

ASIA MINOR.
ILLUSTRING
DR DURBIN'S ROUTE.

TURKEY IN EUROPE

MEDITERRANEAN SEA

BLACK SEA

CONSTANTINOPLE

SEA OF MARMORA

THE TROAD

CHIO

SMYRNA

PHILADELPHIA

LAODICEA

ANDROS

SYRA

PAROS

NAXIA

PATMOS

COS

RHODES

CYPRUS

CYPRUS

Constantinople

Dardanelles

Lemnos

Tenedos

Gulf of Adramyttion

Lesbos

Gulf of Smyrna

Chios

Smyrna

Philadelphia

Laodicea

Andros

Syra

Paros

Naxia

Patmos

Cos

Rhodes

Cyprus

Constantinople

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OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST,

CHIEFLY IN

EGYPT, PALESTINE, SYRIA, AND ASIA MINOR.

BY

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THE morning of the eighth of March was fixed upon for an excursion to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. At the appointed hour, quite a large cavalcade appeared at the door of the Latin Convent. There were three mules to carry our tents and provisions, five horses for ourselves and servant, and two for the sheikhs who were to accompany us; and besides these, there were two guards on horseback, four on foot, and three muleteers. These arrangements are necessary, as the Arabs of the Ghor, or Valley of the Jordan, and of the mountains east of the Jordan, are far from trustworthy, and have occasionally done violence to travellers.

Just as I came to the door there was quite a struggle among our company for the possession of a milk-white horse, by far the finest of the troop. The Arab master, who mingled bad Italian with his native tongue, exclaimed *Ha! ha!* (*No, nq;*) *altera Signore multo grando.* Assuming very complacently that his words

referred to myself, I mounted the white charger, and led off through St. Stephen's Gate upon the Bethany road. At a short distance beyond the village we noticed the old paved road to Jericho, and halted for a short time at a fountain covered with a lofty arch of rough masonry. After pursuing our way for an hour or two down the rugged ravine which forms the road, we turned to the left, and ascended into the desolate and blackened mountains of the "Wilderness of Judea," the scene of John the Baptist's ministration, and of our Lord's temptation. Of all places in the world, it is naturally fittest for the centre and kingdom of Satan the destroyer; for, as Maundrell says, "it is a most miserable, dry, barren place, consisting of high, rocky mountains, so torn and disordered as if the earth had suffered some great convulsion, in which its very bowels had been turned outward." This fearful wilderness, not ten miles east of Jerusalem, has always been the abode of violence and misery. The very road on which we passed was the scene of our Lord's parable of the Good Samaritan.

About half way between Jerusalem and Jericho we passed the crumbling walls of a large khan, with immense cisterns. Following the rugged road, often through avenues cut in the rock, we came, by about two o'clock, to the eastern edge of the wilderness which overlooks the plain of Jericho, clad in deep green verdure, caused by the fertilizing streams of the Fountain of Elisha. Beyond it, deep in the valley, and as yet invisible, flowed the Jordan, while the view beyond was closed by the dark masses of the mountains of Moab, inviting the eye of the pilgrim to select *Nebo* and *Pisgah*. I paused on the brow of the mountain, near the well-preserved remains of a Roman aqueduct, which

once supplied water to the city of Jericho, and gazed upon this wide and gloomy panorama encircling the rich green plain which lay spread out far away below me. Immediately around was the dreary wilderness already described ; to the right, in their deep, sunken bed, lay the still waters of the Dead Sea ; far to the left, the mountains of the wilderness projected into the Jordan and closed the plain to the north. In that direction, just above the Fountain of Elisha, rose above the rest the dark, thunder-scathed head of Mount *Quarantina*, which tradition assigns as the "exceeding high mountain" from which Satan showed our Lord "all the kingdoms of this world," and promised them to him, saying, "If thou wilt fall down and worship me." Its summit seems inaccessible ; yet a little chapel is perched upon it, and its side next the Jordan is cut into caverns and chambers, in which we saw at night the flitting taper of the hermit, or of the pilgrim doing penance during Lent. The Plain of Jericho, perhaps twenty miles long from north to south, and eight wide from the river to the base of the mountains, lay before me, barren and burnt as it approached the sea to the south, but increasing in fertility and verdure towards the north, along the course of the waters of the Fountain of Elisha, which we afterward found enveloped in an almost impenetrable thicket at the foot of the secondary hills. The city of Jericho once lay somewhere before us ; and some travellers place it at the village Riha or Eriha, which is the corrupted Arabic form of Jericho, two miles south of the fountain ; others place it at the fountain ; and others still, southwest of the fountain, where the great road from Jerusalem, and the ancient aqueduct from the mountain, descend into the plain. Each one insists on the few remains which are found on each site ; but, upon

actual examination, I was satisfied that nothing could be positively determined on the subject. The remains are very few and insignificant at the village; more, but not remarkable, at the fountain; and still more abundant, but not at all striking, at the foot of the mountains. These sites are all within two miles of each other, and not separated by hill or stream; and upon passing over them and looking at the ground, recollecting, at the same time, the customs of early society, I came to the conclusion that the city which the Israelites encompassed under Joshua, and which is known in the Old Testament, was *at the fountain*; for it is the only water in the plain, and ancient cities were always built on a mountain for safety, or by a fountain for convenience. The city of the Romans was at the foot of the mountain, and watered by aqueducts brought down from the heights, remains of which are still visible in various places, and brought also along the base of the mountains from the Fountain of Drik in the hills to the north-northwest: the village is probably the remains of the third or more modern city, built around the tower erected for the protection of the fine fields produced by irrigation from the Fountain of Elisha, the waters of which were conducted over the plain as in Egypt. The small number of fine remains of so magnificent a city is accounted for by the reconstruction of the city successively out of the same materials, thus mutilating, reducing, and transporting them.

Across the plains, under the base of the Mountains of Moab, lay the narrow "Plains of Moab," washed on the west by the Jordan. There Israel had encamped 3000 years ago, and on some point in the dark, long mountain range behind them Moses had stood, and after gazing on the Promised Land, had died. How

naturally one wishes to fix on the spot ; but no isolated mountain or lofty summit stands forth to challenge the faith which wavers, and then is overwhelmed with uncertainty. Yet there is one point in the range, nearly opposite Mount Quarantina, sensibly higher than any other, and here I made up my mind that Moses stood to " view the landscape o'er."

Satisfied with this rapid survey of the scene before us, we descended the mountain, bore northeast across the plains, and in forty minutes pitched our tents on the edge of the flourishing forest of small trees and shrubs, close by the clear and rapid stream of Ain es-Sultan, or Fountain of Elisha, which boiled up from the limestone rocks two hundred yards above us. It is one of the most copious springs I had ever seen, supplying volumes of sweet water, which runs off through the plain at first in a stream twenty feet wide, and from eighteen inches to two feet deep, and afterward divides into many little rivulets, which irrigate and fertilize only a small portion of the vast plain. I sat down on a rock amid the boiling volumes in which countless little fish were sporting, and seemed to myself to look upon one of the exuberant natural springs in the limestone formations of my own country ; and nothing but the authority of Scripture could have made me believe that these waters were ever " naught, and the ground barren." I took out my Bible, and having read the account of their healing by Elisha at the request of the people of the city, cast my eyes around on the site of the town whose walls fell at the shout of Israel, and where was afterward a school of the prophets, which our Lord repeatedly honoured with his presence. The keen lances of the moschetoes recalled the common thoughts of life, and cutting a stick from the luxuriant tree whose branches dipped into the

glassy waters, I returned to the tent, took my evening repast, and lay down to sleep.

Next morning, as the sun rose over the mountains of Moab, we mounted our horses, and crossing through the well-wooded plain to the village, and beyond it through low, broken sandhills, alighted in the thickets on the banks of the Jordan, where the Greek Church says that our Lord was baptized. The Latins contend that the place of the baptism was two or three miles farther up. After washing in the rapid stream, which we judged to be about thirty or thirty-five yards wide, we filled our bottles with water, with which to baptize some little fellows in America, and remounted for the Dead Sea, which was distant an hour south.

Three German pilgrims had accompanied us from Jerusalem on foot, and had mistaken the Fountain of Elisha, where we had tented, for the Jordan, and had bathed in it; but, upon finding their mistake, they eagerly plunged into the river, and seemed to bathe with faith. They were evidently edified, though they were hungry; and, that their pilgrimage might be as happy as possible, we gave them something to eat. We followed down the Jordan, sometimes in the thickets from whence its "swellings" used to drive up the "lion," and sometimes amid the sandhills, whither the beast retreated until the recession of the waters would permit him to return again to his lair. I observed that the river was scarcely half full, yet the water was somewhat turbid; the banks on both sides were not easily accessible, owing to the thickets, which grew into the water; they were generally steep, and in some places fallen in in great masses. The river winds very much in its course to the sea.

At about eleven o'clock we came to the steep, sandy,

or, rather, gravelly beach, half an hour west of the Jordan, and found the sea *not full*, as much driftwood lay ten or fifteen feet up on the beach, which had been brought down by the river, and cast up by the south winds. It would seem that the level of the sea depends upon the supply of water from the Jordan and other streams.

We were undressed in a few minutes, as were also the pilgrims and our Arab servant. They seemed not to be aware of the penetrating bitterness of the water, and so plunged in over head and ears; but they paid for it. I waded in carefully, to test the oft-repeated statements of the great specific gravity of this fluid, and repeated the experiment several times; the uniform result was, that when the water rose above my armpits, but not over my shoulders, my body was balanced, and I could not touch the bottom, but my feet tended strongly to rise, and my head to descend. When I turned on my back, and drew up my knees so as to balance the body on the surface, I lay as still as a knot of wood, my *head*, knees, and half of my feet out of the water; and so long as I was perfectly still, I floated in this position. These experiments satisfied me of its great specific gravity, which probably may be greater at the south end, where are the bitumen, and salt beds, and less fresh water; and it may vary with the height of the sea, as this, I suppose, depends on the supply of fresh water from the river and streams.

We had been so intently interested in observing our own motions in the water, that we were not sensible of its smarting effects when it had access to the innumerable night-wounds which every traveller in the East bears with him. But when we began to dress and rub ourselves, we found our bodies quite red, as if they had

been rubbed with an acrid liquor ; this continued for some time ; and next day our hair, which had been wetted, was stiffly matted, and so bituminous as to cover the thumb and fingers by which it was pressed with a sticky substance. This continued for a week or more, and was very unpleasant.

It was now noon, and we had planned to sleep at St. Saba, not that we wished to see the convent, but because our Arabs insisted that we could not reach Jerusalem. But when they were promised the pay of *three* days instead of two if they would conduct us back to Jerusalem in time to enter the gates the same evening, they exclaimed *Tiebe ! tiebe !* and immediately struck directly up the mountain ; and under a burning sun, such as we experience at home in July or August, we toiled up and down the southern mountains of the " wilderness of Judea," and came to *Neby Mousa*, or Tomb of Moses, a large, Saracenic building, with nine domes, where the Arabs say Moses was buried. It is situated in the midst of the barren hills, and commands a view of the Plains of Jericho and the Mountains of Moab. We were not permitted to enter the buildings, and having got a little water, we departed, and saw no more of our guards until they came next day to receive their pay. We reached the city too late ; the gates were shut, and we pitched our tent just above the Tomb of the Virgin, about 200 feet north of Gethsemane.

CHAPTER II.

JERUSALEM TO NABLOUS.

Preparations for Departure.—Pratique.—Conversation with the Pasha.—Departure.—View of Jerusalem from the North.—Bireh, the Beeroth of Scripture.—Flocks and Herds.—Beitin, the Bethel of Scripture.—Remains of a Church.—Yabroud.—A Feud.—A running Fight.—Village of Lubban.—Shiloh.—Mount Hermon.—Fertile Country.—Mountains of Samaria.—Gerizim.—Ebal.—Position of Nablous, the Shechem of the Old Testament.—Jacob's Well.—Jacob's Tomb.—Approach to the City.—Tombs in the Mountain-side.

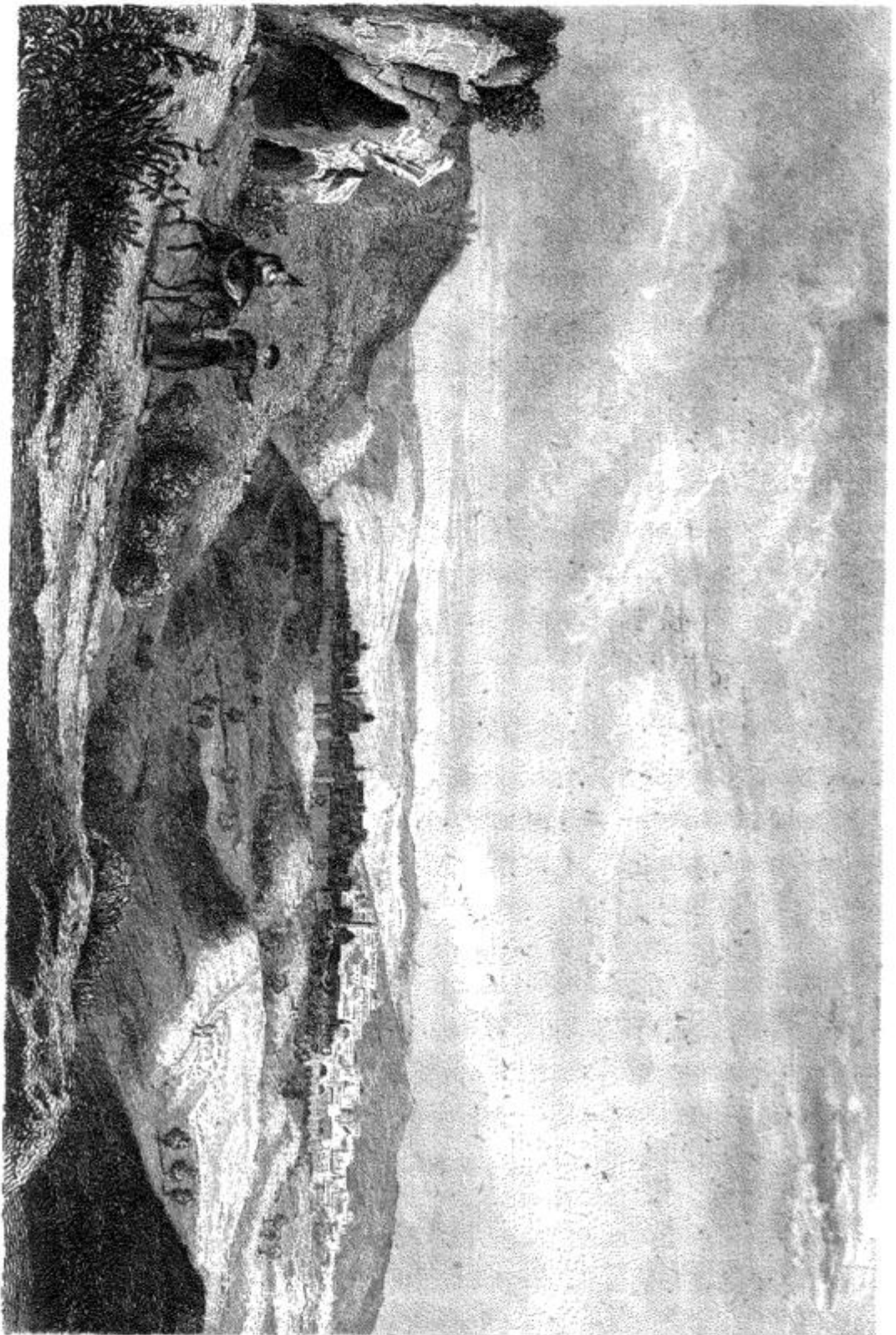
AFTER returning from the Dead Sea, we devoted one day to writing letters, visiting friends, and preparing for our journey northward to Nazareth. To secure comfort and independence, we decided to take with us our tents, cuisine, and usual stock of provisions. George was left sick in the convent, with medicine, and orders to be well in four days, then to proceed to Jaffa, embark for Beyrout, and await our arrival. At noon on the 12th March, having *remembered* the convent and all who had served us personally, we emerged from the strong portal of the casino, and found the narrow street impassable from the crowd of donkeys, horses, and muleteers engaged for our service; indeed, the confusion and excitement was little less than at the departure of the camel caravans from Cairo and Akabah. We had mounted, and were about to set off, when I learned that the health officer had not given us our pratique when he discharged us from quarantine. To remedy this oversight, we repaired to the health office at the Jaffa Gate, but no one was in attendance. Fortunately, the magnificent tent of the Pasha was pitched just outside the portal, where, surrounded by his officers,

he was judging the people, as the chiefs of Israel had done on that very spot three thousand years before. Upon hearing our case, he ordered the necessary papers to be prepared immediately, and brought to the tent. During their preparation I chatted with his excellency, rather familiarly I confess, while his attendants stood at a respectful distance, and when spoken to, answered with a profound bow, at the same time placing their hands reverently on their breasts. He inquired if we had visited the church; and being told that we had, and that we had witnessed many things that displeased us, he simply replied, "There are many fine things in it." I expressed a wish to visit Damascus, and he remarked that the country was unsafe beyond Tiberias, and offered to send a guard with us. During the conversation, he amused himself by tossing a gold snuff-box rapidly from one hand to the other, and occasionally taking a whiff from a beautiful pipe which rested on the carpet, while the richly-wrought stem leaned against the divan on which he sat.

Upon taking leave of his excellency, we swept round the northwest angle of the wall, and fell into the Nablous road near the tombs of the kings, and crossing the Kedron, ascended the height from which the first view of Jerusalem is obtained by the traveller coming from the north. For this reason in part, and also because the view is truly striking, the height has been called *Scopus*. I had fallen behind my companions, and pausing, took one long, last look at Jerusalem; I turned towards Beth-el, and in a minute, as I looked back, nothing but the vanishing point of the gilded minaret of the mosque on Mount Zion glanced on my sight, and the City of God disappeared forever from my earthly vision. I burst into tears, and was startled at the sound of my own voice as

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JERUSALEM FROM THE NORTH.
HARRIS & HORTON



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I passionately exclaimed, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth."

I was in the midst of Scripture scenes which had stirred my young heart and occupied my maturer studies. On the right was the dark mass of the Mount of Olives; on the left, crowning a height equal to that of Olivet, was the reputed tomb of the Prophet Samuel. Within the range of vision, the gray, desolate, rock-bound hills had once been crowned with the cities of Kirjath-jearim, Mizpeh, Gihon, Ramah, Gibeon of Saul, Michmash, and Anathoth, the birthplace of the Weeping Prophet. How changed the scene! Then the country was full of people, green with verdure, and rich in harvests and flocks; now scarcely a tent, or house, or wayfaring man was to be seen in two hours' travel.

It was nine o'clock at night when we pitched our tent on the brink of a running rivulet at the village of Bireh, four hours from Jerusalem. The village was at hand ere we were aware of it, as no hum came upon the breeze, no lights gleamed from the windows; profound darkness and silence reigned, except at one single point. Under a stone wall was seen the camp-fire of a small caravan, from which also occasionally came the growl of a camel. The night was cold; and our horses, donkeys, and muleteers took up their quarters in a ruined Arab tomb or mosque just at hand. We were encamped at the ancient Beeroth of Scripture. This village, which contains about one hundred and fifty low stone houses, is obviously a place of great antiquity; broken walls, large stones built into the huts, and mounds of rubbish, sufficiently attest it. The walls, and part of the altar of a fine church, of large size, still remain: it is ascribed by tradition to Helena, but is probably not so ancient.

Near the village, in a cavern, is a reservoir of water fed by a fine spring at a little distance.

As we passed the village next morning at sunrise, the flocks of sheep and goats were mustering for their browsing excursions; the older ones staidly marching between the huts, while the young adventurous kids frisked about upon the flat roofs, leaping from one to another. The people were going forth to their tillage: at the head of a company that passed near me was a gray-bearded patriarch, advancing staff in hand, followed by his household, consisting of a lad with a gun slung on his back, and a train of maidens in single file, each clad in a long, coarse chemise, girded around the loins, and bearing on her head some implement of their simple husbandry. A man followed leading a donkey, with a rude plough lashed on its back. Similar parties were diverging from the village in different directions to their little patches of soil, which had been exposed to cultivation by collecting the stones from the surface.

In about ten minutes from Bireh, a blind path bears to the right, from the direct road to Nablous, and led us up a ravine, on either side of which were fountains of living water, hewn out under the cliffs at the base; while above, the sides of the hills were pierced with open tomb-chambers. Everything indicated the vicinity of a large town. Gaining the head of the ravine, we came to the ruinous village now called Beitin by the Arabs, which has only of late years been identified with the long-lost *Bethel* of Scripture by the observations of the Protestant missionaries of Jerusalem. It is mentioned in Paxton's *Letters from Palestine and Egypt*, dated in 1836, and also in Elliott's *Travels*, published in 1838. The best account of Bethel is given by Dr. Robinson in his *Researches*.*

* Vol. ii., p. 130.

Among the widespread remains of private and public buildings, the ruins of a Christian church and of a vast pool are conspicuous. The large circular recess of the former, designed for the great altar, is nearly perfect; and flocks of sheep and goats lie down nightly within the walls, amid the fragments of its fallen columns. The masonry of the pool was much broken up, so that it holds no water. The area was nearly filled with mud, and quite covered with a rich greensward.

Here, then, was Bethel, under the old dispensation the spot on earth dearest to God next to Jerusalem. Here he often communed with the patriarchs; and so intimate and heavenly were the visions he vouchsafed to Jacob, that he set up an altar here, and called the place Bethel, *i. e.*, House of God. In all my wanderings in the East, I felt no communings so rapt and spiritual as on the bright morning when I walked amid the solitary ruins of this consecrated spot. I could not refrain from repeating, "this is the house of God, this is the gate of heaven."—(Gen., xxviii., 17.)

In a little less than two hours north by west from Bethel, we came to the goodly village of Yabroud, remarkable only for the fine cultivation in its vicinity. The loose stones were carefully gathered and laid up in square piles in the fields, or employed in building fences and terrace walls on the hill sides. The valleys were clothed with small grain, the lower declivities of the hills adorned with olive and fig trees, and the upper portions, to their very summits, clustered over with vines. The men were abroad in the fields at work, and the women washing at the fountains by the wayside. The prospect around indicated what Palestine once was, and what it may again become.

Towards noon, at the distance of nearly twenty miles

from Jerusalem, we came to a village on our left, upon the housetops of which the men were collected and vociferating furiously. A few hundred yards distant were other men equally excited. Presently a shot was fired, and a running fight began. It was on the high hills on our left, and the battle advanced northward as we came up. Every minute or so was heard the random shot; and occasionally, behind a crag or a tree on the rocky heights, we saw a wild savage driving home his ball in hot haste. The fight thickened as the combatants approached another village inhabited by one of the parties. At some distance to the right was a large village, from which the whole population, men, women, and children, had come out in mass, and were ascending the hills to the scene of action, headed by their sheikh on a fine steed richly caparisoned. Though the men were armed, we judged from their movements that their intention was to make peace; but we did not wait to see the issue, fearing that after settling their own quarrels they might fall on us; so we hastened forward, and as we passed near the second hostile village on our left, it was in a state of siege. The besieged were posted in and about their houses, while the assailants took shelter in the olive-groves at hand. Our road lay near enough to the village to enable us not only to hear the reports, but also to see the flashes of the guns. Upon inquiry afterward we learned that the feud was of long standing, and that such fights are not unfrequent since the pressure of Mehemet Ali's government has been removed, and arms are again possessed by the people. The present government seems not to concern itself about these matters.

Early in the afternoon we gained a height which overlooked the beautiful little vale of Lubban, with its vil-

lage of the same name, the Lebonah of Scripture. A little to the right, up a retired side-valley on an insulated hill, lay the ruins of Silun, the Shiloh of Scripture, according to Dr. Robinson. There the tabernacle was set up after the conquest of Canaan, and the ark rested there from Joshua to Samuel. So sacred was the spot, that the name was given to the Messiah. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, till Shiloh come."

But that which delighted us most was the swelling form and snowy summit of Gebel es-Sheik, or the Mount Hermon of Scripture, crowning the range of Ante-Lebanon far to the north. It lay above the dark mountain masses like a purer and brighter world, and might well have been the source of poetic imagery to the divine prophets. We saw it first from the brow of the high ridge on the south of the vale of Lubban.

Hastening through the paradisiacal little vale, and attaining the high ridge an hour to the north of it, the great valley of the Mukhna expanded northward before us, rich in grain and flocks, and studded with villages situated on the spurs of the mountains on either side. I began to feel reconciled to the Promised Land. The mountains of Samaria were in full view, and conspicuous among them was Mount Gerizim, the rival of Mount Moriah in more than one respect. Standing on the edge of this valley, at the base of Gerizim, the Samaritan woman had said to our Saviour, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain; and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place (Mount Moriah) where men ought to worship."—(John, iv., 20.) Now a fresh-looking Moslem tomb crowns the summit of Gerizim, and the magnificent Mosque of Omar that of Moriah. Immediately beyond Mount Gerizim rises Mount Ebal, and in the

narrow valley which divides them lies Nablous, the Shechem of the Old Testament, the Sychar of the New, and the Neapolis of the Romans. In an hour and a half we were at the entrance of this side-valley on our left, up which, perhaps a mile and a half distant, was the city. At its junction with the Mukhna is Jacob's Well, whose position could be determined within a hundred yards, from the geological features of the district, if not a vestige of it remained; for the great highway from Judea to Galilee lay up the valley of the Mukhna, along which our Lord and his disciples were passing. When they arrived at the mouth of the side valley before the city, Jesus, being "weary with his journey, sat down by it," while "his disciples went away into the city to buy meat," intending to rejoin him and pursue their journey. Besides, as the vicinity is abundantly watered, and copious fountains are at hand just within the mouth of the valley, the question arises, Why should a well be sunk here at all? The answer is, Here was the "parcel of ground, before the city, which Jacob had bought of Hamor, the father of Shechem," who gave name to the city, and it was desirable that he should have water on his own premises, so as to be independent of his powerful neighbours; and the more so, as there was deep cause of private grief to both parties, to Jacob and his sons, because Shechem had defiled Dinah; and to the inhabitants of the city, because Simeon and Levi had revenged the dishonour of their sister by putting many of the inhabitants to the sword, and carrying away captives and flocks.—(Gen., xxxiv.) To this proof may be added the concurrent tradition of Jews, Samaritans, Moslems, and Christians, and the testimony of history from the third century to our own times.

Calling to my aid two or three Arab shepherds, who

were with their flocks at the mouth of the valley, I hastened to the well, situated on the lowest part of the northeast spur of Mount Gerizim, and found it in the midst of the ruins of a magnificent building that once covered and adorned it. Hewn stones, blocks of marble, and fragments of granite columns were to be seen amid the general wreck. The narrow mouth of the well was stopped up with large loose stones, at which we all tugged until I nearly broke my back; but one of them defied our utmost endeavours. I kneeled down and peeped into the arched chamber, from the floor of which the well proper is sunk into the living rock some hundred feet or more. A little, gray-headed old Arab held my horse; the younger men stood around and looked on, while I sat down at the indubitable well of the patriarch, and read, "Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. There came a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, give me to drink" (for his disciples had gone away unto the city to buy meat). "Then saith the woman unto him, How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria?" (for the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans). "Jesus answered and said unto her, If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. The woman saith unto him, Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep; from whence, then, hast thou that living water? Art thou greater than our father Jacob, who gave us the well, and drank thereof himself, and his children, and his cattle? Jesus answered and said unto her, Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that

I shall give him shall never thirst, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." Here I closed the book, and with a gush of unutterable joy, exclaimed,

Spring up, O well! I ever cry,
Spring up within MY soul!*

Mounting my horse, I was about to ride directly to the city, when the patriarchal Moslem reminded me of the sepulchre of Joseph, a common Turkish tomb in the mouth of the valley, a little to the north of the well, and nearer to the base of Mount Ebal than Gerizim. That the tomb was in the vicinity of the well there can be no doubt, as it was on the same parcel of ground which Jacob purchased of Hamor. But if the well at the base of Gerizim be on the parcel of ground, and the tomb also, near the base of Ebal, then Jacob possessed wellnigh the whole mouth of the valley which led up to the city, an advantage which one would think Hamor would not have sold at any price, and much less for one hundred pieces of silver. Besides, in this limestone region, bordered by precipitous cliffs, it is natural to suppose that Jacob would have sought a cave, as Abraham did, for his family sepulchre, or, as was the custom in

* Some have considered the distance of the well from the city to be an objection, as it is generally supposed the woman came *from* the city. But, as Dr. Robinson has well remarked, the history does not say she came *from* the city, but simply that she was a Samaritan, and came to draw water. She may have resided in a village at hand. A greater difficulty is supposed in the existence of copious fountains of water between the well and the city. This is partly removed by the necessity Jacob felt to have water on his own ground; but I suggest that the fountains now between the well and the city are artificial, much more modern than the well, and are made by conducting the water under ground from the fountains farther west, which supply the city in the same way. This is nearly proved by the fact that, at the little hamlet of Belat, about half way between the well and the fountains, is a subterranean fountain, to which I descended by a flight of six or eight stone steps, and found the water running from west to east through an artificial subterranean conduit. Flocks and shepherds were around it procuring water.

the East, hewn a chamber in the face of the mountain—which he could as easily have done as to have sunk a well nine feet in diameter and one hundred feet deep into the solid rock—rather than to have dug in the mouth of the valley a grave, which must necessarily have been much exposed, because situated in the great highway to the city. I could not look with confidence, therefore, on this modern Moslem tomb, as covering the grave of the Patriarch Joseph, the most favoured, most generous, most continent of men.

As we rode directly westward up the narrow pass, from five hundred to seven hundred yards wide, the mural precipices of Mount Ebal were on our right, and those of Mount Gerizim on our left; the first pierced with tomb-chambers, whose doors now stand wide open. Some of them are large, having several apartments, in which are still seen the stone sarcophagi; but the very dust of their tenants is gone. There are no tombs in the base of Mount Gerizim, because, perhaps, it was held to be holy. The mountains are of nearly equal height, perhaps nine hundred or one thousand feet.

CHAPTER III.

NABLOUS TO NAZARETH.

Entrance into Nablous.—The Convent.—Service of the Greek Church.—School.—Antiquity of the Town.—Population.—Sebaste.—The Mountain of Samaria.—Terraces and Colonnades.—Ruined Church.—Reputed Tomb of John the Baptist.—View from the top of the Mountain.—Plan of the City.—Plain of Esdraelon.—Jenin.—Jezreel.—The Battle-field of Nations.—Mount Tabor.—Nain.—Approach to Nazareth.—The Convent.—The Virgin's Fountain.—Mount of Transfiguration.—View.—Evening Meal of the Arabs.—Church of the Annunciation.—Sacred Places.—Spurious Traditions.—The Superior of the Convent.—School.—Chapel where Christ Taught.—Population of the Town.

As we ascended the valley and drew near the city, we passed through extensive olive-groves, many of whose trees were so large, and their trunks so rifted and gnarled, as to remind me of those of Gethsemane, and even to make me think of the first visit of Abraham to Canaan. Just without the gate there were many persons warping long pieces of cotton and woollen for the loom. The walls and gates were in a ruinous condition; and on either side of us, for some time after we entered the city, were ruined houses, broken arches, and dilapidated bazars. The Egyptian spoiler had been there, and left his seal of withering desolation, as at Hebron, Bethlehem, and Jerusalem. The evening twilight had set in when we stopped in a narrow, dirty street, at the low, unadorned portal of the convent, and were admitted to rest.

The convent is situated in the southwest portion of the city, adjacent to the Samaritan Quarter. The street-front is a blank wall, pierced by a low, strong portal; the interior a small quadrangle, irregularly built up on

all sides, yet affording apartments for cells, schools, kitchens, stables, and the accommodation of travellers. There is also a small building, two stories high, the upper one of which is a chapel with a rude portico, to which a rough flight of stone steps leads. They are all and every part of them of the rudest masonry, and in a ruinous state. Supper over, our quilts were spread on the stone floor, and, very much fatigued with the travel and excitement of the day, we sunk quickly into profound sleep.

Very early in the morning I was awakened by a low, careless chant, and being quickly dressed, ascended to the rude portico of the little church, and found that our Moslem muleteers had bivouacked in it for the night, and were just opening their eyes. Four priests had commenced the morning service of the Greek Church, and as it advanced, the little chapel filled up with perhaps fifty men, while a solitary woman worshipped in the porch. The service was performed in the most wild and fanatical manner, and at the conclusion a little, sinister-looking priest, arrayed in a soiled vestment of cloth of gold, struck each worshipper on the forehead with a small bunch of hyssop which he dipped in a basin of water, presenting, at the same time, a small gilded cross to be kissed. As he approached me and raised his hyssop, I lent my forehead to the stroke, but declined to kiss the cross. The first movement excited a burst of applause, which subsided suddenly into wonder and confusion upon beholding the second.

When I descended from the service, I perceived the little school of some twenty or thirty boys had assembled, and my boyhood days were forcibly brought to my mind again by the confused clatter of young voices

in hot competition which should get first to the end of the lesson. I entered, and all was quiet. Upon inquiry, I found that the books were Arabic; the reading lessons printed at Beyrout by the American missionaries, and the New Testament by the British and Foreign Bible Society. The same was the case at Nazareth. I saw no girls at school anywhere in Palestine, except in the Protestant mission schools. The women, donkeys, and camels bear the burdens throughout the East.

After breakfast I sallied out to see the city more particularly. There are no antiquities to attract the attention of the traveller, except the remains of a fine church, now a Moslem mosque, in a decayed condition, which we had passed on the evening before. I was struck with the resemblance of the town to Jerusalem and Hebron in its architecture, the narrowness, crookedness, and roughness of its streets, and the number of arches which overshadow them, but particularly with the general air of antiquity, and the evidence of violence everywhere exhibited by the fine pieces of hewn stone, fragments of columns, cornices, friezes, &c., built into the walls of the principal houses. I observed fountains of running water in various places, and several streets were flooded with it. It flows off westward to the Mediterranean, while the fountains of the eastern mouth of the valley, by which we had entered, send their waters to the Jordan. Hence it is obvious that the town is situated on the summit-level of the valley, which declines from it east and west. There is no well in the town or its vicinity except Jacob's Well. There is the appearance of much more trade and wealth in the place than I had yet seen anywhere in Palestine. It exports some cotton, and a considerable

quantity of soap of a good quality, manufactured from olive oil. The population is generally estimated at from eight thousand to nine thousand, five hundred of whom are Christians of the Greek Church, one hundred and fifty Samaritans, and perhaps as many Jews. The remainder are Moslems.

Two other objects of great interest remained to be visited: the Samaritans and their synagogue, and the summit of Mount Gerizim, known to be covered with ruins, among which travellers have long looked for the ancient temple, which was the rival of that on Mount Moriah. I was in a strait betwixt two; for I wished very much to cross the Lebanons and visit Damascus, and yet to depart with the next Austrian steamer from Beyrout to Smyrna. In order to accomplish this, I had not a day to lose; and as Dr. Olin has said from personal observation all that the reader can wish to know about the summit of Gerizim, and Dr. Robinson all that can be collected with respect to the origin, history, and present condition of the Samaritans, I must refer the reader to their excellent pages, which are much more full than my plan would admit of, even had I made personal observation and inquiry.

Our next point was Sebaste, the ancient Samaria, the capital of the kingdom of Israel, two hours' distant northwest from Nablous. Issuing from the town on the west, we descended the valley for three quarters of an hour, passing through luxuriant gardens, rich grain-fields, and fine groves of olives and figs, all irrigated by many small aqueducts and canals. The sides of the mountains, which subside as they advance westward, are terraced to their summits, and studded with villages imbosomed in olive-groves and vineyards. Mount Ebal sinks down rapidly, and disappears in low,

cultivated hills, while Mount Gerizim is prolonged, inclining a little to the north, and joins the lower range of hills which sweep round north-northwest, enclosing the valley of Nablous. This valley bends round the western point of Mount Ebal, and then expands on the north of it into a magnificent basin, in the midst of which rises the insulated Mountain of Samaria. The road does not make the circuit of the valley, but ascends to the north over the western slope of Ebal, from the summit of which is the richest view in Palestine. The mountains on the south, west, and north form a vast amphitheatre, adorned throughout its whole area with villages, vineyards, groves, grass and grain fields. In the northern part of this lovely panorama the Mountain of Samaria is seen rising in the midst of a richly-cultivated basin. It is a very regular oblong swell, rising five hundred feet above the level of the plain, very steep on all sides, and richly cultivated to its summit. As seen from Mount Ebal, the broad terrace which girds its middle is clearly distinguishable by a broken line of columns, extending three thousand feet from west to east; their tops rise above the olive-trees, while their bases are hid in the luxuriant wheat. Conspicuous on the eastern brow was the noble ruin of the Church of St. John the Baptist, under whose walls nestled the miserable little village which still bears the name of the master of the Roman world.* On different parts of the hill were lone columns, standing amid the green wheat and olive-trees.

Descending from Mount Ebal, we halted at the eastern base of the mountain of Samaria, immediately under

* *Sebastieh*, from *ὁ Σεβαστος*, Augustus; the name which, in honour of his master, Herod gave to the ancient city of Samaria when he rebuilt and adorned it.

the walls of the venerable cathedral. Situated on the first great terrace which encircles the mountain, the ascent to the church was steep and winding, amid rent walls and fractured arches, which mined the hill. A single glance at the noble ruin reveals its date and its founders. The round arches on the outside of the alcove of the great altar, the pointed ones within, the buttressed walls, the high, narrow, military-looking windows, and the multitude of mutilated Maltese crosses, prove it to be the work of the Crusaders and of the Knights of St. John. The alcove is whole, and the walls not much broken, though the stone roof has long since fallen in. The interior is occupied by a small mosque, and a tomb commonly reputed to be that of St. John the Baptist. The tomb covers a deep grot hewn in the rock, which tradition declares to be both the grave and the prison of the Baptist. It can scarcely be so, as we know, on the authority of Josephus, that John was beheaded in the castle of Machærus, on the east of the Jordan, near its mouth; and it is not to be supposed that his disciples would have encountered the displeasure of Herod by transporting his body thence, and burying it within his favourite city of Sebaste. Besides, the neighbourhood of the Jordan was the proper country of John the Baptist, and in that vicinity where he had preached, and baptized, and fallen a martyr, it is most likely that his remains were laid to rest.

From the church we ascended directly westward, and about two thirds of the way up came to a second well-defined terrace, which encircles the hill. Here we found fifteen noble columns standing on the terrace, marking the lines of a quadrangle about one hundred feet on a side. There are no traces of walls, and the pavement has given way to the plough, the olive, and

the young grain. It appeared to me to have been an open colonnade, at once a place of public amusement and an ornament to the city. To the south of it is a smaller quadrangle, also flanked by a colonnade, which was probably connected with the larger one, but certainly did not form a connexion between it and the magnificent colonnade seen from Mount Ebal, sweeping round the southern side of the hill; for this is on the first terrace, while those are on the second. From this second terrace we ascended to the summit, which we found to have been formed by art into a level circular plateau, about two hundred and fifty feet in diameter, and precipitous on all sides. There had stood a magnificent edifice, encircled with a peristyle of fine columns, some of whose bases were still in their places on the edge of the plateau, while fragments of shafts and capitals were mingled with the ruins scattered amid the young grain. The position of this edifice, which sat as a crown upon the city of Sebaste, points it out as the magnificent temple which, according to Josephus, Herod built in honour of the emperor, his patron and friend. I saw no view in Palestine to compare with that from the summit of the Mountain of Samaria. It took in all the rich and varied prospect from Mount Ebal, and, in addition, the fine valley opening westward to the Mediterranean, whose broad expanse sparkled in the sun.

From the summit I descended to the southwest to the first great terrace, and struck upon the remains of an edifice which seemed to form the western end of the colonnade already mentioned as girding the hill for three thousand feet on the south. I looked out westward to the sea, and then turned and walked eastward, with the perpendicular bank of the terrace on my left, and its line of columns on my right. This noble façade

is much broken at various and distant intervals. Many shafts and capitals have fallen down the hill, and are partly concealed among the olive, almond, and fig trees, and growing grain ; but about eighty are still standing in their places. I walked within the colonnade until it terminated on the east at the village, repeating to myself the denunciation of Micah : “ Therefore will I make Samaria as a heap of the field, and as plantings of a vineyard ; and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley, and I will discover the foundations thereof.” —(Chap. i., 6.) Some of my young companions descended the hill on the north, where they found another magnificent colonnade similar to that already described on the south, and which they represented as scarcely inferior to it. It was situated lower down the hill, probably on the first great terrace.

It is easy to conceive of the plan of the city. It covered an oval mountain about 500 feet high, whose greatest diameter, from east to west, was perhaps a mile and a half, and its shortest, from north to south, one mile. It was girded by three great terraces, adorned throughout their whole circle with public buildings and open colonnades, connected with each other at convenient distances by steep avenues, ascending and converging to the summit, which was crowned by a magnificent temple. Thus, in the days of her glory, she sat in the midst of the magnificent basin as a rich ruby in its ground of gold. This was the Samaria of the New Testament. We have seen all that remains of her. Not a vestige remains of the Samaria of the Old Testament, so intimately connected with the history of Elijah and Elisha, and whose population was carried away captive by Shalmanezar seven hundred years before Christ.

The next point of interest to us was the Plain of Esdraelon, the great battle-field on which Palestine has been so often lost and won. We had lingered on the Mountain of Samaria so long that it was dark when we reached the village of Jenin, and found it all in commotion. The streets were illuminated with bonfires, and resounded with music, accompanied with the clapping of hands and the occasional discharge of fire-arms. It was a wedding fête. Our guides insisted that it was dangerous to pitch the tents, and so led us to a ruined khan, in whose sunken court they and their horses found shelter, while we ascended a flight of steps to an artificial plateau, on which were some rooms in a dirty, dilapidated state. In one of these we spread our quilts after supper, and slept soundly. I had occasion to make war upon some night-walkers, and so, stepping out to eject them from my under-clothes, I stumbled over our landlord, lying across our door outside, and upon inquiry wherefore, his reply was, *to make the guard*. If he had defended us from fleas and other vermin within, he would have done some service.

When we rose in the morning the sun was pouring a flood of light over the Vale of Esdraelon, which lay spread out as a map before us. Beyond it were the Mountains of Nazareth, while far in the distance, to the north, rose the snowy Hermon. To the northwest, the dark mass of Mount Carmel lay banked against the sky; close at hand, on the northeast, smooth and green to the eye, were the wavy Mountains of Gilboa, on which Saul and Jonathan, and with them the glory of Israel, fell before the Philistines. In the midst of the valley was Jezreel, so intimately connected with the execrable memories of Ahab and Jezebel; and on the north of this valley rose the Little Hermon, intercepting the view of Mount Tabor.

In the presence of these reminiscences of the Old Testament, I had scarcely cast an eye upon the thrifty-looking village of Jenin until we were mounted, and about to descend into the plain. I found the village built on a low swell at the mouth of the rocky ravine by which we had approached it on the preceding evening. It is in the midst of orchards and cultivated fields, fenced by low stone walls, from which spring hedges of prickly pear. The houses are of stone, and pretty well built. A copious fountain pours its floods into the town, which numbers perhaps 1800 or 2000 people, of whom Dr. Robinson says three or four families are Greek Christians.

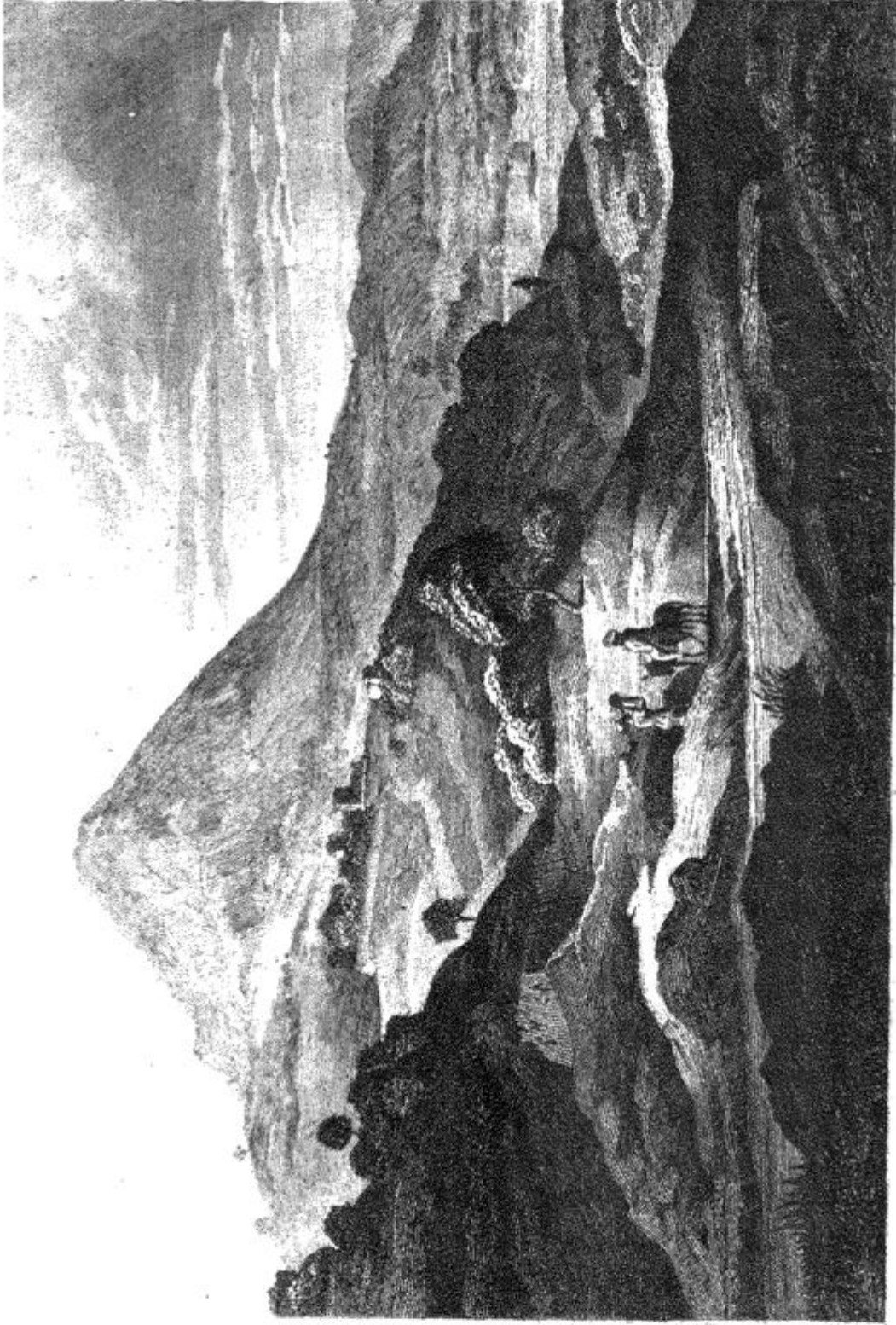
Our course lay directly north across the plain, over the roots of Mount Gilboa on our right. The ridge of this mountain runs from southeast to northwest, where it suddenly terminates in the midst of the plain, within a few hundred yards of an insulated ridge lying in the same direction, but much lower than Gilboa. The summit of this ridge is two hours from Jenin, and the ascent from the south is gentle, but, when once gained, the traveller is surprised to find a deep and broad valley lying under its northern side, and sinking down rapidly eastward under the northern wall-like side of Gilboa to the Jordan. This was the ancient Valley of Jezreel, as is attested not only by its relative position as compared with other well-known places, but also by the name of the wretched hamlet of some twenty huts which still occupies the site of the ancient city on the hill where we stood. It is called Zer'in, which is identical with Jezreel in all its essential elements, having undergone only a slight change by dropping the first feeble letter of the original word, and changing the ending *el* into *in*, which is common in the Arabic.—(Robinson.)

There is scarcely one pleasing association connected with the celebrated hill on which I stood, or the great plain which surrounds it, extending from the Jordan on the east to the Mediterranean on the west, and from the Mountains of Samaria on the south to those of Nazareth on the north. They recall little else than stories of ambition, avarice, cruelty, treachery, revenge, and war. Fifteen minutes to the southeast, the "Fountain of Jezreel" flowed from the base of Gilboa. Here Saul and Jonathan had encamped on the night before the fatal battle in which they fell down slain on the mountains before me. From hence Saul, sad and forsaken of God, had, under cover of the night, crossed the deep Valley of Jezreel northward to the Little Hermon, which he scaled, and descended to visit the witch of Endor, through whom he obtained the terrible interview with the departed Samuel, who said to him, "To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me."

Around this fountain, ever since, have encamped the armies which have contended for Palestine from the time of Gideon to that of the Crusaders; and all over the Great Plain, from Bethshan on the banks of the Jordan, where the Philistines exposed the headless body of Saul, to the sacred river of Kishon, which swept the host of Sisera along the base of Mount Carmel into the Mediterranean, had the hosts of Asia, Africa, and Europe, for the last 3000 years, pitched their tents and unfurled their banners in battle. The Assyrian, the Persian, the Egyptian, the Saracen, the Turk, the Arab, the Druse, the Crusader, and the Frenchman, each in his turn had drawn his sword and bathed it in blood on this battle-field of nations.

As we descended to the northwest at the base of the hill, we found several women of the village at a well,

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filling their water-jars. They seemed in a cheerful mood, and looked upon us without the intervention of veils, and gave us water, for which they refused payment. We advanced northwest, gradually ascending the valley to the deserted villages of Fuleh and Afuleh, where is the summit-level between the Jordan and the Mediterranean. Here was fought the battle of Mount Tabor in 1799, between the French under Kleber, and the Turkish army from Damascus. It is called the battle of Mount Tabor, because it was fought in full view of this celebrated mountain, which is some ten or twelve miles to the northeast.

It rises in the midst of a plain, and is a beautiful and striking object, lofty and spherical, and sprinkled with venerable oaks. Arab tents are often seen clustering round its base, and its summit is covered with the remains of successive fortifications, reaching far back into antiquity.

From Fuleh we crossed the dry watercourse coming down from the northeast, through which, in the rainy season, the waters from as far as Mount Tabor flow off to the Mediterranean by the Kishon.* We immediately commenced ascending the Mountains of Nazareth. The path was steep and difficult, but when the summit was attained, the view of the Great Plain was perfect. But a small portion was under cultivation, and it was comparatively destitute of herds, hamlets, and labourers. As I cast my eyes over the wide expanse, I remembered that the Saviour had often crossed it in passing from Judea to Galilee, and yet but one well-attested memorial of him was to be found in it.

* We had been five hours crossing the plain, making it fifteen miles wide from south to north, and it is about thirty from east to west, reckoning from the Jordan to the Bay of Acre.

This was the little hamlet of Nein, the Nain of the New Testament, which was in view on the northwest side of the Little Hermon. Here Jesus met the funeral procession carrying to the grave the only son of a widow, to whom he said, "Weep not." Then turning to the bier, he said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up and began to speak."—(Luke, vii.) True, tradition has fixed upon a naked, precipitous, lofty brow of the mountain, a little to the east, as the Mount of Precipitation; but this is impossible, as the Scripture says, "They led him unto the brow of the hill on which their city was built, that they might cast him headlong." This traditional Mount of Precipitation is two miles from the village of Nazareth, and of such a character that a town could not have been built on it.

Ascending the rocky dell northward, in a few minutes we came to a running fountain, and just beyond it gained the summit of the ridge, and looked down into a little valley wholly enclosed by high, rugged mountains. I knew that in that sequestered vale lay Nazareth, where the Saviour of the world "was brought up."—(Luke, iv.) My eyes wandered rapidly over every nook and corner as they opened upon us, to catch the first glimpse of the town. Suddenly a delicate yet well-defined line cut the air, and almost at the same moment, at a lower elevation, a small, dark transverse figure was seen on the right. They were the crescent and the cross impending over Nazareth. The sensation which I felt was strange and indescribable, and may be best indicated by the words which pressed heavily on my heart, *Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on us.* We rode slowly forward, and were soon in comfortable rooms in a building just without the gate of the convent, yet belonging to it.

I lay down upon a pallet spread on boards and supported by trestles, not so much to rest as to meditate upon the youthful life of the Saviour. The particular spots which tradition has connected with particular events in the history of Joseph, Mary, and Jesus, did not interest me so much as the unchangeable position of the town through whose streets Jesus had walked, and the immutable features of the valley and surrounding hills over which he had often wandered. As soon as dinner was over, we set off for the lofty mountain ridge which overhangs the town on the west. Just without the village, on the northwest, we came to the public fountain, now called the Virgin's. All the town comes here to get water, and it was always thronged when we approached it; for, though it runs steadily, it runs slowly, so that many maidens collect and wait for their turn; and not unfrequently there is a very unmaidenly contest for the turn. As we approached, one poor damsel was lamenting over the fragments of a jar that had been broken in the scuffle. However, they gave way for me to examine the fountain, which I found to be a large marble trough, which may have been a sarcophagus. It was covered with a rude stone arch. The end of it was exposed, and from it the water issued in a feeble jet, under which each maid placed her jar in turn. As fountains in the East are wellnigh as immutable as mountains, it is exceedingly probable that Mary, in the days of her youth, often repaired hither with the damsels of the village to procure water. Who shall say she was distinguishable from the crowd, except by the purity of her manners and the modesty of her demeanour?

From the fountain we ascended directly to the summit of the mountain, and found it crowned with the

Tomb of Neby Ismael. Beyond the long, dark ridge of Carmel on the southwest, the evening sun hung over the sea as if in the act of falling into it; to the west the Mediterranean lay as a plain of molten silver; on the south the Plain of Esdraelon spread its green carpet, beyond which rose the Mountains of Samaria; towards the east lay in succession the irregular swells of Gilboa, the insulated summits of the Little Hermon, and the bold, round top of Tabor, on which, in despite of criticism, I was determined to believe that the glorious transfiguration of our Lord took place; for in this *vicinity* it undoubtedly did occur, and for such a transaction this was the most appropriate mountain in all Palestine. It stood apart from the rest of the world, uplifted into the pure, resplendent heavens to which the Lord was shortly to ascend, and it looked down upon the scenes of his youth, the sea of his miracles, and the familiar walks of his chosen disciples. To the north, close at hand, lay the large and beautiful Vale of Zebulon, now called El-Büttauf, on the northern edge of which is seen Kana el-Jelil, which Dr. Robinson has shown to be the Cana of Galilee, where Jesus wrought his first miracle at the wedding of a neighbour, to which his parents and himself had been invited. Farther north were the Mountains of Safed, upon whose summits sat, as a crown of light, Safed herself, one of the sacred cities of the Jews, to which our Saviour probably referred when he said, "Ye are a city set upon a hill;" while still beyond rose the snowy Hermon, the monarch of this sacred mountain world. In the southern part of the Plain of Zebulon was the insulated hill of Sefurieh, at whose base the Christian host encamped around a copious fountain on the night before the battle of Hattin in 1187, in which conflict the Christian kingdom of Pales-

line expired, and Christianity was again prostrated under the power of the Moslem. Below us, on the east, lay the town of Nazareth, on the steep side of the hill, and intersected by a deep ravine, from the precipitous bank of which, near the small Maronite church, Dr. Robinson supposes the Jews endeavoured to throw our Lord headlong, having thrust him out of the synagogue on account of his pungent preaching. Amid this interesting panorama I was sitting at nightfall, impressed with the strong probability that Jesus had often wandered over this hill, gazed on this scene, and perhaps sat on this spot.

As we descended, the full moon came up from behind the Mountains of Gilead, and we entered the village by her light. The poor people were at their evening meals. Here a group of women outside of the door sat around a wooden bowl with rice, which they ate with their fingers, aided by small pieces of bread; there a group of men on a naked rock, upon which lay eight or ten of the thin, elastic cakes which are peculiar to the Arabs. These made up their evening meals: yet the people appeared to be vigorous and happy. We repaired to our rooms, supped, and quickly sunk into profound sleep on the clean, sweet pallets of the convent.

