

WILSON'S  
WINTER  
JOURNEYS

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Vol. 3

WILSON'S  
LANTERN JOURNEYS.

A SERIES OF DESCRIPTIONS

OF

JOURNEYS AT HOME AND ABROAD,

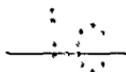
FOR USE WITH

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS, THE STEREOSCOPE, AND  
MAGIC LANTERN.

BY

EDWARD L. WILSON,

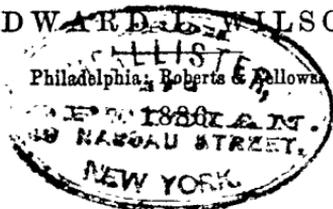
EDITOR OF "THE PHILADELPHIA PHOTOGRAPHER," ETC.



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NEW YORK:  
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## P R E F A C E.

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THE two volumes of descriptions which I have already had the pleasure of preparing have met with such favor that I am induced to follow with a third. This time I am enabled to describe the products of my own camera. During my last tour, I visited Egypt, Palestine, Syria, the Sinai Peninsula, Arabia Petra, and the European Continent. I conducted the largest photographic expedition that was probably ever known. And, as a result, I brought home a series of oriental and other views, new and unattainable heretofore. And now, since they are ready to do their work, I proceed with the next duty of supplying descriptions for the information and help of those who wish to enjoy and share the pleasures of my wanderings. The work cost many a long, hard, and perilous journey, but it also gave me many happy days, when I wished that everybody might see and know all that I saw and learned.

I particularly recommend the Mount Sinai and Petra views. They are entirely new to nearly all audiences. Lecturers who take them up will find my contributions to the *Century Magazine* (especially November, 1885) of some use to them. I recommend that one-fourth to one-third of the slides be colored. Justice cannot be done to many of the subjects in any other way. And colored pictures invariably bring applause.

The notes on Palestine, Egypt, and Europe in volumes I. and II. of *LANTERN JOURNEYS*, will be found very helpful in addi-

tion to this volume. At the request of many readers, I have arranged the views of Palestine and Egypt into sections of fifty each, giving in every section quite a complete lecture on the lands named. No view is used in more than one lecture. All are entirely different. Together they make a grand pictorial showing.

I trust the whole may be found useful and acceptable.

EDWARD L. WILSON.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1886.

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WILSON'S  
LANTERN JOURNEYS.

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SINAI PENINSULA AND PETRA.

PERHAPS no part of the world offers a more unique tour than the peninsula of Sinai and Arabia Petræa.

The living in a tent; the novel way of travelling on camel-back; the freedom of the desert-life, where there is no world or people to consider or consult; the entertainment derived from the nomadic tribes met on the way, whose character and customs have not changed since the patriarchs lived there; the sea-coast travel; the wilderness wandering; the mountain scenery; the glorious nights; the strange mirage; the impressive associations; the mystery of it all, and the genuine smack of danger which there is about it continually, combine to supply a most enjoyable, healthful, and instructive jaunt.

Then, added to all, there is the wondrous interest which attaches to the land. Among its winding vales and lofty peaks the most imposing events in history have taken place. When idolatry and ignorance pervaded the rest of the peopled world, here a great nation was prospering. Here the school of Israel was established, and that theocracy upon which our own code of morals is based was also promulgated and maintained. Some of the sublimest poetry and choicest literary productions emanated from this picturesque land, and from its soil the Koran grew.

As we approach it, after leaving the sea between lands—the classic Mediterranean—by means of the great Suez Canal cut through the land between seas, near where Israel must have crossed, we are startled from our thoughts of the past by the shrill, sharp whistle of a steam-yacht. It glides cheerfully by.

**1. THE OLD WRECK**, that relic of the past, stranded upon the beach, and offers us present help to reach the land of Goshen. In our imagination, then, we accept the offer, and head for the quay at Suez. What memories of past history loom up before us now! In sight is Suez. Between it and the mountains are the plantations of Goshen. Before us the sea crossed by the divinely led hosts of Israel. On our left, but a short distance away, we may discern the outlines of the mountains and the desert of Arabia. There, too, looking like mosquitoes, are some of our camels, creeping along the shore towards the first camp occupied by the traveller in the Arabian desert. Our little yacht now lands us upon the quay at Suez, and we stand indeed upon oriental soil.

**2. PANORAMA OF SUEZ FROM THE HOTEL.**—Climbing to the roof of our hotel, we get one of the best views of the city, with the many minarets and domes of the various mosques, and here and there a peep into the crooked streets. We have here all the charms of an oriental view, including the Egyptian mountains beyond. The strange noises which reach the ear from the crowded streets below come from the people of all parts of the world, brought here by the Suez Canal. Thus Suez may well be called "The Naples of the Orient."

**3. THE STREET CALLED "STRAIGHT," SUEZ.**—To obtain a real characteristic view of Suez, however, we must descend to the streets. Of these, none is more singular looking than the one which is called "straight." It is, indeed, anything but "straight." It is always full of life and singular people from all parts of the world. It is unnecessary to seek further than among the inhabitants of Suez to see all that is curious and queer of oriental life. Here are not only the Arab and the Egyptian citizens, but many of the Bedouin who have come over from Arabia, and the Fellahin from the country. The city is squalid and dirty throughout; the bazaars are dark and uncomfortable, and their keepers noisy and troublesome.

**4. IN THE MOSQUE COURT, SUEZ. A GROUP OF ARAB BEGGARS.**—In all of the streets beggars may be found sleeping in the shade or in the sun, having no other occupation

to pass away time, and awakening only when they are hungry and compelled to beg or starve. Many picturesque groups of these are seen in every direction, but the real "quality" beggar will be usually found flocked with his comrades in the courts of the mosques. If we visit one of these, we shall see such a motley group as lies before us now, made up of old and young, sick and well, but all alike shameless beggars. Little can be said of their costumes because they are scant and dirty enough; yet, after all, there is a picturesqueness about these creatures which makes them well worth a look.

**5. FATIMAH, OR THE ARAB GIRL PET.**—Many of the Arab children at Suez are exceedingly pretty and interesting. Their natural grace is beautiful to look upon, and their manners are amiable and pleasant. One of these little girls has been secured for us by the photographer, and certainly she is as pretty as many of our own American children. Her name is Fatimah, the favorite name of Mohammed's second wife, and a name very much liked in Egypt. Fatimah wanted her brother to be "taken" with her, but, lest he spoil her picture, he was artistically posed where he could do no harm.

**6. THE WATER-CARRIER AT SUEZ.**—The cities of the East are not all blessed with an abundant supply of water, and therefore the gentleman whose picture appears now is a very necessary personage. In all directions we hear him clicking his metal or glass vessels together in his hands, and crying, at the top of his voice, "moya!" "moya!" which means water, water. They pour the healthful fluid from water-skins made of the tanned hide of the goat, sewed together, and swung over their shoulders. They gladly sell to those able to buy, but as cheerfully give to those who cannot afford to pay.

**7. A GROUP OF BEDOUIN CHILDREN AT SUEZ.**—These squalid creatures have come over from the Arabian shore undoubtedly with their parents to "shop." They are frequently seen in the streets of Suez. They are of a distinctly different race from the Egyptian Arabs, and show it plainly, not only in their characteristics, but in their appearance. They generally get very little to eat, and less to wear, but dirt is plentifully

supplied to them by nature, and they seem to thrive upon it. Their teeth are always beautiful and clean; they are good-natured, and seldom troublesome to the traveller; they seem to be frightened at the approach of our artist, and are not huddled together very picturesquely, even though naturally.

**8. JUNCTION OF THE SUEZ CANAL WITH THE RED SEA.**—The great work of the famous Suez Canal, which serves to connect two great countries—yea, two worlds—in a short way, is no doubt familiar to everybody. This section of it is nearly always crowded with steamships and sailing-vessels of all kinds on their way to or from the east and west and north and south. Motley, indeed, are their curious crews, made up, as they are, of men and women of all nations and tribes.

**9. THE QUARANTINE QUARTERS, SUEZ CANAL.**—Near the junction of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea or Isthmus of Suez is a landing where travellers from the east and south are compelled to stop for examination as to their health and general condition before they are permitted to cross. With the traveller going eastward, however, this is but a short formality, and requires from us only a halt for a moment with our ferry-boat and Arabian crew. Then we may proceed on our journey. Sometimes very violent storms occur at this junction. The effects of one of these may be seen in the tumble-down wall which appears in the picture.

**10. THE EGYPTIAN ARABIAN FERRY-BOAT.**—The sea-ride from Suez to the Arabian shore requires about two hours in a row or sail-boat, according to the wind. The ferry-boats used by the Bedouin for this purpose are by no means very palatial, but they are comfortable and safe, and the native crew well understand their business; they pull lustily, crying to Allah for help. Although their speed is slow, it is always sure. It seems like a very gentle way of reaching the desert from the land of Goshen, but it is the only way.

**11. THE ARABIAN QUARANTINE CAMP.**—The first thing we see on stepping upon the Asian shore is a long line of tents, located opposite Suez, for the accommodation of the

soldiers who have charge of the quarantine at this point. Examination of the travellers also takes place here, but it is brief and without annoyance. The camp, as will be seen, is very much like one of our own army camps. It is to be shunned by the traveller as carefully as any vessel lying in port held by these same parties, for the chance of catching disease in either case is about equal.

Here we find our caravan awaiting us, for it was sent over from Suez by the overland route, by order of our careful dragoman. He has been wise enough to secure his camels in the sweet land of Goshen, instead of at Cairo, thus avoiding great annoyance from fleas and insects.

Varied are the thoughts which come to us now as we first stand upon the Asiatic shore and look back upon the land of Goshen, whose waving grain fields and flocks of sheep and buffaloes we have just left, and the cry of whose attendants we can still hear coming across the sea from the ancient home of Israel.

The mountains of Attaka on the other side are beautiful to look upon. It must have required considerable faith on the part of Israel to exchange such a land for the unpromising country which they found on the other side. But *we* need not sigh for the flesh-pots of Egypt, because here, awaiting our arrival, are barrels of water, coops of live chickens and pigeons, sheep, and vegetables, with many delicacies for the table, to say nothing of cooking and sleeping arrangements of the most comfortable kind. These make the thing look more like a picnic for a day than preparation for forty days' travel in the wilderness. Now our camels are made to bend their triple joints, and, notwithstanding their guttural grumbles, we mount them, while their drivers, with one foot upon the left fore-knee of the camel, assist us to our lofty seat upon the uneasy hump. Now, with a pitch forward and a double lurch backward, and another fall to the front, the great beasts' joints are at their wonted poise, and we are balanced in the air, taking our first camel-ride.

**12. AYUN MOUSA. "THE WELL OF MOSES."**—The first day on the desert is usually a short one, in mercy to the traveller. So, in less than two hours, we arrive at Ayun Mousa,

or "The Well of Moses," near the Red Sea coast. We encamp there for the night. This is a beautiful little oasis in the desert, and consists of a number of springs of brackish water, with a few small pools and gardens of palms and other trees around them, and a few houses. There is evidence, too, that frequent picnics from the other side are held here by the Egyptians, who come to enjoy the freshness of the desert air. Upon the top of a hill near by is a solitary palm. Near this it is supposed Moses and his followers encamped first after having crossed the Red Sea. A most beautiful view is commanded here. To the north lies a vast, level plain of sand; on the east a lovely range of Arabian mountains; and on the northwest the mountains of Attaka, which grace the beautiful promontory overhanging the gulf. Their noble outlines and purple tints, when seen at sunset against the blue sky, with the sea behind, present a scene grand and sublime. Doubtless here Moses sang his song of deliverance, joined by the bright and cheerful Miriam. Exodus xv.

**13. AYUN MOUSA. THE WELL OF MOSES.**—Another portion of this beautiful oasis embodies a number of very beautiful palms, together with several wells of good water which lie at their feet. We may not state exactly at what spot the children of Israel arrived on reaching this side of the Red Sea, but it may be accepted as a fact that, certainly within the range over which the eye can wander, the sea must have opened for Israel to pass by and have closed over the hosts of the pursuing enemy.

We are now surely in the "Way of the Wilderness," spoken of in Exodus xv: 23; Numbers xxxiii.

**14. THE DEAD CAMEL. WELL OF MOSES.**—One of the sights frequently observed by the desert traveller is the remains of the poor dead camel, which, finding the amount of work required of him too much, has had to succumb. Although once beloved by his master as much as a child, he is usually left with indifference to supply food to the vultures, cormorants, and jackals. Here he lies near the little settlement at Ayun Mousa—a sad commentary upon the fate of the gentle camel.

**15. THE DESERT CARAVAN. THE START.**—Some idea may be had of the requirements of the desert traveller by what is before us. A quaint group, indeed, is made by the camels and their Bedouin drivers. They are squatted in a group for the purpose of our better understanding the companionship we may expect during the rest of our tour. Each camel must receive a share of the load of paraphernalia required to be taken along, and, besides, must carry what little food he needs himself, with a skin of water for his attendants and food for his master; the last generally consists only of a little barley, and, perhaps, a few beans and onions. Such a scene as this is presented to the traveller every morning previous to starting out, for there is seldom any night travel. The tents are pitched at certain stations towards dusk, the dinner supplied, beds made ready, and usually healthful sleep is the reward of the traveller.

**16. MARAH; AIN HAWARAH.**—This spot has been considered by most travellers as the Marah of Scriptures, and is located in the wilderness of Shur. Hereabouts the Israelites “went three days and found no water.” A poor spring of bitter water exists here, overshadowed by a few palms. The name Hawarah, we are told by Dr. Robinson, means “Fount of Destruction.” Small oases are seen in several directions here and there. Exodus xv : 23; Numbers xxxiii : 8.

**17. A WELL AT ELIM.**—In Exodus xv : 27 we read : “And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water and threescore and ten palm trees, and they encamped there by the waters.” Whether or not this little oasis is the actual site of the Elim of the Bible, no one can tell. Tradition says that it is. It is certain that it must lie somewhere not very far away. A running stream wends its way through the rushes and among the palms here, and several little wells or springs are found in different places, certainly large enough to bathe in. It is a beautiful spot indeed.

**18. THE GREAT WELL AT ELIM.**—The largest of these wells is quite an attractive one, and supplies our caravan with fresh water for another day or two of journey. The wady in which this oasis is located is Ghurundel, and at this place is

about six hundred yards wide. Numbers xxxiii : 9. A reflecting and reflected cameleer helps our picture greatly.

**19. THE HILLS ABOUT ELIM.**—The neighboring hills of Elim are very beautiful and well covered with desert herbage. Small clusters of stunted palms are also frequent. The beautiful plant known as the Ghurkud, which some suppose to have been the tree with which Moses sweetened the waters of Marah, also grows plentifully here. A little stream which springs from Elim now follows our course for some distance out towards the sea, making us a welcome and pleasant companion. Exodus xv : 25.

**20. WADY TAIYIBEH.**—This place disputes with the last one seen the honor of being Elim. The road between them is down a valley, whose walls of limestone rock, reflecting the sun, dazzle the eye and burn the face. Even the few springs of brackish water which are here bubbling up are welcomed as a pleasant change, not forgetting the groups of palms and tamarisks which abound. This oasis is not so beautiful as the last one, and our vote must be cast in favor of the other as being the most likely Elim of the Bible.

**21. THE ENCAMPMENT BY THE SEA.**—We follow the little stream seaward, and soon, on our left, we see the beautiful cliffs of lava and conglomerate, in bright bands of red, black, and yellow. In a moment more, lo! the sea is visible again. Many times during the afternoon a mysterious mirage has greeted us on our right, and now we understand the reason. We come out to the sea and slowly reach a large plain near the mouth of the wady Taiyibeh, where is placed the site of Israel's "encampment by the sea." Numbers xxxiii : 10. The beauty of the mountains, cones, and cliffs here is beyond conception. Gold, brown, umber, orange, red, purple, white, gray, and black are all represented in the strata of varying depth and domes of various heights. Each moment more color seems to come. The wady ends here. The little stream gives its life to the sea, and the mountains seem to stand back as if in awe. Here, too, is had the first view of Mt. Serbal. Across the sea the Egyptian hills can yet be seen, just as they were when Israel

passed by. We are now in Ras Abu Zenineh, named for a Mohammedan saint. Here we spend the night. Not far from here, in 1882, Prof. Palmer and his two companions were murdered by the Bedouin.

**22. A SEAWARD GLIMPSE FROM "THE CAMP BY THE SEA."**—An impression of the beauties surrounding this historical spot is here given, showing what has already been described of the shore of the sea, and of the African coast, with its mountains upon the other side. See No. 21. It is a typical bit, too, of desert scenery. The sandy plain is now left behind, and the monotonous level is exchanged for such bits as are here represented.

**23. THE MOUNTAINS AROUND "THE CAMP BY THE SEA."**—Turning back from the sea, and looking upon the great wady in which Israel must have encamped, we have some beautiful displays of the forms which nature has created to beautify this lovely spot. True, it is the desert. Very little foliage, if any, can be seen, and there is naught about it to cheer and relieve the eye, as there is about our own mountains; yet it is all very beautiful. Gracing the foreground is a group of camels and cameleers, loaded for the march.

