a man of fifty, with the shoulders of a Hercules, and the other a wiry old heathen of sixty, with a silvered beard and active frame, who joined our new steersman at the helm. Our Boston friends were on board in time, and, with a fair wind, we passed toward *El-shehayl* by the colossal cliffs of red granite on the side of Elephantine.

Egypt recedes from view, and we glide toward Ethiopia. The river narrowed between the black crags, and the water boiled in the curving channels. Sometimes a rocky pyramid uprose from the shining desert plain; sometimes our sight was shut out from the barren hills by some spot of vivid verdure, shadowed by acacias, palms, or sycamores; at other moments the sloping, sandy hollows were of deep gold, and seemed to be held in the crucible of rocks, whose volcanic origin caused the latter to shine like polished copper in the sun; sometimes the wastes of sand were white,

Oh, Arab! we are one with thee!
All day we rove some desert sea;
The winds are dead, the wells are dry,
Above us flames the torrid sky;
And only in some twilight calm,
When fires are spent, and air is balm,
Beyond our griefs and fears we ride;
Our sandal-cares we cast aside;
The clouds of doubt are backward blown,
And lo! we meet the Lord alone!"

and looked like snowy tracts lying under the moon. Past all these kaleidoscopic changes, we entered upon the seething waters, and sung—

“Syene’s rocks are far behind,
And thy green banks, sweet isle of flowers,
And thine, Shehayl ! whose children’s laugh
Rings merrily through the date-tree bowers,
That erst, mysterious rites concealing,
O’ershadowed silent Pharaoh’s kneeling.”

Resting at the foot of the first fall, which the natives call the “Little Door,” we beheld a sight so strange that my pen can but imperfectly depict it to you.

As far as the eye could reach, on every brown jagged rock, amid the boiling waters, and along the distant winding shore, uprose, as if by magic, hundreds of naked natives, of all ages and sizes, who, having evidently waited for our appearance, now joined in the work of fastening strong hawsers to our dahabééh, accompanying their labor by songs, shouts, and curses, and making a confusion which he only who has travelled in the Orient can understand. Scores of men and boys dashed into the foaming torrent, some on little round logs, and some without, all beating the waves with their feeble arms. They somehow contrived to steer themselves through the foamy cataract and reach our boat, on which they clambered, dripping, grinning, and naked, shouting “Backshish ! backshish !”

I beheld, with amazement, one after another of these Nubians spring into the flood, shoot down the rapids as if it was only sport to them, and, paddling with either hand, reach any given rock. Many trust themselves without their log, and they apparently stand upright in the waters which whirl them past as on the back of some mad foaming charger ; these fellows fasten their only garment (the waistband or girdle) on their heads, in the form of a turban, when they go into “*El-Bab*,” or the smaller cataracts, and then they seemed to me like great black painted idols, which, in the crash of the world’s millennium, were being hurried on by some Scamander to join the Sphinxes in a strange inferno. What forms they had ! As they came on deck dripping with

water, and their skins shining like some dark polished metal, each would have been a worthy model for the sculptor. But I had no time to notice further these strange beings, for our good *Bund* had recoiled at the foot of a fall, and the ropes were brought in play to pull her up and over it; the foam was flung over her bows as she was dragged through the waters, and if, for an instant, the ropes had given way, we would have been dashed into splinters against the rocks in the flood. "*Wallah! wallah!*" "*Fallough, fallough!*" shouted the chiefs on the tops of the rocks, and the dark surging masses of Nubians, on each side, answered in chorus, "*Haylee sâh! haylee sâh!*" * Now we were below a ridge, over which it seemed impossible to drag our large boat; the waters were heaped up over it, as upon a cataract's brink, for a final plunge, and our craft trembled, but moved not over it: every nerve was strained; the hawsers were twisted around the rocks ahead of us but we gained not an inch; the shouts of the unearthly figures around us, the wild motions and shrieks of the two réis' of the cataracts, with the roar of the waters, made up a scene of savage strangeness impossible to depict. Just at this critical juncture, and at a point where a dahabééh had been wrecked two years before, our left bow-hawser gave way from the rocks (having been too quickly and insecurely fastened by the men), and, like a shot, we veered round, the waters dashed over our deck, and we only hung trembling by our *one* rope: if that had gone, we should have been precipitated against the rocks. The shouts of the natives were deafening; the gestures of the chiefs frantic—fifty athletes dashed into the cataract and swam for the missing rope, and finally, one old man brought forth the end in his teeth like a great grizzly dog—it was soon again fastened, and we were safe. In the mean time, at the first sign of danger, Mahmoud had rushed below, and appeared, in an instant, with his money-bag slung on his shoulders, while the réis of our boat was huddled among the sailors in a corner, yellow with fear, his lips trembling as with an ague, and his hands fumbling an old chaplet as he muttered the name of Allah. Another pull, "*Haylee sâh, haylee sâh!*" and we felt ourselves slowly ascending the steep, though sights and sounds

* "God help!"

were overwhelmed by the rush of waters which sparkled over and thundered around us. One minute more—painful suspense—sustained struggle—and we were over, and tied to the rocks in the minor falls: there was a hearty cheer from the Nubians; we thundered out a salute from guns and revolvers on deck, let fly the corks from two or three champagne-bottles, and drank to the health of friends at home here in Nubia, and almost under the shadows of the island of Philæ.

January 26th.

Our invited guests parted from us yesterday, after dining on board of the *Bund*, making their way back to Assouan on asses, and we lay here all night in a sort of sheltered cove. At six o'clock in the evening we went over to the TEMPLE of PHILÆ, through the heavy sands of the desert, and across to the beautiful island. I shall never forget that moonlight night. The Temple of Isis, enshrined in the lovely spot, will remain in my memory forever. No dreamer of the old Druse times ever pictured to himself a scene of wilder grandeur or more magical beauty. All that I had ever imagined, read, or heard of the wondrous scene, had left me unprepared for this sweet realization.

Around us loomed up masses of gloomy rocks, thrown together as by some vast convulsion of nature; in all sorts of fantastic shapes of towers, pyramids, castles and statues, they laid among drifts of silvery sand, fringed by rich green verdure, and purple blossoms, and crowned by palm-groves intermingled with flowering acacias whose perfume filled the air. Through these vistas of craggy cliffs and plummy foliage slept a stretch of still blue water that only seemed more calm from the roar of the cataracts beyond the isle. The walls of the Old Temple City were reflected in this clear mirror, and the sickle moon hung over tall airy pillars, whose graceful carvings could almost be traced in the soft light. Great columns uprose from the solemn shadows of the shrub-tangled banks, and walls, and terraces, shrines, sphinxes, and obelisks, were sheltered by the lofty sycamore and graceful date trees; the whole scene of peace and beauty was girdled by rugged volcanic mountains, scathed, dark, and desolate, and beyond

them stretched the calm desert, that seemed like a silvery lake under the soft moonshine.

“Not far from her feet the *El-Shellal* roars,
Here swim her dusk lovers she counteth by scores;
But she smiles as the torrent fretfully pours
Past the rocky-jambs of her cataract ‘doors.’

“She trembled a little, this beautiful maid,
When an earthquake shook her the last decade—
Now a Sphinx crouches low in the Pylon’s shade,
And the green lizards sleep in the holes it made.”

The keel of our small boat grated on the shore, and while our servants and guides went up into the ruins to prepare a fire for our coffee and chibouks, it was with an awe-inspired feeling I slowly walked amid the luxuriant vines, and found myself in the centre of the Temple of Isis.

I will leave it to learned antiquaries to decipher for you the hieroglyphics on the columns, or the walls of the Propylons, for their *exvotos* are a dead language to me; but if you can be penetrated by the Spirit of Beauty (which is only the Spirit of God by another name), walk here amid these sacred temples where the god Osiris lies; * in the moonlight walk here alone, as I did, enwrapped by this fervent, silent, solemn mystery; drink in the philosophy of the hour, and the romance of the past. Behold! the long lines of vestals march once more amid the dromos, and see the shadows of their long white garments flutter past the portals which lead to adytums, in which the altar-fires have been quenched for three thousand years! Their solemn music sounds in my ears; how strangely it inflames me, not with a passionate exaltation, but each arpeggio, joy-penetrating, spirit-imbuing, touches my senses with a melting harmony; love and friendship, warlike courage and longing after divinity, all boil in the blood, until it is hallowed and becomes of one instinct with the spirit. My imagination, imbued with the fancies of the scene, took part in the games, and even sacrifices, and ranged with the wildest

* The brother of Isis, who was slain by the giant Typhon.

caprice from the dark cells of torture to the soft alleys palm-shadowed, fit for the Cleopatrean courts of love.* In those moments I communed with the gods, and swore as bravely as any ancient Ethiopian, "*By him who sleeps in Philæ!*"† Passed I through the cloisters (which here are columns of porphyry and marbles of dazzling brightness), like a priest arisen, and sang so boldly my monkish hymn, that the eyes of the scattered Sphinx seemed to dilate, and turn upon me wonderingly in the clear moonlight. What pleasure to grope, all alone, through the intricate mazes of corridors, and come out at last upon the giant hieroglyphics, and the hawk-headed Remesus, whose threatening arm, although upheld, dared not to strike the strange guest of the temple. Coquetting thus with the mysteries of the spot, I found my way into the interior of the grand Propylon, and from thence by a subterranean stairway up to the roof. What a sight! Below me a wilderness of scattered columns, great piles of sculptured rubbish all painted, gilded and carved, from whose bodies sprung up the plants of the tropics as if to beautify the tombs (already so beautiful), below me the quiet lake; beyond, the rocks and desert, and in the distance, the roaring cataract "*El-Bab.*" Upon a terrace before the Temple of Æsculapius sat our group of Arabs; a bright fire was glowing, and they gave to this picture under the moon one of its most fantastic features. From my height I was called to join them, and if I lay aside the expressions of my ecstasy to describe simply my return, you may understand me better, although you will never comprehend the strange bewilderment of sense I experienced that marvellous night at Philæ. I descended into the magnificent court, on each side of which was ranged a noble façade of lofty columns nearly perfect. The capitals of each were of a different order, but all exquisitely carved, and the painting with which they were enriched was as vivid as the day the now forgotten artist laid on the colors. Passing into a lesser court, its lofty walls seemed to narrow upward toward the sky. The gigantic sculptures, but dimly lit up by

* One of the inscriptions in the Temple commences: "*To King Ptolemy and Queen Cleopatra, his sister, and Queen Cleopatra, his wife, gods Evergetes, welfare. We the priests of Isis seeing,*" etc., etc.

† One of the most solemn oaths of the ancient heathens.

the moon, had a weird and mystic effect, and I somehow crept quickly through the silent adytums as if I were followed by some priest of Isis, who would take terrible vengeance on the stranger for his invasion of the sanctuary. Through a wondrous labyrinth of darkened tombs and rows of columns; from lofty chambers, where Belshazzar might have revelled, to wide, solemn, sphinx-lined courts; past walls profusely covered with paintings, and encrusted with gold, where gods and warriors seemed to move self-supported between earth and sky, I at last found myself, wearied and exhausted with my wanderings and emotions, in the midst of our Arabs, and glad to stretch myself on the Persian rug and sip a cup of delicious mocha. Then, in the shadows of Isis, with the moon swimming in the clear blue ether, the story-telling commenced; and thus the hours passed by, varied by our violin-player improvising some strange fantastic melodies, which had such a weird effect, echoing through the ruins, that the entranced Gentleman Traveller, who had been also wandering through the mystic aisles, told me he could hardly be induced to come out into the Rembrandt light of our camp-fire, and join us in our slow march home again to our dahabééh. Thus, but dimly, my dear Bookworm, I give you an outline of this adventurous and charming life, which no one will dare now to call monotonous.

But all this was a happening of yester-night, and to-day came the grand struggle over "*El-Bab*"—the Great Door. The natives gathered from all quarters at daylight this morning, and the work commenced; it was a reiteration of yesterday's proceedings, only with the addition of more danger, blacker rocks, narrower channels, and fiercer cataracts; but at length all were passed (a labor of six hours), and, as the flaming mid-day sun shone on the *Bund*, we shot out into the calm waters of Ethiopia, and sailed for Ouadeh-Alpheh, or Wady-Halfch, with a new *réis* at the helm, and our old sailors attending to their labors, as they gleefully sang "*Allah, kerim! Allah, kerim!*"

January 21th.

The weather is getting very hot, and in the middle of the day now we must always seek the shadows of our cabin; yet the sky

is ever blue, and the sunsets rich and full of a quiet glory. Nubia differs widely from Egypt in many respects. It is true, we have still the palm-trees, the river, and the desert, but the cliffs have assumed wilder forms; the stream itself is narrower and more rapid; the line of vegetation, though brighter, is more limited, and the desert more frequently stretches in a silvery waste on each side of us. The inhabitants become darker and more savage-looking, and each one carries with him a short, knotted club, and a curiously-twisted spear; sometimes, also, a shield made out of hippopotamus-hide. They are a very mixed race, even between the cataracts. The beings bordering on Egypt speak a dialect called *Kenooz*, and those above Kalabshée speak another called *Kenzee*. Then there are the tribes, such as the Ababdé, the Moggrebyns, and the Bisharein, who have each their settlements and peculiar customs. The men have laid aside the turban, always seen in Egypt, and their exposed heads are covered with a thick growth of matted hair, which falls on either side of the face, and down the back. This is always plaited, and smeared over with *castor-oil*, with which also they grease the flesh of their bodies, and polish their faces. Few of the young men wear any covering but a girdle around their loins, and none of the virgins have any garments, save the leather sash I have alluded to around the waist. The married women wear a loose blue robe, and all fix their long woolly hair in scores of plaits around their heads, smeared and matted with oil. When a woman is married, her hair is plaited for the first time, and is never undone until her husband dies; it then is undone, and no more oiled or plaited until she is again married. Thus, when we beheld a mass of uncombed and unkempt wool, we were sure of a widow. At all of the little villages where we stop for supplies, the natives come down in droves: some to sell us provisions, but the majority to stare at the strangers, or to barter away their beads, ornaments, and amulets. The Nubian woman is more free than her Egyptian neighbor, and far more honest and virtuous; and, I think, the same can be added of the men. The young girls never wear veils, and seem to be quite timid, running away fleetly at the slightest approach of strangers from our boat. As they walk up

the banks, with their water-jars poised gracefully on their heads, their light and elegant figures are displayed to the best advantage. Their faces generally are finely moulded, and their velvety eyes have a mournful but very sweet expression. Of course they are quite dark, but the texture of their skins is finer than that of any race of Europeans. If you ever see them, as I have, crouched under the shade of the palms, weaving cotton, or standing, like timid fawns, ready to fly at the hunter's approach, you will agree with me, that these simple children of Africa possess a beauty and grace which all the savageness and barbarism of their condition and surroundings can never rob them of. Their voices, in contrast with the shrill notes of Egyptian women, are low, plaintive, and musical, and when they laugh they display teeth of matchless beauty. I amused myself to-day, as we lay up under a bank, bargaining for five tresses from the head of a young married woman. My request was communicated to her by our new *réis*, who speaks their Barabra tongue, and at first was received with disdain; but, when I showed them a bright Turkish silver dollar, the young woman seemed to relent, and sent for her advisers from the village. At last they came—a troop of old hags and superannuated sheiks. A sort of council was held, whose hot debates we enjoyed. At last it was agreed the oily plaits should be cut from the head, but only on condition that they should be taken from behind, and cut by one of their own people. To the former I agreed, but insisted on chipping them from the head of the Nubian beauty myself. Another long debate—the touch of a Christian would be defilement—but at length I overcame their scruples by an addition of three silver piasters, and, calling for the scissors, I committed this “rape of the locks.” The minute the work was finished the whole troop ran away to the village, shouting, singing, and laughing, while I enclosed my treasure in a small box, which, believe me, for the odor, I have not been able to open since. And so we pass along these strange shores :

“In our silken-sailed boat
We thus dreamily float.”

At four o'clock we passed Kalabshée, a savage village, whose inhabitants are yet unsubdued by the viceroy; and now the night

is upon us, we have no wind, and are obliged to lay up. We will probably go to a distant village, well armed, to catch a glimpse of Nubian life at night.

January 28th.

Again afloat, with a good breeze. As I told you we would, so we started for a little village, two miles in the interior, last evening. It was on the very edge of the desert, and the sight that greeted us was worthy of record. In the centre of a mud village were grouped a semicircle of men and women, who were chanting loudly a strange melody unlike the Egyptian songs, and accompanying their music of tambourines and tom-toms with a sort of almée-dance. The moon shone through the palm-trees, and lit up the dusky scene with a strange effect. At first we were unobserved, as we stood in the shelter of some huts, but the dogs were not long in finding out the intruders, and our efforts to beat them off disclosed us to the savage merry-makers. Soon some of the elders of the tribe came forward and spread a mat of woven palm-leaves for us near a fire, and the wild, vehement chants continued, while the men flourished their crooked spears in the dance, and beat at each other's shields in imitation of a fray. I had again an opportunity of noticing the beauty of the young Nubian girls, and I here record that the grace and ease of some of their movements were very bewitching. On our leaving, we distributed backshish of small silver pieces among the women; but the men now bustled around us, and demanded also some presents, seeming, I thought, to display their full ball-dress of spear and shield as a sort of gentle persuasion to that end. However, we refused them positively; and, while Mahmoud was discussing the subject with them, the Traveller quietly threw back his coat and displayed his pistol-belt, which seemed to have such an excellent effect on the floor-managers, that I followed his example, and thus quickly revolving on our heels, we made our way warily and slowly back to the Nile, resolving in our inmost hearts never more to attend little select dancing-parties in Nubia.

January 29th.

Over the tropical line! The north wind blowing freshly—

sweet, healing, balmy breeze—which yet is quite invigorating after the sultry heat of the last few days. Can it be possible that there is a part of the world struggling, battling, and heaving amid all human passions, while our calm pulses beat evenly through the life of these dull, delicious days? No thoughts of melancholy, no distracting cares, no corroding envies, no vanities, chagrins, or pains—

“A perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.”

Am I the same Idler, weary, pale, and harassed, who parted from you on the Western shores of the world? I scarcely can realize the fever of my past existence, so am I changed; thoughts, looks, and employment, all reversed—leisure to gain health, free from the daily adventures of the Bourse; parted from a life in which the soul sickens in a confinement unworthy of her genius; leisure to grow, and think, and feel; to attain a sweet philosophy, which shall, in the after-times, support, sustain, and strengthen me.

Think you not that the mere idleness of the tropics is the result, then, of a voyage like unto ours; think not only of the delicate scents scattered from strange plants along the wild shores, and the languid babblings of our half-filled sails—these truly are delights and music; but the melancholy that lays hold of you, because there is no work-world in which to act, touches your spirit with new emotions, and of course instructs it by gentle teachings and strange new revelations—and as you feel the inspiration of this fresher knowledge, the world expands, new links are added to humanity; you are charmed, transformed, sanctified, while beauty covers you as with a sheltering mantle, and life is raised into a holier state of mystery. I would not be to you metaphysical, dear Bookworm, but on the dark bosom of midnight, looking on the splendid vault of the starry heavens, I have been uplifted into immeasurable inspiration—here, on this solemn river, songs that laid like honey in my mouth would be pronounced with a sacred rapture impossible in another scene or world.

Do not accuse me of madness, if I tell you that before I lived in these sweet solitudes I was dumb to Nature; I never before felt

so touched by her complainings, but now she is intelligible to me, and while all are sleeping I muse and try to understand her mutterings. And oh, it is so sweet, believe me, to feel yourself so close to our common and beneficent mother—and for all your delicate constancy how will she pay you?—Some day you will find she has rewarded you by a mood that will make you blest; with a friendly breath she has opened and caused to bloom some flower of happiness, glowing alone for you in mysterious and splendid colors. And is all this nothing? Then call these *dreamings*, but I tell you, from the tyranny of day-cares, the tired spirit glides into the quiet aisles of such thought, coming forth refreshed and strengthened by a religion unknown to those who pause not.

Day by day we run thus by the luxuriant shores. Sometimes the weather is so hot that even our tawny-skinned sailors escape the fierceness of the noonday sun under sail-cloth; but when the sun begins to sink, and from the red desert or the naked cliffs comes a pleasant, refreshing breeze, only then the busy life is renewed.

January 30th.

We passed to-day the only *dahabééh* we have seen in Nubia. She was called the *Water-Lily*, and bore the English colors; as we exchanged salutes in passing, we were glad to see on her deck the fresh, rosy face of a young girl. This is enough of an event, believe, me to be recorded here. The Nile commences to narrow now, and great ragged crags jut quite into the river; when we have no wind and the sailors have to pull, it is with difficulty they can find a footing; when they cannot, they swim along the shore in lines, drawing the boat-rope in their teeth.

January 31st.

Every day now we pass great numbers of crocodiles, vast horrible masses, who lie upon the sand-banks until we are quite within shot and then flop sullenly into the Nile; we have wasted an incredible amount of powder and shot on them, but so far without result. The sailors' cries of "*Timseach! timseach!*" now receive but little attention. It is astonishing how little heed the

sailors pay to them ; if perchance we ground on a sand-bank, into the river the fellows dash, headed by our new *réis* (who seems to be amphibious), and push us off with their shoulders into deep water, standing perchance on the very spot where we have seen crocodiles enter a few moments before.

The river broadens to-day, and a beautiful island appears in the centre of it. This seemed like a very Arcadia in the midst of the desert scene. Palm-trees waved over a village, green lawns were speckled with sheep, there were luxuriant grain-fields and melon-gardens along the border ; the acacia sheltered the blossoming bean and lupin from the sun, the lotus bloomed at the water's edge, and the whole scene was one of peace and gentle prosperity. As we sailed by, the natives came down to the shores, and watched us curiously as we saluted them with our guns, but they did not forget to shout out the customary demand for *backshish*.

We passed Korosko and Derr toward evening. At the latter place lay a slave-boat, packed with its human freight from Abyssinia. On the shore were bales of goods ready for transportation into the interior of Africa, and tons of elephants' tusks, tiger-skins, etc., ready for shipment ; we stopped and held a consultation very serious, whether we should attempt to penetrate inland as far as Meroë or Dongola. It is true, the savage beauties and adventures of Abyssinia wooed us, and we painted lively pictures of giraffe and hippopotamus shooting in the meadows of Gondar ; we could go to the confluence of the Blue and White Rivers at Khartoum in twenty days across the desert : but then the chances were, also, that, if King Theodore laid hold of us, he would pay no more respect to our American passports than to the English consul, Captain Cameron, and the missionaries whom he was now holding in spite of the thunders of Great Britain.* So, in view of a probable *fricassée*, and being served up on his majesty's table *aux truffes*, we decided on leaving Dongola to its parrots and monkeys, and to confine our voyage to the second cataract, as we first intended.

* Of course, these lines were written before the Abyssinian expedition was projected by the English Government, to release the captives.

February 1st.

Made but little headway to-day—no wind, tide very strong, and the sun so hot the sailors can do but little pulling.

February 2d.

This morning at daybreak we came upon the magnificent ruins of "ABOU-SIMBEL!" the most interesting remains in Nubia, and perhaps the grandest rock-temple in the world. It has two temples hewn in the grit-stone rock of the west bank, both of the time of Rameses the Great; they contain in the interior certain highly-finished sculptures, whose hieroglyphics are said to throw great light on the history of the conqueror. The exterior is remarkable for the most beautiful of all Egyptian colossi. Three figures of Rameses II. attached to the great rock and seated on thrones; the faces are well preserved, and evince a beauty and dignity of expression beyond description. Think of these statues sixty-six feet in height (without their pedestals), as if chained to the rocks, solemnly contemplating the Nile flowing by through all the centuries; while the sands of the Desert day by day rise up, slowly, until now they have nearly covered up arms and chest, and will soon have buried the sad kingly heads beneath their sandy waves of filtered gold!

After the contemplation of these figures on the exterior, we crept into a small aperture nearly covered with the sand. This was formerly one of the grand doorways, filled with richest carvings and inscriptions, and now led us into a magnificent temple, but so dark, that we could not see until we had all the torches of our attendants lit. This hall is supported by eight Osiride pillars, or colossi, the total height of each one being nearly eighteen feet. Eight rooms open out of the grand hall, and at the end is an adytum, in the centre of which is an altar, and on the upper portion solemnly sit four statues carved in relief. The whole temple is filled with paintings and inscriptions, the colors on the former being as fresh to-day as when they were executed. They all relate to the conquests of Rameses II., represented in the great hall. The battle-scenes are very interesting. Among the various subjects are the arks of the Egyptians, which they carried with

them on their foreign expeditions. The first person who observed these interesting monuments was Burckhardt; and, in 1817, Belzoni, the famous antiquarian, Captains Irby and Mangles, and Mr. Beechy, visited them, and commenced to clear the entrance of the larger temple from the sand. After working eight hours a day for a whole fortnight, with the thermometer ranging from 112° to 116° in the shade, they succeeded in gaining admittance, and though the sand has closed in again, it is possible, with a little difficulty, to penetrate, as did our party.

The names of many adventurers and famous explorers are scratched or painted here; but, by the light of a torch, in a corner of the adytum, I scrawled the following lines, which those who run certainly *cannot* read :

ABOU-SIMBEL.

I stand where a world stood buried in sand,
In the temple of Abou, built by the kings;
And I heard the songs of the men of the land
(The saddest of songs when slavery sings);
But the statues chained fast to the rocks were dumb.
I laughed in their faces; they uttered no moan;
I looked in their eyes, and the tears filled my own,
For I saw their sins graven so deep in the stone,
That they could not atone—could *never* atone!

And I knelt by the side of Rameses king,
But I laughed no more at the motionless stone!
Did he hear my prayer when the scoff had flown?
For pity crept into my breast, I own,
For the heart of a man in a case of stone;
And lips without power to mutter a moan,
While the winds of the Khamseen constantly groan:
“O Rameses! king of the land, atone!”

An altar, an adytum, yea, and a tomb!
Oh, would you believe it, for cycles of gloom
Four kings have been chained in this horrible room,
But waiting the end of their terrible doom?

.

Oh, Dante ! who fashioned a hell of his own,
Scarce dreamed of this terrible curse of stone ;
Where sins should be graven so deep in the bone,
That the pity of God could never be known.
So, Rameses king to the rock has grown,
And ne'er till the rock to the desert is blown,
Can his lips be free, and his soul ATONE !

February 2d.

This afternoon we arrived at WADY HALFA, and just beyond this miserable Nubian village roar the waters of the second cataract, beyond which it is not possible to penetrate into the wilds except on camels, or transporting small canoes for service on the narrowing river. Lying at the bank was a dahabééh, carrying the French flag, making only two boats, during the season, which have come thus far—our own *Bund*, and the Frenchman's *Cleopatra*—the English *Water-Lily* not having gone farther than Abou-Simbel. There—one wide, desolate waste—lay the once fruitful kingdom of Nubia ; blank deserts spread around us in every direction to the horizon's extremest verge, and the dark river wound and curved, until it was lost in the black volcanic rocks through which poured the seething waters.

We have just received a visit from the Frenchmen. They are a party of five, led by Viscount G——, a young *savant*. They are quite agreeable, and we shall probably go down the river in company ; they intend also making the same trip as ourselves in Syria and Palestine ; so we shall most likely see much of each other.

The natives are grouped on shore, and have now lit a fire, around which they are dancing for our benefit, and the expectation of backshish. Here, also, are evidences of the strange commerce of the region—tusks of elephants, hides of gazelles, and tiger-skins, mixed with bales of coarse woollens and cottons, sugar-cane, and piles of water-jars. The African traders are huddled in tents much the worse for wear, and the dangerous nature of their occupation can be surmised by the arsenal of arms each one carries.

CHAPTER XVI.

UP THE NILE.

We go as far as we can on "The Belly of Stone"—Beyond civilization—Unexplored and savage Nubia—Some account of the winds of the Kamsin, and how it blows on the great African deserts—Alongside of the *Cleopatra*, and the philosophers found on board of her—A strange sportsman in an Arab village—Dendoor and Kalabshee, with a not very sentimental adventure at the latter place—Beautiful Philæ again—The Traveller's amusement with the natives on a mud-bank—Over the cataracts into Egypt again—A real live lion—Thebes—Our hashish-dreams.

February 3d.

THIS morning we crossed the river, mounted on miserable asses, without saddles or bridles, and made our way across the desert waste toward the huge rocks which border the cataracts. About five miles we had to ride over the burning sands, and beneath the fierce heat of a Nubian sun, before we reached Abou-seer, one of the great overhanging cliffs that overlook *Batu el Haggar*—the "Belly of Stone"—over which the waters foam tumultuously as far as the eye can reach. This is the *ultima Thule* of Egyptian travellers, and we were content to gaze over the impassable barriers into the savage distance. If Nature, in convulsion, had experienced her most terrible throes just here, she could not have typified her pain and disorder more clearly than by these masses of black, jagged rocks, which covered the face of the earth, and divided the seething waters into a thousand narrow and devious channels. Southward we naturally looked, and, in the extreme distance, among the shining stones, the plains of sand, and the ranges of barren hills, wound still the mysterious Nile like a silver thread through the dreary wastes, until it touched the flaming, far horizon.

It was a sight of solemn, savage grandeur, I shall not soon

forget. Here we stood, beyond all civilization, and on the very verge of absolute barbarism. If beyond these cataracts we travelled, all traces of us would be lost, and life would be one constant struggle. How little separated us from savage adventures and the hourly peril—only a few rocks between—and how little separates us in our daily lives from the quicksands, and forest-glooms, and weary desert-pacings—and I fell to musing here on the crown of Abouseer, and cut my name on his rugged face along with the Bélzonias, Burckhardts, Lord Lindsays, and the few others who to-day look beyond the distance, and to whom the cataracts, the Nile, and even humanity, are no longer mysteries.

The Traveller startled the thousands of wild birds from their shadowy nooks with his revolvers, and their reports echoed far and wide among these solitudes, and we both lingered here almost to the sunset hour before we consented to leave the solemn, melancholy mountain, whose foot is forever bathed by the waves that flow from the silent lakes, for which man forever searches, and probably will never surely find.

When we reached our dahabééh at Wady Halfeh, we found all the preparations had been made for the downward journey. The long boom was removed, and fixed above the deck six feet overhead; the great forward sail was put away; the small sail from the stern adjusted to the mast; the long oars all taken out of the hold, and put in place; the punting-poles stowed away, and the deck-planks taken out to make room for the rowers' legs—and so, with the sailors chanting their strange songs, and bending nobly to the oars, we started on our downward trip from the second cataract.

February 4th.

Slowly we drift—very slowly indeed—for the wind is blowing directly against us; and although we lay beam across the river, so that the full sweep of the tide shall affect our movement, the hot wind impedes us. There is something terribly oppressive in the atmosphere, and I ask Mahmoud what it is. With a mournful shake of the head, he answers, “*Semoun!*”

This is the Arab name (signifying poison) for the violent **kam-**

sin that blows sometimes for fifty days in succession, yet only with hurricane intensity for thirty hours at a time. Volney and other *savant* travellers have particularly described it, and you know, my dear Bookworm, that on the desert it takes such a degree of violence, that whole armies, and caravans entire, are blasted by its deadly breath. The Arabs believe that this wind commences regularly each year the second day after the finish of Ramazan, but this is an error, for Ramazan does not arrive each year at the same period. Thus, although it is true that it blows periodically, their calculations are not correct as to the exact time of its coming. It is generally preceded by light puffs of refreshing wind, which the Arabs call *nessim*; and, when these salutary zephyrs blow, all the inhabitants of a city or village quit their abodes, and go to the outskirts to inhale the breath of the balmy *nessim*, believing, by this means, to avert the malevolent influence of the coming *semoun*. At its appearance, the sky is tinted with a sort of blood-red; the atmosphere is nothing more than an immense cloud of dust; a depressing warmth impedes respiration; the thermometer rises often twenty or thirty degrees. This is followed by a feeling of total prostration; the eyes are attacked by the most painful symptoms of ophthalmia; dysentery becomes an epidemic, every human disease is aggravated, and mortality increases in sensible proportions.

And this was one of the mildest breaths of this terrible kam-sin that now blew upon us on the Nile, filling the air with whirlwinds of dust, and making the desert look like a battle-field, where, instead of soldiers, columns of sand marched against like columns, and fought, and clamored, and broke with all the whirl and roar and terrible confusion of a human fray. There was something solemn and awfully strange in all this: the sailors, weary with their labors, and long, severe fasts, lay stretched on the deck, faces downward, covered with their long burnouses; the suffocating heat of the atmosphere; the glare of the Nubian sun, dull and fiery, shining through the clouds of sand; the winds howling about our dahabééh as fiercely as if we were in mid-winter on some arctic sea; the Nile beaten into turbulence; the desert in commotion, and we drifting down, down toward the sea. I can-

not even write now, for my journal is filled with sand, and you perceive I am making characters like the earlier Chinese, as if with a pointed stick dipped in a solution of mud and water.

February 5th.

Last night we laid up at a bank alongside of the French boat *Cleopatra*, the wind being too strong to make any headway. The travellers Victor Lorie and the vicomte paid us a visit, and we managed to drink coffee and smoke our pipes without sanding our sugar too much in the former, even if we could not rival the kam-sin in "blowing clouds" with the latter.

This is the last day of Ramazan, and to-morrow the poor Nubians and Egyptians will have a celebration, which will consist of a sumptuous dinner made up of a sheep, some lentils, and a bountiful supply of dates. You will probably think with me that this is but poor compensation for a rigorous fast—a barbarous one, in fact—but these poor natives look forward to the morrow with a delight unequalled by any of your epicurean patients, I will be sworn, and they will dive into their *pot au feu* for the choice morsels, and enjoy them with a gusto which only a keen appetite backed by an untroubled digestion can know. "*Que voulez-vous ?*" says my French friend, speaking of them, and shrugging his shoulders ; "*ils sont les bas espèces des hommes comme des animaux—moi, je préfère les Boulevards, mes gigots—les sauces aux truffes—mais c'est seulement l'éducation, la civilisation, si vous voulez. Hein ! C'est la vie !*"

I am not sure that he is not right, but I cannot help thinking of the chance—is it *chance ?*—in all this, that throws the poor Bedouin into the desert ; into a life of privation, struggle, and misfortune ; into a continual contest with man and the elements ; while his more favored brother, as a result of civilization, law, and education (which, however, he in no wise formed or assisted to form), should dwell in houses, be privileged to drink from sweet fountains of knowledge, move in an atmosphere refined by art, and live (if it be a choice to do so) in circles made harmonious by music. Is happiness the better assured to the humbler man ? Does he receive as his compensation the contentment of heart and

tranquillity of spirit in his simple life, without which there can be no earthly happiness? These are some of the thoughts which must intrude themselves on the reflective traveller, and it is not everybody who can dismiss them with a shrug, and say, "*Hein! C'est la vie!*"

February 6th.

To-day, while the sailors were feasting on board the *Bund*, we pulled up at Abou-Simbel, and, as the wind of the kamsin had abated all its violence, I walked with the Traveller far into the silent desert. Nothing can equal the beauty of its fantastic forms after the disturbance of the elements. In some places there were lines of pyramids, whose regular sides sparkled like jewels under the rays of the sun; in others, curved lines formed extraordinary fretworks, curious arabesques and interlacings, which, if copied exactly by an artistic hand, would give invaluable models for Eastern ornamentation. And now I marvel much if the ornate styles of the Arabs, in their domes, columns, and temples, were not inspired by that mother of all inspiration—Nature—and that Nature their own boundless, solemn, and beautiful desert? As we wandered farther, we saw where the feet of thousands of strange birds had rested, and the delicate imprints on the velvety sand formed a lacework of the most marvellous and beautiful pattern. Am I wrong to seek out beauty even here in this solitude, and to rejoice and exult in it? Take one truth to your heart, *that true love knoweth no solitude*, and thus I am never alone when Nature beckons to me with her certain sign of friendliness, and I go to meet her in the solemn forests, or upon the silent lakes; and whether my rendezvous is on the desert plain, or on the flowing river, my love cheers me by her thousand whispers and touches me tenderly by her soothing hand; I willingly deliver into her custody all my secrets, and she in return gives me nourishment and comfort. Ah, what would be all your repinings if you had *such* a bosom on which to repose? Truer than a friend, more tender than a wife, wiser than experience, she unites the qualities of them all, with the sacred love of a mother; and thus, you live with her in continual enthusiasm until you go to sleep wearily in her arms, only to awaken to immortality!

February 7th.

The wind more favorable, and we float down more rapidly. The sailors have pulled all night, and now are sleeping. We passed Derr on the east bank this afternoon, but only stayed there an hour to examine the ruins of a temple of Rameses. The town itself is rather better built than the ordinary Nubian villages, and each mud-house is situated in a pleasant garden of herbs and melons, and sheltered by its own palm. The inhabitants (who soon collected in swarms to see the strangers) are of a lighter color than the other natives of these districts, and some of the women were very handsome. This was explained to us when we learned that Derr was once owned by the Kashefs of Sultan Selim, whose descendants ruled the country till its reduction by Mohammed Ali, and the inhabitants pride themselves very much on their Turkish origin; the purity of which blood, however, not preventing them from being the most unmitigated set of rascals under the Nubian sun. We reached the *Bund* only through a gauntlet of these naked savages, who shouted backshish until, in self-defence, we threw them some copper piasters, upon which they fell on each other, and fought like dogs for the spoils. Later in the day, we visited the Temple of Ammada, which stands alone in the desert, on the eastern bank; its sculptures are much injured, but it is strangely interesting and picturesque in its position. Just as the sun was setting we arrived at Korosko, a miserable little village situated in a green little oasis surrounded by great, jagged mountains, through which lies the desert route to Shendy. Here we found an Egyptian army encampment, a scattered force of perhaps seventy men of the viceroy's army, who are kept among these Nubian villages to collect taxes and uphold generally the majesty of Ishmâel Pacha. While Mahmoud, Hassein, and Eugène started off in search of butter and eggs, the Traveller stood quietly shooting pigeons from the house-tops, to the dismay of the old women of the village, and the admiration of the Egyptian officers, who resolved themselves into a *corps* to bring in the game to him, and did not disdain to receive a few piasters for their trouble.

"Good pointers these," said the Gentleman Traveller, phlegmatically.

Nothing can equal the strange pictures presented to our eyes constantly. For instance, beyond the little encampment, with its dirty tents and the bustling mud-village, stretches out the desert plain, only broken by the great picturesque rocks near by ; the deep blue of the cloudless sky above, tinted by those flames of marvellous rosy light, which quiver and sparkle like powdered jewels, and give to the water, and sand, and rock, a warmth and softness inexpressible ; the palm-trees add a grace and luxury to the picture, the effect of which is heightened by the approach in the distance of a Bedouin warrior on his dromedary : the animal careers silently and swiftly over the sands, the robe of the rider flutters in the breeze, and a great turban shades his swarthy visage, which appears to be at once full of energy and repose. As he approaches the village, you can examine his simple equipage : a large bundle of provender for his beast, great water-skins hung at each side, a cumbrous sword swinging from the saddle-bow, a long spear in his hand, the point tufted with ostrich feathers : a short knife strapped to his naked arm, and a rude shield of hippopotamus-hide. He pauses for a moment among the assembled groups, asks and answers a few questions as quietly as if he had just arrived from a neighboring market, fills his short pipe, says *salamé* to the groups about him, touches the neck of his beast with the knife in his hand, and the dark shadow moves off again into the wastes of the desert, and I watch him until he is lost in the growing twilight.

February 8th.

Passed enormous crocodiles to-day—the Traveller wounded one, but we were not able to get the monster ; at noon we floated by another kangeh slave-boat, laden with its living freight, and I just caught sight of the poor creatures stowed under the tattered canvas like beasts. Enormous flocks of birds are upon every sand-bank, and their rich plumage shines with rainbow beauty, but so far our attempts on their lives have not been crowned with success. At noon we reached GERF-HOSSAYM. This is the ancient *Tutzi*, and is on the west bank. We passed through some corn-fields, then over a strip of desert, and in a tall cliff saw the enormous propylon of the temple. Although many writers place this

spot in interest by the side of Abou-Simbel, to me it neither possessed the majesty nor the beauty of the latter. Four giant statues, leaning against square pillars, support the massive entablature of the propylon. The vista of this colossal portico leads to a door in the great rock, twenty feet in height, and through this you enter the temple, the mystic abode of Pthah. It is entirely excavated in the rock, and a group of dusky Nubians waved blazing torches within, looking to us like demoniac officiating priests to the gigantic Ramesen idols that towered above us on the sides. We passed these into a lesser hall, and thence to the adytum, in which sat four gigantic idols, who have gazed for the centuries solemnly on the painted war-scenes around them; the torches of our guides were stuck irreverently under the noses of the gods, and on chins and foreheads we saw carved the names of adventurous travellers, savants, and antiquarians. O ye gods! O immortality! *Volat irrevocabile tempus!*

February 9th.

This morning at sunrise we were within the TEMPLE OF DENDOOR. This, although not one of the most ancient (being of the time of Augustus), certainly ranks among the most elegant of the Nile ruins. It consists of a portico with two columns in front, two inner chambers, and the adytum, at the end of which is a tablet with the figure of the goddess Isis. Beyond the temple is a small grotto excavated in the sandstone rock; within are some paintings, with colors as bright and clear as the day they were laid. In all of the dark temples we have visited, our guides bearing torches, the army of bats which attacked them and us makes the expedition if not dangerous at least not comfortable, and this latter excavation was no exception to the rule, for they extinguished our lights, and beat about our devoted heads as if they would revenge themselves for the invasion of their sanctuary.

February 10th.

KALABSHEE.—If I do not remember this village for its temple, which in extent is one of the largest monuments dedicated to the Egyptian deities, I shall forever do so on account of my dangerous adventure here, which nearly cost us our lives—but of that

anon. Mandouli was the deity of Talmis, and it is in his honor that the greater part of the numerous *exvotos* in the area are inscribed by their pious writers. The most interesting of these inscriptions is that of the vainglorious Slico, "King of the Nubadæ and of all the Ethiopians." To judge from his own account, he neither spared the vanquished, nor was scrupulous in celebrating his exploits. He was doubtless one of those kings of the Nubadæ, who made a treaty with Diocletian to protect the frontier from the incursions of the Blemyes. Here is one of the temple inscriptions, translated from the bad Greek of King Slico :

"I, Slico, King of the Nubadæ, and all the Ethiopians, have come to Talmis and Taphis ; once ! two (twice ?) I fought with the Blemyes, and the deity gave me the victory with the three ; once I conquered again and took their cities ; I sat down (reposed) with my people at first ; once I conquered them and they did me honor, and I made peace with them, and they swore to me by their idols, and I believe their oath that they were good men ; I went away to my upper regions, where I became ruler ; I was not at all behind the other kings, but even before them : for as to those who contend with me, I do not cease to sit down in (occupy) their country, until they have honored me, and besought me, for I am a lion to the upper districts and to the lower a citadel. I fought with the Blemyes from Primis and Lélis (?) once, and the other of the upper Nubadæ : I laid waste their country since they will contend with me ; the lords of the other nations, who contend with me, I do not suffer them to sit down in the shade, and only in the sun, and I have not allowed water (to be taken) into their houses, for my servants carry off their women and children."

From all of which you can observe, my Bookworm, that the morals of this ancient Egyptian and the mildness of his character were not of an assuring nature ; and I can convince you, from personal study, that the *moderns* have such a tenacious love for old traditions, that they follow out to this day the principles of the generous and virtuous Slico.

But to my adventure. Going down to the boat, we found the shore lined with fierce-looking natives—who, indeed, are almost always in rebellion against the pacha—the men were armed with short clubs, spears, and shields, and the women were ranged near the boat, offering for sale amulets, beads, and *henna*. After our purchases were made, and the rest of our party had embarked, I paid

a native woman for an amulet I had purchased, and moved toward the boat. I found my passage almost blocked by the warlike natives, who demanded, in no very conciliatory tones, backshish. I threw them some small pieces, and still moved toward the dahabééh. As I neared it, a tall Nubian seized my arm, and cried, "*Ed fá floos!*" which was equivalent to "*Pay money,*" and pointed to the woman. I shouted out all the "*aiowas*" I was master of, and escaped from his arm, while Abou-Oran told the savage, in his dialect, that he had seen me pay. As the Nubian still followed me menacingly, I turned suddenly upon him, and gave him a blow with a heavy hippopotamus-courbach I held in my hand. It was not prudent: in a moment a yell went up along the bank, a hundred savages rushed toward the boat, flourishing their spears; the fellow I had struck unsheathed his long knife from his naked arm and sprang toward me, but I had already gained the deck, and met his advances by my levelled revolvers, before which he recoiled: our sailors, affrighted, shoved off quickly with their punting-poles, and although many of the men dashed into the water to board us, they were too late, and we were in mid-stream. Mahmoud, who is at heart a great coward, was pale and trembling, and he informed me that a dahabééh had been burned there only two years before, and two English travellers murdered, for which act the viceroy destroyed their village, which I noticed was nearly in ruins. So you see, dear Bookworm, that my hasty act had nearly cost us our lives. The place has a terrible reputation even now, and I should strongly advise travellers not to visit Kalabshee without a large escort, and being well armed.

February 11th.

This morning Eugène entered my cabin and announced:

1 "Philæ, monsieur!"

Although the sun was just gilding the horizon, I arose, hastily dressed, and went on deck. Were they, indeed, the temples made with hands, under whose graceful columns our dahabééh was anchored, and on whose sculptured capitals, grand entablatures, and broken obelisks, the rosy light of the morning shone with a

soft glory? Yes, beautiful Philæ, the "cataract isle," my heart "sacrificed" to your solemn beauty in that moment, as loyally as ever priest of Isis at command of Ptolemy or Cleopatra. It is true that the Palace of Karnac is grander; that her Sphinxes still rest in their dromos—that her obelisks of rosy granite are scarcely smoothed by the hand of Time—so rudely laid on matter in the Western world—but there is a mystery in Philæ; a grace in her decay that touches and penetrates my heart with a feeling

"That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles the rain."

But, while I was indulging in my dreams, the sailors had unfastened the small boat, placed our American flag in the stern of it, rowing to a short distance in order to leave it in a little cove to await our orders, while Mahmoud, ever alert for an advantage—to himself—ordered the dahabééh to the cataract village, the first boat arriving there having the preference in the descent of the rapids. After our coffee, we clambered up the rocks into the temple, and, standing on the immense propylon, we watched with our glasses the race, through the black volcanic rocks, between our dahabééh, the French *Cleopatra*, and the English *Water-Lily*. Mahmoud, knowing the importance of a first arrival, had promised our sailors a sheep if the *Bund* was successful. It was a fine sight to see the athletic natives bending to their oars, as the wild songs of the combined crews echoed among the rocks, and died away in the solitudes with a strange effect. At first, the *Cleopatra* was ahead—I think her crew consists of fourteen men; but soon the lightness of the *Bund* began to tell, and now they struggled side by side; the *Water-Lily* being but a little in the rear, we could see, with our glasses, the English girls standing on the deck waving their handkerchiefs and urging on their sailors. It was soon evident, however, that we were gaining, and the "*Yalloughs, o—Allahs*" from the crews became frantic. Even on our noble pedestals, I must confess—oh, how base is humanity!—we were becoming excited at the distant struggle, and, I fear, we thought more at that moment of the success of our flag than of all the nectanebos of all the dynasties that ever reigned.

"Now she gains! No—the Frenchman leads. Hey! yes, no—hurrah! hurrah!"

And, as our dahabééh shot ahead and reached the mud-bank of the cataract village first, we set up a shout and fired off our revolvers, which drew all attention to us from the contesting boats, the travellers from which, saluting in turn, then shouting back good-naturedly until we drowned the roar of El-Shellal, which foamed tumultuously at our very feet.

"*O tempora, O mores!* and all this on the crumbling monuments of the Ptolemies and Cæsars!"

Now I must confess me, dear Bookworm (in spite of your gravity), all the follies of this day. When we arrived at the village in our small boat, I bargained for a Nubian baby (a bright monkey-like little lump of black humanity), with such seriousness, that I had absolutely to fly from the importunate mother, who held out her baby in one hand and demanded the promised piasters in the other, thinking, no doubt, with reason, that the latter commodity was more difficult to obtain than the former. I had trouble in convincing her that I did not deal in the article of Nubian babies, and compromised by giving her the money in exchange for some dried pomegranates and water-gourds.

On my arrival in the evening at the boat, I saw a sight I shall never forget, and I wish I could give you a crayon-sketch of it. The Gentleman Traveller was standing on deck (which was nearly level with a high slippery mud-bank), and throwing copper and silver piasters to the natives, which answered, at the same time, the double purpose of backshish to them (which they expected as cataract assistants) and infinite amusement to him. There they were, a good two hundred of them, from the gray-bearded and worn-out rôis of the past century, to the toddling, pot-bellied infant of two years, boys, girls, men and women, all of them more or less in the condition in which Eve is generally represented in the garden of Eden, and scrambling, in ignoble strife, for the small pieces of money thrown to them. The Traveller generally managed to scatter his backshish on the *edge* of the steep and slippery bank, and then this incongruous mass of humanity threw themselves upon the pieces, and rolled headlong into the Nile, where

they dived into the mud and fought for them savagely. Such a spectacle! bedaubed with the mud, yelling, singing, begging, and dancing before him, it was yet so ludicrous (spite of the painful exhibition of poverty), that the travellers all on the moored boats fairly rolled off their divans with laughter, at the odd situations and amusing collisions.

So the evening closed in our last night in Nubia—to-morrow we shall descend the cataracts, and enter once more into Egypt.

February 12th.

This morning, at daybreak, we were invaded by nearly the whole population of the village, headed by the old réis of the cataract, and, all preparations being made for the descent (which is far more dangerous than the ascent, so much so that travellers usually go around to Assouan by land on asses or camels), we started. Our own sailors were passive spectators of the scene, and the men of the cataract took the oars—there were three men at the helm, I don't know how many sheiks scattered among the idlers, and any number of supernumerary réis' you please. Our young réis had donned a new turban for the occasion, had shaved himself scrupulously, put on a new cotton burnoos, being determined, at least, to go into the presence of Allah in a becoming manner. Mahmoud had arrayed himself in his best, but his defective eye rolled uneasily in his head—it was the first time he had ever made the descent, and he had carefully strapped his leather bag, containing valuables, over his round fat shoulders, determined to make a good offering to the Nile-god in case of shipwreck, I suppose. As we approached the first rapid, the same Nubian swimmers on rafts and water-logs darted out from the rocks and circulated around us like porpoises, to be ready for all chances of an accident, I make no doubt. Now the big door ("*El-Shellal*") roared before us—a long narrow strip of foaming water that dashed madly between rocky jambs, falling in places from four to seven feet—and through this we were to pass—the boat too heavy, so as to strike the rocks beneath; an unfortunate movement to the right or left to dash us against the black volcanic walls, and we were lost. But the spice of travel is its danger, and both the

Traveller and myself enjoyed the excitement of it. Before we floated into "*El-Shellal*," there was a solemn silence; each Arab bowed his head, and bent in prayer, and, as the old gray-bearded chief of the cataract stood in the bow, he held aloft a small fragment of wood, broken from a *santon's* tomb, and consigned it to the waters with the words "*Ei fā, Allah, eschoûf Rabbi fallough!*" (equivalent to "Carry us safely, God—you see us," etc., etc.!) and the sailors took up the cry of "*Yallough-o!—Allah-o!*" bending to their oars as we dashed into the foaming rapids. Onward we were carried like a feather, swiftly past the black rocks, and, bounding down the falls like a toy-boat in a running brook, we touch once, lightly, a rock under the eddying waves, and our boat shudders and staggers like a living thing—but only for an instant—on she darts wildly through the seething waters which boil even over our lower decks and drench the Arabs at their oars, but we have shunned the great dark cliffs which overshadowed us, and dash over the grand fall, finally floating out safely beyond rock and rapid into still water, where, between the black masses of mountain in the distance, we behold Assouan once more.