Next morning the full tones of the organ reached my ear at an early hour, and I hastened into the convent and entered the Church of the Annunciation. Half a dozen monks were performing mass, and a hundred persons knelt on the marble pavement with an air of seriousness, but not of devotion. The church is not large, but is gaudily decorated, with mediocre paintings and gay damask hangings on the walls. As you enter, two flights of steps present themselves; by the one you

ascend to the floor of the church proper, where is the great altar, and by the other descend into a chapel under the pavement, where are the parlour, chamber, and kitchen of the mother of Jesus. These, together with a little nook in which Christ is said once to have hid himself from his parents, are the great attractions to pilgrims. The apartments are too much modernized and decorated to transport the traveller into the humble dwelling of Joseph the carpenter; but he will cast a glance on two fractured columns which stand at the entrance, and mark the spots where the angel and Mary stood when the annunciation was made. I was about to examine them more closely, when my attention was called to a circular marble slab under a small table, in the centre of which were some black lines: behind these was an inscription, which I could not read, as the lamps were placed before it. Towards this slab the women crawled on their knees, threw their arms around the small black circles let into its surface, and pressed their lips ardently and repeatedly upon the stone, and fondled over it as a young mother over her first-born when it smiles in the cradle. I could not learn the legend connected with this spot, but supposed it to be the reputed nook in which the infant Jesus hid himself in a playful mood, as already mentioned. The dwelling of Joseph and Mary, which once stood over these apartments, is now shown at Loretto in Italy as the house of Our Lady, having fled thither to escape contamination from the Moslems when they approached the town!

I hastened to pay my respects, before parting, to the superior of the convent. I had been introduced to him the day before, and formed a very favourable opinion of him. He had an air of intellect and purity, a dignity

of manner and delicacy of person, that I had rarely seen in his order ; and these qualities were set off by a slight tinge of submissive sadness, which gave them greater effect. I could not but think he was born to a higher rank and a better fate, and was there against his will. He was infinitely superior to his eight or ten brethren, whose presence in the convent, together with that of a few servants, was not sufficient to break the solitude of its vast corridors and stairways. As I returned through the court the door of the schoolroom was open, and I stepped in to look upon a group of young Nazarenes learning the history and doctrines of Jesus. They were all boys, and their books were supplied by the noble American missions in the Levant.

Without the convent are several remarkable objects. The first is a small whitewashed chapel, near at hand, in which was originally, according to the tradition, Joseph's workshop. A little farther off is the room in which our Lord went to school ; and hard by it is a small chapel, on the site of the synagogue in which he taught so as to offend the Jews. But the most venerable relic in Nazareth is a large flat stone, said to be the table around which our Lord and his disciples sat at meat both before and after his resurrection. It is now covered by a small chapel. We devoted but little time to these venerated objects, as we doubted not but that they were apocryphal.

The town contains, according to Dr. Robinson, 160 Greek, 60 Greek Catholic, 65 Latin Catholic, 40 Maronite, and 120 Mohammedan families, making the population about 2500 Christians and 500 Moslems. There was an appearance of internal trade and prosperity, and the cultivation and pasturage of the valley were good.

CHAPTER IV.

NAZARETH TO BEYROUT.

The Plain of Zebulon.—Acre.—Ruins of the Magazine.—Effects of a bombardment.—Mount Carmel.—River Kishon.—Disappointment.—Convent of Elijah.—View from Carmel.—Return to Acre.—Promontorium Album.—Plain of Phœnicia.—Three Remarkable Fountains.—Alexander's Mole.—Tyre.—Fulfilment of Prophecy.—Road to Sidon.—Sarepta.—Sidon.—Road to Beyrout.—Population without the Walls.—Enter Beyrout.

THE distance from Nazareth to Acca (the Acco of Scripture, and the St. Jean d'Acre of the Crusaders) is not quite twenty-five miles. Our course lay north-west over the hill which overhangs Nazareth, from which we descended into the southern portion of the Plain of Zebulon, to the insulated hill on which stood the Diocæsarea of the Romans, the Sephoris of Josephus, and the Sefurieh of the Arabs. Fine columns, rich sarcophagi, and vast subterranean arches attest the dominion of the Cæsars. A strong, ruined castle on the hill, constructed of the materials of former edifices, bears witness to the wars of the Crusaders; and the abject condition of the hamlet, and the decayed state of agriculture, proclaim the desolating sway of the Moslem. Passing from the Plain of Zebulon westward over low, broken hills covered with scrub-oak, we came out upon the Plain of Acre near to an artificial mound, from which Napoleon is said first to have beheld the bulwarks of the town with strong forebodings, on the evening before the battle of Acre (1799), in which his grand project of "attacking Europe in the rear" was frustrated. We were an hour in crossing the plain, and as we approached the gate of the town, had on

our right the high mound which bears the name of Richard the Lion-hearted. Immediately upon passing the portal we stood in the midst of the ruins of the magazine, which had been blown up in 1840 in the bombardment by the British. The cannon balls still lay in the streets, and stuck in the massive walls of the barracks, the mosques, and the fortresses. Above us, the vast dome of the chief mosque was riddled by shot until it looked like the upper part of an old-fashioned pepper-box. The summits of the minarets and towers were broken off, or fractured, or forced from their perpendicular, while everywhere private dwellings were shattered. The whole population was engaged in repairing the damages, and the demand for hands had filled the place as full as a beehive. We could scarcely pass through the streets, and the bazars were crowded as at Cairo. At length we made our way to the vast quadrangle containing the barracks and the convent, in the latter of which we found clean, comfortable rooms.

One cannot think of Acre without recalling all the horrors of war. From the time of Joshua to the bombardment of 1840, it has been the centre of martial operations. The following passage respecting its recent fall is from the *London Globe*, as quoted by the *Westminster Review* for January, 1841: "At twenty-five minutes past four, the action being at its height, a terrific explosion took place in the town, which for a time wholly concealed it and the southern division from view; its appearance was truly awful, and I can compare it to nothing but as if a huge yew-tree had suddenly been conjured up from the devoted town. It hung for many minutes a mighty pall over those hundreds it had hurled into eternity, and then slowly, owing to the lightness of the wind, drifted to the south-

ward. It proved to be the explosion of the principal magazine of the place, one third of which it has destroyed, and from a whole regiment having been quartered in a khan immediately adjoining, it is supposed from fifteen hundred to seventeen hundred soldiers perished in the ruins, besides a number of horses, bullocks, and donkeys.

“The town is one mass of ruins; the batteries and most of the houses literally riddled all over; the killed and wounded lying about in all directions; lifeless trunks cut asunder, some without heads, others without legs or arms; hundreds dying from the blood flowing from their wounds, and no one near to help them. The scene was truly awful! Almost every gun has been rendered useless, many upset, and most of them having a shot or two through their carriages. From this we went up into the citadel, a very strong and almost impregnable place; from this through a mosque, the stores, and magazines, and then to the crater, for I cannot use a more appropriate word. The quantity of powder was immense, the precise number of tons uncertain; but the space destroyed covers one mile, the number killed by the explosion above twelve hundred, besides the cattle, horses, &c. In many places on the cinders I passed six and eight bodies lying over and beside each other. In one place we counted thirty donkeys dead, having been tethered in a square ready to carry shot, &c., to the distant guns, and cattle and horses half buried.”

Subsequent official accounts state that the explosion destroyed two whole regiments formed in position, and every living thing within sixty thousand square yards.

About ten miles south of Acre, directly across the bay, is seen the dark, heavy bank of Mount Carmel,

falling away to the southeast, where it blends with the Mountains of Samaria, and advancing northwest headlong into the sea. On this headland sits the fine new Convent of Elijah, enclosing the cave in which tradition says that the prophet hid himself when he fled from the anger of Ahab. Taking an early breakfast, we mounted and departed for the convent. We hugged the circular bay on our right so closely, that for four hours the waves broke occasionally around our horses' feet. Near at hand the breakers were dotted over with wrecks; but we paused not to speculate on the dangers of the sea, for the "ancient River Kishon" and Mount Carmel were before us. Upon the banks of the one, the men of Israel, at the command of Elijah, had slain the prophets of Baal, and mingled their blood with its waters; and on the summit of the other, God had sent down fire to consume the sacrifice to the confusion of Ahab and Jezebel, and the justification of his servant.—(1 Kings, xviii.) These grand events had magnified the river in my imagination, and I felt disappointed when I came to a little brook not thirty feet wide nor three feet deep where it joins the sea.

But I was more disappointed in Carmel. As I approached its base, it did not appear to rise to the grand elevation of a mountain, but seemed rather a lofty ridge.* Nor was it covered with vineyards, and orchards, and green pastures, and fine flocks. At its base, around the town of Haifa, were a few olive-groves; but these belonged to the plain on the sea rather than to the mountain. Half way up its steep side were shrubs mingled with wild flowers, and from

* Its greatest height is 1100 feet, and towards the sea, at the convent, 500.

thence to the summit was nothing but stern, unclad limestone, relieved somewhat, indeed, by a sprinkling of the low, tufted thorn-shrub, common on the hills of Palestine. The "glory and excellency of Carmel," like the beauty of all the East, have long since departed.

The convent stands on the brow of the mountain, and, as seen across the bay from Acre, seems to overhang the sea. The view from its windows is beautiful indeed. To the north, the Bay and Plain of Acre; to the west, the boundless expanse of the sea; to the south, the great plain of the Mediterranean, extending to Gaza. We paid a visit to the chapel over the Grotto of Elijah, which a good monk told us the prophet had excavated with his own hand. There was his stone couch just as he had left it. The principal ornament was a wooden Liliputian statue of the holy seer. We were led to the roof, which had been covered by people during the bombardment of Acre in 1840. Our guide pointed to the town, and exclaimed, "I can never forget that day: the booming of the heavy broadsides as it swelled over the bay, the rolling clouds of battle-smoke as they ascended and settled over the town, the flashes of the successive discharges gleaming through the sulphurous canopy, and the sudden explosion of the magazine, by which the heavens were darkened for a few minutes, and then all was silent. Slowly the clouds of smoke cleared away, and revealed the carnage which had been made. The town capitulated."

We had ordered dinner, which detained us longer than we had expected. It became, therefore, necessary to despatch a messenger to town, to request the English consul, who had called on us and been very kind the evening before, to secure our admission at the gate should we arrive after sunset. This he did; and when

we arrived the gate was ajar, waiting for us. A number of donkeys, camels, and men were outside, and looked wistfully in as we entered, but found no admittance. The law throughout the East is, that none go in or out after sunset, except by authority.*

At eight o'clock next morning we departed for Sur, the ancient Tyre. For four hours our road lay through the Plain of Acre, which extends from Mount Carmel on the south, northward to the Promontorium Album, a remarkable chalky headland which projects into the sea about twenty miles from Acre. Once this plain was carefully cultivated, and thickly studded with towns and villages; now it is badly tilled in patches here and there, the towns have disappeared, and the few straggling villages have been removed to the mountains for safety. Everywhere are seen the remains of former prosperity, and a fine aqueduct, in a leaky condition, still conveys water from the mountain to the town.

We scaled the Promontorium Album by a narrow, rough pass, cut in the cliffs which overhang the sea. The raging waters thundered in the caverns below, and shook the mountain on which we trod. We descended into the narrow, undulating Plain of Phœnicia, which extends thirty-five miles from this promontory on the south to that of Auly, an hour north of Sidon. It is more desolate than the Plain of Acre. Not a town or village adorns it, and but few are seen upon the border mountains. Heaps of stones and traces of walls are visible in every direction, marking the sites of former towns. Everywhere the traveller stumbles upon shafts, capitals, and bases of columns, scattered among the rocks, indicating the populousness and wealth of former centuries; and frequently he sees the broken-up pave-

* The population of Acre is, inhabitants, 3000; garrison, 2000—in all, 5000.

ments and fallen bridges which mark the imperial highway of the Cæsars.

About an hour south of Tyre, near the road on the right, are three of the most remarkable fountains in the world. They are situated in the plain, a quarter of a mile from the sea, and are not sunk in the ground, but raised some twenty feet high by means of massive stone walls, perhaps thirty feet thick at the base, and drawn inward towards the top, where they are eighteen or twenty feet thick. Two of these fountains are adjacent to each other, and connected by a broad, shallow channel at the top. The third and largest is several hundred feet distant, and was connected with the others by an aqueduct, now broken away, but whose course is marked by detached masses of stalactite, tons in weight, formed by the percolation of the limestone water during the lapse of many centuries. Within these reservoirs the water boils up with a force and abundance exceeding anything I had ever witnessed; and I could not resist the conviction that they were not single natural fountains, but mountain streams collected in the recesses of the Lebanon, and brought down by subterranean conduits. From the reservoirs the water was distributed to Old Tyre, which Dr. Robinson very plausibly conjectures lay close at hand on the shore, and afterward to New Tyre, three miles north on the island. The remains of fine aqueducts are still seen stretching away across the plain, particularly towards the north. One naturally asks, Who built these massive works? Tradition ascribes them to Solomon; and sober criticism makes them contemporaneous with the glory of ancient Tyre.

As we approached Tyre we saw the low, broad mole which Alexander threw up when he besieged the city,

running out into the sea, and joining the island on which the town was built. It is perhaps half a mile in length, and very uneven, by reason of the sandhills which the waves and the winds have thrown upon it. We entered the town by its only gate, whose threshold was a broken granite column, and threading our way through the narrow, zigzag streets, came out upon the open space which surrounds the town on the side next the sea. The circular shore was precipitous and rock-bound; and from its brow had fallen the magnificent edifices which adorned the ancient city, and their ruins lay before me in the waters, consolidated with the sand and gravel, and covered over with sea-moss. The tide was out, and I descended and walked over them, until, coming to a remarkable pile of fractured columns, broken friezes, and sculptured marbles, I sat down on a carved capital covered with seaweed, and read, "O thou that art situate at the entrance of the sea, a merchant of the people for many isles, thus saith the Lord God: O Tyrus, thou hast said I am a perfect beauty; all the ships of the sea, with their mariners, were in thee to occupy thy merchandise: thou didst enrich the kings of the earth with the multitude of thy riches and of thy merchandise. Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty; thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness: I will cast thee to the ground; I will lay thee before kings, that they may behold thee. I will cast thee as profane out of the mountain of God. I will destroy thee: I will make thee like the top of a rock, a place to spread nets upon." Before me was the evidence of her former greatness, and the fulfilment of the denunciations. I had travelled along her coast a whole day, and saw not a single sail upon her sea; and at hand were the remains of the magnificent sea-

wall that shut in her harbour on the north, once spacious and deep, but now choked up with sand, and containing only three or four small shallops. The population is perhaps three thousand, but the hovels which now rest on a portion of her ancient site present no contradiction of the dread decree, "Thou shalt be built no more."—(Ezek., xxvi., 14.)

Orders had been left with the servants to follow us, and halt at the gate, as we intended to pitch our tent on the shore ; but when we returned to the portal they were not there, but were seen miles off, close under the hills, advancing towards a khan on the way to Sidon. Nothing remained for us but to call on our consular agent, Monsieur Yacub L'Acac, whom we had shunned, fearing he might *bore* us to death in his best parlour, as happened to the Rev. Messrs. Robinson and Smith. But our fears were groundless ; he did not even make his appearance or apology, but simply sent a man to conduct us to miserable lodgings in what seemed to be a dilapidated convent, from the presence of a monk or two, and yet seemed not to be, as women and children were there also. However, his excellency sent us a pan of live coals, and Said bought eggs, bread, figs, and coffee for us, and some oats for our horses, which were tied in the paved court. We slept soundly on the bare stone floor, and departed early next morning for Sidon.

The road from Tyre to Sidon lay altogether in the Plain of Phœnicia, sometimes along the sea and sometimes near the mountains. The plain must have once been studded over with towns and adorned with public buildings, judging from the substructions, columns, and marbles appearing everywhere. Now only one solitary village is seen, perched upon a hill, whose name, *Sarafend*, points out the Sarepta of the New Testa-

ment, where Elijah found a retreat in the house of the widow whose son he raised from the dead. In this neighbourhood the traveller sees a great number of common stone sarcophagi with their lids off and their contents gone. The dead as well as the living have fled the country.

Shortly after passing Sarafend, Sidon appeared in sight, and at three o'clock we approached the town through orchards of olives, mulberries, and figs, whose roots struck deep among the substructions of the ancient city. The male population was without the gate, smoking and drinking under tents, and in the shade of the walls and trees. The women, each wrapped in white, were sitting in groups amid the tombs of the adjacent cemetery. The tombs here, as at Alexandria, had flowers growing out of their tops, producing a striking effect; a luxuriant vegetation waves over the fields of the dead immediately under the walls of the town. Paths intersect the cemetery in every direction, and the footman and the donkey, as they pass, touch the graves and the mourners. In the midst of this strange scene we pitched our tents.

While dinner was preparing, Mr. C. and myself rode into the city to see what there was of interest or novelty. We entered through the south gate over a broken column, as usual, and during our ramble found nothing of interest. The town has been so often destroyed and reconstructed, that the ancient buildings have been literally comminuted and compounded into the present habitations. The streets are narrow and crooked, but many of the houses are large, lofty, and well built. The population is perhaps six thousand, chiefly engaged in trade. The majority are Moslems; the remainder Greek Catholics, with a few Maronites and Jews.

At seven o'clock next morning we set out for Beyrout, and found the road desolate and heavy. It lay along the coast, over a succession of rocky promontories jutting into the sea, and around the sandy coves included between them, so that we were continually either clambering over rugged rocks, or wading in the wet sand, with the spray dashing around our horses' feet. Upon approaching the broad and lofty promontory of Beyrout, which projects into the sea five miles beyond the line of the coast, we found its southern side a desert of moving sand, which would well compare with that of the Saharah; but, gaining the summit, the northern side sloped down to the sea, richly covered with orchards, in the midst of which were many lofty white stone buildings with flat roofs, looking like islands of chalk amid the sea of green verdure. Below the orchards, immediately on the sea, was the compact little city of Beyrout, the Bereytus of the Romans, containing at present about twelve thousand inhabitants within its castellated walls, and five thousand more inhabiting the gardens and orchards which completely surround them. This is the only instance in which I had seen a population outside of the walls of a city in the East. Our approach to the town led us through these orchards by narrow, steep lanes, deeply sunk, in some places, below the surface, and in others enclosed by walls of earth or masonry, from which sprang the prickly pear, whose roots consolidated the walls, while their luxuriant branches, impending over the way, formed a canopy over our heads. Our guide conducted us to Baptiste's Hotel, where we found comfortable rooms compared with any we had seen since we had left Cairo, and once more heard the language and witnessed the manners of Christian Europe.

CHAPTER V.

BEYROUT TO DAMASCUS.

Letters from Home.—American Missionaries.—American Consul.—Importance of Beyrout.—Commerce.—Appearance of the City.—Environs.—Groves and Orchards.—The Pacha.—Departure for Damascus.—Villages and Terraces on the Mountain Side.—Mount Lebanon.—Dangers of Travel.—Uncertain Weather.—Beautiful View.—Hospitality.—Too many Lodgers.—First View of Damascus.—Scripture Recollections.—Naaman the Syrian.—Saul of Tarsus.—Enter Damascus.

ARRIVING at Beyrout was to us almost like getting home. Mr. Chassaud, the American consul-general for Syria, sent us packages of letters from friends in America and Europe, and freely proffered us his services. All the American missionaries stationed in Syria were assembled in the town at their annual consultation, and although we were personally unknown to each other, yet we greeted them, and they received us, as brethren and countrymen. I spent several evenings in their company with pleasure and profit, and worshipped with them on Sabbath morning in the house of Mr. Chassaud, which is indeed their church. The little congregation was made up of Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Maltese, Arabs, and Armenians, to whom Mr. Lanneau preached an excellent sermon.* There are ten thousand Christians in Beyrout, the great majority of whom are Roman Catholics, and the remainder Greeks, Armenians, and a little company of Protestants. Beyrout is the centre of the American missions in Syria. The missionaries have several presses here,

* Perhaps I ought to say I was requested to preach, and declined, as I preferred to hear rather than to speak.

from which are issued, in Arabic, selected portions of Scripture, books and tracts for religious instruction, and school books, all of which are distributed throughout the country, and find their way far to the East. They will prove fountains of living water to the ancient communions of the Old World. The American missions in the East are a noble enterprise, and ought to be nobly sustained by the churches.

Beyrout is the chief town on the coast of Syria, as it is the point of debarcation for all European travellers from west to east, and also the port for Damascus. Of course, all exports for Europe and all imports for Syria, and eastward to Persia and Bagdad, pass through it. This channel of trade and travel has been opened to all nations only within a few years, and chiefly under the protection of Mehemet Ali during his sway in Syria. Hence the growth of the population and the extension and prosperity of the town are of recent date, and have not kept pace with the increase of capital and business. The town does not wear the antiquated air of most Eastern cities, but looks fresh and new ; yet when you enter the streets you find them badly paved, crooked, narrow, and enclosed between windowless stone walls, and often arched over head, so that they seem, for short distances, to pass through tunnels. The buildings are generally of very massive masonry, which suffered but little from the bombardment by the English and Austrians in 1840. Escaping from within the walls, you emerge suddenly from gloom and darkness into the bright light of day, and find yourself in the midst of mulberry-groves, of orchards laden with figs, peaches, lemons, oranges, and apricots, and of gardens rich in every variety of fragrant and beautiful flowers. Scattered among these gardens are private dwellings, whose

porticoes and lofty rooms are filled with the rarest plants. It is, indeed, almost a fairy land.

There are no antiquities or public buildings in the town worthy of the stranger's attention. If he is curious, he may observe many beautiful columns and richly-carved capitals built into the sea-wall along the *marina*, or sea-street, and may see the same occasionally elsewhere. But if all ancient edifices have perished, all ancient customs have not, as may be seen daily at the eastern gate, where, under a magnificent tent, the Pacha sits to judge the people and receive petitions. His secretaries and other officers stand at a respectful distance, and all who approach make a profound obeisance. I used to pause and contemplate this truly Oriental scene, a living commentary upon the fidelity of the Bible.

The janizary of the American consul had engaged six horses for us, at twenty piastres each. Our guide mounted one with our wallet of provisions, Said another, and we the remaining four; and at seven o'clock on the morning of the 26th of March we set out for the ancient and celebrated city of Damascus, two good days' journey east of Beyrout, beyond the ranges of Lebanon. Passing out at the eastern gate, and ascending southeast through the orchards, we quickly gained the summit of the promontory, and suddenly came to a halt, struck with the grandeur of the mountain range before us, stretching along the coast north and south as far as the eye could reach. It appeared to be a succession of precipitous rocky walls, receding from the shore as they rose into the clouds which floated around the icy summit of Gebel Sunnin, that crowns the range to the northeast. Down the sides of this rocky rampart are many dark, zigzag chasms, affording passages for the mountain torrents to the sea. On the lower de-

clivities are seen villages perched in apparently inaccessible positions, but the vineyards, orchards, and grain-patches which surround them are rarely visible, being concealed in the deep dells, or shut out of view by the terrace walls which support them. Hence the general aspect of the mountain, as seen from the plain, is a naked, gray-coloured embankment, without verdure, and almost without population, impending over the whole line of coast. But as the traveller gains successively the great natural ledges which compose the mountain, and looks down upon the terraces and into the dells below him, he finds them studded with villages alive with flocks, and the surface covered with luxuriant orchards, vineyards, and grain-patches. They are so absolutely secluded in their mountain fastnesses, that the traveller, from his point of observation, would not know how to approach one of the many villages in his view, particularly on the western side of Mount Lebanon, looking out upon the Mediterranean.

We had halted upon the summit of the Promontory of Beyrout to look upon the Mount Lebanon, whose fame, four thousand years ago, had spread through the East, and inspired even Moses with an ardent desire to pass over Jordan that he might behold it.—(Deut., iii., 25.) Our attention had been so strongly drawn to the mountain that we had scarcely noticed the vast olive-groves that lay between us and its base. Through these we passed in about an hour and a half, and began to ascend, clambering up ledges of rock from one to two feet in height, then stumbling over loose, rolling stones, and then wading through soft clay and mud. I did not fall in with so dangerous and difficult a road in all my travels in the East ; yet this is the great highway from the Mediterranean through Damascus to Bagdad and

Persia. We met many strings of mules ascending and descending these rugged, rocky paths, laden with bales of goods, which seemed as much as they ought to have carried on a smooth and level road. These mules rarely miss their footing; yet occasionally they slip, and are dashed to pieces at the bottom of a precipice. We but seldom fell in with a single traveller in the mountains, and disliked it when we did, as travelling was at that time safe to honest people only when they were in companies and armed. Every man we met on the road had a gun slung on his shoulder, or a pair of pistols or a dagger thrust in his sash. Not unfrequently one person carried them all. According to the value of property was the number of the company. One party consisted of at least two hundred persons, with as many mules and camels. In this party were a few women, closely wrapped up in white sheets, and riding astride.

In our ascent we experienced every kind of weather in almost momentary succession: wind, calm, clouds, sunshine, rain, hail, and snow. We had come up from a warm region, and Said, misjudging the mountain temperature, had omitted to put on his long white stockings, and his legs were bared one moment to the pelting hail, and the next to the scorching sun; of course they were well peeled. In eight hours from Beyrout we made the head of a ravine, which descends rapidly on the east side of Lebanon into the Valley of Bakaa, or Cœle-Syria, and had passed down a short distance, when suddenly a most enchanting scene opened upon our view. It was the green valley far below us, over whose grain-fields and newly-ploughed grounds broken masses of clouds were passing, exposing in quick succession what seemed to be the dark blue sea, on whose

bosom rested many emerald isles. As the clouds rolled northward towards Balbec, the range of Ante-Lebanon appeared as a precipitous rugged wall, bounding the eastern side of the vale.

Our road lay directly across the plain, and in an hour we passed the ancient Leontes (the modern Litany) by a stone bridge of one arch, and in fifteen minutes more came to the mud village of Merdj. The sun was set, and pausing to inquire where we might lay our heads, an old man offered his house, and, at the same time, a young and pleasant-looking girl proffered her father's. After inspecting both, we chose to rest in the house of the maiden, chiefly because there was a blazing fire in it, by which coffee could be the more quickly prepared to appease our ravenous appetites. We had been twelve hours on horseback without refreshment. The cottage was a fair sample of those in the village. It consisted of two apartments one story high, before which was a court formed by a mud wall some six feet high. One of the apartments was the stable, where our horses and servants were lodged; the other belonged to the family and the strangers. The walls were of mud-bricks dried in the sun; the roof flat, formed by a layer of branches of trees covered over with mud, and resting on a rough beam across the centre, supported by a pillar made of a section of a tree in its natural state, and resting on the earthen floor.

Supper over, we spread our quilts on some dirty mats and turned in; but the first nap over, we had to rise to make war upon the fleas and other vermin. Each article of clothing was taken off, turned, and shaken: after putting them on again, we fastened them round our ankles and wrists, drew the cloaks closely around our

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W H Bartlett

J.F.E. Prod'homme

DAMASCUS FROM ABOVE SALAMYEN.
HARPER & BROTHERS

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necks, and lay down again and hastened to sleep ere the enemy could make regular approaches. The mother and her children, and I believe the father also, covered up in one undistinguishable mass, slept in the same room without moving the whole night.

Sunrise found us in our saddles, and in an hour we crossed the remainder of the plain, and entered a wild, rugged gorge, which cut Ante-Lebanon at right angles. In this part of the mountain there was the appearance neither of population nor tillage. It was a mountainous desert, which continued almost to Damascus, with the exception of the village of Dumas, on the eastern slope of the range, five hours distant from the city. At five o'clock in the afternoon we came to the eastern brow of the mountain, when Damascus burst suddenly upon our view, so completely imbosomed in luxuriant forests and orchards that its three hundred minarets, rising above the ocean of foliage, gave it the appearance of a vast fleet anchored far off in the green sea. I had heard so much of the magnificence of the view of Damascus from a distance that I expected to be disappointed, but was not. The scene is unique and exceedingly beautiful. The forests and orchards extend north and south some thirty miles, and from the foot of the mountain eastward perhaps fifteen, and are nourished by the waters of the Barady, which are distributed by a thousand artificial channels for the irrigation of the plain, while the main streams are carried through every part of the city, supplying a countless number of public and private fountains.

I paused to look upon the scene before me. Men had dwelt there so long that it seemed the original home of the human family.* It had never been deso-

* Within a day's ride, tradition has placed the house of Abraham, the

late since the first shepherd arrived with his flocks from the Euphrates, and pitched his tents by the crystal floods of the "Abana and Pharpar," the two mountain brooks which by their union form the Barady. Looking upon the transparent waters, they seemed to apologize for "Naaman the leper," when, mortified and indignant, he turned away from the "prophet in Samaria" who had directed him to "dip himself seven times in Jordan," and exclaimed, "Are not the waters of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" Surely he was right if a comparison of waters was to decide the question. He knew not the power of God until his servant ventured to say, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? how much rather, then, wash and be clean?" The conduct of Naaman is a fair sample of the conduct of the world in matters of religion.

My eye wandered over the space to the south of the city, where eighteen hundred years ago occurred the following incident: "And as Saul journeyed, he came near to Damascus; and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven: and he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do."—(Acts, ix., 3-6.) As I gazed over the peaceful plain where the furious Saul was

tombs of Elijah, Moses, Noah, Seth, and Abel, and, I believe, claims also that Adam was made of the red earth found in the neighbourhood.

struck down, and looked up into the calm, clear heaven, whence descended the celestial voice of the ascended Saviour, I felt that I, a wanderer from a world then unknown, might be a spiritual child of him who was here made an apostle, and afterward sent "far away to the Gentiles." The mission of Paul commenced at Damascus, which may be called the spiritual mother of Gentile Christianity.

We were yet an hour distant from the city, during which time we rode through orchards of all kinds of delicious fruits, and groves of white poplar, planted for timber along the margins of the streams. On each side of us, and, as we afterward observed, all around the city, these beautiful groves and orchards were intersected by unsightly fences, made of large blocks of dried mud, from three to four feet long, and two to three wide. Yet amid this paradise of woods all was silent. No mansion, no cottage, not even a tent, enlivened the scene. The evening twilight was approaching, and the labourers were pressing to the gate to enter ere it was closed. It grated behind us as we cleared the threshold, and we immediately commenced threading our way through mean, crooked streets, without lights, and frequently covered over head with branches of trees or with decayed matting. At length we halted between two blank stone walls. One of these was pierced by a low portal, through which we entered into a courtyard, around whose sides were lofty and promising apartments, both on the first and second floors, and a small marble fountain in the centre. This was our hotel.

CHAPTER VI.

DAMASCUS.

English Officers.—Not Dinner enough.—Ramble through the City.—Dilapidated Houses and Streets.—Dwellings of the higher Classes.—Specimen of a splendid Residence.—The Bazars.—Merchants.—Divisions of the Bazar for different Trades.—European Goods principally exposed.—Workers in Iron.—Silversmiths.—Khan of Asaad Pacha.—A Procession.—Moslem Worship.—Mosques.—Schools.—Dervishes.—Cafés.—Cathedral of Saint John.—“ Street which is called Straight.”—House of Ananias.

Two hours before our coming, a party of five English naval officers had arrived from Balbec, and had ordered dinner, having eaten nothing during their long day's ride. We too, having fasted all day, ordered dinner to be hastened, not knowing that the Englishmen were in the house. To our surprise, dinner was announced in a very short time; and as it happened that we were in an adjoining room, while the officers were up stairs, we were first at table, which was placed under a lofty Saracenic arch, forming a recess that opened upon the court and fountain. Just as we had fairly set to, down came a bluff captain, a gray-bearded lieutenant, and several raw middies, and found us devouring *their* dinner; for, as it turned out, no addition had been made to the meal, though two orders had been given. The reader may well imagine the disappointment of nine persons who had not tasted anything since early morn, and had been on horseback at least twelve hours without stopping. However, by clearing everything to the very dishes, we appeased our appetites, and then retired to rest; for in an Oriental city, after dark there are no sights to be seen, and no lights by which to see

them, if there were any. Of course, but few people are in the streets at night, and none without lanterns.

Next morning, taking an active young Greek as a cicerone, we rambled through the city, and were disappointed in its external appearance. The streets are narrow, crooked, badly paved, and of irregular width. The houses are of unequal height, from two to four stories, built occasionally of stone, but generally of sun-dried-mud brick, and without windows near the ground. The second story, and sometimes the third, usually extends two or three feet over the street, resting upon the exposed ends of the joists, and supported by braces made of roughly-hewn, and sometimes unhewn, pieces of wood. The windows above are of close lattice-work, and are never animated by bright eyes or pretty faces; and as but few persons appear in the streets, and the rumbling of carriages is never heard, the inactivity and silence which reign throughout the city surprise the Western stranger. As might be expected, houses which are constructed of mud bricks dried in the sun fall rapidly into decay under the action of the rain, and require constant repairs to keep them inhabitable. The Turks are not at all inclined to repair, and hence the dwelling parts of the city wear an air of decay.*

But the traveller must remember that this is the *external* appearance of the city in the portions occupied by private dwellings, and that, although the tenements within those blank, mud-plastered walls are often wretched, yet there are also many magnificent palaces, fitted up in the interior with a taste and luxury he

* The Rev. C. B. Elliott says, during the winter of 1836, when he resided in the city, "no less than 3000 houses suffered greatly from the rain, while 600 actually fell."—Vol. ii., p. 287, Lond. ed.

would little expect from their mean external appearance. A description of one of these is a description of all; and my notes refer to one of the finest in the city, occupied by Mr. Wood, the English consul, of whom I shall speak presently. I had a letter to him, and going to deliver it, we were conducted through a narrow street to a low, mean-looking door in a blank wall, through which we passed into a plain court, roughly paved, and surrounded by unadorned apartments. From this, by a short passage, we were led into the great court, removed from the street, and entirely secluded by lofty apartments opening upon it, and enclosing it on all sides. It was beautifully paved with various coloured marbles, exquisitely polished, and contained a richly-wrought fountain, adorned with a profusion of fragrant flowers in tasteful pots and boxes. In various parts of the court were groups of flowers and shrubs, and clumps of orange and lemon trees, amid which many birds of gay plumage sported and built their nests. The surrounding apartments do not connect with one another by passages or doors, but open directly on a marble terrace raised but a little above the pavement of the court. The floors of the principal rooms are of fine marble, and contain fountains, whose jets of water cool the summer air. In winter they are covered over entirely with rich carpets, and in summer gay rugs lie about here and there. Around three sides of each room runs a luxurious divan, covered with rich stuffs, and furnished with voluptuous cushions. The walls of some are gayly painted in rich but harmonious colours; of others, faced with stone, which is elaborately carved in various patterns, but always exhibiting the Saracenic honeycomb. The marbles and chiselled stone-work of the grand saloon alone cost above \$20,000. The ceil-

ings are lofty, made of wood carved and gilded. No light comes from the streets but is admitted from the court by windows placed high up, and protected from the sun's rays by far-projecting and highly ornamented eaves. The roofs are flat, and form a delightful promenade in a balmy air, loaded with the perfumes of the flowers and shrubs in the court below. High division-walls separate the roofs from the adjoining houses, which, moreover, are generally lower, so that a Damascene palace is as much secluded as if it were in the midst of an impenetrable forest. It is said that there are in the city five hundred such houses as I have described ; but, if so, many of them are doubtless tenantless, or certainly not furnished according to their style, and as once they were in the palmy days of the capital of Syria. A stranger might spend years in Damascus, and not know that such princely habitations are there ; for, as he passes by them, he sees nothing but blank stone, perchance mud-plastered walls. This practice of adorning the interior, while the exterior is of mean appearance, arose first from the ancient custom in the East of secluding the family entirely, and, secondly, to escape the notice of the rapacious rulers, who tax, not according to the ability to pay, but according to appearance of wealth. Hence no wealth is seen externally, as with us, but is lavished within.

The above remarks are applicable to the parts of the city occupied by private dwellings ; but as you approach the quarter in which the bazars and khans are situated, you fall in with caravans of loaded mules and camels, and, following in their train, you quickly enter a large, unadorned portal, and find yourself under a lofty vault, formed of an open framework of wood, covered with thin shingles, and lighted by windows in

the roof, so constructed as to exclude the direct rays of the sun. On either hand is a range of small stalls or recesses, in the front of which is a raised platform about two and a half feet high, where sit the merchants, and frequently their customers too, with their gay goods exposed around them. The street is crowded with men and women of all nations, from England to India, each in their peculiar costumes. Mixed up with them are men on horseback, donkeys carrying women shrouded in white linen, and caravans of loaded camels. You are in one of the principal bazars of Damascus. Taken together, they form a complicated system, whose parts branch off at various angles, or curve or wind, as the case may be, and are separated from each other by strong gates, which are closed at night. Particular parts of the bazar are appropriated to particular kinds of goods, or to particular trades; and yet they are so connected with each other, either directly or by short passages, that you may pass through the whole series under cover, from the gay bazar of Oriental stuffs to that of wooden wares, or odd keys and old nails.

I was disappointed in the appearance of the articles exposed for sale in the chief bazars. Instead of the gold cloth, rich silks, and unrivalled carpets of the East, which old travellers and romance writers describe, I found the cottons of Manchester and Glasgow, cloths from Marseilles, and prints from Paris; and instead of the Damascus blades, barrels, and jewelled pistols, there were the gay swords and showy guns of Birmingham.* Rich Oriental goods and arms indeed were there, but the European predominated; and beyond all doubt the coin of Syria is flowing to Europe, and the power-looms of the

* Long since, the manufacture of the Damascus blade and barrel was removed to Persia, and the true Damask is no longer made in the city.

Christians are silencing the hand-loom of the Moslems. The consequence is, that the population of the city is decreasing, and its character is changing from manufacturing to commercial; and this tendency must continue until capital and skill shall apply the waters of "Abana and Pharpar" to the driving of machinery, so as to compete with the mill-products of Europe: this could easily be done, as subsistence, labour, and the raw material are cheaper in Syria than in Europe.

Passing through various bazars, I came to that in which the workers in iron were assembled. The bellows man sat and blowed his little Oriental bellows, and the forger was seated at his anvil. I passed on to the workers in wood, and found the cabinet-maker sitting at his bench, and the carpenter sitting while he pushed the plane. Entering a square building of solid walls, and lofty ceiling supported by pillars, I could not be mistaken in supposing that I was in a Christian Church, and yet in this very church there were a thousand little furnaces in blast: it was the bazar of jewellers and silversmiths. In the vicinity of the bazars are the khans, which are public buildings combining in themselves lodging-rooms and warehouses. Though some of them are insignificant edifices, others are the finest structures in the city. The great khan of Asaad Pacha would be of consideration in any capital in Europe. The court, which you enter through a richly-sculptured Saracenic arch, is beautifully paved with flags, lighted by several lofty domes, and adorned with a magnificent fountain. Within the court donkeys and camels receive and discharge their burdens, and are watered at the fountain. Bales of merchandise are piled up in the fine arcades in front of the warehouses which surround the court, and form the first story. Near each pile of goods sits

the merchant, or one of his agents, on a raised platform. To the right and left of the great portal a flight of stairs ascends to the gallery which surrounds the court, and upon which the lodging apartments in the second story open. Here, in the afternoon, the rich wholesale merchants take their repasts, smoke their pipes, and enjoy their siestas. Their meals, ready prepared, are brought from a neighbouring bazar by their servants, who wait in the court below.

I was accustomed to visit the bazars every day, and on Friday, as noon approached, I observed that almost every merchant let a curtain fall before his little shop, and then all departed in one direction. In a few minutes the crowd parted, and the Pacha rode slowly through the bazar on a magnificent steed richly caparisoned. On each side of him attendants walked, with their hands lying carelessly on the sides of the horse. A whole regiment of soldiers followed in uniform, but without arms. I fell into the rear of the array, and followed to a grand portal that opened into a vast and venerable building, whose lofty ceilings and grand stone cupola were supported and adorned by ranges of precious columns. The area was beautifully paved with various coloured marbles, upon which thousands of Turks were sitting in profound silence, with their faces turned towards Mecca. They had assembled for worship within the venerable Cathedral of St. John, once the glory of Christian Damascus.

There are about seventy large mosques for public worship, and perhaps two hundred and fifty smaller ones for prayer only. Many of both classes are in a state of decay. The colleges and numerous schools which once belonged to them, and were supported by rich endowments, have declined, and by far the greater

number have ceased ; the endowments have depreciated in many instances to mere nominal sums, and in others have been appropriated to private uses. Yet there are schools at which almost all the male youth learn the rudiments of a common education preparatory to business ; and connected with the Mosque of Beni Omcia is a college where two or three hundred youths of the best families are taught Mohammedan theology, jurisprudence, and grammar.

The coffee and confection shops within the city are found chiefly in the street of the Dervishes, perhaps the most perfectly Oriental thoroughfare in the world. The principal bazars and khans connect with it, and it is lined with shops furnished with all kinds of refreshments. In these shops may be found assembled Moslems and dervishes of all sects, from every part of the Mohammedan world, and exhibiting the costumes and manners of every Oriental nation ; some with heads closely shaved, others with beards and hair unshorn for half a century ; some with a close scull-cap, others with the lofty Persian pyramid rising two feet above the crown of the head ; some with white, some with red, some with green turbans, sashes, and robes, and here and there one in a state of nudity,* all mingled together in the shops, eating and smoking, and refreshed by sparkling fountains, which give a delicious coolness to the air.

But the *élite* of the city do not regale themselves here ; they assemble in the open cafés without the walls on the north, built over the roaring waters of the Barady, and under the wide-spreading branches of venerable trees. These are not enclosed buildings, but simply rough stages of the rudest carpenter work, fur-

* Not from poverty, but for penance.

nished with rude benches and stools. Here the wealthy and the voluptuous assemble in the afternoon, and sip their coffee and smoke their pipes, soothed by the incessant sound of the rushing waters. In the vicinity are groups of women, closely veiled, sitting on the margin of the stream, and gazing into the crystal floods, and near at hand parties of horsemen trying the mettle of their steeds and their own skill in throwing the *djered*, or flying spear. The *coup d'œil* is unique and inspiring.

There are no antiquities in this most ancient of inhabited cities. Nothing remains of Christian Damascus but the Cathedral of St. John; and the very few fine buildings that are seen, whether in good condition, as the principal khans, or in decay, as the castle and a vast palace of one of the caliphs, are of Saracenic architecture. "The street that is called Straight" is still there, but its houses, on which St. Paul opened his eyes when the scales fell from them, have long since perished, and with them the dwelling of Judas, in which Saul was converted.—(Acts, ix.) Not far distant is the reputed home of Ananias, who laid hands on St. Paul; but all that remains of it are two square rooms underground, into which you descend by a flight of steps. One of them has been fitted up as a chapel, and the altar-piece exhibits Ananias standing by the side of Saul, who lies prostrate before him, clad in Roman armour.

CHAPTER VII.

DAMASCUS.

The Plain of Damascus.—Tradition of Paul's Escape by the Window.—Scene of Saul's Conversion.—Security of Christian Travellers in Damascus.—Safety of all Europeans.—Sanctity of Damascus as a Moslem City.—Devotion.—Mr. Wood, the English Consul.—Table of Statistics.

WE mounted our horses to ride out of the city into the *Ager Damascenus*, where Saul of Tarsus was struck down by God. Passing through the gate of Jerusalem, I cast my eyes up to the top of the wall, and observed that houses were built upon it; and near one of them was a walled-up portal and window, through the latter of which Christian tradition says the apostle was let down in a basket when he escaped for his life (Acts); and according to Moslem tradition, the reign of Mohammedanism will cease whenever a Christian shall enter the city through the former. Hence it is strongly built up. A quarter of a mile from the gate, on the Jerusalem road, we came to a naked ridge of pudding stone, where the spot is shown on which Saul "fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" It is as likely to be the true spot as any other, and Christians have long since consecrated it by the burial of their dead. Without the walls are seen groups of tents, with hundreds of camels standing near, or browsing in the vicinity. These are the fleets of Damascus, which bring her the goods of Persia, India, and Arabia, and take back, in return, the products of her own looms, and the manufactures of England and France.

We traversed at will, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, the streets of Damascus, one of the holy cities of the Moslems, and not only were not disturbed in any instance, but scarcely attracted the slightest attention. Ten years ago we should have been stopped at the gate, and made to dismount and walk, and even then have run the risk of being assaulted, perhaps beaten to death, if we had appeared in European dress. At that time the Christian nations had no consuls there ; now they are not only represented, but the representatives are treated with the highest consideration ; and all persons under their protection, or subjects of their respective sovereigns, are free from the laws of the country, exempt from taxation, and amenable only to their respective consulates. The servants of subjects of Christian powers have advantages and protection unknown to the native citizen. The head of a principal Turk may be struck off without cause, at any moment, at the command of the Pacha, while that of a black Indian street-porter is safe, because he is the subject of Queen Victoria. This great and sudden change with respect to Christians and their commerce was wrought by Mehemet Ali ; and now that the five powers have driven him from Syria and restored it to the Porte, the Sultan is obliged to continue the same advantages to their subjects resident within the Empire.* Thus the East is open to the enterprise, the principles, and the religion of the West.

I have already alluded to the sanctity of the city. In this respect it ranks next to Mecca and Medina, which must be owing to the beauty of its situation, and

* These remarks do not apply to native Christians of the Empire ; yet their condition is improved, and the financial affairs of Turkey are chiefly in their hands. They are called *rayahs*.

the excellence of its climate and products, for Mohammed never beheld it, and it was not conquered until two years after his death. It contains the finest specimen of Moslem population in the world, both as it regards their personal appearance and their religious conduct. The people are of a beautiful olive complexion, somewhat lighter than the inhabitants of the south of France, of fine proportions, and noble bearing. Their dress is purely Oriental—the full, flowing robe of striped silk girded with rich sashes or shawls, the yellow shoes or boots, and the full turban. Their devotion is exemplary. You may often see them at noon performing religious duties in their shops in view of the crowded bazar; and on Friday, when the muezzins call from the minarets, *God is great!* they drop a curtain over their goods, and crowd to the mosques by thousands. The Frank experiences an impression of surprise and delight, not unmingled with religious emotion, when he first hears from three hundred lofty minarets the shrill voices of as many muezzins calling aloud, *There is no God but God! to prayer: lo! God is great!* particularly in the dead of night, or at morning dawn, when the city is just awaking, and thus has its first thoughts directed towards God.

Having a letter from the Rev. Mr. Thompson, at Beyrout, to Mr. Wood, the English consul, I called on him, and was received in the saloon of his magnificent residence already described. He was dressed in truly Oriental style, and on each side of him sat some distinguished Damascenes. He received me with frankness and courtesy, and after the departure of his visitors I had much interesting conversation with him concerning the population of the city and its religious sects. He kindly permitted me to copy the following table of sta-

tistics which he had just completed for his government. It gives, from the most authentic sources, not only the statistics of Damascus, but of the Pachalic also. The population of the city is only 111,552, which is very much below the current estimates. "Roman" and "Catholic" in the table are used to express that portion of the Christian population which acknowledges the supremacy of the Pope, and are in communion with Rome; "orthodox," the remainder, except the "Syrians," who are of the *Jacobite* Church of Mesopotamia.

STATISTICS.

Districts or Governorships.	Number of		Divided into Religious Classes.										Roman Church.			Moslems.			Churches.			Convents.			
	Towns.	Villages.	Moslems.	Christians.	Jews.	Druses.	Mutawalis.	Anzarians.	Greek.	Arminian.	Latins.	Maronites.	Greek Catholics.	Arminian Catholics.	Syrians.	Orthodox.	Roman.	Orthodox.	Catholic.	Moslems.	Orthodox.	Catholic.	Orthodox.	Catholic.	
Damascus . . .	1	—	89,500	11,772	5000	500	4000	150	5290	19070	290	5075	270	555	1	120	10	319	2	8	2	—	—	—	
Homs . . .	1	78	46,005	8,010	—	—	—	—	5303	501	—	2001	—	—	1	4	1	18	1	1	1	—	—	—	
Hama . . .	1	400	90,256	18,256	—	—	—	—	14,000	—	—	4000	—	—	1	4	1	25	1	1	1	—	—	—	
Nablous* . . .	2	225	14,083	1,006	200	—	1000	—	14,250	—	—	101	—	—	—	2	2	3	3	2	1	—	—	—	
Hasbeya* . . .	1	19	15,970	6,070	3300	—	100	—	5300	—	—	390	—	—	—	15	1	1	1	1	1	—	—	—	
Rasbeya . . .	1	16	10,798	5,318	—	—	—	—	4015	10	—	50	—	—	—	9	4	1	1	1	1	—	—	—	
Kenetra . . .	—	64	13,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Houlé . . .	—	20	3,430	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Karamoun . . .	—	40	32,626	—	—	—	—	350	100	—	—	50	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Wady Barada . . .	—	49	14,460	—	—	—	—	—	1754	—	—	9692	—	—	—	1	13	15	—	7	12	2	3	—	
Merg el-Gouta . . .	—	83	42,900	—	—	—	—	—	1547	—	—	—	—	—	—	3	3	1	—	3	1	—	—	—	
Wady el-Adjem . . .	—	50	27,902	—	—	—	—	—	100	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Iky Kapou . . .	—	9	7,500	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Marcel-Neuman . . .	1	60	8,000	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Balbec . . .	—	72	11,000	—	—	—	—	—	20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Bakah . . .	—	65	10,300	—	—	—	—	—	249	—	—	990	—	—	—	1	1	9	5	—	5	—	—	—	
Fel Dour . . .	—	46	11,000	—	—	—	—	—	50	—	—	3222	—	—	—	—	—	28	2	—	15	—	—	—	
Hauran . . .	—	85	28,490	—	—	—	—	—	2003	—	—	1072	—	—	—	1	7	7	—	5	6	—	—	—	
Diebal Hauran . . .	—	31	6,400	—	—	—	—	—	799	—	—	599	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	1	—	—	—	—	
Edelel Azeleoun . . .	—	110	21,140	—	—	—	—	—	278	—	—	109	—	—	—	—	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Total . . .	8	1522	526,812	387,068	78,262	8500	18,020	19,870	14,500	42,160	2700	70	9131	20,271	270,3482	3	484	88	374	42	72	—	—	—	—

Bedouin Arabs and other wandering tribes, which are very numerous, are not computed in this report.

Damascus, May 19th, 1842.

* Remnants of the Samaritans.

(Signed)

RICHARD WOOD.

STATISTICAL REPORT OF THE PACHALIC OF DAMASCUS.

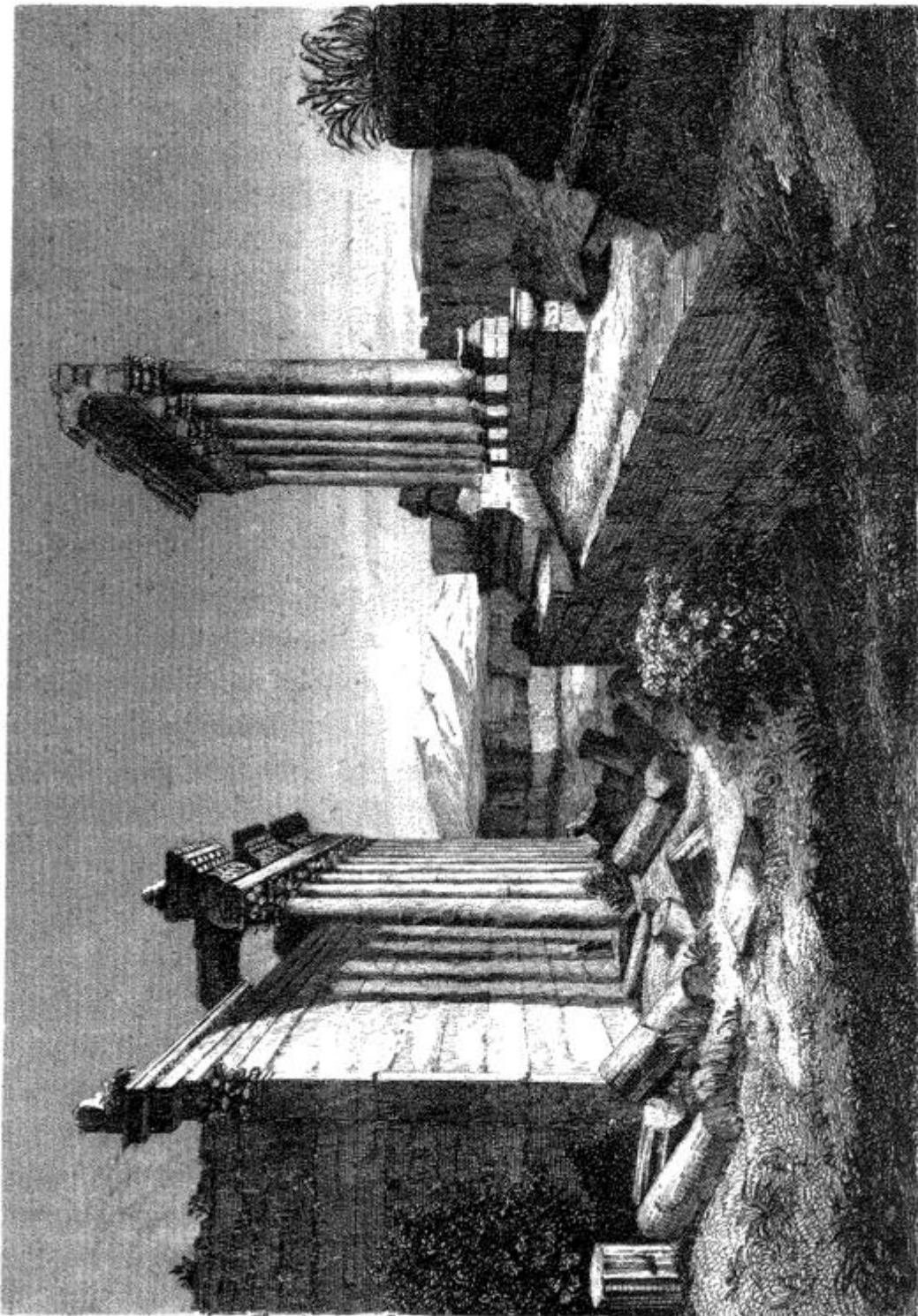
CHAPTER VIII.

DAMASCUS TO BALBEC.

Road up the Barady.—Village of Zabdané.—First Sight of Balbec.—The Greek Bishop.—Ruins.—The Terrace.—Courts.—Cyclopean Masonry.—Pantheon.—Temple of the Sun.—Traces of Christian Antiquity.—Of Egyptian Antiquity.—Of Roman and Arabian Dominion.—Return to Beyrout.