**24. THE LAST SIGHT OF EGYPT AND THE SEA.**—Before entering the long plain of the Wilderness of Sin, let us take one more look at the land which we have left. We stand upon a wide, clear place, level and clean, between lines of sand and granite hills, and protected on the east by mountains of wondrous shape. Climbing one of these, we have a wondrous "last look," as it has already been called. We include the place where our camp was, with mountains on one side and the sea on the west. We may now in imagination walk down to the shore, and, following it, pick up shells and pebbles, while our camels follow us. Often we are compelled to actually step into the water to get around the projecting rocks. In one place a regular step-pyramid arises. Again, the rocks are grouped in long rows of towers with painted roofs, one tier reaching above the other. The hills on the Egyptian side of the sea look like gray clouds, reminding one of capri from Naples. They are a

long time in sight of the traveller. Sometimes these lofty rock-forms seem to bar the way entirely, but, on approaching them, a narrow pathway is found by which they may be passed. Several of our camels have been caught in this view, with a long stretch of the desert path which took us from the sea. A long desert waste is now followed, and no point of great interest is found until we reach

**25. AN EGYPTIAN TEMPLE RUINS AT WADY KENEH.**—“Now where?” and “What next?” are the queries often put to the dragoman in this richly beautiful country by the wondering wanderer as he winds zigzag up the walled passage, climbing all the way, or traverses the beach by the sea. We now reach the top of a range of hills, and lo! we see the summit of Mt. Serbal in full view in the distance, and get our first glance at Mt. Sinai still further. Towards night we find a quarried temple high up the mountain. It is doubtless of Egyptian construction, for here are cartouches of Rameses II. and others. Undoubtedly this temple was excavated from the mountain-side in olden time to accommodate the workmen in the turquoise mines of Maghara, close by. The old structure is now completely ruined, and few traces of its original glory are left.

**26. A BEDOUIN WOMAN AND HER CAMEL.**—All along our route we find Bedouin women attending to the flocks of sheep and goats. Agreeable to the injunctions of the Koran, these timid shepherdesses turn from us as soon as they see us coming. Occasionally, however, we meet one, and this time have secured a fair specimen for our study. Her face is always covered—it being “a shame” for her to show it; but we are not deprived of securing a picture of her head-gear, which backsheesh persuaded her to allow to be photographed.

The following is an inventory of her trinkets made at the time of taking:

First, a lower face veil, in the best Cairo style, to which by various springs, cords, etc., were attached the following:

Four brass pantaloon-buttons, united by cords in the form of a Greek cross, on the top of her head.

Near each temple, a one and a quarter inch iron harness-ring, one-eighth of an inch thick ; a brass button pendent from each ring ; down the temples, at the corners of the veil, two pieces of iron and brass jack-chain, taken from tourists' sun-umbrella handles ; thirteen bead necklaces decorated her swarthy neck and bosom ; besides these, beads hung from her ears, and three pairs of heavy amber and two metal bracelets adorned each wrist ; rings were on the thumbs and fingers, and a brass navy button hung about her neck by a cord ; a huge darning-needle was stuck in an ugly hair-horn which projected from her forehead. Most valuable of all, an unnumbered lot of Egyptian piasters hung dangling from a mystery of cords which had their source from the holes of the aforesaid trouser-buttons. Had she been unmarried, strips of mother-o'-pearl would have been added to the assortment. There is some excuse, however, for this tawdry decoration, for the Bedouin woman may at any time be turned away by her husband. Therefore she practises the carrying of her property about with her, in order to be ready to "leave" at short notice.

**27. THE ROCK OF MOSES. HESY EL KHATA-TEEN.**—We are now in the beautiful Wady Feiran. At a sharp angle with the valley, on its left side, there is a large block of fallen granite covered with a heap of pebbles and small stones. This is called Hesy el Khatateen, and is declared by the Bedouin to be the identical rock struck by Moses to supply the thirsty Israelites with water, as mentioned in Exodus xvii : 6, "Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb ; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink." This great rock looks as though it had been separated from the mountain by some convulsion of nature. Its front towards the Wady is about twenty feet wide and twelve feet high, and towards one end from top to bottom is not only a crack, but a wedge-shaped depression, nearly three inches wide and one and a half inches deep, from which a piece or strip must have once fallen ; this depression, it is said, was caused by the rod of Moses, and from the crack ran "the waters of Meribah and Marah, of temptation

and strife." And here too is the great plain where the children of Israel could find plenty of room to stand, and murmur, and drink, and receive their scolding from Moses and Aaron. The mountains seem on all sides grand and sublime. Here Mount Serbal looks on with an all-seeing eye. Numbers xxxiii : 14.

**28. A GARDEN IN WADY FEIRAN. CUTTING RICE.**—After passing the Rock of Moses, in about an hour, the oasis in Wady Feiran is reached. There is no "pillar of cloud" to lead us, nor of "fire" to guard us, though the red porphyry hills near by seem almost like the latter. Now the feeling comes over one that he is indeed upon the track of a people led by God. Here abound the beautiful palms, and near by is a trickling little brook. It is a real joy to see such a place in the desert. As we draw near, we also see the beautiful little gardens of the Bedouin, and a lad cutting rice in one of the tiny fields. But we shall have other opportunities of seeing these beautiful oases in detail, so we proceed with the real earnest work of the neighborhood, viz., the climb to the top of Mt. Serbal.

**29. FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. SERBAL, TOWARDS EGYPT.**—To make the ascent of Mt. Serbal from Wady Feiran and return, requires at least twelve hours; the first two on camel-back up the wady, where many colored blocks of stone are met with; then a hard climb up a steep gorge, of nearly three hours more. Tall cliffs guard the way on either side, and snow and ice to cool one here and there are found. There are five peaks to this glorious group, one of whose summits it is our desire to reach. If in due season we accomplish it, we will find ourselves well rewarded for our labor. On this point, where we in imagination stand, we can see nearly the whole of the Sinai peninsula lying at our feet. Our present view is towards Egypt. Surely, if this be not the mountain upon which Moses received the law, and whence he read it to Israel, it is *noble* enough to have that honor. But it exacts heavy tribute from any one who masters it. It is 6374 feet high. This view towards Egypt includes the great mountain ranges of Africa at our feet, the desert, the blue sea, the broad expanse

of country beyond, with great lines of color, delicate and soft, reaching in every direction, the winding, changing road over which we have been travelling from Suez.

**30. FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. SERBAL TOWARDS WADY FEIRAN.**—This view embraces the whole of the oasis at our feet, the group of "holy" hills near it, the traveller's camp, the battlefield where Amalek and Israel fought, and overlooking the grand mountains between the winding wadies which separate them.

**31. FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. SERBAL TOWARDS MT. SINAI.**—Now looking southward, lo! we see the whole of the Mt. Sinai range, with the wadies over which we shall travel south and east presently; where Moses lost his way; mountains in abundance, over which, creeping like great red serpents, see the curved lines of porphyry. Our Sinai route is mapped plainly before us; not far from the sea, yet winding among the mysteries of the mountains.

**32. FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. SERBAL TOWARDS SUEZ.**—Looking northwest towards Suez, the sea-coast is included with the route taken by us in our journey hither, with Ayun Mousa, Marah, Elim, the Camp by the Sea, Wady Ghurundel, and the mountains of granite and sandstone already described.

**33. FROM THE SUMMIT OF MT. SERBAL.**—A further view was made from the very highest point of all, and includes naturally the tops of the other noble peaks of Mt. Serbal, east of us. In the extreme distance the peaks of Mt. Sinai, the Convent of St. Katherina, Jebels Katherina, Mousa, and Sufsafah are seen. The clearness of the air enables us to obtain wide views in every direction; no one can tell how far distant. Certainly from the Gulf of Akabah on one side and the Gulf of Suez on the other, with myriads of mountains between which seem to be sleeping at our feet. We are higher than any of them.

**34. THE GORGE; DESCENDING MT. SERBAL.**—Now descending the mountain by means of a great gorge between two

of the highest peaks, we stop a moment as we descend and look back. Our jocular dragoman calls this "a good Roman road," but it is termed by the guide-books more properly "The Road of the Sweater," for such indeed it is. Observe the great cliff on the one side nearly three thousand feet perpendicular, up which no person could possibly climb; then see the more broken outlines on the other side. Between is the awful gorge paved with masses of immense rocks and rocky debris of all colors and shapes. It gives, too, a magnificent view, and depicts the trials of the traveller as he descends. The climb up as well as down seemed interminable, and can only be done cautiously step by step. The traveller will often feel thankful in making such a descent that he has the protection of good American boots, rather than the naked feet of the Arab, to help him along. The bare feet of the guides are torn and lacerated terribly before the end of the journey is reached and the camels are again mounted. If we are happy in our choice of the time of day, as we look back upon Mt. Serbal we shall see the setting sun tipping the five great peaks with glorious crimson. This lasts but a moment, and then the light goes out, the wady grows cool, and we are glad to reach our camp again by the light of the moon. There Abdullah has prepared a comfortable meal, with a good bed to follow.

**35. JEBEL ET TAHOONEH. WADY FEIRAN.**—On the summit of Jebel et Tahooneh still remain the ruins of an old church, shown in the present view. It was doubtless erected there by the Anchorites, who inhabited this region during the fifth and sixth centuries, and to whom we are indebted for the historical link which connects the previous and the subsequent centuries. This is a fine old peak, and in the foreground we see a bit of the rock and the mountain on which Moses sat during the fight with Amalek. This bit is of bright diorite and red porphyry embedded in a mass of green malachite. It was in this region that Mr. Ebers, the famed historian and novelist, located his enchanting novel, "*Homo-Sum*." In it he also alludes to this fine old ruin.

**36. A GUM-ARABIC TREE. WADY FEIRAN.**—This tree is said to have "stood here in the time of Moses," though

none can tell. It is worshipped by the Arabs as the "holy tree," and sooner would they lose a large number of their tribe in battle than to see it in the least bit suffer destruction. It is of interest because of the gum which it bears, so useful in commerce, and is undoubtedly of great age. It is, perhaps, sixty feet across and nearly as high, and affords a pleasant shade to the traveller in the desert. There are few like it in Arabia, which fact adds to its interest and value.

**37. A SHITTIM-WOOD TREE. WADY FEIRAN.—**

This tree is also mentioned in Scripture, and, although not so beautiful as the gum-Arabic tree, is still a very fine one, and is also considered by the Bedouin here as a "holy tree." It is only interesting because of its age and of its Scriptural mention. Ex. xxv : 5 ; xxvii : 1.

**38. JEBEL EL MAHARRAD. THE MOUNTAIN OF MOSES, W.—**

It is said that on the summit of this mountain Moses sat when Aaron and Hur upheld his arms while the contest between the Israelites and the Amalekites took place in the wady below. It stands here like an island, being disconnected from the other mountains, with wadies and plains on every side. It is covered with ruins of buildings and debris. Exodus xvii.

**39. JEBEL EL MAHARRAD. THE MOUNTAIN OF MOSES, S.E.—**

This view is from another portion of the mountain, showing more closely the ruins of the ancient buildings, and giving a partial view of the wady towards Mt. Serbal. Perhaps within sight Moses built the altar Jehovah-Nissi. Exodus xvii : 15.

**40. THE BATTLEFIELD FROM THE MT. OF MOSES.**

—To make sure of getting the real battlefield where Joshua led Israel against Amalek, our artist has made a view towards each possible point Moses could cover, all around the mountain, from its top. This view is the one towards the west, which seems to the traveller a more likely battlefield than the others, and more easily covered by Moses from the mountain summit.

**41. THE BATTLEFIELD FROM THE MT. OF MOSES.**

—This view overlooks the oasis of Feiran, where is the brook

of water which was undoubtedly the innocent cause of the contest. Our photographer's camp is also located here, doubtless near the old quarters of Amalek; the plain where the battle might have been fought and the fertile gardens of Feiran are also seen. It is doubted, however, that the battle was fought here, since the Amalekites would take care before opening battle that the Israelites did not enter so far into the wady as to reach the oasis itself before they gave them battle. If they did, they exhibited bad generalship. Exodus xvii : 8-16.

#### **42. RUINED STONE-HOUSES. WADY FEIRAN.—**

The history of these old buildings cannot be told. It is claimed by some that they were occupied by the Amalekites and afterwards by the Israelites; but it is more likely that they were built by the Romans near the town of Feiran (the ancient Pharan) when it was in its glory. Some of them are still occupied by Arabs, one of whom is seated at his door, "the monarch of all he surveys," but by no means monarch of the Amalekites. The walls seem to have been built without tools, and the colored stones of which they are composed would make good-looking houses in some of our home cities.

**43. CAVES OF THE ANCHORITES, JEBEL ET TAHOONEH.—**The caves of the Anchorites, however, are of still more humble construction. In fact they are excavated from the rock, and are mere holes. The old hermits who used to live here, whose history has been made so interesting by Mr. Ebers, did one good thing at least; they preserved history in this region for many generations. They deserve our thanks for their willingness to do so, for their homes were wretched. Our artist has added to his picture, to improve the foreground, some old timbers brought here by the freshet. They show what the water occasionally does in these wadies during the spring rains.

**44. THE GARDEN IN WADY FEIRAN. ARABS GATHERING MANNA.—**In this picturesque view we have another garden scene with a manna tree in the foreground. Under it we notice a Bedouin seated in the act of collecting manna. This pretty bit is only one of many in this lovely oasis. A portion of a very eccentric fence is shown, which is made of

broken twigs and branches. It is more picturesque than strong, since material for fences is very scarce in this neighborhood, unless they be made of stone, which is often the case. Near here Israel murmured because fed with quails and manna. Exodus xvi: 4-31.

**45. CLIMBING TOWARDS MT. SINAI.**—After passing through the gardens, and groves, and palms, and other trees for some time, meeting many flocks of sheep and goats on the way attended by shepherdesses, we again plunge into the rocky desert. Once in a while Sinai puts in an appearance. Magnificent views of Serbal are had by turning around and looking back. The wady is now dreary, hot, and tiresome. Exodus xvi.

Whenever the hour of noon overtakes the traveller in the desert, it is his custom to stop the caravan, erect his lunch-tent, and take what is always welcome—a rest and lunch. Sometimes it happens to be on a sandy plain, sometimes by the foot of a noble peak; while at other times it occurs in the midst of a rough passage, like the one shown in our picture, where the camels, with their attendants and the travellers, are seen creeping slowly down a nugh or stony pass, now towards Mt. Sinai. Such pictures as this represent bits of life in the desert which are always interesting and add zest to the experience of tourists.

**46. THE MT. SINAI RANGE, FROM THE WEST.**—The thoughtful traveller, with this glorious group in view, now begins to feel himself very near the "Mount of God," and forgets everything in his contemplation of the majestic scene before him. He is ascending rapidly the famous nugh Hâwa, which is a steep, stony pass between the mountains, resembling the gorge ascending Mt. Serbal, though not quite so difficult. It is hard to describe the first feeling which the traveller has on beholding this glorious group. Doubtless a similar feeling takes possession of the beholder now. Exodus iii, xvii: 6; xxxiii: 6; Deut. i: 6; iv: 10; Exodus xix and xxvi.

**47. NUGB HAWA, OR "PASS OF THE WIND," NEAR MT. SINAI.**—When climbing such rough places the kindly traveller will dismount from his camel and relieve the patient animal all he can by walking. The ascent of this famous nugh

is full of difficulty, but its beauties are also glorious on every side. No more rocky road exists, and no animal can climb it so safely as the camel.

**48. CLIMBING UP NUGB HAWA.**—The difficulties of the climber may be more readily understood by this picture. It represents the camels making the ascent, slowly, but sure-footed, and always patient; never grumbling except when they are commanded to do something out of the usual way. Such a clamber can never be forgotten, because of its novelty and the real danger of it.

**49. A FOUNTAIN IN NUGB HAWA, WITH AN ARAB CAMELEER DRINKING.**—Here the traveller finds a stopping-place, for that great rarity in the desert, a spring of good water, is here. Hence our last view was made, and here the little spring or "fountain" now seen was photographed before the water was all taken up by the thirsty camels. One of the camel-drivers is caught by our artist in the act of lapping the water from his earthen vessel, Arab fashion.

**50. DESCENDING NUGB HAWA TOWARDS MT. SINAI.**—Now the pass becomes more difficult, and our traveller dismounts again in order to relieve the camels of some of their burden. The pass winds in every direction by the sides of the mountains. These defiles of rocky debris, which at some time must have tumbled from the neighboring hills, are met all the time as we ascend the Sinai group. On all sides glorious mountains, bleak and bold, arise, causing the traveller to wonder every foot of the way. Very few of the passes in our own mountains are so rough and rugged as this, and few here are more accessible. It seems as though the camels could not hold on to the rocks when climbing such ascents as this, but they are skilful, and very rarely fall.

**51. THE MT. SINAI GROUP, FROM ABOVE THE PLAIN OF ER-RAHA.**—As the plain of Er-Raha is approached, the Sinai peaks appear still more magnificent. The edge of the "plain of assemblage," as it is called, begins close to the highest point of the nugh, then descends towards the

Convent of St. Katherina, and presents a magnificent view. One is impressed with the feeling that here or hereabouts was certainly the place of the assemblage, and that beyond some one of those distant peaks was where Moses stood when he read the commandments to the children of Israel. The thing that most strikes the American traveller is the fact, that although here are multitudes of mountains and wadies, and here and there an oasis visible, yet never a stream or the noise of a cascade is heard. All is quiet, grand, beautiful, and impressive.

**52. A "NAWAMI" (ROCK) HOUSE AND BEDOUIN CAMP, PLAIN OF ER-RAHA.**—Now descending the plain of Er-Raha toward our camping ground we find one of those curious homes of the Bedouin, excavated from the rocks. Near by is a Bedouin camp made of tents, with flocks of sheep and their attendants close by. These curious homes are sought for by the Bedouin because of their shelter from the storm at certain times of the year, though most of the time these curious people wander about and live in tents. They are very numerous in this neighborhood, and seem to be quite comfortable, considering the scarcity of supplies in this wild country. The whole scene here is impressive, especially if one could observe it at sunset, when the flocks come home. The ride over the plain is full of interest, for on every side are mountains associated with history and with tradition, which cause an unending amount of thought and pleasure.