February 13th.

DEAR BOOKWORM: Each day that separates me now from my American letters seems an eternity. I am so anxious to reach Thebes, that I have offered to the sailors good backshish if they will make Esnéh by the 16th, but the wind continues so high that I almost despair of it. To-day we examined the noble ruins of Kom Ombo. This most sacred temple is now half buried in the sand, and we had to creep on our hands and knees to enter between the massive columns into the interior. We had scarcely done so, when we heard the shouts of the Arabs outside, and the excited cries of Mahmoud as a sign of danger. We loosened our pistols and crept warily forth. Mahmoud was mounted on a broken column, shouting and pointing excitedly toward the desert, which was broken by the mountain of the chain. We soon understood the cause of the uproar. Two jackals were flying from the buried ruins, and far in the distance a noble lion was retreating toward the mountain. This was the first time I had ever seen

the king of beasts in freedom, and I can assure you the sight was as exciting as I am told it is rare in these parts. My sportsman-friend was for organizing at once a lion-hunt, but we soon despaired of this as we looked around our poor stock of shot-guns, and found that the only effective arms we possessed were our revolvers.

February 14th.

Hagar-Silséleh to-day. The mountains of the chain are extensive quarries of sandstone, from which the blocks used in the greater part of the Egyptian temples were taken. The Arabs account for the modern name by pretending that a tradition records the stoppage of the river-navigation at this point, by a chain which the jealousy of a king of the country ordered to be fastened across it. The narrowness of the stream at this point and the appearance of a rock resembling a pillar, to which it was said to have been attached, give some color to this story. The grottoes on the east and west banks are interesting, and are supposed to have been sculptured mainly by the workmen of the various temples to immortalize themselves.

February 15th.

Edfou. This grand temple, now one of the most perfect on the Nile, was, for a long time, covered by the mud-houses of the town; but, owing to the exertions of Mons. Mariette, the celebrated French archæologist (whom I had the pleasure of meeting during my travels), it has been cleared, and is now one of the most valuable aids to the student of ancient architecture in the study of forms, that in other ruins of a like nature are almost lost. It is ornamented, both within and without, by sculpture and paintings in an admirable state of preservation. Its plan is complete. It was built in the time of the early Pharaohs, and its hieroglyphics have furnished geographical information of a character that cannot be too highly estimated. M. Jacques de Rougé, in the *Revue Archéologique*, has drawn his valuable knowledge almost entirely from this temple.

February 16th.

Our Arabs have brought us to Esnéh, and earned the promised

backshish, and to-morrow I hope to reach Thebes, and to see some home handwriting before I send off by dromedary (or will I have to employ a number of these ships of the desert?) this mass of manuscript to you.

February 17th.

Thebes in sight this morning, and our dear flag is seen waving from the consulate over the ruined Temple of Luxor. But, before I describe briefly to you our adventures here, I must tell you of last night's exploits, which may be of service to you as a medical man. The Traveller and myself had a *hashish* experience. Do not start and say, "That foolish Idler is trifling with a drug of which he knows nothing, and the delirious ecstasies produced by it on his nervous-sanguine organization may seduce him into its constant use." Not at all. Let me tell you what I know of it, how we came to use it, how it served us, and all about it. Listen! I heard the Gentleman Traveller last night, after *el-ache* (supper), ask the dragoman:

"What do the sailors eat every night out of those little tin cases?"

His answer was: "Oh, they are all *hashachins*" (that is, hashish-eaters), "and they take a ball every night to give them drunken sleep."

"I want to be a *hashachin*!" replied the Traveller, promptly laying down his pipe, and stretching himself out on the divan.

The dragoman laughed, went out to Abou-Oran, who was just putting his precious little flask below-deck, and soon returned with the drug.

In the East, hashish is prepared with honey, musk, and odoriferous essences, and, mixed with sugar, a sort of delicious, sweet paste is made. In order to produce the ecstasy, it is necessary to swallow a morsel of this compound as large as a hazel-nut. Sometimes it is prepared as a drink. In this last form it is especially employed by the poor, and frequently it is powdered and smoked in a species of *nargile*, when the effect is not required to be so overpowering. Of course, you know the singular drunkenness it provokes, and the eccentricities into which it plunges the bewil-

dered spirit. It was used in India in the remotest ages, and Herodotus mentions (4th book, 75th chapter) that the Scythians employed the hemp in their religious ceremonies. It was also introduced into Persia, following their communications with the Indies, and during the middle ages into Syria and Egypt. Clot Bey thinks that the fanatic cohort, in the time of the crusades, led by a chief designated as the "Old Man of the Mountain," who made the whole Orient tremble, was exalted by the use of hashish. To-day the preparation is used by all the people; they eat it, drink or smoke it, not only in the cafés, but in shops fitted up especially for the use of the drug. These places are called *maschichehs*, and it is a sad sight to pass by one of them in Cairo, and see the row of figures, with nodding heads and fixed eyes—pale, languid dreamers, whose drunken spirits revel in paradise, or suffer in some self-invoked inferno. I knew that this drug acted on the nervous system with a mysterious and extraordinary force, and that, to the imagination, it gives a power superhuman; that the excited brain becomes the seat of fairy dreams or terrible horrors; that it develops sensations the most fantastic, and produces an exhilaration the most disorderly; and that, if the human system be harmonious, it procures a sleep mixed with happy dreams; but yet, as I saw the Traveller calmly swallow his portion, and stretch himself out amongst the soft cushions of the divan, I hesitated for some time, to take the ball that Mahmoud presented to me, standing on the threshold of the mystery, and fearing to invoke the beauties, delights, or terrors behind the veil which God has wisely drawn between Himself and the mortal's vision. At last I swallowed the hashish-ball, and—but first I will describe to you

THE TRAVELLER'S HASHISH-DREAM.

"The last thing I remember in our cabin," said he, "was the bad eye of our dragoman rolling and leering with a sort of malicious expression upon you as he offered you a portion. Then, for a moment, my head swam, and all was oblivion. I shall never forget the awakening. If I had suddenly been transformed into a god, I could not have felt more fully the sentiment of power that

throbbed in my brain, and thrilled in my pulses. I seemed to be quickly inundated with a light that not only clarified my surroundings, but gave me a mystic insight into the hidden habits and purposes of men and things. For an instant I was overpowered by the grandeur of this revelation, and sunk under the weight of the terrible knowledge. I was no longer human; but Space and Time were my slaves, and Thought the agent by which I transported myself to the uttermost limits of the earth. Seas raged beneath me, but I sailed above them and calmed their noisy murmurs by a sign. I rode in chariots of the clouds, and the four winds of heaven were my coursers. Mountains opened their hearts to me, and I gloated upon the riches held within them, and exulted with a miser's exultation that they were mine—all mine!

"I beheld in their far homes all the beings of the earth who were dear to me—my mother, my sister, my father, and my friends—but, dominated by the selfish sense of power, I sped by them to other scenes. They saw me and wept, but I laughed at their tears; yet, strange to say, as I whirled with a mad speed through the spaces, there was one sound I could never drown—the voice of my mother in prayer—and for me. Through the din of the elements it reached me, and seemed to be the only link that attached me to humanity—the only pleader in my swelling heart for pity; honor, virtue, or love—all else was lost in the rush of the planets, the tumult of the rolling world beneath me, and the war of the elements in my infernal pilgrimage through the gloom of Hades. Think you this experience was instantaneous, and was rapidly dissipated? No! I felt that years were passing, that age was creeping upon me like a tiger ready for a final spring, and that the fair mantle of youth being torn from my back, would reveal the wrinkled flesh, and curving bones, and shrivelled form. This was horrible. I began to grow doubtful and weak, and the winds found me out, and pushed me hither and yon, sporting with my feebleness, and mocking my invocations, like the terrible demon which Frankenstein fashioned. I grew afraid, and hid in the rocks; but the gnomes tortured my limbs, and I fled to the sea; but the terrible *clairvoyance* I possessed revealed

to me the fishes of prey that followed me, and the snares of the Naiads ; so I escaped to the desert, where worse tortures awaited me. *Alone*—for the first time comprehending silence. Alas ! the soul was awakened—I *had dared to know*—and the punishment for the mortal was terrible. Clad in my imperfect humanity, I had often tasted the sweets of solitude ; walking in the meadows that lay bathed in the morning splendor, overspun with threads upon which were strung dew-pearls ; tracing beauty in every lonely path, each leaf lifted by the wind making a music, which I enjoyed, because I did not comprehend—this I supposed to be the halting speech of Nature, before she bursts into full music—the trial of her voice before, perhaps, some grand storm-anthem—yes, at *such* moments I let my thoughts stand still and listen, and the senses spread themselves like a net, in order to lose none of her soft or passionate signs : I was familiar with all the checkered lights and deep-blue shifting shadows that threw great castles on the lawns ; with the bird's rustling in the silent wood ; with the bright waters which babbled between the shining stones, and the wind rocking the leafy boughs to meet the sunlight ; the hum of bees ; the distant baying of dogs, and the low of the herds—with all such tuneful silence I was familiar, but this desert in which I found myself, where *God prohibited His voice*, was a horror from which man could not deliver himself—not even by his prayers ! I saw the flocks of birds light for a moment upon the level sands, and I sped toward them as if I had seen a friend, but they flew afrightedly from me. I beheld the beasts of prey, and I approached them to look into a living eye ; though famished, they let me live, and crept to their lairs to die. I saw the distant caravan—but like spectres they melted into the rosy horizon, but I heard no camel-bells, nor the murmur of the Arab's evening devotions. Thus ages more were passed, and my sufferings seemed to be commensurate with my increased power, when, gradually as that superhuman force was lost, came another change. In an instant, as if mortality had been thrown off like an old garment, I was lifted into a sphere of happiness and beauty, which seemed to my exalted senses to be indeed a heaven, after the sufferings I had experienced on sea, in clouds, and upon the desert. High above

the earth (which rolled like a checkered ball beneath), in an atmosphere so clear and balmy and sweet, that inspiration and health were sucked in by each inhalation, I wandered amid temples, groves, and gardens of supernal beauty. Often in my human experience had I been touched, melted, or profoundly disturbed by *music*, and all without understanding that in it *we have a presentiment of the future*, but now all was plain to me; the inconceivable and indissoluble rhythms that mocked my researches, while the flesh clogged my spirit—the divine and all-hallowing mystery was the whisper of God to the souls of men! Here were no false voices, no vain songs—all sensual nature was glorified, and every passion was typified even while by pain they were purified; the swelling and sinking to silence; the quivers and plaints; the eternal pulsation of the mysterious thought that runs through all music, that puzzled and excited me elsewhere, ascended from out unconscious life into revelation, and my enamoured senses opened to its charms with the eagerness of love. By the rapid wisdom gathered from such culture, I comprehended the beauty of Virtue, the grandeur of Labor, the power of Faith, and found them all harmonies fit to be played in Nature's most secret and sacred confessionals. Music, then, was only a divine *impulse*: it becomes one with God, and all good flows to Him, as the rivers to the ocean. Every leaf was stirred, and sighed in unison with the groans of the rocks, and the merry laughter of the waterfalls; from the far woods came the monotonies, and from the sea the exultation or tender complainings, that completed, with the joyous chants of the birds, the grand orchestra of this new paradise. All around me vibrated spirits (or were they?); I heard the unutterable murmur of their voices; through the deep heavenly blue of the atmosphere they sprang forth bathed in light, so that in passing over the blackest rocks they left a glory lingering upon them as softly bright as a flicker of the moon. From all the waves sprang up flowers, and they had speech—and their speech was still a music, and then I commenced to babble with them in the same language, like a little child. I saw pillars rise up from the scented mosses, and then gradually were formed glorious temples, which seemed to be balanced and swimming in a golden light:

in their transparent halls lofty divine images were erected, and I approached them to worship, thinking they were idols. I looked on every side, as I paced the pearl-incrusted galleries, at the golden instruments of sacrifice, but when I would touch them they melted, and flowers and all the honey-fruits of a sunny land sprang up in their places. For the first time I saw great pinnacles and piles of architecture wed with the staffs, and delicate ivory turrets, whose polished points were lost in the skies, the heavens were dripping with light, and inundating the temple with clouds of fiery sparks. I still walked toward the statues, seeming to be borne along to the sound of unutterable symphonies, which a human voice could never interpret. On me the spirits laid hands, and their songs were like the sweet fruits of the ancients that contained a balsam. My matured senses were filled with the voluptuousness of the scene and hour, and I approached the idols (whose splendor broke the rays of my proud eyes); but when I sought to commence a holy chapter of worship, my lips only murmured Love, and the beings in the form of beautiful women were animated by my passion, and stepped from their pedestals in the temple to dance before me, encircle me with their arms, and sing songs that were strange to me, because *they were set to the music of earth.*

“One more beautiful than all the rest led me forth by the hand, and bade me look upon the world still rolling beneath me, but her voice was so low and tender, and her eyes filled with so blessed a light, that I gazed but on her—and she vanished. Another was instantly by my side and still bade me look, but her filmy threads of golden hair wound around me, and the perfume from it intoxicated me like strong wine. But I only knelt at her feet (even while I heard the strains of the heavenly music fainting and dying in the distance), and poured out again the burden of love that surged in my heart. She fled like the first, but another far more beautiful than either replaced her, and pointed sternly below.

“‘Why must I gaze?’ I asked; ‘is not this paradise?’ ‘Yes, but *duty* ceases not here!’ was the response, and in that moment she disappeared as the others. The ground quaked beneath my feet, and as I looked at the earth, with its secrets laid bare to me,

I comprehended that Labor was a law divine ; Virtue sprang from it, and that Knowledge and Honor were united as the Arts and Graces, and all led to the heights and sun-dazzled fields in which alone the growing Man is perfected ! But oh, the pain of the revelation !

“ Why was my vision strengthened ? Why had I ever, like Pythagoras, searched into the Shades ? I saw Society without its mask, Beauty without her powders and patches ; I saw Selfishness creep like a serpent through the caravansaries of men, and rob even Nature of her rarest charms ; I beheld for a moment (to make the contrast more sickening) all things with human eyes—the happy social life of families ; the pursuit of the beautiful by gifted men ; I heard the shouts of peoples, and each face glowed with a holy fire, as lips spoke the sacred word of ‘ *Liberty* ; ’ I heard the ardent vows of lovers, the burning speech of the orator, and the hum of the wheels of peaceful industry, then the hashish-demon possessed me, and I gazed upon the ‘ skeletons in each household ; ’ men defiling the temple of beauty by the vilest passion ; the voices of demagogues taking the place of the clear huzzas of patriots ; lovers becoming speculators, and making the altar of Hymen the bank where money-settlements were to be made. Instead of robust health sparkling in eyes and reddening the cheeks with rich vermeil tints, I saw pale Disease sapping the life-principles, and the spectres of horror stalking everywhere, scattering pestilence, famine, and death among the nations. War, with her red hand and flaming eyes, strode over the plains, and while the cannon thundered, and the drums beat, to drown the groans of the dying, I heard the shouts of kingly Bacchanals in their palaces, and saw the ‘ red, red wine ’ flowing until it mingled with the blood upon the fields of battle. I had stepped beyond the portals, and was cursed with superhuman knowledge, while thus bound by all the weaknesses of flesh. My torments were dreadful. I shrieked aloud, and the human cry seemed to release me from the hashish-trance, and I awoke, rolling feverishly upon the divan, to thank Heaven it was all a dream, and—”

“ How long had you been in this state ? ” I demanded, after the terrible experience had been recounted to me.

“Just one hour by my Pathek watch,” replied the Traveller.

“And how did you find me on awaking?” I curiously asked.

“For the first time in my life, rolling under the table, and beating the air like a drunken man. But what was the effect of the drug on you?”

“I will recount it to you; but I warn you it is not so curious nor dreadful, but far more droll than yours; in fine a very undignified

“HASHISH-DREAM OF A SENTIMENTAL IDLER.

“Shortly after I swallowed the drug, I felt the earth swim around me, and my eyes opened on a strange scene: I instantly thought it must be China, for the little fanciful pagodas in the gardens, the straight clipped shrubs and trees, the junks in the water with their high curved bows, all resembled so much that curious country—nor apparently was I mistaken, for out of every avenue came the people, wearing their loose spangled robes, round hats (from below which escaped their long plaited queues), and little curved shoes like the prows of Venetian gondolas. I was soon surrounded by a curious crowd, who, however, did not speak to me, but only made signs to one another, and indicated me with their little round, rat-like eyes, and then they commenced to laugh in a sort of derisive chorus. To be ridiculed by these miserable Celestials, whom I had always regarded with contempt—ah, that was too much; I felt my blood boil, and I commenced to expostulate with them in no very mild tones, but the warmer I became, the more they laughed, when, all at once, it flashed on me that I was not addressing them, perhaps, in the purest Chinese, and this completed my fury, to think that I could not speak their *twangs*, *swangs*, *slangs*, and so I picked up some hard morsels lying around me and commenced to fire them at the crowds with the ardor of an infuriated schoolboy—”

“Addressing them, in fact, in *broken china*,” insinuated the Traveller, slyly.

“The effect of this attack was curious. Their laughter did not cease for a moment, but they caught the pieces with which I assailed them in their little hands, and commenced to eat them with an apparent relish. Some of the morsels fell into the water,

and where they splashed, uprose a Chinaman who joined the army which surrounded me, and they all advanced, still shaking with merriment, and seized me. Spite of my resistance, they detained me until a huge sheet of rice-paper was brought, and will you believe it, they held this between them, and tossed me from it into the air—a veritable Don Quixote adventure. Up I bounded like a ball, while the shouts grew frenzied, and down again I came upon the paper, which never broke. I shall not soon forget the tortures I experienced when I went up, for fear the paper would give way when I came down, but with every ascent I seemed to grow more elastic, and finally, when the crowds were tired of throwing me up in the air, they tossed me from one to the other—”

“A *base-ball*!” grumbled the Traveller, in parenthesis.)

“And even kicked me to a degree that I almost fainted from pain. All this while, they never spoke one to the other, but laughed—laughed until I felt my brain almost turning with their horrible merriment; and at last I joined them just as the sharp point of a Celestial’s foot had entered my eye, and *laughed* much as I suppose a poor wretch would just after the first question of the Inquisition had been put to him: the moment the sound of my merriment reached their ears, they ceased to kick me. I was no longer a Celestial fashionable ball; circles were formed around me—music—oh, shades of Orpheus! was played on the water; and tiny servants (whose feet were yet in the clamps) came forth on all sides to serve us with tea. And now I observed a curious transformation was taking place in my person—all the hair had disappeared from the top of my head, but from the crown dropped a long queue plaited *à la mode Chinois*; my cheek-bones had ascended at least a good half-inch, the points of my mustache had lengthened, and, as I saw my reflection in the water, I shouted out an expression in the purest Chinese which I will not repeat to you, for you would not understand it. I was, therefore, a Yokohamian, Hong-Kongian, or Pekinian, in not only looks, but dress, manners, and language. I nodded my head as I touched my lips to the tiny tea-cup, as much as to say, ‘*Here’s to you!*’ and then I addressed my worthy *confrères* in the simple and elegant language of Confucius. They nodded their heads to me, in return, as with

the movements of automaton, but did not reply in the same ancient tongue or any other. Here was a puzzle. The more tea I drank (and after my violent exercises the beverage was delicious), the larger grew my cup, and it was ever filled by an invisible hand, until its size was so great that I had to stand up to look over the top of it: and what was more strange, the cups of all the rest were growing equally large. And now I saw, for the first time, the hot fluid flowing over the sides, and forming a stream that I was sure would scald us all to death, and it was not long, in fact, before I saw bobbing about in it the heads of all my persecutors, who made to me the most frantic motions for assistance; I saw the steam rising up thick and hot, but it did not seem to affect me, as I was covered with a sort of panoply of wet tea-leaves; yet I had but little time to exult in the destruction of my late persecutors, for if they were drowning in young-hyson, I was suffocating under the leaves of the choicest souchong. Here was I to die, then, far from my country and friends—worse than all, in this miserable China, that I had always believed in my schoolboy days was directly *under* the earth, and, consequently, was much nearer to—”

“Compromise by calling it Hades,” interrupted the Traveller.

“I commenced then to struggle for life, and, as I beat the surrounding leaves aside, they seemed to weave and form themselves into a sort of balloon, which gradually swelled to grand proportions, and commenced to sway in the breeze. Here, then, was a chance for life—but what a chance! To be boiled like a lobster was certain if I rested; to be dashed into fragments *somewhere*, if I trusted myself to make an aeronautic voyage, was almost equally sure—but fortune decided for me—the balloon broke from her moorings; I was in the basket—the many pronged anchors swung over the stream, and oh, horror! was pulling off the house and pagoda-tops, disclosing Chinese social, sacred, and family life in all its bearings. All the city was a garden, and I was the *rake* passing over it. But I had but little time to occupy myself with the things of earth; the balloon was careering through the spaces with a speed that almost took away my breath. I voyaged from planet to planet, and found them to be inhabited by different races of beings, who, while all partaking more or less of the type of the

human species, still had some peculiarity which distinguished them from the men of our spheres—but the farther I sped, the more terrified I became, as the efforts of the inhabitants were all directed to the destruction of the strange bark containing a mortal who was mastering the secrets of their abodes. In some places darts were thrown, any one of which, striking me, would have deprived you of this history; in others, balls of fire (which the inhabitants seemed to mould in their hands like wax) circulated around my frail balloon, and burst about me, so far, however, without injury. But I was now entering the region of comets, and it was with difficulty I could pass through the mass of them without striking—the atmosphere, too, instead of being condensed and cold, as I naturally expected at this height from the earth, grew stifling and hot as I advanced, and—oh, horror! just as I was passing a huge comet, its globe swelled and burst, my balloon—my toy of tea-leaves exploded, I had just time to catch hold of the comet's flaming tail—up, up it darted with the rapidity of lightning, and I at the end of it, like a bob at the extremity of a staggering kite. As you may suppose, this state of things could not last long: the rocket-like sparks from the globe dashed into my eyes, and burned my flesh until it was black; I made a last effort to seat myself astride of a living coal that had gathered into a mass of flame in the centre of the tail—and failed. I fell headlong, blinded and reeling, down, down, and consciousness nearly deserted me, when I touched—what? Not earth, nor air, nor water, nor land, but apparently, a composition of them all. I could walk, or swim, ride or sail at will, anywhere, separately, or all at a time. I looked about me as much in surprise that I was still alive, as at the appearance of Nature and the people. Rocks looming up amid pleasant pastures; houses standing in the centre of large ponds, some of them in proper positions upright, others with their chimneys resting on the ground, and the entrances and principal doorways on high.”

“Good sky-lights, in fine,” added the Traveller.

“I observed ships sailing over the land, and wagons being driven over the sea; sometimes the former were proceeding with their keels on high, and often the horses pulling the latter were

walking on their heads. Trees grew with their roots up in the air, and men were flying about among the birds. Sometimes the sun would shine for a moment, and roll out of sight, giving place to the moon, which would often fall to the earth in the space of a few moments, leaving all things plunged in darkness. Affrighted by such phenomena, I looked about me for some explanation. The most hideous creeping things around had voices; and, what surprised me greatly was, that they addressed me in English—not that of Murray, it is true—but the language heard most often at Swiss *table d'hôtes*, or within the sound of Bow-bells. The beasts mingled with the men; they had often half-human bodies, I admit. And I saw families sitting around tables, some of them with heads downward, and cramming food into their legs with Chinese ‘chop-sticks.’ Most of the men possessed asses’ heads, but their extremities were most carefully clad in the neatest style of trousers, and their feet encased in immaculate shiny boots. I saw birds strutting about me in the most wonderful plumage—they possessed human limbs of exquisite beauty, whose charms were scarcely concealed by the mass of rainbow-colored feathers which they swept backward and forward like fans before my bewildered eyes. These bipeds addressed me in French, but their accent and expressions betrayed a more intimate acquaintance with the *argot* of the jockey-clubs than the elegancies of St. Germain. Although the cold was bitter at times, the most intense heat would succeed it, and the effects of snow, rain, lightning, thunder, and sunshine, would be experienced in the space of a few moments. A being clad in furs approached me, walking on his nose. Intoxication seemed to be his natural condition, and a line of fleas formed on each side of him as he marched; he mumbled something in Russian as he passed, which I did not understand, and walked into the centre of a great canal to drink schnapps with a Dutchman, who was established there. An American Indian followed closely his footsteps, executing a war-dance, and gathering up the fleas into small boxes marked ‘*salve for burns*,’ with the inveterate ‘PATENT’ over it, and at each capture balancing himself on his crest-feathers in so remarkable a manner that it made me giddy to look at him. But I cannot

now remember all the idiosyncrasies of this people and place ; I only know that I saw what I took to be an Italian dwarf, with shoes like gondolas, legs of maccaroni, and a much-worn plan of Rome for a unique garment ; a Swiss, who was carving, most miraculously, out of his wooden head a *chalet*, surmounted by a noble deer, not forgetting the superb pair of branching horns ; a native of the fatherland, mixing in a Prussian helmet Bavarian beer and Rhine wine, with a rod of black bread, and calling out '*German unity* ;' and all these wonders flying, swimming, walking, and talking with negroes who were half white, and white men who were half black ; birds singing like human beings, and the latter whistling like birds ; monkeys making public speeches to an audience of owls ; elephants, with trunks where their tails should have been, and windows let into their gigantic sides, where I saw exposed for sale all sorts of Yankee notions ; men with the heads of rams, and rams with the bodies of men ; preachers (who invariably had long tails) haranguing their hearers from the tops of trees at one moment, and flying down from their perches to join in a dance the next ; little children, with long beards, and old men with the diminutive bodies of children ; officers drilling soldiers without heads, and heads without arms, driving in retreat whole bodies without heads. This was the chaos in which I found myself, and I was dreading a change into some hybrid horror. Indeed, I even felt a caudal appendage gradually springing from my body, when I shouted desperately out—my voice sounding more like the cough of a sick donkey than my own—'What is this, and where am I ?' The reply came like a roll of thunder, in all discord from the combined voices of beasts, and birds, fishes, and men : '*This is a world of chance !*' when I awoke."

"And this was your hashish-dream ?" said the Traveller. "Bah !" and he walked contemptuously out of the cabin. But here we are under the shadow of the Temple of Luxor at THEBES, and I must give you a statement of our doings here, my dear Bookworm, even if you see fit to despise the fantasies of my hashish-dream—puerile enough, I admit—but still giving me an experience so terrible, that I would not repeat it for the mines of—well, Golconda is a good figure—so let it pass. Good-night !

CHAPTER XVII.

UP THE NILE.

The Temple of Luxor—Across the plain of Thebes to the Memnonium and the Palace of Medinet Abou—The vocal statue—Lunching under the head of a fallen giant—Hunting for mummies, and the various adventures incident thereto—A visit to the kind but eccentric Lady Duff Gordon—Her mode of life—Belzoni's Tomb, and an offer from our guide Mehemet, which is brought to the attention of my countrywomen—The mysteries of Shekh-Abd-el-Koorneh—The splendors of the ancient temples—The Traveller uses his revolver, and the Governor of Thebes orders the *bastinado*—The robbers of the Nile, with a brief account of their attack on the *Bund*—Back again at Cairo—The death of a poet—Off for Holy Land.

February 18th.

WE are anchored at a little island opposite Luxor, and I send you, with this, a hasty sketch of our dahabééh, and the general appearance of the multitude of ruins that once formed the mighty city of Thebes.

In order to get a clear notion of the localities, you must understand that the Temple of Luxor, with the grand propylons, sphinxes, obelisks, with the immense palace of Karnak, are on the east bank; and the Memnonium, the palace of Medinet Abou, the Colossi of the plain (Shamy and Damy, the vocal Memnon and his brother idol), with the tombs of the kings, are on the west bank. Thus one cannot say that he has seen Thebes, until he has explored thoroughly both sides; not merely glancing over the fallen columns and perfect hieroglyphics, but penetrated to the interior of the tombs, and we hope to do both. Our plan of operations is to explore the west bank first, and it will take five or six days of hard labor to see completely the marvels of this classic spot, commencing our operations each day as soon after sunrise as possible.

We mounted our donkeys early, and, accompanied by a score of vagrant Arabs, our guide, with the kingly name of Mehemet

Ali, and Hassein, with our lunch-basket, we galloped rapidly across the fertile plains towards Medinet Abou. The fields were sown with tobacco, corn, and potatoes, and, as the *fellahs* saw us approaching, they left their labor to swell our ranks, and, pulling out from under their dirty, blue cotton shirts their store of curiosities and antiquities, they made the air echo with offers. Here was an idol's nose, a mummy's necklace, scarabæi—" *Antiquè, antiquè, backshish, backshish!*" At first we were deluded into an examination of some kingly mummy-hand, a sacred ibis, or a scarabée; but we were assailed by such an army of these human Egyptian locusts, that Mehemet had to lay his thick stick about him to clear the way. Arrived at the base of the two colossal statues of Memnon, I was lost in admiration of their solemn beauty. Like giant sentinels, they seem to guard the portals of the Memnonium; they are of similar size and proportion; they stand (or rather are seated) about twenty yards apart, and once formed the commencement of an avenue of statues leading to a palace, which long since has swelled the sands upon the neighboring desert. I first curiously regarded the musical statue, so called from the tradition of its giving out a *salamât* (salutation) when the rising sun touched its lips. It is hewn out of a single mass of granite, and measures, with its pedestal, about fifty-six feet in height. The sound it uttered was said to resemble the breaking of a harp-string, but doubtless was contrived for religious deceptions by the priests. We accepted the offer of a nimble Arab to mount into its lap and strike it with a hammer. He was soon in position, and we distinctly heard a metallic sound as of brass being struck. "*Nahás, nahás!*" (brass,) cried the Arabs. We received a small piece of the stone of this vocal statue. It is probably of the same nature as the rocks of which Baron Humboldt speaks in his South American travels—certain rocks on the Orinoco, called by the natives "*lazas musicas,*" and which he heard yielding low thrilling tones of music, and accounted for it by the wind passing through the chinks, and agitating the spangles of mica into audible vibration.

This statue got a fall seventy years before Christ, and this may have injured his vocal powers, even if his lungs had not

been reached by the furious carvings of antiquarians upon his chest. His pedestal is covered with Greek, and other inscriptions. One of these records the visit of Adrian and his Queen Sabina, and you will believe him to be a veritable *antique*, when I tell you that this Amunoph III., the beloved of Jove, reigned one hundred years before Rameses the Great—that is, nearly 1500 B. C. His colleague was probably he who led a colony into Greece and founded Argos.

From these statues to the Memnonium is about half a mile. You enter this splendid ruin between two colossal statues of the king, each twenty feet high; his hands rest upon his knees, and his features are full of dignity and repose, as of a warrior who sleeps after his battles. Within a magnificent hall was the library of the palace; the ceiling was covered with astronomical figures, in which (my *savant* guide-books tell me) the date of the building is revealed—1322 B. C. It is impossible to convey an idea of the elegance, grace, and classic beauty of the sculptures. It was evident to me that the Greeks drew their inspirations from them, and that the Parthenon, supposed to be the richest crown of classic sculpture in the world, was the fruit of studies in this very spot. The paintings and carvings were as fresh as if the changes of nearly three thousand years had not passed over the earth; but, turning from their contemplation, I saw the giant statue of Sesostris overthrown without the temple, in the same spot he has occupied since Cambyes threw him down. Amid all the marvels of broken pillars, and fragments of painted walls, this ruined giant of granite, which the sands of the desert have polished for centuries, until now his breast is like a mirror, was the most impressive of all. The upper part of his body is broken into several vast fragments, and the lower looks like pillars of Karnac. The breadth across his chest is twenty-three feet.

Twelve massive columns thirty-two feet high, without their capitals, and twenty-one feet in circumference, form a double line in the centre of the Hall of Memnon, and thirty-six other columns of smaller dimensions support a ceiling sown with golden stars on a ground of azure. There are lateral chambers and grand courts, and if you will imagine all these gilded and carved in a style of

beauty almost fabulous, you will have some idea not only of the art of the ancients, but of the magnificent spectacle presented during the religious ceremonies, or the court offering their homage to the luxurious and barbaric king.

We spread our lunch under the shadow of Sesostris's head, and I saw an Arab *gamin* dart into the vast cavern his ear, to search for the spoil of—a cork: it may have been popped from a champagne-bottle in our company. And now, in order to prove to you that the sublime and ridiculous ever mingle in daily life, I will describe to you the scene happening in front of us, while I was eating my hard-boiled egg. I had expressed a desire for a mummy—and the pits were right there in yonder mountain. Mehemet, our guide, had whispered mysteriously into the ear of a brother Arab, who darted off on my donkey through the temple. I was informed that it was forbidden to sell mummies by the viceroy, as that sovereign was collecting all the antiquities worth having, for his museum at Bouïak, but that nearly all the natives made explorations during the night among the mummy-pits, and on finding good specimens—which had never been unwrapped (“Bah! what palpable cheats you all are!” I thought), they carried them to grottoes in the rocks—known only to themselves—and awaited the appearance of travellers to purchase them. During this long explanation, I must not omit to mention that donkey-boys, Arab girls, and *fellahs*, were poking under our noses mummy-hands, mummy-legs, mummy-ibises, mummy-heads, ugh! had we not good appetites and strong stomachs to stand it? But there we sat, coolly eating sardines, sucking oranges, or smoking our *hookahs*, while we discussed *papyri*, *scarabæi*, and handled the foot of, perhaps, some dead king who was chopping off heads three or four thousand years before we were born. Talk of Hamlet's philosophy over Yorick's grave, it was nothing to—But we heard a noise in the distance. Coming through the temple, was the envoy of our guide Mehemet. He was mounted on my donkey; he was a stout Egyptian, nearly naked, and his black legs dangled on each side of the little animal, like the pendulums in a clock-maker's window. Across the saddle-bow, lengthwise, lay some dark object which, at first, we could not exactly define, but,

as the native came nearer, we discovered it to be a mummy—an immense mummy in its wrappings, and just enough of the head-covering torn away to disclose the black, ghastly face.

“Very good mummy!” said Mehemet Ali, with the assured speech of a *connoisseur*.

“Good mummy,” echoed the native, who looked like some fearful ghoul floating over his prey.

“Never been unwrapped, gold scarabæi inside, papyrus,” continued Mehemet, who was anxious to make a sale, and evidently share the profits with this snatcher of antique royal remains.

I ventured to suggest that it was rather large for my use (it being at least six feet long), and was revolving in my mind what Historical Society should have the benefit of it, and what *savants* should be present at the unwrapping, when—I concluded to turn it over, and, to my surprise, found it was almost hollow; it had been attacked in the rear; his royal highness had no backbone, and all the treasures of papyri or scarabæi had long since been appropriated by these rascally guides. Mehemet smiled at the discovery of his trick, having no idea in the world of honest dealing, said he would show me a mummy-baby to-morrow, that really never *had* been opened; and, at a sign from him, the fellow on the donkey trotted off to his retreat, again through the Temple, and, as he disappeared, the affair looked so ridiculous, that the Traveller and myself laughed heartily at its ludicrous features, and the idea of our being the mummy merchants of Memnon.

This evening, on my return to the dahabééh, I found the small boat of the consulate waiting for me, and the *cawas* of Mustapha Aga with a message from Lady Duff Gordon, that she would be glad to see the Sentimental Idler, etc., etc. A word about this rather eccentric English lady, who has followed, in a small way, the example of the late Lady Esther Stanhope in the Orient, and though not, like the latter, a reader of the stars, or an avowed prophet, still has written a book which has been read on both sides of the Atlantic—and that is something, you must confess: Lady Gordon, whose domestic history I will not touch upon, has deserted her country. She lives in the summer in Cairo, and in the autumn and winter upon the Nile, generally at Thebes, in the house which

was formerly occupied by the French consul and the officers who had in charge the removal of that famous obelisk which is the grand ornament of the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. I was shown into her garden by the *cavaç*, and there met Mustapha Aga, who preceded me into the house, built in the Arab style: here we were met by the same dragoman who has accompanied her ladyship in all her travels (and whom she mentions in her book), and being announced we were received by our hostess with great affability. Lady Duff Gordon cannot be less than forty-five years of age, of commanding and elegant figure; she must have been beautiful in her youth; her black hair, through which the silver strands were visible, was disposed negligently over cheeks and shoulders. On her head she wore an ordinary red Turkish fez, and all likeness to European dress was abolished by the graceful *burnoose* which she wrapped about her. Her face was quite sallow and pale; her mouth showed firmness and decision in a remarkable degree, and her fine dark eyes sparkled with a rare fire. She spoke of our voyage to the second cataract, and then compared it with her own several years before; laughed at my Kalabshee adventure, and said, with characteristic energy, the viceroy should "burn them out again," meaning, of course, the savages who had attacked me. I complimented her on her book of amusing Eastern travel, and she, with an affectation unpardonable in any author, said she had never opened the covers of the printed work. Where had her womanly curiosity flown? At this point, Mustapha left us, and I accepted Lady Gordon's invitation to join her in coffee and a chibouk. The coffee was served—it was excellent; but what was my surprise to observe her ladyship receive a chibouk from the hands of her dragoman—we both were soon enveloped in the fraternal cloud! This eccentric lady had a way of quiet assertion in all things discussed, that soon gave me an insight into her imperative will—she could brook no contradiction—and to give up or modify an opinion would have been like surrendering a citadel—ah, if she had been a man, what a famous officer in India she would have made—blowing Sepoys from cannon would have been nothing to it! Our conversation passed from literature to politics. Like all Englishmen or women of rank whom I have

met, she had no faith in any thing but *blood*, which, although a very good thing in its way, sometimes is beaten out of bounds by *brains*. She had no sympathy for reform in England, and thought a working-man—well, a good sort of machine to run up houses, dig out canals, build railroads; but to command armies, address parliaments, or govern states—pshaw! As for universal suffrage, she shook her head. America was a grand country, but some day—"you will abandon your cardinal error, or—fall!" I do not pretend to give you, my Bookworm, her precise words, but the sense and bearing of our conversation. To subjects less weighty we passed—of her life in the desert. She was charmed with it, and really loved the simple-hearted Arabs, whom she treated in all things as if they were harmless little children. I thought I should not like to have a nursery full of such infants, with their tufted spears and ugly-looking pistols. But our conversation was here interrupted by a terrible fit of coughing which seized my hostess—she evidently is consumptive. After it had passed, I took my leave after a cordial invitation, and a promise to come again before I left Thebes. I took my way down to the Nile banks, ruminating on this strange life, this human destiny—a brilliant woman buried in the desert, with no companion but an Arab slave, dependent upon the strangers' boats for all news of the stirring life of the outer world—slowly dying of disease, and, worse than all, perhaps a—rust of the soul! and then I repeated the words of my French philosophic friend—" *Que voulez-vous? C'est la vie!*" but I added, "*mais il est aussi bien dure!*"

February 19th.

Before we started out with our guide this morning I was finishing a few lines to you, dear Bookworm, in order to send them with this great manuscript package from Thebes. I saw our old Consul Mustapha regarding me, as I wrote, with a curious and solemn countenance—for you must know he has almost lived on the *Bund* since we anchored here. At last he said to the Gentleman Traveller, in a mysterious tone:

"What is Howadji el-Kébëer writing there?"

"A book," replied the Traveller.

"About the Nile, and all of us?"

"Yes."

Another solemn pause. At last the old Egyptian limped over to me, and, laying his hand on my shoulder, said:

"Good book—we want a new book for Nile very much—the *price of butter, eggs, and sheep, much changed* since Murray was written, and Sir Gardiner Wilkinson was out here!"

It was too much! Shades of Champollion! I laid down my pen, and the Traveller and myself dashed on deck to have our laugh out.

At eight o'clock this morning we started again to see the ruins of Medéenet-Háboo, or Abou. These are situated to the left of the Memnonium, and undoubtedly the temple is one of the four mentioned by Diodorus—the other three being Luxor, Karnac, and Memnon—the great temple-palace of Rameses III. The south or front part consists of a building, once isolated, but since united by a wall with the towers of the smaller sanctuary, before which two lodges form the sides of its spacious entrance. To the north or main part of the building are pyramidal towers on either hand, between which runs an oblong court terminated by a gateway which passes beneath the chambers of the inner side. The whole of this edifice constituted the pavilion of the king. The sculptures on the walls are more interesting, as they are a singular instance of the internal decorations of an Egyptian royal palace. The colors of the paintings are wonderfully bright. Here the king is attended by his *harem*, some of whom present him with flowers, or wave before him fans and flabella; and a favorite is caressed or invited to divert his leisure hours with a game of draughts; but they are all obliged to stand in his presence, and the king alone is seated on an elegant divan. The queen is not among the women of the *harem*, and her oval is always blank wherever it occurs throughout the building.

This humane and gentle barbarian caused many hieroglyphical inscriptions to be placed within the building, which should attest his qualities to after-generations; for instance, one of them mildly reads: "Go my cherished and chosen, make war on foreign nations, besiege their forts, and carry off their people to live as captives."

The inscriptions in various parts of the temple are cut remarkably deeply, and with a finish and care in most cases more fit for carving on scarabæi than rude walls. One can follow, by the descriptive paintings, all the amusements or rites of worship of this king; in some places are bands of priests in procession, who offer incense to the monarch, attended by all the standards, arks, and insignia; in others (especially on the west wall) there are battle-scenes, with Rameses pursuing the enemy in his chariot, while his warriors discharge clouds of arrows into the ranks of the flying foe. The Egyptian princes and generals conduct captive chiefs into the presence of the king. He is seated at the back of his car, and his spirited horses are held by attendants on foot. Besides other trophies, large heaps of hands are placed before him, which an officer counts one by one as another notes down the number on a scroll, each heap containing three thousand, and the return indicating the whole of the slain. The captives are ranged in lines, and the name of their nation is written in hieroglyphics over their heads. But to describe the whole of these curious decorations would be a task which I should be incapable of fulfilling, and you, wearied already, would cry "Grace;" so hasten with me for lunch far, far beyond the mysterious mountain, across the desert plain, and into a solemn rocky defile which leads to the "TOMBS OF THE KINGS." But before we enter the sepulchres proper we descend a numbered pit, and are at the entrance of what is known as "BELZONI'S TOMB" (named after the French discoverer). The day was remarkably hot, and the sun's rays flashed from the burning sands, and from the white calcareous rocks, with a blinding intensity, so the tombs' shadow was grateful, and we spread our mat among the mummy-bones, ate our cold meat, and drank our warm wine, just as if the great Osiride deities had been a thousand miles away.

After we had dispatched our noonday repast, and were rolling our cigarettes, Mehemet, our guide, sat down in front of us, and his face seemed so unusually grave and preoccupied, that I asked him the cause.

"Howadji," said he, "you come from America?"

I admitted that originally I had come from that great land.

"Howadji, have the 'Mericans great sheik?"

"*Beaucoup du chic!*" put in the Traveller, in a low voice, but, without paying attention to his French *calembours*, I answered the guide's question, anxious to know where it would lead.

"Yes, Mehemet, a great sheik—we call him President with us."

"He great sheik for all the tribes?"

"Yes."

Another pause.

"'Mericans very rich—more rich than English?"

"Yes."

"I go to 'Merica," he replied, suddenly. "Is it more far than London? Mustapha Aga he been to London!"

"Yes," I replied, "it is farther than London; but why do you wish to go?" Without replying directly, he, seeming to follow out his own train of thought, demanded—

"Can Mussulman marry Christian woman in America?"

"Yes."

His face lit up with joy; he arose from his recumbent position, advanced toward me, took me by the hand, and said:

"I go to marry the sister of the howadji!"

Here was a *dénouement*. I hope you will tell little rosy-lips that I have found a husband for her. To show you more fully the simplicity of mind of these Arabs, I asked Mehemet on another occasion how old he was; he replied, "I don't know good, but I think four or five hundred." Poor fellow! He knew the temples, and tombs, and obelisks, were thousands of years old, and in his ignorance he suspected *he* must at least be some hundreds. Ah! life must seem very long to these poor slaves, who eat no bread but that of toil (poets say it is sweet, but ask the *fellah*), and drink from no cup but that one of bitterness which hopeless poverty ever provides.

Although to-day we visited the tombs numbered 1, 4, 6, 9, 11, 14, and 17, this one of Belzoni's, with a notice of the peculiarities of the rest, will be all I shall describe to you, as they are, in a greater or less degree, modelled alike. Some of them are cut on a level with the road or ravine, others are commenced at the end of a deep pit or shaft sunk into the calcareous mountain.

After having passed the door, you enter a long, grand gallery, ornamented with sculptures and paintings, whose depth and brightness are wonderfully preserved to this day. The Pharaohs, in virtue of that moral axiom which says "in commencing to live we commence to die," took their precautions a long time in advance, and, on the moment of coming to the throne, built at the same time a palace and a tomb, making thus march together the joys of the present with the preoccupations of the future. Their *sarcophagi* corresponded with their destination. Lost in the midst of the desert, concealed in the very bowels of the calcareous mountains, it was only by the force of painful researches, that the iconoclastic hand of Science was enabled to be laid upon the mummied remains of kings, and the riches of hieroglyphic lore dragged forth to the light, along with precious vases, golden goblets, scarabæi, jewels, ingots in sealed bags, ivory, leopard-skins, porcelains, and rare woods. Nature is in perfect harmony with the religious sentiment that inspired these barbarous kings in the choice of their last resting-place. The solemn calm and silence—the sand and white-faced rocks, that must look so ghostly under the moon—not a flower nor herb—no trace of vegetation, nothing beyond but the sands of the desert stretching to the horizon—not an insect or living being, except it be the wandering jackals, whose plaintive howls would wake the echoes mid the rocks. But we are alongside of the wall in No. 17, whose hollow sound first betrayed to the adventurous Frenchman the existence of the secret chambers. A palm-tree (in place of the classic ram) enabled Belzoni to force the barrier, and the splendor of this very gallery dawned upon him and repaid him for all his labors. The pillars of the first hall beyond the pit support a roof finely decorated with highly-finished and well-preserved sculptures, whose vivid colors appear but the work of yesterday. Near the centre of the inner hall a few steps lead to a second hall. This is interesting from the figures being drawn, and the colors not yet applied, giving us the bold, long, decided lines of the Egyptian draughtsmen, and teaching us how these remarkable works were commenced. At the southern corner of the first hall a staircase descends, leading into two passages and a chamber communicating by a door with

a chamber twenty-seven feet square, and supported by six pillars. The entrance to the monarch's sarcophagus was masked in every way possible, even by a false alabaster tomb and a solid wall of masonry. We traversed these mysterious passages, observing the paintings, sculptures, and hieroglyphics, by the light of our flambeaus, and our admiration increased at each step for the art of the ancient Egyptians, as well as for the evidences of power displayed in these sarcophagi formed in the midst of these mountains, perhaps the most curious antiquities in the world. In preparing the walls to receive the *bas-reliefs*, it was sometimes customary to portion it out into squares—but this was not universal. The position of the figures was first traced with a red color by the draughtsmen; when, having been submitted for inspection to the master-artist, those parts which were deficient in proportion or correctness of attitude were altered by him in black, and in that state they were left by him for the sculptor's chisel. The subjects in the passages refer chiefly to the liturgies performed to the deceased monarch, and the judgments before the gods Athor, Horus, Isis, Osiris, and Pthah. In the halls of this, as well as in other tombs, there is a "Book of the Dead," and judgment-scenes are frequently found on the papyri of the Egyptians.

Osiris, seated on his throne, awaits the arrival of those souls which are ushered into Amenti; the four Genii stand before him on a lotus-blossom, and the female Cerberus is there, with Harpocrates seated on the crook of the god. Thoth, the god of letters, presents himself before the King of Hades, bearing in his hand a tablet, on which the actions of the deceased are noted down; while assistants are employed (Horus in some places) in weighing the good deeds of the judged against the ostrich-feather, the symbol of justice and truth. Then comes the deceased. The assessors are seated above, and often the whole scene of punishment or award is defined with force, if not with great propriety. In the side-chambers of Belzoni's tomb are portrayed mysterious ceremonies, which look like fire-worshipping, and the transverse vaulted part of the saloon of the great sarcophagus,* ornamented

* This tomb, I think, was transported to Europe, and sold at a great price by the discoverer.

with a profusion of sculpture, is a termination worthy of the rest of this grand sepulchral monument.

Not the least interesting part of the study of these sculptures and paintings is the knowledge and insight they give us into the domestic life and habits of the ancient Egyptians. For example, in No. 17, called the *Harper's Tomb* (undoubtedly the last resting-place of Ramesses III.), are descriptions of the kitchens, which are most curious. Some of the natives are engaged in slaughtering oxen and cutting up the joints, which are put into caldrons on a tripod over the fire. Men are employed cutting leather straps, held by the feet, a practice still common in the East. Another pounds something in a large mortar, and another minces meat—while a pallet, suspended by ropes running in rings fastened to the roof, is evidently thus placed to guard against the intrusion of rats and vermin. Men knead substances with their feet; others draw off, by means of siphons, liquid from vases before them. Boats, with square, checkered sails, are painted in many parts; some are aground in passing the islands, or being wrecked in the cataracts. Agricultural scenes—the inundation of the Nile; sowing and reaping grain; birds and beasts—are successfully and often grotesquely represented.

You can imagine our fatigue in going from tomb to tomb, and climbing through their intricate passages; but the interest was so great, that we even rode over to the western valley, where are situated some curious sepulchres of the foreign kings. It was late in the evening when we reached our boat on the Nile, and we were happy enough, after a hasty dinner, to seek our divans to rest, and, soon after, our narrow little berths, friendly fleas, and all.

February 20th.

This morning there was considerable excitement in our little party on board the *Bund*. At an early hour Mehemet Ali came on board, and made known to Mahmoud that a new mummy-pit had been discovered the past night nearly at the top of the mountain *Shekh-Abd-el-Koorneh*, behind the Memnonium. It appears a party of natives had been hunting for antiquities among the well-known mummy-grottoes in the vicinity, when there was discov-

cred, in removing some mummy *débris*, a square stone slab, which, on being struck, emitted a hollow sound. After much difficulty, this was damaged and broken sufficiently to admit the body of a man. The slab was found to cover a perpendicular hole thirty feet deep, cut into the body of the solid rock. At the termination of this descent was a platform, at the far end of which was a small hole, through which the man entered, crawling like a worm. After much difficulty he emerged into a great square tomb, filled with mummies, but the air was so bad, that he was soon forced to retire. The secret rested with three or four Arabs, amongst whom Mehemet Ali was counted. After this history, and the promise of a large backshish for the privilege of exploring the new tomb with the guides, we started, after breakfast, for *Shekh-Abd-el-Koorneh*. At first the Traveller and myself were persuaded that this marvellous account was only an Arab trick for money, but we soon became convinced, on our approach to the mountain, of the truth of our guide's discovery—by the care and secrecy of his movements, his avoidance of all the villages, and by our being joined, now and then, by an associate, who was evidently greatly impressed by the momentous discovery, and who quarrelled with Mehemet for bringing the howadjis there at all. The Arabs, although possessing no honesty whatever, and quite ready to trick travellers according to the best of their ability, still cannot long carry on a deception requiring great mystery and cunning. We scrambled up the sides of the mountain beneath a burning sun, passing all the grottoes which travellers generally visit with so much interest, and entered a square hole nearly at the top of Koorneh. We found ourselves in an irregular vault-like chamber, cut out of the rock; about us lay heaps of torn mummy-cloth, legs, skulls, and bones; pieces of painted mummy-coffins, and, in fact, all the usual surroundings of the desecrated tombs, with which, by this time, we were tolerably familiar. In the far corner, but dimly illuminated by the torches which the natives had just lit, we perceived the broken slab, and the black hole that led into the new pit. The Arabs threw off their cotton burnoos, and stood before us naked, with only a great knife strapped on each of their arms. Mehemet Ali slowly unwound a

long rope he had brought with him. The first native proceeded to descend into the hole, and clung to the sides of the jagged rock with his bare feet, while the other waved the torch over him to light his passage. Down, down he went. At last we heard him touch the platform, and then he cried out to us above: "*Tāāl hennee, Kowāga-Tāāl, hennee!*" ("Come here, come down, Traveller!")