AT seven o'clock in the morning, in company with Captain P., of the East India Company's service, and Mr. G., of Australia, both Scotchmen, we left Damascus for Balbec, the ancient Heliopolis of the Greeks. It is nearly two days northwest of Damascus, with the range of Ante-Lebanon between. Our road lay through a desert tract, mainly up the Barady, for five hours, when it penetrated a deep, romantic mountain-gap, through which the torrent rushed, leaping down ledges and foaming against rocks, making the dells and hills resound. The rocky road passes over an ancient bridge of one arch, and then ascends the wild gorge. High up in the cliffs on either hand are tombs cut in the rocks; some are plain, but others have been adorned with porticoes, whose marble columns have fallen from their lofty terraces, and are lying in the stream below. Emerging from the wild pass, we came out into a wide plain running up north ten or twelve miles, narrowing as it ascended. It is entirely imbosomed in mountains, and thinly inhabited. In three hours we reached the village of Zabdané, near the head of the plain, and surrounded by orchards of all kinds of delicious fruits. Judging by the profusion of hewn stone and fragments

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TEMPLE AT BAALBEK.
HARPER & BROTHERS

R. Miller, Printer.

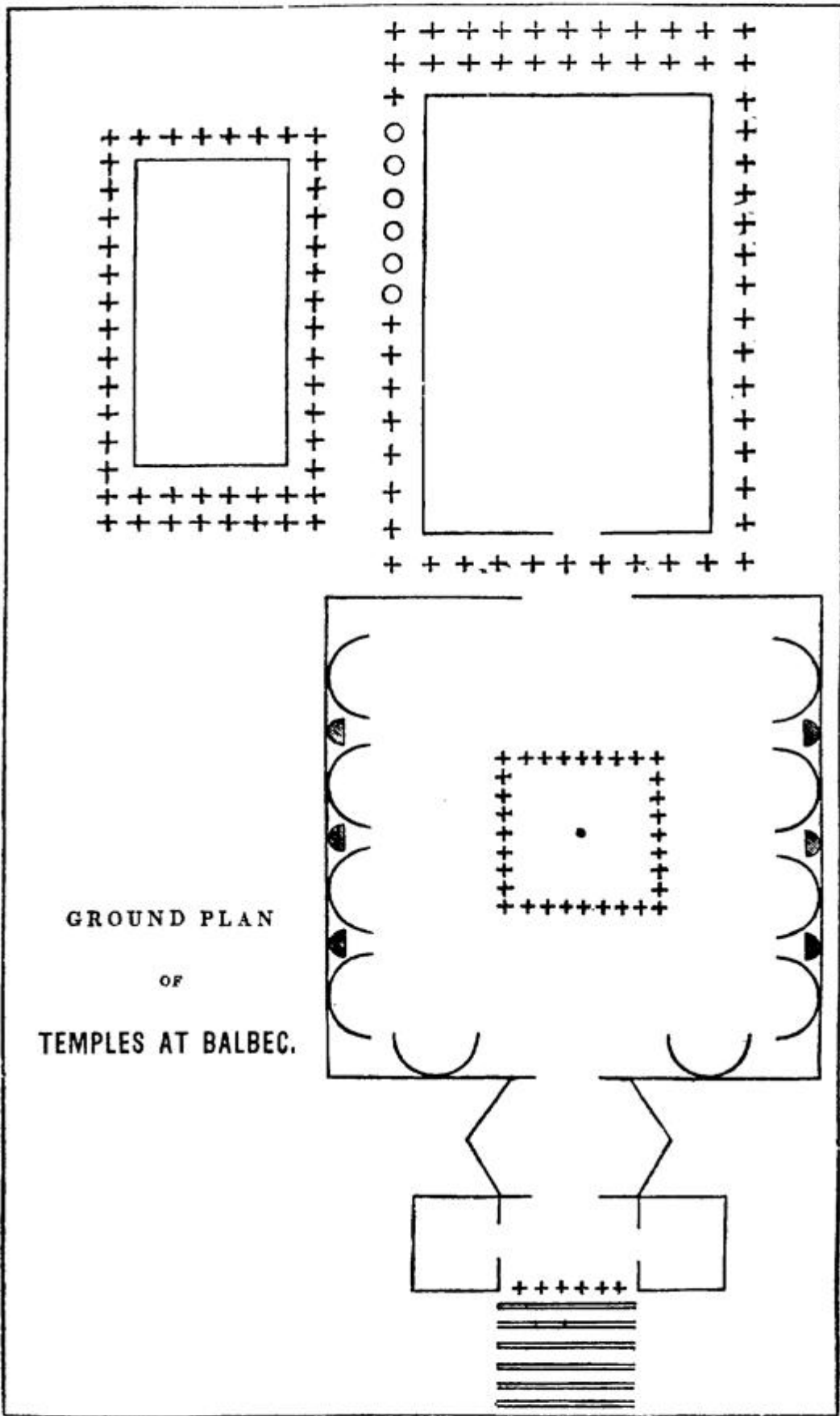
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of marbles, there must once have been a large and flourishing town here. The whole village turned out to gaze upon us as we passed amid their rude, one-story huts to the house of the sheikh. There one room was assigned to us and our servants, and the muleteers took up their lodgings with their cattle in the stable. The sheikh ordered coffee, drank one cup with us, and then retired to the next apartment with his family. Our frugal repast was soon prepared at the common fire in one corner of the room, after partaking of which we rolled ourselves up in our cloaks, and slept as long as the army of vermin would permit, and then rose long before day, and prepared for departure at dawn.

In a few hours the summit of Ante-Lebanon was passed, and at about ten o'clock we emerged from its desolate and rugged fastnesses upon the broken and cultivated hills on its western slope. Bearing north-east without descending into the great Plain of Cœle-Syria, at noon the ruins of Balbec suddenly appeared, standing on high upon a vast, elevated platform of the hugest cyclopean masonry. The effect of the first view is indescribable. As a whole, it is the grandest and most imposing ruin of antiquity. Hastening forward to the miserable village of one-story stone huts, built of the comminuted remains of former cities, we alighted at the residence of the Greek bishop, and leaving orders for the servants to prepare dinner, set out to view the ruins of the temples. The terrace on which they stood is one thousand feet long, seven hundred and fifty feet wide, and forty feet high. On the south side the original masonry is visible only in a few places, as it is encumbered with a decayed Saracenic fort, a dilapidated Turkish magazine, and the fragments of portions of the peristyle of the Temple of the Sun. But on the west

the original cyclopean masonry is seen, so ancient in appearance, and composed of such huge stones, that Lamartine suggests that the work is antediluvian! Twenty-five or thirty feet above the present level of the ground are seen three stones lying in one course, the least of which is sixty-seven feet long and twelve thick. They were transported from a quarry two miles distant, where still lies a block ready for removal, measuring sixty-nine feet in length, seventeen feet in breadth, and fourteen feet in thickness. By what power were these immense masses of stone removed from the quarry and placed in the wall at so great an elevation? There are very many stones from twenty to thirty feet in length, and of proportional thickness.

The ascent to the terrace was by a magnificent flight of steps at the east (see Plan), now broken away. They conducted to a portico flanked by lofty pavilions on each side, richly sculptured within. The bases of the columns of the portico are still in their places on the threshold between the pavilions. From the portico we passed into a vast hexagonal court, originally adorned with a profusion of sculpture, remains of which are seen upon the walls, in the niches, and strewn over the area. A wide portal opened into the great court, three hundred and fifty feet square, once adorned with ranges of highly-ornamented apartments, extending around the whole of the interior. The walls of this court and its apartments are now only a few feet high. In the centre is a raised platform, which supported an open quadrangular colonnade, of which only a few traces now remain. In the western wall of the great court was the principal entrance to the magnificent temple, dedicated to the great gods of the city. It stood on a narrower terrace,

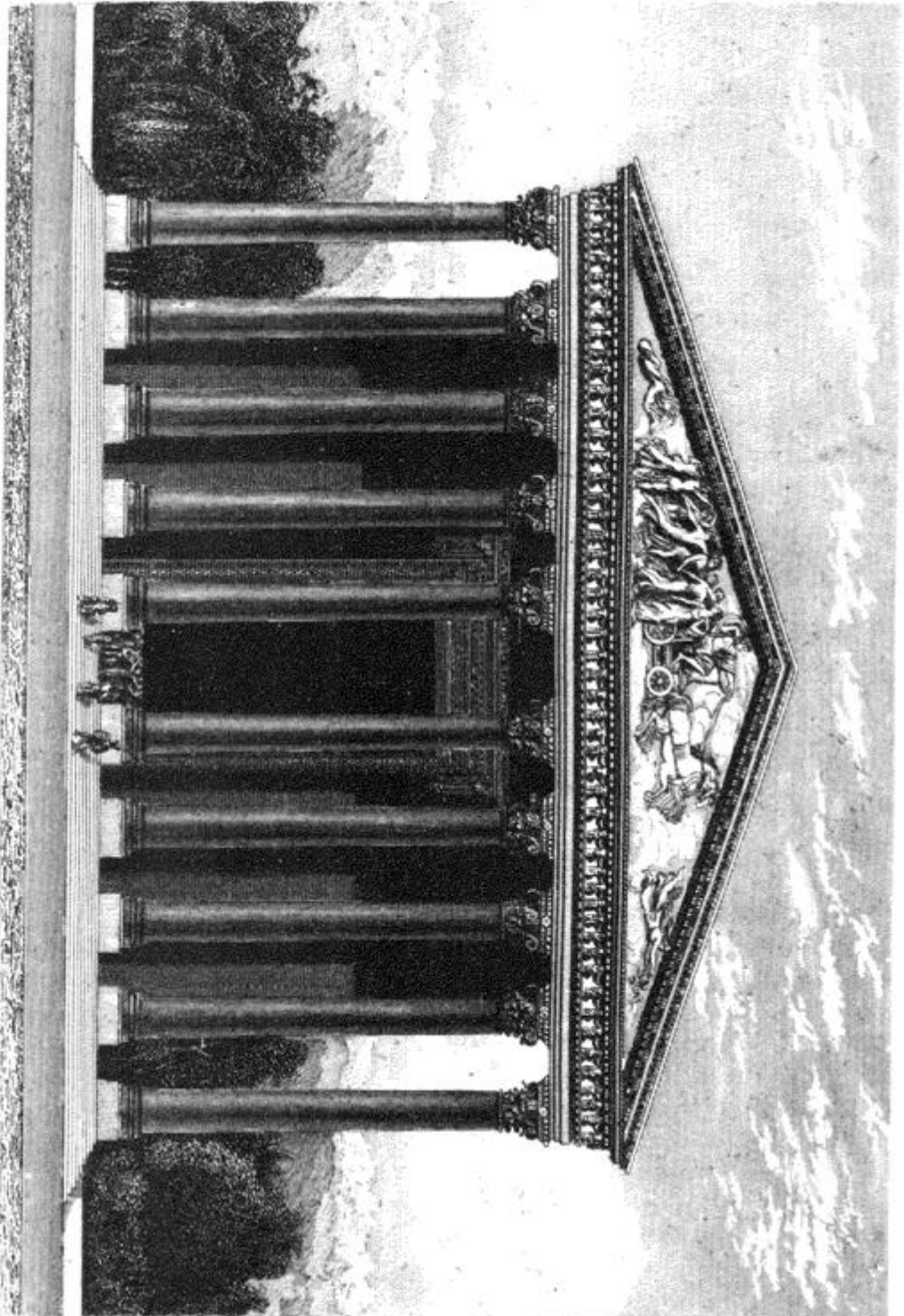


GROUND PLAN
OF
TEMPLES AT BALBEC.

but on a level with the great court, and was surrounded by a peristyle of Corinthian columns each twenty-two feet in circumference, sixty in height, supporting a grand and richly-sculptured entablature, and presenting to the west a double range, forming a noble portico, standing forty feet above the ground, and commanding a full view of the verdant valley, and the icy summits of Gebel Sunnin and Gebel Hermon. Of this noble building only six columns remain, standing together, and bearing aloft a portion of the magnificent entablature, as seen in the first view. At the bases of these columns, and strewn over the area, are the sections and capitals of their fallen fellows.

To the south of the great temple, and on a lower terrace, is the Temple of the Sun, much smaller, but built after the model of the former, with a portico facing to the east. The space between the two is now filled up with ruins, which probably cover a bank of steps that led from the lower to the upper terrace. The walls of this temple are still standing, surrounded by the greater number of the columns of the peristyle, whose lofty sculptured ceiling is itself a panoramic Pantheon. The sculpturing is as fresh as when the artist laid down his chisel. The entrance through the grand portico is much encumbered and somewhat disfigured, the keystone having slipped down several feet; but enough remains to indicate its pristine splendour. The accompanying drawing exhibits it as restored. If the walls without were severely plain, within they were adorned with all the magnificence of the Corinthian order in the form of semi-columns and pilasters. Between these were niches for statues, but the sculptured gods that occupied them have long since fallen down. In the reign of Theodosius the shrine of

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East Case

ELEVATION of the PORTICO of the TEMPLE of the SUN at BAALBEK (Restored)
HARPER & BROTHERS

Architect

R. Miller Printer.

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Baal (the sun) gave place to the altar of Christ, and there are still traces of the two ranges of columns that formed the aisles of the church.

From this beautiful and impressive ruin I repaired at sunset to the group of six lone columns on the upper terrace, and seating myself upon a fallen capital, felt that I was in the presence of all ages, all religions, and all arts. Before the time of Moses the worship of the sun had been brought from Heliopolis (the City of the Sun), in Egypt, to Balbec, or the City of the Sun, in Syria. To this remote antiquity must be referred the cyclopean substructions of the terrace on which the temples stand.* Then came the Roman, and clearing away the massive but tasteless fanes of former times, he erected in their stead those magnificent and voluptuous Corinthian edifices whose remains are still the wonder of the world. From these the pagan deities were expelled, and the worship of Christ and of God established in their place. Then came the Saracen, and before him fled virtue and religion, whose sanctuaries crumbled under his desolating stroke, and their remains, employed in the construction of a fort, now encumber the southwestern portion of the terrace; and below, in the hamlet which rests in the evening shades

* The only objection that can be urged against this remote antiquity is the fact that two beautiful and true arches pierce the terrace from east to west. They are parallel to each other, the one near the southern and the other near the northern wall. They are joined together by a transverse arch, of the same span and height, passing under the great court. The two principal arches are five hundred feet long, and each of the three twenty-five feet span and thirty feet in height. The masonry is of vast hewn stones, and, with the exception of trifling dislocations in several places, is perfect. The substance of the objection is, that the arch is of Roman origin, and we know the Romans did not possess Syria until near the Christian era. The same objection applies to the antiquity of the foundations of the Temple at Jerusalem. The answer is, that late researches in Egypt have proved that the arch was constructed on the Nile before the dawn of clear history.

of this wonderful temple-platform, traces of the doctrines of Zoroaster are found among the wild and savage Metuwilies who dwell there.

We desired to return from Balbec by way of the celebrated cedars of Lebanon, but the snow in the mountains would not permit. We therefore changed our course, and descended the plain until we fell into the road by which we had passed from Beyrout to Damascus. The valley is about ninety miles in length from north to south, and ten in width. It is naturally very fertile and well watered, but, owing to the insecurity of property, is badly cultivated and very thinly inhabited. With security and good cultivation, it would again become one of the gardens of the world, adorned with cities, towns, and villages, as in ancient times. We spent one wretched night at a miserable khan in the fastness of Lebanon, and next day returned to Beyrout.

CHAPTER IX.

MOUNT LEBANON AND ITS INHABITANTS.

Range of Lebanon.—Of Ante-Lebanon.—Inaccessible Valleys.—General Character of the Inhabitants.—Dress.—The Tantour.—Independence of the Mountaineers.—Tenure of their Lands.—Sanctity of Lebanon.—Monasteries.—The Nusairiyeh.—Their Dogmas and Rites.—The Assassins.—The Metuwilies.—Their Doctrines.—Christian Population.—The Maronites.—Their Fidelity to Rome.—The Patriarch.—Their Usages.

THE eastern coast of the Mediterranean presents to the voyager, as he approaches, the lofty and precipitous mountain chain of Lebanon, which extends from Antioch on the north to Tyre on the south. Behind it, and parallel with its southern portion, stretches the lofty and rugged range of Ante-Lebanon, crowned by the snowy Hermon. At the foot of the eastern declivity of Ante-Lebanon is the city of Damascus, and beyond it the Syrian Desert stretches away to the Euphrates. Between the two Lebanons lies the Valley of Cœle-Syria, averaging from twelve to fifteen miles in width. It opens into the Syrian Desert to the north-northeast, in the direction of the ancient Palmyra, but is closed up on the south-southwest by the spurs of the two mountains meeting. Through the wall thus formed across the valley the Leontes passes by a deep chasm, and flows away to the sea near Tyre.

Thus the two Lebanons and the included valley are difficult of approach in any direction, except from the north by the course of the Orontes. Indeed, the upper valleys and dells included within the mountains are nearly inaccessible to any regular force. Hence from time immemorial this district has been a refuge for all

fugitives, either from civil or religious persecution, and within its fastnesses their languages, manners, and opinions have remained almost unchanged. The great body of the inhabitants are descendants of the ancient Syrians, and are much alike in manners, social condition, and dress, all of which are of the simplest and most ancient forms. The men, though lightly made, are athletic, and the women of an agreeable, even handsome appearance. The dress of both conforms generally to the Oriental costume, with the exception of the *tantour*, which is the distinguishing badge of the mountain matron, particularly among the Maronites



Maronite Sheikh and his Wife.

It is a horn, or rather trumpet, of common or costly material, according to the wealth of the wearer, from eighteen to thirty inches in length, with the wide-mouthed end so fitted to the head, by means of a pad, that the wearer can give it any direction she chooses. It seems to be intended partly to support the veil, but

chiefly as an ornament; and there is some reason to suppose that its elevation or depression indicated the condition or temper of the wearer. "And Hannah said, Mine horn is exalted in the Lord."—(1 Sam., ii., 1.) "I said to the wicked, Lift not up the horn."—(Psalm lxxv., 4.) And Job says, "I have defiled my horn in the dust."

The inhabitants of these mountain regions have maintained their independence amid all political changes, and have continued to be governed by their own native chiefs; and although they pay a tax to the Turkish government, they do not fight under Turkish colours.* That their mountain homes may be inaccessible to the invader, they have refused to make roads; and that they themselves may not be starved out, they have husbanded every foot of soil, enlarged the surface by successive terrace walls, and completed a system of irrigation by small canals winding round the declivities, carried through intervening ridges of the mountains by tunnels cut in the solid rocks, and across valleys by means of aqueducts, that no elevation or water may be lost. Their flocks of sheep and small crops of cotton furnish them with clothing, their mulberry-groves produce a profitable article for commerce, and their vineyards afford wine both for refreshment and trade. The land which they till is their own; and thus secure in their homes and in the fruits of their industry, this mountain is the most populous and prosperous portion of Syria. The population is estimated at 200,000.

But if the free and prosperous condition of this mountain, amid the general degradation and decay of Turkey, is a matter of interest to the statesman, its religious character is not less so to the philosopher and Christian. It

* The Druse flag is a red ground with a white hand, and the Maronite a red ground with a white cross.

is regarded as a holy mountain; and if ten thousand Christian monks dwelling in two hundred monasteries, and the representatives of all the religions of the ancient and modern world, may entitle it to sanctity, its claim is certainly well founded. In the northern portion dwell the Ansari, called by some travellers Nosairis and Nusairiyeh, whose doctrines and practices are a compound of the Pagan, Jewish, Mohammedan, and Christian religions. They are of Persian origin, and established themselves in the mountain several centuries ago. From the East they transferred to Lebanon the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; and it is believed they yet worship the sun, and some say the dog.* The Oriental doctrine of successive incarnations of the Deity is found among them, and they appeal to Abraham, Moses, Mohammed, and Jesus as examples. Some Jewish and some Mohammedan rites are observed by them, and the men only, apart from the women, celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper with wine and meat. They are regarded as the descendants of the ancient Assassins of the East, who are mentioned by the Crusaders; and so terrible was their hate, and so secret yet effective their vengeance, that European sovereigns paid them tribute privately as a security against assassination, or doubled their body-guard to the same end, as did Philip Augustus of France. They yield implicit obedience to their sheikh and elders, the first of whom is regarded as being always under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Their name became terrible in Europe first under the government of Hassan Ben Sabah, known in Western history as the *Old Man of the Mountain*. They are now reduced to a few

* They are said to have other objects of worship, and other rites which may not be named.

thousands, and have ceased to inspire terror even among the neighbouring tribes of the mountain. Neither the Protestant nor Catholic missionaries have been able to make any impression on them in favour of Christianity.

There are several other minor tribes in the mountain, among which the Metuwilies are the most remarkable, chiefly for their savageness and outlawry. They dwell mostly in the neighbourhood of Balbec, and on the eastern slope of Lebanon, and often render the road from Beyrout to Damascus impassable. Their religion contains traces of the Magian doctrines, but they are distinguished rather as of the Shiite sect of Mohammedans from Persia. They regard Ali as the true successor of Mohammed, and, of course, bear deadly hatred to the Sonnites, or Western Moslems, who hold that Abubeker, the first caliph, is the true successor. The Metuwilies believe that their twelfth imam from Ali is still alive, and that he will reappear in the world, to reduce, by his divine teaching, all good and true Mussulmans to one common brotherhood.

About two thirds of the inhabitants of the mountain are Christians, among whom all the sects of the East are represented; but the Maronites constitute the great mass of the Christian population, and amount to perhaps 125,000 in the mountain, while seventy or eighty thousand more are resident in the coast towns, and among the lower mountains as far south as Nazareth.*

They are descendants of the ancient inhabitants, who probably received the Gospel from the Church of Antioch shortly after the times of the apostles, and formed a part of the Syrian Church up to the twelfth century, when they submitted themselves to the Pope, and be-

* Their name is derived from a celebrated Abbé Maron, who dwelt on the Orontes in the seventh century, or, as some say, in the fifth.

came remarkable for their zeal in support of his claims as head of the universal Church. Indeed, their attachment to Rome remains unabated up to the present time, although they have retained their ancient ecclesiastical organization, and have many customs not allowed in the Western Roman Catholic Church. The supreme government is in the hands of a Patriarch, elected by themselves, but invested by the Pope. He claims to be the successor of the apostles in the See of Antioch, and is therefore styled the Patriarch of Antioch, though he resides at the monastery of Canobin in the mountain. His authority is nearly supreme in civil as well as ecclesiastical matters, and he has been known to put in motion the military force of his portion of the mountain, when the object was to persecute the enemies of Rome; and this has been done to the extent of bonds, stripes, imprisonment, and death. Perhaps there is not a Christian community in the world that is more absolutely obedient to its priests, or that has a fiercer persecuting spirit, than the Maronites.*

With the exception of the acknowledgment of the Pope, they conform more closely with the Greek than the Latin Church. Their clergy are not required to live in a state of celibacy, but may be married before taking orders, although they are not allowed to marry

* One of the most interesting cases of martyrdom in the history of the Church was that of the young Asaad Esh Shidiak, a Maronite, who became a convert to Protestantism by a careful perusal of the Bible for the purpose of refuting a letter which Mr. King, the American missionary, had addressed to the natives upon his departure from Syria for Greece. His conversion brought upon him the vengeance of his bishop, the clergy, and his own family; and his brothers, as well as his bishop, declared that they would take his life if he did not return to the Catholic Church. They tore his Bible to pieces, and then carried him forcibly to the Patriarch at Canobin, where he was repeatedly bastinadoed, and kept imprisoned for six years, until he finally perished in his cell, in which he had been walled up.—*Elliott's Trav.*, vol. ii., p. 239.

a second time. The majority of the parochial clergy, though in communion with Rome, are married men. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered to the laity in both kinds: the bread, after the manner of the Greeks, being pulverized or cut fine, then put in the chalice with the wine, and both elements administered with a spoon. The services are not conducted in Latin, as in the Western Catholic churches, but in the ancient Syriac, in which the people first heard the Gospel of Christ. The Scriptures are read in Arabic, which is the common language of the mountain.

VOL. II.—H

CHAPTER X.

MOUNT LEBANON.—THE DRUSES.

The Druses.—Their Number.—Secrecy of their Rites, &c.—Modern Researches.—Sketch of Derazy, founder of the Druses.—Hamza.—Fundamental Doctrines of the Druses.—Hakim.—The Hierarchy of Ministers.—Seven Commandments.—Secret Mysteries.—The Akals.—The Djakels.—Corruption of Hamza's Doctrines.—Hatred of Moslems and Christians.—Catechism of the Druses.—Late Applications for Christian Instruction.—American Missionaries.—Difficulties.—Maronite Persecutions.—Movements of the English Government.—Suddenly Abandoned.—New Connexion of the Druses and Moslems.—Relations of the Porte to Christianity in the East.—Policy of England.—The Protestant Diocese of Jerusalem.—Prospects for the Future.—Movements of American Missionaries at Hasbeiya.

THE Druses are by far the most remarkable people on Mount Lebanon, and, perhaps, in all the East. They number, on the southern portion of Lebanon, about 70,000, while 100,000 more are scattered through the towns on the coast, and among the mountains of the Houran. Their religion is neither Pagan nor Mohammedan, Jewish nor Christian, but a motley combination of the worst elements of them all. For centuries they succeeded in practising their strange rites, and in preserving their sacred books with so much secrecy as to elude the scrutiny of travellers and the researches of the learned.

De Sacy, the Oriental scholar, revealed to Europe all that could be known in regard to them previously to the dominion of Mehemet Ali in Syria. The strong arm of that useful tyrant, aided by the power of Emir Beschir, who governed the mountain, disarmed the population, and incidentally afforded access to their secret chapels, from whence copies of their sacred books were

obtained, and deposited in the principal libraries of Europe. These afforded farther insight into their origin, doctrines, and customs, which have been ably explained in an article in the *Foreign Quarterly* for April, 1842, and by Dr. Robinson in part second of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for 1843. The two articles have much in common, the materials being drawn chiefly from the same sources; and although the European article appeared first, yet the American was composed, though not published, before the appearance of the paper in the *Quarterly*. In these articles the reader may find all that is known with certainty respecting the Druses.

In the eleventh century, during the reign of El Hakim, the third of the Fatimite caliphs in Egypt, a Moslem missionary arrived from Persia, by the name of Derazy, and taught the doctrines of the transmigration of souls, and the successive incarnations of the Deity. Hakim, the caliph, had exhibited much eccentricity of character, and manifested a strong disposition at first to be regarded as a prophet, and afterward as the Deity. Derazy attached himself closely to the caliph, flattered his vanity, sought to win him worshippers among the common people, and finally composed a book to prove his divinity. Attempting to read it in the great mosque at Cairo, the people rose upon him in mass, and Derazy, escaping with difficulty, fled to Mount Lebanon, where he spread his doctrines among the mountaineers. From him the name Druses is derived.

Although Derazy gave his name to the sect, it is probable that *Hamza*, another Persian missionary, is the author of their doctrines, as he is acknowledged to be of their sacred books. Their fundamental doctrine is the absolute unity of God; yet they hold that there have been ten manifestations of the Deity in human

form, of which the Caliph el-Hakim was the last. He, therefore, is their Lord Hakim, whom they worship, and who left the earth secretly on account of the sins of the people, but will return again, and establish his true religion throughout the world.*

Existing with the Deity is a spiritual hierarchy of ministers, which, for the purpose of teaching the true religion, occasionally appear in human form. The chief of these is Universal Intelligence, which became incarnate the seventh time in the person of Hamza, the minister of El-Hakim. To these two principal doctrines may be added the transmigration of souls from one body to another.

Having rejected the seven great commandments of Mohammed, Hamza substituted for them these seven following, as given by Dr. Robinson: Veracity in discourse; mutual protection and assistance; renunciation of every other religion and worship; entire separation from demons and those who are in error; profession of the unity of God, or Hakim, in all ages and epochs; contentment with all his works, and submission and resignation to his will at all times. These commandments constitute the ethics of the Druse code. Perhaps we may add the requisitions of chastity, which are enforced by the writings of Hamza, though not carried out in the practice of the Druses. All these doctrines are strictly kept secret, and death is the penalty of revealing the mysteries.

* Hakim was not only eccentric, but impious, superstitious, and cruel. Twenty thousand persons, mostly Christians, perished by his hand or orders. When he appeared or his name was pronounced, everybody was required to prostrate themselves on the ground. At length he became intolerable even to his friends, and was assassinated by order of his sister, as he walked alone at night in a retired part of Mount Mokattam, and his body was concealed. This gave rise to the report that he had fled the earth for its wickedness, but will return again. Yet this creature is the object of Druse worship.

The Druses are divided into two classes, the initiated, called Akals, who number about ten thousand, and to whom the mysteries of their religion are committed, and the Djakels, or uninitiated, who constitute the great body of the people, who have no knowledge of the mysteries, and are not required to perform any religious services whatever. Their duty is to be absolutely obedient to their chiefs. As a farther precaution, the sacred books are read, and the mysteries exhibited only in small chapels built in retired places in the mountains, and closely guarded during the service. Females are admitted into the body of Akals, and occupy a part of the chapel separate from the men during service.

The simpler and purer doctrines of Hamza, drawn from the ancient Oriental religions, were corrupted by a monstrous combination of distorted portions of the Jewish and Christian systems, and the manners and rites of the Druses partook of the general corruption of their doctrines. They feel bound to speak the truth among themselves, but not to persons of another religion; and for the purpose of preserving their mysteries secret, when abroad they conform outwardly to the religion prevalent where they may be. The hatred between them and the orthodox Moslems is mutual, and they execrate the Frank Christians, not so much for their religion, traces of which is found in their own system, as on account of an impression which they have that the Franks will ultimately triumph over them.

The following extract from the Catechism of the Druses is taken from the article in the Foreign Quarterly. It exhibits strongly the corrupted state of the practices, and the confusion of the doctrines of the initiated.

Quest. Whence dost thou know that thou art the servant of Uni-

tarianism, according to the commandments of our chief, the universal Lord!

Ans. I know it by this, in that all that he hath forbidden I relinquish utterly, and all that he hath permitted I enjoy freely.

Quest. What hath he forbidden, and what hath he permitted?

Ans. He hath permitted *the food of the initiated*, the land of the husbandman, and of such as obtain their living by hard labour. He hath forbidden the riches of strangers, and of all such as reject the laws of our chief.

Quest. What are the names whereby our Lord is known?

Ans. He is first called Hamza-al-Messiah; secondly, Solomon-el-Farsi (or the Persian), which is the true Messiah; and, thirdly, he is known by various appellations.

Quest. Why hath he so many designations?

Ans. From the various changes which have occurred in the times and the laws; for as often as the prophet came on the earth, so often did he receive a new name.

Quest. Having written his laws and ordinances, what next did he?

Ans. He clothed himself in vesture of black, and rode upon an ass, because he foresaw what suffering and misery his disciples must undergo when the son of Mary and Joseph the carpenter should appear, whom the Christians call the Messiah.

Quest. What next did Hamza?

Ans. He ascended into heaven, where, surrounded with radiance, he received honour and adoration, and reigns there forever.

Quest. What will Hamza do when he returns on the last day?

Ans. He will find us watching; as it is written in the sacred Gospel, "Blessed are those servants whom, when their master returns, he shall find watching."

Quest. What shall be done unto those who deny our Lord?

Ans. They shall be reduced to servitude, and undergo tortures continually. In their ears shall be fastened rings of a black substance, which in the summer shall burn them like fire, and in the winter freeze them like snow. Their covering shall be a cap made of the skin of a hog a foot in length, and they shall toil under our yoke like bulls and asses. The same punishment shall be inflicted, but more lightly, on the Christians.

Quest. Why will it be lighter on these?

Ans. Because the Christians have recognised his name, though they have not understood it.

Quest. What do we answer them when they boast that they read the Gospel, which was really written by Solomon-el-Farsi (the Persian), who is the true Messiah?

Ans. That they boast in vain, and do not understand what they read.

Quest. What do we think of the Gospels ?

Ans. That they are the truth and the fact ; and they are infidels who hold a different opinion ; for they were dictated by Solomon-el-Farsi, and were taken down by the four ministers with the pen.

Quest. Who are the four ministers ?

Ans. John, Luke, Mark, and Matthew.

Quest. Why are the four disciples called ministers ?

Ans. Because they served with our Lord Hakim.

Quest. What do we hold of Mohammed ?

Ans. He is a devil, and the son of — .

Quest. Why, then, do we read his laws in public ?

Ans. We are compelled to do so, for his dominion is of the sword. We acknowledge him with our mouths, not with our hearts.

Quest. What do we hold respecting the *produce of men* ? Is it permitted us to eat of them ?*

Ans. Yes ! it is fully permitted us so to do.

Quest. Is it permitted to *eat of all* ? even of *our own fruit* ?

Ans. It is *freely permitted* ; but care must be used that *none know of the fact* except those of our own flesh and blood.

Quest. What do we answer to the Christians, who deny all that is not written in the Gospels, and affirm Jesus of Nazareth to be the true Messiah ?

Ans. We must say that Solomon-el-Farsi, who is the true Messiah, hides their eyes and their hearts in darkness.

Quest. What do we say of the universal deluge which the Christians and other nations believe to have drowned the world ?

Ans. What they say is false ; for the deluge is nothing but Mohammed the Koreshite and his sect, who overran the world.

These are the crude and absurd opinions held by the initiated Druses, and it is to be supposed that their customs and rites conformed thereto until within the last few years. But since the establishment of the American missionaries at Beyrout, and the unrestrained intercourse of Europeans with the inhabitants of the mountain, the Druse population has felt, in common with all the East, the stirring influence of Christianity

* Such was the sense given by the Persian mystics, also, to Gen., iii., 6.

and European civilization, science and commerce. Since 1838 they have manifested a strong desire to receive Christian instruction, and have made pressing applications to the missionaries to establish schools among them, and have encouraged the performance of Christian services in their villages. At several times the whole nation appeared to be on the point of embracing Protestant Christianity, but the movement was arrested in the first case by a powerful and armed persecution on the part of the Maronites, countenanced even by England as a political measure, to reduce the power of Mehemet Ali, whom the Druses supported against the Sultan. The storm of war, which raged along the coast from Beyrout to Acre, drove the missionaries to Cyprus and Jerusalem. Upon the settlement of the Eastern Question they returned, and were again pressed with more earnest applications from the Druses; they were invited to their villages, and even into their secret chapels, and a great and effectual door appeared to be opened. But the Maronites again forcibly interfered, and the mountain became the scene of mortal conflict between the parties, the Druse defending his inalienable right to be instructed in the religion he wished to embrace, and the Roman Catholic Maronite, armed under authority from Constantinople, endeavouring to expel the missionaries, who were pouring the light of the Gospel into the dark recesses of the Druse habitations. This conflict resulted in the expulsion of the Maronite force from the Druse territory proper, and in its destruction as a politico-religious persecuting power.*

* At a later date hostilities between the two factions were recommenced, and frightful atrocities were committed. The letter from which the following extracts are taken bears date May 20th, 1845:

“A civil war, and one of extermination, reigns at this moment in the

Upon the pacification of the mountain the Druses again renewed their applications to the missionaries for

mountains between the Druses and the Christians, and during the last fifteen days the horrors we have seen perpetrated around us are dreadful.

“ On every side the sound of battle is heard, and nothing is seen but fire and flame—houses, villages, and churches, and convents being reciprocally a prey to the flames. At the moment I write, May 17th, we have before us the appalling spectacle of no less than eleven villages and a number of Maronite churches and convents in flames, and, what is worse, when the Christians are victorious, they enter the Druse villages, putting to the edge of the sword men, women, and children; the Druses following the example when they are victorious.

“ All the silk-worms of both parties, the support of the Syrian population, have been burned. The convents of the Maronites have been burned, and the bodies of their priests, after death, have been burned by the Druses. Every horror is practised on their enemies; for example, to kill by famine, massacre, and a thousand other acts of barbarism, are momentarily committed.

“ The Christians, at the commencement, were victorious over their enemies; but our Pasha, who is out with his regular troops, as soon as he perceives the Christians victorious, points his artillery against them, loaded with grape, and compels this unfortunate sect to take to flight. The Druses immediately enter their villages, sacking them, turning their houses, goods, &c. I do not doubt but that the Pasha has secret orders from his government to destroy and ruin the Christians entirely, or he could not so openly aid and assist their enemies.

“ At this moment, with the help of our glasses, we see unfortunate fugitive Christians, women and children, to the number of six or seven thousand, on the coast. Two ships of war, one French and one Austrian, and five or six small vessels, chartered by the mercantile body, have sailed to collect and save them from the dreadful death which awaits them from famine. I do not know what so many people will do here to live, or what we all shall do, from the great existing scarcity of water, when the population of our city will be augmented by fifteen or twenty thousand souls.

“ The fanaticism of the Turks on the coast is daily becoming more and more visible, and we are menaced by a terrible revolution. In Saida they rose a few days since to massacre all the Christians, but, thanks to some European ships of war, and to Reschid Pasha, who left suddenly for the seat of disturbance, a calm, perhaps momentary, has succeeded. Here, in Beyrout, a rising also took place a few days ago to put the Christians to death; but, thanks to the energy of the consuls and to some of the rich Turkish proprietors, a calm has succeeded.

“ This, you may rely on it, is no exaggeration. I do not know how European powers can tolerate such abominations, or the fanaticism of the barbarians, and remain inactive, when a handful of troops of any Christian na-

schools and religious instruction, and the general and determined tendency of the nation towards Protestant Christianity attracted the attention of the English government. The Rev. Mr. Nicolayson, missionary at Jerusalem, after an interview with the Emirs of the mountain, addressed a letter to the Lord-bishop of London, dated August 30, 1841, in which he says, "The Druses have applied to her majesty's government to obtain, under its sanction and protection, the means of instruction and civilization, and that in such a manner as may best secure their Christianization also as a result. To this her majesty's government has acceded." His lordship communicated this information to the London Christian Knowledge Society, and incipient steps were taken to accomplish the momentous project. Yet it seems to have been suddenly abandoned, both by the government and the Church, but wherefore does not clearly appear. Whether the government was unwilling to yield to what is supposed to have been the demand of the Church, that she would undertake the mission with the understanding that the protection of the government should be granted only on the condition that the Druses should reject the

tion would suffice to cause their insolence to cease, and to bring them to a proper sense of reason.

"May 20.—Fire and battle continue to rage with destructive violence on all sides around us, and the news we have at this moment is, that the Christians have been obliged to fire on the regular troops, which places us in a very alarming position, as we fear a revolution of the Turks against all the Christians, and we are now all prepared, weapon in hand, to defend our houses and the lives of our families.

"Yesterday the Pasha wrote to the consular body that it was impossible for him to reconcile the hostile parties, and demanded assistance from them. But what can the consuls do between two nations equally stupid, ignorant, fanatical, and superstitious? Our city is already full of unfortunate mountaineers of the Christians, men, women, and children, dying of hunger, whom the consuls here are constrained to support in common charity."

schools and instructions of all other missionaries except those sent by the Church, or whether, as is more probable, the government found it difficult to obtain the consent of the Porte to legalize the existence of another Christian sect within the empire, is not known. But it is well known that while these negotiations were going on, and the Druses were struggling to release themselves from the horrible darkness and superstition of centuries, and repeatedly sought the protection of the British government to aid them in the glorious work, but found it not, they became discouraged, and in the unsettled state of their country threw themselves into the arms of the Moslems, and for the first time received Turkish schools, and instruction in the precepts of the Koran. This may be a measure of policy to ensure them present safety. It is impossible for them to embrace Moslemism from conviction, when they see its empire crumbling. They cannot cease to feel the superiority of Christianity and Christian nations, and will probably seek the first opportunity to renew their intercourse with the missionaries, who still remain at Beyrout, ready to enter again into the door as soon as it shall be opened.*

The relation of Christianity to the Turkish government will explain the embarrassment of the Druses with respect to becoming Protestant Christians, which they seem earnestly to have desired. Only those Christian sects are tolerated which existed at the time of the Mohammedan conquest of the country. Protestants have never existed as a sect within the empire ; there-

* The Druses are inquisitive and intellectually active compared with other Eastern populations. The author of the *Modern Syrians* says, "The Druse women are all taught reading and writing, which is a remarkable fact when we consider the abasement and ignorance of both Moslem and Christian females in Syria."

fore for the Druses to have become professed Protestants would have exposed them to the bitter persecutions of the other Christian sects, with the approbation, probably, of the Turkish government. Indeed, as they are accounted a sect of Mohammedans, their conversion to Christianity might have brought upon them the vengeance of the Ottoman power itself. It is necessary, therefore, for them to obtain the protection of some Christian power before they can be safe in the profession of Protestant Christianity. This protection can be afforded only by England. To her, in the providence of God, seems to be committed the power and the responsibility of giving legal existence, and, of course, legal protection, to Protestantism in Turkey. Her foreign policy is wise and far-seeing, and must be regarded as exceedingly favourable to civilization and religion in the East. The creation and complete organization of a Protestant Church in Turkey is not the work of a day: it may require years; but it will be the brightest page in the history of England if she accomplish it in an age, or even in a century. The Protestant Diocese of St. James at Jerusalem, established under the guaranty and protection of England and Prussia, may be intended as the foundation of a glorious Protestant Church in the Turkish Empire, into which the Druse nation, and millions more, may enter and find rest. This is the more probable, as Egypt and Abyssinia to the south, Syria to the north, and Mesopotamia to the east, are within the jurisdiction of "the Diocese of the PROTESTANT Bishop of Jerusalem." And it is to be remembered that he is called the *Anglican* Bishop, and his church the *Anglican* Church. And although the Turkish government has not formally recognised this Anglican Church, and some impediments have been thrown in the way of comple-

ting the cathedral on Mount Zion, yet the influence and policy of England must prevail at Constantinople; and the work will proceed, with the connivance of the Porte, until some event shall give rise to a pressing demand from England that the Anglican Church shall be recognised in common with other Christian sects, and the members thereof be under the protection of the British power. England has a great political interest in this grand result. It will create a powerful party in her favour, ready to sustain her interests, as the Greek Church is ready to sustain Russia, and the Catholics France, when the hour arrives for the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, which now rests like an incubus upon the heart of the world. With these views, the Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem will naturally look to the Druse nation as a promising field for missionary efforts; and the English government will not be slow to afford its protection to a numerous, brave, and enterprising mountain population, whose weight in the north, added to that of the Jews in the south of Syria, might be decisive in favour of England in the great struggle which shall convulse and purify the East.

But, if these views be correct, what shall we say of the American missions in Syria? This much is secured to their honour—*their labours chiefly prepared the way for the Protestant Diocese of Jerusalem.* This itself is a rich reward for the toil and treasure expended in the enterprise. The American government cannot obtain for them the legal existence and protection of the fruit of their labour as a separate Christian Church. I see not, then, but that they must toil on, and be content to let others enter in and reap the harvest, until, under the broad shield of the British power, toleration shall be granted to different sects of Protestants, as now to the

different Oriental churches. This is the case within the British empire in India.

But there is one door of hope which may yet open to the American missionaries. The inhabitants of Lebanon, though nominally subject to the Porte, are indeed independent of it; and as, by a late settlement of the difficulties between the two great rival powers of the mountain, the Maronites and the Druses, each party is allowed to choose its own chief and govern itself, the Maronites cannot, and the Porte scarcely will interfere, if the Druses apply again to the missionaries for schools and religious instruction. And this application may be quickly induced by a remarkable movement recently in the Greek Church at Hasbeiya, which is a large town within the Druse territory.

The movement commenced early in 1844, by a deputation from about fifty members of the Church, soliciting the missionaries not only to give them schools and religious instruction, but to form them into a Protestant Church. For some time their solicitations were received with distrust, as it was feared that they sought political advantages chiefly, if not altogether, hoping to come under the protection of the Protestant consuls at Beyrout by embracing the Protestant religion. But they were assured that no such political advantages could be promised them by the missionaries, nor any relief from the exorbitant taxes of which they complained, and were advised to return to their homes, be peaceable, and pay their taxes, and then, if they still desired to become Protestants, they should call again. They followed the advice given them, their number increased to 150, and they renewed their application to become Protestants. Native instructors were then sent to them, and the missionaries followed some time after. Schools

have been formed, regular religious services instituted, and they still declare their fixed purpose to remain Protestants. Their sincerity is attested by a proper observance of the Sabbath, contrary to the custom of their former brethren, by disregarding the Greek fasts and festivals, and by becoming temperate in the midst of a community of drunkards. And all this before the missionaries arrived among them.

This remarkable change must be regarded as a significant indication of Providence, and may be an effectual door opened to Greeks, Maronites, and Druses in that part of the mountains. But the devoted American evangelists have not entered into this field white for the harvest without encountering opposition. The Greek bishop, his clergy, and his people have commenced a violent persecution against their Protestant brethren, and application has been made to the government at Damascus to interpose and check the work. In the council, a shrewd old Turk, after hearing the whole matter, advised them not to act rashly, lest they should bring the displeasure of the English government upon them. The whole matter is referred to Constantinople, and both parties are anxiously awaiting the result. In the mean time, the Protestants at Hasbeiya are steadily maintaining their position, and their example is influencing the neighbouring villages. The local government is as favourable as could be expected; and when we remember the influence of England at Constantinople, seconded by Prussia, and of course by the United States, we can scarcely doubt but the issue will be favourable.* “And should the

* As the Porte cannot extinguish the interest which Russia has in the Greek Church, nor that which France has in the Catholic, within the empire, it will be a stroke of policy to encourage the formation of a powerful

spirit of missions once take possession of Hasbeiya, it would form a new radiating point for Gospel light, entirely distinct from Beirut, Jerusalem, or Abeih."*—*Missionary Herald, January, 1845.*

antagonist Christian party in the interest of England, the ancient and faithful ally of the Sultan.

* Later intelligence from Syria indicates an unfavourable issue, for the present, at least, of the Hasbeiyan movement. In the early part of 1845, a new governor was appointed, who was unfriendly to the Protestants. The mob, set on by their superiors, stoned the Protestant worshippers, and wounded a native assistant; and it was finally found that the Protestants could not remain in the town with safety. At last, the converts, "failing to secure toleration for their new opinions, exposed to persecution and even extermination for their attachment to the Gospel in its purity, and having no hope of future relief, made their peace with the Greek Church. How far they have been obliged to conform to the rites of that Church does not appear. There is some reason to believe that the Patriarch and his party were so glad to recover them nominally as to consent to a sort of compromise; and that the Protestants, on renouncing this odious name, will be left to do very much as they please in other respects."—*Missionary Herald, July, 1845.*

CHAPTER XI.

BEYROUT TO SMYRNA.

Arrival of a Stranger.—Departure from Beyrout.—The Steamer.—Hadjis.—Turks in the Rain.—Cyprus.—Saul's Preaching before Sergius Paulus.—Changes.—Scanty Population.—Primitive Mode of Exchange.—Rhodes.—The Harbour.—Associations.—The Knights of St. John.—Fortifications.—Desolation of Rhodes.—The Sporades.—Patmos.—Scene of the Revelation.—Associations.—Harbour of Smyrna.

BAD weather detained us a day or two in Beyrout, but on the morning of the 3d of April the sky cleared up, and we prepared to depart for Smyrna. Passing the residence of the American consul, I saw his flag flying, and thinking that there might be an arrival from the United States, I ran to the office to get the news. A young American had just made his appearance—but it was for the first time in the world—in the family of one of the missionaries; and, as a personal interview was not desirable, I left my best wishes for the stranger, leaped into the boat which was to take us to the steamer, and in a few minutes we were on deck. But such a deck! It was literally covered from stem to stern by two hundred and eighty hadjis, or pilgrims, returning from the holy cities. They were divided into small squads, each surrounded by its furniture. Some lay on mats, some on carpets, others on rich cushions, and not a few upon the hard boards. The women were hid behind piles of provision sacks, water-pots, saddle-bags, and what not, or were half suffocated under quilts hung over them for concealment. The waves soon began to break over the deck, and torrents of rain to fall. I watched one of the proudest of the Turks: his

magnificent turban soon lost its fair proportions, and stuck to his head like a shapeless scull-cap; his venerable beard, thoroughly drenched, lay matted down upon his breast; but, amid it all, he continued, with the utmost composure, to smoke his pipe until it was drowned out, and then took his pocket compass, found the direction of Mecca, turned his face thither, and patiently performed his devotions amid the general confusion around him. During the whole voyage I heard not a murmur from any of them, nor witnessed a single instance of ill blood, or even of disagreement. Half a dozen of the richer ones at last took refuge in the cabin; yet they did not eat with us, but spread their carpets on the floor, and sat cross-legged each at his own meal. At stated times during the day they turned their faces towards Mecca, by aid of compass, and performed their devotions as their brethren on deck. Their general deportment was grave and becoming, and they delighted to be addressed by the title of *hadji*, or pilgrim. The number of pilgrimages to Mecca is said to be decreasing annually, probably from the want of money as well as the decline of faith.

At half past nine o'clock on the morning after leaving Beyrout we cast anchor before Lanerca, a small town on the southern coast of the island of Cyprus. Being in quarantine, we were not permitted to tread its classic soil, but I gazed with pleasure upon the range of serrated mountains stretching east and west, and crowned near the centre by the Cyprian Olympus. Every peak and every dell is linked with the mythology of the ancient world. So rich was the soil, and so delicious the climate, that the poets feigned that Venus, the goddess of beauty and love, trod first upon the earth in this happy isle, to which she was wafted by the Zephyrs, and

where she was received by the Seasons immediately after she had sprung from the foam of the sea. A little to the west of our anchorage ground was the village of Baffa, the successor of the ancient Paphos, so dear to Venus, the *Paphian queen*. In the shadow of her magnificent temple Saul the Apostle had preached the Gospel to Sergius Paulus, the deputy of the country, whose conversion probably gave rise to a change of the apostle's name from Saul to Paul.—(Acts, xiii.) When the apostle “passed through the island,” preaching in the synagogues of the Jews, it teemed with population, and the sound of tumultuous mirth and excessive pleasure was borne on every gale. Alas! how silent and desolate now! The same withering power that has blighted half the world has turned Cyprus into a comparative desert, and of all her cities scarce a trace remains. The population may be eighty thousand, two thirds of which are Greeks. With a good government the island would speedily become again populous and prosperous.

The chief business transacted by our vessel at Larnerca was the delivery and receipt of small bags of specie. They were tied tightly with red tape, and the knots covered with wax, and impressed with the seal of the person remitting the money. This is the principal mode of commercial exchange among the Moham-medans: there are no bank-notes in circulation, and but few bills of exchange, except among Christian merchants and bankers.

On the afternoon of the 6th we made the ancient city of Rhodes, on the northern point of the island. It was blowing a gale; so, passing in front of the harbour, our anchor was let go under the high bluffs a little to the west of the town, where we passed the night. Early next morning we sailed into the port, passing be-

tween the foundations on which once rested the feet of the celebrated Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world. Two classes of reminiscences crowd upon the traveller, as, standing upon the deck, he looks upon the fair town, the successor of the ancient city. He thinks of the classic glory which consecrates the place: its love of liberty, its schools of rhetoric, and its wonders of art; but of these not a vestige remains. Turning from the visions of her ancient glory, he looks upon the monuments of Christian chivalry, which have made her modern history more glorious even than her ancient. On every hand he sees evidences of the heroism and misfortunes of the soldiers of the Cross. The harbours are flanked by massive fortresses, crowned with towers, and upon them are seen the arms of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Encircling the town are frowning square battlements, the works of the same hands. Upon the ruined palaces and public buildings which line the straight and once magnificent street of the knights, that leads from the port to the Church of St. John, may yet be seen the arms of England, France, the Pope, and of many of the great families of Europe, renowned in the wars of the Crusaders. The upper end of the street is closed by the imposing remains of the Cathedral of St. John, over which rises the minaret, proclaiming that the worship of Jesus has given way to that of Mohammed. But the signs of the times indicate that this temple shall again be purified, and that along its aisles and within its lofty nave shall resound again the voice of thanksgiving and praise to the Redeemer of the world.

Rhodes has suffered still more than Cyprus from the dominion of the Turk. The population amounts to scarcely thirty thousand, of whom six thousand are

Moslems, perhaps one thousand Jews, and the remainder Greeks. Owing to general insecurity in the island, half of the whole population resides in the town, and seems to be a remnant left in a vast fortification, which is rapidly tending to decay. As seen from the harbour, the place has a military and imposing appearance, but all travellers complain of the desolate and ruinous condition of its streets.

At four o'clock our anchor was weighed, and, departing from Rhodes, at nightfall we entered among the Sporades by the mild light of the virgin moon. As the sun rose next morning, *Patmos! Patmos!* rang through the boat. I was on deck in a minute, and, behold! well-nigh impending over us on the right, rose out of the sea the dark, steep, rugged mass of the island of St. John. On the edge of the water were a few small stone houses; high above them, clinging, as it were, to the steep declivities of a ravine, was the town, the only one on the island, of some four hundred houses; and still impending over these, the massive and castellated monastery of St. John. The eye, with one rapid glance, touched on every prominent object, but was not satisfied. It longed to fix upon the spot where the exiled apostle received the glorious revelation from the Son of God, in which was shadowed forth the history of the world to the end of time. That spot is a natural grotto just below the town, on the left bank of the deep dell, and is covered by a rude chapel. From it the illustrious disciple, exiled "for the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus," on the morning of the Lord's day looked out upon the blue mountains of the opposite coast, where were worshipping his brethren of the Seven Churches. The most distinguished hour of his life was come, and he thus describes it:

“I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last: and, What thou seest, write in a book, and send it unto the seven churches which are in Asia: unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamos, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea. And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And being turned, I saw seven golden candlesticks. And in the midst of the seven candlesticks one like unto the Son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle. His head and his hairs were white like wool, as white as snow; and his eyes were as a flame of fire; and his feet like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace; and his voice as the sound of many waters. And he had in his right hand seven stars; and out of his mouth went a sharp two-edged sword; and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength. And when I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead. And he laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not; I am the first and the last: I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen, and have the keys of hell and of death.”

How sudden and great are the transitions of thought and feeling in the bosom of a wanderer from the New World as he looks upon the Old! Scarcely had I turned my eyes from the black and forbidding isle where John received the revelation of things “that must shortly come to pass,” when directly ahead of us rose from the sea the long and lofty mass of Samos. I was in the midst of the early events of the three great religions of the world. In that beautiful island, on the shady banks of the Imbrassus, was born Juno, the con-

sort of Jove, and Queen of Heaven. Near at hand, in the Isle of Crete, was the birthplace of Jove, the father of gods and men. Not far distant the beautiful Venus sprang from the foam of the sea, and in Lemnos Vulcan first trod the earth. And in the centre of these mythological scenes is the rugged and desolate Patmos, where the revelation of God to man was closed by his Son Jesus; and now over all extends the dominion of the False Prophet.

I felt that my imagination was too much excited. The appearance of the unfortunate Scio on the left, and the beautiful Mytilene in the distance ahead, changed the current of my thoughts from superstition, religion, and fanaticism, to war and commerce.* Relieved by the change, I turned in for the night, and when morning came we were before the beautiful city of Smyrna, and within the jurisdiction of the Turkish quarantine.

* One hundred thousand persons perished in the Massacre of Scio in 1822. Mytilene has always been remarkable for commerce.

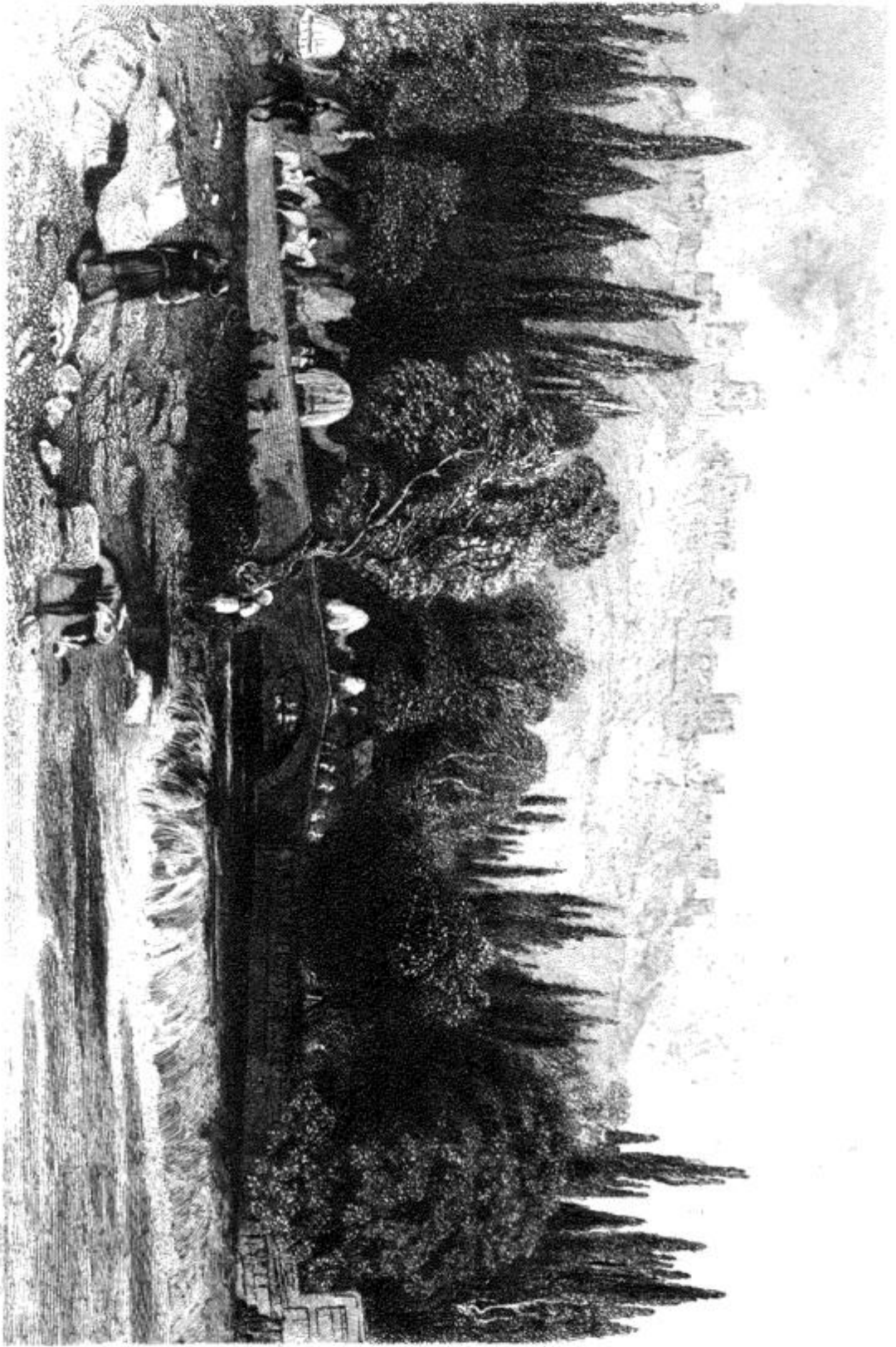
CHAPTER XII.