**53. OUR CAMP AT MT. SINAI.**—Glad enough is the desert traveller to reach Mt. Sinai. He has had to undergo sundry privations and hardships, of course, during the time since he left Suez; and although the pleasures are very great, and he is constantly excited and interested by what he sees, the flesh grows weak, and he is glad enough to reach camp again. Here we see him located in his desert home close to the foot of Mt. Sinai. Here are the dining-tents, the kitchen and the living tents, and those which belong to the caravan; arranged in front of them are the camels and their drivers, including the baby camel, which sits close to its mother upon one side. The young camel is a very amusing companion, and makes up a great

deal of pleasure for the traveller on the way. It is constantly getting behind, when it cries, and its mother refuses to go further until it catches up. Still all this is tolerated for the sake of the amusement it furnishes, and the baby becomes always a great pet. Around the camp here at Mt. Sinai the "Holy Mountains" arise in every direction. The nugh Hâwa and the plain of Er-Raha are at the left, the "Mount of the Golden Calf" lies between the tents and the mountain opposite. The Sinai group is behind the camp, while on the right is a mountain revered by the Bedouin as the place where Mohammed once prayed to God for his protection. Between it and the camp is the old monastery of St. Katherina. It is a wonderfully impressive spot. In our foreground is our photographer, caught in the act of making the view.

**54. CONVENT OF ST. KATHERINA AND JEBEL EL MONEIJAH.**—A whole day devoted to this strange old monastery is little enough to see all of interest there. The approach to it from the camp is up a hill, which hides it entirely from sight until it is almost reached, then down again to the valley, perhaps, in all, half a mile. Great barren, stony, naked cliffs are on each side of the path, and a great surprise is given in this dreary, desert, dead place, now, for here is a lovely garden spot in all the blooming beauty of spring. Hundreds of almond, peach, and cherry trees are in the full glory of blossom, with many olive trees in the delicate green of their early foliage.

In striking contrast, amidst a lot of gaily colored domes, are numerous slender cypress trees, which, like minarets, seem to reach almost to the sky. Underneath these, surrounded by a rude wall, is a large garden, now green with vegetable growth. Beyond the garden is the quaint old monastery, within whose walls there are space and structure sufficient to support a town. Jebel el Moneijah, the mountain in the distance, is sometimes called "the hill of the conference." It is looked upon by the Bedouin as a place of great sanctity worthy of profound veneration, and they sacrifice to Moses upon it once every year. On the summit is a small enclosure of loose stones, where they are accustomed to leave some votive offerings whenever they visit

the place. The ground is covered with bits of old pieces of camel-rope and human hair and other relics of the faithful. Their sacrifices are usually followed by a serenade, which is very interesting, often musical, and which generally ends with "Oh! place of Moses' conference, we seek thee and thy privileges. Save the good folk, and we will visit thee every year!"

**55. THE GARDEN OF THE CONVENT OF ST. KATHERINA AND JEBEL MOUSA.**—We now approach the garden of the Convent and see the beauties which have just been described more plainly. The view shows in the distance the cliffs of Jebel Mousa. Striking bits are here gathered in one view. The heart thrills with the interest with which it is affected by seeing such contrasts as this beautiful oasis gives in connection with the rugged, bare, desolate mountain cliffs beyond.

**56. VISITORS BEING HOISTED UP THE WALL OF THE CONVENT OF ST. KATHERINA.**—Now we come to the very gate of the Convent of St. Katherina and knock for admission. Only a few years ago a terrible massacre occurred here, when nearly all the inmates of the Convent were killed by the Bedouins. Then it was that all the gates of approach were walled up, and the only method of reaching the interior was by means of hoisting apparatus inside which raises and lowers a rope from the ground. Thus the visitor, who was permitted, gained admittance to the Convent over the top of the wall. Here we see two of our American travellers thus being hoisted up. Presently we shall see the means employed for this work.

**57. ENTRANCE GATE OF THE CONVENT OF ST. KATHERINA.**—There is, however, another means now of reaching the Convent, since peace with the Bedouin reigns. It is by a great gate, which we enter, armed with the introduction required from the branch convent at Cairo. This is much easier than entering by means of a rope and the trap-door at the top of the wall, thirty feet above ground. Entering the court by this gate, we find a low door from one of the buttresses on the north side of the Convent. Our permit read, we are soon admitted to the great and curious interior.

**58. GROUP OF MONKS, CONVENT ST. KATHERINA.**

—Entering the walls of the Convent proper, we at once encounter a number of monks who reside there. They are mainly Greeks or Russians. We are welcomed by them and made at once to feel at home. These gentlemen are secluded from the world outside of their convent walls and neighborhood, and consider themselves more blessed for remaining thus for a number of years, or often for life. As a class they are intelligent and affable, and take pains to make the stay of the visitor pleasant and interesting. There are some hard cases among them, however.

**59. FATHER GREGORIAN—A GREEK PRIEST.—**

Some of these monks are not only very handsomely dressed, but are also very handsome in person; and it is hard to understand how men, who are able by their culture and graces to be so useful and so pleasant in the world, can bring themselves to hide their lives in this way. With none was this more so than with Father Gregorian, who is certainly the finest looking monk in the convent. It ought to be stated, however, that *some* of these men are banished here for a time by their church laws for offences given, insubordination, etc.

**60. A MANUSCRIPT PAGE OF THE CODEX SINAITICUS OF TISCHENDORF.**—This beautiful manuscript of the New Testament was discovered here by the famous scholar Tischendorf, and removed to St. Petersburg, where it now is, and where a copy was made of it and sent back to the Convent. The portion which is here shown is of the first chapter of John, and is written in the Arabic language.

**61. ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT OF THE GOSPELS. TITLE-PAGE AND PORTRAIT OF ST. JOHN.**—Another curiosity shown to the stranger in the library of the convent is this illuminated manuscript of the gospels, which is written on vellum in letters of gold. Since Tischendorf carried away the other manuscript, the monks are so very careful of this one that they will not permit it to go out of their hands. Therefore our artist has captured it with a page of the manuscript and the

hands of the Superior of the Convent in the act of holding the precious volume. On one page is the portrait of St. John.

**62. AN ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, MATTHEW FIRST, WITH A PORTRAIT OF ST. MATTHEW.**—This is a view of another portion of the last-mentioned, precious manuscript, showing how beautifully it is written and how splendidly it is illuminated. The figures are all in color, while the letters are in gold. The portrait is of St. Matthew.

**63. MOSQUE AND CHURCH OF THE CONVENT, AND THE MT. SINAI GROUP.**—Within this old monastery are many places of interest and articles of value. It contains a church and a mosque. The first with its pretty belfry or campanile, and the other with its old shattered minaret—a strange companion, indeed, for a Christian church. But for policy's sake this mosque is allowed, for only on consideration that the mosque should remain here is the church permitted, since the Mohammedan is ever ready to destroy the work of the "Christian dog" when it is in his power to do so. In this case the mosque is the protection. It is seldom used, however, as the Bedouin generally thinks but little of his mosque. The roof of the old church is covered with sheets of lead, heavy enough to break down an ordinary structure; but here everything is strongly and well made, and not liable to go to destruction. In the distance we see the Mt. Sinai group towering far above all. The great peaks seem to stand there to protect the buildings erected in their honor.

**64. INTERIOR OF THE GREEK CHURCH AND CONVENT OF ST. KATHERINA.**—This is one of the quaintest places in all the world. Here are examples not only of the strangest sort of architecture, but bits of art-work, which make up a very curious collection. It includes many fine lamps of great value; painted altar screens, patchwork, brass-work, candelabra with bronze lions at their feet, and a curious mosaic floor; carved stalls; a pendulum clock, and a large amount of gaudy tinsel and finery. Usually these valuable articles are kept covered, but the brothers were good enough to

expose them to the camera for our instruction and pleasure. In the rear are several little chapels, where are bronze effigies of St. Katherina, said to have been presented by the Empress Catherine of Russia. In another old chapel is a place where the light comes from the outside through a rift in the rock. Through this it is said that the fire came and kindled the burning bush when the Lord met Moses. Exodus iii. The semi-dome roof of one of these chapels is decorated with a fine mosaic representation of the transfiguration, and under the chapel at the place of the burning bush three lamps are kept lighted continuously. These places are held very sacred by the monks, and it is difficult to obtain admission to them.

The church service here is most singular and quaint. Nearly the whole of it is sung. Among the monks we see old and young, with good faces and bad. The hair usually is as long as women wear it. The monks have fine beards, wear gowns and high-top hats, are good humored, and never forget to take ample observations of the visitor while they keep time with their busied bodies to the singing of their leader.

**65. THE CONVENT COURT, FROM THE WALLS, WITH THE CHURCH CAMPANILE.**—Here may be seen not only the towers of the church, the belfry of the campanile, and the minaret of the mosque, but also a portion of the cloisters in the distance and the living-places of the monks. Also see the Christian cross erected here in this desert place. These picturesque bits of the interior could be had at almost any place where the camera was located, and every one of them shows some point of interest.

**66. THE PLAIN OF ER-RAHA, FROM THE CAMPANILE.**—The most beautiful view of the plain of Er-Raha (which we have crossed) is to be had from the Convent wall, and seems to have been too irresistible for our artist to neglect. How striking is the scene below and before us, and how strange the contrast between the desert view and the Convent, with the great peaks looming up on each side like protectors from all harm!

**67. THE WINDLASS, AND ARABS HOISTING VISITORS UP THE CONVENT WALL.**—Here we observe the means employed by the monks for hoisting up their visitors and their stores to the top of the outside wall of the convent. The machinery is secure enough, and very effective in doing whatever work is required of it. And, like everything in the neighborhood, is of such strong construction as to remove all fear of accident from defective machinery, or an explosion of the motive power, for here nothing ever moves rapidly enough to cause an accident. It is said to be the first passenger elevator in existence.

**68. THE SKULL OF ST. STEPHEN.**—In the garden of the Convent is the charnel-house, where, carefully arranged in boxes, are the bones of the defunct superiors of the Convent; and in less carefully arranged heaps, in the rear of the crypt, are many thousands of the bones of the monks of lower grade. Among the former, in a place of honor, close by the door, is the skeleton of St. Stephen, the friar who at one time sat at the shrive gate on the way up Mt. Sinai and absolved the penitent pilgrim of his sins. Now he sits in the crypt with a waggish-looking skull-cap on, wearing the same benign expression which it was his wont to wear when in the flesh. Magnesium light had to be applied to in order to secure even this much of the remains of this good old man. All around upon the shelves may be seen the bones of many others whose positions were less favored. But their companionship is not at all pleasant, and we retire to much pleasanter scenes.

**69. EXIT GATE FROM THE CONVENT, TOWARDS MT. SINAI.**—In order to ascend Mt. Sinai it is necessary to have an early breakfast and at once start on the tramp up the mountain. There are other methods of reaching it, but out of courtesy to the monks, who keep the roadway in fair condition, we call at the monastery, where we are supplied with one of the brethren to guide us. He unbars this gate at the base of the mountain and leads the way. Bedouin men and boys carry our apparatus and our superfluous clothing, when it becomes too warm. Leaving the monastery at once the climb begins. Stones

have been laid like steps most of the way, and yet the clamber is not an easy one.

**70. AYUN MOOSA—THE FOUNTAIN OF MOSES.—**

The ascent being mainly in the sun, we are glad when we come to our first stop. This is at Jethro's Well, or the Fountain of Moses. It is said to be the place where Moses was sent to water Jethro's flocks, and where he became the lover of Ziporah, one of Jethro's daughters. The possibility of such an event is brought to our mind by seeing women on the way attending flocks of sheep. Our "brother," the monk (who attended our artist), with his slovenly, long hair and beard, is here made to impersonate Moses at the well, though perhaps he may libel the prophet a little. Ex. ii : 16-21.

**71. CONVENT OF ST. KATHERINA, FROM THE GORGE, MT. SINAI.—**

Looking back from the Fountain of Moses we see one of the most attractive views in the neighborhood, of the beautifully located monastery. On each side are the dark walls of the ravine, up which we are going, while in full view, far below, is the structure which we but a little while ago left. What could be more beautiful than such a location for any resort or home? On one side the mountain seems to be full of light, while on the other it is dark and solemn. Psalm lxxviii : 8.

**72. THE CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN, MT. SINAI—EXTERIOR.—**

Soon after leaving Jethro's Well a halt is made at the Chapel of the Virgin Mary. It is a small stone structure, erected to the memory of her whose name it bears, by the grateful monks whose monastery below she is said to have cleared of fleas. The riddance, however, was certainly not effectual, since these lively gentlemen still abound there in great quantity.

**73. THE CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN, MT. SINAI—INTERIOR.—**

The quaint little interior of the Chapel of the Virgin has a stone floor, colored walls decorated with rude paintings, and three hanging lamps, one of which has an ostrich-egg as a part of its decoration. The screen is also

covered with red paintings and figures, two dragons over them. This tiny interior is strictly guarded and protected by a lock ten by fifteen inches in size, its bolt three and one-half inches shoot, and a key twelve inches long; while the door is only twenty-four by forty-two inches. A stone cross is over the door. It all looks rather poor and tawdry.

**74. THE SHRIVE GATE AND STEPS, ASCENT OF MT. SINAI.**—Continuing our ascent, we cross a deep ravine which leads us to a gate where pilgrims who wish to take the sacrament on the mount are given a certificate as to their church standing, to be delivered at the next gate beyond. On the stairway we see our monk attendant and our dragoman acting as pilgrims. It was at this gate that St. Stephen, whose skull we have seen, sat as porter, and absolver of the sins of the wicked and the penitent pilgrims.

**75. SECOND GATEWAY, ASCENT OF MT. SINAI.**—Our artist has evidently passed through the second gateway before making this picture, for we observe far below it and through it a view towards the Convent of St. Katherina, which is very artistic and very effective. Once through this gate, the ancient pilgrim was happily allowed to pursue his journey to the summit, his sins forgiven, and with brilliant hopes for his future life before him, as well as a visit to the Holy Mountain of Moses.

The peak which we are now climbing is one of the three for which tradition claims the honor of being "the true Sinai." It is known as Jebel Mousa. Although it has the most places of note along the way, still it does not seem to fully establish its claims to further honor. We shall see

**76. THE GOOD WELL, ASCENT OF MT. SINAI.**—Still climbing, we arrive in good time at quite a plain, where is a fine walled well. A beautiful picture is given us here of this well and its walls reflected in the water. It is a lovely spot for rest, and the junction of the paths which lead to Jebels Mousa and Sufsafeh, the rival claimants to Horeb's honors.

**77. THE CHAPELS OF ELIJAH AND ELISHA.**—Within a few feet of the good well is a double chapel dedicated

to the memory of Elijah and Elisha. They are here represented, with a cypress tree, with a portion of the climb towards the summit included. We step inside and examine the curious

**78. INTERIOR OF THE CHAPELS OF ELIJAH AND ELISHA.**—The interior of the double chapel contains a number of old books, Bibles in Greek, valuable lamps, pictures of the Madonna, etc. In one corner a cave is shown in the rock as the place where Elijah concealed himself after he had slain the Kings of Baal. 1 Kings xix : 11. A portrait of Elijah is also seen here, painted upon a board, with a gilt nimbus over his head, but altogether a very bad work of art.

**79. THE CHAPEL AND MOSQUE, SUMMIT OF JEBEL MOUSA.**—Now following on the way upward we pass a depression in the rock, shaped exactly like a camel's foot, said to be "the footmark of the camel of Mohammed." As to the other three feet, one was in Cairo, one in Damascus, and one in Mecca, which fact shows that camels can take very long steps! This footprint in the rock seems to have been made by some ingenious monk or Arab. We are now at the summit of Jebel Mousa, 7,400 feet above the sea-level, 2,360 feet above the convent. This little chapel and mosque share the patronage of the pilgrims, and are both revered. There is nothing interesting inside.

**80. THE CAVE OF MOSES, SUMMIT OF MT. SINAI.**—Near by is the place where, tradition says, Moses remained six days and met the Lord and read the commandments. Exodus xxiv. There are two other caves near, which claim the same history, but "the one which made the most beautiful picture" has been chosen by our artist. The views from here are not grand, because hidden by higher neighboring peaks.

**81. JEBEL KATHERINA, FROM THE SUMMIT OF JEBEL MOUSA.**—Away across from us is seen Jebel Katherina, also a claimant for Sinaitic glory. The distant views here were not found so fine as from Mt. Serbal, and yet they are very astonishing and very impressive. Jebel Katherina is an old peak, and well worthy the attention given it by our artist.

Some revere it as the true Horeb. It is 8,536 feet high, and the views from its summit are more sublime than any in the Sinai Peninsula. The colors seen of land, sky, and sea are enchanting, and the utter quiet of the desert renders the whole most mysterious and solemn.

**82. RAS SUFSAFEH, FROM THE SUMMIT OF JEBEL MOUSA.**—As our next ascent will be Ras Sufsafeh, the near neighbor of Jebel Mousa, let us first look upon it and measure its height with our eye, and contemplate the climb which we must take. It is a noble peak, indeed, and strikes the observer as being much more entitled to the name of the "Holy Mount" than any other that we have seen. We shall look upon its details presently and see how the vote shall be cast.

**83. THE JUNCTION OF JEBELS MOUSA AND SUFSAFEH.**—We now retrace our steps as far as the good well and chapels of Elijah and Elisha, and descending a little to the left, over a small depression, we find a small chapel and an old "willow" tree. From this latter the peak of Ras Sufsafeh (mount of the willow) takes its name. Up from this tree runs a deep gorge, tremendously steep and rocky, which we now climb. On all sides and before us are the wondrous glories of the mountain gorge, cliff, and peak, and, continuing our ascent in an opposite direction from our morning climb, we reach the summit of the cliff. Lo! what beauteous views are seen before us. There, away down below, lies, outstretched, the plain.

**84. THE PLAIN OF ER-RAHA, FROM THE GORGE OF JEBEL SUFSAFEH.**—Looking down from the summit of the cliff, before reaching the mountain top, we behold at its feet a lovely garden full of almond trees and plenteous in blossom; beyond them, the vast plain of Er-Raha. This is not the oasis which surrounds the convent, for it is in an entirely opposite direction, being at the foot of the mountain, on the other side. Certainly the Christian observer at such a place as this can feel well satisfied that it was not far off, at least, from where he stands, that Moses stood, the tables in hand, as he read the commandments to his companions, who, standing in line, shouted them to the people below. And there, too, near the

garden, and between it and the plain, is a long mount, which might have been the line which kept the people from touching the mountain of God, according to his command, sometimes called the "mountain of separation." Exodus xix and xx.