The eyes of the Traveller and my own met; doubtless the same thoughts passed through both of our minds. Here we were in the power of these Arabs, in a cavern whose outlets were only known to them. A voyager is always supposed to be a Cræsus, and—but, notwithstanding the faults of the Egyptians, so far we had not found them treacherous. So, while I adjusted my pistol-belt, I let Mehemet fasten the cord around my waist, and, shouting "*Aiowah*" to the "*Tāāl hennee's*" from below, I was the first to be lowered into the apparent Hades. Landed safely at the bottom, the Traveller soon followed, and then Mehemet came down, leaving but one Arab above to watch the approaches—for the expedition in which we were engaged was not without danger—being forbidden by the viceroy under pain of the heaviest penalties.

Now commenced the real labor. Our guide prostrated himself, and crept through the round hole at the bottom, and we followed, dragging ourselves along over rough, rocky surfaces, for perhaps the length of fifty feet. At times, the closeness of the air was almost stifling, and then sudden, cool gusts of wind, from some subterranean gallery, would nearly extinguish the torches. At last I heard the guide shout:

"*Tyeb—tyeb kētyr!*" ("All right—very well!" etc.) And in a moment after he was standing erect. Where? In a grand square chamber hewn in the rock, and filled with mummies in their cases and wrappings, who were packed in rows like sardines in their boxes. I can compare their positions to nothing else. Here they laid where the living hands had placed them three thousand years before, and since their tomb had been sealed our voices were the first to echo in their charnel-house—the voices of the strangers whose land even was unknown, while these mummy

hands (then useful to man) were building temples and palaces for their kings! Was it not terrible? we walked over them, *and sunk up to our knees among their poor bodies*, that crumbled into dust from the weight of each vandal foot. We dived with our hands into the mummy-wrappings, and I tore from the dried finger of one a rare ring set with a scarabæ, and secured an almost perfect shawl from the body of another. The Gentleman Traveller directed the guide to give him the head of this one, and the feet or hands of that one, and the native took his long knife from his bare arm and hacked away at the remains as if he had been chopping wood: I know not how long we were at this horrible work, but I suddenly gazed about me and took in the ghoulis picture, the like of which Rembrandt has never painted: the naked man with his brandished knife over the outstretched mummy on his knees; Mehemet with his torch, and we with lighted candles—the gloomy cavern—the ghastly surroundings—when, all at once, the thought of the awful danger we were in flashed over me, *if a spark from our candles or torch fell upon that tinder-mass of mummy-wrappings, we were lost*. I communicated my fears to the Traveller, who had at the same moment perceived our danger, and we beat a hasty retreat toward the passage, warning our guides at the same moment. We finally reached the upper chambers with our spoils—mine was a mummy-infant (which I reserve, dear Book-worm, for your cabinet of curiosities), and the scarabæ ring—the Traveller's, mummy-wrappings, and—a coffin which Mehemet is to bring out for him to-morrow. We made our way back to the boat, after having spent an hour at the Temple of Dahr el-Bahree, but the experience in the pits I shall never forget. Alas! I hear you say, "And this you call Sentimental Idling?"

February 21st.

To-day we were occupied with the ruins on the eastern bank. Luxor or *El Kosóor* still holds the rank of a market-town. It signifies "the Palaces," from the temple there erected by Amunoph III. and Rameses II. (the great Sesostris). What is now left of the great court, pyramidal towers and statues, was erected by the latter monarch. Behind the remaining obelisk (one on

either side of the Pylon), lie the remains of the statues of *Rameses* ; they are much buried in the earth, and vandal hands have clipped parts of noses, lips, ears, and arms, so that now they are little more than masses of rock, bearing in some small degree a resemblance to the form of man. I believe it is generally admitted that to the English is due the defacing of some of the noblest Egyptian monuments. But I have, in a former letter, mentioned that the grand courts, galleries, halls, and sanctuaries of Luxor are almost all built over by the natives, and that most of the sculptures are defaced by the smoke and smut of their kitchen-fires. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief that I left the shadow of its temple, and rode with my guide out to the greatest ruin in the world—the Palace of Karnak.

Our road lay through fields of *poa*, or *halfeh* grass, and our approach to the temple was through an avenue of broken sphinxes; then succeeded dromos and pylons, propyla, and a mass of enormous statues and broken columns, forming so fitting an approach to the majestic ruin of Karnak, which, in all its glory, was famous in the barbarian world, and found immortality in Homer's song.

According to Diodorus, "the circuit of the most ancient of the four temples of Thebes (Karnak) measured thirteen stadia," about one and a half English miles. The name of Osirtasen suffices to support its claim to great antiquity, when I remind you that he reigned before the Shepherds, about 2020 B. C., making this temple then nearly four thousand years old. I will not bewilder you by antiquarian researches here, for these inscriptions have puzzled the *savants* for ages. I can only say that the sight of this marvellous monument filled me with awe. The whole horizon was darkened by columns, and gateways, and walls. Along the avenues lay the sphinxes—some headless, others on pedestals, others fallen and in ruins. What a sight in the days of Thebes' magnificence—that avenue of two hundred enormous statues, terminated by the splendid temple—to which each successive king added some obelisk, or hall, or sanctuary! Imagine a glorious portal opening into a vast court, crowded with a forest of columns thirty-six feet in circumference, covered with hieroglyphics, and surmounted by elaborate and classic capitals, all of different

patterns, and painted in those rich colors which the ancients knew so well how to apply ! In height these columns are sixty-six feet, exclusive of pedestals and abaci ; the walls eighty feet high, and twenty-five feet thick ! Before and behind us, the slender and delicate shafts of red porphyry rose from the rich inner temples, whose inscriptions were filled in with gold and colors ; all around, masses of obelisks, statues, and columns of polished red granite, beneath which whole histories of nations, wars, and triumphs, are written, and—forgotten. Great masses of cut stone have fallen in some places from propylon or column. No mortar had been needed to connect the cliff-like bodies, and, at this moment, the most ignorant mason might direct the replacing of every stone where once it towered, so beautifully and accurately was each fitted to the place it was destined to occupy.

I cannot express to you the solemn thoughts to which this old ruin gave rise. So much was I delighted with its sublimity, that, after spending hours here to-day, I went back again, in the evening, to view it by the light of the moon—the lambent orb that shines more softly and clearly in an Egyptian sky than in the colder blue of the heavens of the West.

What a glorious excitement is that of enthusiasm ! Without such a fever, people would do nothing ; men could never be great. Art is witness, that in our world the language of a higher one is plainly to be perceived, and so I worship, in all old temples like these, the results of man's enthusiasm. These columns, piled up as silent witnesses (that yet teach much) of the wisdom, and glory, and honor of the past (which we sometimes ironically call " barbarous," to distinguish it from the polished Now), warm my heart, and enliven my mind like music. I do not say, to conceive such a building requires passion, but there is a sort of heroism in the genius of a true architect which outlives and outworks the fitful enthusiasms of the poet. The imagination takes grander proportions, and, instead of (like music) moving the soul without object, and producing a wandering of the divine idea, it moulds the rocks into harmony, and fixes the thought of immortality. So such solitudes make me look on all things with daring, open

eyes. The little meannesses of my nature are shamed out before these grand philosophic teachers ; I fairly *hate* the pitiful struggles of my former life. I cannot endure myself, that I have been no wiser and greater than the mass of ants who toil forever, only to roll their little ball of dung about the fair earth. I passionately resolve to produce, create, remould, refine—thus to release my spirit from a labyrinth of error, and bring my poor life to a better issue. But, good-night, my Bookworm. Do not think I have grown mad under the moon. You will pardon me, if I weary you with my vagaries, good brother mine—good-night!

February 22d.

This morning, before sunrise, we were awakened by low whines and howls from the shore. At first I shook myself uneasily in my berth, not knowing if I was awake or dreaming, but in a moment I heard the quick, successive reports of the Traveller's revolvers from the other side of the dahabééh, and, seizing my pistols, I rushed out. I saw my companion, with his cabin window open, blazing away at a troop of jackals which had descended upon four of our sheep (that we had tied to stakes on the land for the night), and I added my volleys to his own. Mahmoud and the sailors were soon on shore, and found the sheep dying or dead, and their flesh terribly mangled. All of the jackals escaped, but a trail of blood from the spot taught us that the conical balls had done some damage in the ranks of the marauders. I think I never saw our dragoman in such a state of fury : he took the solemn Mussulman oath that he would not eat or drink until the men were punished whose carelessness in watching our boat had been the cause of his loss. After breakfast he went with us from the island over to see the governor of Thebes, and made his complaint. His excellency summoned two of his officers—great brutal-looking Egyptians—and, accompanying us to our boat, sent his *cawas* out to the village to summon the sheik. I know not if I have told you in other letters that each village has for chief a *sheik*, called among the Arabs "*cheik-el-beled*," who not only responds to the *moudyrs* for the taxes levied by the viceroy, but also to the governor for the order in the villages : thus, if any thing

goes wrong in their jurisdiction they (the sheiks) are punished unless the culprit is brought forth at once—a species of summary justice not without its good effects, but leading on the part of the petty rulers of the villages to much cruelty against the *fellahs*.

The sheik was soon a prisoner in front of our boat—a lean, sickly-looking Arab, who trembled at the thought of his coming punishment. The governor questioned him as to the cause of the negligence of the watchers whose duty it was to guard the travellers' boat. The reply was, that he had sent his men to the dahabééh, but, as there was a dance in another village, he supposed they had gone off there instead. Here the temper of Mahmoud broke all bounds, and he poured forth a volley of Arab abuse upon the man, which only ceased by his lack of breath and the lively interference of the governor. The sheik begged for mercy, offered to pay for the sheep, and collect it from the village. We also requested Mahmoud to accept the money and spare the poor native, but the malicious character of the dragoman showed itself in the refusal of all offers—he would have the fellow whipped, so the governor giving the sign to his fellows, they seized the trembling Arab, threw him upon the ground, tied his hands and feet, and we saw for the first time the *bastinado* of the East.

The men wielded long, broad bands of hippopotamus-hide, thickly studded with short nails not very sharp; they first gave the man blow after blow upon his back, until his unique cotton gown was torn into threads.

“*Oh, Allah, Allah! wukkuf* (stop), *dragoman!*” cried the poor fellow.

“*Lissa*” (“Not yet”), was the cruel response.

His feet were then turned upward, so that their soles were presented to the *korbág*, and blow after blow fell upon them until the blood commenced to flow, when the cries of the wretch were so heart-rending that we interfered and insisted that the *bastinado* should cease. Mahmoud doggedly consented, and the *sheik-el-beled* limped back to his village to wreak his vengeance on the *fellahs*. Mahmoud invited the governor into the cabin, and took from a closet a small package, which he handed to the official, accompanied by the well-known expression of “backshish;” the

governor thanked him, and put the parcel under his ample robe, and after many compliments on both sides, in the extravagant style of the East, he took his leave, and Mahmoud (his vengeance satisfied) could partake of some breakfast. What think you was his present to the governor? *A half pound of black tea!* Verily, I say, the honest judges have their reward!

I spent nearly all the afternoon among the ruins, taking impressions of the sculptures and hieroglyphics. The process is simple. Taking large sheets of soft, thick, and coarse paper, which I purchased in Cairo, I dampened them and spread them evenly over the bas-reliefs. When nearly dry they are removed, and you have a perfect impression, which is interesting and curious. Will I not enrich your little museum when I return, dear Bookworm?

This evening I called again on Lady Duff Gordon, but I could not see her, as she was suddenly taken quite ill. She sent me many kind messages out from her chamber by her faithful dragoman, together with a written souvenir of my visit, in English and Arabic, which I highly prized. After leaving her some books and my adieus, I departed, thinking much of the eccentric noblewoman, who would probably die, as did Lady Stanhope, among the Arabs, for lack of intelligent care, and far from those of her kindred and friends who should love and cherish her. What a romance would the *true* recital of such a life make!

February 23d.

In Shelley's "Witch of Atlas," he says:

"To glide adown old Nilus where he threads
Egypt and Ethiopia, from the steep
Of utmost Axumé, until he spreads,
Like a calm flock of silver-fleeced sheep,
His waters on the plain; and crested heads
Of cities and proud temples gleam amid,
And many a vapor-belted pyramid."

So, when we left Thebes and all its glorious ruins of the plain, to-day we glided "adown old Nilus," with a strange sorrow at our hearts that we should never again behold those "crested heads of cities and proud temples," and, although from this moment we

shall see many wondrous grottoes and palaces worthy of description, I shall only copy my casual notices of them from my notes, and not attempt to weary you with Dendera, or Beni-Hassan, for, after Brobdingnag, Liliput seems so very, *very* small.

February 24th.

Left Kennah last night, after resting there but a short time, to ride up to the town and purchase some dates—the largest, richest, and most delicious on the Nile. I was much amused by a donkey-boy who was trying to learn a little English, and especially to count in our language. He commenced thus: 1, 7, 4, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, and, being puzzled at this point, recommenced at the number 11. Seeing our smiles, he dashed off at hazard—“one-eleven—two-eleven—three”; but this was too much for our risibilities, and he went off muttering: “*Engleesh-moosh-ty'eb-moosh-ty'eb*” (“bad, cursed,” etc.).

February 25th.

We are anxious now to reach Cairo, in order to make our preparations for Holy Land—and, spite of all, I admit it—two months on the Nile become the least bit monotonous, especially when adverse winds force us to lay up by the side of a great mountain, or the Libyan Desert. To-day Mahmoud killed the sheep of honor for us. We had it served on the table entire—it being stuffed with raisins, almonds, and Turkish *confitures*. Really it was delicious. The dragoman becomes, each day, as we near the end of our journey, more obsequious. Of course, I understand that he wishes to conclude his engagement with us for Syria and the Holy Land, but, as yet, we have not decided.

February 26th.

Passed GIRGEH in the night, but did not stop. Again the wind detains us to-day, and we lay up at the east bank, on the borders of a charming valley. The Traveller and myself, accompanied by Eugène, took a stroll beyond the little village in search of game. In a few moments the former had killed a half dozen of white ibis (whose snowy wings he preserves as souvenirs), and a number of pigeons. I cry out “*Bravo!*” and stretch myself

lazily on the soft green grass. Camels are grazing here and there, and flocks of sheep are scattered through the fertile valley, watched by the naked little Arabs, who amuse themselves by playing on small reed-flutes. The donkeys, tied by short stakes near the mud-huts, break the silence now and then by their loud brays, and the native women moan out a sort of plaintive song, as they rock themselves to and fro, and spin the cotton (which has not long been plucked from the fields) before their miserable cabins. I saw, at a little distance, some youths throwing stones with rude rope *slings* with great dexterity, and I was soon in their midst, first of all buying a sling (doubtless Samson's model), and then taking lessons in its use. My awkward attempts soon drew a crowd of men, women, and children, and, attracted by their shouts and laughter, the Traveller approached, to find me earnestly engaged in the centre of the dusky groups in this strange exercise. He joined me, and soon the stones flew so thick and fast that the donkeys, and camels, and sheep, scatter in all directions, and the natives are glad enough to leave us to gather in their flocks. Going back to the boat, we found the sailors all ashore playing leap-frog, and Mahmoud rolling on the bank, convulsed with laughter. And this was the same man who had looked on with great satisfaction at the *bastinado*! Am I not right, when I say to you that man has *two* natures?

We start away from this little Nile Arcadia near sunset. The colors in the sky are magnificent, the violet, blue, and gold mingling with a marvellous effect I have never seen equalled in any other part of the world; then the palm-trees, waving their feathery crowns against the deep blue of the heavens, and the soft tints resting on mountain and desert, make up a scene of beauty whose charm is completed by the flashing of the river, as the lights play upon its waves, and its sonorous murmurs blend in music with the drowsy song of the sailors—" *La illáh il'Alláh* " ("There is no God but God")—and, with these sights around me, and this Arab hymn humming in my ears, I watch the bright stars come out one by one in the heavens, and then I fall to dreaming about them and their possible worlds, until, in this maze of thought, I go to sleep upon the divan, and am only awakened

by the hand of Eugène, who says, in his calm tones, "*Il est déjà minuit, monsieur !*"

Midnight already ! And so you see how time flies with me, even now on this mysterious river.

February 28th.

I did not write a line in my journal yesterday—0 will best express the long lines of cliffs through which we passed, without the sight of a man, or scarcely any living thing. We had, it is true, some shots at the eagles in *Gébel Shekh Heréedee*, but we did not scatter a feather. To-day we are at Assiout. This is, as you know, the capital of Lower Egypt, but the governor's great white mansion on the borders of the river looks strangely out of place among the scattered mud-huts. The town, however, is situated some distance from the shore, and we can only see the minarets gleaming among the trees. Toward evening we hired asses and rode up to the bazaars, through a pretty avenue of sycamores and palms, on each of which, a few years ago, human beings hung like fishes on a string, for rebellion against the viceroy. Reaching the centre of the town, we soon found the bazaar of the pipe-bowls, and laid in a stock of them for future use. They are made here better than anywhere else in Egypt, owing to a peculiar clay found in the vicinity. We seated ourselves in front of a wretched café, and demanded coffee, while Mahmoud puffed away at his narrow-necked musical babbler—the hookah. The crowds passing to and fro seemed to be a reproduction of those in the narrow streets of Cairo ; the same blind mendicants, clad in the same bright-colored rags ; the same veiled women, street musicians, and naked children, sherbet-sellers, and dervishes ; almée-girls, with tattooed faces and bare legs ; donkey-boys, and eunuchs in women's gowns, carrying their rich nargiles toward a favorite café ; all mingling together in the narrow, dirty, and tortuous paths, shouting, singing, talking, laughing, chaffing, buzzing, running, walking, and dancing—forming, indeed, another of those bewildering kaleidoscopic scenes natural to the Orient, and but to be observed in all its *grotesquerie*, I think, in Egypt.

March 1st.

MANFALOOT.—At the grottoes of BENI-HASSAN. These grottoes are very wonderful. They are situated on the east bank, and well repaid our visit—vast halls, cut into the solid mountain; rock-palaces, decorated with every species of sculpture, and vivid with bright paintings, which chiefly illustrate the Egyptian games and sports. From each of the grand halls descended a perpendicular square pit into the bowels of the mountain, at the bottom of which galleries branched in every direction; these were also mummy-pits, but they have long since been rifled, and a few heaps of bones, and the scattered pieces of mummy-cloth, alone attest their former uses. Thus the ancients concealed their dead as misers put away their treasures; but Time openeth the strong box, and distributeth all—perhaps to the proper heirs.

March 3d.

MINEAH.—Here are the great factories of the great sugar-merchant of the East, Ismaël Pacha, the Viceroy of Egypt, whose great master, the Sultan in Constantinople, is making a great war (not greatly to his advantage) on a really great people—the Cre-tans. But I am out of breath, and my pen is out of ink—(see where I can run to when I once commence a sentence, dear Bookworm; I could go on and give you a whole chapter on the Grecks, the sugar-trade, imperial rule in the East, and so forth, and so on, defying Tristram Shandy, and all the rules of letter-writing; but, owing to the grave nature of the person to whom I address myself, I forbear, because he is intolerant as a great public which—and, and—I see you throw down my journal in despair at this point—but, upon my honor, I have written these lines before dinner!)

March 4th.

Thieves! Last night we had an alarm and a stirring adventure, which might have ended unpleasantly. As it was, it served to break the monotony of the voyage. For two nights and days we have been followed by a light kangéh, which would drop away from us as soon as daylight broke, but which would immediately

approach as soon as night came on. The young réis was on watch the night before last, and he found the same boat nearly under our stern, and, although there was but one man to be seen at its helm, he declared that the body of the boat was full of men; so we were warned by our dragoman to be prepared with our arms in case of an alarm, but we supposed it to be only a slave-boat going down to Cairo. About two o'clock this morning I was aroused by Eugène, who told me to get up, and come out on deck with my revolvers, as the pirates were close upon us. I had hardly got out of my cabin when I heard Mahmoud and the Traveller blazing away with their shot-guns, amid the shouts of our sailors, and the cries of men in the other boat.

"*Harámees, harámees, tūal, hennée!*" ("Robbers, thieves, come on!") yelled our men on the one side. "*La, La, O, Ma-fish, táger mesebbub!*" ("No, no, go away, we are honest traders!") was the answer on the other; but their sails were on fire, and we saw by its light at least a dozen stalwart Egyptians in the little cockle-shell. Their purpose was evident, and we sent a volley of conical balls among them. One fellow was evidently wounded in the shoulder, and they commenced to pull away from us to the bank. Our sailors took their oars, and we soon put a long distance between us. Their purpose had doubtless been to surprise and rob us, after which their escape would have been easy. A Russian traveller's boat was captured in this neighborhood about three years ago, and afterward sunk, the cook only escaping to give the alarm and tell the tale.

March 5th.

BENNISÖEF.—There is a palace of the viceroy here, and in front of it were three steamers filled with soldiers, who were about to be distributed along the Nile, in order to enforce the orders of his highness in regard to the digging of canals, various works of irrigation, and on the railroads. I think I mentioned, in one of my former letters, that the *fellahs* were expected to labor for nothing, and—find themselves.

March 6th.

MEMPHIS.—Some distance inland, in the desert Sakkára, be-

yond a miserable little Arab village called Mitrahenny, lies all that is left of the once glorious tombs and temples of ancient Memphis. The pyramids are not so interesting nor so well built as Cheops. In fact, constructed as they are, of small stones, which the hand of Time has rounded, they are crumbling and falling into ruins. As we passed beyond the village, whose inhabitants swarmed about us like flies, we saw great avenues of ruined sphinxes; remains of splendid columns, and capitals half-buried in the sand—any fragments of which would have enriched the museum of an antiquary. But, to tell the truth, our enthusiasm for these sights had sensibly diminished, and I fear we speculated far more about the hour we should arrive back in Cairo on the morrow than about the date of any Pharaohonic remains. In a little water-course which we passed, lies the large colossus of Rameses II. This was supposed to be the same one erected before the Temple of Vulcan, of which Herodotus and Diodorus both speak. The face is more beautiful and classical than that of any colossus I have seen. During the high waters of the Nile it is nearly covered. It was discovered by Signor Caviglia and Mr. Sloane, by whom it was given to the British Museum, but the English feared the expense of its removal. Their own oracle (Murray) says: "When the Turks have burnt it for lime, this will be regretted."

With our Arab guides, we spent the whole day among the famous tombs. The sarcophagi are decidedly the most splendid in Egypt; generally of polished porphyry or rose granite, they are covered with elaborate inscriptions, the rare workmanship on which challenges our admiration. The viceroy's workmen are busy excavating—for the profit of his excellency and the Bouïak Museum. On those of the sarcophagi Ismâel Pacha is unable to remove, he causes to be cut hieroglyphical or Arab inscriptions laudatory of himself, his reign, and his works. The execution of these clumsy characters (even if their purpose were more noble) alongside of the elegant and artistic ancient inscriptions, is not favorable to the art of the modern Egyptians.

There is one study at Memphis which interested me much, viz., tracing to what extent the Greeks drew all their mythologi-

cal lore from these very tombs. A canal now runs between Sak-kára and Mitrahenny, probably on the site of the lake that was excavated by Menes. It was across this very lake the dead were transported to the tombs about the pyramids. Follow Diodorus for a moment, and your own knowledge of the Egyptian ceremonies will explain the source from which the Greeks drew their mythologies. The punishment of the impious in Tartarus, the Elysian plains of the virtuous, and the common imagery of their fiction, were all copied from Egyptian funerals. Hermes, the conductor of souls, conveying the body of Apis to an appointed place, where it was received by Cerberus, the fable of which was adopted by Homer, sprung from here. The gates of the sun were derived from Heliopolis. The river the great poet calls "*Ocean*," as the Egyptians called the Nile *Oceanus*, and the meadow is so called from the lake named Acherusian, near Memphis, which is surrounded by beautiful fields and canals, fringed with lotus and flowering rushes. And the rest of the Greek inventions respecting Hades agree with the practice of Egypt, where a boat called *Baris* carries over the bodies, and a small coin is given to the boatman, who is called Charon, in the language of the country. Melampus, it is asserted, brought from this land the mysteries of Bacchus, the stories of Saturn, and the battles of the Titans; and Dædalus, the architect, imitated the Egyptian labyrinth for King Minos. So the Greeks had these ancients for masters, but who were the teachers of the Egyptians? Ah! do you not see into what meshes I lead you, when I would trace back to the beginning this gray old world. But let us return again to the river, giving but a glance over the desert track to the Fyóom. Tomorrow we shall be in Cairo, and I will have faithfully described to you all the events of a voyage to the second cataract and back on the sacred River Nile.

March 7th.

Cairo once more. You may be sure my first visit was to the banker's, where I received many letters. The packet from you, dear Bookworm, I save for secret and sweet indulgence in my room at Sheppard's; but the others, from Dr. Ned——, and Nuncs and father, are glanced over hastily. Good Morris P——, of the

Home Journal, sends me a few sad lines—to say N. P. Willis is dead. So the poet, who fought against death so long and bravely, has succumbed at last. I remember his kind cheer to me by word and letter—me, an erratic scribbler of verses—and I walked through the Usbekééh, sorrowfully recalling all. *Requiescat!*

March 8th.

I neglected to tell you that we concluded our engagement with our present dragoman Mahmoud on the Nile for our Syrian and Holy Land voyage. I believe him to be a great rascal, and he took advantage of us in all possible ways regarding backshish, etc.; but he is a dragoman, and the race are not saintly. So, although he withdrew from a part of his bargain in regard to the transportation of my servant in Palestine, I preferred to pay him twenty-five pounds extra, rather than it should be the means of separating me from my travelling companion, with whom I had voyaged in America, Europe, Asia, and Africa. Since we arrived at Cairo, Mahmoud has demanded the payment of more than the usual amount of money (one-half) on various pretexts, and we have complied; but I express to you my fears that the fellow will play us a bad turn yet. However, he is busy having tents made, getting his camp-utensils in order, and, in a few days more, we expect to land at Jaffa, fully prepared for our Holy Land pilgrimage. I shall not write to you again until we arrive in Syria, and only give you this outline in order to inform you of my general plan.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FIRST CAMP.

Again we dare the Mediterranean, and have a storm as usual—Danger of the rocks off Jaffa—How we landed, with some account of Mahmoud's bravery—Our first tent pitched on the green slopes above the town—The stir and adventure of camp-life—Trying horses for the journey through Syria, and the first tyranny of my Arab master—Pictures in Holy Land—A real Yankee plough and a Yankee colony, with a visit from a deputation of the same—Our caravan complete—Over the lovely plain of Sharon—Pilgrims—Ramleh, and a visit from the governor and suite—Gibeon, and some thoughts on ancient strategy—Lost in the mountains—Arab hospitality—JERUSALEM at last.

JAFFA, March 16, 1867.

MANY days have elapsed, dear Bookworm, since I have given you a line; but I will atone by my faithfulness from this time forward. A slight review of our trip from Alexandria may be of service, in order that there may be a connection between my Nile narrative and Holy Land experiences, so that, when I return, you may not upbraid me with the worst of sins—those of omission.

We started, on the evening of the 13th, from the great Egyptian port, in the Austrian-Lloyd's steamer *Carlotta*. Before we sailed, an English ship took fire in the roads, and burned to the water's edge. The sight was magnificent—to our eyes, at least, not dimmed with sorrow, as some must have been who gazed upon the burning wreck—for the rumor ran that the vessel belonged to a young firm, who were not rich, and who were uninsured.

On board the *Carlotta* were many Americans whom we had met on the Nile; and perhaps, from time to time, we shall cross them in the "Wilderness," tent with them on the shores of the Sea of Galilee, or make common fight against the Bedouin thieves in the valley of the Jordan. How strange is this wandering life,

and what a rich store of experience can be laid up by the grasping mind in this constant friction with mankind—by this constant change of climate, and scene, and occupation !

We had a stormy sea the whole day and night after we left Alexandria, and our ship pitched awfully ; at times, the waves literally washing the decks. Everybody was sick, except the Traveller, Mahmoud, and Eugène (the latter, however, confessed to a "dizziness") ; and so yesterday morning (the 15th), when we came in sight of the long black reef off ancient Joppa, there was a ghastly company assembled on deck to watch our progress, and canvass the probabilities of our being able to land. The captain had asserted that it was not likely the small Syrian boats could put off to us in such a sea, and that, after waiting an hour in face of the town, he should take us to Beyrout. But, just as we had given up all hopes of landing, a black, bobbing speck was observed among the jagged rocks that fronted Joppa, disappearing in the waves one moment, and rising on their crests the next, until it approached near enough for us to perceive it was a deep Syrian boat, manned by lusty sailors, who had evidently followed the Arab proverb : "Go as naked as you please, only wear something on your head." This boat was followed by many others, and, in an hour, the tub-like crafts were alongside of the *Carlotta*, the men clinging to the ropes thrown out to them, and scrambling on deck like monkeys, grinning, chattering, and bustling about among the passengers, making their bargains with the dragoman, and stealing any trifles they could conceal in mouth or fez (the only hiding-places on their persons). All honor to the brave women who landed that day at Jaffa ! They had to fairly throw themselves into the arms of the Arabs from the gangway-ladder, as the boat rose on the waves ; a moment of hesitation, and the boat would sink in the trough of the sea, when it would be too late, and a misstep, or lack of courage, would be fatal. I had, fortunately, no sister, mother, or wife with me ; but I can imagine the feelings of those who had such charges, and who were obliged to trust their lives to the chances of an Arab's arm, or the equal rising of the great blue waves.

After many landings had been effected, the boat Mahmoud

had engaged for us arrived, and we were thrown promiscuously into the stern of it among bales and boxes, baggage and tent-poles, where we meekly rested, and were drenched with sea-water, until such time as our nautical friends were ready to bend to their oars. That was a pull to remember, and I here bear willing testimony to the bravery and skill of those Joppa captains and brave sailors; an unequal stroke, a swerving to the right or left, and we would have been engulfed in the sea. From the grand, swelling waves we entered between a dark, jagged reef that fronts the town, over which the great creamy surf dashed, and foamed, and beat itself into clouds, whose spray completely drenched us. To miss the proper channel would have insured the breaking of our cockle-shell into splinters; and there was one moment when the orders of the captain and the shouts of the sailors were alarming, and here the cowardly heart of our dragoman betrayed itself. Quaking with fear, he commenced to order the men, swearing at them, and blustering like a bully. I sharply told him to hold his tongue, and permit the sailors to work under the command of their leader. But Mahmoud had lost all control of himself; his fears dominated him, and he cried and swore, while the truer Mussulmen drew their unfaltering strokes, and shot out of danger beyond the reefs of rocks. What cared they? It was Fate. Were the jagged peaks sharper than the bridge of Sirat, over which they must one day march? And what if they failed to pull beyond the surging wave?—

“For the pious there is a place of bliss;
Gardens and vineyards girt with walls,
And damsels with high bosoms, ever young;
And a full cup.”

Our tents, three in number, are pitched on a piece of high ground just above the Greek convent, and overlooking the sea. The Traveller and myself occupy the first and largest canvas house, and from its tent-pole floats the American flag. A huge rug is spread upon the ground within; an iron bedstead on each side, a rude chest in a corner—on which stand tin wash-bowls and cups—a small table, folding up, when necessary, and a few

camp-stools, complete its simple furniture, and this is to be our home in Holy Land. The dragoman and servants occupy the second tent. We have our Nile-boat steward, Hasseyn, and the good cook Ali with us, and to-morrow we shall add to our company muleteers and other dependencies. The cooking-tent is small and funnel-shaped, and we watched Ali set up his kitchen in it with an anxiety not unmixed with fear.

As I sat before the tent-door the first evening, smoking my chibouk, I thought, Can it indeed be true that this is the country of Jacob and David, Rachel and Ruth, the scene of our most sacred fancies, of childish prayers, and household psalms? Yes, among yon hills the prophets of Israel taught, and the Saviour worked and died. The stony hillock of a town before me is the Joppa to which Hiram sent the cedar-wood—this, the port from which Jonah sailed on his tempestuous voyage—and, just under my eyes, the flat-roof of the house on which, it is said, Peter slept. The long stretches of white sand, with their dunes and crests, from which springs sometimes a pomegranate, palm, fig, or orange tree, are the commencement of the Plain of Sharon, on which all the roses of imagination bloom and shed their scent. Behind—the grand towering chain of rocks, dark-swelling, ridge-like, flushing into pink and amber, looming up more grandly as my rapt gaze is fixed on it—is that mountain-home of Judah, Benjamin, and Ephraim, which boasts of having Hebron, Zion, Bethel, and Gerizim, for its most holy crowns.

The sun is setting over the ridge of Ephraim, and gilding and purpling the range from Ramleh to Carmel. Solomon must have seen some such sight, when he exclaimed to his darling Shulamite—

“Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,
And the hair of thine head like purple.”

Jaffa is a city of ancient type, and the crowd of Arab sheiks, Frank pilgrims, Nilotic slaves, Greek traders and Armenian priests mingle picturesquely among the bazaars, without the walls, within the gates, and by the borders of the lemon-groves that sweetly scent the town—the town which has preserved its character from

the days of Saladin to the present time of Abd-ul-Aziz. An elegant writer* most fitly says: "Though Jaffa is the chief town of a rich district, it has no streets, no sewers, no markets, no shops. Though it has always been the sea-gate of Jerusalem, it has no docks, no quays, no jetties, no landing-stairs, no lights. No road leads into it, not even by the open way of the sea. A steamer may, now and then, stand off the town a mile or more from the rocks; but she will only come thus near when the winds are low and the waters calm. A puff of storm from the west or south warns the sailor away from this perilous coast, and, for week after week of bad weather, the place is cut off from communication with the world. On the land side, fields creep close to the walls, and sand drifts in at the gates. Beyond the line of wall spreads the great plain—a film of creamy-pink sand, lying on a bed of black loam, here and there dotted by Bedouin tents and by ruined towns, once bright in song and story, though they have passed away, leaving little behind them on the plain except mounds and graves."

Every thing about me gave a novel sensation. Just from the sluggish life of the Nile, the stir and movement was pulse-quickening. The snarl of curs; the wild, sweet notes of birds; the songs of the muezzins; the chatter of the Arabs, who wished to hire Mahmoud their horses and asses; the jingle of camel-bells, and the plaint of the beasts themselves; now and then the quick gleam of a lance; the long array of low, black Bedouin tents in the hollows, from which locality came the cry of children, the snort and tramp of horses, and the low buzz, as of men's voices, heard in a distant town; the bright apparitions of Syrian women in gaudy dresses and closely veiled; the murmurs of the open sea; and even the sky itself, with great rolling clouds, tinted and flaming with the fiery glow of the sunset—were so unlike the quiet, dreamy, forgetful life of the river we had just quitted, that, setting apart the inspiration born of the localities in which I found myself, I felt stirred and animated as never before, and became im-

* W. H. Dixon, whose "Holy Land" has been my most cherished companion throughout Palestine, affording me always the most clear and beautiful outline of the sacred story.

patient for the hour when, like a crusader of old, I should mount my charger, and push on toward the gates of the holy city. But, good-night, dear Bookworm. I say the words reluctantly, for writing to you has become so pleasant a habit, and my journal copied for you assumes something so much like a regular and connected story, that I can quote (I know not if correctly)—

“Good-night! ‘good-night!—parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good-night until it be to-morrow.”

This morning we were busy trying horses for our journey. The sorriest-looking pack of raw-boned, jaded, spavined, and sprung-kneed animals it was ever my ill-fortune to witness, were seriously brought to us for examination. As our contract with Mahmoud especially provided for excellent horses of our own choice, I resolutely refused even to mount any of them, as I was convinced the whole comfort of my journey depended upon my steed. The Gentleman Traveller, more complacent, tried a good half-dozen, against which I thought it my duty to warn him, as they possessed nearly all the faults known to the veterinary college. The dragoman, seeing, by my obstinacy, a chance lost of hiring an inferior set of nags at half-price, lost his temper, and became positively insolent. I raised my cane over him, and he went off in a rage, as he said, to the consul's, to break our contract. Of course this all ended in my humiliation and a compromise, as Mahmoud, triumphant, had been paid fully one-half of the whole amount due him, and held us entirely at his mercy. And so I am to go through Holy Land with my master! There is no disguising it: I have paid a certain number of good English pounds sterling per day for the privilege of doing what our dragoman likes, go whither he lists, eat the food he prefers, and ride behind him on the second-best *marc*—*Salâme!* And here let me observe, that the reign of dragomen commences over their subjects at the moment of the slightest yielding of the latter to their wishes, and is the result also of the complacency of travellers. Every pilgrim to the holy shrines, or to the Nile temples, seems to inhale, with the very air, what I shall call the disease *dragomania*, that is, a total abnegation of all human will in favor of

their guides, who should properly be their servants; permitting them to rule absolutely over their lives, property, and sacred honor; to transport them like so many packages of dry-goods or sheepskins (more properly the latter) to any given point; to be packed or unpacked at their good will and pleasure. This *dragomania* has been the means of raising up in the East the race of insolent, rascally, self-sufficient servants, who destroy nearly all the charm of Oriental travel. They are useful, inasmuch as they speak the language, attend to the minor details of the voyage, and regulate the *cuisine*; but, for all purposes of protection or information, they are absolutely useless, and seek every opportunity to cheat the traveller, who is thought to be legitimate prey. My protest against this *dragomania*, I am convinced, will meet the approval of every intelligent voyager, who, while desiring to make use of these men as interpreters and servants, will never place them on the familiar footing of friendship, which their confused ideas will only take as a mark of servility and a tribute to their power, which they will not hesitate to use at the first opportunity.

Another *mukari* has arrived with a fresh pack of horses, much better than the last. I mount an old, strong-limbed, gray stallion, with a bright eye and flaming nostril, and dash down the Jerusalem road. Ah! the fellow is mettlesome, and runs like a deer. I let him go for a mile to try his wind, and then ride back to camp and tell my master I will accept Saïd—"if he pleases." The Gentleman Traveller has already a light, clean-limbed little beast, and so nothing remains for Mahmoud but to get a nag for himself and Eugène, hire the requisite number of mules, and our caravan will be complete for a start to-morrow.

I occupy the balance of this last day in Joppa, exploring the curious old town. Of especial interest to me are the sights about the "Jerusalem Gate." It has a weird and magic beauty, borrowed, in spirit, from the Nile—a lofty arch, a noble tower, a Saracenic fountain, with a jet of soft water flowing into marble troughs, over which a verse of the Koran is printed in golden type. In a dirty corner near by, an old man, in a loose gown and gray beard, is keeping a *cuttab*, or infant school, in which, for a piaster a

week, and a bit of white muslin and a pair of slippers given to him once a year from the mosque, he teaches the youth of Jaffa to chant their sacred *suras* hilariously out of tune. In the gateway itself sits the *cadi*, judging causes in the presence of donkey-boys, *fellaheen*, and Franks. This man is fined, that one is flogged; but there is little noise in the court—no bill of exceptions, and no thought of an appeal. The soldiers on guard are dreaming over their pipes, and dirty, ragged collectors of duty, armed with fearful-looking crooked scimitars, are dozing in the shade. Beyond, there is a kind of fair between the town ditch (in which are sleeping hundreds of half-savage curs) and the orange-groves. Some booths are raised on poles and covered in with mats; some are shreds of camel's-hair tents, and others are partly made of plank; and at the side is a great hut used as a café, and a sort of Arab exchange—only, instead of gambling in consols or rentes, Illinois Central, or Métalliques, gold, or Eric—they barter mares, or change a camel; bet a firelock or a slave. There is a great tank near by, and to me this is always attractive. Here camels are lapping, Arabs bathing, and girls filling jars for domestic use. Behind is a large house built of stone and mud, in which a sheik, who dares not ride into the town, may stable his mare. You will not accuse me of exaggeration if I tell you that, under the same half-ruined shed, the merchant buys and sells his wares; a barber tells stories, and shaves the Moslem heads; a muleteer, with gay scarlet jacket of Bagdad, munches his black crust; a wayfarer smokes his hookah, paying a para for his tobacco and fire; a donkey-boy is sucking his bit of sugar-cane; a negro-slave gobbles up his mess of oil and herbs; and sheiks of the desert, slaves from Cairo and the Soudan; bearded men and barelegged; those with armlets and ear-rings; with green shawls and turbans; all mingle, barter, and dispute in this strange place, among piles of fruit such as but few gardens of the earth can match. Grapes, oranges, lemons, tomatoes, figs, peaches, bananas, plums, and dates, can be had in quantities for a ridiculously small sum, and nearly all the people are indulging in the healthy diet. And through all these crowds of men, through all these lanes of fruit, winds the track of the camel and the ass, the pilgrim and the

monk, pacha and prior; and so it has ever been, and ever will be, in this suburb of the Jerusalem Gate. Dorcas bought fruit in this market—drew water at yon well. St. Peter walked in from Lydda along this very sandy track; and Pompey, Saladin, and Napoleon, rode through this litter of sheds and stalls.*

Going back to our camp from the sea-shore to the hills, I saw a strange-looking object in a broken field near the Greek convent. On approaching nearer, I found not only a real Yankee plough (marked "Calais, Maine,") in the furrow, but a real live Yankee at the handles of it. I have seen American names cut in the living rock in every place I have visited in the four parts of the world, from the wilds of Lake Superior to the second cataract on the Nile, but a real Yankee plough marked "Calais, Maine," in the fallows of Joppa, I confess, confounded me. I addressed the owner, and received the following explanation :

"That they formed a part of a religious colony, who had come principally from Calais, Maine, for the purpose of the regeneration of the Holy Land. About forty families had taken part in this movement, and had sailed from Jonesport in the good ship *Nellie Chapin*, only to arrive at the promised land to find that they had been, in a great measure, deceived, as to the purchase of territory, etc., etc. There had been much distress amongst them, many deaths, and great dissatisfaction. Their leader and preacher was named Adams, from the State of New Jersey, and, it seems, the colonists were divided as to his honesty, merits, etc."

The man with whom I conversed seemed to be intelligent and earnest, having faith in some of the old prophecies which taught (according to him) that the time was near for the restoration of the holy places to the Christians; that there was to be, ere long, a great battle fought among the contending sects near Jerusalem, and that, through revelations, this sect knew the spot and the period, and would be able to step in at the right moment and settle the matter in the interests of the True Church. Such was, in brief, the sum of our conversation. I parted with the American, fully convinced of his faith, if not in his creed—sure, if he advanced civilization in no other way, he would do so by teach-

* Dixon.

ing the Arabs how to plough ; that it was possible to exist with clean faces and bodies ; and that men who live in houses are not entirely useless members of society.

In the evening a deputation from the colony, both male and female, visited us in our tents. We had tea prepared, and we chatted with them about home and their new lives with much interest. You might have thought it a Methodist camp-meeting scene in some American grove, had you not heard the tinkle of the camel-bells without, the howling of the dogs, and the wild songs of our muleteers seated around their bright fire.

March 17th.

This morning late we broke camp for the first time, and I could not help remarking, before we mounted, how homelike looked our little spot of earth upon the hillock. Before we stretched our tents upon that speck of Holy Land it had no character nor meaning, but it had glowed for a moment with the cheerfulness of a human habitation, and the marks of our trunks were left upon the sand ; the imprint of our Paris boot-heels, and even the smoking embers of the fire—so it looked familiar with the baggage, saddles, and wraps strewed upon the ground ; and, as they were taken up to be lashed upon the asses, I watched them with much the same feelings as that man who sees his old and valued furniture packed into a dirty moving-van, his mirrors at the mercy of a careless heel, and the antique carvings of his book-cases made steady with the remains of firewood from his cellar. Our tent was spared until the last, but when all else was ready came its fall : the pegs were pulled up, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing left of our genial home but a pole and a bundle ; the encroaching Travellers and Idlers were off, and the genius of the solitude stalked in to take possession.

And now our little caravan is in motion, I will try to give you some idea of it. In advance of us rides Aziz, our Druse mukari—he owns the horses and asses of our troop. He is a native of Bagdad, and his costume is a mixture of the Arab, Druse, and Turkish—he sports a sash of camel's-hair filled with a very arsenal of knives and pistols, a Syrian scarlet jacket, the elaborate em-

broideries in the back of which make it look like a high-priest's robe, and a Turkish fez—he has one of the most villanous-looking faces in the world—a nose like a vulture's beak, a cunning mouth, and small glittering black eyes hidden under shaggy brows that meet over his nose; if I add that his bristling beard is a week old, and his teeth, when he shows them, are white and sharp, you will have some notion of this wolfish physiognomy. But I am resolved to trust this fellow, if only that he looks like a villain, for our dragoman, with his smooth, fat, innocent face, is the most dangerous man of our party, I am convinced. Following Aziz are three muleteers under his orders, and, leading the asses laden with tents and baggage, there are great, stupid-looking Syrians, in dirty turbans and flaming-red jackets, who drone along by the sides of their beasts, and hum a monotonous song. Behind them comes cook Ali, mounted on the same mule with his kitchen-tent; Has-seyn, with our lunch; Eugène on a stout beast between two panniers; and then my master, Mahmoud, riding a spirited little gray cob. He is dressed in his silk trousers and bright káfieh, wound turban-like about his head; he swings a little Malacca switch in his hand, and asks us if he does not look like a gentleman, like one of the big governors on the Nile. Our answers being to his satisfaction, he rides ahead to give some final orders as to the halts for lunch, etc., and the Traveller and myself bring up the rear, riding slowly through the fragrant lanes, musing upon this sweet, half-savage life, full of its danger and adventure. And thus we pass out of the broad orange-bordered roads on to the grand, beautiful PLAIN OF SHARON.

How delicious is the air! The sun is not yet very hot, and the country opens before us; gardens and shady enclosures are behind us, the roads are level: we dash along for a mile at full speed, until we nearly reach our advance, then pull up among great herds of sheep and goats, buffaloes and camels, that roam through the plain. Strange bands of pilgrims are trudging on foot toward the Holy City; poor Israelites from Poland and Germany; Christians, perhaps, from Persia or South America, among Moslems from the Soudan or India—for Jerusalem is a sacred place to nearly all the children of men. Ah, these are, indeed, the true

pilgrims—not such holiday horsemen as we, with our brave how-adjí hats with flowing blue veils, our letters of credit in our breast-pockets, and Colt's patent revolvers in our sashes. No, yonder Jew toils toward Zion, that he may lay his old bones in the city of his fathers; that Christian, that he may kiss the stone of redemption, and light his taper at the sacred fire; this Moslem, that he may gaze on the seat of judgment and recite his prayer under the dome of the rock. There they come from every hemisphere, in hunger and thirst, through frost and fire, without pistols, or purse, or scrip—without food or drink. They toil in the heat of the day, and look up at the stars as they lie uncovered on the bare ground at night. Over the white desert, through the corn-land and countries of the date, they wend their unflagging way, asking in God's name a crust of black bread here, a bunch of grapes, a handful of lentils there; the wayside wells give them to drink, and the cool herbs of the fields heal the wounds on their bruised feet. Though they are grimy with dirt, lean with privation and fatigue, their coats (when they have them) made of skins, their shirts hanging in rags, they still are respected by the Syrian peasant as men engaged in fulfilling a sacred vow, and the *fellah* will share with them his crust and the shelter of his wretched hut. But we passed these people at length, and separated to the left from our baggage and mules (whom we were told were taking a shorter cut to Ramleh), in order that we might reach the shade of a grove of olive-trees and take our noonday meal. After our brisk ride, how charming it was to throw ourselves down in the shade, on the ample Persian mats, and partake of the simple fare provided! Oranges of Jaffa, dates of Kennah, sardines of the Mediterranean, biscuits of London, wine of Bordeaux—who will dare say that the world was not laid under contribution for the Sybarites! Our horses, relieved of their saddles, cropped the short grass near our feet; Aziz built a fire of dry chips to light the hookah of Mahmoud, and the latter, pouring water from the skins, was mixing a strong drink for himself, the principal component of which was Turkish arraki (*raki*). Such was the picture under the olive-trees above Ramleh, this first day of our Holy-Land journey.

At times a cloud of dust would be seen in the distance, from out of which would come a gleam of spears, and small troops of mounted Bedouins would dash by as though they were following an enemy. Some of them (men eager of eye, and resolute of lip) would stop for a moment to accept a cup of coffee or a sip of arraki, at our improvised camp, and I curiously observed such during their brief stay. They were generally going south, toward Ashod, where there was trouble between the tribes, and each man was armed for a fray. They would stop, at the invitation of Mahmoud, and take coffee, tobacco, or fruit, as a matter of course, with a careless movement of salutation toward Mahmoud, and profound signs and *salamés* toward us. If they happened to be great sheiks, we could recognize them, not only by their rich dresses, but by the deferential and servile manner of our dragoman; but if, on the contrary, they were only some wanderers of the poor Anezi, our worthy guide would tell them to "move on" ("*Im'shee*"), with the manner of a London policeman. When we crossed the path, this morning, of a person of rank and esteem—a consul, *cadi*, sheik, or bey—Mahmoud would pull up suddenly, say a few humble syllables, under his bated breath, and, if received by a smile, ventured to touch the hand of the dignitary; thus being, like all these men, servile to his superiors, and coarse—even brutal—to his inferiors. Friends but rarely give hands to each other in Palestine: to seize a man's hand is to crave his protection—to proffer yourself his servant. A slave to whom you make a present, a servant to whom you do a kindness, will rush to your hand, and press it to his temples, lips, and heart. Equals salute each other—if Moslem, by the soft Syrian phrase of "*Aleikum es-salâm*," "Upon you be peace;" if Christians, by the sign of the cross; and, even by the ragged and vermin-haunted beggars, these salutations are rendered with singular grace. The travellers—strangers to these facts, and not practising them—are supposed, by the natives, to be Turks. But, while I am lounging here, and making my cigarettes, I may as well give you some interesting facts about these matters, which, I will frankly own, I have learned as much from Dr. Porter* as from my own observations.

* "Five Years in Damascus, Syria, and Palestine," etc.

As in Spain, the best specimens of humanity exist in the lower classes; the farther you get from cities and camps, the more successful is your search after honesty, and genuine patriarchal hospitality—the only unadulterated virtue of the Arab. Of course, they are illiterate, and ignorant of all Frank inventions, but there is a native dignity in their address and deportment, which will both please and astonish those who have seen the awkward vulgarity of the lower classes in more favored lands. In entering the tent of the Bedouin, the cottage of the *fellah*, or the palace of the pacha, the modes of salutation are formal, verbose, and very tedious—a long series of inquiries after the health, happiness, and prosperity of the visitor, a sort of cross-examination, as if there was surely some hidden grief or secret malady which you would fain avoid speaking about, but which the real kindness and heartfelt sympathy of your host constrain him to inquire into. It is rather painful to discover that this is all empty form, and that the thousand “*Kief keifaks?*” and “*Kief khâtêraks?*” are all phrases meaning to say that, although his highness has not confiscated your horses, or ordered you to be bastinadoed or bowstrung, still he would be infinitely obliged, if you would gulp down your coffee, puff out your “*tchibouk*,” and be gone as soon as possible, so that he (the great and mighty follower of the true Prophet) could be permitted to doze in peace on his *diwan*, or pass an hour in the perfumed atmosphere of his *hareem*, which has never been polluted by the breath of a Christian dog! There is one offset, however, to this insincerity. An Arab, when eating, whether in the house or by the wayside, however poor and scanty may be his food, never neglects to invite the visitor or passing wayfarer to join him. And this is not an empty compliment: there are few natives who would not feel honored by the traveller’s tasting their humble fare. The word of invitation (which we are destined, in our pilgrimage, to hear so often) is invariably, “*Tefuddhel!*” (equal to the Italian’s “*favorisca.*”) But in declining the invitation, the set phrase we have already learned is: “*Ullah yezêd fudhlak!*” (“May God increase your store!”) An Arab, like his Egyptian brother, will cheat the stranger, in bargaining, but his politeness is unvarying. You ask the price of some article in a bazaar: “Whatever you

please, my lord," is the reply. When pressed for a more definite answer: "Take it without money," is again the response.* "My house, my property is yours; I am your slave; I love you with all my heart, and will defend you with my life!" And all this ends by a demand of five times the value of the goods, and those disgraceful haggings which are characteristic of Stamboul and Cairo.