SMYRNA.—THE MODERN CITY.

The Lazaretto.—Preparations for Comfort.—Amusements of Quarantine.—The Gulf of Smyrna.—Appearance of the City.—Population.—Quarters of Franks, Greeks, Turks, Jews, and Armenians.—Houses of Rich Armenians.—Rural Coffee-shops.—English Chapel.—Dutch Chapel.—Ceremonies at the Greek Church.

THE Lazaretto of Smyrna lies a mile to the southwest of the city, in a pretty, retired cove. But as its accommodations were not very good, and above two hundred Turks were to be stowed within its scanty limits, we took a stone cottage near at hand, in a young vineyard, and having engaged a caterer from the city to supply us with coffee at seven o'clock, breakfast at nine o'clock, dinner at four o'clock, and tea from seven to eight o'clock, we had no cause of complaint on the score of fare. But how to bestow ourselves to sleep was a more difficult question. On the second floor six of us spread our quilts in one room some fifteen feet square, three in another half the size, the tenth occupied a closet, while our servants, cooks, and guards coiled themselves up somewhere in the *salle a manger* below. Thus we spent fifteen days quite pleasantly. Sometimes, under guard, we rowed a boat in the bay, or bathed in its pellucid waters; sometimes walked upon the heights above our cottage, and feasted our eyes on the magnificence of nature, the activity of commerce, the crowded dwellings of the many-tribed and many-tongued people who dwelt around, and contemplated the vast abodes of their dead, gloomed by the impenetrable groves of dark cypresses. Then, again, we pitched quoits, tried our skill in throwing the lance in the shape of a ten-foot pole, walked up and down the

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T. Allon

THE CASTLE OF SERRANA
HARPER & BROTHERS

J.P. Donnan

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pavement counting the number of our steps even to thousands, and occasionally fired an old Damascus barrel at a mark. When tired of these novel and exciting recreations, we read, wrote, and disputed about politics or religion; the fiercer the dispute the better, as excitement relieved the tedium of confinement. In this manner we passed fifteen days in prison, and felt, upon being released and breaking up our party, that we had formed attachments of which we were insensible until they were tested by separation.

The Gulf of Smyrna exceeds the Bay of Naples in beauty, and would rival it in grandeur if a Vesuvius crowned its circlet of mountains. Its length is between thirty and forty miles, and its average breadth about fifteen: as seen from the town, it looks like a lake girded by wooded mountains that rise from the water's edge. The city, as seen from the anchorage, is exceedingly beautiful. It sweeps like a crescent for two miles around the eastern end of the bay, and swells away up the side of Mount Pagus until it blends with the dense cypress groves which shade its vast cemeteries, and beyond these the massive remains of the ancient Acropolis crown the summit of the mountain. The beauty of its situation and the safety of its capacious bay have made it a favourite city since its foundation by Alexander the Great; and although it has fallen oftentimes, and been desolated as other great cities of Asia Minor, yet it has as often risen from its ruins, and is now advancing in wealth and population. Its prosperity is to be attributed chiefly to the capital of the Armenians, and the commerce of the Greeks and Franks, that is, to the Christian population.*

* Recent arrivals bring the sad news that this city has been nearly destroyed by fire.

The city contains one hundred and forty-five thousand inhabitants, of whom eighty thousand are Turks, thirty-five thousand are Greeks, ten thousand Armenians, five thousand Franks, and fifteen thousand Jews. This gives a Christian population of fifty thousand, of which five thousand are Roman Catholics, and six hundred are Protestants.

As is the case in all Oriental cities, the people of different nations dwell in different quarters. The Franks live on the Marina, or quay, where the flags of many nations may be seen flying; the Greeks occupy the centre of the city, adjoining the Franks; the Turks dwell on the declivity of the mountain, adjacent to their cemeteries; while the despised Jews burrow near the foot of the hill. The Quarter of the Armenians lies on the north side of the city, adjacent to the gardens which extend to the Caravan Bridge. They possess the principal wealth of the city, and dwell in fine houses built around open courts, which are paved with mosaic, and adorned with flowering shrubs and fountains. The Armenian females, as well as those of the wealthy Greeks, dressed in the richest stuffs, may be seen sitting unveiled in the halls and corridors that open on the courts, or in the far-projecting windows of the second stories, from which they command a view of the entire street. As you pass, if you choose to look, you may meet the steady, lustrous gaze of their dark, beautiful eyes, and forcibly realize the difference between Moslem and Christian society.

To the north of the Armenian Quarter, on the banks of the little river Meles, are the rural coffee-shops, which are simply rough stages built over the stream, and shaded by trees, as at Damascus. Here the Turks delight to sip their favourite beverage and smoke their pipes.

Along the opposite bank extends a vast forest of cypresses and other trees, amid which are the favourite retreats of the Christian population on Sunday afternoons.

On the morning of the Sabbath which we spent in Smyrna, the Rev. Dr. Tomlinson, the English bishop of Gibraltar, consecrated a neat new chapel, built within the English consulate. Another Protestant chapel is connected with the Dutch consulate, in which the excellent missionaries of the American Board perform divine service regularly. I have already said that the Protestant population numbers perhaps six hundred. This little leaven is operating almost unobserved, yet powerfully, on the ancient Greek and Armenian communities, gradually attracting their attention to a purer and more spiritual Christianity. The painful necessity for this I witnessed in the afternoon. It was a great fête-day among the Greeks, and I repaired to the principal church to see the performance of the ceremonies. I found the large courtyard adjoining it, as well as the roofs, windows, and verandahs of the surrounding houses, crowded with Greeks in their gayest attire. At length the procession came out of the church, bearing many banners ornamented with miserably-painted and gilded images of the Virgin and child, and of favourite saints. The persons composing it walked bareheaded, and carried lighted lanterns and tapers five or six feet long, while ten thousand farthing candles burned in the hands of the crowd. The priests were venerable men with long beards, and the bishop walked under a canopy of rose-coloured silk borne by four persons. His robes were gaudy rather than rich; indeed, the whole exhibition was a tawdry and tasteless affair. As the procession passed, the multitude frequently bowed and crossed

themselves with great earnestness and haste. The lowest and most degraded of the mob seemed to be as earnest and as deeply humbled as the refined and intelligent Russian consul, who walked in company with the priests. How closely this pageant and the emotions it inspired associated with what I had seen and felt at Rome! And is this exhibition of Christianity to be taken as the remainder of the spirit and glory of that Church to whom Jesus, by his servant John, addressed the following declaration? *I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, BUT THOU ART RICH.*

CHAPTER XIII.

ANCIENT SMYRNA.—THE APOCALYPTIC CHURCH.

The Epistle to the Church at Smyrna.—Polycarp.—Scene of his Martyrdom.—Catholic Letter narrating the Martyrdom.—The Castle.—Remains of the Ancient City.—No Remains of the Apocalyptic Church.—Site of the Ancient City.—Change of Site.—View from the Acropolis.—Legend as to the Birthplace of Homer.—Ships in the Harbour.—Mr. Temple.—Mr. Van Lennep.

THE epistle which Jesus sent to the Angel of the Church at Smyrna is remarkable for the candid warning which it gives him that he should suffer as a witness for the truth. "Fear none of those things that thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Neither history nor tradition has certainly disclosed the name or the fate of the Angel of the Church to whom these words were addressed. But both have transmitted to us the unshaken confidence and triumphant death of one of his successors (if not the angel himself, as Usher supposed), the venerable Polycarp, who was martyred in the Stadium, the site of which is still to be seen on the side of the hill above the city. I ascended to the spot, and sat down in the area of the theatre that had been drenched with the "blood of the saints," torn to pieces by wild beasts for the amusement of the populace. What a place in which to read the epistle from the Smyrnæans concerning the martyrdom of their brethren.

"The Church of God which sojourns at Smyrna, to that which sojourns at Philomelium, and in all places where the Holy Catholic Church sojourns throughout

the world, may the mercy, peace, and love of God the Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ be multiplied.

“ We have written to you, brethren, as well concerning the other martyrs, as particularly the blessed Polycarp, who, as it were, sealing by his testimony, closed the persecution. When he was brought to the tribunal there was a great tumult, as soon as it was generally understood that Polycarp was apprehended. The proconsul asked him if he was Polycarp, to which he assented. The former then began to exhort him, ‘ Have pity on thy own great age ; swear by the fortune of Cæsar ; repent ; say, Take away the Atheists.’ Polycarp, with a grave aspect, beholding all the multitude, waving his hand to them, and looking up to heaven, said, ‘ Take away the Atheists.’ The proconsul urging him, and saying, ‘ Swear, and I will release thee ; reproach Christ,’ Polycarp said, ‘ Eighty and six years have I served him, and he hath never wronged me ; and how can I blaspheme my King who hath saved me ?’ The proconsul still urging, ‘ Swear by the fortune of Cæsar,’ Polycarp said, If you still vainly contend to make me swear by the fortune of Cæsar, as you speak, affecting an ignorance of my real character, hear me frankly declaring what I am : I am a Christian ; and if you desire to learn the Christian doctrine, assign me a day, and hear me.’

“ The proconsul became enraged ; the multitude clamoured to have him instantly thrown to wild beasts ; but, as that part of the spectacle was over, the martyr was condemned to the flames.

“ Immediately the usual appendages of burning were placed about him. And when they were going to fasten him to the stake, he said, ‘ Let me remain as I am ; for He who giveth me strength to sustain the fire, will

enable me also, without your securing me with nails, to remain unmoved in the fire.' Upon which they bound him without nailing him. And he, putting his hands behind him, said, 'O Father of thy beloved and blessed Son Jesus Christ, through whom we have attained to the knowledge of thee, I bless Thee that Thou hast counted me worthy of this day and this hour, to receive my portion in the number of martyrs, in the cup of Christ, for the resurrection to eternal life both of soul and body; among whom may I be received before Thee this day as a sacrifice well-savoured and acceptable, which Thou, the faithful and true God, hast prepared, promised beforehand, and fulfilled accordingly. Wherefore I praise Thee for all these things; I bless Thee and glorify Thee, by the eternal High Priest Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son, through whom, with Him in the Holy Spirit, be glory to Thee, both now and forever, Amen.'"

Eleven brethren from Philadelphia suffered with him. From that day to 1822, the Christians in Smyrna have suffered occasionally the most dreadful persecutions. In 1770 the Turks gave orders for a massacre of the Greeks; and, as the Sunday morning dawned, armed Moslems rushed into their houses and churches, and by ten o'clock fifteen hundred Christians lay weltering in their blood. Upon the fall of Scio in 1822, the Greeks of Smyrna were exposed to a deadly persecution for three days. Eight hundred were dragged to the spot near the ancient Stadium and sacrificed in cold blood. Thus the early history of the Church at Smyrna confirms the prophetic message sent to them by Jesus, that they should *suffer*. And when the glorious company of blessed martyrs shall be collected and presented to God, not a few shall arise from amid the ruins of the ancient city of Smyrna, now scattered over the decliv-

ity of Mount Pagus, and amid the cemeteries of the followers of the false prophet.

From the Stadium I ascended to the castle, which stands on the top of the mountain. It is in a ruinous condition, and uninhabited. In some places the walls are thrown down to the ground; in others they are still thirty or forty feet high, with their Saracenic battlements preserved. The materials for the building were derived from the destruction of the ancient queen of Ionia, and on the right of the portal, next the town, I observed a beautiful marble sarcophagus built into the wall; also a colossal bust of the Amazon Smyrna.* The walls enclose perhaps five or six acres; in the centre of the area stands a ruined mosque, once a Christian church, now a shelter for sheep. Tradition, more than usually blind, whispers that this was the Apocalyptic Church of St. John. On the southern side of the enclosure is a fort without a garrison, but keeping a few rusty guns to be fired on great occasions. The portal is kept locked, and we could not obtain access. Within are said to be remains of columns and marbles, which are by some referred to primitive churches, but without reason, as no sacred edifices were adorned, even if they existed, before the times of Constantine. There is not a single fragment or spot in Smyrna that can be connected in any way with the Apocalyptic Church, except the site of the Stadium, glorious for the company of martyrs who bore witness in it to the truth of Jesus, and sealed their testimony with their blood.

The ancient city, even up to the fifteenth century, occupied chiefly the area within the walls of the castle, and

* One account of the origin of the name of the city is, that it was called after a celebrated Amazon named Smyrna, who conquered Ephesus, from which city a colony went out and founded Smyrna, in honour of the victrix.

the higher slope of the mountain immediately under them towards the sea. As the town grew in commercial importance, it gradually slid down from the hill to the port, leaving its substructions and the fragments of its more solid edifices scattered over the declivity. Amid these the Moslems deposited their dead, and ornamented their graves with the fractured marbles, broken columns, and sculptured friezes of the ancient city. If the traveller wishes to see what remains of that Smyrna which, in the days of the Romans, was called "the lovely, the crown of Ionia, the ornament of Asia," let him ramble through the vast cemeteries which cover the face of the hill above the town. If he look for the beautiful Smyrna of his fervid imagination in the crooked, narrow, dirty, ill-built streets of the modern town, he will assuredly be disappointed.

The view from the Acropolis is truly grand. Towards the interior, the valleys and mountains expand as far as the eye can reach, imbosoming the sites of many of the celebrated cities, and the scenes of many of the great events of ancient history; in the opposite direction lie full in view the storied isles of Greece; while just at hand flows the little river Meles, on whose shady banks (according to one of the Homeric legends) Critheis brought forth the immortal author of the Iliad, and surnamed him Melesigenes, in honour of the stream.

I have not thought it proper to trouble the reader with a commercial paragraph respecting Smyrna. He takes but little interest in her commerce beyond the delicious figs which she annually sends to him. Yet she lives by commerce,* and her harbour is visited by the fleets of

* As many as nine hundred camels a day cross the Caravan Bridge over the Meles. A camel load is about 500 pounds, so that frequently as much as two hundred tons of produce and merchandise cross the bridge in a day.

all nations. Amid the thousand colours that fluttered in the breeze, I observed the star-spangled banner floating over four beautiful vessels, which sat upon the water like queens among their sisters. Nor will I trouble the reader with any remarks on the momentous mission of the American Board established in Smyrna. This topic is reserved for a future page; but I should wrong my own feelings if I did not record the kindness and attention of Mr. Temple, who was the only missionary in the city at the time of our visit, and of Mr. Van Lennep, the Dutch consul, who was also our banker.

The caravans bring in cotton, raw silk, wool, skins, wax, amber, drugs, and fruit, and carry back coarse European cloths, lead, powder, tin, glass, wrought silk, iron, &c., for the interior towns

CHAPTER XIV.

SMYRNA TO EPHEBUS.

Parting with Companions.—Determine to visit the Sites of the Apocalyptic Churches.—New Fellow-travellers.—Mr. Park.—Mr. Gardiner.—Departure.—Valleys of Asia Minor.—Desolation.—Asia Minor a vast Necropolis.—Hamlet of Triander.—Rude Lodgings.—A Caravan.—Costumes.—The Cayster.—Plain of Ephesus.—Mount Gallesus.—Castle of Aiasaluk.—Ruinous Mosque.—Turkish village of Aiasaluk.—Not on the site of Ephesus.

I HAD left Palestine with the intention of visiting the seven Apocalyptic Churches. It is not very pleasant to travel through Asia Minor without sufficient company, and the friends with whom I had enjoyed so many happy days in Egypt and Palestine could now accompany me no farther. Mr. Sewell had parted with us at Beyrout to hasten to London; Mr. Cortlan was anxious to shorten his tour, and so departed immediately from Smyrna for Greece; Mr. Denny alone of my young companions determined to make the pilgrimage to the Seven Churches with me. Captain Park, of the East India service, son of the celebrated traveller Mungo Park, and Mr. Gardiner, of Sidney, Australia, both Scotchmen, joined us. An Armenian contracted with us for eight horses, four for ourselves, two for our servants, and two for surrogees, or grooms to take charge of the horses.

At 2 o'clock, April 24th, we all mounted in front of the British consulate, and departed for Ephesus, accompanied for several miles by Mr. Van Lennep. Our road lay directly over Mount Pagus, from the heights of which we descended by an ancient paved way, much broken up, into one of those incomparable

valleys of Asia Minor, which to the eye seem to be completely shut in by high, broken gray mountains, and yet are connected with the adjacent valleys by narrow extensions between the mountains. I was struck with the remarkable resemblance between these insulated mountains and the lofty islands in the neighbouring sea. Taken together, they form one system, of volcanic origin, the only difference being that the islands are surrounded by water, and the mountains by connected valleys. Once they were all islands, but by a general elevation of the continent the sea was drawn away from the bases of the mountains, and what was once its bottom became the rich valleys of Asia Minor. Their wonderful fertility, when well cultivated, may be inferred from the fact that, in ancient times, the smallest of them sustained a city with its dependent towns, and each of the largest was adorned with several cities, some of which were remarkable for population and wealth. The names of most of these are preserved in history, but the sites of many are utterly unknown. Indeed, Asia Minor may be considered one vast solitude,* rendered exceedingly impressive by the extensive cemeteries which the traveller sees every few hours. No villages or towns are in sight of them. No groves of cypress or terebinth shade them. The former glory and power of the countless millions that sleep in them are indicated by the fragments of marbles, columns, pedestals, richly-carved capitals, friezes, and sarcophagi, which lie half covered by the tangled thickets of shrubs, vines, and wild flowers, on which the flocks of the wandering Turcomans occasionally

* The country is infested with wild beasts even to the vicinity of Smyrna. Wolves are numerous, and the lynx, the panther, and the tiger are occasionally seen. The hyena and lion are said to be in the mountains.

browse. Indeed, all Asia Minor appears like one vast necropolis of the unknown and forgotten dead. The cemeteries of towns at present inhabited are usually adorned with groves of evergreens: the cypress is appropriated to the Moslems, the terebinth or common fir to the Armenians and Greeks, but the graves of the Jews, either from choice or by coercion, are unadorned even by an erect stone. Their graveyards throughout the East are naked, stony fields, a striking picture of desolation and distress.

In five hours from Smyrna we reached the little miserable hamlet of Triander. It was dark, and the only house in which a Frank traveller might find shelter was locked up, and the master of it, a Greek, was away, celebrating the grand fête, a part of which I had witnessed in Smyrna. However, as the rude porch of the house was open, and we had provisions with us, we first refreshed ourselves, then spread our quilts or cloaks on the hard boards, and slept soundly until daylight under the protection of a guard, of whose services we were not aware until twenty-two piastres were demanded for them in the morning.

As the sun rose we mounted our horses, and set out with increased ardour, as we hoped to reach Ephesus by noon. We passed from valley to valley, well watered and beautiful, yet desolate; not long and narrow, but circular rather, as if each were a little world, as it was once a little kingdom, within itself. As we advanced southward, these valleys became larger, and the lonely cemeteries more frequent; yet the vast solitude was almost unbroken. Occasionally a group of black tents belonging to a Turcoman encampment was seen on the side of the mountain, and their herds of camels, cattle, horses, sheep, and goats browsing in the valley

below. Once we met a long string of loaded camels on their way to Smyrna: between every fifth and sixth camel was a donkey, and a man who seemed to have charge of the section of the caravan immediately in front of him. The dress of the men was remarkable: the feet bare, and legs naked to the knee; the thighs and hips tightly wrapped with coarse cotton cloth; the loins girded with the same, or a strong leathern belt; the jacket fitted close to the body, and a small cap or turban on the head. Each of them had a yatagan stuck in his girdle, and some were armed also with guns and pistols.

In four hours from Triander we came upon the river Cayster, coming down from the east athwart our course, and passing to the Plain of Ephesus by a narrow valley between Mount Pactyas on the left and Gallesus on the right. Our road lay down this valley, at the base of Mount Gallesus, which presented a lofty cliff, so nearly perpendicular and so smooth as to suggest the idea that it was hewn by some oppressor of the country, whose stronghold was in the massive aerial castle, the deserted and crumbling towers of which crowned the summit of the mountain. Above the castle many eagles were sporting in the air, and ever and anon they stooped into their nests in the face of the cliffs below it, then soared aloft again until they appeared like spots in the vault of heaven. Crossing the Cayster on a bridge with Roman foundations but Saracenic superstructure, in a few minutes the great Plain of Ephesus expanded before us, bounded on the north by Mount Gallesus, on the east by Pactyas, on the south by Corissus, and on the west open to the sea, but apparently closed up in that direction by the island of Samos, which lies off the mouth of the Cayster.

We entered the plain at the northeast angle, and saw, at some distance to the south, the insulated hill of Aiasaluk, bearing on its summit an immense Saracenic castle, now deserted and in a ruinous state. As we rode directly towards it, we passed through fields of loose stones once employed in buildings, and between fences formed of the relics of former days of glory and power. At the western base of the hill was a large and once beautiful mosque, built of hewn stone, and adorned, both inside and out, with fine marbles and columns taken from the ancient temples and churches of Ephesus. It was now in ruins, and its beautiful minaret, gayly painted in waving lines of white and red, was crowned by storks' nests.* All was solitude around, save the countless storks perched upon every mouldering wall, mosque, or mausoleum. A little to the south of the castle hill we found a mean, dirty Turkish coffee-shop, and a ruffian-looking Turkish guard. Close at hand, and half hid amid the ruins of the Saracenic city of Aiasaluk, were some dozen miserable huts of ignorant, superstitious Greek families, the sole representatives of the Ephesian Church, where Paul laboured two whole years, and preached until the Temple of Diana shook to its foundations, and the theatre rang with acclamations of resistance, "the whole multitude crying out for the space of two hours, Great is Diana of the Ephesians." Nevertheless, the Word of God prevailed over the ancient idolatry, sorcery, and magical incantations; for "many also of them that used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men; and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty

* The minarets of all the mosques in this neighbourhood were painted in the same peculiar manner, a custom which I saw in no other part of the Turkish empire.

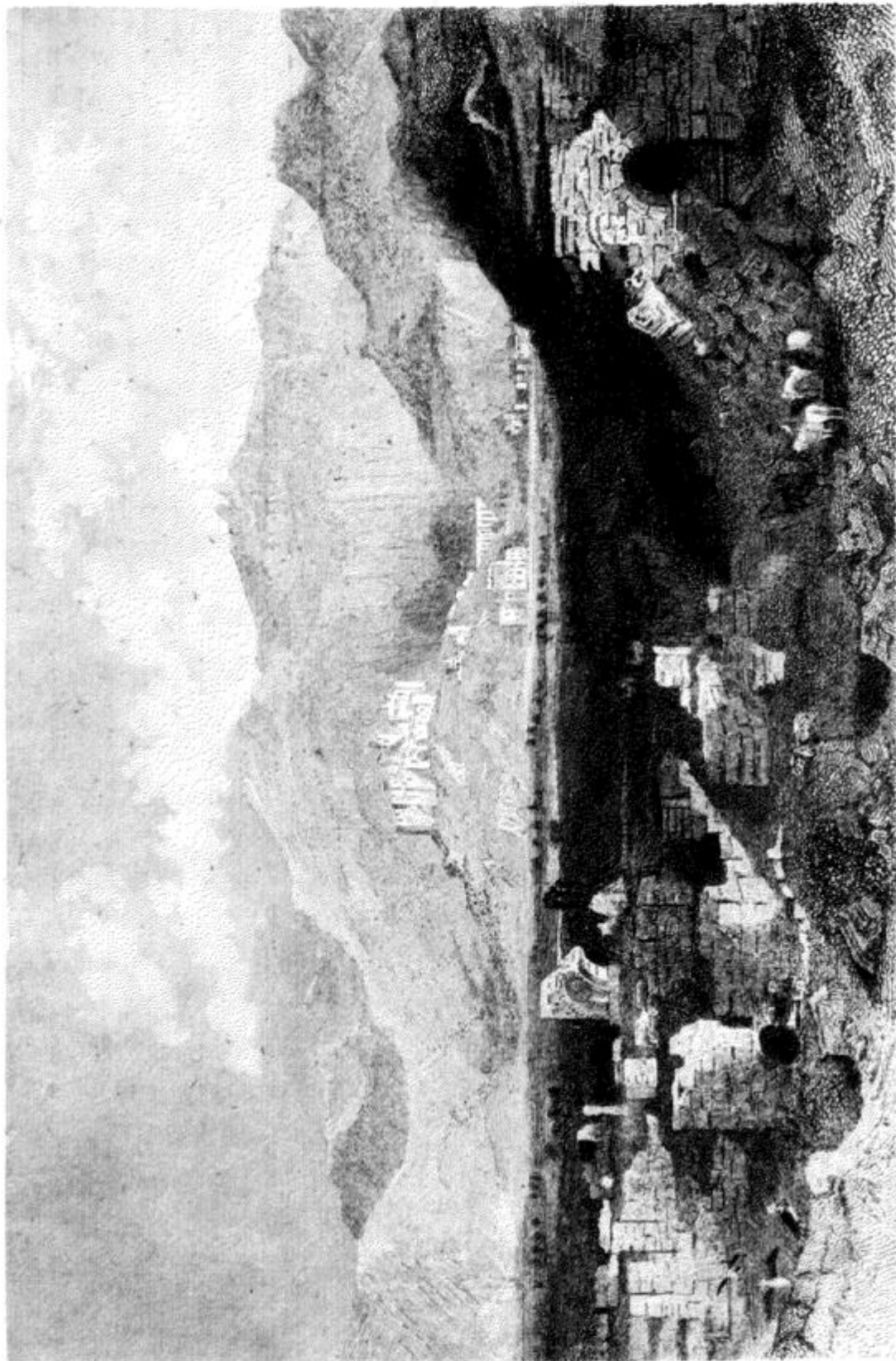
thousand pieces of silver ; so mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed."—(*Acts*, xix., 19, 20.)

I sat down upon a fragment of marble beside one of the Christian huts, and read the message which Jesus, by his servant John, sent unto "the Church of Ephesus" forty years after this event. I felt the truth and fulfilment of these words: "Nevertheless, I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent and do the first works ; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."

The imperfectly informed traveller is liable to suppose that the ruins of the Saracenic castle and city of Aiasaluk mark the site of Ephesus, as some gentlemen whom we found there had concluded, and were about to depart. Aiasaluk* is the successor of Ephesus, and was built out of its ruins by the Saracens about five hundred years ago. Hence the rich materials of the ancient capital of proconsular Asia are seen strewed everywhere amid the ruins of the modern town ; in the walls of the deserted mosques, the decayed mausoleums, and in the arches and channel of the dilapidated aqueduct that stretches across the plain from the castle to the mountain. The modern Aiasaluk is nearly as desolate as the ancient Ephesus, if we except the thousand storks and their nests, perched upon her castle battlements, crumbling minarets, and dome-crowned tombs.

* Aiasaluk is said to be derived from *αγιος θεολογος*, the *Holy Theologian*, the popular name of St. John, whose memory is embalmed throughout this part of Asia Minor.

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CHAPTER XV.

EPHESUS.

Mount Prion.—Site of the Ancient City.—Its Limits.—Quarries.—Early Christian Sepulchres.—Tombs of Mary, John, and Timothy.—Ruins of the Circus.—The Odeon.—The Theatre.—Scene of the Tumult excited by Paul's Preaching.—The Stadium.—Avenue.—No remains of the Temple of Diana.—Ancient Splendour of Ephesus.—Total Ruin of the City.—Fulfilment of Prophecy.

ABOUT half an hour to the south of Aiasaluk is Prion, a detached mountain of marble, lying upon the lower declivity of Mount Corissus. Between them is a high, narrow valley, or, rather, wide and deep hollow, that expands, as it descends eastward, into the plain of Aiasaluk, and westward, towards the sea, into the plain of Ephesus. The ancient city lay partly in this hollow, but chiefly westward, where it climbed the flank of the mountain on either hand, descended into the plain, and extended westward to the sea, and northward to the Cayster. It was defended on the west by the sea, on the north by the river, on the east by a wall which ran from the river southward over Mount Prion, and crossing the hollow, ascended to the summit of Corissus, and thence along it westward to the sea. Portions of this wall, and some of its towers, still remain along the summits of Prion and Corissus. A single glance reveals to the traveller the strength and beauty of the situation of the city of the Ephesians.

Taking an old Turk for a guide, we proceeded southward, through vast fields of luxuriant barley, wheat, and rye, and in half an hour stood at the eastern base of Prion. High up in its precipitous cliffs were the artificial openings into the vast caverns formed by quarrying

the marble with which the city was built and adorned. Within them are still to be seen the remains of a very ancient Christian chapel ; and here, as at Rome, were the sepulchres of the early disciples of Jesus. St. John was laid to rest here with, very probably, Mary the mother of Jesus ; for it is not to be believed that she and the beloved disciple ever separated after Jesus had said on the cross, " Woman, behold thy son !" and to the disciple, " Behold thy mother !" And from that hour John " took her unto his own home." We know that for many years before his death his home was at Ephesus, and none doubts but there he died and was buried. It is a reasonable supposition that the " mother" and the " son" were laid to rest together ; and so the general council held at Ephesus in the fifth century believed. Mount Prion can make out a better claim for the tomb of the Virgin than the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Near Mary and her adopted son was buried Timothy, the first Bishop of Ephesus. Strange and delightful emotions fill the bosom of the Christian of the nineteenth century while, thousands of miles from his home in the New World, he looks into these ancient quarries where worshipped and were buried the first Christians of the Ephesian Church.

We advanced southward directly towards Mount Corissus, with Prion on our right, at the base of which was a long range of pedestals of marble columns whose shafts have disappeared, or lie prostrate among the rank grain. They probably mark the site of a portico which overlooked the great circus that we could easily trace immediately on our left. Near the southern end of the Circus, and just in the entrance of the narrow valley which runs up westward between the mountains, we came to the massive remains of a stupendous build-

ing. The interior walls, varying from six to ten feet in thickness, are formed of huge blocks of hewn stone laid without mortar. The exterior walls are thrown down, and much of the material had been broken up and transported to build the Saracenic city. But the lower courses and arches, upon which rested the porticoes that adorned the structure, still remain. The traveller who has seen the ruins of Balbec will perceive the striking resemblance between their masonry and this of the magnificent Gymnasium of the ancient Ephesians. Where acclaiming thousands witnessed the ancient sports, now the rank grass, tangled vines, and luxuriant grain embarrass the examinations of the curious traveller.

Ascending the narrow valley westward from the Gymnasium, we found the declivity of Corissus on the left, and Prion on the right, intersected by foundation-walls, and mined by subterranean arches penetrating inward. Of these last, doubtless the lower ones supported fine buildings; but the upper were probably tombs, whose marble fronts have been taken away, and their contents scattered to the winds, as at Petra and Jerusalem. Near the summit of the valley, on the slope of Prion, was the Odeon or Music theatre, whose form and dimensions are still well defined, though the marble seats and fine proscenium have long since disappeared. We lingered not here, for we knew that just at hand must be *the* theatre immortalized in the personal history of the Apostle Paul and his companions. It lies a little west of the Odeon, quite high up on the declivity of Prion. Though rent and somewhat fallen in, some of the mighty arches are still standing on which rested the proscenium and magnificent portico that looked out upon the city below, and far away

to the sea and islands. Its cavea is still to be distinguished, but the vast ranges of marble seats which adorned it, circling up the steep one above another, have disappeared. The bases of the columns of the portico are still in their places, though nearly buried by the rubbish and soil. Standing within the area of this ancient theatre, the traveller feels that he is in Ephesus, and is carried back to the days of Paul, and the scene described in the following verses is presented vividly to his imagination :

“ And the same time there arose no small stir about that way. For a certain man named Demetrius, a silver-smith, which made silver shrines for Diana, brought no small gain unto the craftsmen ; whom he called together with the workmen of like occupation, and said, Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth : moreover, ye see and hear, that not alone at Ephesus, but almost throughout all Asia, this Paul hath persuaded and turned away much people, saying, that they be no gods which are made with hands. So that not only this our craft is in danger to be set at naught, but also that the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence should be destroyed, whom all Asia and the world worshippeth. And when they heard these sayings, they were full of wrath, and cried out, saying, Great is Diana of the Ephesians. And the whole city was filled with confusion ; and having caught Gaius and Aristarchus, men of Macedonia, Paul’s companions in travel, they rushed with one accord into the theatre. And when Paul would have entered in unto the people, the disciples suffered him not. And certain of the chief of Asia, which were his friends, sent unto him desiring him that he would not adventure himself into the theatre. Some therefore

cried one thing, and some another ; for the assembly was confused, and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews putting him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defence unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

On the right of the theatre, nearly on a level with it, and extending along the declivity of Prion, were the ruins of the Stadium, which rested on arches also ; and below, in the plain, the crumbling walls of the agora, or market-place, of temples, and other public edifices. Beyond them, the Cayster wound through a morass to the sea, which is now three miles distant, but once was near at hand, and bordered by the overflowing city. Within the whole range of vision I saw not a human habitation, not even a tent, nor a human being except those that belonged to our party. Luxuriant grain covered the plain, and concealed foundation-walls, fractured columns, and sinking arches. By neglect, the plain has become marshy and exceedingly unhealthy. The peasants that till it dwell in villages in the adjacent mountains.

Descending from the theatre to the plain at the north side of Mount Prion, we came to the commencement of a wide avenue running eastward towards the Castle of Aiasaluk. Its direction is easily traced by the magnificent remains which border it on each side, consisting of foundation-walls of immense buildings, and of ranges of pedestals, marking the lines of magnificent porticoes. This avenue was continued far beyond the gate of the city, and must have been the pride of an-

cient Ephesus. Being nearest to Aiasaluk, it was completely demolished, and the material transported to build the new town. In tracing it almost to the castle, we passed through continuous fields of grain that actually overtopped our heads.

I shall not trouble the reader with any speculations on the ancient Temple of Diana of the Ephesians. Its site cannot now be determined, as not a trace of the wonderful structure remains in Ephesus. Its beautiful statues and unrivalled columns were transported to Byzantium, the first to adorn the Hippodrome of the capital, and the second to ornament the Cathedral of St. Sophia.

Ephesus affords one of the most striking instances of the mutability of human affairs, and perhaps of the fulfilment of Divine predictions, that can be found in history. Her wealth, in the old pagan times, rivalled, if it did not exceed, that of any of the Grecian cities of Asia; in the arts, her name was connected with the renown of Parrhasius and Apelles; in architecture, she far outstripped all her rivals. Her splendid temple, which required the wealth of Asia, collected for centuries, for its creation, was the wonder of the world; and around its sacred enclosures the Persian, the Lydian, the Greek, and the Roman in turn bowed as worshippers. Nowhere in the world did the old idolatry display so much pomp and magnificence; nowhere did it press into its service with so much success the highest powers of human art. But it was not only in the palmy days of Paganism that Ephesus was glorious. The visits of Paul, the preaching of Apollos, the ministry of Timothy, the faith and patience of the first converts to Christianity—these, and a thousand other recollections, make the early Chris-

tian days of Ephesus glorious in the annals of the Church. And even after the lessons of Paul and Timothy had been forgotten, and the "first love" of the Ephesian Church had waned, the city was still the seat of Christianity, and the chosen place of assembly for her bishops, her synods, and her councils.

But all this glory has departed. "Unto the angel of the Church of Ephesus write," was the message of Christ by his servant John: "Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of its place, unless thou repent." It was not long before the candlestick was removed. For a few centuries the Church of Ephesus was powerful; but in that period, error and superstition on the part of the people, combined with and fostered by worldly-mindedness and ambition on the part of the lordly prelates who sat in the place of Timothy, Onesimus, and John, prepared the way for its destruction. The Christian history of Ephesus may be said to have ended with the sixth century; since that period, it can hardly be said that the Church has existed there at all; and now, there is neither angel nor candlestick in the once flourishing city. From the ruins of her theatre, the scene of noble martyrdoms, from the broken columns and scattered sculpture of her temples, from the desolation of her once-peopled plain and terraced hills, a voice, audible enough to those who will listen, proclaims, "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches."

CHAPTER XVI.

EPHESUS TO PHILADELPHIA.

The River Cayster.—Roads.—Ancient Roman Roads and Bridges.—A Village of Storks.—Getting a Lodging.—Ruins of ancient Fountains.—Impenetrable Hedges.—Improvement in Cultivation.—Turkomans.—Mode of making Butter.—Mode of raising the Vine.—Tyria.—A Meal in Turkish Fashion.—A ragged Regiment.—Odemes.

AFTER taking some refreshment, which our servants had prepared at the coffee-shop, we departed at four o'clock in the afternoon for Philadelphia. Our route lay up the west bank of the Cayster, and we had leisure to observe the river. It was not full, but at its height is not very large, perhaps 150 or 200 feet wide; in some places sluggish and marshy, in others rapid and tumbling over rocks, as at the bridge which we crossed upon approaching Ephesus.

During the first hour from Aiasaluk to the bridge we passed through cultivated fields; from the bridge for the space of two hours our way lay through dense thickets of brushwood, with here and there a patch of grain enclosed by a brush fence. Sometimes we followed a narrow muddy path, and now and then came upon an ancient Roman road, whose pavement was much broken up. Occasionally we observed on our left an ancient Roman bridge sinking into the river. From the Thames to the Euphrates, from the Cataracts of the Nile to the mountains of Caucasus, the traveller stumbles upon the magnificent memorials of the wonderful empire of the Cæsars.

At dusk we arrived at a small village, containing, perhaps, threescore houses, upon whose roofs hundreds

of storks had built their nests, and were to be seen about them. The hamlet seemed, indeed, to be one vast abode for storks rather than the residence of human beings. Since the days of Homer, the storks of Cayster have obtained dominion over the swans and cranes: or perhaps the old blind bard had mistaken the former for the latter in the following verses:

“ As feathery nations sweeping on amain,
 Flights of the long-necked swan and silvery crane,
 From Asius' meads, by clear Cayster's spring,
 Now here, now there, exultant wind on wing;
 In gay contention shine, while long and loud,
 The champion rings beneath the plumed cloud;
 So from the camp, &c.”—*Iliad*, book ii., v. 460.

There is usually a stranger's room in each village where there is not a khan; but here the apartment appropriated for travellers had passed into the hands of a Greek, who had turned it into a granary. I insisted that we should be permitted to spread our pallets on the wheat, but a man who had charge of the room resisted strongly, and began to clear out a small stable for our accommodation. I stepped into it, but the piercing odour of the place and the host of vermin compelled me to retreat, and to declare my purpose of seeking admission to some Turkish house. In this dilemma, one of the servants called on the Imam of the rude little mosque, and he permitted us to lodge in a room adjoining it, where we spread our quilts on the earthen floor. Our servants, and a dozen of the hadjis that had come with us from Beyrout, reposed themselves in the open porch of the mosque. These pilgrims spread themselves over the country, and are much revered by the people. I met one of them alone amid the ruins of Sardis.

Departing early next morning, our route lay all day up the Valley of the Cayster, having Mount Tmolus on

the left, and Mount Messogis on the right. The valley was perhaps from twelve to fifteen miles wide. The road, as on the day before, lay through jungles of brushwood, the pavement of the old Roman way occasionally appearing. Every few miles a fine fountain stood by the road-side, pouring its water into a richly-sculptured marble sarcophagus, into which our horses thrust their heads and drank. Sometimes the fountain was dry, the water-pipes from the mountain being either choked up or cut off. Frequently we came upon vast desolate cemeteries adorned with marbles, and overrun with vines and shrubs. Occasionally we passed patches of ploughed ground, enclosed by throwing up the rich tenacious clay into ridges, into the top of which was stuck brushwood cut from the adjoining jungle. These hedges quickly become covered with brambles, grapevines, wild pea, and a great variety of shrubs and creepers in full blossom, the whole presenting a high, thick, impenetrable wall of luxuriant vegetation.

As we advanced towards Tyria, distant seven hours from Ephesus, cultivation increased ; villages appeared on the opposite side of the valley at the foot of Mount Tmolus ; and groups of black tents, belonging to wandering Turkomans, were seen on our right on the slopes of Mount Messogis. Their sheep and cattle roamed amid the thickets of the plain, but the camels browsed upon the tender shoots of the undergrowth which covered the steep declivity of the mountain.

As we passed, a little after sunrise, near a large encampment, I observed their mode of making butter. The milk is put into a large skin prepared like a water-skin, all the extremities except the neck being closed. It is then suspended by three cords attached to the edges of the neck, and each fastened to one of three

sticks, whose upper ends are lashed together, while the lower rest apart on the ground like the supporters of a surveyor's theodolite. Through the gaping neck the dasher is introduced and worked up and down, while the shaking of the suspended skin increases the motion of the milk within, and thus hastens the production of the butter. I noticed on the Plains of Beersheba the same process of making butter, and believe it is common throughout the East.

At 9 o'clock it was evident, from the great improvement in cultivation, that we were approaching a large town. The vine was the most prominent growth, and the vineyards were large, and generally in excellent order. The mode of cultivation is peculiar. The vines are not trained on trees, as in Italy, nor upon stakes, as in France and Germany, but form rows of small black stumps from eighteen to twenty inches in height, from which the shoots put forth every spring, and, having yielded the vintage, are pruned off.

At 11 o'clock we entered the large town of Tyria, occupying probably the site of the ancient Tyrinthio. It is beautifully situated on the lower declivity of Mount Messogis, and is adorned with many clumps of luxuriant trees, growing in large open courts, and spreading their branches over the houses. Above all rise the swelling domes and slender minarets of many mosques. Though the place is exceedingly beautiful at a distance, we experienced, on a near approach, the disappointment which invariably awaits the traveller upon entering an Eastern town. The streets were narrow, crooked, and filthy; the houses of mud or wood, and of a frail and mean appearance; the groups of trees were not visible, being concealed within the courts, whose high blank walls bordered the narrow streets, many of

which were channels for the waste water of the fountains. We turned into the large and roughly-paved court of an old khan to obtain refreshment for ourselves and our horses. The servants brought us from the public oven an overdone sheep's head in a coarse black earthenware dish, some black but sweet bread, and a wooden canteen of bad wine. The whole was placed upon a coarse, dirty mat, that covered the floor of a small room at the entrance of the khan, and we squatted around it in the manner of the Turks. Having no knives, forks, or spoons, we pulled the food to pieces with our fingers and quickly devoured it, while a crowd stood around the door gaping at us. The table being cleared, we stretched ourselves upon the same matting, and slept until three o'clock, when we departed for Odemes, about fifteen miles farther up the river

Between Tyria and Odemes the valley was much better cultivated, and large herds of cattle, horses, and sheep were feeding under the care of half-naked, savage-looking herdsmen. During the afternoon we met a regiment of soldiers which appeared to be without officers, without order, without uniform ; some on foot, some mounted, occasionally two on a horse ; some with shoes, some without ; some very young, and all in miserable plight. They seemed like a straggling portion of a routed army retreating in haste. So decayeth the empire of the Turk.

From Tyria to Odemes the road crossed the Cayster several times ; we found it a clear, bold stream, about seventy-five feet wide. Odemes is situated in the plain near the foot of Mount Tmolus, in the midst of extensive orchards and vineyards. Though not so large, it is much more commercial than Tyria, and has one of the best khans in the East. This induced us to turn a

little out of the direct road to Philadelphia, for we felt the need of one good night's rest. The khan, indeed, was good, but, unfortunately, we arrived too late to obtain provisions from the bazars, as they were closed at dusk. However, a light supper made profound sleep, and we rose in the morning very much refreshed.

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CHAPTER XVII.

PHILADELPHIA.—LAODICEA.

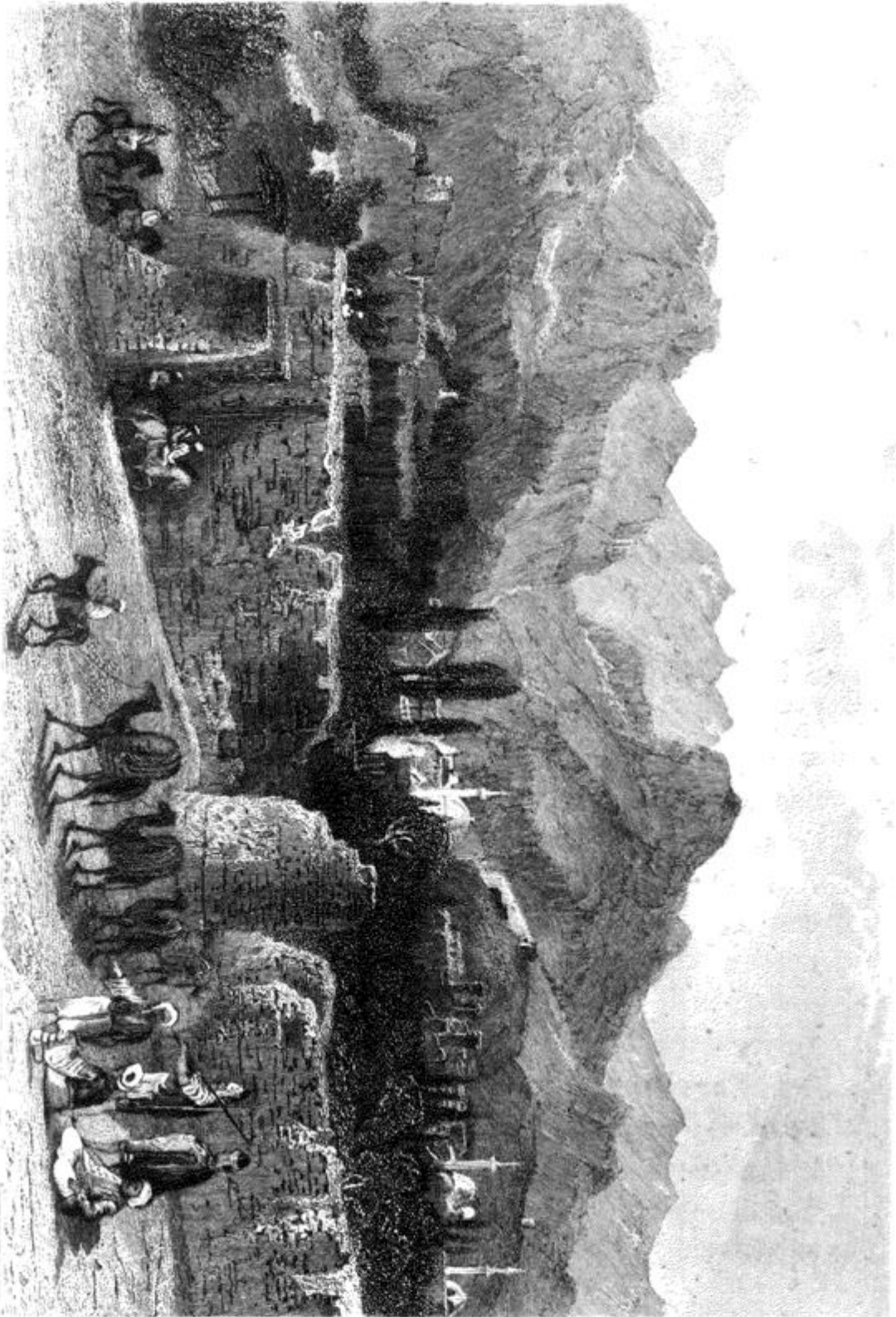
From Odemes to Philadelphia.—Fortifications.—A Paltry Palace.—Associations.—Promises to the Church of Philadelphia.—Their Fulfilment.—Corruptions of Worship.—Reverence of the Turks for Philadelphia.—Failure to visit Laodicea.—Brief Account from Chandler.—History of the Church in Laodicea.—Its present Desolation.

FROM Odemes the road to Philadelphia ascends the Valley of the Cayster, and turns the eastern extremity of Mount Tmolus, upon the declivity of which, amid gardens, vineyards, and orchards, is situated the city of Philadelphia.

As seen at a distance, it is extremely beautiful, and its turreted walls and overhanging Acropolis, though rent, and in some places thrown down, still give it an air of strength and importance. These walls and fortifications belong to the time of the lower empire, perhaps to the period of the Turkish invasion, when this city alone of all the Greek towns resisted the arms of Bajazet and secured an honourable capitulation. The entrance is through a rent in the wall rather than through a portal; and the passage through the narrow, dirty, ill-built streets to the bishop's palace effectually dispels from the traveller's mind the pleasing images with which history and the first glance at the city from a distance may have inspired him. The palace, where all Christian travellers find a warm welcome, is a very ordinary house, of some half dozen rooms, whose only furniture is a plain divan running around each.

Seated amid the fallen walls of the Acropolis, and

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recalling its past history, the traveller cannot read without emotion the epistle of Jesus, by his servant John, to the angel of the Church in Philadelphia: "I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name. Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth."

The promise of Divine interposition in the hour of temptation is the distinguishing feature in this letter of Jesus to the Philadelphians; and wonderfully has it been fulfilled for the last eighteen hundred years. The candlestick has never been removed; the angel of the Church has always been there. The altar of Jesus has been often shaken, both by the imperial pagan power, when Philadelphia supplied eleven martyrs as companions to Polycarp in the flames at Smyrna, and by the arms of the False Prophet, when Bajazet and Tamerlane swept over Asia Minor like an inundation; yet it has never been overthrown. The crumbling walls of twenty ruined churches, and the swelling domes and towering minarets of a dozen mosques, attest the hours of fiery temptation; yet three thousand Christian Greeks, and a half a dozen churches still kept in repair, and still vocal with praise to Jesus, attest that he has been faithful to his promise: "I also will keep thee in the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." Ephesus is desolate, and without a Christian temple or altar; Laodicea is without inhabitant, except the foxes and jackals that prowl amid her circus and her theatres; Sardis is represented by one Turkish and one Greek hut; a handful of

down-trodden Greek Christians worship in a subterranean chapel at Pergamus ; but, in the language of Gibbon, "Philadelphia alone has been saved by prophecy or courage. At a distance from the sea, forgotten by the emperor, encompassed on all sides by the Turks, SHE only among the Greek colonies and churches of Asia is still erect—a column in a scene of ruins."

While the Christian traveller is struck with the wonderful preservation of the fundamental Christian faith and worship in Philadelphia, he is saddened when he enters the ancient sanctuaries and witnesses the worship of the Virgin and the adoration of saints, whose rude portraits hang on the walls. Nor is his sadness relieved when he hears the offices of his holy religion performed in a tongue unknown to the people, who speak the Turkish language only, while the Church service is in ancient Greek. Mr. Arundel was present in the principal church on Palm Sunday, when the bishop performed the service : he says, "I could not help shedding tears at contrasting the unmeaning mummery with the pure worship of primitive times, which probably had been offered on the very site of the present church. A single pillar, evidently belonging to a much earlier structure, reminded me of the reward of victory promised to the faithful member of the Church of Philadelphia: "Him that overcometh will I make a *pillar* in the temple of my God, and he shall no more go out ; and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God ; and I will write upon him my new name."

No ancient remains here attract the attention of the traveller. As the city has always had an active population, and has suffered the calamities of earthquakes and wars in common with others in this vicinity, the fine build-

ings of ancient times have disappeared, their foundations being buried deep in the earth, and their materials broken up and worked into the modern houses. Every well that is dug, every stream or rain-torrent from the mountain that displaces the soil of Asia Minor, uncovers ancient walls, pavements, or marbles, and sometimes disturbs the long-lost and totally forgotten abodes of the dead.

From the introduction of Christianity to the present time, Philadelphia has been believed to be under the peculiar protection of God. The Turks reverence it, and call it Allah Sher, or *City of God*; and the wealthy and religious oftentimes bring their dead from a distance, even from Constantinople, to lay them in its vast cemetery. When the traveller departs from Philadelphia, his predominant feeling is, that God, who has so wonderfully preserved his Church there, designs to make the city the centre from which Lydia again shall receive the light and the glory of the Gospel of the Son of God.

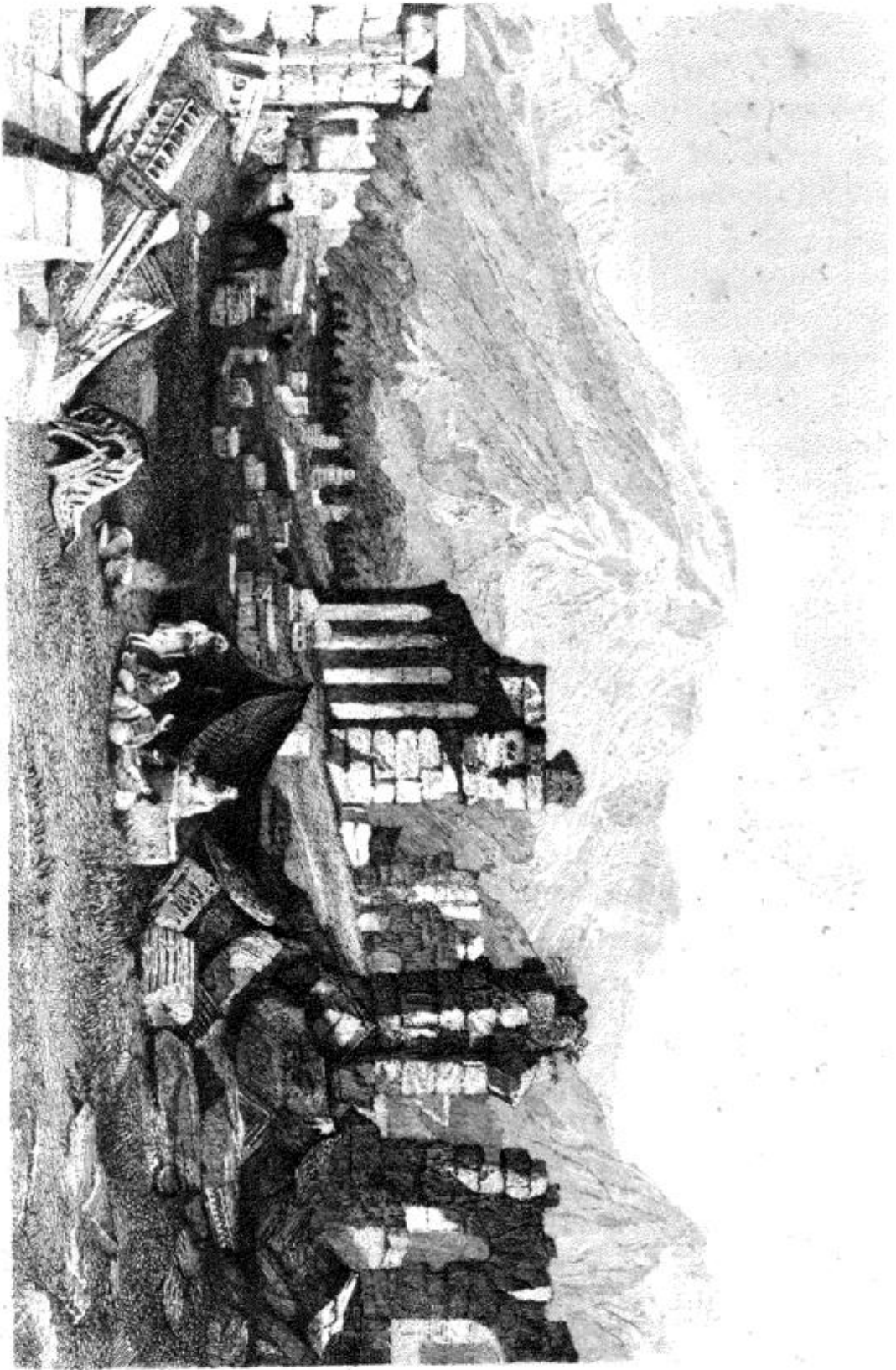
I was very anxious to visit Laodicea, which is situated upon the head-waters of the Meander, nearly two days' travel southeast of Philadelphia; but the heavy rains had swollen the rivers, and, besides, it was extremely doubtful whether we could reach the next boat at the Dardanelles if we ascended the Meander from Ephesus to Laodicea, and thence crossed Mount Mesogis to Philadelphia. I therefore reluctantly abandoned my former design, and must request the reader to be satisfied with the following notice, collected from authentic sources.

Laodicea, once the queen of Phrygia, is called by the Turks Eski-Hissar, or the Old Castle. It was situated on several hills of volcanic origin, the principal of which is described by travellers as covered from its summit

to its base with ruined arches, broken pillars, and remnants of magnificent buildings. The only living creatures that occupy the melancholy spot are wolves, jackals, and foxes. Beneath the hills and the plain are the smouldering remains of the ancient volcanoes that so often desolated the district and destroyed the city, and which yet render the air *lukewarm*. Alluding to this remarkable fact, Chandler says, "To a country such as this, how awfully appropriate is the message of Jesus, by his servant John, to the angel of the Church of Laodicea: 'I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. So, then, because thou art *lukewarm*, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth.'"