**85. THE ROCK OF MOSES, SUMMIT OF JEBEL SUFSAFEH.**—After a long and quiet gaze over the plain, we continue our climb. Turning to the left, we soon reach the top of Mt. Sufsafteh. Here the Er-Raha Plain is still more widely spread before us, with such a glory of mountain peaks as cannot be seen in any other direction. Here, too, besides all the rest, is a rock which answers, as to size, the expectations of the Christian traveller, to the one upon which Moses may have stood. It overlooks the whole plain below, and as we shall directly climb down to it, we can observe that any one on the plain can be seen by a person standing on this rock. Here the unobstructed view from the rock, which is shown in our picture, for a mile straight down, is to be had; though not so much can be seen as in the view from the head of the gorge (No. 84). Exodus xix and xx.

**86. JEBEL MOUSA FROM JEBEL SUFSAFEH.**—With the mind full of thoughts of this holy place, we now retrace our steps and descend to our camp again. On the way we have brilliant views of Jebel Mousa, and have here gathered one for our mutual enjoyment. This noble peak also puts in a claim to being "the true Sinai," and yet it is ignored. As to Sufsafteh, we must say it seems entitled to the most honor as "the true Mount of God," "the true Sinai," "the Horeb of the Bible." Exodus xxiv, xxxiv.

**87. JETHRO'S WELL, JEBEL SUFSAFEH.**—Passing in our descent again the willow tree and the little chapel, once more looking, and speculating as to the "true story" that Moses got his miraculous rod from this tree, we go on, and, after a hard clamber, reach in the gorge below, a good spring. It is under an immense boulder, that almost obstructs the passage through the gorge. This has also been called Jethro's well, the place where Moses flirted with the daughter of the old Bedouin prince. It may be true that this is also that place, for some-

times one well fails and another one is used. No doubt the festive lamb and the playful kid of the flocks of Jethro were fed not very far from these rocky places, and doubtless Zipporah and her sisters had at this very place that very celebrated quarrel with the Bedouin shepherds who refused to let them water their flocks, and Moses came up to defend and assist them. Exodus ii, iii.

**88. A BEDOUIN SHEPHERDESS.**—With a true knowledge of Scripture history and of feeling for its events, our artist has here secured for us a modern Zipporah, who has been diverted from her work long enough to sit for her picture. With a modesty, however, which seems to have existed with the ancient shepherdesses, she refuses to uncover her face, and merely gives us permission to see the display of gorgeous jewellery which adorns her head and arms and neck.

**89. SHEPHERD AND SHEPHERDESS ATTENDING THEIR FLOCKS, JETHRO'S WELL.**—Near their rugged home, and not far from Jethro's well, we found another Zipporah or her sister, with her son, attending the goats and sheep seen browsing upon the scrawny shrubs and gnarled grasses among the rocks in this pass. Thus it was that Moses and his friends attended the flocks, and in just such places as this. Such was the chief occupation of the great leader during his imprisonment at this place after he fled from Egypt. He was led here to secure his wife, as other men are often led in strange places to secure theirs, by wise means that they cannot understand.

**90. CAVE-HOME OF THE SHEPHERDS, MT. SINAI.**—Here we observe one of the cave-homes excavated from the rock, such as so many of the shepherds and fellahin of the Sinai region live in. Here they dwell, in common with their flocks. Indeed, it is a difficult thing, when one is about to retire, to find a place to recline, for every spot is disputed by the frolicsome kids and their more sober companions the sheep.

**91. THE BEDOUIN SHEPHERD BOY, MOUSA (MOSES).**—This little fellow is a true Bedouin, and doubtless looks as much like Moses did when he was a boy, as if he were a direct

descendant. These little fellows are full of courteous manliness and amiability, and are industrious, and willing always to help the traveller. Of course they are human, too, as to the universal application of backsheesh. Their manners are beautiful to behold, and their teeth are splendid; their eyes are superb; and it seems as though civilization would entirely spoil them, if its "improving influences" had a chance upon them. Mousa was a lovely boy.

**92. A BEDOUIN PASTURE, MT. SINAI.**—A real Bedouin pasture is represented here, showing how among the rocks the scanty food of the flocks grows; yet they do not have a difficult time, for there never was any place where there seemed to be more of happiness and more of content and more animal spirits than there is in a Bedouin flock. The traveller is to them always a great novelty, and, when they hear him coming, each individual goat mounts upon some rocky point and watches with the utmost interest the passer-by, while the woman attending, according to the injunctions of the Koran, moves quickly away and hides herself from sight.

**93. UP THE GORGE OF SUFSAFEH, TOWARDS THE ROCK OF MOSES.**—With the determination of the artist and the spirit of the enthusiastic traveller, our photographer, to more certainly prove that his estimation of things is correct, has taken for us a view of the gorge already ascended, from the oasis at its feet. The Rock of Moses is plainly seen, and the reverse view of the gorge given with all its rocky features. Doubtless among these rocks of Ras Sufsafeh is the rock where Moses stood, and where his companions shouted from one to the other the words of the law down to the plain below, much in the way in which picket guards carry the alarm to the "corporal of the guard" in time of war.

**94. DATE AND ALMOND TREES. AN OASIS AT THE FOOT OF THE GORGE OF SUFSAFEH.**—In this beautiful garden the almond and apricot trees are in full bloom. Overlooking them all is one stately palm. They have been captured by our artist, and we can almost imagine we smell their fragrance. Such lovely spots are a great rest to the senses

of the desert traveller after several days of weary wandering in the wilderness. A number of them lie at the base of Mt. Sinai.

**94½. ALMOND TREES IN BLOSSOM.**—Another view of some beautiful almond trees in full blossom will doubtless give pleasure. Their blossoms are pink, and larger than those of the peach. There seems to be but little fragrance coming from them, but they present a charming appearance in the bleak and barren desert.

**95. THE PLAIN OF ER-RAHA, FROM THE FOOT OF SUFSAFEH.**—Turning from the lovely oasis, we creep up a little to the summit of what seems to be the dividing line, or “hill of separation,” which kept Israel from the Mountain of God. Before us is spread the wide and beautiful plain of Er-Raha. On the left of the view are the fine peaks of Jebel Er-Raha, and on the right the equally beautiful Jebel Sanna. Away in the distance before us are the peaks of Nugh Hawa, through which we came on our journey hither.

**96. WADY SHEIKH, FROM THE FOOT OF JEBEL SUFSAFEH.**—As we shall soon depart from this region, we must have a view of the wady through which we go, towards the north and east, en route for Akabah. This beautiful example of an Arabian wady, winding like a river, surrounded by magnificent mountains on each side, with its floor covered with the stones of various colors which have been sent down by the torrent and by lightning from the mountain, is hard to equal in the Sinai Peninsula.

**97. JEBEL SUFSAFEH, FROM THE PLAIN OF ER-RAHA.**—Crossing over to the plain in order to get a nearer view of it, we see a still more beautiful view of Jebel Sufsafeh, showing the wide ravine and “the Rock of Moses,” almost a mile above us. How very imposing it is. The height of this grand peak is over 8000 feet, and it is well worthy of being regarded as Mount Horeb.

**98. THE HILL OF AARON, OR HILL OF THE GOLDEN CALF.**—Climbing down again to the valley, we cross over a few

rods towards the convent, and come to the "Hill of Aaron" or the "Mount of the Golden Calf." This is said to be the place where Aaron set up the Golden Idol for the worship of the Children of Israel, while Moses and Joshua were on the mountain top. Exodus xxxii.

**99. THE SINAI VALLEY AND THE CONVENT, FROM THE HILL OF AARON.**—From this hill several views have been made, showing, with its surroundings, the plain of Er-Raha. This one with our back to the plain includes the camp of our travellers; the convent and its garden; in the extreme distance Jebel Moneijeh; Jebel el Dayer on the left, and on the right Jebels Mousa and Sufsafeh. Thus we secure an understanding of the whole neighborhood of Horeb.

**100. JEBELS MOUSA AND SUFSAFEH, FROM THE HILL OF AARON.**—The two rivals for Sinaitic honors, Jebels Mousa and Sufsafeh, with the gorge which Moses and Joshua came down first from the summit of Horeb, the large rock, the well of Jethro, and the plain at the foot, are all included here—a most interesting group. Exodus xxxii.

**101. THE SINAI VALLEY TOWARDS THE PLAIN OF ER-RAHA, FROM AARON'S HILL.**—Spread before us are much the same peaks as are seen in the view from the "Mount of Separation" (No. 95). Each rod the changing outlines of these mountains seem to be more and more beautiful than the view preceding. Could they be shown with all their gorgeous changes of color, as at sunset, brilliantly illuminated by the red light, they would prove still more enchanting. Most imposing views are had in all directions.

**102. THE SINAI VALLEY; NORTHEAST TOWARDS WADY ESH SHEYKH, FROM AARON'S HILL.**—This view completes the panorama from the Hill of Aaron. At our right is the Wady Esh Sheykh, along whose rocky road we travel when leaving the neighborhood of Mount Sinai. On each side of the Mount wondrous peaks tower up of varied form and height and color, while the bottom of the wady is made up of debris from the mountain sides, of sandstone, porphyry, and

diorite, as spotted and streaked as were the sheep of Jacob. Not far to the left, at an angle with Wady Esh Sheykh, is the plain of Er-Raha with its abundant surrounding peaks. This is the good-by scene to the Sinai traveller, for, when returning homeward or onward, he either follows this wady, or goes back over the plain of Er-Raha to the oases northward. As we go up this wady we often turn back to look upon Jebels Mousa and Sufsafeh, which may be seen for an hour after leaving their base. Numbers x: 12; xxxiii: 16, 17.

**103. HAZEROTH.**—The second day after leaving Mount Sinai, upon the way to Akabah, we reach Hazeroth. Numbers xi: 35. Here our travellers are halted for lunch. Our view is graced in the foreground by a group of their camels with their lunch-tent. Here, too, is a juniper tree, such as the Prophet of old hid himself under when seized with a fit of despondency. 1 Kings xix: 4. Following this, in the distance, is the long plain, surrounded by picturesque peaks. Nearer, too, are groups of rocks on whose bases are Sinaitic inscriptions. Tradition says it was here that Aaron and Miriam taunted Moses because of his Ethiopian wife; but the honor of this site seems more probably to belong to our next picture.

**104. THE GORGE OF AIN HUDERAH.**—Now passing over vast plains, similar to those which greeted us on the west side of the peninsula, floored with flat slabs of sandstone, colored, in rows of white, yellow, pink, and brown, with here and there isolated chains of mountains of the most varied and even grotesque forms, giving us the impression that they are the remains of a colossal city partially covered over, we come to the Gorge of Ain Huderah. Here we find one of the greatest surprises of our journey. Leaving the camp early in the morning, the traveller sees, watching from the tops of the mountains near by, large flocks of vultures, anxious to secure from the camp such leavings as may be abandoned for their attention. They will be sadly surprised, however, when attacking the would-be feast, for the hungry desert traveller leaves but little behind him for such heartless scavengers as these. Now comes our surprise. Arriving at a desert hill-top, the

traveller will hardly expect more than a wady, but here, suddenly, he comes upon a sandstone mount overlooking this magnificent nugh some two hundred feet deep. Its mountain-walls and distant heights are painted, like a picture, in the most gorgeous style believable. It seems like a glimpse of fairy-land. At the right is a descending, natural stairway winding back and forth. A lovely valley is beyond, with peak after peak of red, white, brown, greenish-gray, tipped with red, yellow, reddish-brown, covered half-way up with white, and so on. Whole mountains of pink and umber are seen. On the left foreground is a dark-brown bluff; and beyond many others of light red, waved with white, gray, or fawn color, tipped with red or light brown. At the end of all is a lovely dome topped with marl-green and red. The floor of the nugh is of white sand and sandstone, waved here and there with lilac, red, and yellow, and in the centre are two green oases abounding in palm trees and fields of grain. We must descend and see some of its details.

#### 105. THE GORGE OF AIN HUDERAH: THE WELL.—

Descending the stairway just described, we may see more closely the beauty of the colors, which photography, alas! cannot reproduce. It is, in nature, like descending a stairway lined with fluted and spiral columns, the depressions of which were painted with red, yellow, lilac, pink, and blue. Now, passing over the pavement, we arrive at the well at the edge of the oasis. This spot, with perhaps more reason than the other, is considered to be the Hazeroth of Scripture. Numbers xii. Truly, such a fantastic show of color as is here seen was sufficient to put the light-hearted Miriam into a teasing humor, and to cause her to taunt poor, meek Moses about the color of his Sinaitic spouse. True, she was afflicted with leprosy for this exhibition of humor, but, in answer to her brother's appeal to the merciful God, she was cured, and lived to cheer his life some time afterwards. At this well is a splendid spring of water, sunk and walled about ten feet below the surface. The well was built doubtless many centuries ago, and in a most substantial manner. The cool water could be seen bubbling up through the white, sandy bottom. The flow is intermittent, coming up and bubbling to

the surface first in one place and then in another. Here an old Arab was seen who claimed to be over one hundred years old. He is sitting by the well. Near by is another well which seemed to be fed by an underground aqueduct. Here also is a small farm where wheat was growing, and the fields were irrigated by the Egyptian method. Numbers xii : 16 ; xxiii : 18.

#### **106. A FANTASTIC ROCK, WADY HUDERAH.—**

Near the further end of the wady is a sandstone column about twelve feet high, finished at the top like an Egyptian capital. From its top, and hanging two or three feet over it, is a curiously shaped formation which gives it a very fantastic appearance. Yet it is a floral beauty. The column is striped vertically in red, yellow, fawn, and brown colors, while the florid capital is a delicate gray, varied with lilac and white. It stands there alone, the speechless evidence of some great effort of nature, hard to understand. Lateral waves of color run through the column, adding to its singular beauty and strangeness. The whole region seems to be a perfect vatican of form and color far beyond description.

#### **107. THE ENTRANCE GATE OF WADY EL AIN.—**

A half-day journey from Ain Huderah brings us to the entrance gate of another grand pass, known as Wady El Ain. The entrance to this fine wady is between two high cliffs of red granite, whose fantastic shapes are shown. The passage is barely wide enough to admit of two camels abreast, and yet nature has placed in the middle thereof a great rock which has stood as sentinel here for ages, never disputing the passage of peaceable travellers, nor asking to shrive them as they go by.

#### **108. THE EXIT GATE OF WADY EL AIN.—**

The Wady El Ain is a favorite camping-place of the Arab traveller because of a bright oasis which graces its centre. There is a line of palm and other trees here which gives it an air of fertility unusual in this district. The whole secret of it is a running brook which courses down over the mountain-side on the left and leaves the wady at the exit gate, shown in the picture, tumbling and leaping through on its way to the sea. The traveller is sure to stop at the base of this great cliff, and,

after looking up at the giddy height and at other lofty tops, will refresh himself by bathing in the water at his feet. Much amusement will he have, too, looking at the pranks of his camels, who are capering about delightedly, forgetting all their dignity and accustomed churlishness, and becoming almost as festive as goats over their enjoyment of the water. Both traveller, beast, and attendant catch the inspiration, and seem to have their youth renewed, so rare a treat is it to find such a beauty-spot in a desert, and such an abundance of water. It was through these very gates that Moses and his murmuring people must have passed after gathering their quota of quails and manna in Hazeroth.

**109. A PASS IN WADY EL AIN.**—The American traveller must confess that the succession of splendid mountain passes which now occurs exceeds in beauty all the “notches” of the New Hampshire hills. The space between the notches seems to be nothing, one following the other as quickly in succession as can possibly be; also running zigzag or at right angles with each other. As to the fantastic coloring of the rocks, it is indescribable. On the right is a cliff of bright red, except at its feet it is gray. The tremendous mountain which closes the pass, seemingly, is gray, red, green, striped and dotted, without arrangement or system. The lower peak is ash-gray and red. The stream sings its way through towards the sea; and the trees and the camels help to make up the foreground. Never forgetting his native land, the American traveller will sing the Star-Spangled Banner in such places as this with all the merriment and earnestness in his make-up. For two hours the traveller plunges through these wondrous passes, never having an opportunity of seeing one hundred rods ahead at a time. The variety of base, column, outline, height, and color is marvellous and enchanting. The echoes are called upon to share the merriment, and always a quick repartee is given. Gay pictures loom up on all sides as the scene changes in the winding valleys, and the traveller is enchanted with the glorious views about him.

**110. THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE GULF OF AKABAH FROM WADY WETIR.**— After leaving the

succession of notches described, we enter the wider and less beautiful Wady Wetir, whose scenery is also fine, but whose attendant mountains are further away, and, therefore, do not seem so high. Green caper plants grow up their sides and give great relief to the eye. An hour of this, and then away in the distance a great blue spot is discovered almost up in the sky. It is the sea—the Gulf of Akabah. The dim shadows of the Arabian hills arise like the full moon at sunset. We are in the bed of a raging torrent only recently busy carrying the mountain waters to the sea. Now we see confused masses of stone and pebble, here and there catching old palm trunks and the debris of sticks and grass; then great patches of thin mud, curled up by the sun into forms like pans and dishes and cylinders. The mountains which stand next to the sea are fine in outline, and are depicted in our picture. And what could be more beautiful than, at the mouth of the wady, the deep blue sea? As we near it, its lovely blue color becomes more intense, and its golden shores more in detail. On the other side, the purple hills “towards Mecca” are very distinct, while in the far distance the silvery clouds overtop all.

**111. THE MOUTH OF WADY WETIR FROM THE GULF OF AKABAH.**—Now, standing upon the shore of the gulf, we turn back for one farewell glance over the pass which we have just travelled. The delicate blue of the sky is substituted for that of the sea; the mountains on the left are of light gray and are streaked diagonally with broad veins of red porphyry; those on the right seem too far away to make out their color, giving us only glimpses of their shape. We now turn away from them for a march upon the shores of the sea again, glad to have the change. A great spire in the distance looms up, and between us are the stony scrapings from the sides of the mountains, and the useful camel acting as a part of the foreground. We are now east by north of Mount Sinai.