The Arabs are most profuse in the use of titles. "*Ya sîdy*" (pronounced, "seedy"), "O my lord!" will be the address of one beggar to another. "Your excellency!" "*jênâbak!*" and to a traveller of condition, "*sââdatak!*" "highness." As for all the sects, I shall have a chance to give you a review of them when I arrive at their great gathering-place—JERUSALEM.

It was but a good half-hour's gallop, after we left our lunching-place, to Ramleh, the famous minaret of whose White Mosque was shining now above the trees. The position of this town made it of great importance during the Crusades. After the fatal battle of Hattin, the whole plain fell into the hands of the gallant Moslem Saladin—but Richard the Lion-hearted captured it four years later, and the fair plain was the scene of his exploits, celebrated in song and story. We approached Ramleh through groves of prickly-pears, and passed the ancient walls of an ancient khan (caravansary), through many a broken arch; and, finally, that finest specimen of Saracenic skill, the tower of the White Mosque—whose origin and history had caused more learned conflicts between scholars than the translation of the Bible—rose before us. Its height is about one hundred and twenty feet, and it is beautifully built, of hewn stones; the angles are supported by tall, slender buttresses, and the sides taper upward in several stories; it is lighted by pointed, arched windows, to the top, and there an open external stone gallery is carried around it. If you would know more of it, dear Bookworm, take any work on the Holy Land, from Mejr-ed-Dîn to Dr. Robinson, and I will guarantee you as much confusion as any antiquarian should desire.

I saw our white tent-tops (our muleteers had really beaten us) shining on the greensward beyond the town; but just as I would

* One cannot but remember Abraham's treaty with the sons of Heth, for the cave of Machpelah (Genesis xxiii).

gallop on Saïd to the door of our new home, I am stopped by the contemplation of the great caravan-road from Cairo to Damascus, along which all the overland commerce of Egypt and Persia has to pass on camels. We are detained by a dozen dirty, gaudy fellows, whose office it is to stop all traders and caravans, and examine their wares; but the howadjis pay a few piasters backshish, and Mahmoud gives them a pinch of tobacco, and, thus convinced of our honesty, we are permitted to pass on our *road*. It is not much of a road—no pavements, hedges, or ditches, in any part of the East. It is curious to remark that, in the Bible, the word occurs but once. We hear of paths, and ways, but not roads. A Greek or Roman made roads—an Arab or Jew never. A dweller in tents detests a path so easy that wheels can roll and cannon be drawn along it. “Why smooth the rocks from Yâfa to Jerusalem,” asks some kébêyr, “that the Russians may send their siege-guns to Mount Zion?” And now I will, as I go along, correct some errors born of the Arabian Nights. We are apt to consider these Orientals as a nation of horsemen. No: the Bedouin flies on his mare, for, in the Desert, and with the constant feuds between the tribes, his life depends upon it; but the Arab of towns, and settled life, never mounts a horse. When he does not walk, he straddles an ass—and now, as in the days of Pharaoh, a horse is considered as an engine of war, and not as a beast of burden; a proud plaything of caliphs, and beys, and sheiks, not a creature to be ridden by traders, *fellahs*, or slaves. Priests ride on donkeys, pachas often on mules—the Seraskier of Damascus crossed the great Desert on one, and the dashing cavalry officer, Ibrahim Pacha, who conquered Syria not very long ago (and later, would have captured Constantinople, if England had not interfered), rode all the way from Cairo to Kenéh on an ass.

Seated in front of our tents, sipping a sherbet, and afterward smoking a chibouk, we received a message, that the Governor of Ramleh would pay us a visit. “Beggars!” mutters Mahmoud, as he orders Ali to make the coffee, and Hasscyn to prepare the pipes. To tell you the truth, I am of his opinion. By this time we have commenced to understand that the civilities of all high

functionaries in the East means *backshish*, in one form or another; so, when the troop of twenty arrives—governor in the centre—we return their salutations; offer his excellency a share of our Persian mat, and permit the rest to find standing-places as best they may. After the coffee and chibouks, the official, a handsome Turk of forty, made us comprehend, through his interpreter, that he was at our orders—to pass guards, visit mosques, etc. We returned our thanks, but, inasmuch as we should only pass the night in his highness's dominions, and asked but a few guards to protect us against the chronic disease of his subjects—stealing—his other offers were kind, but superfluous. The guards were promised; then came the real object of his visit. “Ah, what a splendid field-glass was that of the Gentleman Traveller (Howadji Suyêr)!”

“Yes; very good!”

“Would the howadji permit the governor to ravish his vision with it?”

“Yes,” more curtly.

The interpreter insinuated, at this moment, that “such a present, in memory of the howadji's visit, would cause the latter to live forever in the heart of his excellency.”

The Traveller, out of patience, replied, “That however much he should desire to be cherished in the soul of a Prince of the Faithful, he could not part with his field-glass!” (Sensation.) Your humble Idler, Howadji Kebeâr, was next appealed to: “What a superb revolver! Would the howadji explain the system?” “With pleasure! You perceive that it is only necessary to press this small piece of elastic steel, when ‘*Bang, bang, bang, bang*’—and so on”—at the same time letting off Mr. Colt's invention in the air, not far from the pacha's head, which caused that functionary to forget his dignity, and rush, in confusion, amid his pipe-bearers, guards, and donkey-boys; and some of them tripped up, on the tethers of the asses, beyond the tents; and what with the rattle of bells, and general confusion, the Idler had every reason to be satisfied with the effect of his stratagem.

After apologies for the *accident* had been made, the revolver was demanded as *backshish*, but refused; then a whip, spurs,

blanket, drinking-cup—No! And I think I am right, when I say that the only spoils the governor carried away from our tents was the skin of a gazelle, a few ounces of tea, and a little tobacco.

After dinner, at this our second encampment, we amused ourselves by looking at the pretty Syrian women, who gathered from all parts of the town to gaze upon the strangers. They sat among the tombs at the side, and some of the prettiest were accompanied by their black slaves, who watched, with jealous care, every movement of their too-coquettish mistresses. Many of them had their faces covered to their eyes, and ("tell it not in Gath!") their bosoms naked to the waist. Most all of them wear the *yelek*, a sort of silk vest, open in front. A young girl, it is true, wears a chemisette beneath this *yelek*; but, among the roses of Sharon, it is the fashion to cut this superfluity away from the bust, so that, when the garment is open (as it always is), the feminine graces are abundantly exposed.

The evening is serene and sweet; the air is scented with the smell of flowers and wild vines, and, until a late hour, I sit in front of my canvas-home, looking into the distance, where lies the holy city. The silence is broken by the howl of dogs, the tinkling of bells around the camels' necks, who are crouching beyond near the great road; veiled figures pass by like ghosts; the pacha's guards are squatted around the fire with the mukari's troop; the fans of large palms sway and sigh, and the stars are throbbing into lustrous life above. And so, I think, I have enriched my destiny by a pilgrimage to the Promised Land; and yet, as I write my journal, I feel how much poorer I am than thou, who masterest in thy *dreams* all that my feebler though active life must work out by dint of toil; and this is thy *genius*, which all men honor, and I am but as the flower from which thou wilt extract the honey like the bee. Welcome to all, and good-night, my brother!

March 18th.

Early this morning we are *en route* for BETH-HORON. Our mukari and baggage, as usual, have taken another path to the right, and we bear away across the plain. We pass Lydda (the

birthplace of England's *respectable* St. George—for you know there were *two*), with its waving, star-like palms on our left, and soon leave the bright, level plain, to plunge into the rocky defiles of the mountains of Benjamin. I have now become tolerably well acquainted with my sinewy old stallion. Saïd is fiery and nervous on the plain, and needs but a turn of the rein, or touch of the spur, to spring into the air, and dash away like the wind with me; but in these dangerous wadys he curves his head, and searches with his proud eyes the safest paths, and his feet are as sure as those of an Alpine donkey. He is a good half-blood Arab, will endure great fatigue, and I foresee that he will become very dear to me. Besides, in the desert, a man's horse is always his truest friend.

Toward noon we are in a rocky wilderness, with great towering cliffs on each side, and the zigzag paths full of rolling stones, leading us past little scattered Arab villages, whose inhabitants look sullen and wild, and call out "backshish" after our little troop in not the most amiable growls.

We spread our mats for luncheon on the top of a high rock under the olive trees, and there is a fine panorama before us in the distance. GIBEON, on the top of an isolated hill to the left, and below and around one of the finest and richest plains of central Palestine, meadow-like in its smoothness and verdure, dotted near the town with vineyards and olive-groves, which send out branches like the rays of a starfish among the rocky acclivities that encircle it—an old, ruined tower, around whose base clings the hovels of the miserable Arabs, this is all that is left of that city, celebrated in the Old Testament as "a great city, as one of the royal cities" (Joshua x. 2); and now, as we gaze upon it, how valuable becomes our Bible—the best of guide-books! Here, we learn, was planned the romantic expedition which beguiled the Israelites into a league with the Gibeonites. Let us read the story in face of the spot. After the capture of Ai, the Gibeonites determined to attempt, by stratagem, what valor could not win. "They took their old sacks upon their asses, and wine-bottles, old and rent, and bound up; and old clouted shoes upon their feet, and old garments upon them, and old bread, dry and mouldy."

Thus equipped, the self-styled ambassadors went down the pass to the Israelitish camp on the plain of Jericho.

"Who are ye, and whence come ye?" demanded Joshua.

"From a very far country are thy servants come," replied the Gibeonites.

"Peradventure ye dwell among us," said the doubting Israelites.

"Look at us, and judge," was the immediate answer. "Our bread we took hot from our houses on the day we left them; but now see, it is dry and mouldy. These wine-bottles were then new; now they are rent and patched. Our shoes and garments are worn out, too, with a very long journey." Joshua and his elders were deceived. He made a covenant with them, which, notwithstanding their lies, was strictly kept; but the Gibeonites became hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Israelites.

On that very plain before us the Amorites assembled their forces to punish the Gibeonites, and, over that broad, stony ridge on the east, the Israelites rushed upon them with the first beams of the morning sun. Gibeon fell to the lot of Benjamin, and became a Levitical city. At the pool, on the eastern slope of the hill, Abner and Joab met at the head of the armies of Israel and Judah, and where was enacted that bloody duel between the twelve men of Judah and twelve of Benjamin, and where the whole twenty-four were slain, for "they caught every one his fellow by the head, and thrust his sword in his fellow's side, so that they fell down together." But, more interesting than all, Gibeon is the site where Solomon offered up his thousand burnt-offerings, and where the Lord appeared to him in a dream, and gave him the desire of his heart—"wisdom and understanding"—adding, also, "riches and honor" (1 Kings iii. 4-15).

After our start from the lunching-place, our dragoman was evidently puzzled in regard to the exact route to the *Beit 'ur el-Fôka* (upper Beth-horon), so for two hours we were led hither and yon, up one wild glen and down another, along torrent-beds filled with great rolling stones, and into passes almost impassable, until our patience was well-nigh exhausted. At last, in a winding ravine, we met the mules of a travellers' caravan, and from the mukari

Mahmoud took information which, while it put us upon the right track, led him to believe that, owing to some gross blunder, our asses and baggage had taken the road to Jerusalem instead of to BETH-HORON; and thus, in all likelihood, we should sleep out on the bleak hills of Benjamin, with the heavens for our only shelter-tent. This was a good commencement for my Arab master; so we rode backward and forward for two hours more among these wild glens, in order, if possible, to get sight of our caravan in the plains below, in which case, the firing of guns and pistols might attract their attention to us. No success; evening was closing in; we were fatigued and hungry; regrets for the savory smells of Ali Hamâda's kitchen were useless, so we plodded on over the jagged boulders toward Beth-horon, with the prospect of sleeping out on the mountain-top and going (like naughty boys) supperless to bed. The moon was up, and its light guided us to the famous hill, and what a pleasant sight burst upon our vision! The white tents of travellers on the ridge; the American flag floating from the tent-poles. The god of the *Zingari* had not deserted us—although we could not sit in the light of our own camp-fire, the hearty welcome we received from friends of the Nile, and former ocean-companions, made us feel at home.* It was on this spot that Joshua spake to the Lord (when the flying Amorites were retreating toward Jarmuth, Lachish, and Eglon), and said in the sight of all Israel: "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon!" "And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies."

March 19th.

This morning we were early in the saddle, and, after thanking our hosts, who had extended to us true Arab hospitality, we bade them adieu and descended into the Wady Aly. Nothing can be worse than the mountain-paths in this wild region—here and there, in the gorges, there may be something like a track having shrubs

* I cannot help recording, dear Bookworm, that it was to Mr. Russel Sturgis, Jr., of Boston, whose tent and dinner we shared, and to the kindness of Mr. H. Hitchcock, of New York, and Rev. Dr. Burt, of Cincinnati, that we were spared all the annoyance of our loss of tents on this bleak hill of Beth-horon.

on each side, and patches of vegetation to the right and left, as if bits of the plain had come up into the hills by mistake, had been seized by the genii of the rocks, and been made to bloom in sport; but, when you commence to climb, your road is gone. Aged olives are common, also myrtles, laurels, and laurustinas, but the *Planta genista* grows everywhere gayly among the stones. Mounting higher and higher, the corn becomes thinner, the hawthorn, ilex, and dwarf-oak more abundant. At almost every third step our horses' feet roll, then the careful beasts proceed again timidly as a child crossing a stream on slippery stones. As we rise above the lower ranges and attain an elevation of over two thousand feet, all is solitude—no houses nor hamlets are seen, only the watch-towers on each ragged mountain-top. By-and-by the silent and impressive scene is broken by a string of camels; an Arab and his sons, a rabbi on a donkey, and strange men journeying in our direction, attach themselves to our party with a simple salutation, and follow us in silence, as if their conduct were but natural and needed no explanation—and indeed it does not, for they are pilgrims from Italy, Greece, Poland, and Russia, and wind their way, like us, toward the Holy City, to gaze upon Calvary, and touch, with reverent hands, the stone that lies within the Holy Sepulchre.

Our pathway continued as rough as ever, and the hills became more precipitous; most of them were of a conical form and hard to climb; yet on these steep and barren places the Israelite had once grown corn and planted vines, and now there are but straggling olive-groves, which yield the wretched dwellers here but a scanty living. As we climbed an uneven mountain, at its summit we saw piles of stones heaped up as if upon graves. We asked the cause of this, but those who should have been able to inform us, were looking with rapt gaze in the distance before prostrating themselves upon the ground.

"*El Khuds!*" cried Mahmoud, spurring his horse forward.

"*Gerusalemma!*" murmured an old Italian, folding his hands in prayer.

"*Hagiopolis!*" said a lusty Greek beggar at my side; and "*Jerusalem! Jerusalem!*" shouted the Gentleman Traveller, enthusiastically following at a gallop the dragoman. As for me, I

gazed upon the bright city, that sprung like magic from the bosom of the hills, as one in a dream; and, before I followed on, I too placed a stone upon the mounds, to mark the hour when first my eyes gazed on the city of our Lord!

JERUSALEM! You will never know the meaning of that word until you speak it under the battlements of the city itself. Previously I had voyaged, in the four corners of the earth, with eyes, thought, and mind, and now for the first time with my *heart and soul*, as I touched this miraculous land—the land of Christ; all the names of which had a thousand times been murmured by my childish lips; whose images had colored first my young and tender imagination. I felt as if something that had long lain cold and dead in my bosom was warming into life—as each one does in leaving the street to enter into the solemn aisles of a temple. Ah, it was sweet, indeed, to have lived long enough to visit these consecrated spots, the theatre of events which changed the whole face of the world. It was there, within a few steps of me, that the Model Man dashed back by his word and example the ocean of error and corruption which was on the point of submerging the world. Out of obscurity, misery, and ignorance, came forth the most grand, just, wise, and purely virtuous of men. There was His cradle—there the scene of the actions and touching prophecies. From beyond, He came forth, still young, with some obscure and ignorant men who were confidently impressed with the genius and the courage of His mission, to daringly confront an order of ideas not strong enough to resist, but alas! strong enough to kill Him. From this obscure well had flowed Christianity—a drop of water from the hollows of the rocks at Nazareth, which to-day has swelled into a great ocean, filling all the abysses of human wisdom, and bathing with its inexhaustible waves the Past, the Present, and the Future. Incredulous as to the *divinity* of the event—perhaps confounded by the science whose researches leave nothing in obscurity—doubtless touched by the common skepticism of our Iron Age—I admit it; yet, spite of these things, I bowed my head under the occult and strange influence of the spot, *and believed in all!* There was the point of the globe that God had chosen to let fall His truth, justice, and

love-incarnate, from the lips of an infant God ; there among those hills descended the divine breath on a poor hut, seat of simplicity, misfortune, and humble labor ; there He had animated in the body of a poor virgin something as sweet, tender, and merciful, as herself, and powerful, strong, and supernaturally wise, as Himself. There the God-man passed his obscure life with the workaday trials, like other men, before he commenced his wondrous labors, which were always those of miraculous mercy ; before he fulminated those doctrines of the purest morality, perfumed with charity and founded on universal truth !

Tasso sung :

*"Ecco! apparir Gerusalem si vede!
Ecco! da molti voci unitamente
Gerusalemma salutar si sente."*

and Bishop Heber :

*"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Enthroned once on high,
Thou favored home of God on earth,
Thou heaven below the sky!
Now brought to bondage with thy sons
A curse and grief to see;
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Our tears shall flow for thee."*

And so old monkish hymns mingled in our little caravan, that moved slowly toward the Yâfa gate—the murmur of Talmud verses with the song of Southey's :

*"Of earth's dark circlet, once the precious gem
Of living light—O fallen Jerusalem !"*

Men in every tongue babbled some favorite scrap, treasured up for years to be sung or spoken, as a beloved song that dying men request to hear at their bedsides in the last supreme moments of life. To you, so far away, all this may seem affectation or romance, but to us here, beneath the brilliant and uncheckered sunshine ; the pale, distorted, rocky wastes beneath ; the bald and desolate plain in front, broken only by the battlements of the Holy City ; in sight of Olivet and Zion—this was as natural as prayer. There were

our tents almost under the walls, on the slope beneath the western gate (yâfa). When I rode up to them I found the Traveller already at home lying on the mats, and smoking his chibouk, as if he were, indeed, "under his vine and fig-tree." I was glad enough to accept the sherbet Hasseyn offered me, but I scarcely listened to the accounts of the manner in which the party had lost their way, so pensive was I in that at last my wanderings had been crowned by a sight of the Arab's *el-Khuds esh-Sherif*—or the Christian's JERUSALEM!

After lunch I started out with a guide, a young Copt Christian, to become generally familiar with the topography of the city, in order that I might trace out, with the aid of my Bible, maps, and guide-books, the most interesting sites.

Jerusalem is surrounded by high, imposing, but not very strong walls (sufficiently massive, however, to keep in check the dangerous Arab tribes), which stand as they were built in 1542, by Sultan Suleimân. They occupy nearly the site of the ancient walls, and are, indeed, principally built from the *débris* of the old fortifications. Their total circuit is about two and one-quarter geographical miles. The four sides nearly face the cardinal points. The eastern wall runs along the brow of the valley of Jehoshaphat; the northern, over broad ridges of rock which have been excavated to a great depth on the outside, thus giving the battlements an imposing and picturesque appearance. To the southwest the wall crosses the valley in which is the Damascus gate, from whence all great caravans depart, and the western wall runs southeast to the Bethleum or Yâfa gate, and then turns south along the ridge of the valley of Hinnom. Adjoining the latter gate, on the south, are the massive towers and deep moats of the old citadel, through whose cracked battlements a few rusty cannon may be seen tottering on their carriages. The wall is then carried eastward over the level summit of Zion, then east-by-north, in a series of zigzags, down a steep declivity, until it joins the wall of the Great Mosque of Omar—the *haram esh-Sherif*, which faces the Mount of Olives.

Thus fixing, with the aid of your Bible-map, these points in your mind, you will be able to follow my descriptions of the holy

places more easily. As I approached the Yafa gate I passed through scores of *lepers* who lined both sides of the road; some were lying upon the ground, some were limping on sticks, others were blind, deformed, bloated, and all were masses of sores. As we passed there came up, as from the earth, cries for "*backshish, backshish,*" mingled with groans, whines, and piteous prayers. I threw some piasters among them, and the old and young contended for them in savage battle. These afflicted ones live generally outside the walls of the cities of Palestine, and have laws and communities of their own, but it is infamous that they are permitted to marry and intermarry, thus perpetuating and handing down from generation to generation their loathsome diseases. A long row of low coffee-houses is situated outside of the gate, before which was the most motley crew, the most picturesque combination of living things in the world. Along the very brow of Zion are places encumbered with the litter of men and beasts; camels are lying down under their loads; swarms of dogs are fighting for bones; Arabs with long burnoos and tufted spears are attending a party of howadjis; men in gaudy shawls are riding upon asses; barbers pursue their business in the open air; Turkish soldiers pace to and fro, and long-bearded Greek priests move majestically through the crowds. Passing within the gate, through the pacha's guards, we enter upon a long, ill-paved way, where are held the market, the exchange, club, playhouse, and parliament, of a nomadic people, who love not roofs, and who prefer to eat, drink, sleep, wash, and pray, in the open air. On the right, several dervishes are seated on the ground, occupied—not in holy exercises—but deliberately, and even scientifically (for in the Orient men become *savants* in such matters), exiling the number of fleas to other human habitations. I say *exiling*, for I have seen frequently these men take the vermin from their own bodies and place the same carefully on the clothes of others beside them. On the left, dozing near their mules, are Syrians from Bagdad and dragomen from Egypt. Men clothed in white linen pass us with bright brass inkhorns in their sashes—these are the scribes, the like of whom might have been seen here any time since the days of Ezra; you run against a sleek-faced Turk, a gaudy cawas, a

naked Nubian, a robed Armenian, a Circassian chief, a veiled beauty, a Syrian girl, who carries, perhaps, the same shaped earthen jar as Ruth, or a clay cup pinched at the side, and still called virgins' lamps. These all pass in review with an American family, the beauty of whose ladies make old sheiks quit their pipes, and the hearts of young Arab chiefs tremble. The *sounds* of chaffering, blustering, and quarrelling, among money-changers, dragomen, and donkey-boys, are as confusing as the *sights*, and, though your feet are on the high place of Zion, in the court of David, and the forum of Pilate, you see at the side of you a flaming red sign that may have just been taken from a French *cabaret* :

CAFÉ LÉCLERC.

À LA MER ROUGE.

On sert à boire et à manger.

The phantoms of all time hover around you. Beyond the barrack of Saladin, springs the graceful Asiatic minaret of a mosque—under the adjoining towers lie the green wastes of the Armenian garden. Behind the English consulate hides the deep pool of Hezekiah; in this pool are reflected the windows of a Coptic convent and a Dutch *Bier-Haus*; east and north of it stand Calvary, Golgotha, and the dome of the Holy Sepulchre. Thus, in the Jerusalem of to-day, you find assembled representatives of all the races of the earth dwelling among relics of all its faiths, in a city blending with that of the present the architecture of the Egyptians, Saracens, and Romans.

But it was too late to visit the Holy Sepulchre to-day, and already the crowds were pouring toward their dwelling-places, for the active business in all Moslem towns suspends itself from sunset to sunrise. No gas, or oil, torches, or wax-lights here. Half an hour after gun-fire the bazaars are cleared, the shops and baths closed, the camels stalled, and narrow ways deserted. An Arab loves not lamps or lights. Darkness envelops all like a mantle, and, by the hour that New York, St. Petersburg, or Paris, would become brilliant with gas, Jerusalem would be like a city of the dead. For a little while at twilight white figures may be seen stealing from house to house; at a later hour you may catch

the flash of a lantern carried by a monk or slave; a Frank has been to some distant tent to see his friend, or a *cawas* is going to his consul's house. All are obliged to carry, or have lanterns borne before them; otherwise, as in Cairo, Stamboul, or Damascus, a man could be arrested as a thief.

In a Moslem town there are no plays, concerts, or casinos. Gayeties of any kind are rare. The nuptial festivities of Cairo and Constantinople are never seen here, for the bridegroom fetches home his bride by day. A Moslem loves his home, his harem, and his children, but he does not often choose to receive his friends in his house. A Frank may invite his friends to come and sip acids, or smoke *jébilé*; a mollah may call some sheiks to his roof, where they will squat on carpets of doubtful cleanliness, and recite their evening prayers, but no feasts or songs tempt men from the shelter of their homes. And, indeed, the inhabitants have well-grounded fears that, in treading the streets after dark, they may be touched by a leper, kicked by a camel, bitten by a cur, or fall into a pit. As for the *Giaours*, they have better reasons than any of the others for clinging close to the canvas of their tents, or the walls of their convent-cells. They fear the wandering and fanatic *fakeers*, who devote their lives to Allah, and lurk about the holy places ready to avenge the profanation of their mosques. These desperate men come from the ends of the earth—from the Soudan, Borneo, Punjaub—and, inspired with the martyr's zeal, they lie in wait for their enemy to strike, and are then ready to suffer, if need be, the penalty. You know not what *fakeer* watches you go into the *HARAM ES SHERÎF*—the Temple court—marvelling in his heart why the soldier, walking at your side, does not cleave you to the earth. He may have watched you uncover your head in the Mosque of Omar—the most deadly insult in his eyes—for which he has sworn to take your life. And even now he may be waiting for you in the dark, in the shadows of yon wall, to thrust his poniard into your side. So, after gunfire, we shall smoke our pipes in our tents, and, until bed-time, read our guide-books and pore over our maps.

CHAPTER XIX.

PALESTINE.

The ancient history of Jerusalem—Rejoicings on the laying of the foundations of the Temple of Zion—Its rule by the high-priests—The moral defeat of the conqueror of the world before its walls—Herod, the King of Judea, thirty-eight years before Christ—Destruction of the city—The rescue of its holy places by Helena, the mother of Constantine—The Jews revisit their sacred places—Their “Place of Wailing.”—Jerusalem under the Moslems—Commencement of the Crusades—Victories and defeats—Reviews from a café of the pilgrims of the world—Some description of the THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE—The poetry of the Christian religion—Superstitions and monkish cheats—Calvary—The festivals, the most remarkable of which is the Descent of the Fire.—The Crucifixion—Wilderness of Judea.

March 20th.

JERUSALEM, when viewed in the light of sacred history, is the most interesting spot on earth. Almost every valley and mountain, fountain and grove, grotto or stone, has its story, and it may not be uninteresting if I trace for you briefly, or rather recall to your mind, some of its early historical associations. Its very name signifies “Foundation of Peace,” and, according to the Jewish historian Josephus, it was the Salem which Melchisedec occupied as king. Nearly five hundred years after the trial of Abraham’s faith (where, upon a mountain “in the land of Moriah,” he was commanded to offer up his son Isaac in sacrifice to God*), his posterity obtained possession of the Land of Promise. The city was then called *Jebus*, as it was peopled by the Jebusites, a warlike tribe, descended from a son of Canaan, and this race held their stronghold on Zion till the time of David, who, being proclaimed king over all Israel, marched at once against this castle, and captured it. This was supposed to be one thousand and forty-eight years before Christ.

* Genesis xiv. 17-20.

David built his palace on the ruins of the castle, and, thirty-seven years after, Solomon laid the foundations of the Temple on Zion, opposite to Moriah, on "the threshing-floor of Ornan the Jebusite" (2 Sam. xxiv. 16, 17). Jerusalem henceforth was the sacred and civil capital of the Jewish nation; it was the place where their great feasts were held; it became the point to which every Israelite turned his face in prayer; and, to this day, it is to the Jew "the joy of the whole earth." Under the reign of Solomon, tribute was brought to it by every nation; and distant monarchs journeyed there to behold its grandeur, and hear the words of wisdom that dropped like honey from the lips of its king. Four hundred and sixty years after David's capture of the city, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, plundered and burnt it, and for fifty-three years its inhabitants remained captives, and Jerusalem a ruin. Cyrus then ascended the throne of the Medes and Persians, released the prisoners, and sent them back to rebuild their city and temple. When its foundations were laid, "the people," says Ezra, the historian, "shouted for joy; but many of the Levites, who had seen the first temple, wept with a loud voice."

The city was afterward ruled by high-priests, who exercised both civil and ecclesiastical authority under the Persian satraps, until the battle of Issus (b. c. 333) brought that empire under the dominion of a new race and dynasty. Alexander the Great, after his victory at Tyre, was advancing to reduce Jerusalem to ashes, when it was saved in a miraculous manner. The conqueror was met by a solemn and strange procession of high-priests advancing to meet him. The most noble commanders of this heroic, sacred land were arrayed in their most gorgeous pontifical robes, attended by throngs of priests in the habits of their orders, and by numbers of citizens arrayed in white. When the astonished monarch saw the high-priest, he immediately advanced, saluted him, and adored the sacred name inscribed on his mitre. He explained his conduct thus to his followers: "When I was at Dios, in Macedonia, pondering how to subdue Asia, I saw this figure in a dream, and he encouraged me to advance, and promised that he would give me the Persian empire. Therefore, this is an omen that I have undertaken the expedition by a divine command, and that I

shall completely overthrow the Persian empire. I, therefore, salute not this man, but the God with whose priesthood he is honored!" The Jews then received many important immunities. Herod obtained the title of the King of Judea from Rome thirty-eight years before Christ. He was ambitious and cruel, ruling his subjects with an iron sceptre; but he rebuilt the Temple in all its magnificence. It was then so strikingly beautiful, that even the disciples of Christ led Him out to a commanding point on the side of Olivet, to admire it. Then uttered Jesus that awful prediction, so strikingly fulfilled at a later day: "Verily I say unto you, there shall not be left here one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down" (Matthew xxiv. 1, 2). Forty years after the Crucifixion, the Romans stormed the city, massacred more than a million of the Jews, and razed the temple to the ground, never again to be rebuilt.

Jerusalem was destroyed by the Romans, although there is no evidence that the plough passed over the ground; for Titus permitted the whole of the western wall, with three great towers, to stand, not only as a protection for the garrison, but as a memorial of the strength of the fortifications which Roman valor had subdued. After many attempts of the Jews to regain possession of their city, Adrian sold those, who escaped his sword in battle, into slavery (A. D. 135), and a decree was promulgated, forbidding all Jews to approach the city. In the twentieth year of the emperor's reign, the capital of Israel was rebuilt as a pagan city, with Jupiter for its God, and statues of Venus were set up over the very spot where now stands the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. From this time until the reign of Constantine, but little is known of Jerusalem. Christianity was established by the latter monarch; and Helena, his mother, at the age of eighty, visited the holy places, and established churches on the supposed sites of the "Nativity" in Bethlehem, and the "Ascension" on Olivet. It was then (A. D. 326) that the Holy Sepulchre was discovered, and the noblest and bravest princes of Europe waged a fierce war during nearly two centuries to preserve it from the infidel's hands. The alleged discovery of spots so sacred attracted crowds of the pious and superstitious from every land, and the

resident clergy, if they could not find the spots inquired for, *invented* them. Under Constantine, the Jews were again permitted to visit Jerusalem, and Julian the Apostate afterward gave them permission to rebuild their Temple, which was again commenced in A. D. 362. After Julian's death, they were again debarred from their cherished city, except once a year, when they were permitted to enter to weep over the stones of the Temple; from whence, doubtless, comes the affecting practice which each traveller can witness on Friday at the "Place of Wailing." In 529 Justinian became emperor, and his well-known mania for sacred architecture led him to build a church here in honor of the Virgin, which is now known as the MOSQUE EL-AKSA, in the southern part of the harem enclosure. In the beginning, however, of the following century, the Persians, under Chosroes II., captured Antioch and Damascus, stormed Jerusalem, massacred thousands of the monks, nuns, and Christian inhabitants, razed the church of the Holy Sepulchre to its foundations, and carried off the patriarch, with the "true cross," into captivity. But, ere many years had elapsed, the church was rebuilt, and the old patriarch returned and entered the city, carrying the cross on his shoulder.

Now commenced the tribulations of the Holy City under the Mohammedans. In 636 the Moslem troops, under Caliph Omar, after a long siege, captured Jerusalem, and, on being led to the site of the Jewish Temple, the vanquisher commanded a mosque to be built there. This is where the celebrated "Rock" projects above the ground, and where now stands the famous "Dome of the Rock" (*Kubbet es-Sukhrah*). From this period until the middle of the tenth century, Jerusalem was ruled by the Caliphs of Damascus and Bagdad. During the reign of the Fatimites in Egypt, however, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre was again burned (about 967), and the Patriarch of Jerusalem with it. In 1010 the third Fatimite caliph, el-Hakim—a wild and visionary fanatic—became the spiritual prince of the Druses, and then pilgrims were assassinated, and whole communities of Christians massacred. Thus matters remained: the Holy City becoming the property of successful Turkish warrior-chiefs, and every species of cruelty being practised against residents and pilgrims, until Peter the Hermit,

hastening to Rome, from Jerusalem, told the harrowing tale to the Pope, and, by his zeal and eloquence, aroused the chivalry of Europe, who commenced the *Crusade*, to wrest the sacred spots from infidel hands. Antioch was captured by them in 1097, and Jerusalem in 1100. The Church of the Sepulchre was then rebuilt with great splendor. The gallant Moslem leader, Saladin, defeated the Christians, eighty-eight years afterward, and pulled down the whole walls, with the exception of those of the Harem and Citadel. In 1229 the Crusaders gained it again, by treaty, but they again lost it to the Emir of Kerak. Four years after they regained possession, but in a few months they were again driven forth (1243), for the last time, and to this day the Holy City remains under the sway of the ignorant and haughty Turk.

I wander, all alone, in this intricate camp of wood and stone men call a city. I drive into its quarters—pugh!—the filth and stench in some of them are sickening. Its houses are built in groups, and a family, tribe, or profession, occupy such and such a section—free communication is not desired, and the narrow lanes that connect them can only be safely threaded by the initiated. Except in the bazaars and sooks, there is no paving—here and there the natural rocks peep out, but commonly the surface on which I walk (or slide) is composed of mud and sand. Cairo nor Bagdad can boast of better thoroughfares.—Why make them! In front of some of the booths on “I-know-not-what” street, the huge, round, skull-shaped stones are veritable traps for man and beast, and, although the careful donkeys are not to be betrayed, I see many a broad-footed camel stumble, and slide, and sway, while the great burdens on their humped backs pound against the sides of the rickety shops, as if they would tumble them down about their owners’ ears. An open sewer runs down each lane, and offal, carrion, dead cats, curs, the dung of camels and donkeys, fester, and wait for the cleansing rain. I wander through dark arches, and past tall houses (bald to the front), with basements and vaults of the time of Herod, whose carved lattices are of the age of Saladin, and whose jambs and portals are rich with arabesques. On one side a convent, hospital, or mosque; on the

other, a coffee-mill, stable, bath, and blacksmith's shop. Braziers, barbers, and olive-wood carvers, among corn-dealers, shell-workers, and rosary-makers. Ah, here is a coffee-house—my *point d'appui* always in a strange Oriental city. An old sheik is smoking near the door—muleteers, Russian peasants, slaves, and Turkish soldiers, surround a beggarly story-teller, who is repeating, perhaps, for the hundredth time, a threadbare story of the Arabian Nights: he pauses for his listeners to laugh at some scandalous joke or indecent situation, scratches himself vigorously but unconsciously, and then resumes about the beauty of Fatima, or the bravery of Hameda-Mohammed. A dozen men, bronzed or bearded, are squatted on the stone divans around the room—some in rich robes and shawls, others naked to the waist. I call, "*Cafigeh, cafigeh!*" ("Waiter!") clapping my hands at the same time, and the slave brings the howadji a cup of black coffee, in one hand, and the inevitable hookah, with the living coal on top, in the other; so, I puff and sip, and watch the groups, attracting no more attention from the dreamy-eyed men on the benches than if I were as dirty, naked, or sandalled as themselves. Mules are all feeding in a little dark court in the rear, and, through dark, sculptured columns beyond, I see men bending in prayer—yes—no. Can it be? Truly, this café is in a corner of a mosque! Remains of all ages litter and adorn the spaces beyond; there the fragments of an Egyptian sarcophagus, elsewhere the edge of a corinthian capital. A shaft of porphyry is built into the garden-wall, and a plinth of verd-antique juts over the door-sill. A few vagabond Arabs eat, drink, and wash, in the thoroughfare I have just left, and the hall of the mosque, in the gloom, is their true home, which they have a right to enter, and from which no officials can drive them forth. In the court he is sure to find water, under the broken roof-shade, and, after he has finished his prayers, he may stretch himself on the mats, and sleep, but in the public places he must load his camel, feed his ass, dine, and smoke. Humble cooks and *cafige*hs wait for him at the street-corners. On three or four broken stones the cook lights a few fagots, throws a few olives, some lentils, and a piece of fat in the pan, and, holding this over the embers, stirs the fragrant mess until it simmers,

when its smell is enough to delight the Arab's soul. After a twist of black bread, a mug of fresh water, and a pipe of Lebanon tobacco, the tired native will wrap his coarse burnoose about his face, lie down among the stones, and pass the soft summer night in dreaming of that Paradise of his faith in which the heat is never fire, the cold never frost; where the wells are always sweet and full, the dates forever ripe, and the dark-eyed virgins ever young.

But my Copt guide came across me in my hiding-place, and thinking, doubtless, that one could be learning nothing of Jerusalem in a dark café, he insisted that I should go with him to the HOLY SEPULCHRE, where a grand mass was on the point of being performed. Passing through the narrow streets again, I entered into an open court, from the busiest parts of the bazaar, and found the avenues lined with pretty Syrian women, who offered for sale olive-wood rosaries and crosses, shells from the Dead Sea, oak of Mamre, boxes from Hebron, carved relics from the grotto at Bethlehem, and, in fine, souvenirs from every holy spot in Palestine; but I soon forgot their clamors, at the strange sight of the Turkish guard, as I turned an angle directly fronting the entrance to the Sepulchre. In the recess were, at least, fifty soldiers, heavily armed with great pistols and curved sabres; some were lolling on mats, listening to tales of love and war, others were smoking and talking; but all this clanking of sabres, and gleaming of yatagans, grated harshly on my most sacred pilgrim dreamings; but I soon learned that these guards of Turks were necessary to prevent the Christians from cutting each other's throats. It is, alas, too true! A pilgrim from one country believes the pilgrim from another to be a barbarian, and a cheat, and is sure to be eternally damned: the monk of Madrid scowls on the monk of Gareb as on a man who is hurrying to his bed of everlasting fire, and the feeling between Irish landlords and tenants is fraternal compared with the bitterness of heart in which a Greek bishop speaks of an Armenian friar. Nothing but shrugs and curses—in a Galilean, not a Christian spirit—that men meet each other at this tomb: Latin encounters Copt; Greek, Nestorian—each asserts that the other is an intruder into the

Holy House—their salutations are scowls of hate, their worship is a scuffle. What wonder, then, that the scarred negroes and hired bashi-bazouks despise the Christians, and call them “dogs,” when their presence is daily required to prevent a disgraceful fight? Let me give you an example: The Copts are worshipping before the shrine; long before they have finished their service of sixty minutes, the Armenians have gathered in numbers about their choir—not to join them in prayers, but to hum profane airs, to hiss the priests, and to jabber, jest, and snarl at their rivals—for the love of Christ. As the hour draws near for the first party to cease, the parties of the second part commence to crowd, and push into their places—one side trying to stay one second of time beyond their right—the other endeavoring to dispossess them a second before they are bound to retire—to steal an instant from the false, is surely a triumph for the true church. But the instant these priests and worshippers come to blows—an affair of candles, crooks, and crucifixes—the Turkish guard is amongst them, and the ferocious rivals complete their services under the protection of a line of Moslem matchlocks. “*Allah-il-Allah! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet!*” The Christians cry out: “Why has our ark been taken from us? Is the Turk a better guard for the Tomb of Christ than the Nazarene?” The facts answer. Under the Moslem rule, each and every tribe or people of the earth can come in whatever tongue or ritual they may use, and offer praises to our Father who is in heaven. How under Christian rule? Would the Russian divide his privilege with a Frank? Would the Greek kneel with the Copt? The American Methodist with the Spanish Catholic? No. The vices of jealousy and hatred, born in the pride of creed, show themselves too plainly here, where, above all places on the earth, the hearts of men should be full of charity and love.

I passed under the sacred portals. Long before I stood beneath the grand Basilica, I had studied our Dr. Robinson’s “Biblical Researches,” Williams’s “Holy Land,” Thompson’s “The Land and the Book,” Wright’s “Early Travels,” *Recueil de Voyages et de Mémoires*, De Morgan, Lamartine, Porter, Dixon, even Rénan, and fifty other authorities, if you please, and my mind was in a chronic

state of doubt, not only as to the sacred *localities*, but almost as to the sacred *characters*; but, once within the Sepulchre, these doubts and clouds, as if by magic, rolled away from my soul, and spontaneously I fell down upon my knees *to pray*, which means to believe, for without faith there can be no prayer. Never in my life had I been so moved, so wrapped in a solemn ecstasy. Each dear name was murmured in that supreme moment, each dear hope whispered, until the incomprehensible charity which flows from God alone, seemed to overwhelm and sustain me. The enthusiasm of prayer is ever a mystery between man and his Maker, and, like modesty, it throws a veil over thought, and steals away from mankind what is intended for God alone. In those brief seconds, how futile appeared the work of those who would dispute Christianity because they proved the Jordan a torrent instead of a river! that Judea was a barren wilderness instead of a delicious garden! how pitiable the logic which would deny the Bible, and give a blow to the prophecies! In that place, I could not comprehend that religion was a thing of geometry, that could be demonstrated by a number, or destroyed by an argument; or that the generations of believers or unbelievers waited for the finish of a discussion, to pass immediately to the side of the best logician, or the most erudite or ingenious antiquary! No. Religion, while it is not proved nor demonstrated by logic, is much less ruined by it. It is, of all the mysteries of nature and the human mind, the most inexplicable—the result of instinct and not of reason. As the winds which blow from the east or west, do we know the cause or the point of departure? They blow, God knows from where! He alone truly knows wherefore, and for how many centuries, they have traversed the earth. Should I say, then, “I am a Christian because I have such and such peremptory demand, in such a book—the Bible even?” No, rather—“Because I am penetrated to the fibre of my heart by the force of immortal Truth; because I am weak and would be strong; *because I love*, and all Love springs from God!” This is why I believe in religion, and am a Christian.

But I cannot expect you thoroughly to appreciate all the force of the sentiment that kept me trembling before the Stone of Un-

tion, so I will try, in describing to you in my poor, disjointed way, the interior, which has been so often and so much better defined by Robinson and Porter. In front of the door, then, in entering, is a large square marble slab, like a tombstone, fixed in the pavement; this covers the *real* stone on which is supposed to have rested Christ's body for anointing, when he was taken from the cross. Many lamps and sacred emblems, brass and silver censers, hang over this spot, and the stone is worn into hollows by the kisses of countless pilgrims. Advancing a few paces to the left, I observe a small circular stone, with a railing about it, and this marks the spot where the Virgin Mary stood, when the body of our Lord rested on the Stone of Unction. I will mention here, in passing, that this spot belongs to the Armenians, as various other holy relics and localities in the Sepulchre belong to the Latins, Greeks, etc., thus giving cause to endless jealousy, strife, and vituperation. I stand now under the Great Dome—it rests over the very Holy of Holies, the supposed Tomb of Christ. If there is one piece of man's work on earth that should be durable and perfect, a marvel of gold and precious woods, it is the vault on high, covering this most sacred shrine. But it is almost a wreck. The plaster has fallen from the walls; the metal has been stolen from the roof; the paint is streaked and daubed, washed in places by the rain, or cracked by the hot Syrian sun, and just now the scaffolding of workmen is erected to patch up the crumbling canopy of stone and lead. And this danger has threatened the precious Basilica, not because the Christians are few or poor, but because they cannot agree among themselves. Shame!

Directly under the Rotunda stands the Holy Sepulchre. The Tomb is like a small temple, wholly built of yellow and white stone, ornamented with slender semi-columns and pilasters, and surmounted by a gaudy dome somewhat resembling a crown. It is a mongrel, tasteless fabric, and possesses neither the purity of the Grecian nor the majesty of the Egyptian styles; a low door opens on the east front from a small enclosed area; this latter was filled by a crowd of poor pilgrims—Russians, Copts, Italians, and Greeks, who were crawling on their knees toward the sanctuary, kissing the marble floor at each step, and weeping forth their

prayers. I was shocked by my young dragoman, who preceded me, thrusting the poor creatures aside with his stick, and walking among them as if they had been worms of the earth; but such is the custom in the East, even at the Tomb of our Lord. I stooped beneath the low doorway that led from the small chapel of the angel (where *poor* pilgrims are obliged to leave their shoes), and found myself in the Sepulchre itself. The quadrangular vault is nearly seven feet square, with a dome roof supported on short marble pillars. The sepulchral couch occupies the whole of the right side on entering; it is raised nearly three feet above the floor, and is covered with a slab of white marble cracked through the centre and much worn at the edges by the lips of pilgrims. The altar-slab is covered with a profusion of religious ornaments of metal, and over it burns forty-two lamps of gold and silver, which are never extinguished. Fragrant perfumes and sweet incense filled the air, and in the corner of the apartment stood a monk who murmured a prayer, and gave me a blessing as I contributed to the little store in his proffered vase. Pilgrim after pilgrim entered the vault, some of them old and ragged, some lusty and strong, but all crawling in on bended knees, bowing lips and forehead and cheeks to the cold marble, bathing it with tears, and sobbing out prayers as if from breaking hearts.

No, my Bookworm, I cannot translate the emotions that made my eyes fill and my voice tremble in this saintly spot. All the most sacred and profound souvenirs of my life seemed to be re-animated in those moments, and I believe never again on the earth will I experience similar sensations, will my soul be so elevated with that same delicious refinement of thought which men call religion. I had always been a lover of the places habited by men whose works I had admired; spots sanctified by the living as by the dead. The asylums of men of genius always seemed to be the most eloquent though mute revelations of their truer lives; the most sensible commentary on their actions and thoughts. I had often passed solitary and delicious hours among the forests where I knew had wandered a beloved poet or favorite philosopher; and, when I would come across (as on one occasion in Germany the much-abused name of Jean Jacques Rousseau, carved

upon a tree,) some pleasant evidence of his occupation, what charming reveries, what delightful souvenirs! Yes, it was sweet to study Byron at his English abbey, Shakespeare on the Avon, Homer in Greece—to know them in the places where they had played as children or struggled as men, and thus nearly always the sympathetic intelligence discovers an analogy between the country and the men, between the scene and the actor, between nature and the genius which it had formed and inspired. But He was not merely a great man or grand poet before whose tomb I stood. Incarnated Divinity—the Man-God, whose traces I came to worship on the borders where He had worked, and suffered, and died—to behold the waves on which He walked; the stones where he had laid His forehead—with His mortal eyes He had seen these very hills, the rocks on which I stood; during the three years of His divine mission from Nazareth to Tiberius, from Jerusalem to Cæsar Philippi, was He known. He calmed the tempests, and walking on the waves He gave his hand to His apostle of little faith. Ah me! would that He would touch my heart, so sadly in want of faith in these tempests of opinions, born of the materialism and iron of my century! Yes, all these thoughts surged powerfully through my frame as I quitted the Holy Sepulchre to wander and meditate amid the other sites in the precious building, though I could not refrain from repeating with the poet:

“ Oh, if the lichen now were free to twine
O'er the dark entrance of that rock-hewn cell,
Say, should we miss the gold-encrusted shrine,
Or incense-fumes' intoxicating spell?
Would not the whispering breeze, as evening fell,
Make deeper music in the palm-tree's shade
Than choral prayer or chanted ritual's swell?
Can the proud shafts of Helena's colonnade
Match thy time-honored stems, Gethsemane's holy glade? ”

Proceeding to the westward side of the Rotunda, I entered the gloomy chapels of the Syrians, and through a small door into a rock-hewn grotto, in which are said to be the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus. While we were there a procession

of worshippers entered the gloomy vault. They were led by Armenian priests in splendid robes, who were followed by about twenty monks; their attendants carried torches, and a motley mass of worshipping pilgrims crowded into every space. Nothing could exceed the picturesqueness of the sight. It was more like the *mis en scène* of the opera than any thing else I can compare it to. The flaming torches lit up every part of the cavern, and shone upon the chanting priests with their gaudy sacerdotal robes, the monks in long black gowns; Russian peasants in fur shakos; Jews in gabardines; fierce-looking Greeks with embroidered jackets and sashes filled with pistols and knives; howadjis in European dress, but whose blue and white veils and havelocks fell over their shoulders gracefully; black slaves, Arabs, and all the motley crowd of curious or devoted men to be found about the holy places, and going to make up a weird picture, which, to faithfully delineate, would demand, at least, a Rembrandt's touches for the shadows.

Next, I was taken to the *Chapel of the Apparition*, where tradition affirms our Lord appeared to Mary His mother after the Resurrection. It is a quadrangular room, and near the centre of the floor the *exact* precious place is shown—it is needless to tell you that in this I have no faith, and, from the conflicting authorities on the subject, the spot may as well be in St. Domingo or at St. Praxede in Rome, at which latter place, indeed, a piece of the Column of Flagellation is shown, a portion of which is covered up in this chapel on the south side of the altar. A round hole is left in the covering here, and pilgrims put in a long stick, like a broom-handle, till it touches the fragment, and then they draw it out and rapturously kiss it—but all this will doubtless seem as puerile to you as it appeared idolatrous and ridiculous to me.

In this chapel is sometimes performed the ceremony of investing such as are worthy with the order of St. John of Jerusalem. The Gentleman Traveller and myself had great designs to become knights of the Holy Sepulchre, but when we discovered that it resolved itself simply into a payment of a few thousands of francs to the Patriarch of Jerusalem—backshish—we abandoned our dreams, and determined to live and die simple *sovereigns* of

America—a patent of royalty which costs nothing, and confers, besides, high and mighty privileges on the possessor. But it is getting late, and I find my way back to my tent, glad to review the experiences of the day, and to enjoy the dinner which already delights my nostrils as I snuff its odor from Ali Hâmeda's canvas-kitchen.

March 21st.

This whole day I devoted again to the Holy Sepulchre. My first visit, on entering, was to the GREEK CHAPEL. It is the nave of the great building, and decidedly its gold decorations and rich ornamentations make it the most noticeable church. The arches and piers within still preserve their Romanesque character; when it was first built by the Crusaders, it was only intended for a choir, and adapted to the Latin service; but when the Crusaders were expelled by Saladin, the Greeks got possession, and still retain it. Beneath the centre of the great lantern hung above, is a short marble column, said by tradition to mark *the centre of the earth*. Out of this very spot was taken the clay from which Adam was formed—so says another legend. I only mention it to show you how credulity is taxed in these Holy Places. Numbers of grim pictures cover the walls, and the whole church is lavishly gilded, carved and painted in a manner extraordinary, but familiar to me, from having seen the most splendid of the Greek cathedrals in Russia and Asia.