Often as the city was overthrown by earthquakes, or ravaged by war, it always rose again, and became "rich, and increased in goods," until, in the eleventh century, the Turk set his iron foot upon it. From that time it became the scene of war, and was successively possessed by the Moslems, the Greek emperors, and the Crusaders on their way to Palestine. Finally, the withering dominion of the Mohammedans settled upon the city, and, lo! she has disappeared, and with her the Church which Paul had planted, and for which he repeatedly expressed deep concern, as if he had a presentiment that she would become vain, and say, "I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing;" and blind also, so as not to know that she was "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." All that is known of her subsequent history attests that she heeded not the "counsel" of Jesus, who said to her, "Buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eye-salve, that thou mayest

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see. Be zealous, therefore, and repent."—(*Rev.*, iii., 18, 19.) And because they heeded not, "The doom of excommunication was pronounced by the Saviour; their separation from the pale of the Church, as something nauseous and loathsome, was threatened; and, after a lengthened course of vicissitudes and humiliation, they have been blotted from the map of nations and from the family of God. A prospect of mouldering sarcophagi, dilapidated theatres and circuses, and half-entombed ruins, meets the eye of the occasional visiter; and the wind, sighing over the hill of Laodicea, with the melancholy cry of the jackal, are the only sounds which break in upon the solitude."

CHAPTER XVIII.

SARDIS.

Dhergee.—Its romantic Situation.—Valley of Soupetran.—Approach to the Plain of Sardis.—The City.—Disappointment.—Acropolis.—The Amphitheatre.—Ruins of the Church of St. John.—Of the Church of the Virgin.—Rude Lodgings.—Palace of Cræsus.—Disappearance of Building Materials.—Pactolus.—Columns of the Temple of Cybele.—Sardian Cemetery.—Mounds.—Desolation of Sardis.

ANXIOUS to ascend Mount Tmolus, and pass through the elevated valley of Soupetran on our way to Sardis, we repaired to the large Greek town of Dhergee, about two hours from Odemes. It is romantically situated on both sides of a deep gorge which descends from Tmolus, and through which, as we passed it, a headlong torrent was rushing, carrying the rocks far into the plain, and scattering them amid the extensive olive-groves. Over the torrent extended several bridges, by which the two parts of the town communicated with each other. Under the wide-spreading trees that lined the banks were rude stages, beneath which the rushing floods resounded, delighting the groups of noisy smokers. Orientals always love the conjunction of shade and falling water. Amid these luxuries of nature the Turk is silent, but the Greek talks incessantly. From the upper end of the town, a difficult zigzag path, worn deep into the rock, leads directly up the face of the mountain.

In two hours from Dhergee we attained the summit, at the head of Soupetran, one of the most beautiful romantic mountain valleys I have ever seen. It is well watered, adorned with fine trees, covered with rich

pasturage, and reminds the traveller of an English park. Hither the pastoral Turkomans drive their flocks in summer, here pitch their tents, and exhibit to the stranger a lively picture of the most primitive manners.

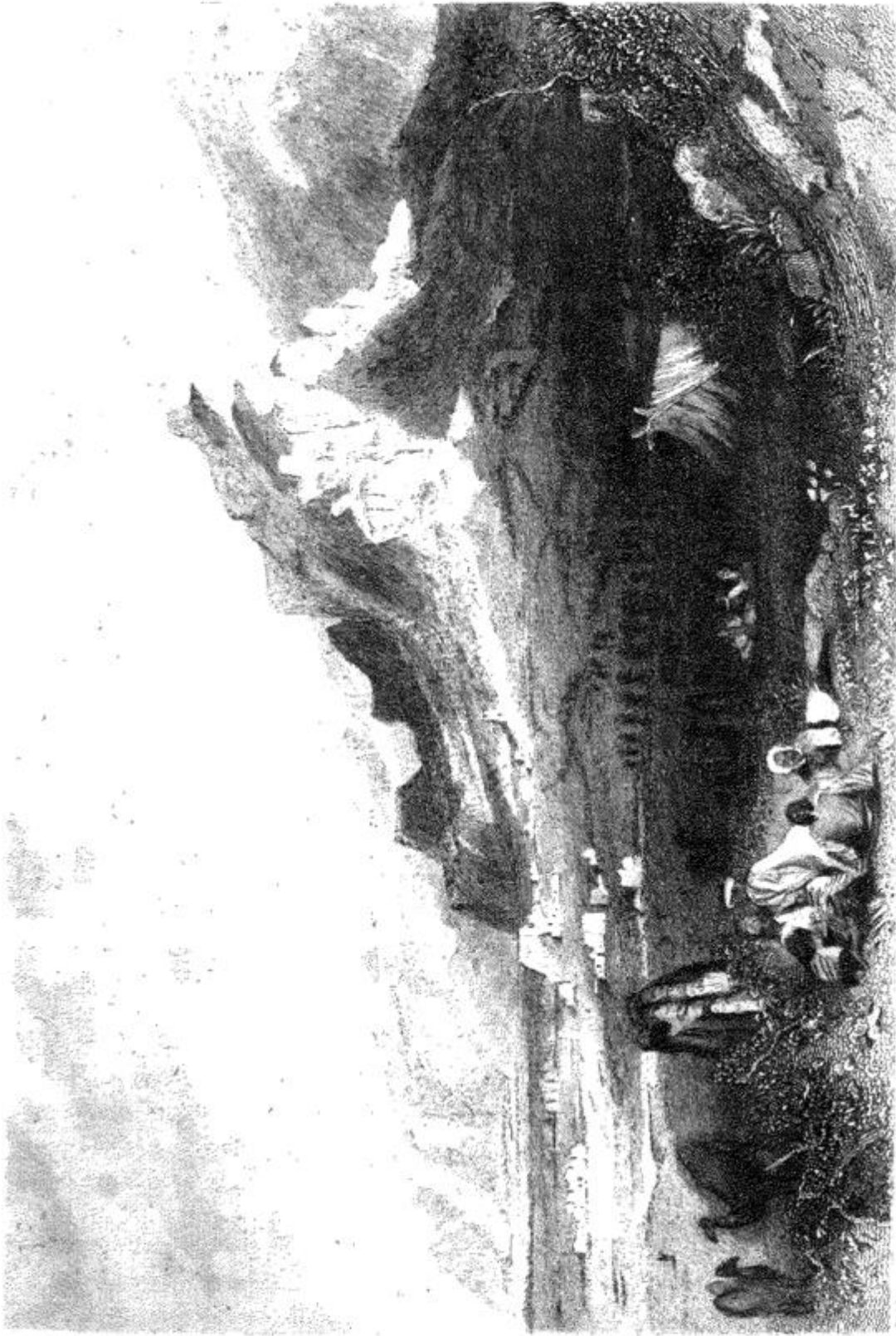
The valley is perhaps half a mile wide at the south where we entered, and descends rapidly towards the north until it sinks down into a deep, thickly-wooded glen, through which the roaring torrent rushes unseen until it leaps out into the Plain of Sardis, and is lost in the Hermus. We descended the valley for two hours, while the mountains on both sides seemed to increase in height as we rapidly sunk down with the dell. At length we began to rise obliquely over the mountains to the left, and having attained a great height, the Plain of Sardis suddenly opened upon us, covered with moving masses of mist, which caused the beautiful expanse to be checkered over with fields of sunshine and shade.

We now began to descend the mountains obliquely to the northwest, and soon came upon the subordinate hills of sand, gravel, and red clay, which are seated upon the lower declivities of the north side of Tmolus, and skirt the plain. Early in the afternoon, on the summit of one of these, we observed the remains of massive walls; at the same time, our guide exclaimed, *The Acropolis of Sardis*. It is impossible to tell what the traveller, whom history and religion have inspired, feels when first he looks upon one of these most ancient and celebrated scenes of great men and great events. There before me was Sardis, whose origin is lost in the gloom of gray antiquity. The mightiest armies of ancient times had encamped in the plain upon the banks of the Hermus, and there decided the fate of kingdoms and empires. Inexhaustible wealth had been gathered

into the capital of Cræsus, and given the name of *golden* to the little Pactolus, that washed the western wall of the city. Amid this splendour and power the banner of the Cross had been unfurled, and Sardis became one of the Seven Churches of Asia. It was its connexion with early Christianity that had taken me there. I felt disappointed. It was more desolate and utterly destroyed than Ephesus. We hastened forward and passed a rude mill, soon approached the northeastern base of the Acropolis Hill, up which yet ran the old city wall. Entering where was once a gate, we found substructions ridging the ground, and open arches mining the hill. Close on our left, upon the declivity, swept inward and upward a vast amphitheatre, the abutments of whose proscenium and stoa impended over us, but the magnificent columns and fine marble seats were gone. A little farther west were the four huge square buttresses upon which once rose the dome of the Church of St. John; all besides was gone. To the right were to be seen portions of the walls, and the square bases of the interior pillars of the Church of the Virgin. The only human habitations in sight were two rude cabins, the one a Turkish coffee-shop, and the other a Greek khan. It seemed impossible to realize that we were in the midst of Sardis. We took up our quarters with the Greek at about four o'clock in the afternoon.

My fellow-travellers, being tired, and their clothes wet by a heavy rain that had caught us in the mountains, remained by a blazing fire. I took a sprightly Greek for a guide, and, though wet to the skin, set off westward for the Gerusia, which tradition has designated as the *Palace of Cræsus*. It was half a mile distant from the khan, and the path led amid ancient foundations, the materials of whose superstructures have

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T. Allen.

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totally disappeared, but whither or by what means I cannot conjecture. No new city, as at Ephesus, arose in the neighbourhood to require them; and Sardis is too far from the sea to support the hypothesis of their distant transportation. Possibly they were built of sun-dried bricks, as are the houses in Damascus, and hence quickly perished when allowed to fall into decay. But in this case mounds would have been formed as on the sites of ancient Egyptian cities. Perhaps the material was wood, as are the houses at Constantinople, and may have been consumed by the population of the declining city and the villages in the vicinity. Be this as it may, with the exception of a few massive substructions and walls, all have disappeared. Among those which remain are the foundations and three vast apartments of the Gerusia, or Palace of Cræsus. The foundations are of Cyclopean masonry, as the temple-terrace at Balbec, and the Gymnasium at Ephesus, and are evidently of early Greek origin. But the remains of the apartments are as clearly Roman, having the same thick *tile* walls and arches as the remains of the Empire at Rome, and strikingly resembling the remnants of the Palace of Nero on the Palatine Hill, and the ruins of the magnificent Baths of Caracalla. It is impossible to conjecture the purpose and character either of the original building, or of the subsequent one erected on its foundations. Immediately west of it is the vast circular wall of a Roman amphitheatre.

I was now upon the banks of the golden Pactolus, which, swollen to a furious torrent by the rains in the mountains, rushed headlong from a gorge in Tmolus. It brings no gold now, for the busy population that once dwelt on its banks, and covered the declivity of the Acropolis, have ceased to be, and so has the gold which

their manufactures and commerce produced. I followed up the right bank of the noisy stream, passing through little groups of black tents, hid in the retired dells which descend from the Acropolis. My valiant Greek led the way, and occasionally drew his yatagan to keep the shepherds' dogs at bay. In ten minutes I was in the midst of a field of grain, at the base of the Acropolis Hill, whose ruins impended over my head at the height of 500 or 600 feet, with the Pactolus before me, bounded on the opposite side by a lofty and precipitous mountain. Here, in this romantic and solitary vale, I sat down at the base of the two lone pillars of the celebrated Temple of Cybele. They stand exactly as the architect placed them 2400 years ago, still bearing aloft their beautiful capitals, one of which is a little displaced, perhaps by the shock of an earthquake; and the bases are buried five feet under the soil. Their fellows lay prostrate around them, and the rank grain was waving over their disjointed sections. As I gazed on these two lone columns, standing erect amid the surrounding desolation, delight and sadness alternately possessed me. They are the most perfect specimens known to exist of the pure Ionic, produced when Grecian taste was at its height. There they stand, amid an unbroken solitude, voiceless yet eloquent witnesses of the genius and power of the ancient Greeks.

The sun was fast declining, and I leaped down from one of the fallen capitals on which I had seated myself to survey the scene, and ascending northeast over the descending ridges of the Acropolis, soon gained the upper slopes on its northern side. Here, on an elevated plateau, I sat down on the grass, under the almost perpendicular precipices of the mountain, crowned with the remains of the ancient fortifications, and cast my

eyes over the site of the city which once girded the mountain and stretched away into the plain. Two or three miles distant was the river Hermus, and beyond it, extending east and west along its northern bank, a high and comparatively level tract, dividing the river on the south from the Gygean Lake on the north. On this elevated plateau, in full view of the city, was the vast cemetery of the Sardians. Their sepulchres remain to this day, and will ever remain. They are mounds of earth, most beautifully and regularly formed cones, some from thirty to forty feet diameter, and from twenty to thirty feet in height; others more than a thousand feet in diameter, and rising from 150 to 200 feet. The largest rest on solid platforms of massive masonry, the smaller on foundations of well-burnt brick. They look like artificial mountains, and are covered to their summits with smooth and beautiful greensward, upon which flocks of sheep and goats feed. Their number is very great even yet, spreading over a space of five or six miles east and west, and at least two north and south.* From the site of the ancient city they still form one of the most unique and imposing scenes ever beheld; and when Sardis was in her glory, every one of her sons from his own dwelling could cast his eyes upon the graves of her great and good. Pre-eminent among them still stands the mound described by Herodotus as the monument which Cræsus raised to the honour of his father Halyattes.

As the gloom of evening came on, and rendered still more impressive the solitude and desolation which reigned around me, I read the epistle which Jesus sent by his servant John to the "Church at Sardis," and *felt* the force of these words: "*Thou hast a name that thou*

* It is still called the *Place of a Thousand Tombs*.

livest and art dead." This is remarkably true both of the city and the Church. It was sad to think, that of the "few names even in Sardis which had not defiled their garments," not even one was left. Nowhere is the impression of total abandonment, of profound and unbroken solitude—the stillness of death—so deeply made upon the mind of the wanderer among the ruins of ancient cities in Asia Minor, as at Sardis. An impression prevails among the Turks that the place is unwholesome: "Every man," say they, "who builds a house in Sardis dies;" and, accordingly, they avoid it. A few wandering Turkomans dwell about the ruins in little black tents, and these are all the human inhabitants of the once splendid metropolis of Lydia. With saddened feelings I closed the book, and returned to my humble lodgings, and having taken some refreshment, rolled myself up in my coverlet, lay down on a mat before the fire, and slept soundly.

CHAPTER XIX.

THYATIRA.

Dismissal of Greek Servant.—Leave Sardis.—The Hermus.—Lose our Way.—The Gygean Lake.—A Praying Moslem.—Marmora.—The Khan.—Greek Dance.—Ruins.—Tumuli.—Plain of Thyatira.—Modern Town of Aksa.—Its Thriving Appearance.—Trade.—Causes of its Prosperity.—Difficulty of Identifying Sacred Places.—Mosques.—Population.—Worship in Greek and Armenian Churches.

IN the morning our Greek servant was unwell; and, to my great surprise, I found that he had been plotting with our surrogees, or grooms, not to start early, and to travel but six hours to Marmora, instead of ten to Aksa, the ancient Thyatira. As he had done us but little service since we arrived in Jerusalem, and his health seemed such as to render it probable he could do us but little more, except on steamboats and in quarantine, where we had not much need of him, we dismissed him, and sent him to Smyrna, fourteen hours distant. The surrogees were now ready and willing to proceed to Aksa; so, taking a guide through the marshy grounds extending to the river, and then another, who stripped to the buff, and waded through the swollen stream, leading our luggage horse, while we followed, at nine o'clock we were among the tumuli, already described as the tombs of the ancient Lydians. The Hermus is a broad but shallow stream, and was so swollen by recent rains as to reach half up our saddle-skirts as we crossed.

The direct road to Aksa crosses the river some distance to the west of the place where we forded it, and, bearing north by west, strikes the western end of the Gygean Lake. Our guides, being out of the path upon

crossing the river at an unusual place, became confused, and bore north by east, and thus struck the lake near its eastern end. They were lost for four hours, during which time we literally wandered *among the tombs*, both ancient and comparatively modern; the former being the tumuli of the old Lydians, the latter cemeteries of the Mohammedan population, which has long since disappeared from the Sardian plains. Nowhere did I feel so forcibly the desolate condition of Asia Minor, as when I sat amid the foundations of Sardis, crossed those plains, now without an inhabitant, on which Cyrus, Xerxes, Darius, Alexander, Antiochus, and the Roman had marshalled their millions of warriors, and decided the fate of empires; and wandered amid those vast cemeteries which, for 2500 years, received the successive generations of cities and towns, of which now not a vestige remains. We travelled for two hours along the bank of the Gygean Lake, in whose shallow waters grow fields of tall, beautiful reeds, of which great quantities of matting are made, and distributed through the country. The position and appearance of the lake, together with the formation of the valley around, have led some to suppose that the high ground on which the sepulchral tumuli are placed, and the tumuli themselves, have been raised from the material taken from its bed. I could not learn that it has any outlet.

As we had lost four hours by missing our way, it became necessary to lodge at Marmora, a good Greek village in a valley extending northwest from the lake. In passing up the valley, I noticed by the roadside a Moslem shepherd performing his devotions amid his flock. He had put off his shoes, spread his sheepskin on the ground, and was prostrating himself so devoutly that he did not even look up at the passing Franks.

Our khan at Marmora was, as usual, built around an open court, on the side of which farthest from the street we found an unusually clean room. As we were drinking tea out of our tin cups at dusk, we heard the sound of music in the court, and, on going out, I found a company of perhaps twenty young men singing and dancing in a circle around one of their companions, who was playing on a violin. They sung and danced alternately, while the old men and gay maidens of the village looked on with pleasure and approbation. It was the dance of the Palikar, the peculiar martial dance of the Greeks. Their hands were joined, and sometimes their arms locked; and he who stood at the head of the group controlled the movement apparently by violent gesticulations with his right hand, which he kept free. The prevailing step was quick, short, and violent, as was the whole action of the body. The spirit of the music, as well as of the dance, was strikingly martial.

Next morning I took a rapid survey of the town, and found everywhere the comminuted remains of former grandeur. Fragments of marbles were scattered about the streets, built into the ordinary dwellings, and wrought into gravestones to adorn the over-crowded cemeteries. Occasionally were seen, uncovered by the gradual removal of the soil in the streets and roads, the conduits, formed of earthenware cylinders, as at Jerusalem and on the declivity above Sardis, for supplying water to a city which has disappeared, while the vast necropolis at hand attests its populousness.

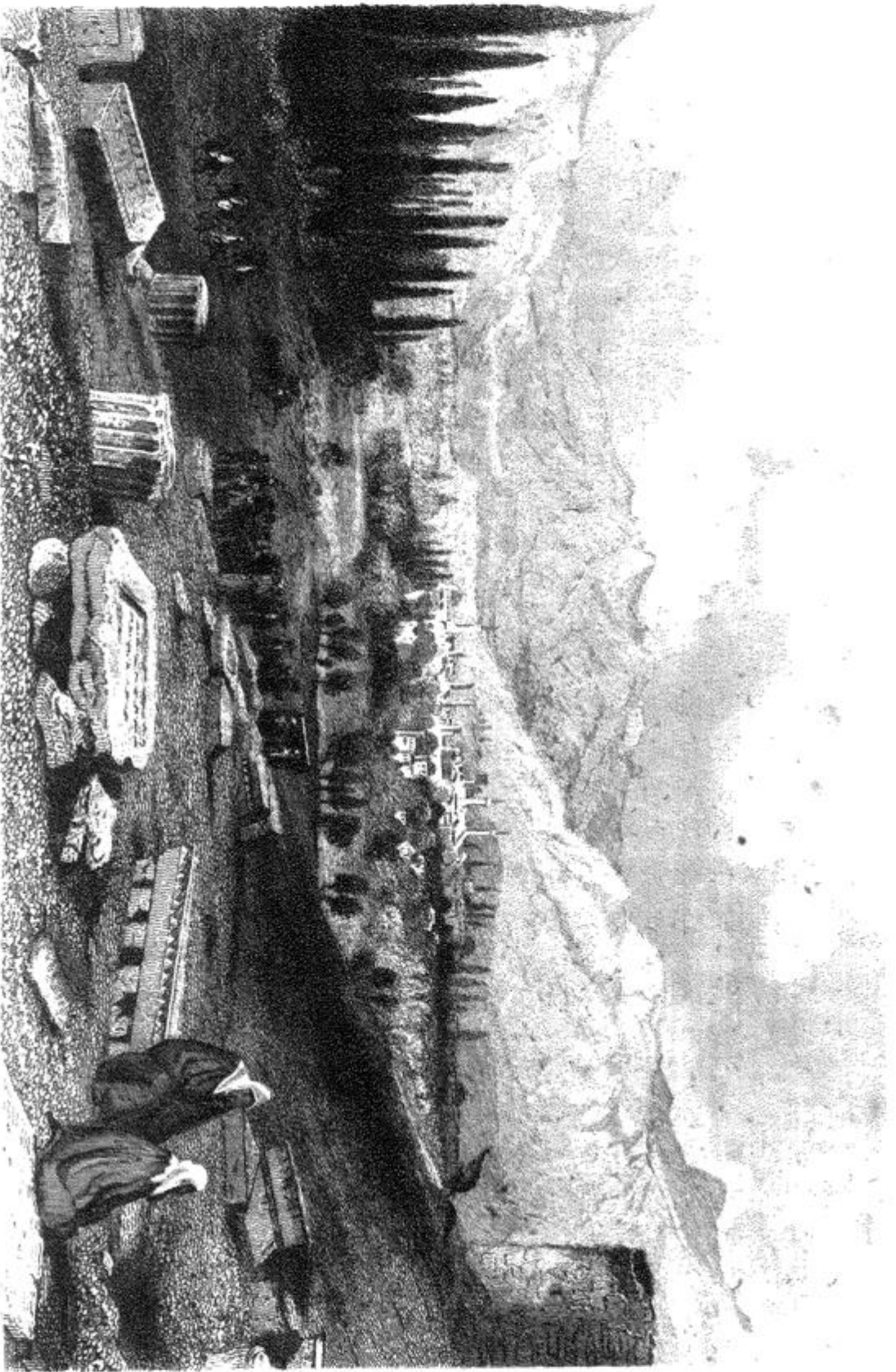
As we departed for Ak-hissar, the ancient Thyatira, nearly five hours distant, the rain fell in torrents. The road lay through a narrow lateral valley, connecting the Plain of Marmora with that of Thyatira. Near the junction of the plains stand three large tumuli, similar to

those at Sardis. The gloomy forests of cypress-trees, which shade the interminable cemeteries that surround the city, were visible two hours before we reached the town. The plain in which it stands is not large, nor apparently very fertile, but surrounded by gray, desolate mountains, through which there are several passages by numerous valleys. The traveller in Asia Minor finds himself so constantly amid ruins, that he is predisposed, at first sight, to consider two dilapidated windmills on a rising ground on his right hand to be the remaining towers of some ancient fortification or castle.

At 12 o'clock, five hours from Marmora, we entered the town of Aksa, and found it large and business-like. The khan was very large, and the area filled with camels and donkeys, the porticoes with boxes and bales of goods, and the airy and cleanly apartments occupied by groups of merchants and travellers, some of them richly dressed and equipped. We seated ourselves on some clean mats to be shaved and to dine. In the first case, the hand of the barber supplied the place of a brush, and in the other, our fingers that of knives and forks.

Immediately after dinner I took a walk through the town, and was surprised at its extent and the appearance of business. The bazars are large, and well supplied with both Oriental and European goods, but the latter are evidently driving the former out of the market. The town contains about 1200 houses, of which 400 belong to the Greeks, 30 or 40 to Armenians, and the remainder to the Turks. There was an unusual profusion of broken marbles lying in the streets, worked into the mud walls of the houses, or used in the construction of mosques and baths, and in adorning the cemeteries. Along many streets flowed an abundance of most delicious soft water, which, since the days of

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T. Allom.

THE CITY OF THYATIRA
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“Lydia, a seller of purple of the city of Thyatira”—(Acts, xvi., 14), has been celebrated for its excellence in the process of dying. The manufacturing skill of its inhabitants, its situation on the great thoroughfare from Constantinople to Smyrna, together with its salubrity, have preserved a large and active population on the same spot for more than twenty-five centuries.

The Christian traveller feels disappointed at Ak-hissar. He finds nothing that he can identify with the Apocalyptic Church; no spot where he may sit down and say, Here the first Thyatirian Christians read the Epistle which Jesus sent to them, saying, “I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works; and the last to be more than the first. Notwithstanding, I have a few things against thee.” The very site of the ancient church of the venerable Apostle John is a matter of doubt. Two places claim the honour: one just without the town, near the Turkish cemetery, where is a mound formed apparently by the rubbish of former edifices; the other in the town, near the little Armenian church, where several handsome columns lie buried in a common sewer. Towering proudly above both of these places are now seen the domes and minarets of a dozen mosques, devoted to the worship of the False Prophet. The Church of Thyatira did not heed the remarkable promise which Jesus made to her on condition of fidelity, “He that overcometh and keepeth my works unto the end, to him will I give power over the nations, and I will give him the morning star.” Instead of obtaining the ascendancy, the iron heel of the oppressor has been upon her neck for centuries; and her light, instead of being “the morning star,” is a dimly-twinkling meteor, shining fitfully and faintly amid the Greek and Armenian communities.

The Greek population may be about 1500, the Armenian perhaps 200. Each has a small church, and that of the Greeks is respectable, compared with their churches generally in Asia Minor ; but how profound is the darkness which envelops them may be inferred from the following description of an eyewitness, a clergyman of the Church of England : " On Sunday morning we attended matins, which commenced soon after sunrise. A screen, covered with paintings of the Virgin and child, and numerous saints, separates the vestry from the choir, which was then overflowing with people ; but the service was performed with much irreverence, and in ancient Greek, which was unintelligible to the congregation. As soon as it was concluded, every one present rushed up to the screen and began to kiss the pictures ; first the men who had occupied the nave, and then the women who had filled the galleries ; afterward the priest distributed from a large platter pieces of bread cut into cubes of half an inch, which were greedily snatched and eaten, the people crossing themselves repeatedly while scrambling and laughing in the most indecorous manner." The same clergyman entered the obscure Armenian church. The " priest was sitting on a carpet, reading the Gospel in his own tongue : two men and some boys were present ; and in a gallery screened by trellis-work, as in Jewish synagogues, several women, their faces veiled, were listening to the reading of the Word."

Yet even Thyatira has been visited by modern evangelism. The Bible agent has been there, and left copies of the Word of God ; and the missionary has passed through, and left at least some passages of Scripture on cards, which hang up in a school where some hundred and fifty Greek boys and girls are taught.

CHAPTER XX.

PERGAMUS.

Two Roads from Thyatira to Pergamus. — The Mountain-route preferred. — Yaiekoee. — Pleasant Lodgings. — Comforts indeed. — Flourishing Appearance of the Town. — A strange Introduction. — Cordial Welcome. — A Greek Family. — Ornaments of Coin. — Kenik. — An Embarrassment. — Reach Pergamus on Foot. — Situation of Pergamus. — Memorials of Grecian Dominion. — Of Roman Sway. — Theatre. — Temple of Æsculapius. — Immense Amphitheatre. — Christian Antiquities. — Present Condition of Christianity. — Population. — Mosque. — Church of St. John. — Massive Remains. — Moslem Tradition. — Modern Church. — Modern Town of Bergama. — Trade. — Taxes. — Depreciation of the Currency.

THERE are two roads from Thyatira to Pergamus, each of which may be accomplished easily in two days. The one which is the longest, yet most commonly travelled, because level, bears to the right, around the eastern end of Mount Temnus, and thence descends the valley of the Caicus northwest to Bergama, the ancient Pergamus. The other bears northwest by Yaiekoee, three hours from Thyatira, and from thence directly over Mount Temnus to Kenik, where it falls into the first road. Preferring the mountain route, we departed for Yaiekoee, where we arrived in the afternoon, and found very pleasant lodgings with a Greek, who was a relative of Theodore, our courier. The house was built around a small court, and, though not large, nor of any great pretensions externally, was well furnished inside, particularly two of the rooms, which were provided with rich carpets, handsome divans, and luxurious cushions. The largest of these was assigned to the strangers. In a few minutes a fine, buxom-looking young woman brought in sweetmeats and rakee, and then deli-

cious coffee. She seemed exceedingly anxious to serve us with proper respect, and I took her to be the maid, but she proved to be the mistress of the house. Dinner was served on a large, circular, brightly-polished iron tray, that seemed as if it might have descended in the family for centuries. It was placed on a stool twelve or fourteen inches high. Four plates were laid on it, each having a snow-white napkin, while a long towel trailed around the edge of the tray for the use of the hands. We took our seats on the carpet, leaning around in one another's bosom somewhat in the Oriental manner. After coffee in the evening the mistress came in, drew aside a curtain from a large bank of shelves, and took from thence soft and clean mattresses, coverlets, and pillows, with which she made us such beds as we had not enjoyed since we left the French hotel in Cairo. We experienced the same kindness in the morning, and yet we could not prevail on her to accept compensation; and we forcibly left it, saying, if she would not enjoy it herself, she should at least have the pleasure of bestowing it on whom she pleased—perhaps on the humble church that was just without the court. The father of this interesting family was a schoolmaster.

The son of my host, a sprightly lad, volunteered to become my cicerone, and under his guidance I sallied forth to see the town. It is situated on the southern slope of Mount Temnus, and contains a population of 2500 or 3000, nearly all of whom are Greeks, and among them many rich families, which dwell in large, gay houses, that strikingly contrast with the dwellings generally in Asia Minor, and remind the traveller of the vicinity of Constantinople. They are built around large courts, and have projecting eaves, which are frequently turned upward, after the manner of the Chinese, and

fantastically painted in gay colours. The interior of these dwellings is as strikingly airy and gay as the exterior, as I had an opportunity of observing under the following circumstances. My young cicerone opened a gate in a high blank wall, and ushered me into a paved court. I hesitated, but he boldly advanced, and motioned me to ascend into the portico. I still hesitated at the foot of the fine bank of steps, when an elderly lady appeared at the top, and, in the most cordial and winning manner, beckoned me to ascend. She received me with great affability, and conducted me to a fine room furnished with broad, rich divans, and bade me be seated. As I remained standing, she signified to me to follow her, and we ascended to the second story, where I found a suite of finer and still more richly-furnished rooms, in one of which we were offered seats. In a few moments a handsome young woman, with a babe on her uncovered bosom, entered the room. She was evidently the daughter-in-law of the old lady, and mistress of the house. She made a desperate and continued effort to make me understand her modern Greek; she motioned, emphasized, looked, smiled, and at last, laughing outright, gave her babe to a pretty, young, barefooted maid, who stood at a respectful distance, and ran away and brought a silver coffee-pot steaming with coffee, some delicious sweetmeats, and a richly-cut and gilded glass goblet full of rakee. I now fully comprehended that they wished me to partake of their hospitality. I could scarcely escape from them; and they accompanied me to the steps descending from the portico to the court, and dismissed me with strong expressions of their best wishes. It was one of the most wealthy and respectable families of the town, and the head of it had gone to Smyrna on business.

As I passed along the streets, I observed great quantities of gold coin hung in fillets about the heads, and in chains around the necks of the females, both maidens and married women. Indeed, there was an air of comfort and wealth among the people of Yaiekoee which I observed in no other interior town in Asia Minor. This is, perhaps, owing to the superior enterprise of the Greeks generally, and particularly to their retired situation in this place, so that they have escaped the grinding exactions of the Turks. This little town may perhaps suggest what the Greeks might become if once delivered from oppression, and allowed free scope for their acuteness and enterprise.

At eight o'clock we departed for Pergamus, and had a pleasant ride over the mountain six hours to Kenik, where, as at other towns, we dined in a little room at the entrance to the court of the khan. My horse had wellnigh given out, but, after an hour's rest, was able to depart at three o'clock for Pergamus, three hours distant. The road lay through the level plain of the Caicus, which we crossed by a bridge rapidly falling into decay. When two hours from the city my horse failed outright, and I dismounted, and drove him before me. My companions rode on, and left me to follow; but night came down upon me, and my horse came to a dead stand amid the vast and gloomy cemeteries which gird the city. As the animal refused to advance, I shouldered my quilt, and, leaving him by the wayside, made my way to the gate, where I found a man waiting for me, by order of my companions, to procure my admission, and conduct me to the khan. I made him understand that I had left my horse on the roadside, and, while he went in search of him, I sat down alone at the base of one of the massive brick towers of the venerable

Church of St. John. Upon the return of the man with my horse, he led the animal, and I goaded him on through the streets, and, at eight o'clock, entered the vast cotton khan of Bergama, and rejoined my fellow-travellers.

Pergamus is situated in the midst of three mountains, or, rather, lofty hills, the middle one being the highest, and crowned with the Acropolis; the other two advancing and falling back, the one to the right and the other to the left, each forming a flank to the city. The side of the city opposite to the Acropolis is open to the plain through which the Caicus, at a little distance, flows to the sea. In this quarter are the gloomy cemeteries where sleep the dead of 3000 years. Two barrows, or spherical tumuli, similar to those at Sardis and on the plains of Troy, indicate a common people and a common genius in a remote antiquity.

Three periods are remarkable in the history of Pergamus, the capital of Mysia, each of which has left its memorials: the dominion of the Greeks, the sway of the Romans, and the triumphs of Christianity. The Grecian remains of antiquity are confined to the Acropolis and the declivity immediately below it. The ruins of the fortification on the summit strike the traveller at a great distance; but when he examines them, like the Castle of Smyrna, he will find the substructions and lower courses only are referable to the dominion of the Greeks, perhaps to the reign of Lysimachus, who made the castle a stronghold, in which his wife and 9000 talents found safety during his absence, under the guardianship of his eunuch Thiletærus. The upper works are comparatively modern, and composed of the remains of demolished edifices. The ancient city occupied the declivities from the castle to the plain, and

must have been a magnificent sight when the Temple of Minerva stood just below the castle, to the southeast, upon a platform, whose perpendicular supporting wall is still a hundred feet in height, and whose area is strewn with broken marbles. A little lower down recently stood a battery, formed of the ruins of some magnificent edifice, whose marble columns were bored for guns, one of which is still there. In the principal public bath is yet to be seen one of the four unrivalled Pergamean vases, "the marble of which is very fine, and six inches thick. The interior diameter is forty-eight, the exterior sixty inches at the top. The outside is embossed in fine parallel lines, the centre and chief of which represent Amazons; the next, above and below, wreaths of flowers; and the two outer, lanceolate leaves. One of the four vases is in St. Sophia, Constantinople; another is at Brousa, and the fourth is lost." These are all the remains that can be referred to the Greeks, unless, indeed, the solid pavement which winds up to the Acropolis be their work.

Upon the death of Attalus the Third, 133 years before Christ, the Romans, on the authority of a real or forged will of the deceased monarch, took possession of the kingdom of Pergamus and reduced it to a province. Their powerful arm restored peace to Asia Minor, and with it came prosperity. The city extended itself from the Acropolis southward into the plain, and spread westward over the rapid Selinus and the high ridge which had bounded it heretofore in that direction. On the declivity of this ridge, in full view of the city, the Romans built their theatre, whose lofty arched portal still stands, though rent by earthquakes. Passing through it, the stranger finds himself in the midst of fractured walls, cracked arches, and sinking vaults, bound

together by the roots of vines and trees which now wave luxuriantly over them. Just below the theatre, near the Selinus, tradition assigns the site of the celebrated Temple of Esculapius, built on the spot where Galen was born. Not a vestige of the fane remains.

Descending the northwest slope of the ridge into a deep hollow which separates it from the mountains, we found the noblest Roman remain in Asia Minor. It is a naumachia amphitheatre, in the shape of a vast hollow cone turned base upward, and its truncated summit resting upon deep, massive arches, through which the water of the ravine flowed. Within its immense circumference, expanding, as it rises aloft, on a circular range of lateral arches, were constructed the seats on which the tens of thousands of citizens sat to witness the sports. When they wished to use it as an amphitheatre, the water was shut out, and made to flow away under the arches; when as a naumachia, the arches were closed, and the water rose in the vast area. The supply came from the upper portions of the Selinus, which rushes headlong from the mountains on the north, and was conducted by a fine aqueduct, many arches of which are still seen spanning the deep valley of the Selinus at the base of the Acropolis Hill on the northwest. The situation of this amphitheatre was exceedingly romantic: it was entirely secluded from the city, and imbosomed in lofty hills. The foundation and lateral arches, and the immense circles of stone seats, were still there. As I sat amid this remain rather than ruin, I felt oppressed with the profound silence which reigned where once resounded the acclamations of the multitude upon the fall of a gladiator or the sinking of a boat.

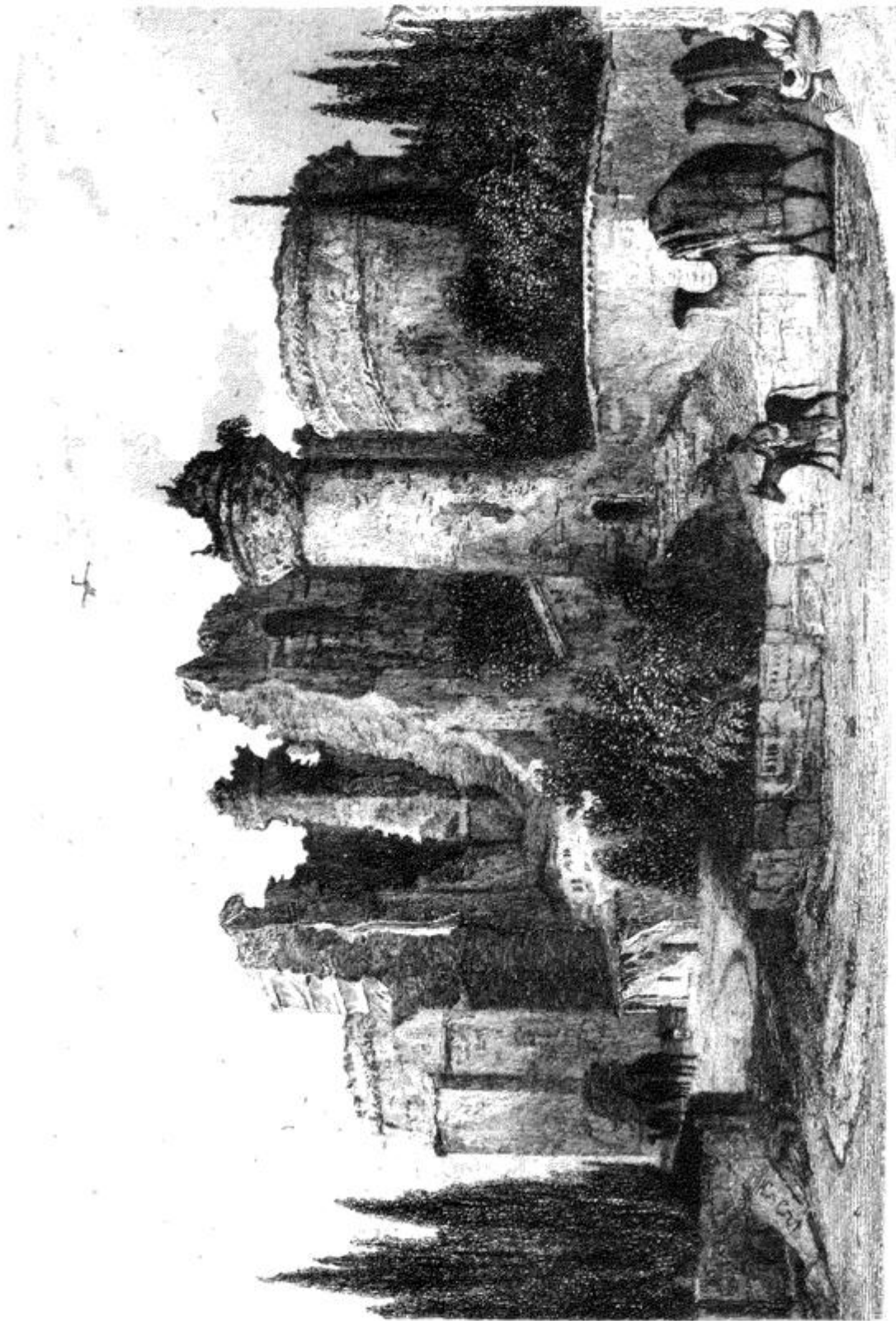
But that which interests the Christian reader most is

“the Church in Pergamus,” to which Jesus condescended to send an epistle by his servant John. In it is contained this honourable testimony : “I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan’s seat is : and thou holdest fast my name, and hast not denied my faith, even in those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you where Satan dwelleth.” In the second century the Church in Pergamus, together with the Church in Smyrna, sent the Gospel to their countrymen who had settled in the south of France, and founded the churches of Lyons and Vienne. They transmitted with the Gospel the patience of the saints, which was manifested during a cruel persecution in Gaul under Marcus Aurelius. The Pergamean and Smyranean apostles were the chief objects of popular fury, and nobly did they witness for Jesus. Attalus of Pergamus and Irenæus of Smyrna were of the noble band of blessed martyrs that refused to deny the name of Jesus even in the presence of the stake, and the famished wild beasts ready to devour them.

During a period of more than 1700 years, amid all the vicissitudes which have agitated and desolated Pergamus, there have been those amid her ruins who have not denied the name of Jesus ; and it is a matter of devout gratitude to God that the number is increasing. After centuries of the most grinding oppression, the bonds are beginning to be loosed, and the day is dawning once more which is the harbinger of the Sun of Righteousness, who shall arise again on Pergamus never more to set. The Greek population, which, not many years since, was but a handful, has increased recently to 1500, and the Armenian to 200. The Turkish is perhaps 10,000.

In the northwest part of the town, on the banks of

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T. Adom

J. F. Frohmann

REMAINS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, PERGAMUS.
HAINES & BROTHERS

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the Selinus, I sat down under the venerable walls of the Mosque of Santa Sophia, and felt that I was near the spot on which one of the Apocalyptic churches worshipped. As I read the Epistle to the Church in Pergamus, coming to the words, "In those days wherein Antipas was my faithful martyr, who was slain among you," I felt an irrepressible impulse to enter the mosque and look upon the tomb which tradition has consecrated to this honoured witness for Jesus, and which is venerated alike by Moslem and Christian. But the foot of the infidel might not enter this mosque of the faithful, and I was obliged to be contented with a survey of its antique walls of stone, and the three low *grass-covered* domes that seemed to press heavily upon it, as the foot of the Moslem has long pressed heavily upon the neck of the Christian in Asia Minor.

Repairing to the southeastern side of the city, I found the majestic ruin of the Church of St. John, at the base of one of whose towers I had sat down alone in the dark the evening on which I entered Pergamus. Although the traveller approaches it with his mind filled with thoughts of the Apocalyptic era, he finds himself suddenly busied with a comparison, that forces itself on his attention, between the loftiness, magnitude, and strength of these truly grand remains, and the diminutive and transient erections of the modern town. A single glance proclaims this cathedral to have been a fine specimen of ecclesiastical architecture of the Byzantine period, and the creation of imperial power. The general opinion is that it was built by Theodosius the Great. The material is hard-burnt brick. The great thickness and vast elevation of the walls, pierced with small windows semicircular at top; the massive projections at the front angles, and the remarkable round towers flank-

ing the front, and thirty feet distant from the angles, each enclosing a room forty feet in diameter and more than one hundred in height, finished with a dome, impart to the whole an air of great magnificence and strength. A community of storks have built their aerial nests on the summits of the walls and towers; cattle occupy the spacious nave; a potter makes his vile ware in one of the subterranean rooms; sometimes a Greek school is taught in the chancel, and amid the imperial ruins the Greek occasionally steals an hour of devotion, which revives within him the long-cherished hope that the Cross shall again be replaced on the heights of the towers, from whence, according to tradition, the Crescent was miraculously hurled at midnight, when the Moslem had converted the Cathedral into a mosque. The follower of the Prophet revered the Divine intervention, and, as he himself was forbidden to establish the religion of Mohammed within the sacred walls, he forbade the Christians to restore the worship of Jesus. Hence the sanctuary has fallen into decay, and become the habitation of unclean things.

From the Cathedral I ascended northward some distance up the declivity of the Acropolis, and there, in the midst of the humble Greek Quarter, I found a little chapel, the successor of the imperial sanctuary. One cannot enter it without shedding tears. It is more under than above ground. Indeed, it may be called a subterranean church, whose roof is earthed over, and whose rude, mildewed pictures of the Virgin and her son cannot be well seen at midday without the aid of a lamp. That heart must be of stone that could witness, without weeping, the poor, down-trodden Greek of Pergamus, as he pauses at the low door of this humble chapel, casts a look upon the towering remains of the

Cathedral of St. John, where his fathers worshipped, and then enters and prostrates himself before the humble altar, and passionately repeats, *Kyrie eleison* (*Lord have mercy on me*). Mr. Elliott says that the Greeks had permission, and were about to build a handsome new church in 1837, but our Greek cicerone gave us no information of this.

I have said but little of the modern town now called Bergama, because it differs nothing from other Turkish towns except in the extent of its population and its active trade. The bazars are large, and well supplied; but European goods are gradually driving out the domestic fabrics. Just within the great gate of the khan sat a board of tax-gatherers, to whom every article of domestic production of the most trifling kind, and in the smallest quantities, as soap, butter, flax, cotton, yarn, shoes, &c., was presented, examined, weighed, and stamped, and then taxed before it could be sold. That I might mingle more intimately with the scene, I approached to ask some paras in exchange for piastres. The arrivals and departures were incessant; yet the imperturbable Turk made no haste; each had to wait patiently his pleasure, and was not allowed to recover his handful of often worthless ware until the custom was paid in hand. This is one of the causes of the rapid decay of Turkey. Her own products are taxed much higher than the foreign article, and, of course, her own people cannot compete with strangers. The supplies for the country are derived from Europe, and the exchange on London, Paris, and Vienna is constantly rising, while, at the same time, the Turkish coin is becoming more and more vitiated. A few years ago the Spanish dollar was worth but seven piastres at Constantinople; now it is worth twenty-six, because the

piastre at present is only a small copper coin, lightly washed over with silver. At Smyrna I heard it said repeatedly that large quantities of this coin were manufactured in Birmingham, and shipped to Turkey as hardware. In this case, the profit is immense, as the intrinsic value is scarcely one fourth of that for which they are taken in business, and yet they are purer than the Turkish issue.

CHAPTER XXI.

PERGAMUS TO THE PLAIN OF TROY.

Disappointment.—Avriomasti.—Adramyt.—A Manœuvre.—A Mountain Journey.—Mount Gargarus.—An Accident.—Plain of Berimitch.—Mount Ida.—The Scamander.—Ennæ.—Lower Chain of Ida.—Plain of Troy.—Bounarbachi.—Site of Ancient Troy.—The Tomb of Hector.—View of the Plain.

It was our intention to scale the mountains directly northward by a wild pass six hours to Kemoreh, and thence three hours to Adramyt, at the head of the gulf, and thence over Mount Ida to Troy. But our surrogees deceived us, and went so far down the valley westward towards the sea that we were obliged to proceed by the coast, and lodge at Avriomasti. Although we lost a day by this movement, and the old surrogees made 200 piastres, yet we had a pleasant ride along the coast, off which the beautiful island of Mitylene lay, so close at hand as to show its white Greek villages, situated on the declivities of its hills, amid olive-groves and vineyards.

The Plain of Avriomasti resembled that of St. Jean d'Acre, and, like it, was without inhabitants, and but little cultivated. The ride from Avriomasti to Adramyt was exceedingly agreeable, and occupied nine hours, the last three of which, as well as the first three of next day's journey, were spent in the plains around the head of the gulf, covered with olive-groves of sufficient extent, one would think, to supply a nation with oil. Ships were lying off at anchor, receiving the oil, brought down by carts. This was the first and only instance in which I remember to have seen wheels used in the East in the

transaction of business ; the camel and the donkey generally bear the burdens there.

Adramyt was a populous, active village, and we thought well of the place, for it afforded us fair lodgings in the khan. Next morning we determined to be ahead of our surrogees, and without their knowledge engaged a guide to conduct us directly over Mount Ida to Berimitch, in the upper plain of the celebrated Scamander. This took them all aback, as they had intended to carry us a journey of three days along the coast, around the western extremity of Ida, which forms the promontory of Baba, and thence by the ruins of Alexandria Troas to the plains of ancient Troy. They growled, scolded, threatened ; but three hours from Adramyt we turned short to the right, and commenced ascending the mountains, following up a stream whose crystal waters rushed headlong to the plain, soothing in its passage a company of Turks, who sat under two immense sycamores, smoking their pipes and drinking coffee ; while their women sat apart at some distance, shrouded in immense white wrappers, and seemed like ghosts just emerged from the gloomy cypress grove at hand, shading the deserted cemetery, now several miles distant from human habitations.

We were three hours scaling the steep, rocky declivities, now and then winding through deep dells shaded with pines and planes. Occasionally the views were magnificent, commanding the gulfs of Adramyt, Sanderli, and Smyrna, and the adjacent islands, among which were Mitylene and Scio. The mountain range has three distinct regions : the lower, which is cultivated ; the middle, covered with dense forests, still affording lurking-places for the lynx, the tiger, and the panther ; and the upper, covered with eternal ice and snow.

The grandest summit of this upper icy world is Mount Gargarus, which impended over us on the right, and sends down torrents from a thousand snow-springs to feed the Granicus and the Scamander. Homer has well described it as the *spring-nourishing Ida*.

About noon, our baggage-horse was jogging along, with our provision-baskets projecting far over his sides, when, on the verge of a precipice on the right, he struck the basket on the left against a tree, which whirled him over the steep. He fell on his back, with his head downward, and his feet in the air; but the quilts and luggage made him a soft bed. As soon as the ropes were cut loose so as to disengage him from the load, away he went, first sliding, then rolling down the hill sixty feet into a small creek. I thought, of course, that he was killed, but he immediately rose to his feet, shook himself, and walked off, biting at the herbage as he went. In twenty minutes the load was on him again, and we were under way.

The mountains were covered with heavy forests of pines, which were hacked and hewed on every side, in order to extract the turpentine for the use of the government. Sometimes the path was good, frequently bad, and occasionally dangerous. At one o'clock I observed that the springs began to send their streams to the north; at two, the descent was rapid, and the declivities covered with pines deeply rooted in a rich soil. Suddenly the plain of the Upper Scamander opened out far below us, presenting a vast circular expanse, enclosed on all sides by mountains, and varied by hills and dales, the one beautifully wooded, and the other richly covered with young grain.* The Scamander (now called *Menderé*) was seen at intervals, like a silver

* It is now called the Plain of Berimitch, from its chief town.

thread woven into the rich foliage. It was one of the most inspiring and gratifying sights I had yet witnessed. Far to the northwest, the mountains appeared like a low wall upon the horizon. In that direction we had expected, from the brow of Ida, to have seen the Mediterranean, the Hellespont, and the mountains of Thrace. All that I had read had led me to expect that the plain of Troy extended from the foot of Ida to the sea. This is not the case. From the base of Gargarus, the highest part of the superior range, where are the sources of the Scamander, this *upper* plain extends *towards* the sea, to the *inferior* range of Ida already mentioned, through which the river finds a narrow, romantic passage of eight or ten miles in length, to the classic plain of Troy, which extends from the north side of this lower range, that shuts in the upper valley, six or seven miles down to the sea.

On the declivity of Ida we halted at three o'clock and rested an hour, the half of which I devoted to sleep on the grass. The remainder of the descent led us through forests of pines, thousands of which had been uprooted or shivered by a tremendous hurricane. Near the base of the mountain we came upon the virgin stream of the Scamander, which gushes from the rocks a little distance above, rushes headlong into the plain, and then quietly winds its way to the Hellespont. Sunset brought us to a nameless little hamlet, where we took up our lodgings in the upper story of the best house, while our horses occupied the lower. The women supplied us with bread, milk, eggs, and chickens, and our own stores with tea, sugar, &c.

At half past six next morning we departed for Berimitch, the principal town in the valley of the Scamander. The road lay among hills richly wooded, or covered to

their summits with fine pasturage. The intervening valleys were luxuriant with young grain. At ten o'clock we entered a grove of magnificent plane-trees, under whose shade were the graves of the Greeks and Armenians, and at whose northern edge was the pretty town of Berimitch, on the slope of a hill that commanded a view of the extensive plain; on the other side of which, at the foot of the mountains, were several towns with minarets.

From Berimitch our course lay northwest three hours and a half to Ennæ, a little town of mud huts, situated at the junction of a small stream with the Scamander, and inhabited by Turks and Greeks. Immediately below Ennæ the Scamander enters the inferior chain of Ida, flowing for eight or ten miles through a wild, narrow pass, bordered by stately trees and a thick growth of underbrush, and overhung on both sides by lofty and rugged cliffs, in which eagles had their eyries. It strongly reminded me of the Jordan, which it resembled in width, apparent depth, and colour and rapidity of the water, as also in the thickets of trees and undergrowth which lined its banks. I supposed it to be from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet wide; and the driftwood lodged in the trees indicated that it sometimes rose more than fifteen feet.

Nearly two hours from Ennæ the stream makes an acute bend to the right, and passes through a deep chasm to the Plain of Troy. We proceeded directly forward up a little valley, in which is a miserable hamlet of half a dozen huts, and in half an hour gained the summit of the inferior chain of Ida, from whence the plains of Troy suddenly opened out before us to the Hellespont. We reined up our horses, and in silence gazed intently on the desolate yet beautiful expanse.

Twenty minutes below us was the site of Ilium, now occupied by the miserable little hamlet of Bounarbachi; and the tombs of Ajax, Patroclus, and Achilles sat gracefully on the desolate shore of the sea, perhaps seven miles distant. I felt the power of the great deeds performed on that deserted plain, and the wonderful privilege of genius and poetry to consecrate them to immortality for the instruction of mankind. We alighted in the court of the only *house* in the hamlet, belonging to a Turkish merchant, who transacts his business at the Dardanelles, six hours distant, but resides here for pasturing his numerous flocks, which are gathered at night into a pound adjoining his house, and in the daytime feed upon the plain.

We hastened to a gentle height close at hand, on the northeast, on which stood the remains of a small Turkish fortress, in the midst of an unshaded cemetery, ornamented with fragments of small granite columns, so simple in their structure, and so gnawed by the tooth of time, that we were fain to believe that Priam, Paris, Hector, and Æneas had looked upon them. And this was all that remained of Troy! From books of travels we had been led to believe there was not a single well-attested vestige of the renowned city remaining. But all spoke of the tomb of Hector on the heights above the hamlet. Looking to the east, we descried, about a mile distant, an irregular heap of stones, very much like a Scotch cairn, or one of the large Indian cemeteries sometimes seen in our Western States. Hastening to it, I found on its summit one wild cherry-tree, and several vigorous oak shrubs growing around its base. All that history and tradition have said is in favour of its being the resting-place of the great Trojan hero. Near sunset I sat down upon it to survey the scene. Silence

and desolation reigned almost unrelieved. Seven miles distant, on the coast, were seen two or three inconsiderable villages; to the south, the hills were destitute of towns and tillage; to the north, beyond the Scamander, the high grounds were a little enlivened by grain-fields, and scattered groups of huts. The Hellespont seemed dreary; for not a sail appeared upon its surface, nor was a town visible upon its islands. The Plain of Troy itself was untilled and uninhabited, except by a few degraded Turks that dwelt in the little hamlet of Bounarbachi, and hovered about the graves of their fathers. But if the present was a melancholy scene, the reminiscences of the past were bright and beautiful. Through a gap in the inferior chain of Ida, a small portion of the dark, wooded height of the superior range was visible, from which the gods might have looked upon the hosts contending in the plain at my feet; but the snowy Gargarus was not visible. Close on the right the Scamander washed the base of the hill, crowned with the tomb on which I sat, and then burst forth into the plain. Near, on the left hand, on a spur of the mountain, some travellers find traces of the Pergamus, or tower of Troy. To the northwest, a slender thread of bright waters marked the sinuous course of the Simois until it falls into the Scamander, which showed a larger and brighter path winding through the plain, and disappearing in the marshy grounds near the town of Koum Kalé, on the coast. The shore of the sea seemed to be raised like a dyke, and upon it were several sepulchral barrows similar to those at Sardis. They sat beautifully upon the water-line, and looked like watch-towers upon the horizon. Three of them particularly attract attention, and have long served for landmarks to ships at sea. The most easterly one, near the

mouth of the Scamander, is assigned to Ajax ; the middle one to Patroclus, the friend of Achilles ; and the western to the Grecian hero himself. Beyond them, and a little to the south of the tomb of Achilles, rose the isle of Tenedos, still bearing its ancient name, and behind which the sun gradually disappeared as I sat contemplating the beautiful yet melancholy scene.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PLAIN OF TROY.