**112. AN OASIS ON THE GULF OF AKABAH.**—An oasis in the desert by the sea—what a strange occurrence is this, indeed! The splendid bay gives a graceful curve to the water here, and enables us to secure a bit of life and color. We

have a group of camels in the foreground ; a gravelly shore, the blue waters of the sea, a grove of green palms, clouds in the sky, with the distant mountains which we approach nearer and nearer each day, in the background, to make up a suggestive and beautiful combination.

**113. A BIT OF COLOR: PEAKS BY THE GULF OF AKABAH.**—As we ride slowly along, close to the shore, we see the wide mouths of the wadies come out to the beach, spreading out their mouths fan-like, or in long rows, masses of their rocky ridges which have been driven thither by the violence of the torrents, only so recently. All these fragments have once been parts of the mountains, and have been cast off by storm and sun. Photography fails to convey an idea of the gorgeous tints of color which give beauty and grandeur to these groups of mountains. The scene is one of glorious splendor, only to be found in this region of the world. Here the traveller is indeed fortunate if his tent is not blown down upon his head repeatedly, with more or less destruction of its contents, for the soil is sandy and not favorable to holding a tight grip upon the smooth tent-pins used to hold the frail tent down to mother earth. The old songs tell us of places charming, "Where the winds their revels keep;" but here they utterly failed to "keep" for once. If Solomon, who was wont to sail his vessels along this coast laden with the golden stores of Ophir, ever came ashore and camped out here, some of "all his glory" must have been destroyed, if he had anything like the unhappy smash-up which fell to the fate of our photographer during his sojourn of one night here.

**114. SHEYKH MOUSA AND HIS CAMELS.**—Fearing lest some terrible calamity should occur, our prudent photographer has taken pains to secure for us a picture of that best of all Bedouin chiefs, Sheykh Mousa, the head of the celebrated Tawarah tribe of Arabs, who own and inhabit the region between Suez and Mount Sinai. Too much cannot be said in praise of this kind and gentle man. To look upon him one would be unwilling to call him a bad man by any means, or as belonging to a tribe of bad men. His character is excellent

in every respect, and those placed in his care are absolutely safe from all danger. His influence with men much wilder than his own tribe is unbounded, and his skill as a desert general unequalled. In order to give him all the dignity and prominence possible, our clever artist has placed him upon an eminence, a high rock by the sea, where he looks far more interesting and striking than many of the equestrian statues which we see in our civilized cities of men of more renown. A swift dromedary, which was a great pet with him, is his companion, and has done his best to keep still—an operation by no means an easy one with a camel very rarely quiet, especially in the neighborhood of its head.

**115. OUR DRAGOMAN AND OUR SHEYKH.**—Now our gentle King of the Tawarahs dismounts and gives place upon his dromedary to the dragoman of our party, Mohammed Achmed Effendi Hadaiya, another nobleman among his countrymen. He is an Alexandrian (8 Silk Bazaar); a silk merchant; a man of wealth and education, and of exceeding ability as a dragoman, having followed the profession for a quarter of a century. His odd nature, his probity, his mother-wit, and his courage have endeared him to some of the most renowned travellers, and made him a great favorite with all the party whose tour we are now illustrating. He was very proud of his achievements, and was ever ready to give his body and even his life for his "gentlemen." Never flinching at any time in time of trouble and annoyance, or refusing to stand by for the rights of his employers. He looks remarkably quiet here sitting curled up on the hump of the dromedary, but in stature and in appearance he is also a nobleman, and worthy of all the praise that could be bestowed upon him.

**116. BY AKABAH'S ROCKY SHORE.**—The shore now becomes very rocky in places, but often is relieved by tremendous coral formations, great reefs of coral intermixed with the wady debris lining the coast. The water is very beautiful, of varied color, constantly changing, like that in some of our western lakes. The mountains, at places, seem fairly to step into the water, or else throw down great rocks in the way and make it

rougher for the traveller. Along this rough shore he must creep, or else climb over the lofty peaks. At one of these points our view has been made. In the distance are two great striped cliffs included which stand with their feet in the water, and between us a splendid little bay whose curves of color shine in the sun like mother-o'-pearl. Looking across to the other side of the sea towards the Arabian shore, great fields of dark green grain are seen waving to and fro, and long rows of stately palms whose lofty heads swing side by side, reaching apparently to the sky. It is Akabah, some miles away.

**117. THE CASTLE OF KUREIYEH, GULF OF AKA-BAH.**—An hour of travel upon camel-back from the last point brings us to the Island of Kureiyeh where an old fortress is captured by our photographer. The scene reminds one of the Bay of Naples. The island is capped by the ruins of an old fortress whose history we do not know. It may have been erected by the Romans, or the forefathers of our dragoman, or the ancestors of the Bedouin, who have been placed in the foreground to add character and life to the picture. At night, when the moon shines over all, this view is sublime.

**118. THE SITE OF EZION GABER.**—Now groping around the mountains along the shore, over the stones, for a few hours more, and the northern end of the Gulf of Akabah is reached. On one side the shore is hugged closely by the mountains, while on the other the roaring sea restlessly washes the pebbly beach. Close by, some fishermen, who had seen the travellers coming from afar, were seen trying to catch some of the members of the finny tribe for "a present of welcome." The mountains now grow nearer and nearer, and the oasis of Akabah is seen on the other side. We must cross the head of the gulf before reaching the port of Akabah, however; and in doing so we pass the site of the old town of Ezion Gaber, at which place Solomon not only built his vessels, but landed them loaded with gold of Ophir. Now vessels only reach this port once a year, viz., to bring food for the pilgrims on their way to Mecca. With them, alas! come flies and vermin sufficient to make it unpleasant for any future traveller for a year. Numbers xxxiii: 35; 1 Kings ix: 26.

**119. THE VILLAGE OF AKABAH AND THE CASTLE.**

—The village of Akabah is supposed to stand close to the site of the ancient city of Elath, which latter place is only kept in memory now by a few mounds, mostly covered with the graves of Mussulmen. Our artist has mounted one of these mounds, and, with two of the graves named in the foreground, has secured us a view of the town of Akabah with the castle or fort supported there by the government for the protection of the pilgrims to Mecca. The houses of Akabah are built of colored stone, but roofless. The mountains in the distance are of lovely tints. Between us and the peaks the bay is seen. The fort here is rather an important one, and garrisoned by Egyptian soldiers. Its greatest importance, however, is due to the fact that it protects a well of excellent water, built no one knows when or by whom, but supposed to have been the work of that great general, Solomon, who one day “in all his glory” resided hereabouts. Deuteronomy ii : 8.

**120. A BEDOUIN COUNCIL AT AKABAH.** — At this place a very different tribe of Bedouin is met, characterized by their contemptible meanness and cunning and dishonesty. A number have been secured in this group, with their Sheykh Ipnejad seated in the centre of the ring, with the photographer's tent bearing the glorious stars and stripes behind him. His young son sits on the left, and the Egyptian Governor of the fort on his right hand. About him are seated a number of the members of his staff and their servants. Their prospective meal is placed before them. They are discussing how much more they can exact from the strangers who have come to them to arrange for camels and attendants for the Petra Journey. Here, it should be understood, the camels must be changed. Our good friend Sheykh Mousa and his kindly men must be left behind, to return to their homes, while the traveller is compelled by the laws of the country to take up with a new set of men and their camels. Psalm cxxxvii : 7; Deuteronomy ii.

**121. BREAKING CAMP AT AKABAH.**—After having submitted to the exactions of these sons of Edom, concerning whom the Bible says, “Meddle not with them; ye shall buy

meat of them for money that ye may eat, and ye shall also buy water of them for money that ye may drink," our travellers are now seen breaking camp. The scene is one necessarily of confusion, because of the various duties which must be performed in getting ready for departure. Seated against the distant wall we see an unsatisfied group of wretches who have obtained their share of plunder from the travellers, and who are now willing to look on without lifting a helping hand. One of our travellers is seen in the foreground engaged in an argument with the villainous sheykh, striving to obtain some little justice at his hands, but without much avail. The whole town has apparently turned out to witness the departure.

**122. SHEYKH MOUSA, THE BEDOUIN JUDGE.**—One more look at the noble and pleasant face of this good man before allowing him to depart from us, perhaps, forever. He is posed here as acting sheykh or judge. His pipe is his inseparable companion, and he is dressed in some of the new garments which our travellers have presented to him as a token of their real sincere affection. Among them we notice he has added a part of the stars and stripes, proud to bear them upon his shoulders with his other garments, and not unwilling to have them seen in his picture. If all the Bedouin were as kind and gentle and generous as Sheykh Mousa, travelling would be an easy matter.

**123. SHEYKH IPNEJAD, KING OF THE TIHATWAT ARABS.**—Contrast the splendid face of Sheykh Mousa with that of this vacillating, dissembling, dishonest, degraded vagabond, the chief of the important tribe of Bedouins who inhabit Akabah, and who hold the country against the visitors, claiming tribute from them for all sorts of things, including blackmail. No matter what sort of a bargain is made with such a man as this, he will break it or claim to have forgotten some items which should have been included, or ask for more. There is no relief from him except by separation. Instead of a pipe, he has substituted a sword, but there is not a bit of courage in his make-up to use it, should necessity occur. His gorgeous, gilded robes have been presented to him by Mecca travellers from time

to time. He is a very rich man. A discussion arose between him and Sheykh Mousa which was exceedingly dramatic. Frequently, in the discussion, the voices of both parties would be raised to a great degree, but remembering suddenly that they were both Mussulmen, and must not quarrel before an American, mutual hand-grasps were resorted to in order to calm down the rising of the Bedouin blood. No swords were drawn, and no smoke, except the cloudy wreaths of tobacco-smoke which came from their pipes. Somewhere in the Bible we are told that the land of Edom would become one of extreme desolation and not even a beast be left, but for some reason or other one beast at least has arisen since that prophecy was fulfilled.

**124. WADY ARABAH FROM ELATH.**—Leading from the head of the Gulf of Akabah to Palestine is the wildest and most extensive wady of all in Arabia, known as Wady Arabah. It was once and is now the principal highway from Akabah to the Dead Sea, and was the thoroughfare used by Solomon in his day. It was the scene also of Israel's flight from the land of Edom after being driven back by the warriors of the Edomites, and is the approach for the present traveller who goes from Akabah to Southern Palestine. It is bounded on either side by a long chain of mountains, some of which we shall see nearer as we go northward to Petra. In the foreground is a portion of a "stone-circle," one of the curious structures so plentiful in this neighborhood. Near by is one of the mounds which mark the site of ancient Elath. The desolate wady has not a thing of beauty or strangeness to relieve its monotony for almost its whole length.

**125. WALL OF DEFENCE, WADY EL ITHIM.**—The camels being loaded, and their legs released from the fastenings used to keep them from straying away, the caravan takes up its march for Petra by the way of the Mount Seir range, or what is known as "the short way." The motley crowd yells; the sheykh becomes excited, while his gorgeous robes fly about; the rich and poor, sick and blind, halt and lame, young and old, slaves and free, add to the confusion of the separation. The contract is signed; and the camels, laden with hen-coops and

water-casks and other paraphernalia, arise in the air and encourage us to go on. The sand flies in our eyes; the palms wave their adieus; the wind howls upon us from the sea; and the flies come and bite us and hang fast to our clothing as we go along. We pass the shouting crowd of disconsolate dogs and beggars which wrestle for the backsheesh which we throw to them; the land is passed over; the sea moans and the palms wave their assent, while the echoes answer to all as we move along. We are now in the hands of a lazy tribe. Their gestures are graceful, their smiles are pleasant, but they are as useless a set of men as ever walked this earth. Wady Arabah is traversed for about two hours, and then we turn suddenly eastward and enter Wady El Ithim. After climbing its rocky mouth for about two hours, we come to a great wall, which has been constructed evidently as a barricade, reaching completely across the wady. It has been broken into, however, of late years, and is shown by the view in its present condition.

#### **126. THE PASS THROUGH WADY EL ITHIM.—**

A similar pass is found further on in the wady, which has also been broken through in order to give access to the traveller. Such a wall as this would not present much of an obstruction to our modern means of upsetting things in our day, but in a fight between Bedouin it would be of immense service, for it could be easily commanded and easily protected.

**127. A MIDDAY REST IN THE DESERT.—**The noon-day rest is always looked forward to by the desert traveller with a great deal of desire. Exposed to the burning rays of the sun, with no trees or other shade to relieve, the time when a stop may be made, a little lunch-tent erected, and an opportunity to creep under the protection of its shade given, is looked forward to with anxiety very often. Here, after their lunch and midday rest, our photographer and companions are seen posed leisurely upon the gravelly bottom of the wady, with their camels, their paraphernalia, and their lunch-tent, making a very characteristic picture. In the far distance we see the mountains which line the wady, here some three miles wide, as the greatest peaks are always in sight. All about are sand-hills of white and red.

Particularly in the direction of Petra, the grand peaks seem to form a doorway to some glorious amphitheatre, and such indeed is the case, as we shall see.

**128. THE RUINS AND ROCK OF EL GUERRAH.—**

Many times in the middle of the wady, near where the path of the traveller lies, are very curious and isolated masses of sandstone, almost reaching to the dignity of mountains. One of these is shown in the picture. They are usually of variegated color, and sometimes are, as in this instance, covered by ruins of ancient fortresses, when and by whom constructed no one seems able to tell.

**129. "THE SPHINX" OF EL GUERRAH.—**On the west side of this rock of El Guerrah is a remarkable formation resembling the great sphinx near the pyramids in Egypt. It has a sharply cut profile, and, as is plainly seen in the picture, is indeed very much in general shape and style like that of the snubbed and broken sphinx of Egypt. Were it more isolated from its mother-rock, the resemblance would be still more striking. The rock from which it is formed is prettily striped in various colors. Perhaps the desert of Gizeh looked like this before the erection of the pyramids and the creation of its sphinx.

**130. CAMELS DRINKING AND FIGHTING FOR WATER, AT THE WELL OF HUMEIYUMEH.—**Further on in the wady another curious rock is found, colored red, yellow, gray, and lilac. On its further side is the entrance to a subterranean well. Rude steps lead down to an excavated room ten feet square, in one corner of which is a pool five feet in diameter and two feet in depth, full of water. Over it is a hole in the rock through which the light is admitted. The Bedouin cameleers carry skins full of water up to the entrance and put it into a rocky basin, whence the camels drink. It is a pretty sight, indeed, to see them take the water and to see their playful scrambling with each other for their turn. Here are four of them, with their heads close together, drinking at one time. After they are done they playfully wipe their noses against each other's necks, and then make way for their companions.

**131. A GROUP OF MOORISH PILGRIMS EN ROUTE FROM MECCA, AT THE WELL OF HUMEIYUMEH.**—

After watering the beasts and examining the curiosities of nature at this place, our travellers were overtaken by a quartette of pilgrims from Morocco, who had made their pilgrimage to Mecca on foot, living upon the hospitality of the country, and who are now on their way to Jerusalem. There they are seated close to the water-washed cavern already described. The inner walls of this cavern, like those of the rock-formation which stands in the picture, are decorated by singular streaks of color, in form like stalactites, and of varied color, purple and yellow predominating. The spot was far more picturesque than photography is able to prove. The poor pilgrims had but little of this world's goods to bless them.

**132. ROCK-HOUSE AND PICTURED ROCKS AT HUMEIYUMEH.**—

These isolated rocks are utilized by the Bedouin as homes. Being of sandstone, they are easily hollowed out, for nature has partly assisted. They, indeed, make very comfortable houses, inasmuch as very little shelter is needed in this warm and dry country. The land in the neighborhood of this rocky formation is in some places cultivated, and these rock-homes are inhabited by the Fellahin, or farmers, who cultivate the scanty soil. The interiors vary in size from twelve to fifteen feet square, and are sometimes plastered, and the doors partly blockaded by stone.

**133. A ROCK-HOUSE AND PICTURED ROCKS AT HUMEIYUMEH.**—

Another group of these pictured and striped rocks is this. In front of it is a patch of the green grass of the desert; on one side, and away beyond, a splendid amphitheatre whose beauties attracted the traveller the whole day long. They seem like a bit of heaven. The rocks here are decorated with brown, yellow, blue, grayish-brown, and purple, in diagonal strata or streaks. In the foreground are coral-like formations which seem like iron melted and bubbled by heat, then suddenly cooled; purple and black and red in color.

**134. A MINIATURE MOUNTAIN OF COLOR, WADY HUMEIYUMEH.**—How curious these formations are is more

plainly seen by a closer view of one of them. It seems to be made up of a concrete mass of material, part of which must have been carved by nature and part by the hand of man. Some of it is of sandstone, some of quartz and granite and other material. It certainly must have been mixed by some great convulsion of nature at a time far beyond the memory of anybody now living or before the records of history began. It was striped, spotted, waved, and streaked yellow, brown, lilac, and red, and made up of flint, quartz, and sandstone boulders, bits of fragments of pebbles of granite, smoothed, rubbed, chiselled, and engraved; in intaglio, bas-relief, etched, stippled, stumped, bristled, chopped, shoved, worn, wasted, washed, scratched, broken, and moulded into innumerable splendid shapes.

**135. THE ROCK AND WELL OF MOSES, AIN EL DALAGEH.**—Here our traveller finds one of those rare bits of pleasure in the desert, a tumbling cascade, winding prettily through the grass like a veritable New Hampshire mountain-stream. Of course, our travellers halt here and refresh themselves, as well as their camels, with cold water. This well, where one of our Bedouin attendants is seen drinking, is called by the Mohammedans the "Well of Moses," and is believed by them to be the place where, in obedience to the command of God, Moses struck the rock, in order to bring forth water for the murmuring children of Israel. Now we push on rapidly to Petra.