THE CHAPEL OF SAINT HELENA (the mother of Constantine and the indefatigable searcher after the Holy Places) is reached by descending a long staircase partly hewn in the rock. This is a tomb-like and picturesque crypt, and is divided into a nave and aisles by two columns on each side, supporting a groined roof. At the eastern end of the northern aisle is an altar dedicated to St. Dimas, the *penitent thief*. The patriarchal marble chair, in which Helena sat while searching for the true cross, is in the vault below. Descending still farther, twelve steps, we reach the chapel known as that of THE INVENTION OF THE CROSS. This place is entirely rock-hewn, and here were dug up, as the monks affirm, the three crosses, the crown of thorns, the nails, etc.; and where the true cross lay dishonored for three centuries, now rests an altar and

crucifix, marking the identical spot. These places lie directly under the Copt Convent. Ascending again to the great aisle, immediately to the left, is a small chapel known as **THE CHAPEL OF THE MOCKING**. Here, beneath the altar, is a fragment of a column of gray marble on which the Jews made our Saviour sit while they crowned Him with thorns, smote Him on the face, after blindfolding Him, and said to Him in barbarous derision, "Prophesy who it is that smote thee!"

Next to the tomb itself, the most interesting spot to visit is **CALVARY** (the Latin *Calvaria*). But this **CHAPEL OF GOLGOTHA** (the "place of skulls") is reached from the right of the entrance by ascending eighteen steps, and, of course, like the other sacred spots, is enclosed within the building. Entering a low, vaulted chamber, I found myself in the Greek chapel of **THE ELEVATION OF THE CROSS**; at the end is a platform raised about eighteen inches above the floor; in its centre stands the altar, and under it a hole in the marble slab communicating with a similar one in the natural rock below. Many weeping and praying pilgrims were on their knees before this altar; but, almost before I knew the intention of my enterprising guide, he had thrust these poor creatures aside, and pushed, rather than led me, forward to the spot. I placed my arm within the opening, and felt the hole in the natural rock below. On each side were also holes to mark the locality of the crosses of the two thieves, and on the right an opening in the marble, to lay bare the *rent* in the rock occasioned by the earthquake at the time of the crucifixion. The same veneration possessed me here as in the tomb; I forgot all the quarrels of schismatics over the chapels and the localities; and was thoroughly penetrated with the beauty of that Christian philosophy which enabled the holiest of men, made divine by virtue, and inspired by Supreme Truth, willing to render up His life as a sacrifice to His Father and His God. No, His Christianity had not been vain, its effects had not evaporated with the centuries; for the poet, moralist, or historian, these tombs are but the boundaries separating two worlds, the old and the new—the point of departure of an Idea which renewed the universe, and transformed barbarism to civilization; it was the sepulchre of the old faiths and the

cradle of the new ; it broke the altars of idolatry, and erected in their places tablets on which were written golden rules. For paganism and unbelief, it gave to each soul a denial to death, and the promise of immortality. Ah, the profound and tender contemplation in these sacred spots can never be properly translated ; they must ever remain mysteries between man and his spirit. They can never be written : they are exhaled with the smoke of the pious lamps, with the perfume of the censers, with the vague and confused murmur of the sighs ; they fall with the tears that come to the eyes at the memory of the first names we murmured in the agony or ecstasy of *love*. All the impressions that had moved our souls at every epoch of our lives, all joys or sadnesses of thought, of which prayer was the proper language, at such moments are awakened in the depths of the heart, and produce by their echoes, sadness, confusion, and inexpressible tenderness ; in fine, some crisis of feeling generally developed near a tomb, and which ends in moistened eyes, a heaving breast, and broken, tearful speech. Have you never known this sorrow (or is it ?), my Book-worm ? When you think, as in a dream, of those who are, or who are not—for there are those often dead to us, who are living, and often those living and ministering to us in our daily lives, who are dead—where you are bound in memory by an invisible tie that can never be broken (and I mean by this the *communion of love*, which exists always), do you never press your lips upon a book, a written page, a faded flower, a tress of hair, and then be seized with a quick convulsion, as if some sore spot in your heart had been touched ; has never your head sunk on your broad chest, and tears rolled from your eyes in the dark night, which holds treasured so many secrets ? If, like many men, you have outlived your joy, then you can comprehend my fervor, my sacred emotion within these holy chapels. Before these tombs, I could demand courage and solace, and feel as though my feeble prayer had not so far to go to reach the Divine ear—in a word, within these sanctuaries, though surrounded by the *forms*, I felt as near the *spirit*, as on the sea, in the desert, or the woods, and He who sounds so well all hearts and thoughts, comprehended me, as I will some day, through Him, comprehend myself.

March 22d.

You, doubtless, are aware that the great congregations of pilgrims from all parts of the earth assemble in Jerusalem more particularly for the observation of the Easter solemnities, and to receive the Holy Fire which is said to descend from heaven on Easter-eve. Without expecting to await here the grand ceremonies attendant upon this *miracle* (a bald imposition, insulting to common sense), my letters would be incomplete without a description of this great event of Holy Week. The superstition gained ground in the days of Eusebius (indeed, the legend was told by that writer), that water was turned into oil for the use of the lamps on Easter-eve; but in the ninth century it began to be believed that an angel came "and lighted the lamps which hung over the sepulchre." From that time, nearly all the churches took part in the ceremony of the Holy Fire; but gradually the fraud became so apparent that all but the Greek Church have abandoned the practice. However, this is the great event of the year, and thousands of the ignorant and devoted come over land and sea for the sole object of witnessing this miracle. An accomplished writer* describes the scene so graphically, that it is much better to read his account of it, than to trust to my meagre description.

"The Chapel of the Sepulchre rises from a dense mass of pilgrims, who sit or stand, wedged around it, while around them, and between another equally dense mass, which goes round the walls of the church itself, a lane is formed by two lines of Turkish soldiers, stationed to keep order. For the spectacle which is about to take place, nothing can be better suited than the form of the Rotunda, giving galleries above for the spectators, and an open space below for the pilgrims and their festival. About noon of the day the crowd breaks through the mass of soldiers, and the groups commence to run violently round the Sepulchre, the excited mass shouting: '*This is the Tomb of Jesus Christ! Jesus has redeemed us!*' etc. What begins in the lesser groups soon grows in magnitude, till at last the whole of the circle between the troops is continually occupied by a race, a whirl, a torrent of these wild figures, some dressed in shoepskin, some almost

* Stanley.

naked, or in rags, wheeling around the sepulchre, like the witches' Sabbath, in 'Faust.' Gradually the frenzy subsides, or is checked, the course is cleared, and out of the Greek chapel comes a long procession, with embroidered banners, which begins to defile around the sepulchre. From this moment the motion, which has been before confined to the runners and dancers, becomes universal. Hedged in by the soldiers, the two huge masses of pilgrims still remain in their places, but join in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught, from time to time, mingling strangely, almost affectingly, the chants of the procession, and the prayers of the pilgrims. The presence of the Turks is believed to prevent the descent of the Fire, so they at this point consent to retire, or rather are driven out of the church. The priests, bishops, and standard-bearers disperse, or are borne on by the frantic mass, but the Greek Patriarch has been able to enter the sepulchre, and the door closes behind him. There is an instant of terrible anxiety; the mob surges and murmurs like the waves of the sea. The flame, as of burning wood, appears inside the hole; this light is thrust out—the light, as every ignorant pilgrim believes, of the descent of God Himself upon the Holy Tomb—and the mass rush forward to light their tapers; the flame passes from hand to hand, until the great area is one wide blaze of thousands of burning candles." Now there is a great rush to escape from the rolling smoke and suffocating heat, and this often leads to catastrophes similar to that which Curzon, in his "Monasteries of the Levant," describes as having taken place in 1834. He concludes:

"The guards outside, frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers, with their bayonets, killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled like oxen, with the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself, and, in the *mêlée*, all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage did the fight become, that even the panic-struck and frightened pilgrims appeared, at last, to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves. . . . As I came

near the door, where all were fighting for their lives, I saw certain destruction before me, and made every effort to get back. An officer of the pacha's, equally alarmed with myself, was also trying to return : he caught hold of my cloak, and pulled me down on the body of an old man, who was breathing out his last sigh. As the officer was pressing me to the ground, we wrestled together among the dying and the dead, with the energy of despair. I struggled with this man until I pulled him down, and happily got again upon my legs—I afterward found that he never rose again—and, scrambling over a pile of corpses, I made my way back into the body of the church. . . . The dead were lying in heaps, *even upon the Stone of Uncion*; and I saw full four hundred wretched people, dead and living, heaped promiscuously one upon another, in some places above five feet high."

In describing the Bible sites to you, I have not put them in exactly the order in which I viewed them, but I am endeavoring to group them in such form as to give you the best plan to pursue in tracing them on the maps I send you, or even to explore them, if you were here. Although I have many interesting rambles to take yet in the city, I choose, for the present, to lead you outside of its walls, to explore the Valley of Jehoshaphat (Brook Kidron), and over the stony road to Gethsemane, and the Mount of Olives.

Going out of the Damascus Gate, therefore, we turn to the right, where there is a slight depression in the broad mountain-ridge, and this is the head of the Valley of Jehoshaphat—the latter name signifying, "Jehovah judgeth." The sides of the valley, and indeed the whole surrounding region, are whitened by the broad, jagged points of the limestone-rock, and almost every projection forms the façade of a tomb. Yes, here, upon these hills, lie thousands of bodies of Jews, the simple slabs covering them forming a continuous cemetery almost to the village of Siloam. The valley runs for half a mile directly toward the city; it then sweeps to the east, and is crossed by the great northern road. On the east side of this road stands an old wely, with a ruined khan beside it, and a little farther to the southeast stand

what are known as the Tombs of the Kings. Here is the bed of the Brook Kidron, which, continuing a short distance farther south, opens into a wide basin; as it advances, the right bank of the valley becomes higher and steeper, while on the left, opposite to the Gate of St. Stephen, the base of the Mount of Olives gradually projects, narrowing the valley. Here the olive-trees become abundant, and form little shady groves—their massive trunks hollowed out, and black with decay, while the heavy gnarled boughs have a venerable look, and give the impression of great antiquity. A zigzag, stony path crosses the brook here, from St. Stephen's Gate, and passes, at an angle, the Garden of Gethsemane, which is entirely enclosed by a high wall. We continue the steep, rugged path, up a depression in the mount, to the Church of the Ascension, at the top. Yes, by the very "way of the wilderness" by which the stricken King David fled from the wrath of his traitorous son Absalom.

The Mount of Olives—the *Jebel el-Tûr* of the Arabs—directly faces Jerusalem, the face of the hills covered with horizontal strips of green and gray—the former, the terraces of grain; the latter, the supporting walls, as for the vines on the steep hills of Rhineland. The whole is dotted, however, by olive-trees. Was it not here that Christ walked with His disciples, on that memorable occasion when one of the Twelve, a Jew, called His attention to the beauty and magnificence of the Temple just before them?—Crowds of artists were laboring on the pile, building the hhanoth, polishing the shafts, inlaying the floors, and finishing the stairs. Jesus gazed on the splendid work, the pride of Herod, and glory of Annas, and then uttered those prophetic words: "Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down!" Where else could such a sight be seen upon the earth? such heights as Zion and Moriah, populous with life, swept round with such grand ravines as Gihon, Hinnom, and Jehoshaphat? Where else be found the double spectacle of a festive city within the walls, and a festive camp (the Galileans') without? Low down at their feet lay the Kidron bed flowing through graveyards into the Desert on its way to the Dead Sea, the ledges of hill drop-

ping down to this dry brook being terraced for vineyards and olive-woods, and dotted with men and herds; at their very feet Gethsemane (meaning Old Presses), and a mile lower down the sparkling fountain of Siloam, surrounded by beautiful maidens. Yet looking upon this sight Jesus sat with His disciples discoursing of the fall of Jerusalem, the end of the old world, and the beginning of the new, until the sun went down. And now we can so well review the Bible story here, with that same Jerusalem in front of us, the Dead Sea and the Wilderness behind us, Bethany around that barren hill to the left, and the fragrant plain of Sharon far to the right:

Next day, Wednesday, He remained at Bethany in seclusion, while Judas was arranging with Annas and the nobles how He should be seized, so as to avoid creating an uproar among the common people. On Thursday, Jesus sent Peter and John into Jerusalem to prepare the Passover in the guest-chamber; and at sunset of that day the Twelve sat down to the Last Supper. Judas left the room to see Annas, and, after singing the usual hymn of that feast, the other disciples rose from the table, and, passing through the sheep-gate into the Kidron Valley, came to the cluster of olive-trees which marked the site of Gethsemane. Here Jesus went apart, and, while His disciples slept in the warm spring evening, He watched and prayed until Judas came and delivered Him over to His enemies with a kiss.

In the dead watches of the night the Sanhedrim were called together, not on the Temple Hill in the Lichcath ha-Gazith, but in the Sagans Palace. Those members who came early to the call found Annas with his prisoner in the audience-chamber, trying witness after witness as to His acts and words; but, finding no charge could be sustained before a Roman magistrate, Annas bade Him speak for Himself, but He answered not a word, until the high-priest said to Him:

“Art thou the Christ?”

Then the Lord opened his lips, saying:

“I AM.”

When asked of his disciples and his doctrines, Jesus replied: “I spake openly to the world; I taught in the synagogue and in

the Temple, whither the Jews resort ; in secret have I said nothing. Ask them which heard me. They know what I said."

An officer of the Temple smote him on the face, saying : " Answerest thou the high-priest thus ? "

Annas commanded the priestly guard to bind Him with cords ; and when it was day, being Friday, they went in a body to the palace of Caiaphas, on Mount Zion, having a legal right to meet in their president's house. Here the Lord was questioned again in a formal manner, and, answering before Caiaphas that He was the Christ, the high-priest rent his clothes, in sign that these words were blasphemous and worthy of death by the cruellest punishment—that of the cross. The Sanhedrim pronounced Him guilty, bound Him with cords, and, carrying Him to the prætorium gates, delivered Him a prisoner into the hands of Pilate's guards.

Unable to pass the gates, since to enter into a Gentile dwelling would render them unclean, the elders waited and clamored before the court until Pilate awoke and came out to see them. What did they want ? They had brought him a prisoner ! What was this person ? An evil-doer, or they would not have brought Him to the judgment-hall. Then why not have tried Him by their law ? They could not, the case was grave, and they had no power to put a man to death.

Going away from the elders, he sent for Jesus into his court, and put the plain question to Him—

" Art Thou the King of the Jews ? "

" My kingdom is not of this world ! " said the Lord.

Pilate went out to the elders, saying, he could find no fault in this man. They cried, that He was a leader of sedition, one who had stirred up tumults in the land from Galilee to Jerusalem. Galilee ! Pilate caught at the word ; for, if Jesus was a native of this latter place, His own prince, Antipas Herod, then staying in Bezetha for the feast, had the right to judge Him.

Pleased by this deference of the Roman governor to his wishes, Herod received the elders and their prisoner in the midst of his guard. But the Lord stood dumb. He refused to answer one word to the husband of Herodias, to the murderer of John.

Vexed, uneasy—for his conscience pricked him—Antipas would do nothing, but sent Him in his turn back to Pilate to be dealt with according to the Roman law; a return of courtesy which had the happy effect of making the Jewish prince and the Roman procurator friends.

Pilate withstood the elders long; his practical Roman genius making him but a mild judge of such treasons as talking with a Samaritan, doing good deeds on the seventh day, making bread with unsprinkled hands, and announcing the kingdom of heaven, 'Sdeath! Had it been an affair of tearing down his brazen shields, refusing to pay poll-tax, hustling or stabbing his guards, he would have disposed of it quickly, but—political considerations weighed heavily with him—he had made a friend of Herod by sending Jesus to him; now he had a chance to conciliate the whole Sanhedrim by sending Christ to Golgotha. So, calling for water, he yielded Him to the Jews, saving himself, as he thought, by saying that he washed his hands of innocent blood—innocent, at least, according to the Roman law.

So through that *Via Dolorosa* which I shall describe to you very soon, Jesus was led between the soldiers and rabble to that nest of tombs and gardens below the city wall, where, on the cross, dying between two thieves, the human part of His story closed.

What followed is fit for other pens to tell. His parting words to His church—His sudden appearance to the Magdalene and the holy women; His conversation with the two disciples; His revelation to the eyes of Peter, who took Him for a spirit; His walk by the Lake of Galilee, early in the morning; His ascent from Bethany to heaven—these details of a second portion of the sacred story, seek no illustration from scenery and books.

Ascending a winding staircase in the Church of Ascension, on the Mount of Olives, we reach a square room, much like a convent-cell, with whitewashed walls, and containing several windows; from the eastern ones we gaze upon that scene of stern desolation, the "Wilderness of Judea." It commences at our feet, shelves and rolls downward, in a succession of naked, black hills, and dreary,

gray glens, for many miles, and then dips abruptly into the desolate desert valley of the Jordan. At the far right lies the leaden mirror which reflects, on its dull surface, to this day, the wrath of God—the Dead Sea. It seems but a stone's throw from this spot, but it is a long, weary journey—this deception of distance is common in the Holy Land, where the atmosphere is clear as a crystal lens, looking through which every fibre of the heart of Palestine is laid bare. The winding course of the Jordan can be traced for some distance up the ashen plain, by the narrow, dark line of verdure that ornaments its skirts like a ribbon. Away beyond this valley, rises suddenly a long, unbroken mountain-range, like a huge wall, stretching north and south, as far as the eye can follow it. The right section is within the territory of Moab; the centre, just before us, was possessed by the Ammonites, and the left is now called—as of old—Gilead. Evening is the most pleasant time to gaze upon this scene, for then all the colors are softened, and the rugged outlines of the desolate hills are covered by that misty veil of blue which Nature folds about her with such a quiet grace that even her most ardent lovers never desire it cast aside, so much do they adore the mysterious charm of her beauty in repose.

The monk tugged at my sleeve, to show me the impress in the rock said to be left by the foot of our Saviour, when He ascended into heaven. Poor imposture, even if sacred history did not give it the lie! Do we not read in Luke xxiv. 50, 51: "And He led them out AS FAR AS TO BETHANY, and He lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." But I had always loved to believe our Lord a perfect man in *form*, and it would overthrow all my ideas of His personal grace, if I were to take this misshapen impression as His last physical trace on earth. No: I cannot but believe that some clumsy monkish chisel is to be credited with this work, and, with all reverence, holy father (somewhere in the shades), I think your art was derived neither from a classic nor anatomical school of design!

Descending the mountain to GETHSEMANE, we knock at a low postern-door in the wall, and are soon admitted to the Sacred

Garden by a jolly-faced old friar. Here, indeed, the solemn thoughts intrude, and, whether this may or may not be the exact place where the last moments of Christ were passed, all the surroundings are so true and faithful to the sacred history, that no doubt overwhelms the mind, but those who "come to scoff, remain to pray." Here may be read to advantage all those touching passages of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and you may trace, with new and thrilling interest, the last details of that wondrous drama. Around us are venerable olives, their decayed trunks supported by heaps of stones, and their sparse branches still flourishing; little flower-beds, carefully tended by the monks, fill the other spaces of the garden. Here the Son of God endured that "agony and bloody sweat," which was connected with the redemption of the world. Here He prayed, "O, my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, Thy will be done!" Near this spot Judas betrayed Him, and the other disciples forsook Him, and fled; and up that winding path beyond was He led to judgment, bound as a malefactor.

But the charm of this, as of the other sacred places of Palestine, is nearly destroyed by the intrusion of monks or servants. Not a moment is left for reflection: a bunch of flowers is plucked for you here—sweet souvenirs—a drink of arraki is proffered you there—*strong* argument for backshish. You can hardly press your flowers in your note-book, in this spot, before you are hurried away by the bustling friar, to look at the rocky bank where the apostles fell asleep, when our Lord left them to pray—and you cannot help thinking all the time what hard bodies the sacred followers had, and what a soft rock it must have been in the olden days, to have left *the imprint of their forms thus in the stone!* Miracles everywhere. But the worthy father must show us the "Grotto of the Agony"—a dim cavern—which is explained by the Latin inscription, "HIC FACTUS EST SUDOR EJUS SICUT GUTTÆ SANGUINIS DECURRENTIS IN TERRAM," and next, even the spot where the kiss was given.

I had hardly left the sacred place before I was seized upon by a Greek priest, who insisted that I should see *their* garden (in opposition to the Latins), alongside of the Virgin's Tomb, but

I visited only the latter, being disgusted with the rivalry of sects, which should check (in places to inspire every man claiming to be a Christian) all attempts at roguery and deceit. Soon after, I rode over the brook Kidron, and around the walls, to the Damascus entrance, traversing, on my way to the Yâfa gate, the—*Via Dolorosa*—which I shall describe to you to-morrow.

March 23d.

That literary fop, the author of "Eothen,"* who takes seven years to write each work, in order to prove to the world (before convinced of it) his shallowness, *did* happen to pen a good paragraph, in which he says:

"If you stay in the Holy City long enough to fall into any thing like regular habits of amusement and occupation, and to become, in short, for the time, 'a man-about-town' at Jerusalem, you will necessarily lose the enthusiasm which you may have felt when you trod the sacred soil for the first time. . . . Your hotel is a monastery; your rooms are cells; the landlord is a stately abbot, and the waiters are hooded monks. If you walk out of town, you find yourself on the Mount of Olives, or in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the Hill of Evil Council. . . . Your club is the great Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where everybody meets everybody every day," etc.

Thus, by the time I was traversing the crooked streets of the VIA DOLOROSA with my handsome young Copt guide, darting under all sorts of dark arches, through gloomy passages, and by all sorts of particular walls and stones, I was able much better to analyze and criticise my surroundings than in the first flush and enthusiasm of arrival in the sacred city. In the narrow lanes which zigzag through Jerusalem from the Pacha's House (half-palace, half-barrack) to the Church of the Sepulchre, have been carefully collected the scenes of all the events, historical and legendary, connected with the crucifixion. I gazed with the eyes of a skeptic, and asked how it happened that all the turnings of the modern lanes answered so exactly to the windings of the an-

* Kinglake, who did not hesitate to slander an honorable nation (for Heaven knows what purpose), at the same time he defamed one of its noblest scholars, Edward Everett. But the Lilliputians never *could* bear the giants of Brobdingnag.

cient ones—or how it was that staircases, arches (such as *Ecce Homo*), walls, and houses, remained so intact and perfect in identity after the lapse of centuries, and even *after the Romans totally destroyed the city?* The answers were ingenious but *not* convincing; yet it was not without a certain pleasure that I permitted my mind to be directed by my guide, and there was something touching and impressive, when he would say: “This was the Palace of Pilate” (though I knew the *Serai* not to be over eight hundred years old), “This the wall where stood the *Scala Santa*” (I thought the holy staircase I had seen in St. John Lateran much too large), “Here the arch of *Ecce Homo*” (it looked old enough it is true), “This the spot where our Saviour met the Virgin, and so touchingly said, *Salve Mater!*” “In the bottom of this dark low street, the *House of Dives*, and, in front, the very stone on which *Lazarus* sat. Now turning the sharp corner on the left, the place where Christ fell a second time under the cross, and just here the *House of Veronica*, from which that saintly woman came forth, gave the Saviour a handkerchief to wipe His bleeding brows, and when He gave it back, behold! the imprint of his agonized face was in it.” And so on from *station to station*, until the whole eight were passed, did I walk over the *Via Dolorosa*, not believing, it is true, but still much moved to think it could not have been very far from here that He toiled with the cross, over perhaps the same rugged stones; up the same slippery ways; passing low-barred doors and grated windows like these—through the same narrow archways shrouded in gloom; followed behind, pressed around, by the mocking, jeering crowd, to the very top of Calvary; and so, as I entered again this last station in the Church of the Sepulchre itself, could I not sympathize with that simple religion which believes *all?* and I murmured to myself the beautiful lines of Quarles:

“True faith and reason are the soul’s two eyes;
Faith evermore looks upward and descries
Objects remote; but reason can discover
Things only near—sees nothing that’s above her:
They are not matches—often disagree,
And sometimes both are closed, and neither see.”

CHAPTER XX.

PALESTINE.

Not all romance, the life in tents—The Traveller thinks I shall play him the trick of dying—The land of the fleas—A terrific Syrian storm, and some of its consequences.—The regatta in our tent—The Idler wrestles with death, and gives him a heavy throw—Into the Wilderness with our Arab guard—Among the black tents of Issachar—The blood-revenge of the Bedouin tribes—Our fifth encampment at ruined Jericho—The torrent of the Jordan, and its sacred memories—The sea which covers the sinful cities of Sodom and Gomorrah—The prospect of a fight with the Adouan—The Convent of Mar-Saba, and our reception therein—Bethlehem and the sacred story—The love-story of Ruth and Boaz—The simple and touching inscription on the spot of The Nativity—My beautiful unknown at the Fountain of David—Hebron—The pools—Return to Jerusalem.

Sunday, March 24th.

LAST night will ever remain in memory as one of the most disagreeable I have passed. Not all romance, this life in tents. But let me review my experience. I had been ill for several days—ill with that lurking Syrian fever which, when once it creeps into a man's veins, will soon cure him of his life-ache. I crawled about my sight-seeing with temples throbbing and nerves springing, with a parched mouth and eyes dimmed with fever, until, at last, I had to throw myself upon my low camp-bed exhausted and beaten, by some younger brother of Typhoid, or some assistant of the Plague. I make no doubt that, if we had been living within walls, the generous heart of the Gentleman Traveller would have pulsated with pity for me—I think, for lack of other assistance in a country inn, I could have trusted him for my gruel; but alas! this life out of doors makes the illness of a companion intolerable; the wayfaring hardships of our Arab travelling had strangely blunted him, and, I believe in my soul, he thought it betrayed a lack of pluck in me to lie down and show cholera symptoms. He strived, no doubt, to melt himself into charity, but his good digestion and excellent wind were too much for him, and as he galloped away

around Mount Zion, he no doubt thought I intended to play him the trick of dying, and despised me accordingly.

"Have you ever been to Rome?" This may not seem to be a pertinent question, but—"Have you ever been to Rome?" You answer, Yes! You thought the *fleas* active in the city of Pio Nono, because they waited on you in your hotel; accompanied you to mass; saluted you during your promenade on the Pincian Hill, or through the Villa Borghesa; because you have known them to interrupt prayers, and sharpen discussions on the Immaculate Conception—poor fool! you admit all this and more—that the "*pulce*" of the Italian albergo is more endurable than the lively "*puce*" of the French auberge; that both are mild-mannered in comparison to the Spanish "*pulga*," and the German "*floh*" (a pleasant neighbor after the others), but, until your experience is ripened, and your poor body stung by the carnal, hungry, cunning, remorseless *flea* of Holy Land, you know nothing of the power of the pesty vermin. When once they take possession of you, nothing but a dip into a volcano in eruption, or a bath in the Dead Sea—much the same thing—will rid you of them. They feed on your patent washes; they grow fat on rat and roach exterminators; they come into the land free as "stow-aways" on the bodies of Jews from Hungary, hid in the shakos of Russian peasants, and the rags of the dervishes from Asia; they love the Holy Places and they never leave them; they do not despise the lean Arab, but they adore the succulent Englishman; the wiry American leads them an active life, yet the younger *fleas* in training haunt him in preference. Who shall convince me they have not reasoning faculties? they baffle all mine. As to their being a power in the land, who will deny it? I have seen a sermon interrupted while a dexterous preacher moistened the end of his index finger to place it on the Bible page which the *flea* had just vacated for his home in the reverend's dickey; I know of at least one marriage broken off—two duels, a divorce, a house set on fire, and I cannot count the number of cadis' courts adjourned, all having for cause—*fleas*! And you will readily pardon all these bitter lines, if you ever suffer as I have, night after night, battling against the inveterate insects, and be glad to pick up the

wretched fragments of your body, go forth long before dawn, with burning eyeballs, scorched skin, parched lips, and throbbing temples, to taste the freshness of the morning, and bathe your poor anatomy in some babbling brook or trickling fountain.

But to return to last night. About midnight there burst upon the land one of those terrific and sudden Syrian storms for which Palestine is famous in spring-time. Our tent was good, and as long as the tent-ropes held we were safe from the flood—the wind howled through the lonely valley, on whose brow we were encamped, and in the pauses of the storm we could hear the whines, growls, and yelping of the jackals and hyenas prowling for their prey—the hailstones rattled upon our canvas covering, the thunder pealed, and its sonorous voice echoed solemnly among the great rolling hills of the wilderness beyond. At length, as the storm increased in fury, our ropes gave way outside, our tent-pole snapped in the centre, and down came the dripping canvas on our beds. Here was a situation for a poor Sentimental Idler almost delirious with fever; but the Gentleman Traveller made use of his good pair of lungs, and fairly out-trumpeted the storm in cries for “Mahmoud, Hasseyn, Aziz—somebody!” At last came stupid but faithful Hasseyn, and ill-favored Aziz, but our unctuous dragoman kept his tent, not caring to risk his health for the poor travellers whose master he had become. The night was passed by our tent blowing down, and being propped up, by trench-digging outside to prevent baggage and canteen floating inside; and finally, when the dull morning dawned in a cold, leaden sky, I was in such an exhausted state, that I believe I should have hailed drowning as rather a good way to get out of the scrape of life.

Imagine the Gentleman Traveller with his fine crop of hair shaved very close—on account of the wicked *flea* (which no man now pursueth), hopelessly wrapped in a blue woollen gown, and sitting despondingly on the side of his couch, looking at the rivulet which runs through the centre of our tent, bearing on its gentle bosom rich argosies of scented soap, tooth-brushes, razor-strops, and cravats; stopped in its course a moment by a fine revolver or a pair of spurs, our carefully-written journals, books of pressed flowers, olive-wood curiosities, and—“Oh!” he groaned—“No

use"—I weakly murmured from my bed (some screws of which had given way and let me down in the mud at one end)—"no use to speak, you cannot do justice to it."

"And this is—Oriental magnificence!" added he, bitterly. Then we both laughed and took our coffee in better humor, while Mahmoud went away to engage us cells in the Russian Convent, or a house just finished in that cheerful locality,—the cemetery yonder. Who knows, my Bookworm, but the thought passes through the Arab's mind, that he will soon have to move me from the house to the little hollow near by, and even now he is calculating his profits from my refusal of the little claim of life? He may be right, for I am very ill.

March 27th.

A pause of three days in my journal—a three days' pause in my life. There, in my little cheerless stone room alongside of the Russian Convent, I had a wrestle with the conqueror. I gave him the "first throw," and the cowardly fellow sneaked away like the senior Stubbins (whom you remember in class), with a bloody nose. But another such victory, and I am lost. I have kept my bed until this morning, and although scarcely able to mount my horse, I have determined to attempt the long weary rides through the wilderness—the Jordan Valley and Dead Sea, and back again by way of Solomon's Pools, to rest again here before we start on our long journey northward toward Damascus and Báalbec. If I live to return (for sickness and the Bedouins make the chances against me), I will describe to you the temple on Mount Moriah, the Fountain of Siloam, and other places of minor interest, which my health has obliged me to overlook, or, rather, scarcely to look at at all.

Behold us, then, mounted. Aziz, the servants, with all the tents, baggage, etc., have gone far in the advance with a strong Arab guard; and now, awaiting our tardy movements, are a half-dozen half-naked Bedouins, commanded by two sheiks of the "Abu n' Sair," a mongrel Arab tribe who skulk about Jericho and the Wady Kelt, to protect or rob travellers according as their best interests are served.

These fierce-looking, heavily-armed sons of the Desert, are hired by the dragomen in Jerusalem, and regular escorts and safe-conducts are guaranteed over all the dangerous passes. The bargain, of course, is lawless; but who ever thinks of law here?—it is only that of the fleetest horse, the best fire-arm, or, more generally, of the largest backshish. The peril of the road from Jerusalem to Jericho is an ancient text. Christ used it in one of the most beautiful of His parables; but no good Samaritan travels the way of the wilderness now, and the roadside inn is a desolate heap of stones, from behind which ambush a stray Arab bullet might reach you at any moment. Bowing to facts, the howadjis have made a compact with the robbers: so many piasters, so many lances; and, far away in the Desert of Petra, you may learn how much black-mail you must pay in going down to Jericho, if you would not fall among thieves.

Out through St. Stephen's gate our little caravan takes its way. Over Brook Kidron, over the top of Olivet, and out on the stony way toward Bethany, we slowly ride. What a panorama opens before us—the long black wall of the distant Moab Mountains; the deep Jordan Valley; the Dead Sea ever slumbering, ever waveless, over the buried cities of the Plain; the naked hills in the deep wadys in which we see the black tents! Passing along rugged slopes, by terraced fields, we cannot be far from the spot from whence Shimei, a relative of Saul, “came forth and cursed still as he came, and threw stones and dust at the fallen monarch.” We stop a moment at Bethany, the Arab *el-'Azirtyeh*. It is a poor village situated in a shallow valley on Olivet's eastern slope, and containing a few orchards of fig-trees. The houses are massive and rude, evidently constructed of ancient materials. To this little hamlet there attaches the undying interest of being the home of our Saviour during His visits to Jerusalem, for what Capernaum was in Galilee, Bethany was in Judea. Here dwelt the sisters Mary and Martha, with their brother Lazarus. Here the latter was raised from his tomb. Here was also the house of Simon the Leper, in which the grateful Mary anointed Jesus with precious ointment, and wiped His feet with her hair. We were, of course, pointed out the tomb, and each separate and distinct locality to

which Bible interest was attached, but I paid but little attention to the inaccuracy of monkish detail, content to believe that this was at least the spot relieved from the cavil of archæologists, where the Saviour set out on the morning of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. As to the route, there could be no question. The multitudes which poured out from the city that day, cut down olive-branches as they came through the lanes and gardens, and made a rude mat for His feet ; some threw down their cloaks and stretched them along this very rough path, and I seemed to hear the shouts of triumph that burst from the vast multitudes: " Hosanna to the Son of David ! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." Yes, each foot of ground in Palestine has its story, but I cannot dwell longer upon this, one of the most beautiful, so we mounted again and rode slowly away over the desolate paths down into the wilderness.

The fresh, balmy air, the movement of my fiery old steed Saïd, was having its good effect ; I already felt stronger and better than at starting, and, though we had a long, even dangerous journey, before us, my forces (I commenced to hope) would be equal to it. How truly named, this " Wilderness "—a dry, unpeopled region, made up of bald rocks and herbless valleys ; the wells few, the wadys full of stones, and the caves tenanted by leopards, hyenas, wolves, and jackals ! No Syrian peasant dares to build his hut on land over which the Bedouins spread their tents, for the children of Esau are still what they were of old, the only abiding sheiks and kings. Yet in these solitudes John the Baptist dwelt until his thirtieth year, and the same in which Jesus passed His forty days of prayer and watching.

We cross low, rocky ridges, and dive down into bleak glens, until, at last, we come to a little fountain, called " Ain-el-Haud," and a few ruins around mark the site of an old khan. At wells, in these wild regions, most generally centre the sweetest pictures of rude Syrian life, and this was no exception ; a group of camels standing near the fountain, with a herd of goats, and black cattle, and a dark-eyed, bare-bosomed woman, drawing water for them—a lazy, dark-browed Bedouin, with tufted spear, and gun slung over his shoulder, standing idly by ; three or four swarthy and naked

children, shouting among the flock, and some asses tugging at the dry herbage. This was the picture, made up only of the native elements, but still very romantic to me. And indeed, I reflect, the wells are the resting-spots we long for in the heat of noon, and near which we must spread our canvas at the close of day. In the dreary waste, it is like coming to a city, for you are sure to see some sign of life, to hear some human voice. In Palestine, the fountains are wedded to the ideas of woman and love. Was it not at the well of Haran, Rebekah gave drink to Eliezer, the servant of Abraham, and was chosen by him to be Isaac's wife? that, at the same well, Jacob rolled away the stone for Rachel, and, having watered her sheep, kissed her, and loved her? that at the well of Sychar, Jesus begged drink of the woman of Samaria? that, to-day, at the fountains, the beautiful girls of Bethlehem are courted by the Syrian youth? But we leave Ain-el-Haud, and pass into a region, if possible, more desolate. And now our road was not without a spice of danger. There had been feuds between the Abu n' Sair and the tribes of the Adouan; some lives had been lately lost, and the young men of the latter tribe were abroad, seeking the "*blood-revenge!*" Therefore, when a match-lock gleamed above some projecting rock, or spear-points around the shoulder of a hill, our guides would dash forward on their blooded mares, with guns unslung, and the runners, on foot, following close behind, brandishing their short, knotted clubs, and shouting: "*Tāāl hennee, hennee! Y' Allah! ma isteggerēesh—isteg! gerée!*" etc. ("Come on, come out; ah! God is with us! He dares not—let him dare!")

But the skulking Arabs are fearful of the revolvers which the travellers are known to possess, and they either retreat or are discovered to be simple peasants, harmless, though armed. Dr. Olin says, truly, of the region we are now traversing, "The mountains seem to have been loosened from their foundations, and rent to pieces by some terrible convulsion, and then left to be scathed by the burning rays of the sun." And, indeed, as we enter the glen of the Wady-el-Kelt, we find it to be one of the sublimest, as well as one of the most desolate ravines in the world.

Here we stopped for our noonday meal, and, as it commenced

to rain very fast, we sought shelter in the mouth of a cavern, the interior of which, doubtless, was a refuge for jackals and wolves. The sides of this glen are sheer precipices of naked rock, the tops of which are pierced by little grottoes, in which the hermits of old dwelt. But we are anxious to push on to our destination before nightfall, so we are soon in the saddle again, and ascending other heights ere long. See, opening up suddenly before us, the great plain of the Jordan! The descent is rapid and dangerous. Here, as elsewhere on the dreary road, one is reminded that the "going down" is descriptive of the physical features; the "falling among thieves," and getting "stripped," and "wounded," just what one might expect, and not a few experience even now. So we toil along over rolling stones, until we reach the level of the plain, and then, giving our horses free rein, we gallop hard until we see our white tents gleaming, right among the mud-walls of JERICHO. It had been a toilsome day's ride, and I felt faint and weary when I gave the bridle to Eugène, at the door of my canvas-home of this our

FIFTH ENCAMPMENT IN PALESTINE.

March 28th.

Last night we had a dance of the Bedouins around our tent, our guards forming themselves into a circle, and going through the movements of war, singing their songs of love, and all for a pitiable addition to the backshish which they had been promised. I looked out from my tent-door upon the little, miserable mud village, among clumps of the thorny nubk-bushes, and could hardly realize that this was the ancient JERICHO—the once city to which Joshua sent the spies from the plains of Moab, "on the other side of Jordan"—this the Jericho whose balsam-gardens and palm-trees were given by Antony to Cleopatra—this once a royal city of Herod the Great—but the curse of God lies heavily upon it to this day: "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth this city Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his first-born, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it."

Not far from the village the strange mountain of Quarantania

risces abruptly from the plain; its summit is crowned by a little chapel, and its rugged sides pierced with the rude grottoes, all tenanted when hermits were fashionable. Dr. Porter appropriately quotes Milton's beautiful lines in this spot, and I cannot do better than follow his example :

“ It was a mountain at whose verdant feet
A spacious plain, outstretched in circuit wide,
Lay pleasant ; from his side two rivers flowed,
The one winding, the other straight, and left between
Fair champaign, with less rivers intervened ;
Then meeting, joined their tribute to the sea ;
Fertile of corn the glebe, of oil and wine ;
With herds the pastures thronged, with flocks the hills ;
Huge cities and high-towered, that well might seem
The seats of mightiest monarchs, and so large
The prospect was, that here and there was room
For barren desert, fountainless, and dry.
To this high mountain, too, the tempter brought
Our Saviour, and new train of words began.”

Early this morning we were in our saddles, and dashing off across the plain to the sacred River Jordan, straight toward the very spot where Jesus was baptized. And now, as my strength comes back to me, I begin to enjoy this adventurous gypsy-life with a zest I have never before felt. After all, a man may move among his fellows very usefully—who doubts it?—may dress, eat, sleep, dance, make love, marry, and die like his companions, and yet, if he has not had an experience like this—if he has not travelled with his senses sharpened by danger; his left hand on the bridle-rein, his right on his pistol-belt; lived among people who would like to put him to death because he is *not* a vagrant and a robber; slept on the hard ground that has never been parcelled off into acres and perches, with no covering above him but a strip of cotton to prevent his looking straight into the starry eyes of heaven; if he has not climbed dizzy crags, sailed over stormy seas, and exulted among the mists and clouds, he goes down to his grave with a craving that he will better understand in immortality. It is something, I tell you, to leave embroidered shirt-fronts, varnished boots, and the opera behind you, and, passing

the frontier of all respectability, live out the whole *rowdy* part of yourself, caring not a snap for deportment, or your next-door neighbor. Why, *at home* (and God bless it!) in dear, prim, prudish, proud, polite P——, you dare not dress, walk, talk, ride, or sing, unlike your proper, dapper neighbor, but that the nice, precise proprieties are offended; and, if you have not generating in your poor body enough steam to explode all the boiler bounds of this prudent but mistaken society, you slowly fume and consume; and, though you may ignobly rust out your life, you are saved from being—just what you ought to be for a time—a vagabond on the face of the earth.

Do you tell me that this brave dependence of a man on himself is nothing; that this culture of the eye and ear passes for naught; the ripening of thought in the solitude of the desert vain; this living so near to Nature as to catch her slightest whispers, and to understand them, only a poet's gain? Ah, no. It is comfort, health, strength to men who are dying with very weariness of dear, deserving routine. Yes, dear Bookworm, there are those living near you now who are walking over the courses of life on which, if they were thus trained and tried, they could run and win the richest of its stakes!

We near the Jordan banks. We have long since passed beyond the boundary of men who dwell under roofs, and, just over that dark hill on the other side of the river, the warriors of the Taámra are seen now and then dashing along on their fleet mares, perhaps in search of "blood-revenge." This tribe can bring together many thousand fighting-men, and are rich in camels. I have mentioned the continual quarrels among the Bedouins, making it dangerous for those of one tribe to touch the land possessed by the other; and now I must add that the severest law of the son of the Desert is that supposed to be entailed by the passage—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." So that it is considered to be the right and duty of every relative and friend to hunt and slay not only the murderer, but his kin, whenever and wherever found; thus the law of *blood-revenge* keeps the tribes and villages of the Arabs continually at war, and leads to endless feuds, running into an infinite series of murders.

The Jordan dashes through a tortuous glen, differing in places from two to six hundred feet wide. The sides are abrupt and broken, composed of marl and clay, and fringed with broad belts of oleander, tamarisk, and willow; while, in many spots, dense jungles are formed by reeds and underwood, which secure dens for not only the leopard and wild boar, but also for the Bedouin robber. At the place where we dismounted (the same spot to which the pilgrims come after the Jerusalem Easter festival to bathe, and supposed to be the point at which Christ was baptized) it is about one hundred feet wide, and the yellow, muddy waters dash around the curving points more with the fury of a torrent than the calm, peaceful flow of a river. We have the sacred history to guide us as to the spot where the Israelites crossed "right against Jericho," and, as I sat beneath the clump of willows on the banks of the Jordan, I read with new interest the account of that wonderful event recorded in Joshua iii. and iv. All of the party stripped to take a bath in the sacred river, an experiment I was afraid to try, on account of my recent illness; after which our tin cans were filled with the water, which, perhaps, will serve some day in America for sundry sprinklings and baptisms for infants now unborn. *Quien sabe?* While these ablutions are taking place (and, notwithstanding the traditional and sacred character of these waters, I am shocked to observe the Gentleman Traveller does not omit his *soap*, which, to my mind, is equal to Cromwell's "Trust in God, *but* keep your powder dry"), I will describe to you the ancient custom of the pilgrims bathing here, which may be of interest:

"On the Monday of Passion-week, several thousand half-frantic pilgrims rush down the wild passes from Jerusalem to Jericho, and bivouac on the site of the ancient Gilgal. The desolate plain is thus suddenly filled with life, and the stray traveller who witnesses the scene will be strikingly reminded of the multitudes that thronged eighteen centuries ago to the 'baptism of John.' Every Christian state of Europe and Asia has its representative there; and there, too, is seen, picturesquely grouped, every variety of costume. At their head marches the Turkish Governor of Jerusalem, with an armed escort to guard against the bandits, who,

since the days of the 'good Samaritan,' have infested this desert road. Some hours before dawn on the following morning, a host of *tomtoms* suddenly give forth their discordant but stirring roll, and a thousand torches suddenly flash amid the thickets of the plain. Over the desert presses the crowd in silence. A ruddy glow along the eastern horizon brings out in bold relief the summits of the Moab mountains, and gives a hint of the sun's approach. The pilgrims, as they descend the steep bank from the upper terrace, now see in the pale light of morning the dark line of foliage that hides the sacred stream. An opening in the fringed border is soon afterward discovered, and the motley throng make toward it to perform their bath. Some plunge in naked; most of them have with them, however, white dresses, which, after having been used in the Jordan, are kept afterward for their winding-sheets. Most of the bathers keep within the shelter of the bank, where the water is only about four feet deep, but the Coptic pilgrims strike out boldly into the torrent, and play with the eddies as if they were in the cataracts of their own Nile. . . . A primitive, domestic character pervades the whole transaction. The families which have come on their single mule or camel now bathe together with the utmost gravity; the father receiving from the mother the infant, which has been brought to receive the one immersion, which will suffice for the rest of its life, and thus, by a curious economy of resources, save it from the expense and danger of a future pilgrimage in after-years. Before the noonday heat sets in, they have remounted their camels and horses, and soon after are encamped on the upper plain of Jericho. . . . Once more they may be seen taking their homeward march in the dead of the night: the torches light the way. Behind follow the vast multitude, passing in profound silence over the barren plain—so silent that, but for the tinkling of the *tébels*, they would seem like an army of spectres. The troops stay last on the ground and, guard the rear; and when the last roll of the drum announces that the last soldier has gone, the whole plain returns again to its perfect solitude."

Again in the saddle, we left the river and struck across the plain in a southwesterly direction toward the Dead Sea. Imme-

diately on gaining the upper bank we entered a flat, smooth plain, covered with a white sulphurous crust, and without a single vestige of vegetation. And now commenced one of the most remarkable experiences of my Holy-Land journey—the deception in regard to distance. The sea appeared to lie within five minutes' gallop of our stopping-place, and each moment it seemed as if I could almost throw a stone on its borders, but yet we journeyed on wearily for nearly *two hours* before we reached its shores. The air was becoming each moment more heavy and hazy, a great veil of mist descended from the dull heavens and touched the very margin of the sleeping lake, while a patch of sunlight seemed to tack this undulous fog-curtain to the sides of the mountains of Moab on the one hand, and to those of Judea on the other. The spell of sadness was upon all our company as we approached this mysterious sea. The Arab sheiks in the advance no longer ran about us in circles, imitating their warlike *djérid*, filling the air with their cries, and brandishing their long tufted lances, which now trailed in the spongy soil. Mahmoud* forgot his songs or stories, and, giving free bridle to his stout pony, seemed to be plunged in thought, which probably was not more profound than of how much backshish the monks of Mar-Saba would demand of him to-night. Far in the distance moved our little caravan; so the bells around the necks of our asses did not come to us with the usual joyous tinkle, and the rude but cheery songs of the mukari were lost. Our horses' feet sank deep into the spongy sand, and they advanced slowly and painfully. However, within half a mile of the edge, the earth becoming more firm, we started fairly for a race to the borders, and my sinewy Saïd carried me victor to the sea. My Bookworm, I will not afflict you with an analysis of these waters, neither the quantity of salt or sulphur they contain, nor their specific gravity—for, being a man of science, you know all this better than I can tell you of it; I come here simply as a Sentimental Idler, to gaze upon the most wondrous sea in the world, the waters that cover Sodom and Gomorrah, the sinful cities of the plain. They lie motionless and waveless in a deep caldron formed by bare cliffs, surrounded by sterility and the terrible solitude like death. The marshes of

Ghor give rise in summer to intermittent fevers, and in winter the bleak winds rushing through the deep ravines make it almost impossible to travel here. Masses of asphaltum float at times on the surface of this sea; the taste of its waters is bitter and nauseous, and he is a bold man who ventures to bathe in it. To the eye the Dead Sea seems like a beautiful Venetian glass, and, though the rude winds pass over it, no curling waves disturb its surface, its waters are so heavy. No fishes live in its deeps, no birds chirp on its borders, no murmurs, no mysterious songs, swell along its shores, no sonorous melancholy symphonies—Dead Sea! It is not without beauty; it sparkles, and even reflects in its mirror the grand mountains that loom above it, and the desert that lies at its feet; but never does its white girdle of foam lave the one or kiss the other—it has no heart for the nature about it, resting in its volcanic basin, as an eternal warning to man of the sovereign and inflexible will of God.

But we have still six good hours in the saddle yet, before we can possibly reach Mar-Saba; and so, after a hasty lunch, we leave the Dead Sea and ride forward toward the most dangerous part of our route. By the *Ain el-Feshka* (a salt-spring in the ancient territories of the Essenes) we enter a wild jungle of forests, canes, oleanders, *Agnus cacti*, and prickly shrubs, and form into solid line, for here in this forest of brambles lurks danger from the marauding and dangerous Adouans, who are at war with the tribe of our Arab guards, the Abu n'Sair. Every voice is hushed, and every ear opens. Our sheiks lead the way, their guns unslung, but even beyond them our runners are scouring the neighborhood for signs of the unfriendly Adouan. A dozen times we halt suddenly at a sign from our Bedouin guides, but go on carefully again, with ears alert and hands on our *tabanjas* (as our revolvers are called by the natives). The men hold many a parley—they seem to know we are treading on unsafe ground. Suddenly on a cone in the distance one of our runners waves his *kerfiéh* to the chiefs with our party, and, as this is the sign that an enemy is in sight, we halt for consultation. Again our dragoman showed the white feather, and, falling back, piteously begged us to loan him our *tabanjas*, but the Gentleman Traveller and I had long since de-

terminated, in case of an attack, that we must depend on ourselves and our good arms; so refusing his modest request, he borrowed a knife from Aziz, and we rode on to join our guides. We soon saw the cause of the alarm, for, winding around a distant hill, were a dozen Bedouins, well mounted (their tufted spears and long guns betokening their warlike mission), dashing down directly toward our party. They were two to one, but we could not go back; so, following the leaders, we put spurs to our horses and galloped up the steep hill-sides, at least to meet them on open ground. We soon joined our runners, and, revolvers in hand, we dashed forward. The nearer we approached to them, the more uncertain the affair looked to me for our success. On the left of us now were high masses of rocks, and on our right a steep chasm, into which abyss we were sure to go if our horses or arms failed us in the narrow pass. But I had not time to think much about it, for the leaders of both parties were approaching with guns in hand, and the loud cries of "*Esh teréed, da mín, da mín?*" ("What do you want? Who is it?" etc., etc.,) and I expected to hear the reports of fire-arms, when all at once I saw the leaders embracing, kissing on both cheeks, and engaging in that endless form of salutation which Bedouins never forget even in the desert solitudes. We put our revolvers in our sashes, much better satisfied with this termination, I assure you. It appears they were the guards of a large party of howadjis behind; that they belonged to a friendly tribe, and had taken us for the hostile Adouan, making the same error as we had in regard to them. Soon their company approached, and we were delighted to recognize among them our kind hosts who had sheltered us on the bleak hills of Beth-horon—although my unruly stallion returned evil for the good done to his master, by kicking Dr. Burt's horse in the nose, and tumbling the reverend gentleman in the mud, from which, however, he arose good-natured and unhurt, and we left our friends, hoping to encounter at the Sea of Galilee or at Damascus.