View of the Plain of Troy from the Tomb of Hector.—Its Dimensions.—Topography.—Site of the Camp of the Greeks.—Question in regard to it.—Arguments.—Early Recollections.—Contrasts.—Site of the City.—The Simois.—The Scamander.—Question as to the Identity of these Rivers.—As to the Site of Troy.

THE Plain of Troy, as seen from the tomb of Hector, is a crescent, the arc of which is formed by the inferior range of Ida, and the chord by the line of the coast. Its greatest diameter from the tomb, where the Scamander issues from the mountains to the sea, is not more than seven miles; and its length along the coast, from the headlands a little to the east of the Scamander, to the heights impending over Alexandria Troas on the coast to the west, is perhaps eighteen or twenty miles. From the mountain range that bounds the plain many spurs descend, forming gentle ridges, projecting to unequal distances into the plain. Nearer the sea it is level, and to the east, near the mouth of the Scamander, the coast is low and sandy. Near the centre of the chord, immediately in front of the site of Troy, it is high and steep for five or six miles, when it suddenly becomes low and sandy again, where a branch of the Simois, if not the whole stream, once emptied into the sea by means of an artificial canal, traces of which still remain.

From the nature of the coast, we must choose between the lower portion north of the bluffs, near the mouth of the Scamander, or that south of them, near the ancient mouth of the Simois, as the place of the Grecian camp, as these are the only portions of the coast

in sight of Ilium where the ships could have been drawn up.

The weight of evidence drawn from Homer is in favour of the northern position, at the mouth of the Scamander, and this is strengthened by the almost undoubted tomb of Achilles there. But an observer, surveying the plain from the hill of Bounarbachî, would conclude, on topographical grounds, that the Grecian camp was south of the bluff coast, as it would be nearer to Troy, and in the direct line to Tenedos, behind which island the poet says the fleet retired, in order to induce the Trojans to believe it had fled. From the southern position, the advance from the camp through the plain to Troy would have been direct and unobstructed; whereas, from the mouth of the Scamander, it would have been necessary to have made a detour to the south, along the bank of the Simoïs in order to reach the city at its sources. It is insisted that the camp must have been near the mouth of the Scamander, as Homer says it was between two promontories, and in a small bay. It is assumed the promontories must have been those of Rhetium and Sigeum, on either side of the Scamander, and that the deposits of the river have filled up the bay. But a good map (see Mauduit's) will show a promontory on either side of the southern position I have indicated, including a well-defined bay.*

In my college days how often had my imagination dwelt upon these plains, and now my eyes beheld them. Then I thought of the proud city of Priam, adorned with majestic towers; now I beheld the miserable hamlet of Bounarbachî, where once stood the capital of the

* See Crutchley's magnificent Map of Greece, recently published in London, in which the north cape is called Cape Troy, and the south Koum Bournou.

Trojans, defended on the south and west by the lower hills of the Ida chain, on the east by the Scamander, and on the north by the valour of her heroes. The traces of foundations still to be detected, and the fountains of the Simois just at hand, determine its position, which disappointed me in one respect. I saw that Achilles never could have dragged the body of Hector *around* the city at his chariot wheels, as Homer with poetic license has sung, but must have dragged it to and fro under the walls on the north. Then the plain was filled with brazen-armed warriors, and rang with the shouts of the victors and the wails of the vanquished; now it was destitute of population, and the lowing herds roamed over it. I know not where my unbridled imagination would have ceased to revel upon the reminiscences of tradition and history, had not the pall of night suddenly fallen upon me, and hastened me to rejoin my companions, who had already returned to the hamlet. We took our usual refreshment, and lay down within the area of ancient Troy, and slept profoundly.*

Next morning, before we departed for the Dardanelles, we repaired to the fountains just without the hamlet on the northwest, from whence issues the Simois of most modern travellers, but probably the Scamander of Homer. It seems that the two streams have changed names. The Scamander of Homer issued from fountains in the roots of the lower Ida chain, and immedi-

* Alexander the Great visited the Troad, and sacrificed at the tomb of Achilles. Troy was even then desolate. To commemorate his visit, he built a new city on the coast, ten or twelve miles farther west, and called it Alexandria Troas. This is the city where Paul preached and administered the sacrament, as mentioned in the twentieth chapter of the Acts. Its magnificence is attested by the splendid remains scattered through the oak groves which now conceal them by the wayside from the eye of the careless traveller.

ately under the walls of Troy, and, after flowing northward not more than five or six miles through the plain, fell into the Simois of the poet about three miles from its mouth. As the battles were fought along the west bank of this little stream of the Scamander, which oftentimes performed wonderful feats in the terrible onsets, it became the principal poetic river. The description of its eddying floods overwhelming hosts of men, and occasionally the gods, being early found inapplicable to the present little stream, its name was naturally transferred to the deep and rapid river that washed the walls of Troy on the east, and careered through the plain to the sea. Hence the Simois of the poet became the Scamander of the geographer, the Menderé of the Turks and of modern travellers; and the little brook issuing from the fountains of Bounarbachi, and which *was* the Scamander of Homer, escaped notice for a thousand years, and upon being found, and its sources and connexion with the main river of the plain answering the description of one of the Homeric rivers, it was called Simois, as the other was already in possession of the name Scamander.

Having crossed Mount Ida from the Gulf of Adramyt to the Plain of Berimitch, and traversed the Menderé from its source in Gargarus to its entrance into the Hellespont, a distance of more than fifty miles, and surveyed the Simois from its springs to its mouth, and carefully examined the plain, with the Hellespont in front, and Ida in the rear, I am satisfied that they answer to the topography of Homer in all its leading features, and that the city of Priam was situated on the Hill of Bounarbachi, at the foot of which, on the west, are two remarkable groups of fountains, from one of which, Homer says, warm water issued, and from the other cold,

forming the Scamander. I could not discover any difference in the temperature of these fountains. Upon the fall of Troy, Æneas, and his countrymen who escaped, ascended the Menderé, crossed over Mount Ida perhaps by the road which we had travelled, and, descending to Antandros, near the head of the Gulf of Adramyt, there built a fleet of twenty sail, and thence departed for Italy. As I sat upon the tomb of Hector, walked over the hill of Bounarbachi, and stood by the fountains of the Scamander, I felt that I was at the sources of Epic poetry, for I was on the spot where those great deeds had been performed that gave it birth.

From the fountains of the ancient Scamander, now the River of Bounarbachi, we crossed the plain northwest, and struck the ancient Simois, now the Mender-son, above the junction of the two rivers, and perhaps four miles from the sea. A small island divided the stream, and this enabled us to ford it. Its greatest depth did not exceed four feet, and the width of the two parts taken together two hundred feet; but there was too much water running rapidly to be lost in the marshy grounds below, and when I passed down the Hellespont in a steamer some weeks after, about the 1st of June, I observed that the river issued into the sea by a clear and well-defined bed, immediately to the northwest of Koum Kale.

From the ford our path lay northeast through fields of grain, and in an hour we came to the high grounds that sweep down from Ida to the sea, and limit the Plain of Troy on this side. From the heights there is a fine view of the snowy summits of Gargarus on the right, the Hellespont close at hand on the left, and in the distance the Thracian Chersonesus, and the islands of Imbros, Lemnos, Tenedos, and Samothrace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TROAS TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

Approach to Dardanelles.—A Gala.—Quarantine.—Sudden Arrest and Release.—Sleep Broken.—Sanitary Precautions.—Embarcation.—Forts of the Dardanelles.—Sestos and Abydos.—Origin of the Janizaries.—Historical Associations.—Approach to Constantinople.—First View of the City.—Land at Pera.

OUR road lay over the hills that border the Asiatic side of the Dardanelles. They seemed thickly inhabited in comparison with the Plains of Troy, indeed of all Asia Minor. Perhaps they appeared more so, as it was St. George's day, one of the gayest in the festival calendar of the Greek Church, and the whole population thronged the villages in their gala dresses. As we approached the town of Dardanelles, we perceived both banks of its little river alive with picnic and dancing parties, making merry under the wide-spreading trees. The men and women danced together in a ring, with musicians and children in the centre. Delighted with the idea that we should soon be rambling amid these gay groups of the children of ancient Greece, we scarcely noticed the solitary tent on the margin of the stream by our roadside until we were arrested by a quarantine officer. The Dardanelles is the gate to the capital on the side of Egypt and Syria, and hence the *cordon sanitaire* has a post here, a hundred miles from Constantinople, to prevent the introduction of the plague to the city. We should have brought a *teskereh*, or clean bill of health, from Smyrna, which we had neglected, as we did not know it was necessary; but one of our sur-

rogees had his, and I had a firman from the Grand Vizier at Constantinople, and also a letter of recommendation to the Turkish authorities throughout the empire. Our papers prevailed, and, after an hour's detention, we crossed the ancient Rhodius, entered the town, and took up our lodgings in the upper room of a coffee-shop kept by an Italian. The town is badly built, and the streets very narrow and dirty. The population may be 8000.

Many mornings had passed since we had enjoyed the privilege of protracting our slumbers as long as we pleased; so, upon retiring for the night, we made up our minds to take a good sleep, as we were informed that the steamer was not expected until near noon next day; but a little after sunrise next morning our servant rapped at our door, and announced the boat in sight and breakfast ready. It is wonderful what facility a traveller in the East acquires in rising, dressing, and eating. We were on the strand in half an hour. There are no wharves or docks in Turkey, but the vessels anchor out in the harbour, and all communication is by small boats and lighters. Before we were permitted to go on board, we were required to appear at the health-office and show our *teskerehs*. No one is allowed now to ascend to the capital except with a clean bill of health, and, in consequence, there has been no plague there for three or four years past. The traveller often chafes under the successive quarantines to which he is subjected in returning from the East to Europe, but there can be no question that the West is thereby protected against the plague.

It was a resplendent morning when we stepped on the deck of the Austrian steamer, anchored between the castles of Anatolia and Roumelia. The first is on the

Asiatic side, and called by the Turks Channakalasy, or *Pot Castle*, from the extensive potteries carried on in the town; the other, on the European side, is called *Kalid-bakar*, or *Lock of the Sea*. Through the portholes of their massive gray walls were visible the enormous brass guns, some of which are said to be capable of throwing marble balls weighing 400 pounds, or even 800. Each castle is flanked on both sides by a low battery, whose guns range with the hull of a ship sitting on the water, and a full broadside from both forts would sweep the surface of the sea from shore to shore with five hundred cannon-shot from those huge bores, into one of which several men may crawl at once. With such terrible batteries raking a strait not more than three quarters of a mile wide, the Dardanelles would be indeed the *Lock of the Sea*, if it were in the hands of any European power except Turkey. But the English fleet, under Admiral Duckworth, passed almost unharmed between these terrible batteries, manned by imbecile Moslems.

As we moved up from the castles to the beautiful bay in sight, the genius of poetry, romance, and history spoke from the surrounding hills and heaving floods. Just above the Castle of Roumelia, a small, round barrow marked the grave of Hecuba, the captive queen of Priam. At the upper edge of the bay, on the Asiatic shore, was Abydos, and opposite to it, on the European, Sestos, remembered for the romantic adventures of the young Leander, who nightly swam to the fascinating Hero, and at last perished in the waves. Here Xerxes threw his bridge over when he invaded Greece, and, in return, at this point the army of Alexander crossed to the battle of the Granicus. At this point the Turks passed into Europe, and unfurled their flag

first on the walls of Sestos, and then over the battlements of Gallipoli, at the entrance of the Marmora. This event gave rise to the Janizaries, a military corps, which was first the terror and scourge of Europe, and then of the Turkish Empire for centuries, until they were destroyed by the late Sultan Mahmoud. The corps was at first composed of young Greek captives compelled to adopt the Moslem faith, and who, after their enlistment, were blessed by a dervish with the title of *Yeni-Seri* (new soldiers), which has been corrupted into Janizary.* Amid this crowd of interesting reminiscences, I could not, as I approached Lampsacus, imbosomed in olive-groves on the Asiatic shore, forget Themistocles, the glory and shame of Greece. He had accepted the town from the Persian as a source of revenue for his wine, after he had fled from his country and taken shelter with her enemy. Here, too, off the mouth of Egos Potamos, we passed the scene of Lysander's victory over the Athenian fleet, which terminated the Peloponnesian war, and placed Sparta in the ascendant.

Late in the afternoon our steamer dashed into the Sea of Marmora, and early in the evening the passengers retired to their berths, the captain having kindly promised to lie to, upon nearing Constantinople before daylight, so as to give us the opportunity of seeing the approach to the city, and of entering the Golden Horn at sunrise.

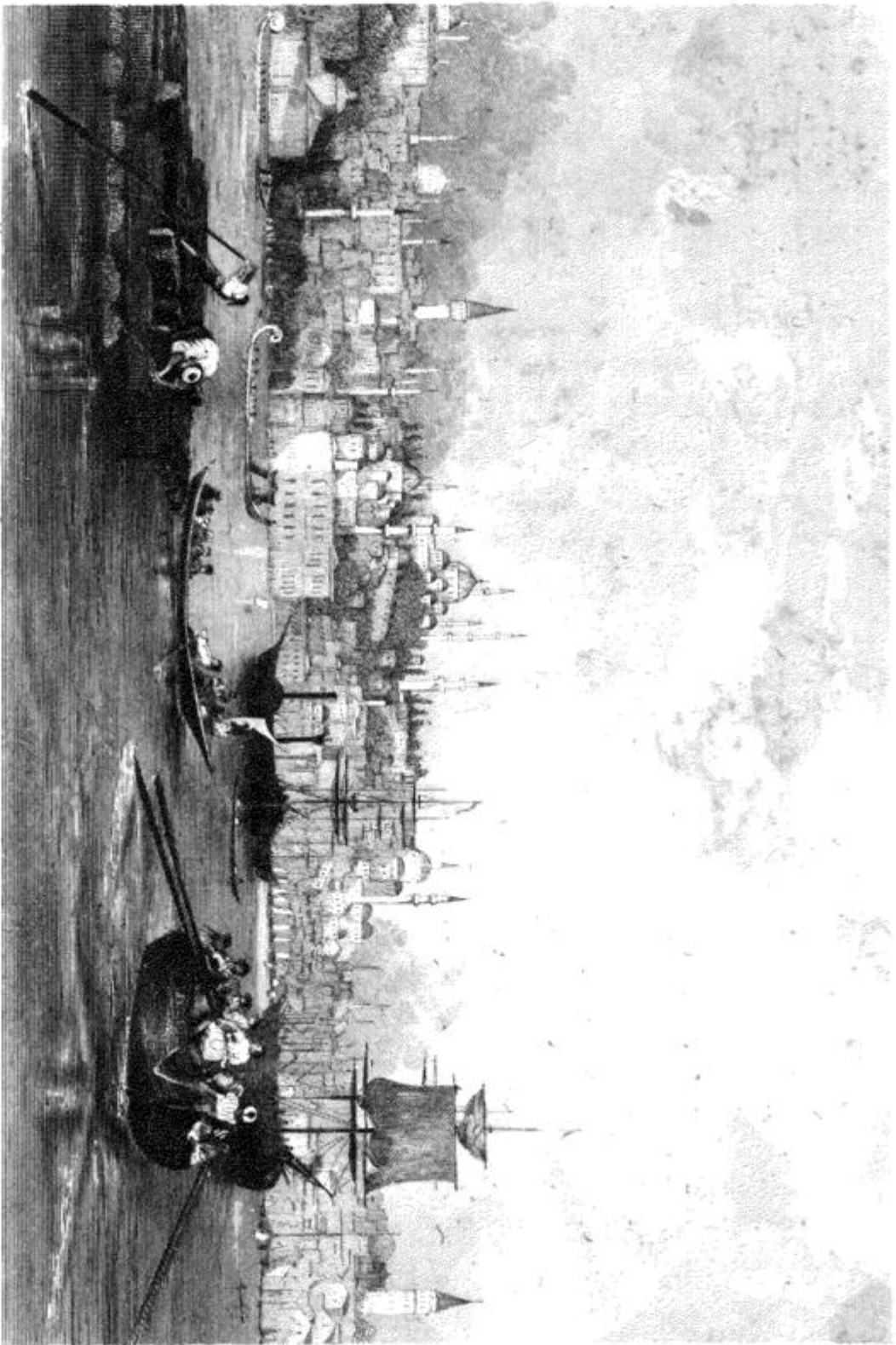
As the day dawned, the steward roused us; the boat got under way, and, sweeping round by Prince's Islands, headed to the city. The morning star glittered as a single diamond set in the calm, blue sky, and gradually disappeared in the soft light gushing up over the mountains of Asia. The first glimpse of the city

* Dr. Walsh.

disclosed the Seraskier's Tower, a strong, dark line on the kindling sky ; in a few minutes appeared the six slender minarets of the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, and then the four of the venerable St. Sophia ; and amid each group suddenly rose the dark mass of its swelling dome. As the glowing light rapidly spread over the heavens, other domes appeared upon the horizon, and their countless minarets, with rich, gilded pinnacles, pierced the plane of vision. The European coast was comparatively level and beautifully green ; dark mountain masses formed the Asiatic horizon, over which, as the sun came up, the sky impended as a canopy of molten gold.

At first the city seemed one undistinguished mass ; but, as we approached the Seven Towers, its parts gradually became distinct to the view. To the left, forming the background of the picture, the dark forests of cypresses indicated the resting-places of the dead of many generations. Directly before us the vast and complicated buildings of Seraglio Point unfolded themselves, crowned by St. Sophia just without the Sublime Porte, and ornamented with gardens of magnificent evergreens sloping down to the sea-wall. Approaching the Point, the mouths of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn opened before us, and yet appeared perfectly locked within the magnificent amphitheatre of cities formed by Scutari on the right, Galata, Tophanna, and Pera in front, and the city on the left. As we swept round Seraglio Point the Golden Horn expanded before us, a broad, deep indentation, winding for miles between the city and its vast suburbs, and animated by 10,000 light, swallow-shaped caiques darting to and fro, and sitting as lightly on the waters as the flocks of seagulls that scarcely kept out of the way of their oars. Our anchor

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CONSTANTINOPLE.

HARRIS & HORTON.

J. P. Trovopoulos

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was quickly down, our luggage landed without custom-house examination, and we climbing the steep, narrow, rugged streets of Pera to Miserie's English hotel, where we once more found ourselves within the domain of European society and civilization.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Sunday in Pera.—The Bishop of Gibraltar.—The Bishop of Jerusalem.—The “Sweet Waters of Europe.”—Sunday among the Greeks and Armenians.—Dresses of the Women.—The “Sweet Waters of Asia.”—Influence of Frank Population on Manners.—Theatre at Pera.—The City.—Bazars.—Turkish Ladies Shopping.—The Slave Bazar.—Circassian Slaves.—Condition of Slaves among Mohammedans.

It was Sabbath morning, and I heard again the sound of church bells, the evidence of the presence of the Western forms of Christianity and of the influence of the Franks. It was my intention to attend the services of the Greek and Armenian Churches, but I learned, upon inquiry, that they were concluded by eight or nine o'clock. I then directed my *valet de place* to conduct me to the residence of the Rev. Mr. Dwight, one of the American missionaries, in hope of enjoying the privilege of worshipping there; but he led me to the English chapel, where I heard a good sermon from Dr. Tomlinson, bishop of Gibraltar. He was on an episcopal tour along the coast of the Mediterranean as far as Smyrna, conveyed in a government steamer, and accompanied by his chaplain. It is thus the English exhibit their bearing everywhere abroad, making a full impression of their really vast wealth, power, and elevation in the scale of civilized nations. When Dr. Alexander, bishop of Jerusalem, went to take possession of his see, he was attended from Beyrout by Colonel Rose, consul-general of Syria, and a company of distinguished persons, thus giving importance and respectability to the appointment and to the man. Yet, singularly enough,

Dr. Alexander was, when I was in Jerusalem, understood to be violently opposed to the Oxford Tractarians, while the Bishop of Gibraltar is as earnest in their favour, and has been formally consecrating places of worship and cemeteries which have been used without such episcopal consecration for scores of years.

As it was my object to learn as accurately as possible the habits of the Oriental Christian population, on Sabbath afternoon I accompanied my fellow-travellers to the "Sweet Waters of Europe," which is the name of the beautiful retired vale through which a little stream of sweet water flows to the head of the Golden Horn.

Here, at the tip of the Horn, where it penetrates the hills and loses sight of the city, we found the Greeks and Armenians in their gayest attire, scattered in groups under the trees, or in light, open tents. Some were refreshing themselves with cooling drinks, some with cold collations; others, seated upon carpets spread on the grass, were engaged in animated conversation, or listening to rude music, while the Greek girls occasionally amused themselves with dancing in circles. The young men of rich Armenian families came out on fine horses gayly caparisoned, but were, like ourselves and all Franks, simply lookers on, being dressed as Franks in all respects except that they wore the red tarbouch, or cap. The sellers of water, iced sherbet, fruits, and confections were passing to and fro, offering to serve all that had money to buy. Here and there were small groups of Jewish women, instantly recognisable by their features and their submissive air, and the entire absence of gayety in their demeanour. The large cemetery of the Jews, upon the slope of the hill in sight, was cheerless in the extreme, a mere field of undressed stones, lying in disorder on the ground, without a shrub, tree, or any

ornament to relieve them. Most of the females were enveloped in white wrappers, thrown loosely around the body, and drawn over the head, so as easily to enclose the face at pleasure ; but there were many Greek and Armenian ladies in fashionable Frank dresses. Constantinople, under the influence of an increasing Frank population, is rapidly ceasing to be an Oriental city ; everything indicates its translation, at no distant day, from the dominion of the Crescent to that of the Cross. So think the Turks themselves.

The Turks do not mingle with the Christian throngs at the Sweet Waters of Europe on Sunday afternoon. Friday is their Sabbath, in the afternoon of which they resort in great numbers to the Sweet Waters of Asia, a lovely valley that opens into the Bosphorus about four miles above Scutari. There, under the walls of the Castle of Asia, on the banks of the little mountain streamlet, overshadowed by trees, the Turk gives himself up to silence and the pipe. The essential idea of the Sabbath throughout the East, except among the Jews, is the same as on the Continent of Europe—that it is a day of recreation rather than of holy rest, and that, after the morning services of the sanctuary are over, the remainder of the time should be given to society, refreshment, and mirth.*

As the sun went down we stepped aboard of our egg-

* There is not a theatre within the Turkish dominions except where there is a sufficient Frank population to warrant some miserable provincial company's performing in a temporary building. This has been the case at Pera since 1838. Even the ladies of the Turkish court attend sometimes in carts, drawn into the amphitheatre by ornamented bullocks, which lie down and sleep during the performances, while the ladies sit in the vehicles *not closely* veiled, even amid the crowds of rayahs (native Christians) and Franks, the latter of whom are constantly lessening the distance between themselves and the sultanas on these public occasions. The performance must be over before dark, and Sunday evening is the great day, when crowds of Catholics, Greeks, and Armenians pour from the churches and hasten to the theatre.—*Reid's Turkey and the Turks.*

shell-like caique to return to the city, and, seating ourselves on the bottom, that we might not, by pressure on the sides, capsize the boat, we had leisure to survey the wondrous scene. The surface of the water was covered with thousands of fairy boats, hurrying noiselessly homeward with their passengers. As we floated between the city on the right and its populous suburbs on the left, both expanding away up the steep hills, whose summits were crowned by magnificent mosques, palaces, or public buildings, it seemed to me we were in a deep lateral chasm, formed by that terrible convulsion of nature that rent the mountain barrier between the Euxine and the Mediterranean, opening the bold, romantic straits of the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, through which the waters rushed down from the great inland sea to the north, of which the Caspian, the Aral, the Asoph, and the Euxine are the remains, and settled in the basin of the Mediterranean.

On Monday morning we passed over to the city and visited the bazars, which form a labyrinth of avenues of greater or less magnitude and splendour, all covered, and many of them with very lofty arched ceilings formed into compartments, and gayly painted with flowers and fanciful devices in the arabesque style. The light enters from above through low domes and small bull's-eye windows. Each avenue or covered street is appropriated to a particular kind of commodity, and has a gate at each end, by which it is shut up at sunset, when the shopkeepers, by nations, retire to their appropriate quarters of the city, the Jew to Balata, the Greek to the Fanar, the Armenian to Ypsomathia, and the Turk to various quarters. The arrangement of the shops, and the mode of sitting and selling, are the same as those already described at Da-

mascus. In these respects, all bazars in the East are alike ; but in Constantinople the display of gay colours, fanciful patterns, and gilded and tinselled articles of little value, far exceeded all that I had imagined. The shoe, pipe, and saddlery-trinket bazars will most amuse the stranger.

If one wishes to see the *people* of Constantinople he must go to the bazars. He may ramble through other parts of the capital, and find the streets as lonely as in one of our most retired country villages. It seems like a deserted metropolis. But when he enters the bazars, he is like a bee returned from its solitary wanderings to the crowded hive. He plunges into crowds of all nations, exhibiting every costume. Here he may see the Turkish women, making quite a moiety of the throng, sitting in groups on the edges of the platforms before the shops, bargaining for a fine dress, or a pair of yellow boots and slippers ; their veils, as if by accident, having fallen away from their faces, thus allowing one to see specimens of the most delicate complexions and softest eyes. Not much can be said in favour of their figures. They are generally low of stature, and far from being slender ; and their walk is a mere tottering along, embarrassed, too, by their naked feet being thrust into yellow morocco boots, and these into clumsy, sharp-toed slippers of the same material. When they enter a room the slippers are shuffled off at the door, and they seat themselves on the divan wearing their clean boots.

The slave bazar is supplied from many portions of the Old World, and in it may be seen the jet-black Nubian, the dark-brown Abyssinian, and the delicate-complexioned Mingrelian, Georgian, and Circassian. Very rarely is a man exposed to sale ; nearly all are females. The bazar itself is a decayed, quadrangular building.

two stories high, enclosing a court two hundred feet square, with rickety porticoes, and a few trees. Under the porches are raised platforms, upon which the slave-merchants sit, smoking and sipping coffee. Within the building are apartments which, having latticed windows, look like cages, in which the slaves are kept, and where the black ones may be seen even by visitors. These are usually sold for family slaves, become the property of the mistress, and may not be sold again as goods and chattels, but are considered as a part of the family, holding the same relations to it as in the patriarchal times.

In still more retired apartments, the white slaves, from the mountainous regions beyond the Euxine, are kept, and not exposed to the gaze of visitors. It is generally reported that many of them are exquisitely beautiful, and accomplished in the arts of fascinating the senses, but that few of them are possessed of the higher endowments of mind.* These are sold for wives, and many of them are educated at home in view of this destination, and the hour of departure from their native mountains is hailed with delight, because their fond imaginations picture to them splendid fortunes awaiting them in the capital, as the favourite wives of the rich and great. Their hopes are stimulated by the occasional success which has attended former adventurers, some of whom have become the wives and mothers of pachas and sultans;†

* A lady in our company, Mrs. W., of Liverpool, was permitted to visit the only two Circassians then in the market. She did not report favourably of their beauty. My inquiries led me to the conclusion that the beauty of the women of the harem is much overrated.

† The late Seraskier, or commander-in-chief of the Turkish army, also Halil Pacha, son-in-law of the late sultan, were slaves. As the wives of the sultans are slaves, of course each sultan is the son of a slave. The consequence of these servile marriages has been wellnigh to annihilate the original Turkish population at Constantinople. The Turk of the capital is not now

but they forget, if they ever knew, the imprisonment of hundreds for life, or their destruction in the sea upon the death of their imperial masters. I saw nothing that indicated dejection of spirit in those whom we are accustomed to regard as absolutely wretched, but, on the contrary, much evidence of gayety of heart, as if they anticipated an improvement in their condition by being domesticated in the family of a rich man, and thus defended from want and oppression. Their expectations are generally realized. Those that come from Africa are usually given in marriage among themselves by their owners; and not a few of those from Europe become the sons-in-law and daughters-in-law of their masters. Slavery in Turkey, when the slaves are Mohammedans,* is of the mildest form, not impressing degradation and infamy on those who serve, but rather incorporating them as members of the same family. They are looked upon rather as adopted children than as servants, and are treated accordingly.

the pure Tartar as heretofore, but in his veins is mixed the blood of the Turkoman, the Mongol, the Greek, the Circassian, and the Georgian. The result is a great degeneration of the race.

* The reducing Christians to slavery has nearly, if not entirely, ceased in Turkey.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Supply of Water in the East.—Fountains and Aqueducts.—Artificial Lakes.—Imperial Conduit at Constantinople.—Cistern of the Thousand and One Pillars.—Present Fountains.—Fountains at Tombs.—The Hippodrome.—Its Monuments.—The Mosque of Achmet.—Mr. Brown.—His Attentions.—Firman.—Visit to the Mosques.—Mosque of Achmet.—Delicate Question for a Mufti.—A Sultan's Device.—General Structure of the Mosques.—Domes and Cupolas.—Sacred Pigeons.—Minarets.—Muezzins.—Interior of the Mosque.—Impressions.—Disenchantment.—Mausoleums.

IN all Oriental countries where the heat is intense, the greatest possible comfort is an abundant supply of pure cool water. Hence the traveller sees everywhere on the highways ruined cisterns and dilapidated fountains, which once offered water to the thirsty wayfarer. As I descended Mount Tmolus to Sardis, I noticed two subterranean aqueducts exposed in the road by the wearing away of the soil. They were formed of thick earthenware cylinders, ten or twelve inches in diameter, luted together at the ends, forming a conduit, that had once conducted the mountain streams to the capital of Lydia. Everywhere throughout the old Roman Empire, among the many evidences of the great power of that wonderful people are the remains of gigantic aqueducts, resting upon lofty arches, and stretching across valleys, or running through hills, which once conveyed water to populous cities that have long since disappeared.

The Eastern emperors were equally careful to have their capital well supplied, and, as there are neither rivers nor living fountains in the vicinity sufficient for

the purpose, they threw dams across the mouths of the valleys in the mountains bordering on the Black Sea, where rain falls frequently and abundantly, and thus formed many small triangular lakes in elevated positions. These are now called *bendts*. Their waters are drawn together into two or three principal lakes by means of small connecting aqueducts, formed by tunnels, masonry, and the earthenware conduits already described. The embankments or dams which support the large lakes are of vast height and thickness, faced with marble, and once adorned with sculpture, but now covered with Turkish inscriptions in praise of water, and expressive of gratitude to God for an abundant supply. They are imbosomed in thick forests of venerable trees, which seem to increase and preserve the water, and, at the same time, afford delightful retreats to the inhabitants of the capital and of the villages on the Bosphorus. The traveller will be in the midst of this unique scenery at the little town of Belgrade, some ten or twelve miles from the city.

From these large lakes the imperial aqueducts, constructed on a still grander scale, conveyed the water to the city, and poured it into a thousand subterranean cisterns.* Only one of these imperial conduits remains, and forms a most striking feature in the view of the city as seen from the heights on the opposite side of the Golden Horn. Its double ranges of arches, rising one above another, and clustered over with laurels, briers,

* It seems surprising that Constantinople was besieged twenty-four times, and taken only six times in the period of 2000 years, when, as far as appears from history, or may be now learned by inspection, it might have been reduced in a very few weeks simply by breaking the connexion between the bendts and the city, and thus cutting off the supply of water. It could not now hold out a month, some think not a week, if the aqueducts, which stretch unprotected through the country, were interrupted.

vines, and even fig-bushes, are seen here and there stretching from hill to hill, and lying above the houses like a wall of rich verdure. From it innumerable pipes diverged, carrying water to the thousands of public and private baths, fountains, and cisterns. Some of these were subterranean excavations of incredible capacity, whose vaulted ceilings, supported by a thousand marble columns, sustained the weight of the city above. Until recently, all traces of these stupendous works were lost to Europeans; some of them are filled up, and their areas occupied as gardens; some still afford water to the inhabitants, who know not whence it comes, while others are "broken cisterns that can hold no water."

Of these, the most remarkable is called *Bin-ber-derek*, or the Cistern of the Thousand and One Pillars. The space above it is a waste lot offensive to the sight. We descended into it by a flight of stone steps, and found the earthen floor moist, and the atmosphere cool and damp. Through holes broken in the vaulted ceilings a dim light is admitted, by which are seen, vanishing in the distance, the ranges of lofty marble columns that support the roof. The dimness of the view multiplies their number in the imagination of the beholder, who is surprised, upon counting them, to find only two hundred and twelve; but each column is made up of three, the base of the second resting upon the capital of the first, and the base of the third on the capital of the second. The deposits of 1500 years have filled up the cistern so as to bury the whole of the first, and much of the second shaft of each column, so that its present capacity, however vast it may appear, is not so great as when it furnished water to the strangers of the capital, and was on this account dignified with the title of *Philoxenos*, or

Strangers' Friend, a name which may still be seen engraved on the shafts and capitals of the columns. This single cistern, if in good repair, would, it is supposed, contain water sufficient to supply the Turkish capital for sixty days. It is now used by some Jews and Armenians as a place in which to reel silk.

We visited another of these ancient imperial cisterns, which has been recently discovered, and found to be full of water. It is approached through an adjoining stable, at a point where the wall has fallen in, and admits sufficient light to show its structure, and the apparently interminable ranges of marble pillars that rise out of the water and bear up the vaulted roof. Those who have dwelt above this cistern have drawn water from it during many centuries without knowing of its existence, or whence the water came. I made diligent inquiry, and could not learn whence the supply is derived. I felt a strong desire to explore its dark and vanishing recesses, but no one is allowed to launch upon its mysterious flood since an adventurous Englishman was lost in it some years ago. Probably he perished by some noxious gas, into which he suddenly impelled his caique.

The Turks have been as careful to have the city well supplied with water as were the Greek emperors, and some of their public fountains are ornaments to the capital. The two most remarkable are the one near the Mosque of St. Sophia, and another near the quay in Tophanna. The last is, perhaps, the most beautiful. It is a square building of white marble, with far-projecting eaves, and finished with a balustrade. The frieze is finely fretted, and various parts of the building are covered with sentences from the Koran in praise of water, and of Him who bestoweth it upon the people.

The imperial mosques, and the tombs of sultans and of great men, often have endowments for the support of a fountain adjoining, through the gilded grates of which the thirsty passer-by may receive a "cup of cold water" without money or price. I drank twice at the tomb of the late Sultan Mahmoud, and blessed the memory of the man who had provided water for the stranger in the heat of the day. His fountain is of white marble, with a large gilded grating next the street, under the edge of which are ranged scores of bright metal cups full of cool water. Whosoever chooses may approach and drink, and the exhausted cup is immediately filled again by a man in attendance within. Not a word is spoken. It is a public benefaction, accessible alike to the peasant and the Pacha.

The Hippodrome* was the great public place of the Greek capital, in which the factions that shook the empire contended; where triumphal processions displayed themselves amid triumphal arches; where sports were celebrated in the presence of the emperors; and around which were arranged, in magnificent porticoes, which rose above the banks of marble seats that encompassed the place for the accommodation of the million, the finest remains of ancient art, collected from all the cities of the empire for the adornment of the grand public piazza of the capital.† I entered the place with my imagination busied with this picture of its ancient gran-

* Called by the Turks *Atmeidan*, or *Horse Place*, which is a literal translation of *Hippodrome*.

† These precious remains of the best era of Grecian art were selected from Athens, Cyzicus, Cæsarea, Tralles, Sardis, Sebastia, Chalcis, Antioch, Cyprus, Crete, Rhodes, Chios, Iconium, Nicæa, &c. During the occupation of the city by the Venetians in the thirteenth century, some of the statues were sent westward. The celebrated bronze horses that now adorn the Cathedral of St. Mark to Venice once stood in the Hippodrome at Constantinople.

deur, and found it an open, unadorned space, where rubbish is thrown, and the Turk takes exercise on horse-back. The forest of unrivalled statues and precious columns that looked down from the elevated porches has disappeared, partly by the violence of the Crusaders; the columns of the porticoes have been translated to the imperial mosques, and the marble seats have entered into the construction of the palace of a Pacha. The obelisks, pillars, portals, and triumphal arches have been overthrown, and only three shattered monuments remain to identify the place.

These stand in the line of the longest axis of the area, and probably ornamented the spina of the ancient circus. One is an Egyptian obelisk, fifty feet high, a monolith of syenite granite, the hieroglyphics of which indicate a great antiquity. It stands upon a square base composed of white marble, and adorned with bas-reliefs representing the imperial grandeur of Theodosius, who placed it where it now stands. The second is a lofty and slender pyramid, composed of hewn stone, and formerly covered with brass plates, which probably were adorned with bas-reliefs, representing some imperial military expedition, or some unusual celebration of the Circensian games. The Turks have stripped off the plates, and it now stands naked, cracked, warped, and tottering to its fall. The third is the most venerable relic of the ancient pagan world. It is a hollow brass column, formed of the bodies of three serpents twisted together, tapering towards the neck, where the three heads, with mouths open, branched off and supported the golden tripod, on which the priestess sat at Delphi when she gave forth the oracles on which the fate of empires depended. The heads are broken off, and a rent is made near the middle of the body, through which

it has been filled with small stones. It rises about twelve feet above ground. As you gaze upon it, it is impossible not to feel that you are in the presence of the most ancient and interesting relic of glorious Greece.*

The area of the Hippodrome is perhaps 1000 feet by 400; it is surrounded by large houses, which are all unsightly, with the exception of the truly magnificent Mosque of Achmet, which adorns it on one side.

We were so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of Mr. Brown, dragoman of the American legation, who, since the demise of Commodore Porter, has had the charge of our affairs. It gives me pleasure to acknowledge our obligations for his kind and continued attentions, and particularly for his good office in obtaining a firman for us, by which we were enabled to visit the imperial mosques. To this kindness he added the farther favour of accompanying us with his cavass,† whom he charged with paying all the fees, thus relieving us of a troublesome matter, and protecting us from the usual extortion of valets in this case. The expense is the same for one or for twenty, and the difficulty which generally attends the procuring a firman impels strangers, who hear one is out, almost to force themselves into the party. Mr. Brown requested that the company should not exceed ten, as the Turks dislike crowds of visitors in their mosques. To restrict the number of the party, the issue of the firman was kept a secret until the morning of the day of our visit. We went to the three principal mosques of the capital, indeed of the Mohammedan world, viz., those of Sultan Achmet, Sultan Suliman, and St. Sophia. The chief difference

* See chap. xvii., note 48, Gib. Dec. and Fall of Rom. Emp. : also, Colonel Leake's Northern Greece, vol. ii., note, p. 353.

† An official servant.

among these is, that the last two have but four minarets each, and Sultan Achmet's six, the only instance in the empire of six minarets to a mosque. As the story goes, this difference was occasioned by the ambition of Achmet to build a mosque that should excel that of Suliman the Magnificent. But when the mufti was applied to for his sanction of the plan, he objected to six minarets, as the most holy mosque at Mecca had but four. The Sultan assured him it had six, and called a hadji or pilgrim, just returned from the holy city, to prove the fact. Of course, the witness for the Sultan affirmed according to the Sultan's pleasure ; but, as the mufti still felt some hesitancy, his master proposed that a caravan of pilgrims should be despatched to Mecca to determine the question. To this the mufti readily agreed. While the arrangements for the caravan were in progress, the Sultan despatched a Tartar courier to Mecca, with an order to the imam there to have two additional minarets completed by the arrival of the caravan, for the accomplishment of which he was to answer with his head. Sure enough, when the caravan of pilgrims, by slow marches, entered the gates of the holy city at the hour of Friday evening prayers, lo ! six muezzins, one near the summit of each of the six minarets, called aloud to them to come to prayer. Of course, Sultan Achmet had permission to erect his mosque with six minarets, and, that it might be pre-eminent in this respect, he ordered the two new minarets erected at Mecca to be taken down.

The traveller in Asia Minor, and in the provinces near the capital, will notice the uniformity in structure of all the great mosques, which are distinguished by a principal centre dome, supported by two or more semi-domes at its base, with a greater or less number

of lower domes or cupolas over the aisles and angles, according to the means of its founder and the magnificence of his plan. Thus an imperial mosque is a vast edifice between 200 and 300 feet square, finished with a mountain of cupolas and domes, increasing in size as they ascend, and converging until the principal one, as a vast semi-globe, crowns the whole. These are all relieved by round or narrow windows, adorned by delicate tracery and fretwork cut in stone, which indeed spreads like network over most of the exterior of the domes and cupolas, each of which is surmounted by a gilded crescent that glitters in the sun. The Mosque of Achmet alone has more than thirty cupolas and domes. Each of the seven hills on which Constantinople is built, and of the heights on the opposite sides of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn, is crowned with one of these edifices, the more grand and imposing by reason of the elevation of nearly the whole mass of the building above the surrounding houses. It is this that makes the *coup d'œil* of Constantinople superior to any other city view on earth.

Adjoining each mosque in front is a large court, several hundred feet square, around the sides of which, in the interior, run open arcades, covered by low, closed domes, with leaden roofs, and supported oftentimes by pillars of precious marble, the rare remains of the ancient city. A few venerable trees generally adorn the area, which, in one or two instances, is enlivened by a million of sacred pigeons, that are carefully guarded and bountifully fed. They are so tame as scarcely to get out of your way as you walk. In the centre of the court is a marble fountain, under a beautiful stone canopy, in whose crystal waters the Moslem may lave before he enters the mosque to join in the public prayers.

These courts are the favourite promenades of the religious part of the community, where they often meditate before worship. At each corner of the court rises a slender minaret, which pierces the clouds like a gilded needle, and has two or three galleries of fine fretted stonework girding it at different heights. To these the muezzins ascend by interior spiral staircases, and call the people to prayers at the appointed times. The Moslems abhor bells, and hence the belfry of the church has given place to the minaret of the mosque; and the voices of a thousand muezzins, simultaneously proclaiming throughout the city, *There is but one God, and Mohammed is his prophet; come to prayers, come to salvation*, fall as agreeably on the ear of the Mohammedan as the chimes of the church bells on the ear of the Christian.

If you desire to enter the mosque, you must leave your shoes at the door, or deliver them to your servant; and you may enter barefooted, or in your stocking feet, or in clean slippers, which, indeed, you may put over your shoes or boots if they be sufficiently large. This practice is not founded upon that sentiment which Moses felt when he was commanded to approach the burning bush barefooted, but upon a desire to preserve the house of God free from the least defilement.

Surprise, admiration, and awe are the first emotions which the stranger feels upon stepping into the mosque. The idea of vastness and vacuity predominates, and the impression is irresistibly made that the invisible God alone dwells here. This impression is deepened by the gilded inscriptions proclaiming the fact from the cold stone walls, and the majestic dome impending at the height of two hundred feet over head. The quiet and reverence with which all present move over the flagged

pavement, or prostrate themselves on mats or carpets, heighten the impression still more, and it is some minutes before the mind recovers itself sufficiently to notice and be offended at the minor details of the interior. The countless little glass lamps suspended under the dome in three vast circles, rising one above another, the lowest and largest of which is not more than eight or ten feet from the floor, disturb the general impression. Amid these are suspended hundreds of ostrich eggs, and balls of silver and gold tinsel, which, while they add to the brilliancy of the illumination when, at night, the lamps are lit during the great fast of the Ramadan, still farther disturb the predominant impression first received. And when once the mind is disenthralled from its first emotions, it soon sinks to the level of every-day thought upon perceiving, at the bases of the pillars, and in the narrow galleries that run round three sides of the edifice, boxes and chests of merchandise, and precious articles deposited there for safety from fire, thieves, and the Sultan. The hand of violence dares not touch any article placed under the protection of religion.

On the exterior of the side walls of the mosque are open porticoes, having their pavements covered with matting, upon which the Turk loves to lounge and sleep in the shade of his favourite sanctuary. Through these we passed from the court to the rear of the mosque, where we found the mausoleum of the founder, in which he lay in state in the midst of his family. It is usually a hexagonal or octagonal building of white marble, finished with a fine dome. The approach is through a richly-carpeted hall, passing between two ante-chambers, which are for the use of the guardians of the tomb, and those who serve the thirsty with water from the adjoining fountain. The floor of the mausoleum is paved

with flags and covered with rich carpets, and on it sit the tombs, made much in the shape of arks, each larger and higher at the head than foot, with steep roof, weighed down with many coverings of the richest and most precious stuffs. They rise from the pavement from four to eight feet, and the Sultan's is distinguished by the red tarbouch, and his insignia placed upon its head. Beautifully-written and highly-decorated copies of the Koran lie open on velvet cushions, resting on stands made of precious wood, and inlaid with tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, silver, and gold. From these, portions are read daily, as a gratification to the departed.

Connected with the mosques are the public schools, colleges, hospitals, and baths, all supported on the same rich foundations, which embrace much, and, it is said, most of the property of the city and empire.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Uniformity of the Mosques.—Saint Sophia.—Its Erection and Consecration by Justinian.—Interior of the Mosque.—Associations with Christian History.—The Dome.—Moslem Worship in the Mosque.—Postures of Prayer.—Ceremonies.—Articles of Moslem Faith.

WHEN you have seen one of the imperial mosques, you have seen all; I shall, therefore, not trouble the reader any farther with my journal of a day in the mosques.* He will prefer the general view I have given to minute details, which would weary without enlightening him.

But I cannot omit my visit to St. Sophia, the venerable pile of Justinian, which he dedicated on Christmas eve, A.D. 538, to the DIVINE WISDOM (*Ἁγία Σοφία*), the Second Person in the adorable Trinity. He was sixteen years in building it, and its consecration, like the Temple at Jerusalem, was accompanied with the slaughter of “1000 oxen, 1000 sheep, 600 deer, 1000 pigs, 10,000 cocks and hens, and a distribution of 30,000 measures of corn to the poor.” Proceeding to the consecration, when the emperor reached the great door, in company with the patriarch, Eutychius, he suddenly left the venerable man, entered, and ran to the altar, where, with outstretched arms, he exclaimed, “*God be praised, who hath esteemed me worthy to complete such a work! Oh! Solomon, I have surpassed thee!*”

* The cause of this general uniformity is, that they are all built after the model of the ancient Greek Cathedral of Santa Sophia, which was the grandest specimen of architecture which the Turks found upon the conquest of the empire.

The latter part of the exclamation was true, considering the building in an architectural point of view. Yet the mosques of Suleiman and Achmet, in their external appearance and internal capacity and airiness, are superior to Santa Sophia;* but the richness and variety of material, and the religious associations and sacred gloom which pervade the interior of the latter, captivate even the Moslem, and fill the mind of the Christian with the profoundest awe. My pulsations quickened as I stepped into the hoary, cold, outer vestibule, where, under the censure of the Church, the lapsed but penitent disciple formerly knelt in tears, suing for readmission to the communion of the faithful. From this *penitentiary* we passed through a second massive vestibule, and entered the body of the venerable Cathedral. I felt not the magnitude nor the magnificence of the building, being overwhelmed with the associations of the place. There is not anywhere else on earth a combination of such venerable and interesting materials. There stood eight porphyry pillars which once adorned the Temple of the Sun; eight verde-antique columns that once ornamented the celebrated Temple of Diana of the Ephesians; there, too, were pillars from the Acropolis at Athens; from the temples of Osiris and Isis in Egypt, of Apollo at Delos, and of Cybele at Cyzicus. It seemed as if all that was magnificent and venerable in the *old*

* I was so absorbed in recalling the past events connected with the interior of the ancient Cathedral of the Greek Church that I scarcely noticed the exterior. Upon examining it afterward, I found the approach mean and narrow, the church nearly excluded from view by buildings crowded upon it, and the exterior walls bolstered up by massive irregular buttresses. Above these the four minarets seemed to rise like the masts of a sunken ship; and the domes, of which there are nine, appeared to lie irregularly upon the various buildings which hang upon the sides of the Cathedral. Yet it swells above them all a scathed and venerable pile of various orders and ages, rather than as a complete and uniform specimen of art.

religions had here been assembled to do homage to the *new*.

For nearly one thousand years Santa Sophia was consecrated to the worship of Christ, but, upon the fall of Constantinople in 1453, thousands of the inhabitants took refuge in the church. The victorious Moslems pursued them, and were commencing a general massacre, preparatory to the demolition of the building, when Mohammed the Second entered on horseback, dismounted at the great altar, and, ascending it, proclaimed that the Church of Jesus Christ should henceforth be sacred to the Prophet. The pictures were torn from the walls, the pulpit was overthrown, the altar removed, and the Mohammedan service commenced, and has continued for four hundred years.

Standing under the aerial dome,* which, at the height of two hundred feet from the pavement, seemed to impend over it like the canopy of the heavens over the earth, I was musing on the revolutions of which these venerable remains were the memorials, when the voices of the muezzins, floating upon the air, called the city to prayers, and the followers of the Prophet began to assemble in the Sanctuary of Jesus. We retired to the galleries, and sat down on a rude wooden platform, constructed on the marble floor of the ancient choir. From this retired place, we, a handful of Christians, looked

* This is the first dome ever balanced in the air on pillars, and has served as a model to all similar enterprises for the last thousand years. Yet it differs from St. Mark's at Venice, that of the Cathedral at Florence, St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's in London, in its exceedingly small elevation, compared with its diameter, being only one sixth. Hence it has no majesty when seen from without, because of its flatness; but, when viewed from within, standing under it, its concavity seems coincident with that of the sky, and the effect is indescribable. It is built of pumice-stone, which is lighter than water, and covered with tiles from Rhodes, only one fifth of the weight of ordinary clay.

down upon the painful spectacle of the Mohammedan service, performed, in profound silence, on the spot where once stood the Great Altar of the Eastern Church. The following extracts, with the accompanying drawings, taken from Mr. Lane's work, will explain the spectacle:

“The worshipper, standing with his face towards the *Ckib'leh* (that is, towards *Mek'keh*), and his feet not quite close together, says, inaudibly, that he has purposed to recite the prayers of so many *rek'ahs* (soon'neh or *furd*), the morning prayers (or the noon, &c.) of the present day (or night); and then, raising his open hands on each side of his face, and touching the lobes of his ears with the ends of his thumbs, he says, ‘God is most Great!’ (*Alla'hoo Ak'bar.*) This ejaculation is called the *tekbee'r*. He then proceeds to recite the prayers of the prescribed number of *rek'ahs*.



“Still standing, and placing his hands before him, a little below his girdle, the left within the right, he recites (with eyes directed towards the spot where his

head will touch the ground in prostration) the Fa't'hah, or opening chapter of the Ckoor-a'n, and after it three or more other verses, or one of the short chapters, of the Ckoor-a'n; very commonly the 112th chapter; but without repeating the bismil'lah (in the name of God, &c.) before the second recitation. He then says, 'God is most Great!' and makes, at the same time, an inclination of his head and body, placing his hands upon his knees, and separating his fingers a little. In this posture he says, '[I assert] the absolute glory of my Lord, the Great!' (three times); adding, 'May God hear him who praiseth Him. Our Lord, praise be unto Thee!' Then raising his head and body, he repeats, 'God is most Great!' He next drops gently upon his knees, and saying again, 'God is most Great!' places his hands upon



the ground a little before his knees, and puts his nose and forehead also to the ground (the former first), between his two hands. During this prostration he says,

‘[I assert] the absolute glory of my Lord, the Most High!’ (three times). He raises his head and body (but his knees remain upon the ground), sinks backward upon his heels, and places his hands upon his thighs, saying, at the same time, ‘God is most Great!’ and this he repeats as he bends his head a second time to the ground. During this second prostration he repeats the same words as in the first, and in raising his head again, he utters the tekbee’r as before. Thus are completed the prayers of one rek”ah. In all the changes of posture, the toes of the right foot must not be moved from the spot where they were first placed, and the left foot should be moved as little as possible.

“Having finished the prayers of one rek”ah, the worshipper rises upon his feet (but without moving his toes from the spot where they were, particularly those of the right foot), and repeats the same; only he should recite some other chapter, or portion, after the Fa’t’hhah, than that which he repeated before, as, for instance, the 108th chapter.

“After every second rek”ah (and after the last, though there be an odd number, as in the evening furd), he does not immediately raise his knees from the ground, but bends his left foot under him, and sits upon it, and places his hands upon his thighs, with the fingers a little apart. In this posture he says, ‘Praises are to God, and prayers, and good works. Peace be on thee, O Prophet, and the mercy of God, and his blessings! Peace be on us, and on [all] the right worshippers of God!’ Then raising the first finger of the right hand (but not the hand itself), he adds, ‘I testify that there is no deity but God; and I testify that Mohham’mad is His servant and His apostle.’

“After the last rek”ah of each of the prayers (that is,

after the soon'neh prayers and the furd alike), after saying, 'Praises are to God,' &c., the worshipper, looking upon his right shoulder, says, 'Peace be on you, and the mercy of God!' then, looking upon the left, he repeats the same. These salutations are considered by some as addressed only to the guardian angels who watch over the believer, and note all his actions; but others say that they are addressed both to angels and men (*i. e.*, believers only), who may be present; no person, however, returns them. Before the salutations in the last prayer, the worshipper may offer up any short petition (in Scriptural language rather than his own); while he does so, looking at the palms of his two hands, which he holds like an open book before him, and then draws over his face, from the forehead downward.

"Having finished both the soon'neh and furd prayers, the worshipper, if he would acquit himself completely, or, rather, perform supererogatory acts, remains sitting (but may then sit more at his ease), and recites the *A'yet el-Koor'see*, or Throne-Verse, which is the 256th of the 2d chapter of the Ckoor-a'n, and adds, 'O High! O Great! Thine absolute glory' [I assert]. He then repeats, 'The absolute glory of God!' (thirty-three times). 'The absolute glory of God, the Great, with His praise forever!' (once). 'Praise be to God!' (thirty-three times). 'Extolled be his dignity! There is no deity but Him' (once). 'God is most Great!' (thirty-three times). 'God is most Great in greatness, and praise be to God in abundance!' (once). He counts these repetitions with a string of beads called *seb'hhah* (more properly *soob'hhah*). The beads are ninety-nine, and have a mark between each thirty-three; they are of aloes, or other odoriferous or precious wood, or of coral, or of certain fruit-stones, or seeds, &c.

“ Any wandering of the eyes or of the mind, a coughing, or the like, answering a question, or any action not prescribed to be performed, must be strictly avoided (unless it be between the soon'neh prayers and the furd, or be difficult to avoid: for it is held allowable to make three slight irregular motions or deviations from correct deportment), otherwise the worshipper must begin again, and repeat his prayers with due reverence. It is considered extremely sinful to interrupt a man when engaged in his devotions. The time usually occupied in repeating the prayers of four rek'ahs, without the supererogatory additions, is less than four, or even three minutes. The Moos'lim says the five daily prayers in his house, or shop, or in the mosque, according as may be most convenient to him: it is seldom that a person goes from his house to the mosque to pray, excepting to join the congregation on Friday. Men of the lower orders oftener pray in the mosques than those who have a comfortable home, and a mat or carpet upon which to pray.”

These are the religious services which 150 millions of human beings perform daily, either in the mosques, in their houses, in the market-places, or in the open fields. It is natural that the reader should wish to know the religious opinions entertained by nearly one fourth of the population of the earth. I present them as drawn up by Mr. Lane, an Englishman, who resides at Cairo, and is ostensibly a Moslem, living in their quarter, wearing their costume, and occasionally worshipping in their mosques. The extract is from his work on “The Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians.”