**136. A PANORAMA OF PETRA FROM THE EAST—SUNRISE.**—"Who will bring me into the strong city? Who will lead me into Edom? Through God we shall do valiantly, for He it is that shall strike down our enemies." Psalm lx. The traveller towards Petra will find it necessary to have some of David's confidence should he make up his mind to try and see Petra in "the short way," for each mile seems to bring new difficulties. He is well repaid, however, for all his trouble should he be so fortunate as to reach the spur of the mountain which leads him around to the eastern entrance of Petra. At sunrise, when this panoramic view of the region about Petra

was taken, where an Arab sheykh, the protector of our artist, is seated, we overlook one of the vast gorges so numerous in this country, in which the city of Petra is located, still nearly a day's travel away. Across this gorge, beyond its further mouth or entrance, observe the wide wilderness of Wady Arabah. Beyond that, again, Southern Palestine, in the neighborhood of Beer-sheba and Hebron, is seen. Yes, indeed, Wady Mousa—the Valley of Petra—the climax of the Mount Seir region, is before us. The rising sun touches only the highest peaks. They are located at the southern end of the chain of "rocks" which belongs to the Petra combination. On the left arises a great light-colored mount, tapering towards the top, as though covered with the ruins of some ancient city and surmounted by a mosque of a hundred domes. To the right is the broad and deep ravine, the "red rocks" splendidly outlined on each side, with all but their very tips in the shade, the sun not yet having reached them. Even the sea beyond and the vineyards of Gaza may be seen for miles of their length. In all directions splendid pictures rise before us, like panoramas of so many cities.

**137. A PANORAMA OF PETRA FROM THE SOUTH-EAST—EARLY MORNING.**—From the same spur, but further northward and eastward, another panoramic view is given. The deep ravine or gorge just described is now on our left, and the view before us exhibits several smaller gorges, all now less dark and dreary because of the higher sun. Their great gates now seem to be open, and, instead of looking across their ends, we may look further into them and over them. The great rocks in the foreground are of the hardest flint, and the pathway is covered with their debris. On our extreme right is a light-colored, noble peak, which stands as a near neighbor to Mount Hor. In the valley, at our feet, is the most terrible desolation, such as was predicted by prophecy. Here the visitor hears only the sounds of birds, for there is no sign of anything else but the members of his caravan. Evidences of the absolute fulfilment of prophecy are here: "Edom shall be a desolation; every one that goeth by it shall be astonished." Jeremiah

xlix : 17. "And they shall know my vengeance, saith the Lord." Ezekiel xxv : 14.

All around and about are uncultured fields and masses of tumbled rocks, suggesting cities destroyed. All a "desolation" in the truest sense.

**138. PANORAMA OF PETRA AND JEBEL HAROUN, MOUNT HOR.**—Proceeding a short distance northward and eastward, Mount Hor, now fully lighted by the sun, lifts up its head in the distance more and more conspicuously, and the proper entrance into Petra, the gorge of the Sik, is in front. Between us and the Holy Mountain, the red and yellow chains of peaks are presented in gorgeous splendor. Rich clusters of them, of varied colors and shapes, are observable as far as the eye can reach. The sun has also lifted up from the shadows the ruins of the old city, which are included in the view, with some green spots which look like Bedouin farms. The sunshine also makes plain the numberless rock-cities and now reveals their mysteries. The green sward, the florid rocks, the encrusted domes of light and shade and flame, the awful stillness of "desolation" predicted by Scripture, and the sublimity of all nature—all impress one in the greatest degree. As we proceed, the sun develops the rich coloring more and more and drives the shadows to one side. Again the ruler of the day lifts up a double line of peaks from Arabah's plain, like eruptions on the skin, and the Dead Sea puts in an appearance, shining like a mirror of silver in the far distance.

**139. SUNRISE ON ANCIENT EDOM. AN ANTIQUE VILLAGE.**—Each successive view shows more and more the effect of the sunlight upon this wondrous region. What two hours ago was a shadowed valley of desolation and wilderness, of sleeping mounds and mountains, now becomes beautiful in form and color, revealed by the sunlight. Away down in the valley, amid the green fields which now become more and more plentiful, is to be seen a ruined village, of an age which history cannot guess at. Deserted and unthought of, here it has existed from century to century. Neither man nor the elements

care to meddle with it or to destroy it. No one ever visits it, probably.

#### 140. THE POOL AND RUINS OF AIN EL RAGA.—

Now, turning to the left, we come closer to the true entrance of the city of Petra, and pass on our way the old-timed city of Ain El Raga. Here the only life remaining is its tumbling waterfall, which empties itself into a huge tank or basin, and parts of whose wall, sides, and contents are here seen. A pretty, lonely, desolate spot.

141. THE GORGE OF WADY SIK.—This view reveals to us more of the mysteries of the ravine which is described and seen in No. 136. It is now well lighted through its whole length, even as far over as Wady Arabah. Its walls are as red as blood, and a fine pyramidal-shaped mountain stands at its western gates like a grim sentinel, causing one to feel glad that our approach was not made from that direction. Our way into Petra is through the rocky gorge which lies before us, and slowly we begin to climb down to it. The view which the beholder has spread before him from this point impresses him with the fact that God surely gave Esau a grand country, and showed His sympathy as much as He could for the poor, doomed son of Isaac; but, alas! it was of no avail.

142. A BARRICADE OF CAMELS IN BATTLE ARRAY AT AIN GAZALAH, NEAR PETRA.—Now, as we descend, Mount Hor sinks behind an elevation, over which we must cross before we can reach the mouth of the gorge of the Sik. The whole surface appears now to be bubbling with vast mounds of colored matter which seem to have arisen but the night before. Great domes and rows of cones rise up in every direction, shaped like pottery kilns. Each turn presents the grand panorama in a new light, and each time so widely different from anything that the eye can behold in any other portion of the world. Truly, here are enough well-quarried walls and columns and capitals, and excavations, and halls, to build all the temples on the Nile; with colors as brilliant, and hieroglyphics as extensive, whose mysteries cannot be read, unless they all mean one thing—"desolation." Over all, Mount Hor stands, watch-

man or warder-like, telling ever of Aaron's solemn death and burial. Our travellers, however, seem ever to be on the alert for something more practical than the sentimental or historical. The avenues of Edom are before them, and apparently something is expected of a more dangerous character. They have no time to stop and wonder what it all must have been like when David passed through, a conquerer, and Israel felt her power there. They have no moment to spare to think of the once rich bazaars, gaudy shops, tremendous factories, or myriads of mosques which were once there, and long since deserted and destroyed. On one of the terraces which lead down to a hill, which they must cross, is the fountain of Ain Gazalah. A modern warrior could stand at this fountain and "shell" Petra with little difficulty. But should the enemy come, as they seem to be expected now, the poor camels, in the absence of any other wall for a barricade, are arranged side by side, facing the scene of the great dramas of Edom of old, while our artist and his companions place themselves behind them, with their faces well set, awaiting the enemy. All the weapons and helpless musketry and dilapidated swords in possession of the party are pointed towards Petra, waiting for the attack of the Fellahin. The group appears to be quite as select as it is dangerous and earnest, and would doubtless have its effect in scaring off any marauders who might be supposed to attack it. But none came. Gunshots were heard in the valley below, but they were from a wedding-feast.

### 143. THE THREE TOMBS, NECROPOLIS OF PETRA.

—Having climbed to the top of the mount just spoken of and descended its other side, we find ourselves in the valley of the Sik. Immediately on entering it we begin to see numerous caves on each side, and then come suddenly upon three singular tombs on the right, which are the first objects which we stop to examine. They recall to our minds the well-known tomb of Absalom in the valley of Jehoshaphat, near Jerusalem. These great mysterious masses of rock are about sixteen feet square, and, although cut from the adjacent cliffs, are separated from them by a number of feet of space. They decrease in diameter

towards their tops, in Egyptian style, but their roofs are flat. In one of them is a small sepulchre or chamber, with a low door. A good idea of the formation and of the kiln-like shape of the rocks is seen in the cliffs behind the tombs. They form a part of the Necropolis of Petra.

**144. THE TOMB OF THE FOUR PYRAMIDS, NECROPOLIS OF PETRA.**—On the opposite side of the chasm, but a little distance further down, is a very remarkable monument hewn out of the solid rock. Its lower front is composed of a portico of six Ionic columns, with a pediment and numerous ornaments of a very peculiar nature. Over this is a second facade of an entirely different character. It is made up of a simple moulding; and above it, in a recess, four slender semi-pyramids are also hewn out of the rock. Although not striking in beauty, it is a remarkable work, and has apparently been quarried by two different peoples, or else by travellers from two different lands, who have imbibed the ideas of the places which they have visited, and tried to follow suit. Now the valley contracts and the cliffs become higher and higher.

**145. A PETRA BEDOUIN GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE SIK.**—Before proceeding into the city, as good and peaceful travellers, we should arrange terms with the Bedouin and Fellahin who inhabit the region, and now make our first acquaintance with them. Having travelled perhaps over a month on camels, it seems very singular to see these men mounted on Arabian chargers. The reason of this is because there is plenty of water in this wonderful valley for the horse to drink; and as he is more fleet and more easily kept than the camel, he is preferred. It is a mystery to know where shoes are obtained for the horses, but, since there is so much mystery here, this minor one we will not try to solve. These wild people are drawn up in cavalry style by our artist, and have been captured by his camera without their knowledge. A number of them bear long spears or lances, which are the principal weapons they carry when on the road.

**146. THE BUTTRESSED ARCH, ENTRANCE TO THE CHASM OF THE SIK.**—Now following down a little glen,

through the street of tombs whose sculptured facades and dark doorways line the cliffs on each side, we pass a projecting rock and suddenly find ourselves at the entrance of a chasm, seemingly formed by the rending of the mountain from summit to base. Its width is about twelve feet, increasing in some places to twenty or thirty feet. We enter it by a buttressed arch, lifted high up on the ragged cliffs and spanning the intervening gulf, seemingly alike inaccessible and useless. Near it in our foreground is a juniper tree. Imagination will make this lofty arch the work of some spirit of the mountains, constructed as a portal to her walled retreat. It was, however, perhaps erected for the support of an aqueduct, intended doubtless to conduct water to the more elevated palaces in the city, since conducting pipes were found in some of these high places, and, indeed, along the sides of the chasm which we now enter.

#### 147. THE BUTTRESSED ARCH FROM INSIDE.—

Passing under this wonderful structure, we turn about and look out merely to get a view in both directions, and, perhaps, to gather courage before entering upon the work of passing the wonderful chasm. Perhaps a little afraid to proceed with the journey lest opposition be met from the Fellahin or Bedouin, who are now momentarily expected, for we have so far entered their city without their blustering companionship.

#### 148. A VIEW IN THE GORGE OF THE SIK, AT PETRA.

—Passing on quietly now, we have fairly entered the wonderful gorge of the Sik, whose walls twist and turn and wind to such a degree that sometimes the rocks fairly touch each other over our heads and completely shut out the light. At other places they widen or are joined by smaller cliffs at right angles. The colorings of the rocks add to the thrilling effect. In the distance is one of the gray and red kiln-shaped peaks so plentiful here—a real beauty.

The sunlight has entered here with splendid effect, contrasted with the dark portions. In our foreground are several splendid oleander bushes, which abound in this valley through its entire length. Then, creeping up the sides of the rocky cliffs, the caper plant and the juniper are seen. All along the sides of

the gorge are aqueducts and depressions cut for statuary, which latter were objects of worship. On every side are figures and natural caves and colors, without number. Sometimes we are obliged to travel in the stream which courses rapidly through the gorge, or, again, we walk on the pebbly bottom.

**149. ON THE RIVER SIK, GORGE OF THE SIK.—**

Here another of the wider openings of the Sik gives us light sufficient to secure a picture whose characteristics are much the same as the last, but which possesses a little more life, given to it by the kind-hearted young sheykh, Salim, Jr., who consented to grace the foreground. The gorgeous splendor of his garments is too much for photography to get, but they can be described. His coat was red, his cap blue, his agal black, while upon his back was the old patriarchal sheepskin, with a gun and a sword swung across his shoulders, and his lance held upright in his hand. His gown was striped yellow and blue and red, of tints in full harmony with the neighboring rocks; and no young prince or king was prouder than he.

**150. A FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE KUZNEH, THROUGH THE GORGE OF THE SIK.—**Now, riding or walking along, in a few moments we reach the further or western end of the chasm, and, suddenly, are startled by the most striking view in all Petra (and it might be said in the world), a part of the delicate pink-colored facade of the Kuzneh, seen through the exit of the chasm. It is a sublime view. The contrast between the deep red rock and the lovely rose color of the splendid structure is beyond comparison. With what mighty judgment and taste and skill was this site selected! Where else in all the world is there such a remarkable view?

**151. THE KUZNEH—THE FACADE.—**And now, emerging from the gorge, we stand face to face with this magnificent mystery in architecture, this wonder of the world. To account for such a building in such a place is impossible. It is an incomparable ornament to architecture, partly elegant, partly strange in conception, making one think that it must be the work of several centuries, by different artists, as is the Duomo at Florence. It is in a wondrous state of preservation, but the

figures which once graced it, and whose nature can only be guessed at, are too defaced for recognition. Its situation, its coloring, its size, its age, all make up enough to bewilder and entangle the toughest brain. Its dark interior is forty feet square, with a small niche or depression at the rear and one at each side. Stepping up into the portico, we observe beneath a room on each side. The one on the right leads to a chamber twenty-three by thirty-eight feet, with a depression back, with stalls. Over the door is a circular window partly walled up. The door is seven feet wide. A similar room, rather at an angle with the front, is on the other or left side, of the same size. Two Roman eagles, crouching, are over each door. To return to the facade again, we find it is ninety-six feet wide, and it has one of the columns broken down and gone. The columns are five feet in diameter, and seem to be solid and not in sections. The color is almost wholly of a delicate rose-pink, only small portions or veins being of a warm gray and reddish tint, and not broken up by other tints and waves of color, as the buildings further on in the city are. This is a very fortunate thing, and happy were its projectors to find such a rock in such a place for their grand structure. It looks now as clean and fresh as though just constructed, and yet it has no history. No one can tell why or when it was erected. It is a "treasure," indeed. One of the figures on the wings seems to be a man standing with something on his shoulder, the other of a woman, dancing may be. One, perhaps, is Moses the Commander, and the other the merry Miriam. Whether built for God or for a resting-place for the dead, no one can tell. No man can do more than guess at it. Some travellers suppose it to be a temple, while others claim that it was for the Petra Conservatory of Music. Its parts are all sharply, smoothly chiselled, and its floral decorations are rich and fine.

**152. A GROUP OF BEDOUIN SHEYKHS WITH HORSES AND LANCES.**—Our travellers, while making a preliminary view of the Kuzneh on the day of their arrival, hearing the clatter of hoofs in the gorge, and not having yet seen any of the neighboring Bedouin, began to beat a retreat

lest the enemy be upon them. They were too slow. In a second, five or six horsemen with long spears emerged from the gorge, dismounted at once, struck their lances into the ground, and offered a welcome. The party were composed of the son of the Petra Sheykh Salim, and his staff. They had discovered our travellers afar off, and made haste to reach the city first to greet them, but they were too late. Our artist, however, never forgetting himself under any circumstances, accomplished a feat which photography has never been known to do before, viz., secured the favor of a group from these wild gentlemen, and it is before us, with all its dramatic effect. And, indeed, what theatrical scene could be more dramatic than this one? These wild men, during the very moments of surprise, were taken by parties equally surprised. Blessed be photography which can secure such living subjects as this for our study.

**153. A PRELIMINARY GLIMPSE OF PETRA.—**

Passing the Kuzneh, and turning sharply to the right, leaving the glorious structure on the left, the traveller proceeds up the principal street of the rock-city, through a gorge and following the little stream. On the left we see three great rock-temples which appear like steps, and away off in the distance a part of the theatre, with the hills back of it full of caves and rock-temples. Let us enter now fully into the mysteries of this glorious city, and this is the gate thereto.

**154. A GROUP OF ROCK-TEMPLES NEAR THE THEATRE, AT PETRA.—**

In a few moments we are upon the steps of the great theatre, but, before examining into its wonderful construction, we are attracted by a lofty group opposite. This is a typical view of Petra. A grand trio of temples and tombs is here, facing the theatre, which must have been seen by all the Petrans while attending upon the play, reminding them of the fact that, although there is much in life to amuse and entertain, still death must come.

**155. THE THEATRE OF PETRA.—**This grand construction is hewn entirely from the mother-rock, no one portion of it having been quarried and separated therefrom. It is, as is seen, nearly three-quarters of a circle, and comprises thirty-three

tiers of seats, now much worn and out of shape. The only dramas now enacted there are the tournaments of the Bedouin, who, if paid sufficiently, will give an exhibition of their skill in horsemanship and the exercise of the lance, reminding one of the gladiatorial combats of ancient Rome. The scene was evidently erected across the circle, for there are still remains of the bases of columns showing themselves through the soil. Opposite are many tombs, which enabled the mortal theatre-goer to keep before him during the play that immortality must follow. The views around about are superb in every direction.

**156. THE VIEW MAGNIFICENT. PETRA FROM THE THEATRE.**—Some idea of the inwardness of Petra may be obtained here. The view is rather an extensive one. In the foreground, upon the left, a portion of the theatre itself; in the valley, towards the right, is the bed of the stream; while beyond will be seen the cliffs, full of entrances to caves and tombs. Far off in the middle distance are the columns and arches of the glorious temple, with which we shall become better acquainted presently. While still further beyond, in front and to the left, are the distant mountains of various color. Leading to the left, and southward towards the Wady Arabah, is the once grand street of Petra. This may well be called the magnificent view of Petra, so far as a distant view can be. Here it is easy to see how the people could enjoy themselves, and at the same time keep guard of their city; or, if the play grew dull, add zest to it by gazing upon the countless tombs opposite. And this is the city doomed by divine judgment, though able for so long to hold a strength which could laugh and scorn at any *human* effort made to destroy it. Nature built its impregnable walls, before which insignificant man has had to shrink, baffled, many a time. It lies in the midst of the desert, and yet its climate is unsurpassed. Splendid temples and other structures still abound here, yet all unused. The hundreds of thousands of people who once populated it are all gone, and their history is unknown. The blustering tribes who live near by and "own" Petra believe that it grew up, and exists only by enchantment.