The Pass of Kunciterah leads up the southern side of a deep wady, having the steep mountain on the left, and yawning ravines into which a breath would hurl us on the right, and for five weary hours we toil through wild and dreary valleys, over bleak and

barren hill-tops, until we reach a picturesque mountain, from which we obtain a commanding view over the country (dotted here and there with a group of black tents), the "Wilderness of Engeddi" to the southward, and occasional glimpses of the Dead Sea through the breaks in the distant cliffs. The constant change of the wild panorama is beautiful, and although I am ready to fall from my good Saïd from very weariness, I enjoy vastly the grand cloud-effects, and blending of the colors of the mist-veils with the deep tender blue of the distant mountains of Moab. Often the runners dart into little dark clefts and bring me out wild flowers, which I carefully press in my note-book for you. As evening was upon us, we entered the northern side of the Kidron valley, and our way wound between perpendicular cliffs over three hundred feet high. Nothing could be more savage and rude than this scenery. The road is carried up along the brink of chasms, partly on natural ledges of rocks, partly on artificial cuttings, while here and there the dark openings in the rocks show that we are entering the haunts of the ancient anchorites. Yes, here were the prison-homes of those men in the rocky ramparts of the dark ravines; in these spots they sought to know God better; and here they passed their days in gloomy contemplation of Nature. THE CONVENT MAR-SABA was right before us, and it seemed to be clinging to the sides of the precipice. The building looks as much like a feudal fortress as a church: its irregular masses of walls and towers are dispersed from the summit of the mountain to the bottom of the ravine, so that it is almost impossible to say how much is the work of the mason, and how much that of Nature. St. Sabas, the founder of the convent, after searching the whole wilderness, at last hit upon a cave here in this glen to make his home, and commence a holy order. This was in the year 483; tradition says that he found a lion in this den, but he drove the beast forth, and, this little difficulty settled, he took possession, and commenced the work of building his religious house.

Arrived at a rocky platform in front of the low iron door, we saw several tents pitched, and, as it commenced to storm furiously, and I perceived there were ladies in the party, I demanded of Mahmoud why the persons did not go into the convent, as it was

especially for the shelter of travellers. He informed me that it is one of the rules of the Order, that no female foot is ever permitted to cross the threshold. And now I remembered that Miss Harriet Martineau had said that "these monks were too holy to be hospitable," and that Madame Pfeiffer, the adventurous female traveller, spent a night in utter solitude without these very walls.

But twelve hours in the saddle, and the dinner-hour long past, make one uncharitable and wolfish; so without sermonizing about this affair, as we might have done on full stomachs, we permitted our tired bodies to be led into the long, low convent-cell, where, as we saw the white cloth spread, the long-necked bottle upon the table, and sniffed the odor from Ali Hamada's kitchen, we were ready to embrace dirty Brother Ambrose, and to declare Mar-Saba the most hospitable place in the world. Mar-Saba is the property of the Greek Church, and is said to be the richest convent in Palestine. To have the reputation of wealth is not safe in such a country, so the monks have fortified their castle strongly, and never permit a Bedouin (unless guiding travellers) to cross the threshold. There is, however, a little tribe scattered among the surrounding glens called "*Ghusfër*" (protectors), like some of the Tawarah Arabs of Mount Sinai; they get presents of food and clothing from the monks, and enjoy the monopoly of conveying their supplies from Jerusalem. In the evening, after dinner, as we lay upon our mats in the cell, smoking, we were visited by two of the fathers, with whom we had a friendly glass of *raki*, and of whom we purchased some canes, chaplets made of Dead Sea shells, etc. Later, the superior of the convent was good enough to write in my autographic book a blessing (which was all *Greek* to me), but of which I send you a free translation:

"We pray our God the Spirit of our Thought for you. We pray for His blessings on you and your church, from the beginning to the end. By the holy spirit of our Saint Mar-Saba. March 28, 1867.

By the hand of the

"CONFESSOR JOSEPH."

So good-night from our sixth encampment.

March 29/A.

This morning, after backshish all around, the good monks consented to part with us—I learned later, that my servant had left his silver watch behind in his cell, but I doubt not that it will be returned by the honest fathers when I shall have an opportunity to send for it.* Three hours' hard riding over a succession of naked plateaus, brings us to *Beit Lahm*, the "House of Flesh," which no one doubts is identical with the BETHLEHEM, "House of Bread." The sacred interest of this village is only second to Jerusalem itself. It is situated on a narrow ridge which projects eastward from the central mountain-range, and breaks down in abrupt terraced slopes to deep valleys on the northeast and south. Now the aspect of the country changes, and in place of the desolation and barrenness of the "wilderness," we see rows of luxuriant olives interplanted with the fig and the vine. The great Latin convent, "*Church of the Nativity*," stands separated from the village by a sort of rocky esplanade, and toward its portals we make our way. It appears more like a fortified castle, but most all of the holy houses in Palestine have this appearance. Externally there is nothing remarkable, save the size, strength, and commanding site. On entering the guest-room of the convent, we were met cordially by one of the monks, who addressed us, instead of the Arabic jargon (to which now our ears were becoming familiar), in good French, and invited us to partake of the luncheon spread out on the long table, to which we did justice, as well as to the pure wine of Bethlehem set before us. After we had finished the repast, we ascended to the roof of the convent, to gaze upon the landscape that must ever be full of interest to those whose youth has been fed on the poetry of the pastorals of Rachel, Ruth, and David. Here, look on the very fields in which Boaz reaped his corn; the slopes on which David kept his sheep; the road along which the Virgin and her husband toiled; the country in which the "shepherds held their watch by night." Facing to the south and east, its gardens glow in the heat of noon, and its

* In this, however, I was mistaken, for when, a few hours later, I met the young Vicomte de V—, of Brussels, at Solomon's Pools, who was going directly to Mar-Saba, and who demanded the watch for me, all knowledge of it was denied. I am sure they are welcome to the old Russian keepsake.

white stone houses seem ablaze with light. The vines, fig, and olive trees love the soil; the grapes have a strong, sweet pulp, of an aromatic taste, and the green figs have a delicate flavor. The little bit of plain through which Ruth gleaned after the young men has many a nook of welcome and pleasant shade; and the burial of Rachel, that typical mother of Israel, on the green ridge, in the shade of olives and fig-trees, makes the spot holy forever in the eyes of all her race.

And the sacred story becomes so beautiful with the scenery spread out like a living map before us, and with such a companion as the graceful Dixon to interpret it for us! How there came a long draught on the hill-sides of Judah and the corn-fields of the plain below the town; how Isaac, pinched for food, had gone down toward the sea-shore; and how Elimelech looked toward the abounding fields of Moab, and, taking with him his wife Naomi and his sons, went thither. How, when Naomi heard that the rain had visited her land, and given bread to her people, said she would return to her own city. Then Orpah, the widow of Chilion, kissed her and went back; but Ruth, the widow of Mahlon, spoke those sweet words full of solemn beauty: "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God!"

And so in the early spring days, when even the desert hills are alive with green of herbs and shrubs, the two women, who were to renew the blood of Judah, and in whose posterity the whole earth was to be one day blessed, came up from Moab through the very valleys of this wilderness we had so lately traversed to a city which knew them not.

"Is this Naomi?"

The woman was proud and wretched, and she answered her questioners in wrath. But Ruth, the Moabitish damsel, at her side, was soft and comely, of a tenderness and beauty strange among the Hebrews. Perhaps she was fair, like her descendant David, who had light eyes and a rosy cheek; and, like Solomon his son, whose skin is said to have been ruddy and white, and his eyes like doves' eyes, washed with milk. By the law of Moses, Ruth

could have claimed that her husband's next of kin should receive her, and take her home to be his wife; but, being gentle and good as she was comely, she would not force him to do her right. When April was come, and the barley-harvest ripe for the sickle, the fair woman went down into yon fields of the plain to glean after the reapers, trusting in the Lord. Boaz, who was Mahlon's uncle, though not his next of kin, coming down into the fields, which were his own, said to his servants, as a sheik going down to the harvest would say to his men even now, "The Lord be with you!" and the reapers answered him, "The Lord bless thee!"

When Boaz saw his kinswoman in the field among the reapers, he spoke softly to her, bidding her glean after his men, and keep by the side of his maidens, inviting her, when she was thirsty, to go up to the pitchers and drink of the water which his people had drawn for their own use; not being afraid, as he should command his servants not to molest her, or to put any shame upon her. At meal-times he bade her come into the shady place, where the reapers sat with him at meals, and there eat of the bread and the parched corn, and dip her morsel into the vinegar set before them. It was the dawn of a new love in the old man's heart.

When the barley and even the wheat harvests had been garnered in, as Boaz slept on the threshing-floor, Ruth (by the counsel of Naomi) threw herself upon her kinsman's grace. The old man's soul was touched; he knew what the law commanded him to do—him, after the next of kin—and he loved the fair stranger who had left behind her in Moab her country and her gods. So, when it was day, he went up from his house to the city-gate (I can see it from here), and, sitting down in the shade of the arch, he called to him the ten elders of Bethlehem, and the man who was Mahlon's next of kin, and bade them declare before all the people that which the law commanded them to do for Ruth. The man who then refused to perform a kinsman's part to the strange woman had his shoe plucked off in sign of disgrace. Boaz bought his inheritance, and, taking Ruth home to his house, she became his wife, a second Rachel, and the mother of a line of kings.

Then, after three generations, comes the episode of Saul, and a little later the beautiful idyl of David, until the interest in this spot culminates in the house of Chimham, before which the fugitives, flying from the wrath of the King of Babylon, disobeying the voice of the Lord, marched away through the plains of Egypt; and, at last, the greatest idyl of that glorious night, when the shepherds of yon plain were aroused by angelic voices, singing hymns of joy at the Saviour's birth. St. Luke describes the scene as we may figure it even now. Joseph and his young wife, said to be fair and beautiful, like her ancestor David, and even like the young girls I passed at the fountain not an hour ago, were coming up from Nazareth in Galilee to be taxed—that is, to be counted and inscribed—in their own tribe and house. The girl fell sick. The great khan was full of people, and there was no room in the guest-chamber; but the throes of nature came upon her, and, in the narrow cave where the asses were stalled, the Saviour of mankind was born.

The winter was in its depth, and the starry hosts were frosted into fire. A figure gleamed upon the shepherds in the fields below, keeping watch over their flocks. It was the angel of the Lord, who spoke to them, saying: "Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy; for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

And when the shepherds looked up, they saw around the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

After gazing a long time upon this scene, fraught with so many sacred memories, we descended with our monk-guide to the grottoes beneath the church. Not far from the main door, on the south side of the convent, we descended a narrow staircase hewn in the rock, and lit by a glimmering lamp (it brought to my mind here, strangely enough, the famous story of Aladdin, and this might have stood for his cave), until we reached a low vault; to the left of this is the altar and tomb of St. Eusebius. But from here we passed into the study of St. Jerome, now a chapel containing an altar on one side, and an old painting

above it, representing the saint writing, and the lion at his feet. "Here it was," says Geramb, "that the illustrious recluse passed a great portion of his life. . . . Here it was that with a stone he struck his body, bowed by the weight of years and austerities, and with loud cries besought mercy of the Lord; and here, too, he produced those laborious works which have justly earned him the title of the 'Father of the Church.'"

Returning to the grotto we first entered (behind a massive column) stands an altar said to mark the spot where twenty thousand children, murdered by Herod's order, were buried (?). Adjoining this we traversed a long narrow vault called the Chapel of Joseph, from which a long, damp, crooked passage opens into the main point of interest—THE CHAPEL OF THE NATIVITY. This is a low vault hewn in the solid rock, about forty feet long and eleven wide. On approaching a small circular apse in the east end, we find a marble slab fixed in the pavement, with a silver star in the centre, and before this we kneeled. Can you, being a Christian and believer, comprehend the simple, solemn charm in those Latin words?

"HIC DE VIRGINE MARIA JESUS CHRISTUS NATUS EST."

("Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary.")

There was a beauty and a sanctity in the line which can only be comprehended in this spot; yet, I would have preferred that the gold and marble, silken hangings, miserable daubs of pictures, and smell of incense, had been absent from this place, forever sacred as the birthplace of our Divine Master.

Soon after, we were led out of the convent by our guide, and taken some distance, to the *Milk Grotto*, where tradition states that the Virgin and Child hid themselves from the wrath of Herod, before their flight to Egypt. This cave is excavated in the chalky rock, deriving its whiteness, so the monk tells us, from some drops of the Virgin's milk which accidentally fell upon it. Pilgrimages are made to this grotto from all parts of the world, by those who believe in the virtue of the stone—of miraculously increasing woman's milk. I know not if I looked incredulous at this assertion of my monkish friend, but he demurely chipped me off a

piece from the roof, and I will send it to you in my next package from Beyrout.

After viewing all the holy spots tradition has assigned to this place, the Gentleman Traveller and your Idler walked down toward the Fountain of David—I defy you to demand wherefore? Not to discuss arabesques, not to quench our thirst, but simply to discover if the beauty of the women of Bethlehem, so highly vaunted by all ancient and modern travellers, was a reality, or only a creation of the brain.

Do you know what it is to feel hungry for the sight of beauty?—Pardon my way of expressing it, but really, when one has been accustomed all one's life to wander amid the fresh rose-gardens of America, where each bush is blooming with some rare and fragrant flower, or even in the conservatories of Europe, where, although the plants may be a trifle more faded, but yet are not without color, and a certain perfume—when one, I say, leaves all these sweet flowers behind, and for long, weary months wanders in the desert wastes, on mysterious rivers, and through the wilderness, where, if perchance there be a wild plant blooming, some jealous hand soon hides it from an Idler's careless gaze, or the Traveller's searching eyes—when suddenly from all barrenness, one turns in thought from the blackened paths and rootless field-flowers to the home-plants that shake the rain-drops from their hair; to the scarlet blossoms that bend, and pout, and kiss each other in the gardens far away; to the leaves that whisper of us to the night-winds; to the starry eyes half veiled, and covetous for prophecy, that the loved one may be revealed—yes, when you possess all these homesick emotions—all these poesies, as yet unrhymed—you will understand me when I say I was hungry for the sight of beauty. The description that follows will show you that Providence soon provided me with a full meal.

About the Fountain of David were the usual Oriental loungers—the dirty dervishes, a leper or two, many beggars, a mounted Bedouin, a story-teller, some old women, and a line of girls going and coming, carrying water from the fountain. Among a dozen of these latter there were at least one-half who would be called lovely

but as one's eyes are fixed instinctively upon the star of evening, in a sky that sparkles full of minor orbs, so mine were arrested by the form and face of —, this being, whose name I shall never know, but whose beauty will remain in my heart as a sweet and eternal souvenir of Bethlehem. Her grace was of a nature I have found only in the Orient; her form was majestic, and supple as in a statue of Phidias, and her soul was revealed in a timid, half-curious glance, that only exists now among a primitive people. All the conditions of beauty joined in this young woman so harmoniously that the first coquettish look she threw upon our party, exposed the dreamy, wandering thought of her heart—innocent, and having no suspicion that any maidenly emotion should be veiled to man. I know I should tell you the color of her eyes, the shape of her mouth, and the form of her shoulders—but her beauty, to me, was not that of detail—it was a thing of delicacy of contour, virginal purity of lines, elegance of forms, revealing to the eye that voluptuous sensibility of a being born for love, that I only seized the sentiment of her beauty, with complete satisfaction, that harmony of enjoyment—which is not what is called love—but which is indeed the love of intelligence, the love of the artist, the love of genius for a perfect work. Her Oriental costume added much to the charms of her person; her long hair, of a light brown (nearly golden in the sunlight), was filled with small gold ornaments, and plaited in many tresses, which fell over her almost naked shoulders. Her breast was uncovered; her *yelek*, embroidered with silver flowers, was confined at the waist by a graceful sash of cashmere, and her symmetrical arms passed through open and flowing sleeves of linen, while her costume was completed by a large, wide robe, which fell in graceful folds nearly to her bare feet. Never poet (save Byron, in his “*Haïdée*,”) has described so ravishing an apparition, and never had I seen, in life, such perfection of grace, innocence, and sweet confusion, blended in a visage yet infantine. I advanced toward her, asking, in my bad Arabic, for “*mō'ie*” (water), and adding, “*Ente ry fayn? ente queiāsa, tāāl hennee*,” etc. (“Where are you going! Come here, beautiful one, and give me water.”) She retreated from the fountain, but yet glanced back as she fled, held out her

hand archly, and cried—and her voice sounded like a clear, rich bell—“*Backshish, O howadji, backshish!*”

Never had that hateful word sounded so endurable before. But it was getting late. I tore myself from the enchantment of the locality, and though, before long, we had left the slopes of Bethlehem behind us, and were galloping toward the Pools of Solomon, I shall never forget the Fountain of David, and the vision of beauty by which it will forever be consecrated in my memory.

SEVENTH ENCAMPMENT—“ETHAM.”

Evening, March 30th.

After a fatiguing journey to HEBRON to-day, I sit down all alone in my tent (the Traveller having gone off with the dragoman to Jerusalem) to give you some further account of myself. Our tents are pitched under the walls of an old khan, almost on the borders of Solomon's Pools. These are called, by the Arabs, “*El Burák*,” “the Tanks,” and are situated in a broad, rocky valley. There are three of them, and evidently they were used to secure a constant supply of water for the Holy City. On descending to them, I find they are partly excavated in the rocky bed of the valley, and partly built up of large, huge stones, evidently of great antiquity. They are so arranged, that the bottom of each upper pool is higher than the top of the next, and the source from which they all receive their supplies is a subterranean fountain (which I visited), in an open field, some distance up the valley, to the northwest.

But, to my visit to the Oaks of Mamre. This morning, at daybreak, I was awakened by my servant, and found Saïd already saddled at the tent-door. Aziz, the muloteer, was in attendance, and, after dispatching a light breakfast, we started across the mountains on another weary journey. It was a good five hours' ride to the Valley of Eshcol, and I was glad to see the ancient city of Hebron, and to sit down to my luncheon under the giant tree which goes by the name of “Abraham's Oak.” Here I found a large American party assembled, many ladies and gentlemen whom I had encountered elsewhere in Holy Land, and among them a

poetess, whose charming verses on "The Prayer in the Desert" I think I have quoted for you in some former letter.

Of course, the chief interest of Hebron lies in its being one of the most ancient cities in the world still existing, and from the neighborhood having been so long the favorite camping-ground of the patriarchs, and the scene of some of the most remarkable events of their lives.

The city is picturesquely situated low down in the valley of Eshcol, whose sides, as of yore, are covered with flourishing vines, groves of gray olives, and gardens of fig-trees. The main quarter of the town is surmounted by the lofty walls of the Haram, which is supposed really to enclose the Cave of Machpelah.

We entered through the picturesque north gate of the town, and found ourselves in streets as dirty, narrow, crooked, and dangerous, as Palestine can produce. The petty merchants left their shops to stare at us; the artisans quit their work; the women and children followed us to beg a backshish, and the old Moslems and Jews cursed us equally if not audibly. When we assembled in the filthy lane fronting the sacred Haram, we had to bargain with the soldiers to find the porter, and with the porter to hunt up the guardian of the keys; and with the latter to admit us to the mosque and cave without a permit from somebody somewhere. All extortions having been at length complied with, we were permitted to bump our noses, and bruise our limbs, among dark crannies within the sacred sepulchres of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah ("on all of whom be peace!" say I), to look into tubs full of bones, until I was reminded of the mummy-pit on the Nile, and glad to escape even into the filthy lane again to get a sight of the blue sky, and an odor, even if it was not a perfume, of above-ground. And now I am reminded of it again, my pride in the human species is decreasing day by day. The skulls in the Convent of St. Ursula, at Cologne, gave a cruel blow to it, and the pits in Sheikh Ab-del-Koorneh, set me thoughtfully to consider the amount of lime, dust, and gas, it takes to make up that being of whom Pope speaks so bitterly, and yet how truly:

"Man is a very worm by birth,
Vile reptile, weak and vain;
Awhile he crawls upon the earth,
Then sinks to earth again."

Leaving Hebron at length, in company with my sole guide, the Mukari Aziz, I followed the ancient paths toward my camp at the Pools. We lost our way once, and were a good two hours wandering among the hills, until we met a shepherd who directed us aright. But every spot was holy ground—every footfall trodden long centuries ago by patriarch and prophet—and although the cities they built are ruins, the features of Nature remain unchanged. Yes, among these very mountains the shepherd-king penned the sweetest lines ever written, and sung the noblest strains, the memory of which brought back the music of the poet, which so fitly describes that era when

"The harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The king of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which music hallowed, while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts hath given,
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven !

"It softened men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own ;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not, to the tone,
'Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne !

"It told the triumphs of our king,
It wafted glory to our God ;
It made our gladdened valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod ;
Its sound aspired to heaven and there abode !"

The moon was up long before I saw the white tents by the old khan, and after the fatiguing day I was glad enough to be in camp again. To-morrow morning I start back to Jerusalem, where we shall make final preparations for our long trip into northern Syria. Good-night !

March 31st.

Tents down again this morning, and our little caravan proceeding slowly toward Mount Zion, which is only a three hours'

journey. The weather is oppressively hot, and the mules and muleteers are suffering very much. Winding around a high hill on the northern bank of the valley, Bethlehem comes once more in sight, and a short distance beyond Beit Jāla, the Tomb of RACHEL is seen. It is a small white building surmounted by a dome, on the side of the road, and no doubt this is one of the few shrines concerning which traditions are identical, and that Christians, Moslems, and Jews, agree in honoring.

Finally, we come upon the convent of Mār Eliās, a large pile of gray masonry surrounded by a high wall. In the smooth rock opposite the gate is shown a slight depression, something like what might be left by the human form reclining on a bed of sand. Here, tradition says, "The prophet Elijah lay down under the shade of an olive, when weary, hungry, and careworn, he fled from Jezebel, and angels supplied his wants." Scripture tells us that he rested under a juniper, and in the wilderness south of Beersheba; but, says Dr. Porter, with a fine irony, "of course, the monks know best."

Passing Mār Eliās without great attention, we strike a regular road filled with natives, peasants, Bedouins, pilgrims, and beggars, all journeying toward Jerusalem, the white buildings on Mount Zion being even now visible. We pass the well in which the "wise men" saw their guiding star reflected as they journeyed from the court of Herod to the NEW-BORN KING in the stable of Bethlehem. Galloping over a well-cultivated plain which gradually slopes to the *Wady el-Werd* (Valley of Roses), we at length descend into the deep ravine of Hinnom. On the right the ridge rises into a naked crown—this is the Hill of Evil Counsel. On its summit are the ruins of the country-house of Caiaphas, beside which stands a lonely, curiously-shaped tree, on which, tradition says, Judas hanged himself. Crossing the valley of Hinnom, we ascend to the frowning walls of the citadel, and enter the city again by the Yāfa gate. I have been thus particular in describing the sites and route, as you can by the aid of a map truly follow the Bible events, and this (to me) most interesting journey.



HOWLING DEJUVISIES

CHAPTER XXI.

PALESTINE.

The Mosque of Omar—The superb Haram Court, and a scrap of its history—The ancient shams of the Sadducees and Pharisees—Quarrels of the learned writers over the site of the Temple of Solomon—A Mussulman enters Paradise by a trap-door—The sad spectacle of the Hebrews' lamentations—The fallen race, and their touching faith—The Pool of Siloam—The splendid tombs in the valley—Upon Mount Zion, and the memories it evoked—Northward on the caravan route toward Damascus—Bethel, and the Chaldean priest—Nabulus, and the thieves at the Robbers' Well—Lost again on the road to Shiloh—Jacob's Well, and the poetry of the story on the spot—Samaria, and the ascent of glorious Mount Gerizim.

April 1st.

AFTER sending our guide to the consul's, the procuration of a gaudy *cawas*, and the paying of exorbitant backshish, we were rendered permission to visit the sacred temple, that *El Haram esh-Sherif*—"the Noble Sanctuary"—which the touch of a Christian's foot, a few years ago, would have brought about a rebellion in the Holy City, and most likely a massacre. Its situation I have already described to you in former letters—its spacious court (constituting a quarter by itself), overlooking the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and opposite to the Mount of Olives, is as beautiful as it is extensive. Massive and lofty walls surround and support the Haram; it is paved with rich marbles, which, although broken and defaced, now give an idea of its former magnificence; fountains and *mihrábs* are placed here and there. In the centre of the square rises the great *Mosque el-Aksa*, crowned with a noble dome, gorgeous with enamelled tiles, which glitter in the sunlight and exhibit all the hues of the rainbow, wrought into patterns of wondrous grace and intricacy. This Haram-court, so still and solemn now, is the same that, on the ancient Jewish Sabbath, resounded with the groaning of bulls under the maces; the bleating

of lambs under the sacrificing knives; the shouting of dealers, as they sold doves or shekels; the marching of priests in procession; the rude orders of guards on duty; and the hum of the voices of worshippers standing about the holy places, while the tongues of flame leaped faintly from the altars on which the priests were sprinkling blood.

Yes, while I stand here now, watching the white figures of veiled women, stealing, spectre-like, through the aisles, and the turbaned heads bowing low in the numerous prayer-niches, I recall some curious scraps of the ancient Jewish customs to memory, which throw much light on the hatred of that race to the teachings of Christ, who first set at naught their strict oral law.

The Sabbath had been given to man as a blessing; the Pharisees made of it a curse. Among the many marks which stamped the Jews as a peculiar people, Sabbath observance was, perhaps, the one mark most distinctive and conspicuous. A Greek had his religious feast; a Syrian, his gathering in the temple; an Egyptian, his sacrifices and his prayers. Many orders of men, besides Jews, had the rite of circumcision, to wit: the priests of Memphis, the Edomite sheiks, and the princes of Tyre. But no other people had a seventh day of peculiar sanctity. The Greek knew no Sabbath; the Philistine never ceased from his plough; the Sidonian from his ships—one day to them was like another—and heathen poets, like Ovid and Juvenal, distinguished a Jew by his Sabbath, even more than by his physiognomy and his garb; but, in carrying out this rule of observance, he had made an idol of it, until the mere ritual observance came to occupy in his heart the place of God.

From the moment of hearing the "*shofa*" sound—a ram's horn, blown from this very temple-wall, to announce the Sabbath—he was not allowed to light a fire, make a bed, or boil a pot. He could not pull his ass from a ditch, or raise an arm in defence of his life. He might not begin a journey—if going along a road, he must rest from sundown till the coming day; he might not carry a pencil, kerchief, or shekel in his belt. If he required a handkerchief for use, he must tie it around his leg. Even some rabbins held that a man ought not to change his position,

but that, whether he was standing or sitting, when the *shofa* sounded, he should stand or sit as immovable as a stone, until the Sabbath passed away. It was only in the Synagogue and the Temple that this rule could be set at naught; and the smiling Sadducees clung to the rule that there could be no Sabbath in holy things. The temple-fires were lit, the show-bread baked, the shekels paid in to the receivers, the doves and heifers slain, and the victims burnt with fire. Thus, in these courts the seventh day was the busiest of the week. And so, when Jesus broke the oral law, by healing on the Sabbath, the Jews would have killed Him, if they had dared, but He went on doing good in spite of the Pharisees and Sadducees, teaching two new truths: "*The Sabbath is made for man—not man for the Sabbath*;" and "*It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath-day!*"

No subject in Holy Writ has been more keenly disputed, from Josephus to Dr. Robinson, than the exact site of the Temple of Solomon. Yet all agree that near this very spot uprose the glorious sanctuary for the worship of the "God of Israel." With these learned questions I have, however, nothing to do; an Idler like myself only seizing the poetical aspects of places, men, and things, leaving the musty lore to the *savants*, whom, I have always noticed, have big noses and great breadth of understanding—two antiquarian qualities which you know I do not possess.

Just within the great door of the *Mosque el-Aksa* is a well, whose history interested me more than all the learned disquisitions on the *Palatium, Porticus, seu Templum Solomonis*. This is called the "Well of the Leaf," and the tradition is so pleasant I repeat it for you. Mohammed said, on a certain occasion, "One of my followers will enter Paradise walking, while yet alive." It so happened that, in the days of the Caliph Omar, some of the faithful came to Jerusalem to pray. One of them went to this well to draw water, but while doing so his bucket fell to the bottom. He went down to get it, and, to his great surprise, found there a door, opening into delicious gardens. Having walked through them for a time, he plucked a leaf from one of the trees, stuck it behind his ear, and hastened back to tell his companions. The matter was reported to the governor, who sent his servants

with the stranger, to see those remarkable subterranean gardens; but no door could be found. Omar was written to, and he at once replied that the prophecy of Mohammed was now literally fulfilled, because a living man had walked into Paradise. To test the matter, and settle all doubts, he desired them to examine the *leaf*, and, if it still remained green and fresh, it had been plucked from Paradise. The leaf, of course, had preserved its verdure. So, to this day, this is known as the "Well of the Leaf."

And thus it is settled, my dear Bookworm, by one of their own authorities, that the road to the Paradise of Mohammed is *down* and not *up*—eh?

And now note a contradiction: within the *Kubbel es-Sukhrah*, or "Dome of the Rock," which crowns the very summit of Mount Moriah, is the famous *rock* where the footmark of the prophet is shown, impressed there when he mounted his renowned Borak, for his nocturnal journey *up* to heaven. The rock, in acknowledgment of the honor, *bowed*, and was assisted in its obeisance by the angels, the *finger-prints* of whom are still shown.

But, without noticing all these foolish legends, I can at least recall to your mind the associations connected with this sacred mount. It was the hill on which Abraham built the altar and laid the wood to sacrifice his son Isaac; on its summit Ornan the Jebusite had his threshing-floor, and there he was employed with his four sons on that eventful day when Jerusalem was threatened with destruction. Ornan and his sons saw the angel of the Lord, "having a drawn sword in his hand," and hid themselves in terror; from the opposite Hill of Zion, David also saw him, and (with the elders of Israel clad in sackcloth) came to prostrate himself here before the Lord, to build an altar and offer sacrifices. On this rock Solomon built his Temple, and at the north-west angle of the Temple-court was afterward built the fortress called *Antonia*. But Ophel was a part of the hill extending southward, and has its sacred history—too long to recount here—as well. Leaving the mosques within the Temple area, and all the line of graceful columns and Saracenic arches (after viewing as well the subterranean wonders of Moriah, including the famous "golden gate" by which Christ entered Jerusalem), I found out-

side the JEWS' PLACE OF WAILING, which interested me much more. Of all the people of Palestine, to me the Israelites are the most curious study: there is something touching in their pride, their trust, and hope; having no eyes but for the sacred city, and coming from all parts of the earth to lay their bones in the valley of Jehoshaphat. To reach their Place of Wailing I wound through narrow, crooked lanes, until I entered a quadrangular paved area between low houses and a section of the ancient wall. Here, every Friday, gather the Hebrews from all lands, who bow their heads in prayer, raise up their united cries of lamentation over their desolated and dishonored sanctuary, touch the sacred Temple stones with their lips, and bathe the hallowed precinct with their tears. Old men may be seen tottering up to these massive stones, kissing them with fond rapture, burying their faces in the joints and cavities, while accents of deepest sorrow burst from their trembling lips; young men with fierce dark eyes, and the medallic profile, the glory of which has been transmitted unimpaired through a thousand generations and climates, are here also in groups, among the young women of that race whose beauty is a proverb—all of the “wandering foot and weary breast” seek refuge here, and cry out so touchingly in the words of the Psalmist: “O God! the heathen are come into Thine inheritance; Thy holy Temple have they defiled; they have laid Jerusalem on heaps; we are become a reproach to our neighbors, a scorn and derision to them that are round about us. How long, Lord? wilt Thou be angry forever? shall Thy jealousy burn like fire?”

“Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream;
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken shell;
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt, the godless dwell!”

April 2d.

To-day I rode over the Hill of Zion, and soon passed to my left the Valley of Hinnom, where the abominable rites in honor of Moloch were celebrated,* and here was thrown by command

* 2 Kings xxiii. 10; Ezekiel xxiii. 37-39.

of King Josiah all that could desecrate and defile the idolatrous sanctuary. At some little distance stands the "Mount of Offence," on which it was supposed Solomon erected a false temple.

Milton sung of this neighborhood :

"Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears ;
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud
Their children's cries unheard, that passed through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worshipped in Rabba and her wat'ry plain,
In Argob and in Basan, to the stream
Of utmost Arnon. Nor content with such
Audacious neighborhood, the wisest heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build
His temple right against the Temple of God,
On that opprobrious hill, and made his grove
The pleasant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell."

Keeping to the left, it was not a long ride to the Pool or SILOAM. Opposite to this celebrated spot is the ancient village looking over the valley of Jehoshaphat. It hangs picturesquely on the side of a hill, the houses are substantially built and very ancient; but many of the reckless and dangerous inhabitants live in rifled tombs existing in the neighborhood. No fountain about Jerusalem has obtained such a celebrity, and yet it is mentioned but three times in Scripture. Isaiah speaks of "the waters of Siloah that flow softly." Nehemiah says, Shallum built "the wall of the pool of Siloah by the king's garden;" and our Saviour commanded the blind man, "Go, wash in the pool of Siloam. . . . He went his way, therefore, and washed, and came seeing" (John ix. 7). But Josephus sets at rest all doubts as to the position of the pool. It is a rectangular reservoir, about fifty feet long, and when I stood by its waters the fountain was encumbered by peasant-women who were washing their clothes in it. The fountain has been clearly proved, by Dr. Robinson, not to rise from this spot, but that the water comes from the Fountain of the Virgin, from which the famous antiquarian traversed at a great cost of time and comfort to the Pool of Siloam. The dis-

covery of this remarkable conduit explains, at the same time, the phenomena mentioned by Jerome: "Siloam is a fountain whose waters do not flow regularly, but on certain days and hours, and issue with a great noise from caverns of the rock."

Going back again toward the Hill of Zion, I visited the tombs of Zacharias, James, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat. All have been hewn out of the solid rock, and that of Absalom is beautifully ornamented by six Doric columns on each side. It is said that no Jew ever passes this tomb but what he throws a stone against it, to mark his detestation of the rebellious son of David. In all probability, this is the pillar referred to in the Bible, that "Absalom, in his lifetime, reared a pillar in the King's dale to perpetuate his memory, having no son." * But my route toward Jerusalem was past the vast cemeteries, where thousands of the scattered children of Israel lie—the little white stones marking the tombs, that lie as thickly upon the ground as "autumn leaves in Vallambrosa."

I looked my last this evening on Jerusalem, for to-morrow we start northward. I stood upon Mount Zion, near the palace and tomb of David. Even to me this spot, not only for its lovely view, has been most dear—next to the Sepulchre itself, the most full of pleasant inspirations. How often have the songs of this poet-king touched my heart, and ravished my thoughts, in childhood! I even think they first kindled in my young imagination the sparks of true poetic feeling. He was the first of the poets of sentiment, the king of the lyrics! Never have the human fibres resounded with harmonies so intimate, sweet, penetrating, and grave; never the soul of man expanded before God in expressions so touching, tender, and sympathetic. All the most secret murmurings of humanity found voices and notes on the lips and on the harp of David! Think for an instant that the lyrics of that age were only sung in honor of wine, love, and bloody games, and you will, like me, be seized with a profound astonishment at the mystic accents of the prophet-king, who spoke to God as friend to friend; who comprehended and praised the Creator's marvels, admired His justice, implored His mercies, and seemed

to echo in anticipation the evangelical poesy that should fall at length from the lips of Christ. Prophet or not (as you, being philosopher or Christian, choose to consider him), none will refuse to him an inspiration given to no other man.

Here he dwelt on this very Mount of Zion, where he had the most exquisite view of Judea, Palestine, and Galilee; Jerusalem on his left, in whose temples and edifices, and gardens, he could gaze unseen. Low down the green and fertile valleys, shadowed with luxurious figs and olives; from many rocks the bright cascades, falling with a pleasant murmur, and under these very aged trees, he might have waited for the divine breath that should so melodiously and sublimely inspire him. Alas! this unquiet age no more chants the songs of youth and faith; the lyres are mute, and men pass away in silence between the abysses of doubt, without ever having loved, or prayed, or sung!

April 8d.

This morning, at ten o'clock, we took a last look at the "Holy City," as we galloped from the Damascus gate, and "if I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning!"

Our baggage was sent on, as usual, ahead with the servants, and, having parted with our Bedouin sheiks, our company was reduced to its original size. We took lunch at Bireh, and there found the whole party of Americans, who had encamped without the convent of Mar-Sâba, in the Wilderness. We expect to join our hosts of Beth-horon at the camping-place to-night, so that probably on our route we shall have quite a large American caravan.

Four o'clock, same day.

We have just arrived at BETHEL, EIGHTH ENCAMPMENT, but we find ourselves all alone in this desolate spot. Our dragoman has had some difficulty with the official holding the same position in Mr. Hitchcock's party, and, after threatening, with Arab verbosity, to touch that individual "on the place where his words come from," he ended by breaking a short stick over his shoulders, and so the dragoman of the second part has insisted upon going with his company to the Robber's Well (sinister name), one

hour's ride farther on. Thus you see how our masters serve us in this savage land. If they have a difficulty one with another, they part their respective companies (who may be enjoying themselves greatly together), under such pretexts as "no wells," "dangerous roads," etc.

The prophet Amos said, twenty-five centuries ago, "Seek not Bethel, nor enter into Gilgal; for Gilgal shall surely go into captivity, and *Bethel shall come to naught*." I hereby testify to the truth of the prophecy of Amos. A little glen, with a low wall of crumbling stones on one side, a morass in the centre; an army of fleas and gnats constantly on duty, and sufficient to put the most zealous crusaders to flight—such is the Bethel of to-day; only a *site* on which we can ponder of Jacob and his famous dream of the ladder that reached from earth to heaven; of the splendid temple of Jeroboam, where idolatries were practised, and burnt-offerings to the golden calf—the *Bethel* which, being first the "House of God," became *Beth-aven*, the "House of Idols."

We had scarcely finished dinner, when we heard the tinkling of camels' bells near by, and soon after the voices of strangers, Arabs as well as travellers. Before long, other tents were erected near our own, and the place, a short time since presided over by the Genius of Silence, was resounding with the echoes of human voices. We found the strangers were Americans, and in Arab style we offered them the hospitality of our tent; and soon, over our coffee, we were hobnobbing with them as familiarly as if we had been acquainted for years. There is a sort of freemasonry, among travellers in these lands, which mocks at ceremony, and you learn to discover a brother or an enemy in the desert in the same time it would take you to make your salutations in a drawing-room. The strangers had been to Damascus, and reversed the route we were making—had come by Tyre and Sidon on the sea, and would go to Jerusalem and sail *from* Jaffa. They were followed, most of their way toward the Holy City, by a young Chaldean priest, who, desiring to make the pilgrimage, had been walking for thirty days through the most dangerous and desolate routes, subsisting on the charities of the Bedouins, and making his way slowly by the assistance of travellers. They introduced

him into our tent, and I never in my life saw so perfect a specimen of a man. As a type of physical beauty, he will remain in my memory alongside of the lovely maiden of Bethlehem who had so powerfully interested me. He was tall and finely-proportioned, and the black serge robe of his order fell nearly to his feet. His profile would have served a Greek sculptor for a model. His eyes were black and velvety, and sparkling with intelligence; his cheeks bronzed with the hot Syrian suns, but mantled with a rich color, the sign of temperance and perfect health. His brow was broad, and white as a lady's hand, it being usually shaded by the high-priest's hat, which now he held in his hand; but the charm of this manly beauty was completed by a long beard, black as his gown, which flowed over his breast, and a wealth of silken hair which fell curling over his back and around his shoulders. To complete the marvel, his teeth were white and even, and when he smiled his whole face was illuminated as if by sudden inward joy. I know this description will seem extravagant to you, but to me the sight of so much beauty and strength, combined in a man with such simplicity and dignity, was delightful. He stood before us like one of the prophets of old, grand but not severe, strong and beautiful, and when he spoke his voice was as deep and full of character as becomes a man, but sweet and inexpressibly rich as a woman's, as he murmured his prayers for us in his native tongue. Yes, I felt my heart glow with admiration for him as if I had been a romantic girl, and only to you, who are shut up in your grim old study, will my description seem extravagant. So when I placed a piece of money in his palm (I am almost ashamed to confess this), I trembled as though I had made him a love-offering, and I shall never forget with what a grace he pressed my hand to his heart. Then there was nothing mean nor low in his face, no traces of vice about the eye-corners, no cunning lurking in the lines of the mouth, no care brooding on the white forehead. His was the beauty of morality, of simplicity, and peace; and, as he passed out of sight, I would fain have mastered those secret harmonies which must play in his bosom, to leave upon his brow the impress of a god.

NABULUS.—NINTH ENCAMPMENT.

April 4th.

Adieu, my Chaldean priest! adieu, friends of a night! This morning, at daybreak, we were astir, and, almost before we had swallowed our coffee, the canvas of the tent was flapping about our ears; the mules with the baggage had already gone forward, and our guides were impatient to be off. And now I had to congratulate myself on my obstinacy in the matter of horse-flesh at Jaffa, before we started on this long journey; my sinewy Saïd was wiry, fresh, and always eager for the road, while the horses of the rest of the party were fagged, jaded, and exhausted; and often, at the close of a long day, after having been over the most dangerous and toilsome of the Syrian roads, my dear old steed would fly forward on a full gallop, bearing me to my tent far in advance of my companion or our dragoman. Therefore, if ever you take this journey, look to two friends for comfort and protection—your horse and revolver.

After we left Bethel, the road wound over rugged plateaus, and through stony wadys, until we came to a wild glen, where, nevertheless, almost every inch of ground was cultivated. Olive-groves filled its beds, and struggled up in rocky terraces nearly to the peaks; fig-orchards covered the sharp rocks and heaps of stones, while, crowning a steep hill, was a little village, whose name we learned was Ain Yebrûd. Passing this scene of fertility in the midst of the rocks, we entered the narrow bed of a winter-torrent, to thread which would have twisted the legs of any beast but a Jerusalem ass, a Bagdad camel, or a Yâfa horse. Here was what the Arabs call a "*musullabeh*," or "cross glens," and though a "hard road to travel," the scenery was enchanting. The steep and rugged banks were all terraced, and many of the gray cliffs were pierced with tombs. Not far from this locality, in a lonely and wild ravine, is situated *Ain el-Haramiye*, "The Robbers' Fountain," where our friends encamped last night—in fact, they have not yet pulled down their tents, and as we approach we see a strange commotion about that of the New-York party. *Ain el-Haramiye* is fitly named, for robbers entered the tent of the last-named party in the night, escaping the vigilance of the Bedouin

guard, and stole a portmanteau and some articles very valuable on a journey like this. Rev. Dr. Burt lost his note-book, an English clergyman his revolvers, a saddle, etc., etc. However, one of the rascals was in custody, and as we passed by he was tied to a rock, awaiting the movement of the party toward Nabulus. Poor wretch ! he was lean, haggard, almost naked, and, if he had chosen to steal something more digestible than a reverend doctor's note-book, doubtless he would have been freely forgiven by the charitable gentleman he had despoiled, and sent on his way rejoicing.

From the Fountain the road gradually widens as we advance up the glen. The winding valley becomes more picturesque, and the brilliant colors of wild flowers, anemones, poppies, and convulvi, blend beautifully with the neutral tints of the olive and fig, and the bright hues of the young wheat. Added to this wealth of color on Nature's wondrous pallet, the picturesque gray ruins perched on rocky hill-slopes ; the Syrian peasants in their gay dresses, white, green, and scarlet ; strings of mules, donkeys, and camels, winding among the rocky defiles, their bells echoing pleasantly through the hollows ; the Arabs seen here and there with tufted spears and brass-bound muskets ; shepherds leading their flocks along the mountain-side, or grouped around a half-ruined fountain, and you will have the view (if you can imagine the deep, serene, cloudless blue of the sky) that makes a Sentimental Idler dream, and delights the heart of the Gentleman Traveller.

Our intelligent dragoman lost us again on our road to SHILON, because he disdained to follow in the footsteps of an intelligent young Syrian dragoman, Pedro by name, who was with another party. So we floundered about for a good two hours in a strange valley before we found the road again, and when we did strike it once more (thank Heaven in time for lunch), we found ourselves just between two Arab villages at war with each other. A part of one had been burnt a few nights ago, and now the hills were occupied by Turkish troops sent by the Pacha of Jerusalem, and, between these hostile tribes and the savage-looking *bashi-bazouks*, we were almost sure to be plundered, or have a fight for a variety.

But, in spite of all this, we spread out our luncheon under the

olives, and commenced to discuss it (putting our revolvers alongside of our cold meat with the salt), as quietly as if we had been in the dining-room of the "Continental." Do not suppose I affect this brave tone, my Bookworm; a man travelling in these wild scenes, constantly holding his life by a mere thread; prepared at any moment of the night or day to pay his way with the backshish of patent cartridges or piasters, soon learns to disregard danger until he is absolutely face to face with it: and thus all the stories of blood-lettings, village-burnings, and throat-cuttings, are posted by the traveller to the account of Arab lies, until the moment his horse is stolen, his tent attacked, or his baggage rifled.

But really, as we advanced toward this spot, we were struck with the strange, fort-like situation of these villages. Instead of being built for convenience on the plain, they were perched high up on the crags commanding it. The people we had passed were a wild, daring-looking set, wearing the long *tarbûsh* of the Neapolitan brigand, drooping over their white turbans, armed generally with long guns, knives in their sashes, and carrying the knotted club, the universal companion of the Syrian peasant. Half-starved fellows were armed thus, driving along lean donkeys loaded with straw or grain, that would not have been a rich prize for a Chicago rat, and you naturally ask, why is this fellow, clothed in rags, armed thus *cap-à-pie*? The old answer—"blood-revenge." Perhaps one of his ancestors, five hundred or a thousand years ago (look ye! these poor wretches can trace back their lineage far enough to make our *first families* tremble), killed a man—perhaps it was for a stray goat, a pound of camel's-hair, a woman, or some such trifle, and that man's family killed another in revenge—then the villages and tribes took it up, and many eyes were taken for many teeth, and no cheeks were smitten but what others were smote again; and thus, from generation to generation, the vendettas have been going on, until just now the Arab stalks about without a shirt, perhaps, but he has his long gun; without shoes—but he possesses a spear; without the wherewithal to appease his hunger—but he still has his knotted club; and if he does not sow nor reap, he at least can fight, and is always prepared for war—war, while he lingers with his goats on the mountain-side, with

his donkey on the road. Imagination makes "the avenger of blood" follow him like his shadow—it is the *dim* of the Syrian, and *thār* of the Bedouin, and whole families have been compelled to fly from their homes and seek protection among strange tribes. Villages we have seen frequently deserted and desolate, for none will live where the death-sentence hangs forever over them. Thus the Koran contains the fearful law: "O true believers, the law of retaliation is ordained to you for the slain; the free shall die for the free!" And, though this *lex talionis* is recognized in the Old Testament, it was regulated by merciful arrangements and rules, for there were cities of refuge to which the manslayer was appointed to flee. But we had no trouble this lunch-time; the soldiers walked about on pretence of guarding us (for which, of course, they demanded a backshish, and got it); the Arabs sat themselves down in circles about us, receiving an orange, a few dates, sardines, or some crackers, thankfully, and blessing us and our "houses" (what a quiet satire this last seemed to be), and, finally, when we departed, we were fortunate enough to find that we had been robbed only of an old bridle, which will betray the thief the first time he tethers his ass with it, I am sure.

After riding over hard roads, through pleasant valleys, until four o'clock, we came to one of the most attractive and lovely spots in Palestine—JACOB'S WELL—where Jesus, resting from His weary walk, begged the woman of Samaria to give Him drink. The well is now a mere hollow basin, on a hill-slope, and broken columns and masses of stone (of an early Christian church built over it) lie heaped around it. On every side there were little strips of green, waving grain; near by the white tomb of Joseph, light patches of olive-ground here and there, and, some distance up the valley, the city, on the hill-side. Let us reflect, on this site of the beautiful interview, how similar were the wars of creeds in the time of our Saviour to the envies and bitter quarrels of the churches now. In the age of Jesus a Samaritan ridiculed a Jew as a narrow bigot; the Jew replied that the men of Shechem were outcasts. Each, in his heart, assumed himself to be the salt of society—the only righteous under heaven. Each boasted of possessing the purer blood and the older law. On the side of the

Samaritan, it was urged that he descended (through the proud line of Ephraim) from Joseph and Rachel, and that his seat on yon height of Gerizim had been chosen by Moses, as the sacred spot from which a new publication of the Law should be made. The Jew answered: "I am descended from Judah; I am not an alien in the land, or, like you, the offspring of the Greek and Syrian rabble—that, if you have built a temple to Jehovah, on Mount Gerizim, when the hour of persecution came, you were ready to deny your allegiance to God, and dedicate your temple to Jupiter or Bel." So quarrelled the men; and so, when Jesus asked the woman, light of character, and glib of tongue, for a drink of water to cool His thirst, she answered: "How is it, that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria? Jews have no dealings with Samaritans."

And then, how beautiful is what follows! Jesus replied: "If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, 'Give me drink,' thou wouldst have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water."

She answered, lightly: "Rabbi, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep. Whence, then, hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well?"

To this the Lord replied: "Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall thirst no more forever; but the water which I shall give, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Then, in her wondering, half-railing mood, she spoke again: "Rabbi, give me this water, that I shall thirst no more, nor come hither to draw."

Jesus said: "Go, call thy husband, and come hither." Then answered she, "I have no husband." Jesus added: "Thou hast well said, 'I have no husband;' for thou hast had five husbands, and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband: in that thou hast spoken truth!"

Now she stood abashed—her life was opened to the gaze—her sin made known to a stranger, and a Jew: "Rabbi, I believe thou art a prophet."

And then, later, follows the announcement of the poor, believing outcast, when she said : " I know that the Messiah cometh." " I, that speak unto thee, am He."

When the disciples came back from Sychar, with the bread they had bought, they were horrified to think Christ had touched the pitcher or the woman's dress, thereby making Himself unclean; but, stifling their complaints, they laid the dinner of bread and fruit on the stone, and begged that He would eat. " I have meat to eat that ye know not of," He said.

They turned to one another, with looks of inquiry, at length saying : " Hath any man brought Him aught to eat?"—meaning, of course, had any one given Him unlawful food—such as bread baked by a Samaritan. Knowing what they said among themselves, He replied to their query, with a hint that His Church was to include no less than those of Galilee and Judea : " My meat is, to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work."

They were beginning to see that all He did was right, and urged no more. So they stayed two days with the men of Sychar, teaching these outcasts and schismatics the way of life, and then they set out on their journey to Cana in Galilee, where the family of their Lord still dwelt.