“ The grand principles of the faith are expressed in two articles, the first of which is this :

“*There is no deity but God.*”

“God, who created all things in heaven and in earth, who preserveth all things, and decreeth all things, who is without beginning and without end, omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent, is *one*. His unity is thus declared in a short chapter of the Ckoor-a'n : ‘Say, He is one God ; God the Eternal : He neither begets, nor is He begotten ; and there is none equal unto him.’ He hath no partner, nor any offspring, in the creed of the Moos'lim. Though Jesus Christ (whose name should not be mentioned without adding, ‘on whom be peace’) is believed to have been born of a pure virgin, by the miraculous operation of God, without any natural father, to be the Messiah, and ‘the Word of God, which He imparted unto Mary, and a Spirit proceeding from Him,’ yet he is not called the Son of God, and no higher titles are given to him than those of a Prophet and Apostle : he is even considered as of inferior dignity to Mohham'mad, inasmuch as the Gospel is held to be superseded by the Ckoor-a'n. The Moos'lim believes that Seyyid'na 'Ec'sa (or ‘our Lord Jesus’), after he had fulfilled the object of his mission, was taken up unto God from the Jews, who sought to slay him ; and that another person, on whom God had stamped the likeness of Christ, was crucified in his stead. He also believes that Christ is to come again upon the earth to establish the Mohhammadan religion, and perfect peace and security, after having killed Antichrist, and to be a sign of the approach of the last day.

“The other grand article of the faith, which cannot be believed without the former, is this :

“*Mohham'mad is God's Apostle.*”

“Mohham'mad is believed by his followers to have been the last and greatest of Prophets and Apostles.

Six of these—namely, Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohham'mad—are believed each to have received a revealed law, or system of religion and morality. That, however, which was revealed to Adam, was abrogated by the next ; and each succeeding law, or code of laws, abrogated the preceding : therefore, those who professed the Jewish religion from the time of Moses to that of Jesus were true believers ; and those who professed the Christian religion (uncorrupted, as the Moos'lims say, by the tenet that Christ was the *Son* of God) until the time of Mohham'mad, are held, in like manner, to have been true believers ; but the copies of the Pentateuch, the Psalms of David (which the Moos'lims also hold to be of Divine origin), and the Gospels now existing, the Mohhammadans believe to have been so much altered as to contain very little of the true Word of God. The Ckoor-a'n they believe to have suffered no alteration whatever.

“ It is farther necessary that the Moos'lim should believe in the existence of angels and of the devil, and likewise genii (an intermediate race of beings between angels and men) : also, in the immortality of the soul, the general resurrection and judgment, in future rewards and punishments in Paradise and hell, in the balance in which good and evil works shall be weighed, and in the bridge *Es-Sira't* (which extends over the midst of hell, finer than a hair, and sharper than the edge of a sword), over which all must pass, and from which the wicked shall fall into hell. He believes, also, that they who have acknowledged the faith of Mohham'mad, and yet acted wickedly, will not remain in hell forever, but that all of other religions must : that there are, however, degrees of punishments as well as of rewards, the former consisting in severe torture by ex-

cessive heat and cold, and the latter in the indulgence of the appetites by most delicious meats and drinks, and, above all, by the company of the girls of Paradise, whose eyes will be very large and entirely black, and whose stature will be proportioned to that of the men, which will be the height of a tall palm-tree, or about sixty feet. Such, the Moos'lims generally believe, was the height of our first parents. It is said that the souls of martyrs reside, until the judgment, in the crops of green birds, which eat of the fruits of Paradise. Women are not to be excluded from Paradise according to the Mohhammadan faith, though it has been asserted by many Christians that the Moos'lims believe women to have no souls. In several places in the Ckooor-a'n, Paradise is promised to all true believers, whether males or females. It is the doctrine of the Ckooor-a'n that no person will be admitted into Paradise by his own merits, but that admission will be granted to the believers merely by the mercy of God; yet that the felicity of each person will be proportioned to his merits. The very meanest in Paradise is promised 'eighty thousand servants' (beautiful youths, called *welee'ds*, or *wilda'n*), 'seventy-two wives of the girls of Paradise' (*hhoo'ree'yehs*, or *hhoo'r el-'oyoo'n*), 'besides the wives he had in this world,' if he desire to have the latter (and the good will doubtless desire the good), 'and a tent erected for him of pearls, jacinths, and emeralds, of a very large extent,' 'and will be waited on by three hundred attendants while he eats, and served in dishes of gold, whereof three hundred shall be set before him at once, each containing a different kind of food, the last morsel of which will be as grateful as the first:' wine, also, though forbidden in this life, will yet be freely allowed to be drank in the next, and without danger, since the

wine of Paradise will not inebriate.' We are farther told that all superfluities from the bodies of the inhabitants of Paradise will be carried off by perspiration, which will diffuse an odour like that of musk ; and that they will be clothed in the richest silks, chiefly of green. They are also promised perpetual youth, and children as many as they may desire. These pleasures, together with the songs of the angel Isra'fee'l, and many other gratifications of the senses, will charm even the meanest inhabitant of Paradise. But all these enjoyments will be lightly esteemed by those more blessed persons who are to be admitted to the highest of all honours—that spiritual pleasure of beholding, morning and evening, the face of God. The Moos'lim must also believe in the examination of the dead in the sepulchre, by two angels, called Moon'kir and Nekee'r, of terrible aspect, who will cause the body (to which the soul shall, for the time, be reunited) to sit upright in the grave, and will question the deceased respecting his faith. The wicked they will severely torture, but the good they will not hurt. Lastly, he should believe in God's absolute decree of every event, both good and evil. This doctrine has given rise to as much controversy among the Moos'lins as among Christians ; but the former generally believe in predestination as, in some respects, conditional.

“ In religious practice, the most important duties are *prayer, alms-giving, fasting, and pilgrimage.*”

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

The Sublime Porte.—The Seraglio.—The Imperial Gardens.—Church of St. Irene.—Trophies.—Circuit of the City.—Cemeteries without the Walls.—Defences.—Siege of 1453.—The Seven Towers.—The Sea-wall.—View of the City from the Seraskier's Tower.—Streets of Constantinople.—Houses.—The Burnt Column.—The Virgin's Stone.—Destruction of the Janizaries.

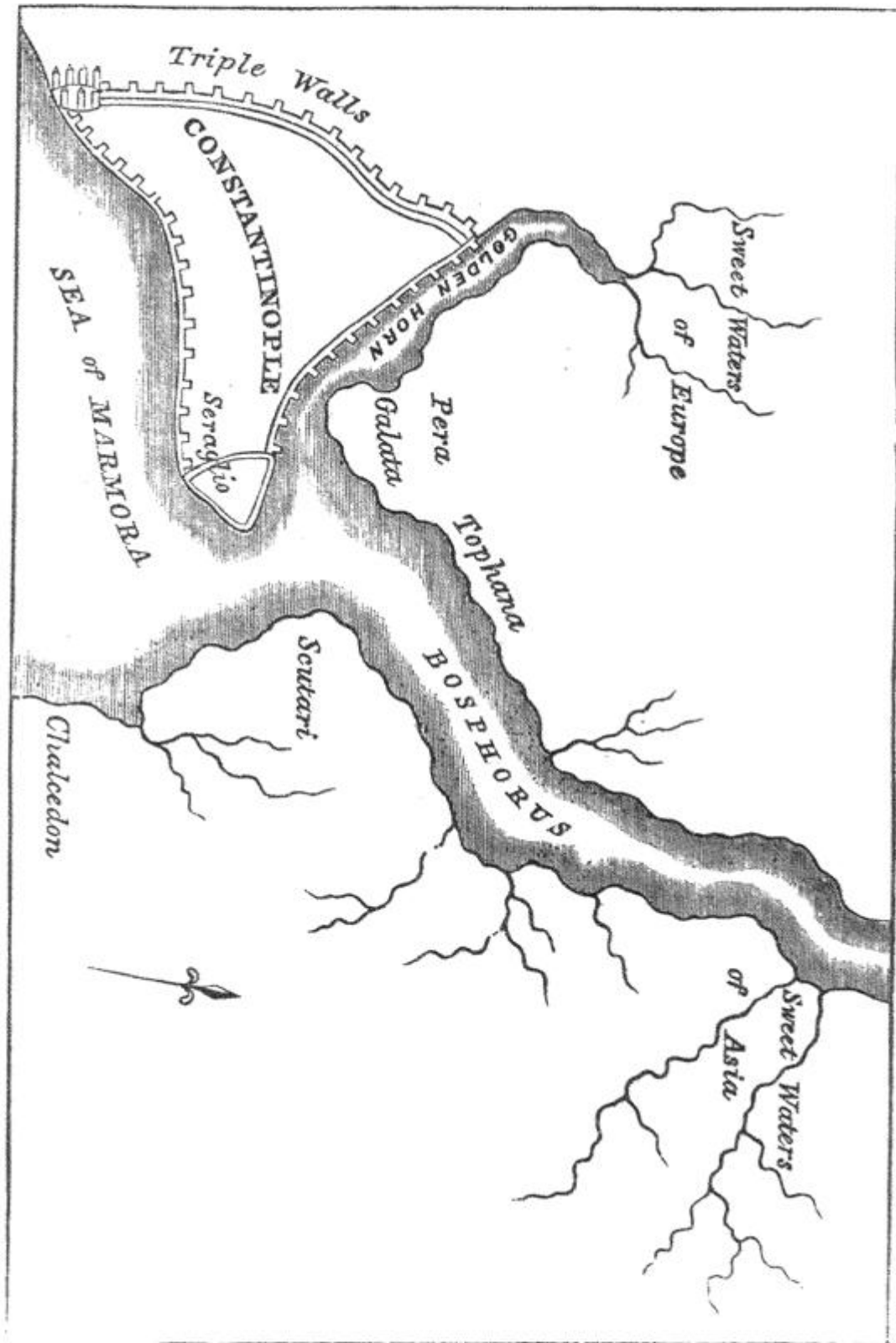
WITHIN the shade of St. Sophia is the *Sublime Porte*, which leads from the city to the Seraglio, and gives name to the Ottoman court. It is a lofty and massive portal, without taste, or even barbaric magnificence. It is adorned with passages from the Koran in gilt letters, and is guarded by a score or two of soldiers. Through it we passed into the grounds of the Seraglio, which are nearly three miles in circumference, defended on two sides by walls and on two by water. The water-boundaries are adorned with gilded portals, and long promenades on the summits of ornamented sea-walls, through one of whose low doors the suspected concubine or the devoted inmate of the Harem passes by night to a caique in waiting, and in a minute the report of a single gun, booming over the quiet waters, announces that the victim is plunged into the sea. The influence of Christian Europe has wellnigh put an end to this horrible practice.

There is neither order nor beauty in the imperial grounds or buildings. Everything is without regularity or taste, apparently produced by the mere caprice of sultans and sultanas. Kitchens, kiosks, pavilions, palaces, and armories in old Greek churches, are placed without any respect to symmetry or taste. As, at the

time of our visit, the palace was undergoing repairs to fit it for the unusual summer residence of the young Sultan,* we could not obtain access to the first or second courts, which are generally open to Christians who are provided with firmans, so we turned aside to the ancient Church of St. Irene, and found it crowded with arms and appliances of war. Above the great altar, in a room separated by wooden palings, hung the keys of conquered cities and the swords of vanquished sovereigns. It is long since one was added, and it is certain their number will not be increased. With the exception of its ornaments and furniture, the church remains as when the Greek last performed service in it. Its small semicircular windows piercing the thick walls at a great elevation, its massive arches and gloomy galleries, are good specimens of the Byzantine architecture.

An interesting day to the stranger in Constantinople is that on which he makes the circuit of the city. He may depart from Seraglio Point and ascend the Golden Horn about four miles in a caique. The wall on his left sometimes towers from the water above the houses, and sometimes they rest upon it. Behind it are sheltered from observation the Armenian, Greek (the Fanar), and Jewish (Balata) quarters, whose external appearance indicates poverty and wretchedness, while the narrow, dirty streets are the abodes of luxury and wealth. The water-wall on the Golden Horn terminates in a lofty, irregular, and very massive ruin at the northwest angle of the city, usually called the Palace of Constantine. Here the caique is abandoned, and the traveller, on foot or on horseback, follows the course of the land-wall, running southward about five miles across the neck of the

* He usually spends his summer in one of the palaces on the Bosphorus.



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Peninsula, and terminating on the Sea of Marmora at the Seven Towers, at the southwest angle of the city. From the crowd and noiseless activity of the Horn, over whose placid waters ten thousand caiques dart without ruffling the surface, the traveller passes suddenly into a profound solitude, which is rendered impressive by the apparently interminable cemeteries which lie under the walls, and stretch far into the country. Not a garden, or mansion, or grain-field is visible, and only now and then a solitary horseman, perchance an arabah drawn by oxen, may be seen moving at a distance. It seems difficult to realize that this silent region of the dead is separated from the abodes of five hundred thousand human beings only by a single wall.

For some distance from the Golden Horn, the fortification is a single lofty wall, strengthened by bastions, and defended by what was once a deep and broad fosse. But two thirds or three fourths of it next the Sea of Marmora is a triple wall, with intervening ditches, which are much filled up. The outer wall is the lowest, having suffered most from the violence of sieges, and the inner the highest. They are fortified by bastions at short distances, which give them an air of strength which they do not possess. One good park of modern artillery would make a breach in an hour. Yet these venerable ramparts have withstood the vicissitudes of thirteen hundred years, and of a score of sieges, and have yielded but two or three times to victorious invaders. The last time was in 1453, when Mohammed the Second made a breach near the Gate of the Cannon, into which Constantine Paleologus rushed, and there fell sword in hand, literally cut to pieces by the Turks, who entered the city over his dead body, and the Greek empire was extinguished. The gate at which the breach was

made is called by the Turks Top Kapusi, or Gate of the Cannon, and is marked by two balls placed over it. It is the only spot where the traveller will pause in his progress from the Golden Horn to the Propontis, and perhaps he will pluck some red berries from the few lone trees that spring out of the breach in which the last of the Greek emperors fell.

The fortifications have not been repaired for centuries, and their decay would be still more rapid were it not for the ivy and other vines, which bind up the rents, and cover the venerable work of Constantine the Great with an agreeable mantle of verdure.

At the southwest angle of the city, on the Sea of Marmora, the land-wall terminates upon the Seven Towers. These are a cluster of fortresses, some of which date back to the time of Theodosius; others have been added, some by the Greek emperors, and one by Mohammed the Second. They were lofty octagonal buildings, finished with battlements, and when they all frowned at once upon the Propontis, must have had a grand effect. At present, only three or four of them rise above the massive embattled walls, and only one bears its spire and crescent aloft. These gloomy fortifications have served successively as a castle for tyrants, a prison for state offenders, and a treasury for imperial spoils. No man may disclose the stories of their "Bloody Well," "Cavern of the Rock," and "Place of Heads." The only remaining tower of the seven is a memento of the ignominy of all Christian nations for centuries. Whenever one of them offended the Sublime Porte, and war was resolved on as a chastisement of the infidels, the declaration was made by shutting up the ambassador of the offending nation in this tower. Yet such was the terror of the Turkish name, together with the jealousy

between the Christian powers, that not even a remonstrance was made. It was not until the battle of Navarino that the spell was broken; since that event, the persons of ambassadors have been held sacred at Constantinople.

From the Towers you may either proceed on horseback through the city to the ferry on the Golden Horn, or embark in a caique and sail up the Propontis, directly under the sea-wall, for a distance of six miles, to Seraglio Point. The wall on this side is high, and strengthened with bastions. It is composed of various materials, brick, stone, and fragments of marble, among which may be seen sections, bases, and capitals of columns. The wall does not rise out of the water, as at Malta, but has a narrow terrace at its base, affording a pleasant promenade. Returning to Seraglio Point from whence you set out, you have travelled about fifteen miles in encompassing the city.

The best view of the city and its environs is obtained from the Seraskier's Tower, in the open area of the palace of the Seraskier, or commander in chief of the army. It has the advantage of standing on the highest ground in the city, and near the centre. The ascent is by 180 steps, rising ten inches each, giving the elevation of about 150 feet from the base. From the stone gallery near the summit, the city and suburbs, owing to the numerous sepulchral groves dispersed through them, and the courts of the houses being filled with trees and vines, look like a vast pleasure-ground adorned with houses. The Sea of Marmora spreads out to the south, studded with beautiful islands; to the east, the continent of Asia presents a world of mountains, every one of which is memorable for some deed of heroism, glory, or blood, and over all, the Bithynian Olympus towers majestically,

clad in eternal snow. To the northeast, the Bosphorus opens like a deep chasm ; its shores indented with bays, jagged with corresponding capes, studded with castles, forts, palaces, and villages, and adorned with gardens and groves. Over its eddying floods the armies of Darius, the retreating Greeks under Xenophon, and the enthusiastic hosts of the Crusaders had passed. Directly to the north is the Golden Horn, sunk deep between the city and its suburbs, and cut in two by a truly grand floating bridge. Below it, towards the Bosphorus, lies a fleet of European steamers and merchantmen ; above, in front of the arsenal, the huge, dark masses of the Sultan's men-of-war float like castles upon the water. Every where the port is enlivened by caiques, that move like insects sporting upon its surface, darkening it more and more as they crowd to the several landing-places. Beyond the Horn and the Bosphorus, the declivities and summits are covered with the vast suburbs of Scutari, Tophanna, Galata, Tersane, Pera, Casim Pacha, and Demetri. Behind these, running up from the Bosphorus nearly to the head of the Golden Horn, lies the deep ravine through which Mohammed the Second transported his vessels by night ; and when the day dawned, the astonished Greeks beheld the Turkish fleet under their walls, and in possession of their harbour. To the northwest are seen the Balkan Mountains, projecting headlong into the Euxine.

Constantinople is much like other Turkish cities, only cleaner and better built. The upper stories of the houses project far over the narrow, crooked streets, presenting latticed windows of various patterns and degrees of richness, through which ladies within look out upon the streets, being themselves invisible. The front doors are small and mean, and always closed, the beauty and

richness of the interior being the great object. The private dwellings are nearly all of wood, and most of them new, as they are swept away every few years by fire. Two objects strikingly attest this fact: In the street of Adrianople may be seen the *Burnt Column*, rising above the houses which conceal its base, so scathed and cracked by the frequent conflagrations around it that it has had to be bound by heavy copper hoops; it is so blackened by the smoke that it is difficult to determine of what material it is composed, and impossible to read the inscriptions. Probably it once bore a brazen statue of the Trojan Apollo, which received the name of Constantine when it crowned the summit of this column that adorned his capital.

The other object is called *The Virgin's Stone*. It is a pillar of granite, to the southwest of the Burnt Column, and is surrounded by houses, and scathed in the same way by fires. It once bore some ancient statue, perhaps a Venus, afterward called Theodora or Eudoxia. Hard by it are the ruins of the mosque and barracks of the Janizaries, where the last of their blood was poured out upon the ashes of their dwellings, since which event the Mussulman is forbidden to pronounce their name, and their carved and gilded turbans have been struck from their tombstones, and now lie rolling about among the graves, trodden down by the feet of the curious or affectionate, who wander amid the cemeteries of the capital.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Dervishes, the Monks of Moslemism.—Sources of their Influence.—Mosque of the Howling Dervishes.—Their Frantic Performances.—Pretence of Healing.—Dancing Dervishes.—Polite Reception.—A Little Worshipper.—The Mosque.—Ceremonies.—Gyrations.—Visit to Scutari.—Military Salutations.—The Sultan's Approach.—The Imperial Caique.—Personal Appearance of the Sultan.—His Attendants.

DERVISHES are the monks of Moslemism : they receive the same respect and reverence from their people that the monks of Christendom did in the Middle Ages, and for the same reasons, their austere lives and reputed sanctity. They are under a vow of celibacy, which confers on them much of the respect they enjoy, another instance of the prevalence of the opinion that chaste celibacy is the highest form of earthly virtue.

These Moslem monks are divided into various sects, two of which principally attract the stranger's attention : the *Howling* Dervishes of Scutari, and the *Dancing* Dervishes of Pera. It was three o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday when we entered the small plain mosque of the former, and found them already engaged in their preliminary exercises. Three venerable green-turbaned chiefs, with long white beards, sat at the head of the room, on dyed sheepskins spread on the floor, and every one that entered approached the middle one, bowed, kissed his hand, received his blessing, and then sat down with the multitude at the lower end of the room. At length a still more venerable Dervish came in, to whom all paid homage, and the spectators crowded upon the railings which separated them from the



worshippers within. The chiefs all removed from the upper end of the room and sat down in the centre, the patriarch at their head. Presently all rose at once, and began to move their bodies backward and forward, upward, and downward, and sideways, yet all in unison, following two or three that sung. As the music quickened, so did their movements, accompanied now with grunts, then with sudden short groans, in accordance with the swing of the body. The patriarch arose, and approached them with turban off, keeping time by patting heavily on the floor with the foot, and clapping his hands emphatically in unison with their movements. When he came close up to them, they became furious, howled horribly, and rolled their eyes in the wildest phrensy, their enthusiasm occasionally hissing out in sounds like that of steam from the opening of a small valve, till, overcome by exhaustion, they sat down, and one of them suddenly turned heels over head and lay perfectly stiff. Some, whose business it seemed to be, equipped with girdles and towels, lifted him up very leisurely, put his hands on his face, when his limbs gradually relaxed, and he sat down in his place. It seemed as if such things were of common occurrence. While they rested, two sung alternately what seemed to be lamentations for Mohammed and Hussein, as I judged from the repetition of those names, from the tones of the singers, and from the under-toned, yet emphatic responses around. No pen could describe these wild and frantic exhibitions, whose terrific effect was formerly heightened by torture with the many horrid instruments which hung around on the walls. The torture was accompanied by the beating of the tamborines, many of which hung above in the galleries. But both the torture and the tamborines are now forbidden by an imperial edict.

During the singing a sick young man was brought to the patriarch, who, having blessed a potion, administered it to the patient, put his hand on his heart, prayed silently, presented his hand to be kissed, and then sent him away. Another with diseased eyes kneeled before the patriarch, and yet another with an impotent leg, and he laid his hands on them, prayed, and sent them away, but not "seeing," or "leaping, and praising God," as the blind and the lame who received the benedictions of the blessed apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The *dancing* Dervishes have their monastery and humble mosque in Pera. At one o'clock we went, slippers in hand, as shoes must be left at the door, but found that we were too early. Our company consisted of seven or eight, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. W., of Liverpool, who had been of our party in visiting the mosques. We did not know how far the company of a lady might embarrass the request, yet we ventured to send a messenger to the chief of the Dervishes, asking permission to pay him a visit. It was granted; and, leaving our shoes at the door, we ascended to a plain, uncarpeted ante-room, through which we passed into a small, well-furnished saloon, with divans on three sides. In one corner, as the honourable place, sat a small, mild-looking man, with green turban and green gown. He did not rise when we entered, but put his hand to his breast, then to his forehead, beckoned us to be seated, and then ordered coffee and pipes. His demeanour was exceedingly agreeable and dignified, exhibiting intelligence and sweetness of temper. The esteem in which he was held was apparent from the visits paid him by distinguished persons while we sat. A little sylph-like creature, about four years old, came in, leaped on the divan, fell on her knees before the vener-

able man, and, perfectly motionless, received his silent benediction in three warm, full respirations in her beautiful face, when her melting eyes looked into his beaming with benignity, and then she flitted across the room and disappeared with her attendant, who had stood at the door. She had been sent by her mother for the good man's blessing. Not a word was spoken in the room during this brief but impressive incident.

At length we were conducted to the mosque, and seats were brought for us. The central parts of the floor were enclosed by a low railing, outside of which, under the galleries, stood the spectators. The common form of prayer was first performed, the chief leading; then all arranged themselves at nearly equal distances in a circle within the railings; and, dropping their outer garments where they stood, they walked slowly round to the chief, made him each a profound bow, and then twirled away to his right, spinning around on their feet until their long full skirts filled with air, and spread out like an inverted funnel. They continued to whirl round on their feet with steady yet dizzy velocity, at the same time circulating slowly around the enclosed space, holding their arms aloft and the palms of their hands upward. In two minutes they were all in motion, and notwithstanding their eyes were shut, they never came in collision with each other, and a man walked among them the whole time. There were fifteen whirling at once in a circle of twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter. There was nothing violent in their movements, but the impression was that of calmness and strength; yet it was very exhausting, as the swollen veins of their necks and their flushed countenances sufficiently testified. All were silent during the exercises.

On Friday morning, learning that the young Sultan



was to worship at Scutari at noon, we crossed over from Tophanna to the pier where he was to land, and took our station on an elevated stone platform that commanded the quay and the Bosphorus. A detachment of soldiers in European uniform was stationed on the shore, and the imperial household occupied the pier. A path of sand was strewed on the steep, rough pavement from the water to the mosque, on which the imperial steed might tread without slipping. A band of music was stationed in an adjoining portico; and the officers of the army and navy, and the great men of the state, as they arrived, retired into a neighbouring coffee-shop, to sip coffee until their sovereign came. Their salutations upon meeting were remarkable. The common manner was first to place the hand on the breast, then on the lips or forehead. But persons of distinction stooped down quickly almost to the ground, and passed their hands rapidly under the edges of each other's garments, and then brought them to their lips. This was as if kissing the hem of their garments. It was done by as many as three at once, very rapidly, and yet so skilfully as to avoid all appearance of awkwardness.

At length the report of a cannon came booming down the Bosphorus, and all started to their posts. Even the horses pricked up their ears, as if conscious of the approaching pageant. The Sultan had left his palace of Begler Beg, two miles above, on the Asiatic side. Broad-sides were discharged in succession from the batteries on either shore as the commander of the faithful came abreast of each, and the capital knew that the Sultan was going to prayers. Yet the *people* were not there to see him. His officers, the military detachment, a few Franks, and a grotesque group of washer-men who had just stepped out of the water, made up the mass of look-

ers-on. The long, swallow-like caique of the Sultan first shot round the point, driven down the rapid current by twenty rowers, while its extremely elegant snow-white hull, richly gilded wale, prow, stern, and canopy, were reflected in the crystal waters. He sat on a crimson divan under a canopy of silk. The Kislak Aga, or chief of the eunuchs, a venerable old negro, followed in nearly equal state, and a third barge, but little inferior, accompanied them. The caique of the Sultan was skilfully brought to at the pier, but the hooks of the grapplers missed the eunuch's, and it darted by towards the Propontis, pursued by the third barge.

His majesty stepped on shore, leaned on the arm of an attendant, walked leisurely by the side of a strip of carpet laid from the water to the horse-block, mounted slowly up the steps, and then, with great ease and address, threw himself on a snow-white charger, gathered up the reins in ungloved hands, and the procession moved amid a flourish of music. Men on horseback followed the Sultan, bearing the imperial Koran and prayer-book, enveloped in richly-gilt covers, and the royal vestments which his majesty wears when worshipping in the mosque.

We had a near and protracted view of the young Sultan, as he slowly passed within a few feet of us, and during the whole time stared at Captain P. and myself, as if he had never before seen a Frank. His gaze at us was long and remarkable, and upon mentioning it to a distinguished Frank resident, he said that the Sultan's father used frequently to gaze in the same manner at strangers. He is a spare man, of middle height, with pale and languid countenance, and the air and movement of an invalid. One would judge him to be forty years old, yet he is not twenty-one (June, 1843). He

cannot have energy of either body or mind, and must be a plaything in the hands of his ministers or of the great powers. The secret is explained by the extent and variety of his harem. His dress was perfectly plain, yet exceedingly rich, and without any ornament or badge whatever, not even an aigrette in front of his unostentatious tarbouch. He wore a collarless cloak of fine bottle-green cloth. This, I hear, is peculiar to the Sultan.

We walked up to the mosque, looked into the courtyard, and left him at his prayers. As we returned to the quay we met the old, shrivelled up eunuch on horseback, accompanied by attendants, and hastening to join his master at his devotions.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Funeral of a Greek Priest.—Turkish Funerals.—Armenian and Catholic Burials.—Vast Cemeteries.—Used as Pleasure-grounds.—Population of Constantinople.—Difficulty of estimating it.—Suburbs.—Frank Population.—Separate Quarters.—Greek Quarters.—Fonar.—Origin of the Name.—Division of Parties among the Greeks.—Armenian Quarters.—Character of their Dwellings.—Their Employments.—Their Affinity for the Turks.—Jews' Quarters.—Balata.—Degradation of the Jews.—Haskoi.

As I sat at the window of the hotel one day after dinner, I chanced to cast my eye into the street, and saw a company of Greek priests, in their canonical robes, accompanying one of their brethren to the tomb. He lay on an open bier in full dress, even to his clerical cap, and veil, and boots. There was so much repose in his calm, pallid cheeks, and his long gray beard was so natural an adornment, that he seemed to be sleeping sweetly. He must have died without pain. On another day I saw a child four or five years old borne to its grave. It lay on an open bier, enveloped in flowers, which were disposed as a rich chaplet around its full white face. These arrangements destroy the appearance of death, and invest it with an air of calm repose.

The Turk is carried hastily to his grave in a coffin with a bevelled top, borne by four persons, who trot as fast as they well can for one or two hundred yards, when they are relieved by persons in the streets or adjoining houses suddenly volunteering their assistance. These take place without the bearers stopping, and are ever ready to help, as to bear a corpse towards its grave is a meritorious act. The grave is shallow, the body soon deposited and covered, and the little compa-

ny instantly disappears. The Greek and Armenian are usually buried without coffins, being simply wrapped in sheets; but the *Catholic* Greeks and Armenians use coffins with flat lids. Each nation has its own burial-ground, so that, as they are divided while alive, they are not united in death. These cemeteries gird the city and suburbs on all sides, and some of them are of incredible extent, though the oldest inscription does not date back one century. The Petit Champ de Mort, or Little Cemetery, lying between Pera and Casim Pacha, is said by Reid to contain *eight square miles*, while that at Scutari is larger; and the one just without the west wall of the city, as well as that adjoining Pera on the north, are but little less. To these shady fields of the dead the various nations of the capital repair for recreation and amusement, as the dwellers in European cities repair to their Boulevards, Champs Elysées, and public gardens. On feastsdays, Fridays and Saturdays, the scenes are most ludicrously animated. Turkish, Armenian, Greek, and Frank females, all in separate groups, may be seen sitting on the tombstones, or lounging in arabahs, enjoying the games and sports which enliven the place, among which are dancing, racing, swinging, weighing, jugglery, and buffoonery.

It is exceedingly difficult to estimate the population of Constantinople or its suburbs. Some place it below 300,000, others above 800,000. The probable number may be 700,000. The difficulty is common to all Turkish towns and countries, but is increased here by the vicinity of many populous suburbs, both on the Asiatic and European shores. These are separated from the city and each other by narrow sheets of water, as Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Hoboken are divided from New-York; yet a constant and easy communica-

tion is kept up between them and the city by innumerable caiques. Some travellers take in the inhabitants of the suburbs thus connected with the city ; others restrict their estimates to the city proper ; hence the great difference in their statements. In the Sketches of Turkey, by John Reid, who resided at Constantinople, I find the population of the city and suburbs put down at 846,000, upon the authority of an intelligent Armenian connected with the government. The whole sum is made up as follows :

Turks	500,000
Armenians	200,000
Jews	100,000
Greeks	28,000
Franks	18,000
	<hr/>
	846,000.

The Franks are subjects of other nations residing in Turkey, yet not amenable to her authority, but to that of their own countries generally, as represented by their ambassadors, consuls, and chargés d'affaires. Mr. Reid says that he has good reason to know that the following table of the Frank population was correct in 1838 :

Scotch	120	Brought up,	8,591
English	80	Frenchmen	700
Irish	21	Italians	2,600
Maltese	2,000	Prussians	440
British Greeks	4,000	Austrians	2,000
Independent Greeks	2,350	Germans	3,500
Americans	20	Russians	400
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	8,591		18,231.

But since that period the facilities of intercourse between Europe and Constantinople have very much increased, by means of various lines of steamers ; and the great extension of Pera, the principal Frank quarter, within the last few years, gives evidence of a rapid and great increase of Franks. I should think there are

now near 40 000 Franks in Constantinople and its suburbs.

The preceding tables will show, at a glance, how easy it would be for the anti-Moslem population to seize the capital, if they were united in the enterprise, and the great powers would not interfere. Nay, as more than one half of the population of Turkey in Europe are Christians, if they were united in their purpose, and not restrained by foreign force, in less than one year they could easily drive every Mussulman over the Bosphorus, bring down the Crescent from St. Sophia, and restore again the Christian empire within the walls of Constantinople. The jealousy of the great European powers for the present retards this grand event.

These various nations do not reside promiscuously in the city and suburbs, but each has its own quarter. The Turks occupy nearly the whole of the city proper, which they call Stamboul. They also occupy Scutari on the Asiatic shore, Tophanna on the Bosphorus just above the mouth of the Golden Horn, and Casim Pacha on the heights west of Pera.

The principal Greek quarter occupies the western half of the southern shore of the Horn, extending two miles to the northwest angle of the city, and is called Fanar. This is a corruption of the Greek word for a lantern, which hung at the principal gate on this side of the city, and directed the movement of the Turks in their descent into the harbour by night in 1453. This part of the city was partially spared in the general pillage, and was afterward assigned as the residence of the Greeks, and called the Fanar, or the Lantern, because, as is supposed, on pretty good ground, the Greeks in that quarter had, during the siege, an understanding with the Turks, and assisted them by hanging out a light.

The external appearance of the Fanar is anything but agreeable, yet it contains many abodes fitted up with the greatest luxury. In it is the palace of the Patriarch of the Greek Church, and the residences of the Greek nobles. The finest specimens of the Greek nation, as it respects person, manners, and intellect, are found here. The Fanar is to the Greeks throughout Europe and the Mediterranean what Paris is to France. It is the centre of Greek political influence and intrigue. Here was planned and matured the late Greek Revolution, which wellnigh depopulated the quarter, extinguished the ancient Greek nobility, and destroyed the Greek influence in the imperial government. But the Fanar is again teeming with population, and in its impenetrable recesses the great question is in progress of solution, "*How and when shall we extinguish the Ottoman Empire in Europe?*" The solution is slow and uncertain, owing to the existence of two powerful parties: the Russian, or Church party, and the pure Hellenic, or Patriotic party. This is Young Greece. The first looks to Russia for deliverance, and the other to the consolidation of all the provinces between the Danube and Mediterranean, and the Bosphorus and Adriatic, either by the extension of the kingdom of Greece, or the creation of a republic which should absorb it, and in either case would make Constantinople the capital.

Although the population and wealth of the Fanar are restored, perhaps increased, yet the Greeks have not recovered their employment and influence in the government. To these the Armenians have succeeded, and the Greeks have turned their attention more to trade and commerce.

The principal Armenian quarter is adjoining the Fanar on the east, and extends along the Horn to the

walls of the Seraglio. There is another Armenian quarter on the Propontis, between the Seven Towers and Seraglio Point. The external appearance of these quarters is not superior to that of the Fanar, and the houses of the wealthy are not so gay and luxurious within as those of the showy and tasteful Greeks. The Armenians are remarkable for their wealth, their fairness in dealing, and their mild and submissive deportment. They are Christians of Asiatic origin, the remnants of the powerful and warlike people that inhabited the greater and lesser Armenia, lying between Turkey and Persia. Their country was repeatedly laid waste by the wars between these two powers, which dispersed them among the surrounding nations, and compelled them to engage in trade, commerce, and mechanical pursuits. They form the commercial class of Persia, and a million and a half of them are dispersed in Turkey. Of these two hundred thousand reside in Constantinople and its environs; and, owing to their skill, industry, and wealth, and the indolence of the Turks, they have possessed themselves of all the productive employments of the capital, from the plying of the caique, the selling of water, the building of houses, and the working in the precious metals, to the regulating of the finances, and the collecting of the revenues of the empire as bankers and government agents. Thus they have an influence in Constantinople which is almost omnipotent when concentrated and determined. Yet they rarely exert it politically, being contented to amass wealth by transacting the business of the capital and government, not caring who are the rulers of the country, in which, though they be subjects, they are not citizens.

Being of Asiatic origin, in common with the Turks, there are many points of agreement between them in

dress and customs. Indeed, the agreements are more striking than the differences, which spring from diversity of religion rather than of race. Their affinities for the Turks are much stronger than for their fellow-Christians of the Greek rite, and hence they are treated with more indulgence than any other subjects of the empire.

At the northwest angle of the city is the chief quarter of the Jews, called Balata. I am sorry to say, after my speculations upon the prospects of the sons of Israel, that a visit to Balata might cool the ardour of the most confident friend of their speedy restoration. As the stranger threads the narrow, dark, and dirty streets, lined by vile wine-shops and filthy eating-houses, he may well think that a miracle would be necessary to elevate such a population to the fair humanities of life, and the amenities of Christianity. Some of them are wealthy, and have warehouses in the great khans in the city or in Galata; others have houses furnished luxuriously within, though of mean appearance externally. The principal Jews were once the factors and agents for the government, but, for some delinquencies, they have been superseded by the Armenians, and hence they have turned their attention to trade and the mechanical employments. On the opposite side of the Horn from Balata there is another Jewish quarter, called Haskoi. The Israelites of Constantinople appear to be the most degraded and miserable portion of the population. They are chiefly of Spanish and Portuguese origin, having fled to Turkey from the terrible persecutions with which their miserable race was visited a century or two ago in those countries. They speak chiefly a *patois* of the Spanish and Portuguese languages; but almost every language of man may be heard in Balata, as there are Jews there from every nation under heaven.

CHAPTER XXX.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE EUXINE.

Scutari.—Tophanna.—Galata, the Commercial Quarter.—Pera.—Palaces of the Foreign Ambassadors.—Peculiar Government of the Franks in Pera.—Low Character of the Franks.—Occasional Commingling of the Nations.—The Turkish Arabah.—Night in Constantinople.—Excursion to the Euxine.—Shores of the Bosphorus.—Castles of Asia and Europe.—Bay of Stein.—Therapia.—Gulf of Buyukdere.—Forts and Batteries.—The Symplegades.—The Euxine.

OF the immediate suburbs, Scutari, on the Asiatic side, is inhabited by 80,000 Turks. On the northern side of the Golden Horn, opposite the city, the Turks inhabit Tophanna, where are the chief foundries, Tersene, above the bridge, where is the arsenal, and Casim Pacha, a height above Tersene. Beyond this, the Greeks inhabit a suburb called Demetri, and the Franks, or Christians who are not subject to Turkey, reside in the centre of these European suburbs, in two separate quarters: the one called Galata, which lies upon the shore, extends up the steep declivity, and is enclosed by a strong wall, and defended by a strong tower. These were built by the Genoese, who were the original Frank settlers under the Greek emperors. This is the commercial quarter, and is occupied chiefly by massive stone warehouses belonging to Franks. There are but few dwellings in it, and but few persons remain at night, and these chiefly Maltese and Island-Greeks of the worst character.

Beyond Galata, on the heights, is Pera, the quarter of the Western and Northern Franks. Its name is taken from the Greek preposition signifying *beyond*, because it was beyond Galata. Pera is a miniature collection of nations, each of which finds its capital and govern-

ment in the palace of its ambassador,* the hotel of its chargé d'affaires, or in the counting-house of its consul. The inhabitants are neither citizens nor subjects of the Porte, but of the several nations to which they respectively belong. They are not amenable directly to the Turkish government for their conduct, but to their respective ambassadors and consuls. Even if a Frank were to kill a Turk, he could not be seized by the Turkish authorities without the consent of his ambassador or consul, if he had fled to him for trial or protection. As most of the Franks are trading adventurers, or fugitives from justice in their own countries, it is not to be expected that they should exhibit the best specimens of Western manners and religion, particularly as they are not in terror of the Turkish vengeance. Not long since, the British ambassador, in a communication to his government, said of Pera, it is "the refuge of the outcasts of Bedlam and Newgate making ready for a residence below;" and an English resident says in his journal, "I know that it is common enough, on the arrival of any stranger, to hear remarked, that he must have killed his father, or committed some other crime of equal magnitude, or he

* Some of these palaces are of vast extent and of great strength, suggesting the idea of a fortress rather than a dwelling. The palace of the Russian ambassador, which was nearly completed when I left Constantinople, is the most prominent building there. It is seen to great advantage from sea, and is usually spoken of as the *Russian fortress*. The impression is deep and spreading, that it is yet to be the scene of counsels and conflicts involving the fate of Turkey and the East. The site of the British ambassador's palace was an open garden, surrounded by a strong stone wall. The edifice was consumed not long since, while Sir Robert Gordon was giving a ball at Therapia, on the Bosphorus. Recently, however, Parliament has made an appropriation to rebuild it; and it is to be hoped it will exceed the Russian in magnificence and strength, and that the counsels taken there may be wiser than those in the Muscovite fortress, and when the conflict comes, that the British lion may be found a match for the Russian eagle. But where is the palace of the American ambassador? Our country ought to be honourably and powerfully represented at every principal point in the Old World.

would not have thought of coming to Constantinople." Perhaps these expressions are too highly coloured, yet they contain a great deal of truth. Of course there are many individual and very honourable exceptions. The majority of the Frank population is Catholic.

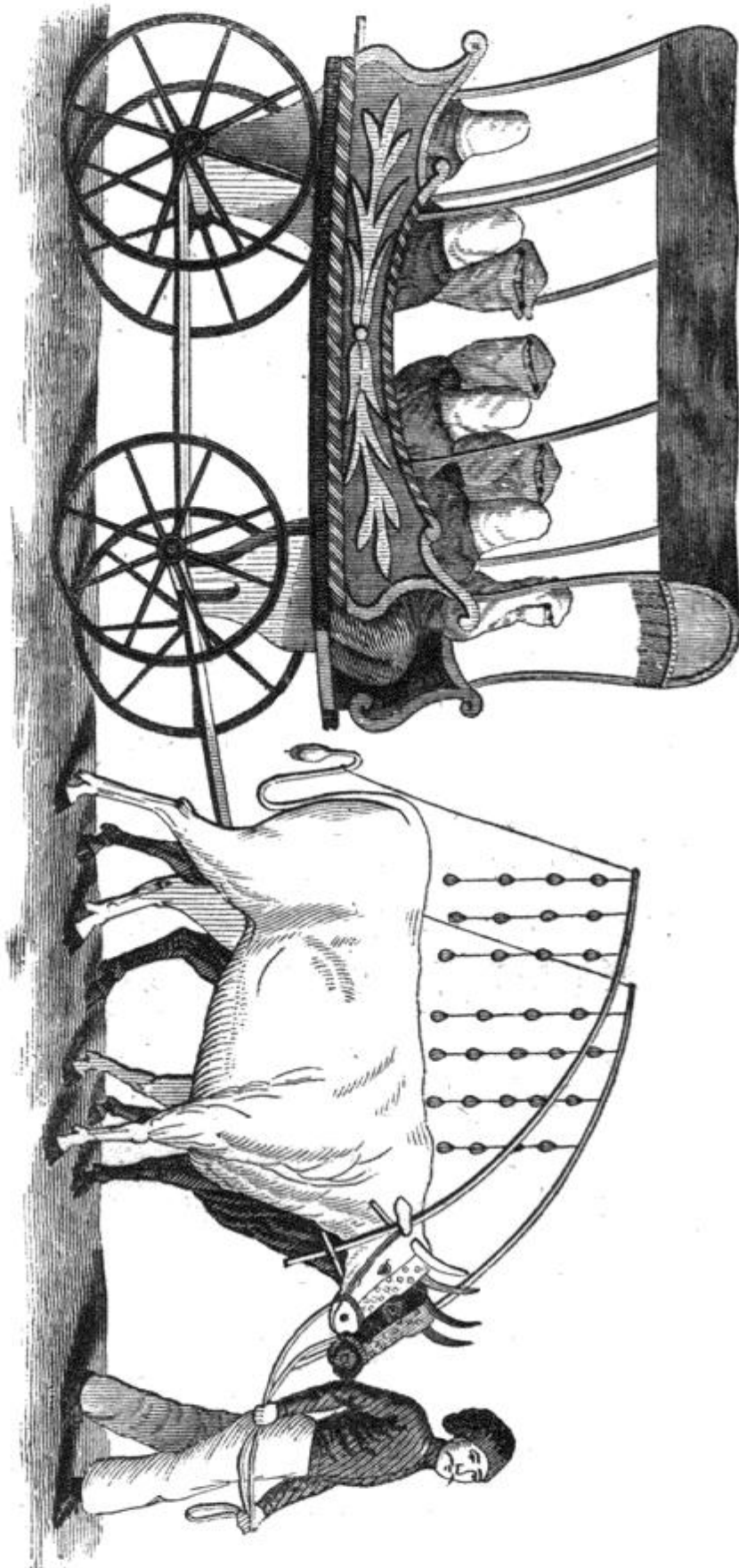
Although the several nations are thus resident in their several quarters, yet they are not so strictly confined as to prevent their being, to some extent, commingled. Some Greeks and Armenians are scattered even through Stamboul, amid the Turkish population, and occasionally a Turkish family is found in Pera. The shores of the Bosphorus are lined with villages from the Propontis to the Euxine, and in these the various nations of the capital commingle more or less. This intercourse of the nations is increasing annually, and tends to extinguish the distinctive Moslem influence, and to increase the Christian.

The suburbs offer nothing of interest, except it be the more frequent appearance of the Arabah, or Turkish carriage, which is the only kind seen in the city, and is used only by women. The engraving will sufficiently illustrate its appearance.

As evening twilight comes on, one does not see the twinkling lamps beginning to appear in long lines to prolong the day for business, or to light the way to revelry or mirth. But with the night comes silence, and an entire cessation of business, except at the wine-shops, cafés, gambling-rooms, and eating-houses in the Christian and Jewish quarters. No one moves out without a lantern, and even with one he had better return to his lodgings shortly after dark.

EXCURSION TO THE EUXINE.

At nine o'clock in the morning we stepped into a large



caique at Tophanna, and with four rowers dressed in white, departed for the stormy Euxine, twenty miles distant. I shall not trouble the reader with a minute account of this most captivating of all excursions: nothing on earth can exceed it in beauty and interest. I had read similar expressions of admiration by other travellers, and thought them hyperbolic; but after twice sailing the whole length of the Bosphorus, from the Propontis to the Euxine, I am satisfied that neither pen nor pencil can fully paint to the imagination of the reader the rapid succession of the grand and beautiful in nature and art, and the interesting in history, which this short voyage affords.

From the mouth of the Golden Horn to the castles of Europe and Asia, four miles above, the Bosphorus is lined on both sides with villages and palaces, whose foundation-walls are washed by the water, while the declivities



and heights above are adorned with terraced gardens and luxuriant groves. There are perhaps a dozen palaces whose gay colours and gilded cornices flash back the rays of the sun, and are reflected in the glassy waves. Together with the forts, batteries, and villages, they form a continuation of Scutari and Tophanna northward

to the castles of Asia and Europe. Here the mountains press upon the waters, and confine them within straits scarcely half a mile wide. Two massive gray castles stand in the edge of the water, one on either hand, and are the northern keys of the capital, as the castles of Anatolia and Roumelia at the Dardanelles are the southern. Here Darius, by means of a floating bridge, crossed on his Scythian expedition; at this point Xenophon led back his Ten Thousand again to Europe; here Godfrey of Bouillon, with his host of Crusaders, crossed on his way to Palestine; and at this point Mohammed the Second, who built the castles, ferried over his troops to besiege the city.

Above the castles, the villages, kiosks, and palaces are placed at some distance from each other, and their positions are regulated by the little bays and promontories, which correspond so well, that if the two continents were advanced until they met, their rocky indentations and projections would fit into each other so as to close up the passage. The chasm of the Bosphorus lies not through a valley, but through mountains, which press down to the water on each side, and doubtless has been produced by some convulsion of nature before the period of authentic history.

Shortly after passing the castles we entered the little Bay of Stein, the scene of many bloody naval engagements. An hour more brought us to Therapia, a beautiful village, remarkable for its salubrity and situation. It was once called *Pharmacia*, because here Medea, in pursuit of Jason, cast poison on the shore. Before the Greek Revolution, it was the residence of the princely Greek families, whose palaces the Sultan seized, and gave as presents to the representatives of the European powers. Hence Therapia has become the summer resi-

dence of the corps diplomatique—the Brighton of Constantinople, where court fêtes and balls are held. It was during the absence of Sir Robert Gordon, the English ambassador, as I have before said, at a ball given by him in Therapia, that the British ambassador's palace in Pera was recently destroyed.

On the north side of Therapia the Gulf of Buyukdere opens deep into the European shore, at the mouth of the only valley of any size on the Bosphorus. It extends several miles inward, and is spanned by a lofty aqueduct, whose ranges of white arches, rising one above another, are seen in the distance to great advantage. Opposite the Gulf of Buyukdere is the Giant's Mountain, the loftiest in the vicinity, on whose summit two dervishes reside, to guard the gigantic tomb of *Joshua*, strangely enough transferred from Palestine to Bithynia.

Emerging from the Gulf, the expanse of the gloomy Euxine is seen in the distance, through the deeply-sunken, narrow chasm of the Bosphorus, whose shores are hallowed by the sites and remains of temples and altars erected by the Argonauts, the Greeks, the Romans, the Christians, and the Moslems. On every commanding position is a fortress or battery, whose open-mouthed cannon bear point-blank on the hull of the passing ship. They are so numerous and so distributed that a vessel is never beyond the reach of a battery, and it would seem impossible that a fleet could pass between these double lines of cannon, a distance of twenty miles from the Euxine to the city, without being blown to pieces.

Escaping from the "Ocean Stream," as Lord Byron calls the Bosphorus, we rowed to the European group of the Cyanean rocks (the Symplegades of the ancients), and looked abroad upon the stormy Euxine as our caique rose and fell amid the same dangerous breakers

through which Jason passed with the loss of the stern of his ship. Here we took leave of the track of the Argonauts, who adventured into the sea, which was then called *Axinos*, or *unfriendly* to strangers, but, owing to their successful expedition, and the opening of this highway to commerce and wealth, was afterward called *Euxinos*, or *friendly* to strangers.

We were five hours ascending from the city to the Black Sea. At one point the current was so strong against us that it was necessary to tow our caique for half a mile. The return voyage was accomplished in three hours.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

Return of Civilization from West to East.—The Empire of Mohammedanism.—Its rapid and extensive Diffusion.—Fall of Constantinople.—The Turks at Vienna.—Defeat.—Rise of Russian Power.—Virtual Extinction of the Ottoman Empire.—Its present Prospects.—Internal Weakness of Turkey.—Decay of Trade.—Decrease of Population.—Frankland's Account—Elliott's—Sandys', two hundred years ago.

THE attention of the Western World is turned strongly to the East. Human influences and the movements of Providence have reversed the direction they had maintained for the last thousand years, and are now returning from the New World to renovate the Old. Those indestructible principles of society, morality and religion, which the West received from the East, have produced their legitimate fruits in elevating young and barbarous nations to the highest state of civilization and power, and these now seek to repay the blessed boon by redistributing those principles eastward for the renovation of the decrepit nations of the Old World. In the way of this distribution and renovation lies the vast empire of Mohammedanism, which has long covered the fairest portions of Europe, Asia, and Africa. This empire, rising upon the ruins of Christian nations, spread itself over every spot of earth consecrated in the sacred history both of Jews and Christians. It extinguished the light of Christianity, and wellnigh blotted out the name of Christ in the East. The principal churches were changed into mosques, and tribute or death was the alternative offered the vanquished Christian; and it frequently happened that when the first had been paid,

until even tyranny itself could wring out no farther contribution, death was the penalty of failure. Yet such were the mutual jealousies of the Christian nations of the West, and the bitter hatreds between the various sects of the Church everywhere, that instead of combining to resist a common enemy, whose avowed motive of conquest was to extinguish or degrade all other religions but their own, they not unfrequently joined the common foe against their brethren. The rapidity with which the successors of Mohammed made their conquests spread dismay among the nations, and the immense wealth which they acquired by plunder, and the vast armies they marshalled as if by enchantment, gave a prestige to their name which was more powerful than their military prowess.

When the empire of the Caliphs, in the twelfth century, gave symptoms of decay, a semi-barbarous people, that had been converted to Mohammedanism long before, descended from the mountainous districts of Central Asia, and, animated by the same invincible fanaticism that had inspired the immediate successors of Mohammed, carried the triumphs of the Crescent northward beyond the Danube, and westward to the shores of Italy. Constantinople alone remained to represent the empire of Christianity in the East. On the 29th of May, 1453, she fell, burying the last and the greatest of the Constantines in the breach through which the Turks passed into the capital. The conquerors, hurrying to the great Cathedral of St. Sophia, pulled down the Cross, and erected the Crescent in its stead. From henceforth the capital of the first Christian emperor became the capital of the commander of the forces of the False Prophet. Europe felt the shock, and awoke to a sense of her danger. She saw the enemy of her religion

and institutions established on her soil, and in possession of her capital. It was not long before it was known through Europe that the sacred standard of the Prophet was unfurled without the walls of Constantinople, and myriads ranged themselves under it for expeditions against the Christians. Hungary, Poland, and Austria were oppressed by the presence of the Turks; Germany was threatened, and might have cowered before the Crescent, had not Charles the Fifth raised the siege of Vienna. Exasperated by occasional defeats, the Turk swore by his Prophet that his horse should eat oats on the great altar of St. Peter's at Rome, and, to make good his oath, in 1683 he closely invested the city of Vienna on his way to Italy. The walls shook under his terrible assaults, the hearts of the Christians within fainted from terror, and the Cross on the venerable Cathedral of St. Stephen's trembled and seemed about to fall, when John Sobieski, king of Poland, leading on the chivalry of Europe, on the 12th of September, as the sun rose, unfurled the banner of the Cross on the summit of the Kahlenberg, and on the same day the Turks were routed, and the power of their name began sensibly to wane in Europe. The doctrine of predestination, which had, in their estimation, assigned them the dominion of the world, from the time of their defeat under the walls of Vienna, suggested to them that God had decreed their expulsion from Europe. Having advanced to victory a hundred times under the firm persuasion that Allah had appointed them to conquer, from the time that defeat indicated for them a different destiny, their fiery zeal was abated, their fanaticism cooled, and their onsets in battle were no longer irresistible. From that hour the Crescent began to wane, because the Mohammedans began to lose confidence in themselves, and the Christians

to recover from the terror the Turk had inspired; and the internal principles of the Mohammedan empire, both social and political, tended to engender decay of trade, morals, and population, while those of Christian nations fostered commerce, purified manners, and, of course, cherished a healthy and rapidly-increasing community.

The fiery energy of the Turk having abated, and his proud and imperious self-confidence having been shaken by Christian valour, his enemies strove for the recovery of their freedom and their territory. Hungary threw off the yoke, Austria recovered her lost provinces, and Russia appeared, for the first time in the eyes of Europe, a young and conquering power, and drove the Turks from all the countries between the Bug and the Dnieper, established herself on the Black Sea, and set up over the gate of a new town which she built on the coast, "*This is the way to Constantinople.*" In this daring declaration Turkey read her fate, and quailed before it; England and France foresaw her fall, and came to her rescue. For a time she scornfully disdained to acknowledge herself dependent on the infidel powers for protection, and even declared war against England for offering her mediation. But, in order to escape the swoop of the Russian Eagle, she was quickly obliged to take refuge under the shield of France, thrown over her by Napoleon in the Treaty of Tilsit. The *old* Ottoman empire thus became extinct. It was an empire of fanaticism, and its power lay in a persuasion that God and the Prophet had ordained it to reduce the infidels to the true faith. The mission had failed, for the Christians were in the ascendant; and Turkey was drawn into the circle of Christian political influences, not to receive the new and regenerative principles of Christian Europe, for this is impossible from her religion and constitution.

but to become the prize for which the five great powers are to contend. The issue involves the fate of Asia from the Bosphorus to the Chinese Sea, and from Siberia to Ceylon. No matter whether one of the great powers shall triumph and appropriate the whole, or whether they divide the spoil among them, the grand result which Providence has ordained will be the same; the political dominion of Mohammedanism will cease, and the science, civilization, and religion of the Western world will be diffused throughout the East. The relations and feelings of the august parties in this magnificent drama are well described in the following paragraphs from C. B. Elliott's *Travels in Turkey* :

“ There never was a reign, except that in which the empire was formed, so fraught with important consequences to Turkey as this. The existing lustrum is charged with her destinies, and Europe, Asia, and Africa await the result with anxious expectation. Circumstances have forced her into painful contact with the insatiable ambition of the Czars, the timid cautiousness of England, the vacillating system of France, and the cold, calculating policy of Austria. All these have exercised, and still exercise, a baneful influence on the divan, which is driven to and fro by fears and menaces, distracted by contentions, and harassed by intrigues. Torn by so many conflicting interests, Turkey would long since have fallen into the hands of one or other of the European powers, had not their reciprocal jealousies rendered it impossible for any one to take possession of her without encountering the cannons of its rivals.