**157. PETRA, EAST FROM THE TRAVELLERS' CAMP.**—The shrewd traveller will make it his first business on entering this mighty city to plant well his tent-pins in some hidden place, lest his apparatus be carried off bodily by the ever eager Fellahin, who, soon after his entrance, will surround him like bees and fleas. Thus prudent were our travellers, who made ready for their sojourn in the rock-city. The view before us is looking back beyond the site of the theatre, down the stream towards the east, through the gorge which was traversed on entering. A good idea is given here of the rocks which abound in the neighborhood. Here are fine groups of buildings, caves, stairs, and cliffs, seemingly numberless.

**158. PETRA, WEST FROM THE TRAVELLERS' CAMP.**—Though less extensive than our view 156, this one includes a portion of the other, but is taken from a standpoint much nearer, namely, to the left of the travellers' camp. Here will be seen what is, perhaps, the finest group of buildings in the city of Petra. The view includes the "temple of the arched terrace," the "temple of the urn," and the "temple of three rows of columns," besides numberless excavations, which have been used either as homes or tombs, no one can do more than guess which. We shall see them all in detail.

**159. SHEYKH SALIM, CHIEF OF THE PETRA BEDOUIN, AND HIS STAFF.**—Opposite the travellers' camp is a series of caves which were used, during the sojourn of our artist, by the Bedouin and the Fellahin as their dwelling-places. At night, when these excavations were lighted by the fires of the inmates, they seemed like a real exhibition of the infernal regions, especially when accompanied by the intolerable and astounding howling, yelling, and bluster of these wild men. The principal office of Hades appeared to be directly opposite the American camp. One day, after having submitted to sundry exactions, our artist observed the many thirsty Bedouin retire to this cave, and, after quarreling among themselves for a time and dividing the spoils, emerge from it. With an eye ever ready to catch the dramatic, his camera was instantly planted before the slowly moving chiefs, and he captured them.

posed by themselves naturally, when coming from the cave. Here we see them, with their long lances, loaded down with their sometimes ridiculously harmless musketry, strictly according to nature. The motto of these men is, "Against everybody, and everybody against us." Nearly every one of them has some blood-feud with somebody else, and is ever in fear of his life. No one of them, therefore, ever permits himself to stir unless fully armed and ready for a fight. Besides the weapons which are seen, they mostly carry some frightful looking war-clubs tied about their waists, easily accessible, and which they threaten to use on every trivial occasion. They rarely strike a blow, however.

**160. OUR TRAVELLERS' CAMP AT PETRA,** where were endured four of the hardest days ever known to an Arabian traveller, by our artist and his party. A humble little home it was, scarcely able to withstand much of an attack, if a perpetual application of backsheesh had not kept the enemy at bay. Continual purchases of peace had to be made in order to procure the photographs which make up the present tour, but they were freely made, until the results hoped for were accomplished. No other photographer ever accomplished so much. At the rear of the camp were three of the excavations in the rocks where the Fellahin and the Bedouin held their headquarters during our artist's stay, and where a branch office of purgatory was opened for the enlistment of recruits during the whole four days. It is believed that his lower highness enlisted every one of them in his service without much resistance.

**161. TEMPLE OF THE URN, WITH THE ARCHED TERRACE.**—This magnificent structure is one of a group shown in number 158, and one of the most magnificent in Petra, after the Kuzneh and the Deir are considered. The great urn which overtops the temple is supposed to contain great treasures, and has been battered and bruised for years by the bullets of the Bedouin, who fire at it every time they pass with the hope of breaking it down. The arched terrace which is in front of the grand structure seems to have been erected since the temple was excavated. This splendid facade has been

hewn out of the rock bodily, but not until a depression fifteen feet back had been made, probably to get a good color. The arches in front are of a grayish-brown. The front proper is in streaks of pink as far as the capitals; above them, and up to the urn on the top of the pediment, are streaks of white, red, and blue; while the rest of the ruins seem to be wondrously variegated.

**162. A COLOR STUDY—COLONNADE OF THE TEMPLE OF THE URN.**—The mind can scarcely conceive the variety and the gorgeousness of the rocks which make up these grand structures. Here we have the colonnade, which is opposite to the one shown in number 161, taken in order to exhibit the eccentric wavings and stripings of the rocks composing them, and also to show how age has worn them. A column in the foreground is worn by time almost to a point at its base. In the distance we see a break in the wall, through which the temple's interior may be observed. The ceiling and the column as well are generous in their display of red, blue, yellow, white, and lilac sandstone; while in the foreground our artist has placed a heavy stone of the same color, with horizontal stripes.

**163. TOMBS, TEMPLES, AND CLIFFS, SOUTH FROM THE ARCHED TERRACE.**—This is a typical street view in Petra, wherein we see a number of excavations, ruined facades, and splendid mountain-peaks back of them. The locality is south of the temple of the arched terrace. In the shadowed gorge, which is seen on the left of the picture, is another series of temples, but never lighted sufficiently to enable a photographer to obtain views with any satisfaction.

**164. THE CORINTHIAN TEMPLE, PETRA.**—Added to all the splendor of Petra is this Corinthian temple, whose pediment, tower, and side columns are of a rich orange color, and whose whole facade is excavated from the rock to which it adheres. Its interior is now but a single room, dark and dismal, lighted only by the doorways which are seen in the picture. It is one of the finest structures remaining in Petra. Roberts, the great artist, who visited Petra in 1839, believes that these great structures were neither temples nor tombs, but for the sole pur-

pose of gratifying the eye—a noble indulgence of the national taste for ornament.

### 165. TEMPLE OF THE THREE TIERS OF COLUMNS.

—This temple has been very elaborate in design, and is even more rich in its display of color than those which have been described. One tier of columns reaches over another, and again a third row, giving one the feeling that it must have been erected by three different architects, and, again, reminding one of the Duomo at Florence. Perhaps a similar method was followed here, of taking a long time to finish a temple of this kind, as was the case in Italian cities centuries ago—one architect after another spending his lifetime upon their construction, little knowing how soon an earthquake would follow and mutilate their master-masonry.

### 167. THE KASR FAROUN AND BROKEN COLUMNS.

—Now, turning sharply to the south, we see in the distance, close to the little stream which winds its way hurriedly in the same direction towards the Wady Arabah, the only structure of mason-work now remaining in Petra. It stands in the very centre of the city. Its surroundings must have been very rich, as many fine remains of columns lie here. Among them is one of bluish-gray granite, still finely polished, with others of rosy syenite, which doubtless came from the quarries of the Nile, near Philæ. In the foreground, our artist has secured numbers of these, which seem piled up on their edges like tiers of grindstones, parts of a triumphal arch.

### 168. THE KASR FAROUN—THE EXTERIOR AND ARCHED DOORWAY.

—This, as has been said, is the only standing building not cut from the rock. Doubtless it once had plenty of neighbors, as the many bits about testify. Its exterior measures outside 100 by 110 feet. The walls are decorated with stucco-work. Here and there large pieces of wood are inserted, probably for fastening the stucco-work upon. Grain, shrubbery, and ferns grow about it and upon the walls, and, doubtless, did part of the work of pushing down the rocky debris lying inside in confusion. Here the cornices and a decorated arch are shown in full view with deep tiers of arches,

of which eight are in good condition. The bent and shattered walls, stones of great weight dislodged and looking as though a breath would send them tumbling to the earth, show ruin! ruin! and "desolation!" on all sides. Malachi i: 3, 4.

**170. THE KASR FAROUN—THE ARCHED DOORWAY.**—A portion of the interior of this strange building, including the old arch over the entrance of broken columns. In front, and through it, and beyond, groups of fine red, yellow, and gray cliffs are seen. The effect of the light here is fine, and one is reminded of the temples of the Nile.

**169. THE KASR FAROUN—RUINED INTERIOR.**—From one corner of the vast interior this view is made, showing the picturesque and broken walls and tumbled remains inside and beyond. Through the walls is seen the temple known as the "unfinished." In the far distance, on a high cliff, is a ruined citadel, which must overlook the whole city and surrounding country for miles. The view from here is very fine.

**171. THE TEMPLES OF NATURE AND OF EDMOM.**—Now, leaving this handiwork of man and climbing the hill eastward again, we come to what has been called the Acropolis of Petra. On all sides are met, as we ascend the gorge beyond the acropolis, such views of splendor as this. Never will the beholder forget the grandeur of such scenes, should he once be privileged to observe them. Here not only are seen magnificent facades, hidden in the depressions of the rocks, of various forms, but beyond this may be met the still grander structures of nature which have withstood the elements for thousands of years, and whose varied facades and coloring are magnificent beyond conception.

**172. THE TEMPLE OF FLUTED COLUMNS.**—On our left, as we climb upward towards the Temples of Edom and of Nature, is a low interior. A part of its front is fortunately broken out, so that we may see that in it are still standing fourteen fluted columns of sandstone—red, white, and blue, waved and streaked. This picture is a most interesting one, being of a different type from any of its kindred in this great rock-city.

**173. A ROCK-STAIRWAY AND PULPIT.**—All about Petra there are many stairways leading up to the various structures. And, what is hard to explain, over the majority of the facades of the structures are indications of stairways, usually of six steps, leading from a cornice or roof up to nothing. They must have some religious meaning, pertaining to the departure of the soul to heaven or intended to lead the thoughts higher. Generally the top step is plain, but sometimes finished with a cornice. Thousands of stairways are erected leading from the valley in all directions, straight, winding, and spiral. Following them, one is apt to meet with some solid secret or surprise. A good example of this last class of stairway is found beyond the chamber of fluted columns. It starts from a grand, green plateau, and is spiral in form. At the head of it are two hollowed-out rocks canopied by overhanging cliffs, causing them to look like old-fashioned pulpits. It is believed that they were used as such, the congregation assembling in the plain below. No quieter or more appropriate place in Petra for such a purpose is to be found than what we see. The interior of one of these pulpits was striped blue, lilac, red, and white, and the other was a bright golden color. It may be that David himself ascended these various stairways, stood under these canopies and sang the LXth Psalm, and that these very rocks echoed the sacred tones. It seems to be the only place in Petra that has any suggestion of holiness about it.

**174. THE PYRAMID AND RUINED FORTRESS.**—Ascending still further flights of stairs, beautifully striped, there is seen a small tank, doubtless used for baptismal purposes. Creeping on now upwards over red, yellow, and gray stairways, the solemn surroundings still continuing, in time the top of a mountain is gained. On the way an altar is seen, conducting water-pipes for a long distance, with inscriptions on the rocks near by. Among the figuring upon the rocky wall was one which bore resemblance to parts of the human foot, animals, etc. All along the way graves are to be seen. On the summit are two "pyramids," but they are only twelve by six feet at their bases and about twenty feet high. On a cliff a little distance above are some splendid ruins. The citadel must have

been there, and very strong it was, for three solidly built sections yet remain standing against the sky, erected by, no one can tell who. Here a glorious view is had in all directions, and one can see a complete panorama of the principal streets of Petra lying far below, even down into the gorge of the Sik. On the west, Mount Hor is almost overlooked. Standing here, the wildness is added to by the loud shouts which come up from the Bedouins in their caves near the camp, the tents of which can be seen in the distance.

**175. A SACRIFICIAL ALTAR OF BAAL.**—This picture is of a discovery made by our artist, which has not been mentioned by any other traveller. Scattered over the mountain-top are a number of curious tanks of various sizes. Several contain a number of blind fish. Near them is what must be an altar, once used for sacrifice in the service of the God Baal. It is situated on a rock by itself, with four stone-steps leading to it. It consists of a shallow, circular basin forty-eight inches in diameter, and in the centre of it a smaller depression eighteen inches in diameter, all cut out of the rock. To catch the blood which ran out from the basins, a narrow outlet is cut in the rock. Near by is another elevated tank, around which is a passage eighteen inches wide, cut so that the priest could reach it on all sides. This tank is six by nine feet, with stairs also leading to it. All of these tanks seemed to be inclined towards the south, in order that they might be emptied down the mountain-side. The largest one was twenty-one by forty-seven feet. In the centre of it was a rock-elevation, two feet eight inches by five feet, with stairs leading to it from the west. An outlet at the southeast corner, leads down the east side of the mountain. A tank alive with comical little fish is here, three feet deep and eight by ten feet in size, without any apparent outlet. All these but the larger one are included in the view.

**176. THE RAVINE OF THE DEIR, PETRA.**—Opposite the Kusur Faroun the little stream of the Sik quietly leaves the valley and plunges into a gorge towards the south. A little to the right another gorge appears, difficult of ascent, but interesting and beautiful. It is the entrance passage to the celebrated

Temple of the Deir. Now the traveller climbs up through a narrow ravine, over a rocky stairway, among narrow footpaths, at one side of which is a precipice hundreds of feet deep. Past tombs and temples, amid displays of colors, now in the shade and now in the sun, views of gorgeous splendor are seen on every side, and Mount Hor grows nearer and nearer, as the climb is made, till the mosque on its summit is plainly observable. On the west is a wide stairway over which kings and patriarchs have passed. After a good hour of hard climbing, turning up a cliff suddenly on the right, we behold the famous rock-temple called the "Deir." What a noble mountain-side nature supplied for the carving out of such an architectural wonder. This glorious bit by the way shows part of the climb and passages, with their colored stairs; caves yawning on all sides; kiln-shaped cliffs and rows of temples further on, each supplying food for wonder and thought.

**177. A ROCK-TEMPLE—INTERIOR.**—This temple was without a facade, and is reached from the Deir by a stairway. In the rear is a pretty shrine, ten by fifteen feet, which must have been originally very gaudily finished. It is now much defaced. Two busts grace its sides, one male, the other female. The interior of the temple is twenty-nine by thirty feet, with a variously colored ceiling, in irregular waves of yellow, red, lilac, and blue, whose forms are plainly shown in the picture. In some places the outer surface of the walls has crumbled away, showing the same colors underneath as upon the ceiling. Near the entrance, on each side, ornamental capitals have been sunken into the rock. One of these is in quite a perfect condition. From here we see that on the north side of the Deir also are stairways which lead to the summit of the cliff, from whence the temple was excavated.

**178. THE DEIR FROM THE ROCK-TEMPLE.**—From the front of this rock-temple a view of the Deir was made in order to show what a noble mountain-side nature supplied for the carving out of this architectural wonder. What boldness the architect displayed who would risk so much labor on the uncertainty of finding the material which he desired. He must

have been the same who planned the Kuzneh, for, in fact, in general appearance the Deir is somewhat the same in style, though by no means so florid. The vestibule or facade is one hundred and fifty-six feet wide. The single interior apartment is thirty-seven by forty feet. A depression is in the east end, opposite the door, six by eight feet and fourteen feet high, with an arched top and broken cornices, which have been sunk into the original rock.

**179. THE DEIR FACADE.**—There are two tiers of semi-columns in front of this noble structure fifteen feet in circumference. The color is quite uniform, being of Petra red. A large plateau is in front covered with fresh, green grass, and here and there are squares and circles of stone, telling that other buildings were once there. This plateau must have been an amphitheatre, as the circle is about sixty feet in diameter. It is thought by some travellers that there must have been some connection between the Deir and Mount Hor, because the Deir is directly facing the mountain, and so near that a person could be seen at the mosque. Here it stands, majestic, quiet, lonely, holding secrets within its grasp which no one has ever solved. Taunting us, silently, with as much power and resistance as the Fellahin who guard it, and, like them, sending one away wondering, dissatisfied, and distracted.

**180. MOUNT HOR AND AARON'S TOMB.**—From the rock-temple described the summit of Mount Hor is plainly seen, together with the mosque covering the tomb of Aaron on its summit. From the cave we obtain a fine show of rock, tipped with green and red and brown and gray and yellow, with the splendid hills at the right, and Wady Arabah beyond. How privileged was Aaron to be allowed such a quiet place to die. Perhaps he halted on his way at the very place whence our view was taken and rested, and looked up the Wady Arabah wistfully towards Palestine, with Moses and Eleazer, while they prepared him for his burial. Numbers xx : 28.

**181. AN UNFINISHED ROCK-TEMPLE.**—On the side of a cliff, at the right of the Kusr Faroun, is a curious temple only partly finished, showing how the ancient architects were

accustomed to do their work. They evidently began to quarry at the top, working downwards, as this example proves. And really, when one thinks over it, that appears to be about the only safe way they could work. Some curious indentations are shown at the sides, which were no doubt made first and then the material between them knocked out, as holes are first bored for a mortise and then the rest chiselled out by the carpenter.

In no other place in the world do we see so many things so *different* from the *rest* of the world as we do at Petra. It is a world in itself—unique, unequalled, characteristic. In an age when all the peopled world was at war, any nation finding such an impregnable site as this would naturally choose it for a city. And while nature supplied the sublime parts, how resolutely did man apply his taste, his labor, and his fondness for ornament to make up the grand whole. And the *multitude* of these works makes them all the more striking. Each perpendicular cliff carved into form, each lofty peak topped by tasteful structures, each lateral valley and yawning chasm used to display every imaginable style of architecture. Venice only approaches it in novelty, and yet how different.

And now we leave Petra and all its wonderful glory of color, so brilliant and yet so soft—more like pastile than oil or even water color. Every stone in this wonderful rock city is a surprise. Should the traveller pick up a dirty, rusty piece to break off a bit of color, it will invariably split open and display a *combination* of stripes, streaks, and waves which will delight him. All of them hold some secret shades of beauty. One can never forget such things.

There are here not only amphitheatres and other buildings carved out of the native rock by man's hands, but many others cut by a higher power. And as one leaves the strange city the words of holy writ come to mind: "For they also built them high places, and images, and groves, on every high hill." 1 Kings xiv : 23. Now, passing out of the great city, we may see lines of aqueducts, which, having caught the water on the mountain-tops, lead it down to the lower buildings of the city. Without them the people could not have lived in these rocky homes. There, too, are piles of pottery, red, thin and delicate,

and often decorated. Again wondering at temples fluted and corrugated and worn and snubbed by time, we pass out at the southern side towards Palestine. We leave the troublesome and peculiar sons of Esau behind, too, and are not sorry to bid them good-bye.