But let us ride slowly up the valley to Nabulus. It is undoubtedly the finest site in Palestine : a town situated on a low hill, hugging the base of Gerizim, and opposite to which is the great, rugged mountains of Ebal. The white domes and minarets shoot up from the dense mass of surrounding foliage ; around about it are gardens, orchards of fruit-trees, and belts of olives ; every color, from the vivid green to the mellow russet, blends harmoniously, and melts into the distant purple and azure of the hills ; here and there a fountain is sparkling, or little brooks murmur through the valley. Every handful of soil has been made productive, and, in contrast to the desolation through which we have so recently passed, this spot seemed to be a very Eden. Nearing the town, to the left of the road, was a large, cleared wood, and under the trees were assembled nearly all the youthful population of Nabulus, merry-making. What a scene ! Hundreds of Mohammedan men, women, and girls, in gay costumes, all of

linen, silks, or cashmeres, mingling with the Syrians, playing games, swinging, romping, listening to story-tellers, looking at soldiers dancing, and waving their swords in the air, or the native jugglers; and all forming a scene of such carnival-brightness that, fatigued as we were, and anxious to reach our tents, we yet rode over to the wood to get a nearer view of this gaudily-dressed company. It appears it was some sort of feast, or town-fête, being celebrated, in which nearly all of the inhabitants, Jews, Mussulmen, Christians, and Samaritans joined. Thus we saw women veiled as closely as in Stamboul or Cairo, moving about among beautiful Syrian and Jewish girls whose faces were uncovered, and the great turbaned sheik hobnobbing with a poor rabbi. But as we drew near to the wood, we soon discovered we were not welcome: indeed, as we halted, we were assailed by groans, hisses, and such injurious cries, that our dragoman advised us to move on toward the town. In fact, with my imperfect knowledge of Arabic, I could detect such amiable expressions as "*kelb, fatéese*," etc., "dog, carrion," etc. We were informed, also, in the same tongue, that we were "dirt-eaters," "robbers of tombs," etc., which, not being absolutely false, we did not resent; but, when the children and young girls commenced to stone us from their woody coverts, we thought it time to ride into the town, as, if their elders forgot themselves in like manner, we should have to use our tabanjas; but we were not surprised at this greeting, for Nabulus is the very furnace of Moslem bigotry, and the people are always in a state of semi-rebellion. Many years ago, Ibrahim, the son of Mohammed Ali, crushed this spirit, after a bloody struggle, and the Jews, Christians, and Samaritans, only exist there by sufferance.

Dr. Porter remarks of the place: "A few years ago a Moslem deliberately shot a Jew-boy in his shop, and nothing was done. Last year the mob, urged on, it is said, by one of the chief men of the town, attacked the Christians, pillaged a church, the residences of a missionary and several natives, including that of the English consular agent, killed the father of the latter, and committed many other acts of cruelty, yet no redress has been obtained. Travellers, and especially ladies, in passing through the streets, are exposed to the most wanton insolence."

Go, then, Nabulus, I have given thee (what thou deservest) the worst of all curses—a bad name!

SAMARIA.—TENTH ENCAMPMENT.

April 5th.

There were a dozen tents under the palm-trees this morning, and many American flags; a score of lepers on the outskirts clamoring for piasters, and near by, tied to a tree, the poor wretch who had robbed our friends the past night, and whom a guard was about removing to the town to be tried by the *cadi*. As he passed along the road the merciless Arabs, according to an ancient custom, smote him lightly upon the face, or threw clods of dirt upon him, uttering the cry of "Thief, thief!" This seemed to me to be rather hard, from a populace whose character was by no means irreproachable.

We determined to ascend Mount Gerizim, especially as the Samaritans were encamped on its summit; and after a good half-hour's ride up its rugged sides, we saw the tents of the worshippers, who were preparing for the feast of the Passover.

In the centre of a small rectangular area is a trough, about a foot deep and four feet long, and in this the ashes and bones of the paschal lambs are deposited. Beside the enclosure is a circular pit, three feet in diameter, and about ten feet deep, in which the lambs are roasted according to the law. "Eat not of it raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roast with fire." I will explain the way in which this is done:

The animals are slaughtered and dressed in the little area. While this is in progress the pit is heated with wood like an oven, and then the lambs are suspended to a stick laid across the mouth, and so arranged that no part touches sides or bottom. The pit is then covered, and so remains until they are roasted. Ascending an old road from this point, we reach, at the summit of a rocky knoll, an old structure of hewn stones, which (notwithstanding Monsieur F. de Saulcy, *Membre de l'Institut*), I cannot believe is any thing more than the ruins of an old Roman fortress, and *not* the remains of the Samaritan Temple. The view from this point is charming: the rich plain of Mukhna below; on the

east, the great wall of the mountains; far away to the north, the pale blue of the ridge of Mount Hermon, capped with snow; on the west, through little gaps, the plain of Sharon, with the blue sea stretching out beyond, and all around us the mountains of Ephraim. But the hour warns us that, if we would reach *Sebastieh* (Samaria) in good time, we must descend. Going down we pass by little mountain cascades, at the base of which are many maidens washing clothes; but they are so ungracious, and seem to hate so terribly the white-faced infidels, that we pass on without even paying the compliment of *tyéb ketêr* to their pretty eyes. By-the-by, travelling in these lands is calculated to make one meek; I have got so accustomed to be called a "dog," that, if any one in my own country should distinguish me as a "donkey," I am sure I should lift my hat involuntarily, and feel complimented that I was rising in the scale of animals.

From Nablus to our present camping-ground the roads are bad, though not impassable, which makes all modern writers call them good; but we traverse rich vales, orchards of the fig, apricot, and pomegranate, shut in by terraces on which olives grow, and the green vine flourishes. Often strings of donkeys, and lines of camels laden with wheat, give the charms of life and industry to the scene, and if the natives would only sell their guns and daggers, and buy themselves nether garments and shoes, I do not know but what they would look as civilized as our Cherokee Indians. We travel by pleasant streams, and, at last, lunch on the borders of one. I was rather fatigued, so Aziz brought me his saddle-bags for a pillow. I shall never forget those striped-carpet saddle-bags (even if the fleas in them did not leave a lively souvenir); they were lunch depositories, libraries, pillows, pistol-holsters, and wine-cellar; they were mukari's mantles, coverings for Hasseyn's bed, a roof for Ali's kitchen, and—in fine, the camp *multum in parvo*.

Passing the hamlet of *Deir Sheraf*, we reached about three o'clock the top of a ridge, from which we saw, on a broad hill beyond, our tents. A quick gallop through olive-groves, a sharp ascent, and we stand on the site of the ancient royal city of Samaria.

CHAPTER XXII.

JENIN.

Samaria and its original cost—The flowery plain of Esdraelon—A sermon from Dr. Burt on the Transfiguration, in presence of Hermon and Mount Tabor—Gilboa and Jezreel—The tribes of the Anezi and the Beni Sâkkir, the true locusts of the Desert—Jenin, and the story told in our tent—Antar, the poet, with some account of his life, his loves, and battles—The feud with Kaled, and the prowess displayed by the poet-warrior—The pleasant images of the Arabs drawn from the Desert and the rivers—A study for our singers—The rescue of Hassan.

ELEVENTH ENCAMPMENT.

April 6th.

ONE of the most picturesque ruins of Palestine is the church of St. John, at Samaria, and on the mutilated columns everywhere are sculptured the crosses of the knights of that gallant and sacred order. Under the *wely* in the enclosure of the church is the reputed sepulchre of John the Baptist. On ascending the village to the hill-top (where our tents were *pitched*, indeed), I found an open area surrounded with many columns, the capitals of which were mostly off, and lying here and there upon the ground, and many of the rich sculptured friezes (belonging to what was, perhaps, once a noble colonnade) were here built, as in Egypt, into the walls of the houses.

The history of Samaria is traced with great distinctness in the Bible. Omri bought the hill of Samaria of Shemir for two talents of silver, and built on it a city which he called after the former owner. After the death of Omri, Ahab, his son, married the notorious Jezebel, daughter of the King of Sidon, and built a temple here for the chief deity of his wife's country, Baal. The King of Damascus besieged it, but was defeated. This spot was afterward the scene of the most stirring events in the lives of the

prophets Elijah and Elisha. In B. C. 720, Samaria was captured by the Assyrians, and afterward was presented by Augustus to Herod the Great. Philip here "preached Christ," and founded a church; Simon the sorcerer was converted to Christianity, yet of its subsequent history but few authentic facts are known, and now, though still retaining the proud name given to it in the era of its splendor (Sebaste, Arabicè, *Sebustieh*), none of its magnificence is left except three lonely columns to mark the spot where once uprose the royal temples of Samaria.

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is as a fading flower which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine! Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong arm, which, as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand. . . . Samaria shall become desolate, for she hath rebelled against her God."

Truly the sacred book is the best guide-book for this stricken land, and the prophecies of the Old Testament are found to be literally fulfilled.

To-day we wound through pleasant valleys, and over high hills, catching a glimpse now and then of glorious Hermon, which loomed up in all his majesty in the distance. Reaching, at four o'clock, a high crest, overlooking the lawless village of Kubàtiyeh, we saw for the first time the magnificent *Plain of Esdraclon*, a vast unbroken surface of verdure sown with wild flowers. Riding down into, and through the village, whose inhabitants would be bold brigands if they were not sneaking thieves, we struck into the long, narrow passes and glens, and, after a very tedious ride of an hour and a half, we reached Camp Jenin at the very entrance to the beautiful plain, and found a number of tents set up here beside our own. To-morrow we expect to ride over Esdraclon, and I will describe its interesting sites to you.

Same place, April 7th.

We rest here to-day, being the Sabbath, and Dr. Burt delivered the voyagers (assembled in the large tent of one of the party) an impressive sermon; subject: "The Transfiguration." In pres-

ence of Hermon and Tabor, this was peculiarly appropriate. After lunch, I wandered off alone to one of the high mountains behind our camp, in order to get a more clear idea of the country, and the sacred sites we were about to explore; and, while plucking and pressing the wild flowers springing in rock-clefts all about me, I studied the map of the land, spread out like a fair book before me. The PLAIN OF ESDRAELON, the ancient Megiddo, where Barak triumphed, and King Josiah received his death-wound, stretched out in front, in the shape of an irregular triangle, its eastern base extending to the foot of the mountains below Nazareth, a distance of fifteen miles; one side formed by the hills of Galilee, twelve miles; the other running along the northern foot of the Samaria range, eighteen miles. Its apex is a narrow pass opening into the plain of Akka. *Kishon* (so fatal to the army of Sisera) is the ancient river that drains it, and the base of this triangle has three branches of mountains stretching out like fingers from a hand, which divides Esdraelon. That sloping mountain to the right of us is called Gilboa, and here Saul and Jonathan fell; another to the left has Tabor on one side, and little Hermon on the other, and hidden from my view, on its south, are the sites of Nain and Endor. Jezreel and Shunem seem to be nearly in the plain's centre toward the east. I have been particular in describing the locality of these sites, that you may readily trace them on the map of that rich expanse which the Arabs only know as "*Merf Ibn 'Amer*."

But almost the first thing that strikes the observer of the wonderful richness and fertility of this plain is, that no house nor pleasant village dots its surface. No, the armed laborer quits his toil in the field to seek protection in his almost fortified town on its borders, and thus it is to-day, as in the time of Christ, insecure from the warlike and periodical incursions of the Bedouins from beyond the Jordan. The tribes of the Anezi, the Salhaan, and the Beni Sâkk, make a circuit of the seasons, following the grass and herbs as they grow and wither, moving with their tents and harems, their slaves and camels, driving before them their goats and kine, in search of markets for cheese and flesh, and especially of pasturage free of cost. When they have stripped a valley of its

herbage, drained a well of its water, they rove on into other valleys, eating up the grass on No-man's-land, and, when that fails them, breaking into the fenced pieces and open plains. They come like locusts, and so depart. Orchard, garden, meadow, pasture, and vineyard, are the same to these sons of Issachar, who rejoice in their tents. In two or three days a peasant's whole substance is devoured, his house sacked, his field mown, his well emptied. Every year the harvests of Sharon and Esdraelon tempt these marauders from the desert, just as the ample harvests in the rich English districts used to bait the Saxon vikings and the Danish jarls. Every year sees the peasant fly from the face of his destroyer, leaving his garden unplanted, his field untilled, his tank uncleaned; and it is only when the thorns sprout among the fig-trees, and the cactus and the prickly pear among the olives, that the timid, hoping, half-starving Syrian ventures again to cultivate.

Even now I see, by the aid of my good glass, a wandering Bedouin, scouring the smooth turf on his fleet mare, and woe be to the solitary traveller whom he encounters—at least, if he has any thing worth stealing! But evening creeps on, and I am warned by the signal-gun from my dragoman's tent that it is time to return, or at least that dinner is ready. Great black clouds are gathering in the heavens; the air has suddenly become very cool, and I much fear that we shall encounter another of those fierce Syrian storms which I dread so much. From its terrors, such as I experienced at Jerusalem, I pray sincerely, *Libera nos, O Domine!*

Same place, April 8th.

Yet at Jenin! Our tent-cloth serves almost the purpose of a shower-bath. It is impossible to venture forth; the ground is soaked, and the trenches around our camp have become canals. Since last evening, at seven, we have had incessant rain; the roads are nearly impassable, so we keep our shelter, wrapped up in great-coats, and toasting our feet at a little cheerless, charcoal fire. Romantic, is it not? How you must smile at such adventurers as myself, who, in being able to keep the corner of a snug fire in a cosy library, choose rather to live among the mountains, sheltered by a cotton roof, and at the mercy of half-starved Arabs!

Ah—*fi-h-h-h* (how I shiver!), to-day, *tu a raison*, and thus every medal has its reverse. Between ourselves, the Gentleman Traveler is more of a philosopher than I am, and, in consequence, his hair is beginning to curl, and the prettiest damsel in the New-York party of *howadjis* is beginning to smile upon him. But I must not disclose *Bund* secrets even to you, but amuse myself as best I may, listening to the story-teller of Jenin, who has come into the tent, and consents to give me some of those wondrous "Poems of Antar" which are more rich in fancy than any thing in the Arabic language.

"Who was Antar?" you naturally ask.

Antar was the poet (I may almost say the sole singer) of the wandering Arabs. He was at once pastor, warrior, and poet. The desert was his dwelling-place, and in his songs he was epic like Homer, plaintive as Job, philosophic as Solomon, and love-mad as Byron. His verses soothe or exalt the Oriental like hashish in the tobacco he smokes in his thin-stemmed hookah. I have heard the stories of his loves repeated in Stamboul, Cairo, and Jerusalem, and often I have seen the groups of these half-savage but impressionable men join their hands prayerfully, and incline their heads, as they murmured "*Allah, y'Allah, Allah!*" when some sentiment touched the most tender chords of their hearts. The dervishes sing the songs of Antar; the mukari, of Bagdad, echo the most sensual of his verses; and it has not been without difficulty that I have been able to save and translate some of the least objectionable of them, which I will give you from my detached notes of different dates. How many times have I remained within the shadow of my tent, looking out at the strange groups around the bivouac-fire, while a story-teller amid a cloud of smoke (forming above the listeners' heads the fantastic atmosphere of dreams) has recited the stirring passages of Antar's life, and even the tethered horses leaned their heads between the shoulders of the listeners, as if they, too, comprehended, and were attentive to the monotonous tones of their masters! I would listen also, although I comprehended not. But I could follow a recital by the sound of a voice, the play of physiognomies, the tremblings of the auditors; and I knew that all this was poetry,

and I was weaving to myself the romances as the extravagant stories proceeded. Do you understand my idea? It is thus one listens to marvellous or passionate music: you think you hear words spoken to the sounds; there is water gushing from cool fountains; there are the songs in a bacchanalian revel; now a prayer, or the tender words of love. It was thus I listened to these stories in a language but half-intelligible to me—my imagination always surpassing the actual poesy; I saw the camels, the gazelles, the Arab horses, and the lines of tents upon the glowing sands; I saw the oasis with its palm-crowns and circle of bright verdure rising out of the great desert; the combats of the warriors, and the young Arab beauties carried off and retaken in the *mêlée* of battle, and recognizing their lovers in their liberators. And this recalls to me that I often have had more pleasure in reading a strange poet in a flat and detestable translation than the original. Why? Because in the original, the most beautiful idea always leaves something to desire in the expression, and that the bad translation only indicates the thought and poetic motive, and the lively and warm imagination can itself embroider and enrich this motive with words which seem to it to be transparent and fitting naturally the idea; thus it creates and enjoys a complete pleasure. The Infinite is always in the thought, and it supposes it in the expression. I grant, to revel thus, you must be either musician or poet; but all men are so in greater or less degrees.

Antar was supposed to have lived in the sixth century, and, according to the traditions, to have been a negro slave, who conquered his liberty by his exploits and virtues, and obtained his beautiful bride Ablla by the force of heroism and love. But you will observe that, among the play of ideas, both in verse and prose (and Antar wrote more frequently sentences than stanzas), there is the characteristic exaggeration which distinguishes the Arabs in their speech to this very day. For instance, when one of his heroes, Prince Zaher, would depart from his home, in which he has had a quarrel with his elder brother (the chief of his tribe), he says:

“I will go far from you, to a distance of a thousand years, each one the length of a thousand leagues. If you would offer

me, to stay, a thousand Egypts, each one watered by a thousand Niles, I would still separate from you and your possessions, justifying our parting by the line of Antar, which reads, '*Man should fly from places where barbarism reigns.*'"

A volume of these curious poems was published in England forty years ago, but now it is impossible to find one, and only some fragments were rescued from oblivion by the capricious but gifted Lamartine in 1832, when he made his voyages in the Orient.

FIRST FRAGMENT.

One day Antar went to the tent of his uncle Mallek, and was surprised to find that he was warmly received. He owed this change to the demands of the Sheik Zohéir, who desired Mallek to give his daughter Ablla to his nephew Antar, who loved her passionately. They discoursed of the preparations for the marriage, and Ablla (already instructed by her cruel father) demanded of her lover what were his projects for the celebration of their union.

"All that can please you," was the ready response.

"I ask, then," replied the beautiful maiden, "only the feasts and honors which took place when the Emir Kaled ebn-Mohareb married his cousin Djida."

"And what were they?" asked Antar, tenderly, determined to surpass even the most extravagant feasts of marriages, and to fill the desert with the rejoicing tribes.

"Kaled, the day of his marriage, killed a thousand camels and twenty lions—the last with his own hand. The camels belonged to Malaeb el-Assné, a renowned emir among the most valiant warriors. He fed, during seven days, three large tribes whom he had invited, and each plate served contained a morsel of lion's flesh; and the daughter of the King Ebn el-Mazal, led by the cord the young *naka* (female camel), on which the beautiful bride of Kaled rode, sitting on cushions of Bagdad silk embroidered with gold."

"Nothing wonderful in that," responded Antar, calmly. "I

swear by the beard of Hatteni that no other shall conduct your *naki* but the Princess Djida herself, and, better still, with the head of her warrior-husband in a sack hanging from her neck."

When Antar left the tent of Ablla, he called his brother Chai-boub to saddle his fleet mare El-Abgea, saying he would depart at once. His brother tried to persuade him to abandon his mad enterprises, and, when he failed to do so, vowed that he would accompany him; so they set off together on the camel-route toward the tribes of Beni-Aumaya.

Then Antar recited the following verses :

"I traverse the dangerous roads during the night's obscurity. I march through the desert with my sabre for companion, and never count the enemies about me. Lions follow me, but the earth is strewn with carcasses which serve as pasture for the birds of the sky.

"*Kaled*" (meaning, in Arabic, "happy") "is not well named, since Antar searches him. Djida, his bride, will no longer glorify herself.

"Their country is no more safe; soon the tigers will inhabit it.

"Ablla, my beloved one, receive in advance all that should make your triumph more splendid. Oh, you! whose regards are like murdering arrows, which make incurable wounds, your presence is a paradise—your absence is a devouring flame!

"Oh, Allan el-Fandi! Blessed be the God of believers! I have drunk of the wine sweeter than nectar, since it was poured out for me by the hand of beauty.

"As soon as the light greets my eyes, I will celebrate the merit of my beloved; and if I die for her, my name will be imperishable."

And soon after follows this soliloquy, which, you will observe, is not without philosophy :

"If you are unhappy in a place, go far away, and let your house regret the hand that built it.

"Your subsistence is the same everywhere, but your soul once lost never can be recovered.

"The lions are proud because they are free.

"Sooner or later man must submit to his destiny. What matters the time or the place of his death ?

"Fix your abode among the witnesses of your triumphs, and live not with those who disdain you.

"Be despotic with the despotic, cunning with the cunning, and gentle as the gazelle with those who love you.

"If your friend leaves you, search not to bring him back, but close your ears against the calumnies of his rivals.

"Better to die in the combat than to live in slavery.

"Owe your renown to the sharpness of your scimeter, the power of your speech, and the strength of your wisdom ; not to the nobleness of your family.

"The talent laid in my strong hand ; that made the disdainful warriors of the Beni-Abess respect my birth.

"Death is the fountain at which all must some day drink.

"If I die, none there is to demand account of my blood ; but the love that flows in my veins will render me immortal.

"I am the son of a woman with a black forehead, the legs of an ostrich, and hair like unto grains of pepper ; but the tigers and lions submit to me, and the horses of the desert rest dull before me, as if they had lost their masters."

And then, exulting more and more as he goes to battle, he utters such vauntings as follows :

"The arms of the Bedouins are short against me, and I am more active than Death, who, seeing my exploits, respects my person. I am the lion in fury, and my sharp lance gives many souls their liberty.

"When the ardor of the combat warms my heart, the sweet tongue of persuasion has no empire over me, and my black face turns white in my fury.

"My refuge is in the dust of the battle-field, and the blood of warriors flows from my sabre-point.

"Ask my name of the lances ; they will cry out, '*Antar !*'

"By the All-Powerful, who has made the seven skies, and

who knows beyond them, I will fight until mine enemies perish, for I am the lion of the earth, always ready for war !”

Arriving near the tribes of Kaled, Antar sent his brother forward to reconnoitre, who soon came back and reported that “the Prince Kaled was absent, hunting with Mehdi-Karab, and that only a hundred mounted guards and slaves remained with Djida.” Antar was rejoiced at this news, and took measures for her capture, giving Chaiboub directions for his part in the fray, and adding, in a not very brotherly spirit, “If you permit one to escape from your side, I will cut off your right hand.”

The combat took place, and Antar was victorious, carrying off the princess, killing nearly all the guards, driving before him a thousand male and a thousand milch camels, goats, sheep, and horses, only one rider escaping to carry the news to the Emir Kaled.

The latter rallied all his warriors, and rode toward the lands of the tribes of Beni-Abess, surprising and defeating, in his turn, Mallek, the uncle of Antar, carrying off the Princess Ablla, and, soon after, coming in sight of the forces of the warrior-poet himself.

Then the interview of the envoys (sent forward before the battle by each tribe, according to Arab custom,) takes place.

Antar chose as envoy Abssi, one of his strongest sheiks, and Kaled was represented by Zébaïd. They met in the desert, between the forces of the contending chiefs, when the following dialogue ensued :

Zébaïd spoke first. His manner was not diplomatic in the least. “O you, who cometh here to search Death, hasten to confide your mission to me, ere your head rolls in the dust.”

Then Abssi responded : “I despise your vain menaces. Soon we will meet on the field of battle, and I am here to inform you that we have carried away your women and your flocks, and I warn you that, in the battle about to commence, we will be led by the valiant Antar.”

“I ask of you news of the Princess Djida.”

“She is a prisoner, and suffering from wounds,” was the reply.

"Who, then, has been able to conquer her, who is as brave as her husband, our Emir Kaled?"

"One whom none can resist—Antar, the son of Chidad."

After this rather vain parley, the envoys carried the result to their respective chiefs, and the battle commenced. Each leader sought to capture as many prisoners as possible, in order to make them slaves, and the fray lasted until night closed in, without victory to either side; the women behind the ranks of their respective tribes urging on the young sheiks to victory, and the most beautiful promising themselves in marriage to the vanquishers.

Kaled, in the night-time, in travelling amongst the guards about his tents, gives voice to such ideas as—

"A man, whatever may be his position, should never support the hatred of another.

"The generous man owes his host always the succor of his strong arm.

"Man should learn to bear an adverse destiny when valor will not give him success.

"Protect your friends, and redden your lances in the blood of your enemies.

"A man without virtues merits no esteem from his fellows.

"To-morrow I will deliver those who have been ravished from me. The combat shall make the high mountains tremble, and I will carry the head of Antar on my sharp spear."

The warrior-poet is supposed to hear these vauntings, so he replies in an equally modest strain :

"Kaled has come with his tribes to search death in a land where the women are more valiant than his warriors. He has left the certain for the uncertain, and woe be to him !

"My sabre rejoices in my victorious hand ; the iron of my enemy weeps tears of blood.

"His strongest sheiks tremble when they see me.

"If terror permits them to taste some repose, my name makes their sleep troubled.

"If I feared not to be accused of pride, I would say that my arm alone would suffice to break the universe." . . .

Then the picture is presented of the captive Ablla, bound in the tents of the *Beni-Zobaïd*. She is guarded by slaves with drawn swords. Her hair is in disorder, and she sings plaintively the following lines, hoping the accents of her sorrow may reach the ears of her lover Antar :

“ Sleep flies from my eyelids, beloved ; tears furrow my cheeks.

“ Ab, Beni-Abess, how I regret thy tents and my warrior Prince Antar, who departed on a rash mission for love of me !

“ O Antar, I demand thee as a miser his treasure. Deliver me from these bonds. Thy lightest breath will dissolve them, as the sun dissolves the webs that gather over night on the footprints of the camels in the desert.

“ Yet it is not that I am captive I sorrow, but that I have lost the hero of my heart. O lion, come to me, protect thy gazelle ! ”

The cry of love is never vain. The battle recommences, but with varying success, until at length Antar disappears, when his tribes of Beni-Abess are hotly pressed by the enemy. The sheiks turn to fly, and the field is nearly won by Kaled, when a cloud of dust is seen *behind* the tents of Beni-Zobaïd, and Antar (who is described as being “ tall as a cypress, and strong as a rock ”), dashes among the enemy with an irresistible impetuosity. He is followed by a handful of his warriors, headed by his brave brother Chaiboub. Soon Kaled and Antar are face to face, and, after a combat terrible, the latter proclaims his own victory in these words :

“ Woe to you, children of Beni-Zobaïd ! fly, and escape the torrent of death that is flowing about your tents. If you believe me not, lift up your eyes, gaze upon my lance-point, where rests the head of your chief, Kaled ebn-Mohareb ! ”

SECOND FRAGMENT.

This part is composed principally of love-songs ; but I am bound to say the mukari of Bagdad do not always select the most pure portions to sing at night, around their camp-fires. I will

only give you a few extracts, to show you that Antar was not without a rich imagination, and that his images at times were drawn from the fountains of true poesy :

“In the gardens of Kaïpha there is a flower that the sun’s rays search through the screens of palm-leaves.

“This flower has eyes more soft than those of the gazelle—eyes that resemble a drop of sea-water in a little shell. It possesses a perfume so rare, that the sheik, flying from the lances of a victorious tribe, on his mare more rapid than the fall of waters, smells the odor in passing, and stops for a second to inhale it.

“The wind of the simoom lifts from the burnoose of the traveller all other perfumes, but it steals never from the heart the odor of this marvellous flower. You find it on the borders of a spring which runneth murmuring at your feet.

“Young maiden, tell me the name of thy lover, and I will tell thee the name of this flower.”

Another :

“O blue-mirrored Fountain, who sits on thy green borders ? Llyla, dreaming of me, in the shade. Her image is thrown on thy waves, as a star of night upon a gulf, immovable.

“Thy ripples shiver when my eyes search the heaven of thy waters, because, after her warm shadow, all human regard is cold.

“How well thou hast reflected her charms, so ravishing ! Eyes blue as the flowers that fringe thy borders ; teeth of pearl, laughing between her lips, like roses ; and hair of gold falling down to her feet, like the veil of a Persian bride.

“I stand, with my hands lifted up to thee, marvellous Fountain, with fear that the wind may efface the shadow left on thy surface ; for my lips are jealous of thy banks, and they would drink the happy waves where her image has passed.

“But she has veiled her beauty from me, O Fountain ! She has fled from the spot, and thy waters are bitter, and the insects now move and live in thee !

“O young Llyla, what your image gives to the waves, your beauty gives to my soul ! But, alas ! when your eyes are

veiled, all is night in my heart, as all joy has passed from the fountain!"

To any one who has travelled in the Orient, the *moadditin* are familiar. These may be donkey-boys or dervishes, camel-drivers or guides, but they all are *improvisateurs* of wondrous powers; they mostly recount stories of war, singing their histories in a loud, wild voice, not without a strange melody, especially so when heard at night, in the solitudes, when their circle of auditors make a low chorus of "*Allah's*," as they excite or move them by their powers of recital.

Here is an example of one of their stories:

I.

"I am a native of Palmyra, and, since the hour of my birth, I have travelled across the Desert twenty-two times, and drunk from the waters of Abana and Pharpar to my fill.

II.

"I had a neighbor called Sheik-Abdelhaï, who had a daughter whose face had been seen by me alone. Nothing could equal the beauty of Fatma: her eyes were large as the *fingian*" (small coffee-cup); "her flesh had the firmness and whiteness of youth. We had but one heart, and I had no rivals, when the Sultan's *cachef*—whom Allah will damn—threw me on my back, in the night, tied my arms, and attaching me by the neck with fifty others sent me to his camp of soldiers. I was poor, and my Sheik-Abdelhaï too; so the *cachef* (whom Allah curse!) would not wait until I sold my white camel.

III.

"The trumpets and drums bewildered me so, that I soon forgot my goats and sheep, but I could not forget the sun of my life, poor Fatma.

IV.

"They gave me a gun, and the clothes of a *nizam*, and a box of leaden balls; then I had to turn my head to the right, to the left, and to hold one foot in the air. So I soon learned the

Divan doun! sal em dour! ('Shoulder arms! present arms!' etc.) and many other handsome things.

V.

"Then I went with my regiment to Mecca—I should see the Caaba, which was something. We had battles in the Desert, among the rocks, and through the mountains; and, with my own hands, I killed a million enemies of the prophet!"

"*Allah-kerim! Allah y'Allah-kerim!*"* hums the group about the *moadditin* at this juncture.

VI.

"At last I became *hadgi*" (pilgrim) "at Mecca, and wore the green turban; but the fever seized me, and I was put in the great ship, and sent away to the hospital of Abouzabel. Then the doctors, *Frاندgi* (from Europe), more unbearable than my sickness, prevented me from eating, in order that they could sell my rations. (May Allah damn them!)"

VII.

"I became each day more sad and weak—I would soon die. One morning the *Frاندgi* brought me a drug, the smell of which made me worse. The cup was put to my lips, and I lost my life for a moment, when I heard a voice—which pierced my soul—from a long distance, cry:

"*Hassan! Hassan! ià enni!*" ('Hassan! Hassan! my eyes!')

VIII.

"I arose, and threw the cup at the nose of the doctors; my strength came back to me; I was cured, and these men thought it was their medicine. Imbeciles! (whom may Allah curse!) 'Give me my ticket to leave this place,' I demanded. They gave it to me.

IX.

"I found Fatma outside, awaiting me, and I was soon in her arms. She told me she had traced me to Abouzabel, and when

* "*Allah be praised—be forever praised,*" etc.

she would enter the sick-house a great negro presented his bayonet, and cried '*Dour!*' ('Halt!') She did not know what *dour* meant; so she continued to advance, and the sentinel came upon her with the bayonet, when her cries brought the officer, who demanded what she wished.

" 'I want Hassan, my lover!'

" 'He cannot be seen,' said the officer; 'he is dying.'

" Then she ran, light as a gazelle, to the window, crying: '*Hassan, Hassan, ià enni!*'

X.

" And now, full of joy, I took her in triumph to our camp; and, having obtained permission, I married her before the Cadi, and we go back to where old Abdelhaï is waiting for us in the desert."

"*Allah be praised!—Allah y'Allah!*"

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CHAPTER XXIII.

NAZARETH.

A horse-thief, and how he was caught—At last we start across the flowery plain of Esdraelon—Rambling thoughts on blood in men and horses—A little truth from the Idler's Journal—Nazareth, where dwelt the Carpenter's Son, the First Gentleman of the World—The simple and beautiful story of Mary—A visit to the Latin convent, in which we are shown the Virgin's kitchen—More beauty at the fountains—The Mount of Precipitation—Lake Tiberias—The marriage in Cana—The field of Hattin, and the triumph of the Moslem arms over the Templars—A pastoral—Approaching Capernaum.

TWELFTH ENCAMPMENT.

April 9th.

LAST night, at Jenin, some Arab rascal tried to steal my faithful horse Saïd, while our guards (whom we have had to employ each night here) were sleeping. The fetters had been removed from the animal's hind-legs, and the marauders had got him nearly into the shadows of the cactus-grove behind us, when a sentinel, more faithful than all—our great dog, who joined himself to our little caravan at Jaffa—gave the alarm, attacked the thief, and held him by the leg (very uneasily, I should think), until assistance arrived, when the thief was secured, and, this morning, delivered over to the authorities at Jenin—for aught I know, he may be one of the *select-men* of their council. We were astir early to-day, and glad to leave the mud-hole, our camping-ground, and start across the plain of Esdraelon. How glorious to be so well mounted—to find the step of your horse light and elastic! to know the noble brute is your best friend in these countries, and to feel that he comprehends your slightest wish and movement! Ah, now the sun shines, and the birds sing, and the scent of wild-flowers borne on the soft breezes of the morning pervades the

atmosphere. How delicious, how inspiring, to gallop briskly over this verdant, pathless plain, on such a steed as mine! And *apropos*, dear Bookworm, do you know that I can comprehend the attachment of a man for his horse much more readily than that of some men and some women for each other—the world is not all a cheat, nor society a fraud, but—the power of that simpering miss over the man of solid judgment and distinguished talents; the preference of that royal-blooded, royal-hearted woman for that curled nonentity whom all his fellows measure most truly, and describe in their secret memoranda with the O significant—the poet for the untutored, the selfish with the open-hearted, the lovely with the deformed—yes, explain it to me, you so wise—the horse I can comprehend, but the (sometimes) inferior animal, man? Proprieties, pardon me, but I am lost when I come to *him*. And then the *blood* you talk about—capital thing that blood (in a horse): it should make a man proud and virtuous, high-toned, generous, and brave (but does it? Look about you), and I admit, even in this land of Palestine, no lapse of time, no taint of poverty, will deprive of due honor and respect a man who has descended from an honored or saintly family. Yon *hadgi*, in the green gown, may be poor enough to beg paras in the public places, yet, his fellow-beggar crouching beside him in the dust, and even dividing with him his scanty loaf, will be forward to acknowledge his princely rank, and in the mouths of all classes of his countrymen he is still shereef and saïb, nobleman and lord. Thus far, good! But to be in your new lands, not of the *nouveaux riches*, and as yet we are too young to have much else, implies something *unclean*—good enough, mark you, when they keep in their places and delve, mend, or pull, but in the drawing-room, forum, or club—faugh! “Be reasonable, my dear fellow! *Caste*, you know, etc., among our old families.” Why, you poor *parvenus*, there is not a half-naked Arab here who could not outlineage you and your ancestors, the farthest removed from your vain little pedigree. You know it—blood and family, in the first place, count for little, if the armorial bearings are not painted on a carriage-panel, or stamped on the bright buttons of one or more household flunkies; and GOLD, the

real signet of nobility, takes the first place at opera and ball, the crests bowing down before the *goose* that lays the precious eggs. Is it any wonder we all sneer, at least in our New World, when we hear ancestry quoted? Who are our representative men?—the leaders in the Senate, the stars of literature, the giants of commerce? I can count you three-parts of the dozen who have sprung from the lower and middle classes, and conquered their places by the force of genius and industry, while the young bloods of family were wasting their youth playing billiards, racing their horses, and generally dancing away the precious hours. I know I am fearfully moralistic this morning—let me have my way. Not for a moment do I deny the metal of our *jeunesse dorée*; if well directed, it would soon eclipse the poor struggling beasts of the *bas espèces*, because good grooming and fat feed pass for something in the field, and the refinements that should surround a well-bred youth, the influences of music and books, give a grace to the man, a something inexpressible that I can only liken to the perfume of a flower—indefinable, yet delightful. But these youths—what seek they? To enrich their centuries, to ennoble still more their families, in fine, to do honor to themselves? Ah, I pause again at that word honor—we must not defame it, that which is always so noble, delicate, and salutary, as an emotion of the heart. It heightens all the qualities. “It is the modesty of the man,” sometimes a strength, always a grace—but it does not suffice in face of the grand interests, the passions, and the severe proofs of life—it may be a defence, but a sustenance infallible—no! It does not replace God. But these youths of high birth, they would be loved by women, feared by men, be impassible as a God before the tears of the one and the blood of the other; but as for the sympathies, affections, charities of life, they cannot comprehend their needs, because they never needed their comprehension.

They would not marry if not pushed by self-interest, they would not fight if not urged on by pride. To be rich, to allow no passion to be discovered by the world (at least, if not a gentlemanlike vice), not to show anger, to dine and dance well, to laugh decorously, and never weep, and all is said.—I know not

what should have led me to think thus as I pass by Jezreel and Gilboa—in sight of Nain and Endor, without it is, that, right in front of me, on a high barren hill, stands Nazareth, the place where lived and struggled the first of men, Jesus Christ, the CARPENTER'S SON. How beautiful is the story of that life told by Dixon,* and I grieve that time does not permit me to copy it entirely for you here. He says:

“Four miles south of the strong Greek city of Sephoris, hidden away among gentle hills, then covered from the base to the crown with vineyards and fig-trees, lay a natural nest or basin of rich red and white earth, star-like in shape, about a mile in width, and wondrously fertile. Along the scarred and chalky slope of the highest of these hills, spread a small and lovely village, which, in a land where every stone seemed to have a story, is remarkable as having had no public history, and no distinguishable native name. No great road led up to this sunny nook. No traffic came into it, no legions marched through it. Trade, war, adventure, pleasure, pomp, passed by it, flowing from west to east, from east to west, along the Roman road. But the meadows were aglow with wheat and barley. Near the low ground ran a belt of gardens, fenced with low stones, in which myriads of green figs, red pomegranates, and golden citrons, ripened in the summer sun. High up the slopes, which were lined and planted like the Rhine at Bingen, hung vintages of purple grapes. In the plain among the corn, and beneath the mulberry-trees and figs, shone daisies, poppies, tulips, lilies, and anemones, endless in their profusion, brilliant in their dyes.

“Low down on the hill-side sprang a well of water, bubbling, plentiful, and sweet; and above this fountain of life, in a long street struggling to the synagogue, rose the homesteads of many shepherds, craftsmen, and vine-dressers. It was a lovely and humble place, of which no poet, no ruler, no historian of Israel had ever yet taken note. No Rachel had been met and kissed into love at this well; no Ruth had gathered up the sheaves of barley in yon fields; no tower had been built for observation on this height; no camp had been pitched for battle in that vale.

* “The Holy Land,” you must add it to your library, dear Bookworm.

THE ONE who would become dearer to the fancies of men than either Ruth or Rachel, then walked through these fields, drew water at this well, and passed up and down the lanes of this hamlet. The place was more than obscure—the Arab may have pitched his black tent by the well, the magistrate of Sephoris must have known the village name, but the hamlet was never mentioned by the Jewish scribes. In the Bible, in the Talmud, in the writings of Josephus, we search in vain for any records of this sacred place. Like its happy neighbors, Nain and Endor, it was the abode of husbandmen and oil-pressers, whose lives were spent in the synagogue and in the olive-groves, away from the bright Greek cities and the busy Roman roads. The Greeks called the place Nazareth."

But I cannot follow longer my pleasant historian, and must only give you an outline of the story.

Here dwelt Joachim, Mary's father, who died while Mary was yet a child. But it seems he left another wife besides Mary's mother, who had also a daughter, and the two half-sisters dwelt together in their father's house, which they would inherit on condition that they would marry in their tribe their next of kin. Mary married, therefore, Joseph, who was a carpenter (and tradition has it, a bad one too), her uncle, it would seem, though some say he was her cousin. The arts of domestic life were crude, and when Joseph wrought at his trade in the village, his bench would be placed in the public way, even as I have seen them to-day. It was during the yearly journey to Zion, at the great festivals of their church, that Jesus was born in the grotto at Bethlehem, and they soon after returned to their home here, and, as the boy grew in strength, he was put to learn his father's trade of carpentry, and, until his thirtieth year, when he became old enough to teach and preach, he was content to go about the villages of Galilee, among the followers of Judas, and his sons Simon and James, mending chairs and tent-poles, hewing masts and beams, shaping oars and planks.

"Is not this the carpenter?" said his neighbors of Nazareth, when he began to proclaim the gospel of fraternity and love.

With the axe, the plane, the measuring-line in his hand, he

trudged as a boy at his father's side through those valleys of Zebulon, Issachar, and Naphtali; passing the great cities in which they would have found no work for Jew carpenters to do, and toiling on the farms and in the villages of their own people, among peasants, carriers, and fishermen, who had little knowledge and less appreciation of the finer arts of Greece.

The position of Jesus in this Nazareth home was something akin to that of a woman or a slave, his half-brothers being Orientals, treating him, even when he was thirty years of age, as "*a young man*," which designation even now in the East is contemptuous.

That his mother Mary (or Marian), who bore him at the age of fifteen, was fair and comely, was a constant tradition of the early church, a girl having a style of beauty like that of David and Solomon, which is rare in these hot countries, and when it occurs is most highly prized. She had blue eyes, a pale skin, low color, a sweet oval face, with abundance of golden hair.

In her ways of life, she must have acted not otherwise than the young women we see all about us now. She would rise early in the day, and, going with her creel into the market-place, fill it with melons and fresh figs, with green cucumbers and grapes. At the third hour she would recite her *shema*, and at the ninth hour sing a psalm of David. In the evening she would go down with the pitcher to the well and fill it. On the Sabbath, after washing hands, she would go up to the synagogue on the hill-top, where she would sit among the women behind the screen, and hear the sheliach repeat the lesson set apart for the day. For the rest of her simple and holy life, like the women of her order in these Syrian villages at the present hour, she would boil her pot-tage over a wood-fire, lay her maize on the flat roof to dry, spin thread for domestic use, sweep the dust from her *lewan* in the evening, and, expecting her husband and her son to come home, spread her meats on the floor, and lay out her viands for them in the shadiest nook of her little court.

Thus I rob these beings of that misty half-knowledge and vague spirituality with which Bible-readers are apt to surround them, and show them, as they were, leading lives of simple in-

dustry, of common piety, like the peasants in the same spots to-day.

But yet I do not deny that there is a pastoral grace and beauty most touching in these home-duties, so sweetly performed, and my sympathies are in accord with the poetry with which the whole Christian world has surrounded the Mother of Christ.

The Virgin is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, and our marigold and maiden-hair; all the blooming plants of our fields, unknown to the flora of her own Galilee, are considered as the Virgin's own.

Only two recorded incidents occurred to our Saviour "in the city where he was brought up," during the whole four years of his public life; and, although he wept over Jerusalem when its people refused to hear him, he was filled with righteous scorn and indignation at the wanton insults of his own townsmen. In the *first* place, they were so exasperated at his preaching (the old story of the envy and hate of mediocrity for excellence), that "they thrust him out of the city, and led him unto the brow of the hill on which their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong." After this he dwelt in Capernaum. Although no actual violence was offered to him, his *second* visit must have been equally distressing, for the people bitterly taunted him with the words, "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary, the brother of James and Joses, and of Juda and Simon?" etc., etc.

The Traveller and I, toward evening, visited the Latin convent, about which much of the interest of Nazareth clusters. We entered the heavy iron gateway into a solemn court-yard, encompassed by a high dead wall, and, as we found no monks about, we made our way into the convent uninvited, and were exploring the wondrous sites very much at our ease, when the noise our jingling spurs made on the marble floors brought forth the fathers from their cells, who pointed out to us their sacred places. In front of the great door between two columns is a broad flight of fifteen steps leading down to a grotto. From a low-arched opening at the bottom we entered the place where the Virgin is supposed to have stood during the ANNUNCIATION. On our left hand is a fragment of a large granite column suspended from the roof,

and another fragment of a marble one below it. This column, the good monks tell us, was hacked through by infidel warriors, in the vain attempt to pull down the roof, but was miraculously sustained in its place without support, and has since remained a "suspended miracle."

Within this Chapel of the Annunciation there are altars, over which hang some good modern paintings (one of them the gift of the Emperor of Austria), representing subjects appropriate to the place, and in the marble pavement the words inscribed "*Verbum caro factum est*," and from the chapel a narrow rock-hewn staircase leads up to "the Virgin Mary's Kitchen," a low, rude cave, and the fireplaces, chimneys, etc., were pointed out to us. But undoubtedly the most wonderful sight here is the spaces between the stairways, where once stood the house of the Virgin, so the holy fathers tell us—the same which now is shown as the *Santa Casa* in Loretto, "the Nazareth of Italy." Monkish tradition has it, that "this house once stood over the little vestibule in front of the grotto; but when evil days came, and infidels triumphed over Christian arms and Christian piety, it was conveyed by *angels* first to the heights above Fiume in Dalmatia, then to the plain, and finally to the hill of Loretto." But scholars believe it to be truly, so to speak, only the petrification of "the last sigh of the Crusades."

As we left the convent, we offered our pleasant guides the customary backshish; and be it forever told, to the credit of the Latin monks of Nazareth, that they refused all compensation for showing the holy places. We were, in fact, so embarrassed by this first display of modesty in the Orient, that we felt rather guilty—as if, indeed, we had stolen a relic or something; but the only compromise we could come to with our consciences was to double the backshish, and deposit it surreptitiously in the poor-box, as we went forth from the convent. We idled by the fountain for an hour, and saw many a face that Raphael would have chosen for a Madonna, and many an unconscious Venus, who poised with an inexpressible grace the water-jar upon her head, and moved homeward with the light, elastic step which belongs only to nature, health, and sixteen. Then the style of dress of

the maidens set off their dark, warm beauty, the capacious *shintan*, the close-fitting jacket; sometimes the long, pointed white veil; then the curious strings of glittering coins that hang like the chain of a dragoon's helmet, or wrinkled bright, like waves under the sunset glow, around coils of dark hair, or over half-naked shoulders. Sometimes they bound the waist; often they almost hid the finely-turned throat. Yes; thus they looked eighteen hundred years ago, and we more than ever appreciate how, among these dusky charms, the pale, fair face of Mary must have been prized.

But we leave the fountain, to toil up the winding, narrow streets of the town, to have a good view of the "Mount of Precipitation;" the houses in some places seem to cling to the sides of the precipices, others nestle in glens, and again, some stand out boldly, overlooking the splendid valley. The houses are all built of stone; they look neat and substantial; but all the lanes are filthy lines of dunghills, almost every hollow place a cess-pool, and, after heavy rains, as at present, you have to wade through places knee-deep with liquid abominations. In such situations, I assure you, it needs a strong, ever-imbuing piety to recall that, through these very streets, the Saviour must have played in boyhood, and sat with his parents in the quiet evenings, on the house-top (in which places we see many families gathered now); but certainly, if "cleanliness be next to godliness," I look upon the inhabitants of Nazareth as lost beyond redemption.

From the hill-top we had a fine view of Carmel, the convent on its western brow, and Haifa at its base; and away off in the distance, beyond the green plain, lies *Kāna el-Jelil*, that Cana of Galilee so celebrated as the place of the performance of the miracle of Christ of the turning of water into wine.

But night is upon us, and we scramble down the hill, and *wade* back to our tents. Good-night from Nazareth!

SEA OF GALILEE.—THIRTEENTH ENCAMPMENT.

April 10th.

A ride of about an hour, this morning, brought us to CANA OF GALILEE. I passed through the miserable little town, without

bothering my head whether *Kefr Kenna*, a couple of miles to the northeast, and equally claimed as *the* Cana, was so or not. I examined the tall water-jars, without my learned Robinson or my companion Murray, and was only content to recall the miracle that has made the place so famous, and to forget, in its beauty, the low crowd of Arabs clustering about us, and begging for piasters, as dogs do for bones—that is, with whines and growls.

When Philip, the fourth disciple of Christ, appealed to his friend Nathanael bar-Tolmai to follow Christ, Nathanael said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" To which Philip answered, "Come and see." And so they journeyed on to Nathanael's own village of Cana, where the first and most symbolical of all Christ's miracles was performed.

Nathanael became the fifth disciple. But the story with its concomitants is so beautiful, I will recall it here :

At Cana our Saviour found Mary and His brethren come to the wedding of one of Nathanael's neighbors. Jesus, being bidden to the feast, accepted the invitation, that the first public display of His divine power might be forever associated with the joys of the bridegroom, the festivities of love, and the sanctities of home.

The piety and grace of marriage were, at that time, under a passing cloud; many of the separatist doctors holding that the love of man for woman was a sign of corrupted nature, and that the state of matrimony was a state of sin. In the early ages marriage had been given as a precious lot to all the seed of Adam. "A man shall leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." The gift had been used and abused; the best of men, from Abraham to Gideon, from Elkanah to David, having taken to themselves many wives, until the evil had culminated in the splendid harem of David's son. But from the days of Ezra, when so many other things had been changed in Israel, the schools of Jewish thought had grown less easy and indulgent toward domestic love, as this love had been practised in the pastoral tent. No new law had been given. A man might still marry a hundred wives; and some men, rich and ostentatious, had taken six or seven, but such habits had become unfashionable, and had fallen into bad repute. Then, as is

usual on such questions, extremes began to prevail, and the Pharisees, instead of allowing a good man to marry a single wife, declared love itself a sin; and thus, marriage began to be looked upon as a compromise between the flesh and the devil—a delusion and snare for the soul. The more a Jew aspired to holiness, the more he affected to shun and despise the society of women; and a pretentious Pharisee would shut his eyes in a damsel's presence (doubtless looking out at the corners all the while), and knock his head against a stone, if he met a female in the street.

Not, then, without significance was the presence of our Lord at the marriage-rite. It is true, a Hebrew wedding had nothing to do with religious forms; called in no priest, implied no offerings to the Temple. It was a social act, conducted with all the sport and laughter of a harvest-home. Neighbors and friends were bidden to the feast; stone vessels, with water, stood near the door, so that every one might lave his hands before sitting down to eat; and, as the sun went down, the bridegroom and his friends, attired in gay robes, anointed with oil, and scented with myrrh, set out from the house, preceded by drums and pipes, attended by singers and torchmen, followed by a noisy, jocund multitude of boys and women, to fetch home the bride. Zoned in her glittering belt of coins, garlanded with flowers, clothed in the long, white veil, which hid her person from head to foot so fully that the sharpest Jacob in Cana could not have told whether the maiden were Rachel or Leah, she awaited, with her maidens, this procession at her father's house. And when the bridegroom came, he took the beloved in his arms, set her under a canopy, and, with a swell of drums, and shout of songs, marched her merrily through the streets. A ruler of the feast, perhaps riding on an ass, went first, the pipers behind him, then the bride and her maidens, afterward the bridegroom and his friends, followed by the torchmen, the singers, and the guests. The merry-makings lasted long—sometimes a week, sometimes for fourteen days, as now in all Eastern lands—during which time games were played, songs were sung, and every thing else was given up to frolic with the newly-married couple and their friends.

Men less pure in heart than Jesus feared lest the lights and

unguents, the sounds of music, the revelries of youths and maidens in the night, should lead to sin. Menachem would have fled from a marriage-feast. John the Baptist would have denounced such a scene—but His ways were not as theirs. He mingled in the feast; He shared in the bridegroom's joy (a fitting rebuke to his sleek-faced, straight-haired, canting religionists of to-day, who believe music to be an abomination, dancing a snare, and mirth a twin invention—along with woman—of the devil), and when the wine ran out, Jesus ordered the six great lavers into which the guests had dipped their hands, to be filled with fresh water, and carried up by the servants to the ruler of the feast, who, pouring it out, discovered it was good wine. All Cana saw the miracle. How beautiful was the idea—the consecration of two of the richest blessings and happiest gifts to man—love and wine! And thus He gave the first grand lesson to His infant Church. He loved to feast and make glad; to anoint Himself with oil; to put His feet into the bath. He said, "I am the vine." He compared Himself to a bridegroom. Many of his discourses were made at table; His most holy sacrament was founded at a supper, and He adopted bread and wine as the symbols of His own flesh and blood. After Cana, as we all know, he went up to Jerusalem, being His first visit to the holy city, in His character of Lord and Christ.