“ The present is an interval rife with expectation, in which all are watching each, and *one* is baffling all. England parades her fleets in the Mediterranean, displays the prows of her vessels at the forts of the Dar-

danelles, and then speedily recalls them, too keenly sensitive to the consequences of a crisis which may be postponed but cannot be averted, and too little alive to the impressions communicated by the retrograde movements of her ships, which were wont never to speak but in thunder, and never to thunder but in victory. France, infected with a similar spirit, acts on the principles of the *juste milieu*, and her ambassador is instructed to keep well with all parties; while, availing herself of the relaxation of the rigorous institutions of Islam, and the Sultan's inability to humble his vassals, she disperses her travelling politicians through the country, covers the sea with her steamers, and lays the foundation of a new empire in Africa. Nor is Austria indifferent. The keen eye of Metternich, whose policy is to maintain for the present, at all hazards, the peace of Europe, already pierces the flimsy veil which unmeaning protocols and cobweb treaties have thrown over the fate of Turkey; and though he be silent, his silence is that of thought, not of sleep. But while others are waiting, Russia is preparing. The colossal Muscovite, having habituated Stamboul to the view of her eagles, has fallen back on her frontiers; '*alieni appetens, sui profusus*,' she scatters her gold with a lavish hand; promises and threats are for a season substituted for cannons and Cossacks, and diplomacy is leaving but little for the sword to accomplish; the counsels of the divan are led by her intrigues; her partisans increase in the very family of the Sultan; and she awaits with intense anxiety a crisis from which she has everything to gain and nothing to lose.

"In the mean time, Turkey, the object of political desire, stands trembling and alone, wooed and deserted by all, with too little ability to protect herself, ready

to fall into the arms that first open to receive her, alternately sought and rejected by each. But from the inauspicious day in which she crouched under the wing of the Russian Eagle, her doom was sealed; the Crescent then sat to rise no more above the political horizon, and the old Moslem empire of the Ottomans, as established on the principles of the Koran, was at an end. The subject for consideration is not now whether the existence of that can be prolonged: it has already ceased to be. Another question, transcendent in interest, is proposed to the powers of Europe: Shall Turkey continue an independent kingdom? It is clear that she can no longer intrench herself behind the barricade which Mohammedanism erects against the march of intelligence and improvement; she can no longer insult the rest of Europe by an assumption of superiority in inverse ratio to her claim; but if she will consent to remodel her institutions, to receive the impress of European civilization, and to admit into her dying members a new principle of political life, her nationality may yet be prolonged. France and England seem conscious of this truth, and if their policy be sound, they will exert their influence to regenerate her. Russia is equally aware of it, and hence she strives to retain both government and institutions in a state of inefficiency and decay. The drama is drawing to a close. The dénouement is the fate of Turkey."

We find in the internal condition of Turkey the same state of decay and the same dependance upon Christian powers. The Pacha of Egypt was but very lately hovering over the capital of the Sultan, and would have driven his master out of the seraglio, had not the diplomatic notes and the cannon of the Christian powers arrested his progress, driven him out of Asia Minor and

Syria, and confined him to Egypt. The Turkish government has no power to preserve order within its provinces ; and within the limits of Turkey, to be under the protection of the consulate of any Christian power is of vastly greater advantage than to be under the shield of the Ottoman Empire.

The external and internal political weakness of the Turks is not more striking than the decay of their religion, trade, manufactures, and population. The charm of their faith is broken by the destruction of their political power, and infidelity, with respect to their own religion, is spread widely among all, but particularly the upper classes. The decline of their religion inspires even the Christian with a momentary sadness, when he sees everywhere the mosques and religious monuments falling into decay, and not a hand lifted to restore the crumbling walls or prop the tottering domes. Commerce and manufactures have wellnigh become extinct throughout the empire, and exist now only where they have been preserved by native Christians, or revived by Frank enterprise. Decay of trade has produced a great decrease and depreciation of the coin, so that a Spanish dollar, that had been worth only five piastres formerly, was, when I was in the East, worth twenty-two piastres at Alexandria, twenty-four at Smyrna, and twenty-seven at Constantinople.

But the decrease of the *population* is the most marked symptom of decay. At first this decrease chiefly occurred among the native Christians, who melted away under the intolerable oppression of the Moslems ; but for the last two centuries it has taken place among the Moslems themselves. The traveller is struck with astonishment and filled with melancholy as he beholds the crowded and countless cemeteries amid vast soli-

tudes, where, but a few generations past, flourished populous cities, towns, and villages; the turbans on the tombstones testify that a Mohammedan and not a Christian population is buried there. So I found it everywhere in Palestine, Syria, and Asia Minor, and so Mr. Walsh describes it for a distance of three hundred miles from the capital, through Roumelia to the Danube, naturally one of the most fertile portions of the earth.

“I had travelled more than three hundred miles through the Turkish dominions in Europe, from their capital to the last town of their empire. When I contemplated the extent of territory, the fertility of the soil, the cattle and corn it produces, and its interminable capability of producing more—when I considered the despotic government that had absolute power over all these resources, to direct them in any manner and to any extent, and that this was but a small portion of the vast empire that extended over three parts of the globe, it seemed as if the Turkish power was as a sleeping lion, which had only to rouse itself and crush its opponents. But when, on the other hand, I saw the actual state of this fine country, its resources neglected, its fields lying waste, its towns in ruins, its population decaying, and not only the traces of human labour, but of human existence, every day becoming obliterated—in fine, when I saw all the people about them advancing in the arts of civilized life, while they alone were stationary, and the European Turk of this day differing little from his Asiatic ancestor, except only having lost the fierce energy which then pushed him on—when I considered this, I was led to conclude that the lion did not sleep, but was dying, and after a few violent convulsions would never rise again. The circumstance most striking to a traveller passing through Turkey is its depopulation. Ruins

where villages had been built, and fallows where land had been cultivated, are frequently seen, with no living things near."

Captain Frankland gives a later and more dreary picture of the same country :

"From the banks of the Danube to the shores of the Propontis, the traveller will see fertile provinces lying waste, well-inhabited cities of the dead (cemeteries), but desolate and ruined abodes of the living. He will see the remains of the arts, and the civilization of a former and a better age, and but few marks of the present era, save such as denote barbarism and decay. The few towns that he will meet with in his long and dreary journey are rapidly falling into ruin, and the only road (the great means of civilization) now existing, and which can put in any claim to such an appellation, is either of the Roman age, or that of the great Sultan Solyman ; but even this pavement is almost worse than nothing. Wherever the Osmanli has trod, devastation and ruin mark his steps, civilization and the arts have fled, and made room for barbarism, and the silence of the desert and the tomb. 'Where the Sultan's horse has trod, there grows no grass,' is a Turkish proverb and a fatal truth."

What Captain Frankland observed of *roads* in Roumelia is more strikingly true of Asiatic than of European Turkey. There is not a road in Palestine or Syria along which even an ox-cart could be drawn for a mile, except on the level surface of some natural valley, and everywhere in Asia Minor the traveller stumbles on the broken pavements, now disused, which at once attest the former prosperity and present decay of the country.

The extent of this decay of population cannot be accurately ascertained, as no census is ever taken. The various countries composing the empire possess natural

capabilities sufficient to support the declarations of history that they teemed with population at the time of their first subjection to the Mohammedan power. Comparing their condition now with what it was then, we shall not exaggerate the decrease of population when we say that three fourths of it has disappeared, and the progress of decay is increasing rather than diminishing. It is impossible to approximate with certainty the present population of Turkey. Reid says that in the seventeenth century it was about forty-one millions; "but at the present day, it is a matter of doubt if the Turkish sceptre *de facto* sways over eight millions of people." C. B. Elliott estimates the present population at about twenty millions, and the natural capacity of the country sufficient to sustain four times twenty millions. Amid these conflicting estimates, one point stands forth undisputed, the rapid and increasing decay of the Mohammedan Empire.

Intelligent European travellers two hundred years ago detected the general decay of Turkey. Old Sandys said, "Her rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves and murderers; large territories dispeopled or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted or prostituted to impiety; true religion discountenanced or oppressed; no light of learning permitted or virtue cherished; violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security save to an abject mind and unlooked on poverty."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE TURKISH EMPIRE.

Necessity of Reform perceived by the Turks.—Difficulty of introducing Christian Civilization.—Attempts of the present Sultan.—The Hatti Sheriff of 1839.—Difficulty of carrying out its Principles.—Proclamation for the Establishment of Schools.—Its Object.—Edict for an Imperial Parliament.—External Relations of Turkey.—Views of the Five Great Powers.—Probable Dissolution of the Empire.—Hopes.

It required two hundred years of disaster and decay to open the eyes of the Mohammedans themselves to their real condition, and the absolute necessity of reformation in every department of the government, from the bureau of the Grand Vizier to the tribunal of the sheikh of the distant and nameless village. The Sultan had felt the influence, and was compelled to acknowledge the superiority of Christian Europe. He saw clearly that any efficient reformation must bear the impress of Christian institutions, and emancipate the millions of his Christian subjects from the horrible bondage under which they had groaned for centuries. Hercin was and is his difficulty. The introduction of Christian civilization, and the elevation of the "Christian dogs," strike at the authority of the Koran, and produce violent resistance on the part of the people, who regard the Bible of the Prophet as the fundamental law of the empire, which they think not worth preserving if their religion is dishonoured. Hence the Commander of the Faithful is placed in a dilemma from which escape seems impossible. On the one hand, he sees his empire rapidly approaching a crisis, ready to dissolve from its own weakness. On the other, he is convinced that its preserva-

tion absolutely depends on an infusion of European life from Christian fountains. The grand problem presented to him for solution is, Can this infusion be made without the patient expiring in the convulsions of a fanatical resistance, or from fainting under the energy of the treatment? It seems that the present youthful sultan, the last, it is said, of the race of Othman, has determined to apply the remedy and abide the issue. The first exhibition shows the hand of a bold practitioner, the second and third indicate wisdom; but the result must depend not only upon the condition of the empire, but also upon the movements of the great powers; while, in the mean time, the Divine Providence seems to indicate that the days of the empire of the False Prophet are numbered.

Reschid Pacha, chief minister of the Sultan, returned from London and Paris in 1839. In the latter part of October in that year, many gay tents were pitched in the Plain of Roses, near the capital, and early in the morning of Sunday, November 3d, the suites of the Sultan and of his cabinet ministers, of the ulemas and pachas, and of the ambassadors of Christian powers, together with the patriarchs of the Greek and Armenian Churches, and the chief rabbi of the Jews, were seen concentrating on the plain. The crowds of the city followed, and when silence was made, at the command of the young Sultan, Reschid Pacha read as follows:

“HATTI SHERIFF, READ BY RESCHID PACHA ON NOVEMBER 3D,* 1839, IN PRESENCE OF ALL THE MINISTERS, ULEMAS, PACHAS, AND DEPUTATIONS OF NATIONS, SECTS, AND RACES SUBJECT TO THE SULTAN.

“All the world knows that, in the first times of the Ottoman monarchy, the precepts of the Koran and the

* I am indebted to the Foreign Quarterly Review for this paper.

laws of the empire were a rule ever honoured, in consequence of which the empire increased in force and grandeur, and all its subjects, without exception, acquired a greater degree of ease and prosperity ; but, since a century and a half, a succession of accidents and different causes have led to people's ceasing to conform to the sacred code of laws, and to the rules which flow from it. Thus the internal prosperity and force became changed to weakness and poverty. An empire loses its stability in ceasing to observe its laws.

“ These considerations are always present to our mind ; and, since the day of our accession to the throne, the thoughts of the public good, of the amelioration of the provinces, and the alleviation of the people's burdens, have occupied me solely. If one considers the geographical position of the Ottoman provinces, the fertility of their soil, the aptitude and intelligence of their inhabitants, one remains convinced that by seeking out efficacious remedies, these may be obtained and put in practice within the space of a few years ; so that, full of confidence in the succour of the Most High, and relying on the intercession of the Prophet, we judge fit to seek, by new institutions, to procure for the provinces of the empire the benefits of a good administration. These institutions relate principally to three things, which are, 1st. Guarantees which ensure to our subjects the security of honour and fortune. 2d. A regular mode of fixing and levying imposts. 3d. A regular mode of levying soldiers, and fixing the duration of their service.

“ Are not, in fact, life and honour the most precious benefits which exist ? What man, no matter how averse to violence be his character, could refrain from recurring to violence if his life and honour be threatened ? If, on the contrary, these be secured, a man will not quit the

paths of loyalty and fidelity. If such security be absent, every man remains cold to the voice of either prince or country. No one thinks of the public fortune, being too anxious about his own.

“It is most important to fix the rate of taxes. The state is obliged to have recourse to them for the defence of its territories. Fortunately for the people, some time back they have been delivered from the vexatious system of monopolies—those bad sources of revenue. As bad a source of revenue still subsists, in the venal concession of officers. By this system, the civil and local administration of each region is delivered up to the arbitrary will of one man—that is, to the most violent and greedy passions; for if such farmer of the revenue be not super-excellent, he can have no guide but his interest. It is henceforth requisite that each Ottoman subject should pay a certain sum of taxes, proportioned to his fortune and facilities. It is also requisite that special laws should fix and limit the expenses of the military and naval force.

“Although the defence of the country is an important and universal duty, and although all classes of the population must furnish soldiers for the purpose, still there ought to be laws to fix the contingent of each locality, and limit to four or five years the term of military service. It is an injustice in itself, as well as dealing a mortal blow to agriculture, to take away more hands from districts than they can fairly spare; and it is depopulating the country, and reducing soldiers to despair, to retain them all their life in service.

“Without such laws as these, of which the necessity is felt, there can be neither empire, nor force, nor riches, nor happiness, nor tranquillity. All these blessings may be expected from new laws. Henceforth, moreover,

every accused person shall be publicly tried, according to the Divine law, after act and examination, and no power shall secretly or otherwise cause any to perish by poison or any other means, until a regular judgment has been passed. No one shall hurt another's honour, and each shall possess his property with liberty, and in fear of no one. The innocent heirs of a condemned person shall inherit his property, nor shall the goods of the criminal be confiscated.

“ These imperial concessions extend to all our subjects, of every religion, without exception. Perfect security is accorded to all the inhabitants of the empire, in life, honour, and fortune, as wills the text of our law.

“ With regard to the other points, which must be regulated by enlightened opinions, our Council of Justice, augmented by new members, and by the adjunction of the ministers and nobility of the empire, shall assemble in order to prepare laws for the security of life and fortune, and the regulation of imposts. Each person in these assemblies shall state freely his ideas, and offer his advice.

“ The laws respecting military service shall be debated in a military council at the palace of the Seraskier. When the law is prepared, we will give it our sanction, and write a heading with the imperial hand.

“ These institutions aiming to cause religion and government to flourish, we will permit nothing contrary to our promise. We will have the laws placed in the Chamber of the Prophet's Mantle, and will then swear to them in the presence of the ulemas and grandees, making grandees and ulemas also swear. Whoever shall infringe these laws shall be punished with the legal penalty, and a penal code shall be drawn up for the purpose.

“ All venality and traffic in offices shall be abolished, as the great cause of the decadence of the empire.

“ These dispositions, being a revocation of old usages, shall be published at Constantinople and throughout our empire, and communicated officially to the ambassadors resident there.

“ May the High God keep you in his guard, and malediction on those who shall act contrary to these institutions.”

This is a very remarkable paper, and is produced here chiefly to show the conviction existing at Constantinople of the deep decline of the empire, and, at the same time, the difficulty of arresting its decay by the introduction of Christian civilization. Its provisions are all drawn from Christian institutions; and yet the contradictions contained in its declarations prove the inextricable difficulties which surround the Sultan, and point to a failure of his efforts to regenerate the empire.

1. It guarantees to all equal security of life and property.

2. It institutes an equitable system of taxation.

3. It provides an equal and reasonable mode of keeping up the army.

4. It guarantees to every one a fair trial in open court, upon examination of witnesses.

5. It forbids the confiscation of the property of criminals.

6. It promises a regular judicial system by the institution of proper courts of justice.

7. It places Moslems, Christians, Jews, and Pagans on the same footing *as it regards the law*.

These are wise and enlightened provisions, but they were unknown to the Koran and to the practice of the empire. Two more were wanted to complete this Con-

stitution: the one, to secure liberty of conscience in matters of religion, so that without detriment any one might change his religion at pleasure; the other, to complete the emancipation of the Christians, by making them eligible to any offices of trust, honour, or profit under the government. But the provisions contained in the imperial proclamation have not been carried out, notwithstanding the Sultan, and his ministers, and chief officers in every department swore upon the sacred mantle of the Prophet to maintain them inviolate.

If the provisions of the instrument show the conviction of the Sublime Porte of what is necessary to preserve the empire from destruction, its contradictions prove the utter impossibility of carrying these provisions into effect. The instrument commences with the false declaration that the former "force and grandeur" of the empire were owing to a strict observance of the laws of the Koran, and adds the still more glaring falsehood, that by the "people's ceasing to conform to the sacred code of laws, the internal prosperity and force of the empire became changed to weakness and poverty." These declarations were necessary to blind the fanatical multitude; but that the government knew them to be false is evident from the fact that, instead of ordaining provisions to restore the authority of the Koran, and the strict observance of the sacred laws, the instrument ordains provisions which, if executed, must destroy both, as it respects their political relation to the empire. This must be accomplished, and the new and conservative institutions of the West take the place of the Koran, or the empire must perish.

In order to prepare the way for this great change, the Hatti Sheriff of November 3d, 1839, has been followed by two other important proclamations. The

first seeks to establish public schools throughout the empire for the instruction of the people, the other to institute a delegated Parliament to represent the condition and wants of the provinces. Of the first the imperial edict says :

“Inasmuch as, to realize the object of my desires, it is essential, and, above all things, necessary, to cause ignorance to cease, to do which is a source of merit both in this and the future life, the first care incumbent upon you will be to organize public instruction, and to found, everywhere that it is necessary, schools to diffuse instruction and propagate light. The ministers must occupy themselves immediately on this point, as soon as possible, with zeal and perseverance, to apply their labours to the erection of other establishments of public utility of the same nature, of which the necessity may become evident, and address to me, from time to time, reports on the subject. May the most high God grant us his assistance, and facilitate the realization of our plans.” The important bearing of this edict will appear when we remember that there are throughout the empire, in connexion with the mosques, countless schools and colleges richly endowed, in which are taught the Koran, and the old usages and jurisprudence founded thereon. But the Sultan seeks to create new schools, in which new knowledge, and laws unknown to the Koran, shall be taught, and thus gradually, by the process of education, to create a *new* Turkey, bearing the impress of European civilization. How different the convictions and measures of the present Commander of the Faithful from those indicated in the memorable reply attributed to the caliph, in answer to the inquiry of Amru respecting the celebrated library at Alexandria :
 ‘ If these books agree with the Koran, they are useless,

and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed."

The third grand measure of the Sultan is contained in a recent imperial proclamation, which, if it take effect, and is followed up, will create an imperial Parliament. He has summoned delegates, chosen by the provinces, to meet at Constantinople, "men of discretion, and skilled in affairs, animated by patriotic sentiments, and zealous for the prosperity of the state and nation," to consult on the condition and wants of the empire.

These three fundamental measures, perfected and vigorously applied, would be sufficient to recover an empire from a state of deep decay superinduced by ordinary causes. But whether their application to the *Turkish* empire is practicable is a matter of doubt, owing to its religious constitution and the fanaticism of the people, and to its great weakness, which may not be able to bear such vigorous remedies. Certainly the Sultan considers the emergency very great, or he would not have crowded into the short period of six years three great measures of reform, which require generations to give them space and range to operate. This precipitancy must ensure defeat. Of what advantage will an enlightened Constitution and a delegated Parliament be to a people wholly destitute of the knowledge necessary to give them effect? Besides, there are very few Turks of sufficient intelligence to comprehend the measures proposed, and scarcely one of sufficient virtue and courage to carry them into execution. Of course they must fail.

Thus far the fate of Turkey has been considered wholly in reference to her internal condition. But should she have wisdom and energy enough to recover herself, will the five great powers allow her to work out her regeneration? It is difficult to answer this question. The

interests of humanity and the general voice of Europe demand the extinction of the Ottoman Empire, which for centuries has sat like an incubus on the centre of the world. It is the only barrier to the civilization of all Asia and much of Africa. The true difficulty lies in the jealousies of the great powers with respect to the distribution of the territory, should the empire be dissolved. The contiguity of Austria and Russia, and the immense influence of the latter in the divan and throughout the empire, by means of the Greek Church, lead them to resist the regeneration of Turkey, and to seek the dissolution of the empire. The distance of England and France from the countries to be appropriated leads them to seek its regeneration, in order to secure its integrity and independence; for they see clearly that the distribution of the spoil involves the fate of Europe, if not of the world, and must be peaceably accomplished by the skill of diplomacy, or decided by the sword on the ancient fields of old renown, where the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, and the Ottoman successively won and lost the same prize. In the meantime, the Turk is called on to make the almost hopeless experiment of working out the regeneration of his empire in the face of the conflicting preparations of the great powers to appropriate his territory.

As a religious question, the result must be essentially the same, whether the empire is regenerated and made to flourish by an infusion of Christian civilization, or is distributed among the great Christian powers, or erected into free and independent states under the protection of these powers; for in either case Mohammedanism will cease to hold political power, and therefore cease to persecute; the Christian population will be emancipated, and freedom of worship and conscience establish-

ed, thus opening the whole of the Old World to the vigorous Christianity of the New.

I am not at liberty to speculate on the question which of the three results mentioned above is most likely to take place. The general expectation, the prevailing presentiment among the Turks themselves and the irresistible decay of the empire, point to its dissolution. The fearful consequences apprehended from the attempt of the great powers to distribute the various countries of Turkey among themselves suggest the restoration of Christian states upon the soil where Christianity first triumphed and long held dominion. The black and bloody history of Mohammedanism is a sufficient warrant for Christian powers to put an end to its political existence; and if not, let them withdraw their support from Turkey, and give countenance to the efforts of her Christian subjects, and these will soon number her days, and restore the dominion of the Cross from Albania to Akabah, and from the Euphrates to the Mediterranean. The Greeks will establish the capital of King Otho in Constantinople — the Armenians will resume their mountain domain long since laid waste by their oppressors. The desolate valleys and mountains of Asia Minor will be repopled with an active population, and once again submit to the sway of Christian sceptres, and the sons of Israel will possess, *for the first time*, the Land of Promise, from the Euphrates on the east to the Mediterranean on the west, and from the Mountains of Esau on the south to the going out of Lebanon on the north, according to the yet unfulfilled promise made by God to his servant Abraham, and ratified afterward to Moses and Joshua.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE EAST.

Persecutions of Christians after the Mohammedan Conquest.--Preservation of Christians as Distinct People.—Increase of Christian Population and Influence in the East.—Field for the work of the Western Churches.—Proportion of Christian Population in the East.—Distribution of this Population.—Influence of Christian Europe in the East.—Recent Exhibition of it in Constantinople.—German Society for the Protection of Christianity in the East.

IN the preceding chapter we have seen that, while the religious principles of the Mohammedan Empire tend to destroy its political existence, Christian influences are also surely working out the same result. These influences are of three kinds, political, moral, and religious; and an examination of them will develop the condition and prospects of Christianity in the East.

The storm of Mohammedan conquest that issued from the peninsula of Arabia in the seventh century, swept over the fairest portions of the Christian world, and ceased not until it had touched China on the east, crossed the Adriatic on the west, subdued Africa on the south, and passed the Danube on the north. The original Christian population of these most ancient and civilized countries was ground by the conquerors as if between the upper and nether millstones. Many thousands everywhere lost their courage, and abjured the cross; and not unfrequently they even drew their swords against their former brethren. Millions perished by the sword, and millions more by the cruel oppressions of ten long and dreary centuries; yet, to the honour of the Oriental churches be it spoken, millions have remained steadfast in their faith, and exist at this day through-

out Turkey and Persia as distinct religious communities, having preserved their nationality amid all the vicissitudes through which they have passed. True, they often dwell around the crumbling walls of their ancient sanctuaries, into which they enter frequently by low, strong portals, the obvious evidences of the apprehension under which they have been accustomed to profess and practice their faith. God has preserved them as distinct from the Mohammedans by whom they were subdued and oppressed, as he has the Jews from the nations among which they are dispersed. And who shall say that Providence, by these two facts, so similar to each other, does not design to point out and accomplish the same great end? The attention of all observers has been drawn to the wonderful increase of the Jews as indicative of some divine design; the relative increase of Christians, and Christian influences in the East, is equally remarkable. While the Mohammedans are rapidly disappearing, the Christian population is steadily growing; while activity and wealth are decreasing among the Moslems, they are rapidly increasing among the Oriental Christians; and while a feeling of distrust in their good fortune, and a foreboding of their banishment from Europe, and their extinction in Asia, are withering the energies of the followers of the Arabian prophet, the Christian communities throughout the East are gathering confidence and hope, and are anticipating their speedy restoration to prosperity and dominion. To this event the churches of Europe are turning their eyes with intense interest, and becoming sensible that it is their duty to prepare those ancient Christian communities for the glorious destiny that awaits them. This is the missionary work of the Western Churches; and "the fields are already white unto the harvest." Let us sur-

vey the extent and condition of these fields, and the proper means of reaping them.

All Europe was electrified some thirty or forty years ago by the publication of *The Star in the East*, by Dr. Claudius Buchanan, in which the existence, on the coast of Malabar, of a regular Christian Church of two hundred thousand people was first revealed to the Western world. Is it strange, then, that the Western Churches should be aroused by the more recent results of the researches of enterprising and intelligent travellers, who have established the fact that more than one fourth of the people of the Turkish Empire are professed and steadfast Christians? Hassel sets down the Mohammedan population in all Asia at seventy millions, and the Christian at seventeen millions. But if we confine the comparison to the Turkish Empire, it will be much more favourable to the Christians. Mr. Southgate estimates the Christian population of Turkey and Abyssinia at fifteen millions, more than one fourth of the whole; and if the comparison were confined to Turkey in Europe and Asia, the Christian population would amount to perhaps one third: it would, certainly, if the Bedouins be excluded, and the comparison limited to those who dwell in permanent habitations. Turkey in Europe has a population of about seven millions, of which four millions are Christians. The Westminster Review for January, 1841, estimates the Christian population of Syria at one third of the whole.

The distribution of this population constitutes a part of its strength. It occupies all the chief cities and towns of the empire, from the Danube and Euxine on the north, to the Cataracts of the Nile on the south; and from the mountains of Armenia and the plains of Mesopotamia on the east, to the islands of the Archipelago

on the west. It is grouped somewhat according to the principal sects, and yet distributed like leaven throughout the whole population. The centre of the Greek Church is Constantinople, from which it spreads itself westward through Roumelia, eastward into Asia Minor, and around the shores and among the islands of the Mediterranean. The Armenians dwell principally to the east of the capital, amid the mountains and valleys of their ancient country. To the south of them, along the upper waters of the Tigris and Euphrates, and spread over the rich plains of Mesopotamia, watered by these rivers, are the Nestorians and the Syrians, the first extending eastward into Persia, and the second westward to the confines of Asia Minor. Syria, and particularly Palestine, the southern portion of it, is inhabited by all sects of Oriental Christians. To the south of the Mediterranean, one hundred and fifty thousand Coptic or ancient Egyptian Christians inhabit the Valley of the Nile, and are connected by a feeble link, through Nubia, with the Christian empire of Abyssinia, which extends to the Mountains of the Moon.* Let the reader cast his eye over a map of Turkey, and note the distribution of fifteen millions of Christians amid her sparse population, and he will see that to resuscitate these ancient churches should be a principal object of the foreign missions of Western Christians.

The influence of the Christian population in the East is increasing rapidly, partly from the invincible inertness of the Mohammedans, but chiefly by means of the increased activity and intelligence of the Christians. In agriculture, these are more prosperous than the Moslems, and commerce and the mechanic arts are mostly

* The Coptic Patriarch of Alexandria, resident in Cairo, nominates the Metropolitan of the Abyssinian Church.

in their hands. They conduct the fiscal affairs of the government almost entirely, and, of course, are the principal bankers of the East. Though these remarks cannot apply to the great mass of the Christian population, which is poor and degraded, yet it is true that these elements of power are in the hands of Christians, and are therefore available for the promotion of Christianity.

But these elements of Christian power in the East are connected, by no insignificant ties, with the mightier Christian elements of the West. The influence of Christian Europe has already penetrated every city, town, and hamlet of Turkey, Persia, and India. Even the Bedouin of the Desert is beginning to understand that the Commander of the Faithful maintains authority by the sufferance of the infidel powers; and he is surprised, when he goes on a pilgrimage to the holy cities of Damascus and Jerusalem, to meet the "Christian dogs" wandering carelessly about the streets in their own infidel dress. But he is still more surprised, as he crosses the Euphrates on his way to Mecca, or passes along the coast of the Red Sea, to see the gallant steamer of the once accursed *giaour* ascending to Bagdad, the City of the Caliphs, or descending, in sight of the Caaba itself, to Aden. If he enter the bazars of Constantinople, Cairo, or Damascus, he is compelled to purchase the fabrics and clothe himself with the manufactures of Christian artisans, instead of the stuffs of his own people. He sees everywhere—over his own mountains, plains, and deserts—long caravans wending their ways to the great commercial marts, laden with the productions of Western manufactories, while the looms of his own country are standing still, and his own people are idle. When disease as-

sails him, he has more confidence in the skill of the veriest Frank quack than in the most celebrated practitioner of his own country; and he sees an acknowledgment of the superiority of Western science in the presence of Franks as the court physicians at Constantinople, Cairo, and Damascus, and in the education in Europe of many of the principal men of his own nation. If he look upon the fleet of the Sultan, he sees the creations, not of Mohammedan, but of Christian skill; and when that fleet moves at sea, or the battalion manœuvres on land, it is according to the tactics, and often under the direction of Christian officers. But what, perhaps, most impresses the Mohammedan with the great superiority of Christian Europe is, that he sees Christian flags waving over the most ancient and sacred cities of his empire, and giving protection even to the dregs of the Christian population against the bigotry, fanaticism, and cruelty which, for many long centuries, kept Europe in awe of the Turk. Within the last two years, at the command of the Grand Mufti, the head of a Christian was struck off, and his body exposed for days in the streets of Constantinople, because he abjured Mohammedanism, which he had embraced, and returned to his faith in Christ. The expiring energies of Moslem bigotry awoke, and a feeble shout of triumph echoed in the mosques; but the ambassadors of Christian powers openly remonstrated to the Divan, and their governments sent instructions in support of these remonstrances, intimating that, if the subjects of the Sultan might not be allowed to return to Christianity, and even to embrace it according to the liberty of conscience which he had pledged to them in the Hattı Sheriff, the cannons of the Christians would not be likely again to restore to the sway of the Porte such prov-

inces as Syria, the third of whose population is Christian. The Divan was in a dilemma : it could not denounce the act of the Grand Mufti, which would have been a deadly blow at the supremacy of Moslemism, but the Sultan dismissed the Grand Vizier, as an intimation that he ought to have had influence and address enough to prevent the shocking catastrophe. This is a tolerably strong pledge that such an event will not occur again, and to this extent it is a triumph of the direct interference of the Christian powers in the affairs of the Mohammedan hierarchy.*

Christian Europe has long suffered this indignity to her religion, but she seems determined to bear it no longer. A society has been formed in Germany for the protection of Christianity in the East, and a branch of it is already established in London, that nurse of every benevolent and Christian enterprise. The means by which the society proposes to accomplish its object are,

1. Frequent public announcements concerning the misery of Christians in the East.
2. Petitions and remonstrances addressed to Christian governments on the subject.
3. Connexion with men of station and influence.
4. So far as may be possible and necessary, contributions for the purposes just specified.

These events indicate that the emancipation of Christians in the East is drawing nigh.

* A similar instance occurred in Smyrna about seven years since, but at that time the Christian powers did not dare to interfere. Since then Turkey has sunk into a state of helplessness from which she can never recover. Her destiny depends wholly upon the Christian powers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE EAST.

Corruptions of the Oriental Churches.—Points of their Agreement with Rome.—Points of Difference.—Catechism.—Superstitions of the Greek Church.—Powers of the Patriarchs of the Oriental Churches.—Of the Clergy.—Missions to the Eastern Churches.—1. THE ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.—Their Object, not Reformation, but simply Obedience to Rome.—Means of Success.—Results.—2. PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL MISSIONS.—At present rather Political than Evangelical.—Letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury.—Its Spirit and Objects.—Probable Results.—Mr. Southgate's Views.

THE remarks in the preceding chapter refer to the present state and prospects of Christianity in Turkey, considered chiefly with reference to its internal condition, and the external political influences in its favour. But I must not omit another important, and perhaps the most important, class of influences, *The Western Missions in Turkey*. To the Protestant Christian there appears to be a widespread blight upon this fair field of missionary hope and enterprise, in the almost universal corruption of all the Oriental communions. It is not to be denied, that in all essential points of doctrine and order, the Greek, the Armenian, the Syrian, and the Nestorian churches agree substantially with the Roman Catholics of Europe. Some of the points of difference regard matters of discipline, as the supremacy of the Pope and the celibacy of the clergy, both of which the Oriental churches steadfastly reject;* others are speculative, as, for instance, the doctrine of

* The Maronites acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, but reject clerical celibacy.

the Greek Church with respect to the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father *only*, and not from the Father *and the Son*; and that of the Syrians and Nestorians, who are Monophysites, holding that there is but one nature in Christ. But in all essential elements of Church government and of doctrine they agree with the Roman Catholics of Europe. They believe in the three separate orders of the ministry, regularly derived, by unbroken succession, from the apostles; and each principal church has its Patriarch, which bears nearly the same relation to it that the Pope does to the Latin Church. They believe in the seven sacraments, and in the same sense that the Romanists do. The following is a translation, made at Constantinople by one of the American missionaries, from the official Catechism of the Armenian Church. With it agree strictly the doctrines of the Greek Church, as stated by Dr. King, and Platon, the Metropolitan of Moscow:

Ques. What are the sacraments of the Church?

Ans. 1. Baptism—by which a man becomes a member of the Church.

2. Confirmation—by which boldness is gained to profess the Christian faith.

3. The Communion—in which, under the appearance of bread and wine, the real body and blood of Christ—the true Sanctification—are received from the hands of the priest, and by it we are sanctified. And although in the sacrament of the communion nothing but bread and wine appears to the eye, it is yet the living and life-giving body and blood of Christ that we see and taste; and we confess that in every particle of the bread, and in every drop of the wine, is the whole body and blood of Christ.

4. Penance—by which sacrament dead souls, who have become cut off from the Fountain of life by deadly sins, are healed, if they sorrow with a perfect heart over their sins, confess to a priest, submit to his admonitions, obey his commands, and so become entitled to absolution; for unless the priest say, "I absolve thee," it is impossible to obtain forgiveness.

5. Marriage—which is appointed for the increase of spiritual seed to the Church.

6. Ordination—by which officers are designated to perform various offices in the Church, to preach to the people, and administer the sacraments. As there are different grades in the ministry, those of a lower grade have no authority to perform the duties belonging to a higher grade. This sacrament is also called Orders.

7. Extreme Unction—or the reading of the Gospel and prayers over the dangerously sick. By this the sick man, through the grace of God, is delivered from his sorrows, and, if he has sin upon him, obtains pardon. But sins destructive to the soul, which are called deadly, do not obtain pardon by this sacrament alone, without contrition and confession; yet if a man repents from the heart, and has no time for confession, or confesses and dies before he has completed the penance necessary to the perfect purification of his soul—by the merits of the death and blood of Christ, and those of the saints who have had fellowship with him in his death, whose merits are also the merits of Christ, with the prayers of the Church for his purification, he is cleansed, and becomes an heir of the kingdom of heaven. But if he dies impenitent and in deadly sin, the prayers of the Church cannot save him.

There are some minor differences in the modes of administering some of these ordinances. In all the Oriental churches, the Eucharist is administered to the people in both kinds, the bread being generally dipped into the wine. Baptism is administered, particularly in the Greek Church, by immersing the body of the infant three times in water successively as the names of the *Father*, the *Son*, and the *Holy Ghost* are pronounced.

Nor is the worship of the Oriental churches freer from corruptions than that of the Roman Catholic. They worship pictures and the cross, as do the Latins,* and pay a more constant and ardent devotion than the Catholics to the *Panagia*, or “Holy Virgin, Mother of God.” Their reverence for saints is as profound, and their in-

* The Greeks admit of plain pictures of Christ, the Virgin, and the saints, to which they pay adoration; but they reject all images or statuary, which the Latins so profusely admit into their churches. The Greeks also abhor any attempt to represent the Father Almighty even in a picture.

vocation of them as frequent, as among the Roman Catholics. Their public services consist almost entirely in daily matins, mass, and vespers; and when the Host (or bread and wine after consecration) is carried among the people, they fall down and worship it with a grosser superstition even than the Latins.*

The power of the priesthood over the people in the Oriental churches is incredible, and it is often exercised in the most rigorous manner, particularly among the Greeks, whose clergy exact oppressive fees for the performance of every religious service—for marriages, funerals, and the sacraments; all of which are matters of barter, and are paid for according to the wealth of the party served. No preparation is required for entrance into the holy office of the ministry; and there are no schools for the prophets, in which they may obtain some knowledge of divine things before they enter upon the service of the altar.† This deplorable state of the Oriental communions is not a matter of surprise when

* The author of "Traces of Travel brought home from the East" gives the following picture of the miserable superstitions of the Greeks:

"Never, in any part of the world, have I seen religious performances so painful to witness as those of the Greeks. The horror, however, with which one shudders at their worship, is attributable, in some measure, to the mere effect of costume. In all the Ottoman dominions, and very frequently, too, in the kingdom of Otho, the Greeks wear turbans, or other head-dresses, and shave their heads, leaving only a rat's-tail at the crown of their head; they of course keep themselves covered within doors as well as abroad, and never remove their head-gear merely on account of being in a church; but when the Greek stops to worship at his proper shrine, then, and then only, he always uncovers; and as you see him then, with shaven scull, and savage tail depending from his crown, kissing a thing of wood and glass, and cringing with tears, prostrations, and apparent terror before a miserable picture, you see superstition in a shape which, outwardly at least, looks sadly abject and repulsive."

† This remark is confined to Turkey. In the kingdom of Greece, there is a university and a theological school at Athens; and good seminaries in Russia.

we remember their long night of darkness, and the oppression under which they have been subjected.

As citizenship in the Moslem empire depended on the profession of the Moslem faith, the conquered Christians were never incorporated with the conquerors, but remained distinct communities according to their nations. They are responsible to the government through their respective patriarchs, who are at once their temporal and spiritual heads. The consequence is, that these patriarchs are vested with large and dangerous powers, by which they can cruelly harass and punish their clergy, and, through the clergy, the people. The Patriarch may imprison a bishop or priest, and punish him to any extent short of his life ; so the bishop may punish his clergy, and the clergy the people, with the bastinado or otherwise. The same is the case with the Jews and their chief rabbi. One occasion for oppression, which also acts as a powerful stimulant to avarice, is the power of the patriarchs and chief rabbis to lay and collect the taxes which the government has imposed on each community. The existence within the empire of these separate communities as nations, holding religious opinions directly antagonistical to Mohammedanism, is a chief cause of the weakness of the empire, while, at the same time, it will be a source of strength to those Christian nations that are destined to possess the country. We shall see, however, that their existence with semi-governmental powers is, as it was in the times of our Saviour, the chief impediment to the missionary enterprise among them.

The Missions to the Oriental churches may be classed under three divisions : the Roman Catholic, the Protestant Episcopalian, and the Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

The Roman Catholic missions have been established chiefly within the last century, and the period of their activity may be confined to the last fifty years. They have been conducted mainly by Jesuits, and have received the countenance of France. The aim of the missionaries has not been so much to insist on such reformation in doctrine and worship as would conform the Oriental churches strictly to the Latin in these respects, as to procure a union of the Eastern and Western churches under the Pope as a common head. This is, indeed, the only point insisted on, and the Papal portions of the Oriental churches are allowed, at least for the present, to retain the peculiarities of doctrine, worship, and discipline which have always distinguished the churches of the East from the Roman Catholic Church of Europe. For instance, they reject the *filioque* from their creed concerning the procession of the Holy Ghost, professing that he proceedeth from the Father *only*; they administer the Eucharist to the people in both kinds; they not only admit, but require their priests to marry; and they perform their services, not in the Latin, but in their own ancient languages, and according to their own ancient liturgies. These easy conditions facilitate the success of the Romish missions to the Oriental churches, especially when it is found that in doctrine, worship, and discipline they essentially agree.

But perhaps the most powerful motive to enter the communion of the Roman Catholic Church is the hope of political protection, chiefly through the influence of France. The Porte has become so feeble that it can scarcely resist any request made by one of the great European powers, and France has even succeeded in procuring an imperial recognition of the Papal portions of the Oriental churches. Here is practical proof that

France considers herself to be—what she was pronounced by Guizot, the Protestant minister of Louis Philippe—the protector of the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world. These Oriental Papal communions feel that they are brought into direct sympathy with Europe by their communion with Rome, and hence they affect Frank manners and customs to some extent, and are regarded in the East as approximating the Franks in feelings, interests, and habits. Nor is it to be denied that their intercourse with the Roman Catholic Church tends to elevate them in the scale of civilization, as the priests sent to serve them, being generally educated men, diffuse European knowledge as well as manners among them.

It is not possible to estimate the success of the Romish missions to the Oriental churches, but the general fact is clear that they have divided them all, so that there is in Asia a Papal Greek Church, a Papal Arminian Church, a Papal Church among the Nestorians, a Papal Church among the Syrians, and also among the Copts in Egypt. They claim a communion of forty thousand among the Armenians, and fifteen thousand among the Syrians. To each of these Papal communions there is a Patriarch appointed by the Pope, and confirmed by the Sultan.

This division in the Oriental churches has in some instances been brought about by intrigue with the patriarchs, and has produced the most deplorable consequences. In many towns the churches have been claimed by both parties, and the Turks have ordered walls to be built up in them, dividing them into two portions, one for each party in the Church.*

The Protestant Episcopal missions to the Oriental

* This is particularly the case among the Syrian Christians.—*Southgate.*

churches are of very recent date, and are prosecuted by the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States and by the Church of England. The main design of these, with the exception, perhaps, of the Episcopal missions in the kingdom of Greece, is to secure the ascendancy and unity of all the *Episcopal* churches *not in communion with Rome*, upon the principle of a common apostolic succession, rather than upon unity of doctrine and purity of worship and morals. And yet, should the result be obtained, and the elements of Christianity in the East be brought under the favourable influence of Protestant Episcopalianism, there is good ground to hope for the most blessed fruits from its pure worship and doctrine, exhibited to the Oriental churches, emancipated, as they soon will be, from the degrading yoke of Turkish bondage.

But I must not conceal my conviction that these missions at present seek rather the ascendancy of Episcopalianism than the spiritual regeneration of the Oriental churches: probably, on the part of the English Church, they have a *political* bearing.

The Protestant diocese of St. James at Jerusalem may be considered the centre of the mission of the Church of England to the Oriental churches, and the official instructions given to its bishop may be regarded as the exponent of its policy. Keeping in view, then, the corrupt state of the Oriental churches both in doctrine and worship, as already set forth, the Protestant reader will hardly be prepared for the following commendatory letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, delivered to Bishop Alexander when he departed for his diocese in the East:

“To the Right Reverend our Brothers in Christ, the Prelates and Bishops of the Ancient and Apostolic

Churches in Syria, and the countries adjacent, greeting in the Lord.

“ We, William, by Divine Providence Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and Metropolitan, commend to your brotherly love the Right Reverend Michael Solomon Alexander, Doctor in Divinity, whom we, being well assured of his learning and piety, have consecrated to the office of a bishop of the united Church of England and Ireland, according to the ordinances of our holy and Apostolic Church, and having obtained the consent of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, have sent out to Jerusalem, with authority to exercise spiritual jurisdiction over the clergy and congregations of our Church, which are now, or may be hereafter, established in the countries above mentioned. And in order to prevent any misunderstanding in regard to this our purpose, we think it right to make known to you, that we have charged the said bishop our brother not to intermeddle in any way with the jurisdiction of the prelates, or other ecclesiastical dignitaries bearing rule in the churches of the East, but to show them due reverence and honour, and to be ready on all occasions, and by all means in his power, to promote a mutual interchange of respect, courtesy, and kindness. We have good reason to believe that our brother is willing, and will feel himself in conscience bound, to follow these our instructions; and we beseech you, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to receive him as a brother, and to assist him, as opportunity may offer, with your good offices.

“ We trust your Holinesses will accept this communication as a testimony of our respect and affection, and of our hearty desire to renew that amicable intercourse with the ancient churches of the East which has been suspended for ages, and which, if restored, may have

the effect, with the blessing of God, of putting an end to divisions which have brought the most grievous calamities on the Church of Christ.

“In this hope, and with sentiments of the highest respect for your Holinesses, we have affixed our archiepiscopal seal to this letter, written with our hand, at our palace at Lambeth, on the twenty-third day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty one.”

The mildest construction that can be put upon this official document is, that it fully proffers the fellowship of the Church of England to the Oriental churches *as they are*, notwithstanding their adherence to transubstantiation, auricular confession, priestly absolution, the worship of pictures, and the invocation of saints—errors against which the Protestant world has heretofore protested even unto blood.

I cannot discern in the above instruction the slightest disposition to attempt any reformation either in the doctrine or worship of the Oriental churches; a union of these corrupt bodies with the Church of England and Ireland seems to be the main, if not the only end sought. I admit that this may be the wisest policy for the present, hoping that an evangelical and purifying influence may be exerted over the Eastern communions after the fellowship is established; but if nothing more than a union with those churches is sought, then there is room to suppose that the mission is rather political than spiritual, and ought to be cherished only so far as it tends incidentally to promote the revival of pure Christianity in the East. Yet in this respect it may be of immense advantage, as almost all changes in society in that old world are produced by political influences. Hence the influence of England and her national Church are mat-

ters of vast importance to religion in the East; Providence seems to have pointed to England as the power chosen to restore and protect primitive Christianity in the Old World. It is a magnificent destiny; and the prayer of the whole Protestant world ought to be, that she may have wisdom and grace gloriously to fulfil it; and although I acknowledge that the preceding archiepiscopal instructions given to the Protestant bishop of the East are not such as the Protestant world would have expected, considering the mission as a wholly evangelical enterprise, yet, when I remember that such is the state of society in the East that diplomatic skill and political influence are almost essential to produce any radical and permanent change, I am content to await the result in hope. This hope is strengthened by the political bearing of the mission. Doubtless England aims to raise up friends in Turkey, bound to her by a religious communion (which is the bond of each Christian nation in the East), and ready to aid her when the hour of conflict shall come, in which Turkey shall be destroyed, and her territory be reconstituted into independent Christian governments, or appropriated by the great Christian powers.

With the exception of the political aspect, it would seem that the American Protestant Episcopal missions in Turkey aim at the same result as the English missions. Take, as an evidence, the views of the Rev. Mr. Southgate, recently appointed Bishop in Turkey, with the special design of superintending these missions in behalf of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. In the three volumes in which he has recorded the observations he made and the opinions he formed during two tours in Armenia, Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria, for investigating the condition of the Oriental

churches, he has uttered not one word in condemnation of their corruptions in doctrine and worship. On the contrary, when he speaks of their corruptions at all (which he rarely does), he endeavours to palliate them, and even to reconcile them (as in the case of the Eutychianism of the Syrian Church), with the Articles and Liturgy of his own Church. He magnifies the agreement between his Church and the Oriental communions, and constantly presents these points as the ground of hope for the formation of a union between them, which seems to be the principal object of his mission. He never proposes directly to reform either their doctrine or worship, but seeks to establish fellowship with them *as they are*. In these remarks I aim to present the mission as it now appears: I admit the possibility that this may be a wise commencement, looking to an ulterior reformation when influence has been gained in the Oriental churches. That the Protestant Episcopal Church intends to sanction the corrupt doctrines and worship of the Oriental churches is not to be believed. It is worthy of consideration, then, whether or not, when the missionaries shall hereafter object to transubstantiation, auricular confession, absolution only through the priest, the worship of pictures, and the invocation of saints, these churches will not demur, and break up the communion, saying, "You did not say these things at first, but led us to believe that you agreed with us." Yet it may happen that the silent and imperceptible influence of these missions may enlighten and purify the Oriental churches, and thus restore them to life. Having witnessed their degradation, one cannot but wish success to any effort to regenerate them.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CHRISTIANITY IN THE EAST.

Missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions.

Their Object spiritual, not temporal.—Means employed: 1. The Press; diffusion of Books, Tracts, &c., through the East. 2. Schools. 3. Oral Instruction.—Results.—Comparison of the Episcopal and non-Episcopal Missions.

THE missions of the American Board differ very materially from those before mentioned. They aim to reform the doctrine and worship, but not the constitution and government of the Oriental churches. They do not draw away the members and erect them into a separate communion, after the model of the American churches, but they endeavour to instruct them in the pure doctrine and worship of primitive Christianity as taught in the Bible, and then advise them to remain among their own people as leaven by which they hope to leaven the whole lump. They do not seek to destroy the external organization of the Oriental churches, and yet they seek not to enter into Christian union and fellowship with them *as they are*, as this would imply an approbation of their doctrine and worship, but to regenerate them by the informing power of evangelical piety, and thus to impart life to these organized yet insensible bodies, that challenge the respect and affection of the people by the splendour of their early history, the triumphs of their many martyrs, and their unparalleled sufferings and constancy through centuries of Mohammedan oppression. These missions, then, must be regarded as wholly spiritual, and not at all political. They seek not to extend the influence of the

state, or of the American non-Episcopal churches. When their single object shall be accomplished—the regeneration of the ancient Christian communions—they will disappear from Turkey, and the Oriental churches will again stand forth on the apostolic soil, “rooted and grounded in love, able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and to be filled with all the fulness of God.”

These missions seek to accomplish this great result by three principal means, the Press, the Seminary, and Oral Instruction.

In passing through different parts of Turkey, I was struck with the wide circulation of religious tracts and books in the various languages of the different nations; and when I examined their imprints, I found they had nearly all (except Bibles) issued from the presses of the missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Those which I met with in Palestine, Syria, and the Lebanons were issued from Beyrout; those in Asia Minor from Smyrna; and those in the vicinity of the capital from within sight of the seraglio of the Sultan. This circulation is immense, of which the press at Smyrna may be cited as an example. The statement is taken from the *Missionary Herald* of January, 1840:

“At Smyrna, the printing during the year amounted to 51,060 copies and 2,247,860 pages. The printing at this establishment from the beginning is estimated at 32,247,760 pages. Almost 30,000 books and tracts were distributed, and 850 dollars were received for books sold. The *Magazine of Useful Knowledge* in modern Greek has about 1000 subscribers.”

Each of these pages produces a pulsation within the dark domain of the East ; and when we remember the number of copies of the Bible, in every tongue, put in circulation by the indirect agencies of the various Bible societies, and the countless evangelical pages which have issued from other missionary establishments, we shall not be surprised that symptoms of life begin to appear in many portions of the decayed masses of the Old World. I admit that patriarchs, bishops, and emperors have interdicted the circulation of these lines of light, but "the Lord that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh at them ; he shall have them in derision."

The *Seminary* is another means of regenerating the Oriental churches. The influence of foreign education on a nation must be slow, but it is sure. The mission schools communicate European knowledge and science, and with them European feelings and views respecting Christianity. These, once put in circulation, can never die except by violence, and the peaceful state of the world is opposed to that ; and if violence must be used, Providence has so ordered it that force is on the side of Christianity. God has not disdained to use the general circumstances and tendencies of society to establish his kingdom in the earth. Nearly every remarkable extension of that kingdom, since miracles ceased, has been accomplished by the exercise of political powers or amid the storms of war. If violence and war must come, in the present state of the world, the elements of power are on the side of truth : if force is about to cease, then the only agencies that can take its place, wealth, knowledge, and civilization, are on the side of pure Christianity. The present indications of Providence are, that these shall triumph, and that hereafter war shall rarely occur.

But *Oral Instruction* is the chief instrumentality on which the missions of the American Board rely. The sound of the voice, the expression of the eye, and the glow of the face are lucid, living commentaries on spoken truths. Herein is the difference between the instruction of the missionary and that of the press. The oral instruction of the missionaries is not always or chiefly given by set sermons in consecrated churches, but rather like those of Paul at Rome, in their own hired houses, where they receive all that come unto them. Sometimes they come at dawn of day, and sometimes at noon. In their eagerness to hear the Word, a little company came to the house of one of the missionaries while he was busily at work, with his sleeves rolled up, and called to him, *Ho! come and preach to us the Gospel!* and he replied, *Wait till I wash my hands.* And then he sat down among them, and taught them until night. It is true, the missionaries have stated services in their own houses, in which they preach the Gospel in Turkish, Armenian, Greek, Syriac, Arabic, Chaldee, &c., to the many-tongued nations of Turkey and Persia, but their great work is accomplished mainly by the private instruction of those who come unto them. These go forth, mingle with their people, not only in the principal cities, but in the surrounding villages for many miles, far into the interior, and silently yet effectually diffuse the new evangelical views into the common mind of the Church. This is the case particularly among the Armenians, Chaldeans, and Nestorians, to such an extent that these ancient nations are much in the condition that Jerusalem was when the rulers, in reprimanding the apostles, said, "Ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrines." It is this silent, unostentatious mode of conducting the mission that leads trav-

ellers to suppose that no valuable results are obtained. They see no churches, no congregations, as the fruit of many years' toil and a large expenditure of money. Could they look into the interior mind and feelings of the Oriental churches, and note the symptoms of a new life and an approaching resuscitation, they would see that the seed sown is germinating, and it requires no great sagacity to predict a glorious harvest.

In the west of Turkey there are five principal stations among the Armenians—Constantinople, Smyrna, Broosa, Trebizond, and Erzeroum, at which are employed sixteen missionaries, fifteen female assistants, and eleven native helpers; total, forty-two. In Syria are three principal stations, Beirut, Abeih, and Hasbeiya, at which are employed five missionaries, two physicians, one printer, six female assistant missionaries, and five native helpers; total, nineteen. Among the Nestorians (or Chaldeans) in Persia, Oroomiah is the principal station, at which are employed seven missionaries, one printer, eight female assistant missionaries, and twelve native helpers; total, twenty-eight.* Among the Nestorians in Turkey, the principal station is Mosul, at which are employed two missionaries and one female assistant; total, three. Grand total in the missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions in Turkey and Persia, ninety-two. To this may be added the mission at Athens, under the care of the Reverend Mr. Benjamin.

I have pointed out the difference in the immediate object and in the mode of operation between the Episcopal and non-Episcopal missions in Turkey. I must believe that the ultimate end aimed at by both is the same—the regeneration of the churches in the East. Perhaps

* Dr. Grant, the physician, has recently died.

the two missions may be indeed working out the same results, though the one appears to be acting more directly than the other. It is to be regretted that they have come into collision with each other in the midst of these ancient churches, and in the presence of the Turk. The chief ground of collision is the validity and authority of their respective ministries, involving the vexed question of the apostolic succession. The Episcopal missions claim to have this in common with the Oriental churches, and on this ground propose a union with them, presenting it as the essential bond between churches. The missionaries of the American Board, on the other hand, while they insist on the validity of their orders, regard evangelical doctrine and worship as the essential ground of Christian unity. The one mission appears to aim chiefly at obtaining a recognition of its churches as truly apostolic; the other, at restoring the simplicity and purity of doctrine and worship in the Oriental communions. It is most desirable that they should avoid collisions, which might be easily done, by each confining itself to the stations and provinces of which it first took possession, and by refusing to enter into the field already occupied by the other.

I regard these missions in the East as the brightest hope of the Oriental world, and worthy the most liberal support of the Protestant churches. I acknowledge a feeling of mortification that my own Church has no part in the glorious enterprise of preparing the East for the restoration of the kingdom of Christ.

From Constantinople we departed in the French steamer for Greece. I can never forget my rambles

through that land of ancient renown ; and I still recall with great pleasure my emotions when I sat down upon the Acropolis of Athens, and of Argos, and of Corinth ; or rambled over the sites of Thebes, of Platæa, and of Cheronea ; or climbed to the summit of Parnassus, or worshipped in the little chapel on the site of the ancient Temple of Apollo in Delphi. But I must not trouble the reader with these classic reminiscences. From Greece I turned my steps towards my native land, and in a few weeks found myself in the society of my friends.

THE END.

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