We passed, soon after Cana, the Afabs' *Kurûn Hattin*, "The Horns of Hattin," a saddle-shaped hill with two knobs on the top, which the Arabs liken to a camel's hump, and before long we passed over the very battle-field that sealed the fate of the Crusades. The story* deserves to be told here, how "The flower of the Christian army assembled on the one side with the King of Jerusalem at their head, and the vast hordes of the Mohammedans on the other, led by Saladin. The immediate cause of the conflict was the gross infraction of a truce by Raynald of Châtillon, lord of Kerak, who plundered a Damascus caravan, and refused to give up either merchants or merchandise on the demand of the Sultan. Saladin was stung to madness, alike by the perfidy and insolence of the petty Christian chief, and he

* I derive it from Dr. Porter's graphic account.

swore a solemn oath to put him to death with his own hand should he ever fall into his power. Great preparations were made on both sides. The Crusaders' gathering place was the Fountain of Sefûrieh. The Moslems swept round the northern end of the Lake of Tiberias, their horsemen, in the usual Arab style, laying waste the country with fire and sword. Saladin, having seized Tiberias, took up his position on the heights above it, with the intention of drawing the Christian army from their strong position to a general engagement. In this he was successful. The weak-minded king marched to the plateau of Hattin,* and there, after an exhausting journey, without water, and constantly exposed to the assaults of an active foe, he foolishly gave orders to encamp. The night was a dreadful one, but it was followed by a morrow still more terrible. With the dawn the battle commenced. The Christians were hemmed in on every side. The active Arabs, evading the charge of the heavily-armed knights, galled them from a distance with flights of arrows and javelins. But heat, thirst, and exhaustion, were more fatal than the weapons of the foe. A few knights cut their way through and fled to Akka (on the coast), and the shattered remnant, rallying around the king and the 'holy cross,' withdrew to the summit of Tell Hattin. Again and again they drove their assailants from the heights. It was in vain. The bravest fell fighting, and the few who survived were made prisoners. Among these were the king, the Grand-Master of the Templars, and *Raynald of Châtillon*. After the conflict the captive princes were brought to the tent of the conqueror. He received them with the respect due to their rank and their misfortunes. On Raynald alone he bent a look of mingled rage and scorn. He ordered iced sherbert to be presented to the king, and when the latter passed it to Raynald, Saladin said, 'Thou givest him drink, not I.' The words were equivalent to a death-sentence. The execution soon followed, for Saladin cut him down with his own hand, as he had sworn to do. The victory of Hattin was decisive. The Crusaders were almost annihilated, and nearly all Palestine, with Jerusalem itself, soon yielded to the Moslem yoke."

* If my memory serves me, Prime, in his excellent work, "Tent-Life in the Holy Land," has elucidated the causes leading to this result in an able manner.

Riding along the easy slope of the Hattin range, we soon came in sight of the Sea of Galilee (or, as it is sometimes called, the Lake of Tiberias). It is encircled with high hills, and the old picturesque city of Tiberias lies nestling close to its shores. Great mountains, bare and rugged, rise up from its eastern banks; on the north a gradual descent to the valley of the Jordan; a line of round-topped hills spring up from the distant plain of Bashan, and extend northward to the base of snowy Hermon. As we descend by the dangerous ravines to the plain, we find that the air becomes more balmy, the vegetation is richer, and, when Tiberias is in examining distance, we see the gracious palm-trees waving within its walls. But a village of tents is pitched upon the borders of the sea; beyond and toward these I spur forward; Saïd, sharing in my eagerness to reach "home," fairly flies, and I dash up to my tent-door, scattering the crowd of Jew-idlers from the *Bund* domain. Heigho! a colony of Americans! no less than twenty tents pitched in this spot, and among us only the small leaven of one Gaul and two Britons; all the rest have a huge eagle stamped on the outer skin of their passports. Decidedly we are the kings of the Holy Land this year, and Mr. Kinglake's "*swindling community*" has again distanced Eöthen's "Englishmen." *Vive la jeunesse!* So no more at present from your—well, the fact is, I am about to take a bath, so I cannot very conveniently continue my journal.

An hour later.

P. S.—The towels have just been fished out from Aziz's famous saddle-bags, where they were sandwiched between a sack of Jebél tobacco, a loaf of brown bread for the horses' lunch, and a few pounds of Kennah dates; if you could see them you would agree with the significant expression of the Gentleman Traveller, "that it is better to hang ourselves out in the sun to dry," than to use them for that purpose. Pardon this little family detail, dear Bookworm, but really clean towels are *not* one of the "Oriental luxuries." At last, good-night!

SAME PLACE, April 11th.

Another day for rest in this charming spot. But we are now nearly alone here, and what was a colony, teeming with life a few

hours since, is reduced to a half-dozen tents. My countrymen—gypsy or Arab-like, as you please—have folded up their little white houses, packed them on the backs of mules and camels, and are now *en route* for Baniâs and Damascus. We have, however, determined to explore the lake, visit the mouth of the Jordan, and trouble the fleas once more near these famous waters, ere we start along the same road.

This morning I was awakened at sunrise; the air was fresh and delicious, and, as I took my coffee at our tent-door, I saw some glorious cloud-effects on mountain and in valley; as the sun rose, clearing the atmosphere, the snowy crest of Hermon was seen majestically high above the gilded vapors curling at its base, while all the body of the hills was covered lightly with a deep, warm, luminous purple, that seemed to veil Nature as a bride is veiled, that is, only to enhance her charms. The clear, blue sky above was reflected in the calm waters of the sea, murmuring at my feet, while all along the sloping banks the emerald green of the young grain blended harmoniously with the red of the distant rocks, adown which the shepherds were already driving their flocks to the rich pastures. The bleating of the lambs reached me, along with the simple airs blown on the shepherd's reeds, and the rude music of the reed-pipes, which would have been ridiculous elsewhere, was here harmonious, fitting, and sweet. It was one of those moments when all the virtuous part of a man's being is solemnly delighted; sometimes (but rarely) I have experienced kindred pleasure of the rapt senses in a shadowy cathedral, or upon high mountains, when I stood face to face with God; but more often when I have been surprised by some tone in music (in the minor keys), which appealed to me like a voice from heaven, which, while streaming through the whole air, was intelligible only to me. Thus, while I gazed upon the quaint city (which, by a strange *mirage* of light, seemed suspended in the air), on the mountains zoned by such vaporous splendor; on the green banks, commencing to teem with life, while the "virtuous morning air," was filled with the infinite, sympathetic, and immeasurable music of Nature, I was touched profoundly, and dared no more speak, or stir, than if I were in the midst of an enchanting dream.

Oh, what a luxury it is thus to perceive beauty—that is, to *feel* it—not only by the common vision, which has, at all times, a trace of sensuality in it, but with a perception which sanctifies the heart, filters all the passions as through fire; reveals religion and love (the twin needs of the human soul) by a sort of sacred intuition, and imposes silence on the man, as if speech, being earthly, the divine element of the harmonies flooding his being would be disturbed or even lost by utterance.

It is this sort of comprehension of beauty which makes the music of the German masters intelligible to me—I conceive it, I do not learn it—I feel it and enjoy it as if I too were a master, even while things far humbler are beyond the scope of my poor understanding. Thus, I *perceive* Nature in a mood like this, and she blossoms for me in a thousand new forms, each more ravishing than the other, and, though I cannot sing to her like your great poets, she reads in my eyes that I love her, and she blesses me and heals me for it.

But all things have an end—even the splendor of the sunrise. The horses are saddled, and we ride (a merry party of a baker's dozen) toward the ancient Tarichœa, the mouth of the Jordan. The beach is strewn with basaltic pebbles, and finally we are almost lost in a jungle of oleander and thorny nubk. At last, we reach the banks of the river, and cross to "the other side of Jordan" in a fisherman's boat, which may have been the same model as that used by Peter so long ago, for know you the demon of change invades not these solitudes? We soon returned to camp, however, this part of the country possessing but little interest; and, besides, being unsafe from the incursions of savage and wandering tribes of Bedouins.

After lunch, we walked into Tiberias. It is regarded by both Jew and Christian as a holy city. To the former, it is rendered sacred by the rabbinical belief that, from the waters of the lake, the Messiah will rise and establish His throne at Safed. To the latter, because Christ taught along its shores. The modern town stands close to the water; it is of a rectangular form, and is surrounded by a wall, sadly dilapidated, and from this ruin picturesquely rise at intervals many towers. The earthquake of 1837

made terrible ravages among the fortifications, and the place could not now be defended from the Arabs—but they will never attack it, for the excellent reason that there is nothing worth stealing there. The place is inhabited by squalid and sickly-looking Jews, who resemble much the poor communities of the same race I have seen in Poland. They have several synagogues here, and a few schools in which a remnant of rabbinical learning is still kept up. The old town, entirely ruins, is scattered along the shore to the southward, and extends to the Hot-Baths, situated close to the lake. These baths are very celebrated, and the water has a temperature of 144° Fahrenheit; they smell strongly of sulphur, and taste of salt: the houses were erected over them by the Conqueror of Syria, Ibrahim Pacha, the redoubtable son of the first Viceroy of Egypt. These hot fountains were mentioned by Pliny (*Ab occidente Tiberiade aquis calidis salubri*), by Josephus, and the Talmud quotes them as the site of the ancient Hammath. They are said to be most efficacious in scrofulous diseases.

One cannot help recalling in this locality the events connected with the sojourn of our Saviour.

The shores of this sea were not then desolate, but busy with the traffic between the great towns of Capernaum, Chorazin, Gamala, etc., etc. In no other part of Palestine, perhaps, could our Lord have found such a sphere for His labors. Vast "multitudes" followed Him wherever He went, and so crowded were the streets of Capernaum, that the only way the sick man could be brought near Him, was by opening a hole in the flat roof of the house wherein He dwelt (Matt. xiii. 1-23). The sea swarmed with busy fishermen. Christ explained His doctrines by illustrations suitable to all classes. To the trading townspeople He likened the kingdom of Heaven "unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls;" to the tillers of the soil He likened it "unto a man which sowed good seed in his field," and to the fishermen as to a "net that was cast into the sea."

More open to conviction than the rationalistic lawyers or self-righteous Pharisees of the capitals, these simple people received the teachings of Christ in a proper spirit, and laid with Him here the foundations of His Church.

But to me the most interesting event has *always* been the walking of Jesus on the sea. You will remember that it was "in a desert place" near Bethsaida—probably on the distant hill-side at the southwestern angle of the plain—that Christ fed the five thousand men with five loaves and two fishes (Luke ix. 10-17); and to *the other* Bethsaida, near Capernaum, He sent away His disciples in a boat, and afterward "He went up into a mountain apart to pray, and when the evening was come He was then alone." A western gale sprung up in the night, and the disciples strove against it in vain, until Jesus appeared on the stormy sea, and the wind ceased; and "immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."

I can fancy the vast crowds on this very beach, following with astonishment the movements of Him whom they had learned to regard with wonder, discussing His doctrines, wondering at His miracles, and finally dispersing to their homes to watch and pray.—But our Lord dwelt in the city off to the left, and to-morrow I shall see the site where He pronounced the fearful doom, "And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell" (Matt. xi. 23).

CHAPTER XXIV.

PALESTINE.

In a swamp among the Bedouins—Brilliant flowers of Holy Land—The newly-discovered Capernaum—The birthplace of Mary Magdalene—The melancholy valley of the Jordan—Bāniās, a very Arcadia sheltered by the hills—Hasbeiya, and the sickness of Aziz, with his treatment by a Druse doctor—Rashieh; we are waited on by beautiful Syrian girls—Some account of that mysterious order of The Druses—The first sign of civilization, the French road to Damascus—Approach to the Perennial City—The gardens and groves which line the banks of the Abana and Pharpar—At the locanda of a Greek—The bazaars—The palaces of El-Shām—Beyrout—Departure for Europe—Farewell—Sad news at Rome.

“AIN MELLĀHAH.”—FOURTEENTH ENCAMPMENT.

April 12th.

HERE we are at last; our tents pitched in a low swamp at the base of Hermon. My companion has just finished a successful scorpion-hunt; he found many under the stones about our tents, and has bottled a few for his home-collection. This has been one of our most fatiguing days in Palestine. We started at five o'clock this morning from Tiberias, and it was five, this afternoon, before we reached this most miserable marsh, our camp. In the distance are a score of Bedouin black tents, and some ugly-looking natives are even now prowling about the door as I write; but on the principle of “set a thief to catch a thief,” our dragoman has wisely hired these fellows to act as our “guards” (?) for the night, for a small backshish, and a share of the *kebāb*.

On the commencement of our journey this morning, passing by the borders of the Sea of Galilee, we were charmed by the luxuriant foliage and flowers that sprang up on every side, the brilliant oleanders mingled with the thickets of lote-trees; the dwarf-palms were almost buried in a wilderness of wild plants of a thousand bright hues, and strange fruits were growing in as

great luxuriance as in a South American *pampa*. Birds of richest plumage sprang from their leafy coverts, and turtle-doves and quails piped so sweetly, that the air was filled with harmony. Our fresh steeds dashed merrily along the crescent-shaped plain that wound for three miles by the shore of the lake, and at length we left this little paradise of fertility for the hard, rocky, upper roads that led us to the *true* site of Capernaum. I say *true*, because the old dragomen and guide-books are deceived as to this locality, and we were indebted to Pedro the Syrian guide for a sight of the ruins which were discovered but lately by an English traveller (Captain Wilson). The spot usually shown by dragomen as Capernaum, is near Khan Minyeh, and is but a heap of rubbish and shapeless stones, but the road to it is easy, therefore our Syrian masters lead us by that route. But *our* Capernaum was of much interest, for making our way through thickets of the thorny nubk, and descending into dangerous and but half-excavated pits, we were enabled to see lofty and splendid columns of marble, with capitals finely carved, and friezes to which the gold ornamentation still clung. It was not hard to believe, as we scrambled over these ruins, that indeed lies buried here a once noble and glorious city—but it is “brought down to hell,” and Nature (as if in pity) covers it with luxuriant vines, and rich, wild flowers, for, with the faithfulness and tenderness of a mother, she spreads over the once-loved her generous mantle, and would fain soften the curse of God. Who so constant, so generous as she?

Soon after “His own city,” we came to “*Magdala*,” a miserable hamlet, but the birthplace of MARY MAGDALENE, out of whom Jesus “had cast seven devils.” Here were scores of the most rude, wild-looking, and naked Arabs with whom it has been my ill-fortune to meet in Holy Land.

Now we commenced to ascend long, toilsome acclivities, and to ride over high hills of black basalt, and then through deep ravines, where not a human habitation could be seen, but every thing in Nature wild and luxurious as in that garden valley of *Yo Semite*, in California. The rich grass reached to our horses’ bridles, and the beasts fed as they went along, and, on the few cultivated patches here and there, the grain was of proportionate

luxuriance. We were looking anxiously for Khan Jubb Yusef, where we were to lunch, but our amiable Mahmoud led us out of the way of it (on purpose, I verily believe), because he was displeased that we had deferred to the Syrian Pedro's advice as to Capernaum in the morning. However, after crossing over foaming brooks that were swollen almost to torrents by the recent rains, we reached a broad, rocky terrace in sight of the khan; and, although it commenced to rain heavily, we spread our india-rubber coats on the ground, and on them lunch, and ate our frugal meal, I dare say, with a better appetite than you, with all your furnace comforts, hot dishes, and comfortable dressing-gowns.

Lunch finished, we mounted quickly for the balance of our dreary ride. You will gain some idea of the mournful silence of this part of the land, when I tell you, that in the whole Jordan Valley, from the Lake Hùleh (we are approaching) to the Sea of Galilee, there is not a single settled inhabitant. Along the whole eastern bank of the river and the lakes, from the base of Hermon to the ravine of the Hieromax—a region of great fertility, thirty miles long by seven or eight wide—there are only *three inhabited villages*. The western bank is almost as desolate. Ruins are numerous enough; every mile or two is the site of an old town or village, now nearly buried in jungles of thorns and thistles. The words of the Scripture solemnly recur to us: “I will make your cities waste, and bring your sanctuaries into desolation. And I will scatter you among the heathen, and will draw out a sword after you; and your land shall be desolate, and your cities waste. Then shall the land enjoy her sabbaths, as long as it lieth desolate, and ye be in your enemy's land; even then shall the land rest and enjoy her sabbaths” (Lev. xxvi. 31–35).

Prophecies, indeed!

Passing along still northward by Lake Hùleh (mentioned in the Old Testament as the “*Waters of Merom*,” beside which Joshua smote Jabin, King of Hazor), we reach in an hour the place so famous for malaria and wild swine, and from this very *Ain Melláhah* I now say good-night once more to my faithful Bookworm.

BÂNIÂS (CÆSAREA PHILIPPI).—FIFTEENTH ENCAMPMENT.

Evening, April 13th.

I write to you from the last and most lovely *pilgrims'* camping-ground in Palestine—Bâniâs. This was the northern limit of the Saviour's wandering, and our journeying henceforth will be in northern Syria proper, with only the Oriental elements of the life and the grand beauty of the scenery to interest us.

This morning, at an early hour, we started toward "*Tell el-Kady*," the "Hill of the Judge," and the DAN of Scripture. Two things here were worthy of especial notice, "The Fountain of the Jordan," and the site of the ancient city. A cup-shaped basin, dotted with trees, and covered with a jungle of nubk, and rank, rich flowers, rises in the midst of the plain, here not quite level. At the western base the waters of the fountain foam forth in picturesque cascades, and rushing forward, southward principally, from the rapid stream consecrated in sacred history as the Jordan. We have, therefore, travelled from "Dan to Beersheba."

We reached, after an hour's hard riding, the base of the southern ridge of Hermon, and, scrambling up the rugged slopes, shaded with the "oaks of Bashan" (which indeed reminded me of some of our glorious "*openings*" in the West), in a short time we saw the broad terrace on which our tents were pitched. This was the ancient *Cæsarea Philippi*. But I am weary, and leave until to-morrow the descriptions of its charms.

STILL AT BÂNIÂS, April 14th.

This delightful spot—after the desolation of the wilderness through which we so recently passed—seems an enchanted grove. Our tents are pitched on a terrace covered with massive oaks and fine olive-trees. These terraces slope to a pleasant ravine, through which tumbles, with a musical murmur, a hundred cascades like miniature fountains. Clumps of hawthorn and myrtle spring up between picturesque fragments of rock behind us. The sun shines brightly (but is not too warm), and the birds are singing as if they would split their little throats. Tell me, is it not a pleasant scene at this resting-place—Bâniâs? The Arabs are grouped under yon great oak, preparing their mutton for dinner, and the half-starved

Syrian *mukari*, who wander near the savory viands, look, in their scarlet jackets, like ancient Druse priests, assisting in their own groves at the sacrificial rites—*à vrai dire*. I think there is some celebration among the natives to-day—the departure or arrival of the *hadjis* at Mecca, or something of that sort. There is holy service in one of our tents, and doubtless there is being preached some good orthodox sermon by the young Scotch divine, who is so fond of chameleons; but I am so happy here in the shade, almost covered up by the sweet rich grass, that I will be content with the Italian's religion of *dolce far niente*, and trust to the mercy of God for the balance. Do you dare tell me I am a Sabbath-breaker, Sir Bookworm? Well, perhaps you are right; but what can a poor Sentimental Idler do, in presence of such a scene, but look out dreamily upon the dark ravines, and listen to the murmurs of the torrents which foam down their rocky beds, scattering pearls over the oleander-thickets, and diamonds among the wild-rose gardens—what to do, I say, but weave his fancies into a precious poem, which he singeth to himself, only to receive the applause of his own satisfied soul? For, remember, I am in the ancient Greek *Paneas*, where the sylvan god was ever associated with the mysteries of caves and grottoes, in the very sanctuary of the Deity; but, alas! in ruins, for the fallen columns and sculptured arches are covered with mosses, and, away down below, the little brook has polished a noble marble altar, until it shines like a pearl.

The Castle of Subeibeh is an imposing Phœniciau ruin, crowning a conical peak a thousand feet above the valley; but, after climbing up half-way, among huge fragments of rock, I became absorbed in the study of some rare, rich wild flowers; and, when I had half-filled my book with them, the last rays of the sun was crowning *Djibel el-Sheik*, and so I had to find my way back to camp without examining the structure, which is at least as old as the Herods. Pardon me, my Bookworm, but you will find it all in “Murray,” measurements, dates, and a great deal more than you ever care to know.

However, I cannot leave this spot without recalling that our Lord, after healing the blind man at Bethsaida, “came into the coasts

of Cæsarea Philippi," and afterward, while in this same region, He led three of His disciples up "into an high mountain," and was "transfigured before them." Standing here, there is no need to ask, "Where is that high mountain?" Hermon, with its wooded sides, and snow-crowned peaks, rises over us. This place, then, was the northern boundary of Christ's wanderings, and the Transfiguration one of the last episodes in His life in Galilee. His work of *teaching* was nearly finished, and He set His face, for the last time, "to go up to Jerusalem."

HASBEIYA.—SIXTEENTH ENCAMPMENT.

April 15th.

This morning we bade adieu to some of the Americans, who would not go with us by the long route to Damascus, and, skirting the southwestern base of Hermon, we entered Wady el-Teim, the continuation of the plain of Hûleh and the Jordan Valley. The country was picturesque and wild; and, after a ride of six hours, we found ourselves at the above camping-ground. Our head muleteer, Aziz, presented at the lunch-place to-day a sorry picture. The poor wretch was taken with a violent ague, succeeded by a terrible fever. He laid himself down despairingly on the ground, and although, Moslem-like, would not complain, he looked as though he was fully convinced that his hour for entering the Mohammedan paradise had come. Armed with my little homœopathic medicine-chest, I administered my favorite remedies—*acon.-bell.*, *bell.-acon.*—which I would confidently give for *mania potu*, hydrophobia, fits, ring-worm, dyspepsia, strabismus, or colic; but the poor *mouk* shook his head, shivered, looked more livid and murderous every moment, and I really began to fear we would have to make the inventory of "one dead muleteer," along with the rest of our effects, at Damascus, when along came a dervish, dirty, as was natural, impudent, as was customary, and professing medicine, as they all do. He looked at the sick man a moment, then ordered him to put out his tongue. Aziz laid the member out at length over his chin (it looked rather as if it belonged to one of his mules, as to size, and like fresh corned beef, as to color). The dervish shook his head wisely, then

slowly drew from his filthy burnoose—what do you think?—a long razor. Good heavens! I thought the villain thinks there is no hope, and he is about to cut the throat of the wretch, much on the same principle as knocking a horse in the head when he has broken his leg; but I was mistaken. He seized the *mouk* by the unique tuft on his crown, held his head firmly between his knees, and inflicted quickly a dozen light gashes, in the shape of crosses, on both temples. The blood spurted freely; the color came back to Aziz's face in half an hour; he seemed to be free from fever; and, before we reached camp, he was singing as merrily, if not so sweetly, as a lark. I mention this circumstance to you, as an instance of the efficacy of Oriental allopathic treatment. You can do what you please, my Bookworm, but as for me, I shall throw *bell-acon.*, *nux vom.*, and *ipéc.* into the nearest stream, and cling to my razors most religiously.

RASHIEH.—SEVENTEENTH ENCAMPMENT.

April 16th.

We wound through little valleys and over green hills this morning, always under the shadow of Mount Hermon, whose highest peak here is said to attain an elevation of ten thousand feet. During the last part of our journey, after lunch, we rode over beds of limestone, while here and there only gray and thorny shrubs dotted the ground; the snow still lay in the ridges of the mountains, but, in the distance, radiating from the peaks of the Lebanon range, the glittering, white streaks looked like the scanty locks that cover the head of old age. After a ride of six hours, we reached our camping-ground, beyond the little town mentioned above, and found our tents surrounded by soldiers of the Pacha of Damascus, who were playing games, and beautiful young Syrian girls, who were already making themselves useful to our cook, Ali, by fetching water, plucking chickens, etc. Vineyards, orchards, and olive-groves clothed the surrounding acclivities, and an old castle of the Emirs of the Shehâb crowned the heights. Tomorrow we hope to reach Damascus.

DAMASCUS.—EIGHTEENTH ENCAMPMENT.

April 1772.

The first part of our journey, this morning, was among the rugged banks, crowned by Druse chapels and fortresses, the wild seclusion of which was most striking. Their watch-towers are on every height. I could not help recalling, as I travelled past their miserable villages, a part of their strange history, which, I think, will be of interest to you.

THE DRUSES form, with the Maronites, the principal population of the Lebanon, and, although they passed, for a long time, as a European colony, left in the Orient after the Crusades, nothing can be more absurd than this belief. Their language and religion are perfectly and mysteriously preserved among their tribes. The first is idolatrous, and the last nearly approaches the Arabic. It is more than probable that, like the Maronites, they sprang from wandering desert tribes, who, refusing to adopt the religion of the Prophet, and persecuted by the new believers, took refuge in the inaccessible solitudes of the Lebanon, there to defend their liberty and their gods. The name of their principal chief, the Emir Fakar el-Din, rendered them celebrated, even in Europe. It was in the commencement of the seventeenth century that his name first appeared in history. Named governor of the Druses, he soon gained the confidence of the Porte. He repulsed the ferocious tribes of Baalbec, delivered Tyre and St. Jean d'Acre from the incursions of the hostile Bedouin tribes, chased the reigning aga from Beyrout, and established his capital in the latter city. In vain the Pachas of Aleppo and Damascus menaced and denounced him in the divan of the Sultan; he corrupted the judges, and triumphed, by *ruse* or strength, over all his enemies. Meanwhile, the Sultan, capricious, and so many times warned of the emir's growing power, resolved to dispossess him, and prepared an expedition for that purpose. Fakar el-Din temporized, and in the meanwhile formed alliances and entered into commercial treaties with the princes of Italy—even going himself to solicit the assistance of his new allies. Leaving the government in the hands of his son Ali, he took refuge in the court of the Medicis at Florence. The arrival of this Mohammedan prince in Europe made a great stir.

He was declared to be a descendant of the princes of the house of Lorraine, and rumor asserted that the Druses drew their origin from the companions of a Count of Dreux, who rested in the Lebanon after the Crusades. In vain the grave historian, Benjamin of Toledo, made mention of the sect before this epoch; romance triumphed, and the emir himself gave credence to the story, to interest in his fate the sovereigns of Europe. After nine years in Italy, the emir returned. His son Ali meanwhile had repulsed the Turks, and preserved intact the provinces conquered by his father; but Fakar el-Din, corrupted by his sojourn in Italy, instead of inspiring respect among his friends, and terror in the ranks of his enemies, gave himself up to luxury. He built magnificent palaces at Beyrout, and filled them with paintings and statuary, which, though doubtless artistic, wounded the prejudices of the Orientals. His subjects commenced to scheme against him, and Amurath IV. the Sultan, sent anew the Pacha of Damascus, with a powerful army, against the chief of the Druses. Ali, his son (then Governor of Safed), was killed, and, when the emir sent his second son to implore peace, on board of the Turkish admiral's ship, the latter retained him prisoner, and refused all negotiation. Fakar el-Din took to flight; but, after a long time, was betrayed in the mountains, and sent prisoner to Constantinople. At first Amurath treated him with benevolence; but, according to Eastern practice, the Sultan soon changed his policy, and had him quietly strangled. However, the family of Fakar el-Din reigned for nearly a hundred years, after which the family Chab succeeded, and the Emir Beshir ruled.

But a word as to the religion of these strange people. It has ever been a mystery. I have known Europeans who have traded among the people of the tribes, and who are no wiser at this moment as to their beliefs than when they heard the first "salaamé." Most voyagers who have written on the subject, pretend that their religion is a mere offshoot from Mohammedanism: I think they are deceived. One thing is certain, that adopting the Jesuit principle of "all things to all men," they affect the belief of any people with whom they come in contact, and, to my notion, Moses, Mohammed, and Jesus, are held by them in equal veneration.

They are divided into two castes. The *akkals* are the elders or priests *who know* ; the *djahels* are the people who do *not* know. They assemble one day in each week, in the place known to the initiated, and perform their sacred rites. The temples or chapels are generally situated on high mountain-peaks, commanding a view of the whole land, and guards watch, during the ceremonies, that no profane regard shall penetrate the sacred mystery of their worship. Death would instantly punish the unauthorized intruder. Women are admitted to these mysteries, and the *akkals* are permitted to marry. After the death of a Druse, all of his tribe reunite around his grave, and then is heard the witnesses of the good or evil deeds of the defunct : if the former overbalance the latter, the *akkal* cries : " May the All-powerful be merciful to the dead ! " If, on the contrary, the evidences of virtue are not very clear (which, indeed, they are not apt to be), the priests and assistants maintain an unbroken silence. The people generally believe in the transmigration of souls. If a man be brave and pure, he will revive as a man favored by fortune, successful in the chase, and beloved by all ; if, on the contrary, he has lived a vile or cowardly life, he comes back under the form of a camel or a dog. Divorces are frequent among these people ; the morals of the family not irreproachable, but hospitality is sacred, and no menace or promise will induce a Druse to deliver up the guest who has stepped over the sill of his door, or within the shadow of his tent. Lamartine, though believing the origin of these people to be lost in the night of the past, still thinks their race to be of high antiquity, and I agree fully with the eminent French poet, that there is much likeness in features with the Jewish race, as also a great similarity in their supposed rites.

They are accustomed, however, to a sort of fraternity with the Christian Maronites, and seem to detest the Mohammedan yoke ; they love agriculture, and make tolerable merchants, so that they would easily blend with the Maronites of the Lebanon, and advance in the same path toward a higher civilization, providing their religious rites were respected.

A surprise ! Imagine yourself a traveller for days, nay weeks,

through desolate valleys, over sandy plains, and across rugged mountains, and weary with all savageness, longing for a sign of progress, the sight of a well-tilled garden, or a tolerable wagon-road—imagine this, I say, and find yourself suddenly out of the wilderness, and in front of you a smooth, white, level, wide French turnpike-road, and you will comprehend something of our delight as our horses' hoofs struck this grand result of the civil engineer's science near Damascus. Yes, there it was, as compact, straight, and well made, as a branch of the Bois de Boulogne, and we shouted like schoolboys as we galloped along it with a strange delight toward a little hut before which stood a real stage-coach. I had just the sort of feeling, as I touched this track, that animates a native Parisian when he stands on his beloved asphalté of the Boulevards after a visit to some country aunt at Tarbes or Dijon. A turnpike! could I believe it? It seemed to me I never comprehended its beauty before. Do you understand me? A turnpike (and a turnpike without toll-gates)! surely it must lead to Paradise (and do not the Moslems say Mohammed was afraid to enter Damascus, for fear that, reaching an earthly paradise, he would be unworthy to inherit a heavenly one)? Why, we can race our Arabs along this smooth track without fear of being dashed into eternity by way of an abyss; it does not take us over cliffs, it leads us gently around them; we have no more streams to swim—they are bridged over for us; no more hills to climb, for neat tunnels pierce them—a turnpike! Ah, you will not comprehend my enthusiasm, you sybarites of horse-cars, you amphitryons of the rails, who step out of your coupés into your carpeted cars, warmed, lighted, and softly-cushioned. You will not sympathize with my turnpike; but come here far from your patent springs, and ride day after day, week after week, if the heavens be fair or stormy, over the bare hills, through the wild valleys, from dawn until the sun goes down—ride, ride, ride, until your bones ache, and your brain is scorched, until your weary arms drop to your sides, and you sleep upon your good steed's back, even while his sure feet are carrying you along the brink of a dark precipice, or over a slippery mountain—when you do all this, you will understand my turnpike, and bless,

like me, the sign that proves you are soon to be disenthralled from the tyranny of your Arab masters.

We took a hasty lunch by the road-side, ordered hot coffee from the little hut, after which I walked about that adorable old battered stage-coach, and read with feelings of indescribable ecstasy on its yellow sides, "*Damas à Bayruth*." I had some sort of a wild idea of hiring the good old thing to take me toward the sea, in order to have the luxury of riding again in something that went on wheels, when I heard the dragoman shout "*Ana rye, et la fôke, El-Shām!*" ("I am going; mount! ride for Damascus!") So, mounting rather discontentedly my faithful Saïd, I dashed on with the company again toward the little village of Mezzeh. There were two roads branching here: Mahmoud said take to the right—Aziz said the *left*. As we had found the dragoman uniformly wrong, and I began to feel a sort of fierce independence (born of the turn-pike, mark you!), I boldly took to the left, spite of mutterings in Arabic, which, I imagine, were not all Moslem blessings. The result proved the wisdom of my choice: the right (though a trifle shorter) would have led us through dreary glens and over naked plateaus; but the left soon brought us to a beautiful defile, rich with foliage, and sparkling with fountains and merry streams, that went singing through the fragrant poplars that fringed and shaded the road. The desert had become a garden. The golden-flowing Abana dashed through verdant fields, and watered green vales dotted with picturesque Damascene villas and fanciful kiosks. Thickets of oleander and hawthorn fringed the road-sides, and the sweetness of the blossoms filled the air with perfume. The glen became more narrow as we advanced, and then the crowns of the tall trees formed a leafy arch overhead, giving us a shade most grateful from the fierce sun's rays. On the top of a high hill we halted for a moment, to contemplate the dazzling and delightful scene before and around us. Far away, to the south and east, spread the desert plain of Sahra, like a boundless ocean, but uprising from it were islands of rarest luxuriance. Masses of dark, delicious foliage rolled like waves upon the golden sands, and clustering blossoms of orange and nectarine lay like the foam upon that verdant sea. The white minarets, which glittered like ivory

in the sunlight, shot up among the dark groves like fairy towers; and the gilded and painted mosque-domes here and there looming above the plantations, gave the only sign that a great city lay embowered among the trees.

On we rode among gardens, and fountains, and cool shade, absorbed in our sensations, intoxicated by the perfumes from the canopies of flowers that hung everywhere around us, and ravished by the sight of strange fruits of every delicate hue and shape which hung temptingly over garden-walls that bordered the lanes. These walls were built of large square blocks of dried mud, but they are firm withal, and so festooned with flowers, that their native ugliness was gloriously masked. At last we stood upon the high mountain near the suburb of Salahiyeh. Near by were the splendid Saracenic tombs, whose beautiful forms accord so well with Oriental scenery, and almost beneath us—DAMASCUS! The city was surrounded by its black and yellow ramparts, flanked here and there by square towers. It rose from the plain, among forests and gardens; on all sides wound the bright streams, and the suburbs extended out far into the desert, among gardens of flowers, everywhere shaded, everywhere caressed by the arms of the forests of apricots, sycamores, and cypresses. From time to time this wondrous city seemed to be lost in the verdure, and then, like guide-posts, uprose the white, slender minarets above the trees, to point out where the wanderer reposed. The eye quitted one enchantment only to find another, and from this height we all regarded with delight El-Shām, and the great desert beyond it, which has only for bounds Bagdad and Bassora. By a long, straight road, our little caravan entered the city, but we had the satisfaction to see one of our mules fall down in the river near the great white mosque, and the unfortunate ass happened to have the personal effects of the Gentleman Traveller lashed on his back; but he has become such a philosopher, my Bookworm, that he did not utter a "*sacre*." As we passed over a bridge we were stopped by a Turkish guard, who were to examine our baggage in search for contraband goods, but a few piasters' backshish satisfied them. We passed on, receiving humble salutes, with hands on hearts, lips, and foreheads, and soon were in the narrow,

crooked streets, near the vivid bazaars. We pressed among crowds of gayly-dressed merchants and picturesque Arabs, and glided by lines of laden camels toward our hotel refuge—"Dimitry's." How pleasant was the strange gloom of the streets; the sight of the veiled figures again; the fragrant smell of the spice-shops; the sound of the tinkling brass of the sherbet-sellers; the turbaned negroes, and the glances in the open doors of the luxurious baths, where lay the white-robed inmates dreaming away the hours in a precious and ecstatic indolence. And then, when we stopped before a low iron door in a dead wall, and it was opened for us to enter the court of our *Locanda*, where we saw fountains playing, and luxurious divans laid within the cool marble niches, it was difficult to believe it was not all an Eastern dream; but, after my fatigue, I have been most industrious in writing all this to you. So, until to-morrow, leave me to deserved repose in this enchanted spot—the well-named "*Perennial City*."

AT "DIMITRY'S," April 20th.

Three days have passed since I have touched my journal, but I know in my place, dear Bookworm, you would be as much of a Sentimental Idler as I am. So, after my faithful and unflagging accounts of my long journeys, I have no excuses to make, although I am convinced your goodness would grant me ample pardons.

Josephus affirms that Damascus was founded by *Uz*, the son of *Aram*, and great-grandson of *Noah*; and we know it was already a noted place in the days of *Abraham*. Here occurred the event which is spoken of in 2 Kings, where a Jewish maiden was taken captive and placed in the hareem of *Naaman* (the great Syrian general), and "waited on *Naaman's* wife." *Naaman* was a leper, and the little captive, having seen his loathsome disease, said, with all a woman's tenderness, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in *Samaria*, for he would recover him of his leprosy." The general was told of this remark, and received a letter from his sovereign to the King of *Israel*. But, on being told by the prophet *Elisha* to wash in the *Jordan*, the proud

Syrian uttered the words, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" However, the advice of his servants prevailed; and he washed, and was healed.

Damascus submitted to the Romans, under Pompey, sixty-four years before Christ. It flourished as a Christian city for nearly three centuries after Tiberius, but in A. D. 634 it fell into the hands of the Moslems, and in 661 it was made the capital of the Mohammedan empire by Moawyah, the first caliph of the Omeiyades. Afterward came the Crusaders' attacks, but the Christian kings, Baldwin, Conrad, and Louis VII., never succeeded in replacing the Cross over the Crescent. Two centuries after the brilliant reign of the victorious Saladin, the cruel Tamerlane fairly swept Damascus with the besom of destruction. The Arab writers designate him as "*El-Wahsh*" ("the Wild Beast"). On the first of the month Shaban, 803 (although the city had surrendered, and the inhabitants had paid the tribute demanded by the conqueror), Tamerlane ordered his soldiers to commence a massacre. Houses were pillaged, women dishonored and murdered, old men hewn to pieces, and children flung into the flames. It was zeal for Islam that drove the conqueror to this cruel act, and savage cruelty lurks in the very heart of the creed; and no man of observation will ever travel in the Orient but what his summing up of the Moslem character will be, "cringing and fawning when favors are sought for; polished and hospitable when friendship is to be won; but cruel as death when a mysterious Providence gives them the power."

Never had Damascus so fearfully suffered. Its spacious palaces and marble halls, its inlaid fountains and arabesque walls, its silk divans, embroidered with gold and sparkling with gems, were pillaged and left in ashes, and, out of a large Christian population, only a single family escaped.

It is truly called the *Perennial City*, for under every dynasty Damascus has flourished. It has never rivalled, in the numbers of its population, nor in the splendor of its structures, a Nineveh, Babylon, or Thebes; neither has it resembled them in the greatness of its fall, nor in the desolation of its ruins. It has existed

woven burnoose. These unique garments they wrap around them, after the style of the antique statues. Their complexion is nearly black; their beards short and dark, and their eyes and bearing ferocious; but they are decidedly more noble specimens of humanity than their mongrel brethren of the Wilderness of Judea. They are found in greater numbers about the tobacco-bazaar, and their splendid mares, already saddled and bridled, are massed in one of the dark avenues.

Nothing can equal the saddlers' art in this old city. These craftsmen are the most numerous and ingenious in the bazaars. The taste, grace, and richness of the saddles for the great sheiks and agas cannot be surpassed. They are covered with silk and velvet, and embroidered in fanciful arabesques, in gold and pearls. The narrow martingales, of red morocco, are ornamented with points of silver, and fall, a glittering fringe, around the neck and over the chest of the precious Arab steeds. The bridles are also of some bright morocco, thin, but strong, and decorated with strips of flame-colored silks, woven with gold. All these articles are of a luxury unknown in Europe or America.

Naturally we looked for the famous blades of Damascus, of the temper and excellence renowned, but alas! the art has fallen into oblivion, and Khorassan, a province of Persia, now furnishes the only "Damascus blades." The Gentleman Traveller vainly searched for a poniard or sabre for his fine home-collection, but only a few of the precious relics pass from hand to hand among the armorers, and are of inestimable price. The Turks and Arabs estimate them above diamonds or gold, and will sacrifice every thing for their possession; and, when they see a fine specimen, their eyes sparkle with enthusiasm and veneration, placing them against their foreheads, as if they adored so perfect an instrument of death.

Of course, you know my tastes, and are sure I did not neglect the *silversmiths' bazaar*. It is a large, gloomy, covered area, whose shattered roof, seen through volumes of smoke, is supported in one place by a rude pier, in another by an ancient column. The din of their labor is almost deafening. Swarthy, dark-turbaned figures are seen on every side, squatting on dirty hobs and about small furnaces. Heaps of precious metals, ornaments of

quaint shape and endless variety, are on all sides; diamonds, emeralds, and rubies glitter in their hands, and as for turquoises, they lie about in little bundles, stuck in wax, and look for all the world like lucifer-matches.

"*Antika, antika howadjis!*" is shouted as we enter, and worthless Roman coins, or Greek medals are thrust under our noses, with the usual cries of *backshish*. These workmen do not seem to possess the art and taste of the Europeans in the adjustment of their pearls and fine stones, but they possess an immense collection, for indeed nearly all of their wealth is movable. After buying a few filagree stands for coffee-cups, and some cigarette-holders, I was enabled to escape into the pure air once more.

Another feature claims our attention, as we stroll back toward the *Locanda*—the open-air restaurants, where, on long skewers, are turned the savory meats before the fire, and exposed for sale in large, round pans, the dry fruits and vegetables, all tinted in different colors. Nowhere are there tables or chairs, but the crowds are served standing, with the meats, vegetables, or numerous sweetmeats, and they dispatch them with the most ancient of knives and forks—that is to say, with their thumbs and index-fingers. The fountains near by offer to the thirsty Arabs drink, unless they wish to indulge in the luxury of lemonade, in which case the tinkling bell of the sherbet-seller is heard near by.

April 21st.

Some writer has well observed that Damascus is a city of blissful shades, hidden palaces, copses and gardens, fountains and babbling streams. It is true, the fresh torrent that flows icily-cold adown the snowy sides of the Anti-Lebanon gives the city shade, and beauty, and life; and fair Damascus, like a thirsty man, lies flat on the marge of the sparkling streams, as if drinking from the gushing waters.

The gardens in the suburbs are delightful, and our young Armenian guide took us to-day into one of these owned by a society akin to our clubs in the West, where, although one could be served with sherbet, coffee, and pipes on demand, no admittance could be gained except by introduction. It was pleasing to observe how perfectly well-bred the *habitués* of this place were, in

contrast with the rude regards of the rabble of the streets. Have you ever been in a place where *you* were the real live curiosity ; where your hat and shoes, revolver, spurs, narrow trousers, and pale face, have made you the subject of unpleasant and contemptuous ridicule ; where you would be content to be called "dog" and "vermin," if you were not stoned ; where your dragoman and servants even paraded you as a species of decorated wild beast ; and where the malice of your enemies was only to be appeased by the sight of the gold in your open hand ? If you have not experienced these feelings, you will not be able to comprehend the charm of that delicate politeness which betrayed no curiosity (although it was strongly felt), and which caused mats to be spread for the strangers, and coffee and pipes to be served to them, although they were felt to be intruders, and unclean in the sacred groves of the true believers, which the feet of the unblest polluted. As each Moslem entered or departed, he bowed to the strangers as a host would salute his honored guests, and so we sat on our Persian rugs on the edge of the singing waters, inhaling the cool fumes of the nargiles, sipping coffee or sherbet, and listening to the low, gentle talk of the men to one another. It was dreamily pleasant, this kind of idling ; an Oriental joyousness that was sober, but satisfying ; a sort of laziness that did not conspire ; a mild drunkenness, that, however, never disturbs the calm of the night.

These gardens are not prim and regular, but rather a rich wilderness of dark old shrubbery, with flowers of every hue and variety festooning the tangled branches, and bearing them down to kiss the wild stream, as fruit bears down the laden boughs. Some places are damp and shady ; in others, the warm, bright sun darts in among the wilful shrubs, and lights upon some nodding Arab, whose silken vestments are made glorious thereby, and shine like a bishop's robe. A few noble horses are under the tall trees yonder, saddled with the velvet trappings which they do not need to enhance their beauty, nor even to prove their owners to be men of condition—some young camels graze in the smooth green pastures beyond ; a line of laden asses pass beyond the mud-walls, and the tinkle of their bells pleasantly reaches us in our cool

retreat. This is the scene in the garden-café of Damascus. There are no great effects; the groups are only picturesque; the shade is pleasant; the water musical, the tobacco good—but here there is to me more meaning in the words “Oriental luxury,” than in all the great palaces of all the pachas of the entire East.

You have been told of the magnificence of the houses of *El-Shām*. The stories are not all fables. I visited many, Jewish, Armenian, Turkish, and Damascene, and they only differed one from the other in the degrees of their splendor. They are all built on a common plan, and in their interior decorations are not inferior to the grandeur of the Kremlin at Moscow.

Through a politeness but rarely accorded to foreigners, we were permitted to visit the house of Ali Bey. I will describe it to you. We entered, through a mean-looking door in a mud-wall, a large court-yard surrounded by majestic buildings. This court was paved with large squares of pure white marble, and fine enough to compose the floor of a mosque. In the centre were magnificent fountains, decorated and carved, which threw up streams of water, falling into handsomely-ornamented basins surrounding them. The air was perfumed from the orange, lemon, and citron trees on all sides, and many flowering shrubs trained over trellis work afforded an agreeable shade to the *harems* situated on the left of the square. The apartments of the master (*salām-aleik*), as well as those of his slaves and wives, all opened into this grand court. On our right hand was an open alcove called *lewān*, with a marble floor and a raised dais, on three sides of which were strewn rich silken cushions, and in the centre a heap of Persian rugs. Here we were received by the master of the house, who, inviting us to be seated, clapped his hands, and commanded his servants to fetch us the universal coffee and nargiles. After a pleasant half-hour spent in that difficult conversation known only to those who have to express their thoughts through ignorant interpreters, we were shown into the “*atābeh*,” before which we exchanged our shoes for morocco slippers.

The floors here were also of marble, in the centre of which danced the jets of an exquisite fountain; there was a palace-like emptiness in this apartment, spite of the luxurious divan, and the

rich carpets that were thrown together with an air of uncaring luxury that was delicious. The principal splendor was in the ornamentation of the high ceiling. It was carved and gilt, perfectly covered with arabesques, richest mosaics, and with stalactites in colors hanging pendulous from it. From this we entered another chamber wainscoted and carved in the same sumptuous manner, the profuse arabesques of the ceilings and walls painted in a hundred glowing and harmonious colors. Crossing the court-yard (the slaves removing first the women of the *harem* to a distant apartment), we had the rare privilege of inspecting the *odaliks*; but if I except the richness of the satin cushions embroidered in a thousand fanciful designs; the heaps of rich cashmeres strewn about on the divans, and the hundred little evidences of female occupation (a lute here, a pair of tiny slippers there), there would be nothing to distinguish these rooms from their neighbors' opposite. Therefore, the refinements and elegancies of the grand Damascus merchants are expressed in their houses by the broad, cold marble floors; the simple couches covered with mats and shawls, and the Koran verses emblazoned on the wall. Their hearts can be delighted by such a sound as the tinkle of a lute, or the music of falling water; and if they have but a few odalisks in their harems, the fragrant smoke of their nargiles will be puffed in peace, believing, as they will, in the bliss of an earthly paradise.

April 22d.

This is our last day in the Perennial City. To-morrow we journey toward Baalbec. Dimitry, our hotel proprietor, came toward the Gentleman Traveller this morning with his book of recommendations, a curious specimen of fulsome flatteries from all the English Oriental travellers—just such a work, indeed, as would be mercilessly poked at you by a landlord on the Isle of Wight. Dimitry desired the autograph of the Traveller, and he got it.*

* Thus:—"Ben Jonson has been written 'rare,'
 But he was hated by a few;
 Yet bland Dimitry's bill of fare
 Has touched the British nation through.
 Dimitry, pause, and stake thy steaks
 On higher thoughts than mutton-ple;
 For e'en in things of ale and cakes,
 When *all* men praise thee, *some* must lie."

FRIDAY, April 26th.

BEYROUT at last ! after wanderings over barren wastes, through delicious valleys, haltings by gushing fountains, and slumbers in the shadows of the grandest temple-ruin in the world—mysterious Baalbec—Beyrout at last ! There were the sparkling waves of the sea ; the steamers at anchor ; the fleets of sailing-ships ; and right before us the rich gardens filled with roses and odorous blossoming vines, from out whose leafy coverts shot up the white walls of the merchants' houses and the sharp spires of the Moslem minarets. But Beyrout meant more to me than rest and safety, and delicious calm—it was emancipation. Emancipation from that worst of tyrants—my dragoman ; and, as he each hour grew more slavish and humble, so (as I saw the open sea, and the civilized habitations of men spring up around me), I flourished my koorbach with a more insolent swing almost under the rascal's flat nose, and felt that the hour was nigh when my terrible master's power should be broken.

If you quarrel with me, dear Bookworm, that I have not described the fountain-sources of the Abana and Pharpar *en route*, I can only respond, that we have their counterparts in many a wild forest-dell in our own America, but yet half-rescued from the dominion of their late savage owners. And as to Baalbec, why try again to fathom the unfathomable ? It was only a repetition of Karnac, and Luxor, and Philæ, with the beauties and grandeurs of all three mingled and blended in one. The same stupendous columns, highly-wrought friezes, wondrous sculptures, mysterious corridors, grand propylons—producing again the same solemn reveries and philosophic reflections, and gladdening the artistic eyes with the same harmony of proportions, the artistic mind with the same subtle rhythms which run through all such architectural piles as a sweet melody through arranged and varied music. Therefore of Baalbec but this souvenir—and of this living, bustling Beyrout a grateful welcome.

After all, it is good to approach civilization again after the desert, the black tents, the almost pathless (always rugged) mountain-tracks ; and although the spice of adventure be not exhausted, and the holy and storied spots be shrouded in our sighs

as in a mist, still the man of the nineteenth century, though he is a man of the world, and the veriest Sentimental Idler or Gentleman Traveller, must needs hail the moment when good coffee, good roads, the telegraph, and clean linen can be gladly exchanged for exposure to Syrian storms and Arab thieves, the cupidity of monks, the extortion of sheiks, the clamor of lepers, the blustering of dragomen, the muttered curses of the *mukari*, and the persecution of the industrious fleas.

So, as we dashed into the sea to-night for a bath, we shouted like children, and felt it was something sweet to be kissed once more by the blue waves which, on the other side, were kissing the feet of Europe. My eyes were turned toward the shores of Italy, and I could hardly realize that in a fortnight I probably would be in Rome, far enough away from this barbaric land to forget all its discomforts, and to rejoice alone in its grandeur, poetry, and romance. Yes, on May's first day I sail for Palermo. As soon after as possible, I will cross to Naples—thence to the Eternal City—to hear news of you and of mine—and these are my last lines from Asia. So, for the thousandth time, a God bless you, and good-by, my brother—good-by—good-by.

ROME, May 22, 1867.

Alas! the day, which should have crowned me with its flowers, has set in darkness, and its ashes alone cover my head.* While I weep thus helplessly in a foreign land, dear Bookworm, *your* glory sets lightly upon you in your native skies. Dead—dead! And my packets addressed to you may remain unbroken upon the table of your *sanctum*—dead—and my *exvotus* are as empty as now this life of inspiration. Oh, strong soul, so beloved, by “what shore tarriest thou now?” Where others crept, you walked. While I was an Idler, you were a worker, and the charity of your life was a boon to all men. In your far-shining sphere, then, lead one by the hand, who now, that thou art gone, can only grope helplessly in the dark toward immortality and thy larger life.

* The news of this brother's death was suddenly received at Rome.

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