**182. THE PASS OF EH RAH KOSMONEH.**—The route from Petra to Palestine by way of Ain El Weibeh (commonly called Kadesh Barnea) is in a northwesterly direction. It leads through some very narrow gorges, as irregularly formed and as brilliantly colored as those at Petra. The principal one of these is called Eh Rah Kosmoneh, which is now before us. Its great walls in the foreground are of yellowish-gray, with bright purple and red stripes waving through from left to right. A much lighter cliff is beyond, and the end of the pass is closed by a cliff, of brilliant red, whose cavernous face is decorated with some stalactites, while the depressions are yellow. These, with the blue sky above, make a gorgeous picture. The travellers, and camels loaded with ordinary baggage, could scarcely pass through this narrow gorge.

**183. THE PASS OF EH RAH KOSMONEH, ROCKS.**—At the end of the pass is a splendidly formed hill, strangely colored, and almost indescribable, occurring, as it does, in such a quiet place. It causes one to marvel why nature should so display such rare talent where so few people are permitted to witness and enjoy it. And now we leave the beautiful mountain region, Mount Hor being at our right for a long time. We fairly enter now the desert-wastes of Wady Arabah, that great highway which we left at Akabah, and which follows northward straight to the Dead Sea and Jerusalem. Instead of pursuing the journey in that direction, however, to Palestine, we prefer first to visit that interesting section of country which some travellers believe to be the Kadesh Barnea of Scripture. Far above, on the opposite side of the wady, is the land of promise. One bright morning early, our Arab sheykh cried out with delight, as he stood upon a little eminence, "Moyah Henna!"—"water here." It was the well of Ain el Weibeh, supposed to be the place where Moses the second time was commanded by God to

strike the rock for water (Numbers xxi); where Miriam died, and where Moses and Aaron had their hopes of seeing the promised land blasted. Very near, too, is supposed to be the mountain which some of the Israelites tried to get over in order to reach Palestine.

**184. AIN EL WEIBEH—"KADESH BARNEA."**—One hour more of travel over the dreary waste and the oasis of Ain El Weibeh is reached. It is a long, narrow oasis, with scrub-palms, reeds, rushes, grasses, and shrubs growing wild and thick. One fountain or well, very small, sunk in the mother-rock, is all the show of water which is to be seen here. Certainly a very meagre well to supply such an assemblage as is said to have wandered hereabouts for nearly forty years. As will be proven further on in our lecture, the traveller, who has allowed himself to believe that here, indeed, is the Kadesh Barnea of Scripture, need to have travelled but two or three days more and he would have found that which would have encouraged him to believe, with much greater faith, the discovery he would then make. Here our travellers found in this one little well only enough water to fill their water-skins for drinking and cooking, and a very scanty supply for their camels. Moreover, it was of an exceedingly bad quality, full of living animals. It was the worst water, indeed, found by them during their Arabian journey. True, here was water and a bright little oasis, but the country around was surely not adapted to the wants of such a great assemblage as Israel. Near the well sits Elihuel, our photographer's cameleer, with the photo-camel.

**185. THE GRAVE OF MIRIAM.**—Arising above the well, and near by, is a mound which has been called, for the sake of convenience of location, "the grave of Miriam." A part of this immense grave is shown in the picture, with a beautiful bush of Radjad growing upon it, and the Gaza Sheykh Ouida looking towards the mountains on the west. The soil is crusty and salty here, crumbling under the feet like newly frozen snow.

**186. ON THE BORDERS OF CANAAN.**—Striking westward now, we come to a range of mountains over which it was

supposed the Israelites crossed in their attempt to get into Palestine. A typical Arabian view is this, with its dead, old gum-Arabic tree and a few juniper bushes between, with the wondrous, bare mountains in the distance, beautiful in shape and color. These splendid hills, all golden, flushed with pink, forming a part of the wall of Nugb Weibeh which led into Wady Merzibah. Up this wady our travellers wandered, "the first white people who ever came this way." Turfa trees and the wild pomegranate, red with blossoms, were plentiful, and gave evidence that a different country was being reached, for foliage grew more abundantly also.

**187. AN ARABIAN OASIS.**—After two or three days of camel-riding over rocky spurs and through deep ravines, seemingly miles in the air, our travellers finally descended a steep and came to a long range of limestone and flint-covered hills. Here for several hours they were winding about and apparently losing their way. They were searching for the Ain Quadis, visited in 1881 by Dr. Henry Clay Trumbull, of Philadelphia, which he believes to be the real Kadesh Barnea of Scripture. Finally, winding around some beautifully formed hills, they came in sight of a magnificent oasis, near which was a walled-up well, and an abundance of fig and palm trees, with rushes and canes abounding. It was a real beauty-spot. Yet they were in doubt as to whether they had indeed found the place for which they were searching. The foreground of our picture is graced by the Sheykh Ouida, who dismounted and stood beside one of the many wells that are here. Certainly a much more likely Kadesh Barnea this, even, than the Ain El Weibeh described. In the neighborhood there were great plains with such fine pastures as had not been seen in Arabia. While near by were many ruins and stone-walls, which were unmistakable evidences of the country having once been thickly settled, and of its being a good place to settle. Certainly such a place as any able general, like Moses, Aaron, or Joshua, would select in preference to Ain El Weibeh. Close by stands an isolated mountain. In the upper end of a gorge was a great stone, making a cavern through which a stream flowed down towards the wells. This mountain is seen in our picture.

**188. BEAUTIFUL HILLS NEAR THE OASIS.**—Turning the camera about, our photographer has secured a typical view of the hills surrounding this splendid green spot in the desert, in which also is seen the course of the stream up the oasis towards the same rocky mountain mentioned in 187. The gorgeous coloring of these hills is similar to that described as existing in the neighborhood of Petra. It is sublime.

**189. THE PLAIN, FROM THE OASIS.**—Turning now from the oasis towards Palestine we see a vast plain, which might be made to answer, with more reason than Ain El Weibeh, for part of the plain where the wanderings occurred. Here is abundance of shrubbery, such as the cattle and sheep and camels of the Bedouin love to live upon, with abundance of water, and much more chance for the subsistence of a large number of people than any place in all Arabia. And within a few miles are several other such oases, including Ain Quadis, seen by Dr. Trumbull.

**190. THE DEPARTURE FROM ARABIA.**—Turning from this beautiful spot, our travellers followed the oasis northward and westward still across the plain, which is lined on both sides with splendid peaks of varied color and lovely shape. The oasis is still by their side, and, could we stand here and watch them, presently we should see them turning up the deep ravine to the right, and they would be lost to our vision. Their backs are now turned to us, and they are trotting, upon their camels, their last few miles in Arabia; for ere long they will reach the southern borders of Palestine and enter the holy land. On their right, beyond the shrubbery, is a beautiful little mound, which might be taken for the grave of Miriam, and, perhaps, the very one over which Israel climbed when entering Palestine.

**191. A TIYAHAH BEDOUIN CAMP.**—The first night after leaving the oasis just named must be spent in the camp of these friendly Bedouins. To reach them, the route carries the traveller over mountains which are covered with ruins and long walls of stone from one to two feet high, giving every evidence of a large number of people having at one time inhabited the country. They seem to be like fences running parallel with each

other. Probably they were placed there to save the land from the spring torrents which would wash the soil away, as at Petra. In every direction are evidences of settlements having existed there. Now, finally, through Nugb Hâwâ, and then down into the valley again, when a beautiful stream is reached. Certainly this must have been Kadesh Meribeh, or a part of it. The old Sheykh Suleman Abou Asset presides over this tribe, and is noted for his hospitality to strangers. His camp is a very large one, and he owns a great many camels and flocks of goats and sheep. His people look happy and are prosperous. They also have many horses. The flowers now begin to abound, among which the red poppy and the white field-daisy, so familiar to Americans, largely predominate.

#### 192. LOADING A CAMEL FOR THE MARCH.—

Before leaving this peaceful camp we will indulge in some camel pictures. This one represents two of our Bedouin attendants leading a camel with caravan apparatus, or with our photographer's luggage. The glass plates were carefully stored in boxes covered with sole leather, not only to spare them from the elements, but in order that they might resist the continual sawing and rubbing of the ropes which tie them to the hump of the patient beast who has carried them now some forty days. He appears to be very docile here, squatted, as he is, upon the ground, but it is considerable of an operation to get him into this position. Not only must he be coaxed, cajoled, threatened, and pulled, until, amidst many grumblings, growlings, and mutterings, he consents to shut himself up like the blades of a jack-knife; continuing his mutterings, he allows the load to be put upon his back—unless it be that he takes a notion to suddenly arise and send everything flying after the fleeing attendants, which is not unfrequently the case.

#### 193. THE HEAD OF A CAMEL. PROFILE.—

Our artist has amused us here by giving us an enlarged head of this antique camel. A mobile beast he is certainly, but not so much so as he looks. He never permits himself to make friends with any one except his native keeper, and with him he only occasionally unbends enough to carry on a little flirtation, such as receiving

a kiss upon his offensive lips, or it may be a lump of sugar from the hand of his chief admirer.

**194. THE HEAD OF A CAMEL, REAR.**—This view of the camel is the one which the traveller mostly sees from his saddle, and the one which, best of all, he likes to see. It is a source of constant amusement to him, especially if, impatient with the slow pace of the beast of burden, he makes an effort with his sun umbrella or cane to aim a blow between those tiny ears. The camel, ever on the alert for such gentle reminders, is a most expert dodger. He sights a well-intended blow with all the dexterity of a mosquito. The camel is a good and faithful servant, and no one, after having ridden on his back for a number of weeks, can but feel an attachment for him, and a disposition to forgive all his sins and ask his forgiveness for anything that has been done in a heated moment to hurt his feelings, when bidding him good-bye.

**195. THE VILLAGE OF DHOHEREHEH.**—This village is on the southern border of Palestine. Its houses are mostly of stone, with earthen roofs, and inhabited by the Fellahin. Our picture shows some of their arches and walls, with houses and a tower back. The people are light in color, fine looking, and seem to be prosperous. Green pastures and still waters; fields lined with daisies, poppies, buttercups, dandelions, and many other kinds of flowers abound, with well-tilled ground, shepherds and farmers at work—altogether, they present a refreshing scene to the desert traveller. Here, too, are women carrying water from the wells to the flocks that rest by the side of the wells, such as we saw at Kadesh. Gray hills of rock, looking like the eastern shore of Massachusetts, abound. And now we leave the groves and vineyards and begin to find that, instead of the splendid wadies of Arabia, the roads are rough and at times almost impassable. With many regrets, we depart from the wilderness of Arabia and enter upon the far more beautiful land of Palestine, where all will be different and yet exceedingly interesting.

“It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes  
Present the object; but the mind describes.”

196. A few illustrations of the manners and customs of the people with whom we have been travelling will be of interest. It is a well-known fact that the Bedouin Arab makes but few friends even among his own tribes. The cast-iron law which exists among them, known as the "blood-feud," permits a relative of one whose blood has been shed to pursue the murderer until he is able to take his life; but woe be to him if he does such a thing, for he then becomes the pursued, and must live the rest of his days in constant fear. There are but few who live without this fear. In this picture we see a man who is apparently watching now for some enemy to come, as he sits at his tent-door, "armed to the teeth," we might say, to meet the foe.

197. We see him now fully on the alert. In his excitement he has dropped his weapon, and, placing his hand over his eyes, he is looking into the far distance, evidently sure that the enemy is coming, and probably thinking over in his mind what he shall do next. He is a handsome fellow, and is dressed in the full style of his tribe, with striped garment underneath, which latter is of gay colors—yellow, red, black, and white. Over that is the splendid camel's-hair "abbayah," which shelters him from the heat in the daytime and protects him from the cold at night. Upon his head is the "kefeeyah," made of rich silk from Damascus, of all the colors of the rainbow, and a few more. Tied about his head is what is known as the agal.

198. Another picture gives us a better likeness of the young sheyk, who, after all, seems to have been troubled by a false alarm; for now he is reclining peacefully in front of his tent, although sword in hand and lance close by. The agal, spoken of before, and seen now more plainly, like a rope around his head, serves the Arab very much as the chip on the shoulder of a combative schoolboy does, namely, as something to be coveted by the enemy. For if the Bedouin's agal is taken from him, he is considered "disarmed," no matter what weapon he may have about his person. Always, if one man can "take the agal from another's head," he is considered the best man, under the Bed-

ouin Code. There are times, however, when the Bedouin is quiet and at rest, and even at prayer.

199 represents our friend in his more peaceful occupation. His gaudily woven prayer-cloth is spread underneath him, and his shoes are removed and placed in front of him, that no one may come between him and his blessings. Having read his Koran, he stands it upon its edge near by, and places himself in the first attitude of prayer, on his knees, with his hands placed by the side of his head and his eyes uplifted devoutly to heaven.

200. We now see him in the second posture, which is varied but little from the other, except that the body is lowered upon the heels, and the hands placed upon the knees in a humble attitude. His chief cry is "Saalam Aleikum!"—"God give you peace."

201. The next position is to rise partly again and place the hands in the whiskers, "to gather in the blessings" from heaven and hold them in the whiskers or beard. The beard is an object of great admiration with the Bedouin, and the longer and the whiter it is, the more he is respected and revered.

202. Now, after the blessings are received, it is an act of humility to prostrate one's self, and we see our Arab friend with his hands before him in almost as humble a position as he can take. His prayer now is to God, the only God, and to the only Prophet Mohammed. We might hear him saying more and more fervently as he goes on, "Uallah Akbah!" "Uallah! Akbah!"

203. From this position he rises partly, as seen now, and stands upon his feet upon the prayer-cloth. Thus he passes repeatedly through all the postures already seen, and then prostrates himself more humbly than before, his face upon his hands, and his hands in the dust, as seen in number

204. From this posture he rises after taking all the others, and so on a number of times, repeating more and more vehemently, as he progresses, the prayers of the Koran, believing that the more frequently he repeats, the more blessings he receives.

These curious ceremonies are such as are practised in all Moham-  
medan countries, though the varied tribes and people are widely  
different in character.

When one has seen the Arabs in their nomadic state, as we have  
met them in Arabia, it is a great relief to come to a land where  
there is a little more life and a trifle more civilization, even though  
there is really less hearty hospitality.

At once, then, we turn our faces toward the "Holy Land," enter-  
ing it as the spies of Israel did, "by the South . . . near to  
the brook Eshcol" (*Numbers* xiii. 23).

## FROM HEBRON TO BETHEL.

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HEBRON, BETHLEHEM, INSIDE JERUSALEM, BETHANY, THE DEAD SEA, THE JORDAN, JERICHO, SHILOH, AND BETHEL.—If one could tarry but one short week in Palestine, the journey included in this lecture would be the most interesting one to make. It not only covers a variety of scenery and of people, but the old and the new, the hills, the valleys, the rivers and ruins so famed in history and in tradition, which hold such a fascination for the traveller, no matter what his creed may be.

Hebron, the old, old city, is visited first. If the traveller comes up from the Sinai peninsula, he leaves his camel here and takes to horse. Instead of the Bedouin Arabs, he meets a lighter colored race, but none the less turbulent, for the general traveller is not greeted with much courtesy by the Hebronites.

The age of everything impresses one hereabouts. And so on, through the whole tour, over land that was once dotted by villages, but now a land of ruins—from the Cave of Machpelah to the stony fields of the dreamer at Bethel, everything looks aged, and worn, and squalid, unless we except, perhaps, the beautiful blue waters of the Dead Sea, and the restless, muddy Jordan, with its shores lined with luxuriant foliage.

We go inside the walls of Jerusalem this time, and visit all the important sites and scenes, so far as our time will allow. Then, leaving the noisy city, we ride through the quiet of the country, only breaking the charm which holds our hearts when we enter a village and are awakened from our reverie by the never-failing cry of “backsheesh howadji.” Let us proceed, then, with our journey and make our first halt at the oldest place in Palestine, except Damascus, maybe, the city of

1. **HEBRON.**—Here is seen the pool where the enemies of the king were hung. And Hebron being a city of refuge, the ancient fugitive so fortunate as to place his fingers within this pool was

safe from his pursuers. Steps reach down into the water, that the citizens may draw their daily supply of the muddy beverage. Toward sunset the scene here is an animated one; for then all the young maidens of the town assemble, with their water-jars upon their heads, and, after the gossip hour expires, depart with their heavy loads, chatting cheerily home again.

**2. THE MOSQUE OF HEBRON.**—Wise travellers agree that this old structure covers the Cave of Machpelah, and that therein are buried six of the ancestors of the Hebrew nation, viz.: Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Sarah, Rebekah, and Leah. The ordinary traveller is only permitted to look upon the entrance to this cave, and that only at a respectful distance. Our photographer, at the risk of his life, has secured us a near view. The old mosque is 198 feet long by 114 feet wide, and some of the strangely bevelled stones in its walls are nearly 40 feet long and 3 feet square. Its tall minarets may be seen a long time before the traveller from the south can see the ancient city. Departing from the unattractive place, northward, over a rough, and stony, and narrow road, our attention is drawn to a bit of the surrounding country.

**3. A VINEYARD OF ESHCOL.**—The vineyards of Eshcol are the largest in Palestine, and are well kept and productive. They cover the valleys and hillsides for a long distance, and contribute more than anything else to the subsistence of the people. Now we see them in their spring dress; but in the autumn the green vines are filled with great clusters of purple grapes, and there is a glorious festoonery of trailing branches. We see yonder one of the stone houses erected in every vineyard for the home of the husbandman who comes here to live during the season of fruitage. The top of his house serves also as a watch-tower, where, night and day, some one remains to keep off the human pillager and the members of the feathery tribe. The great tree seen in the distance is known as "Abraham's Oak." On the right of the tree is the palace of a devout Russian lady, who purchased the property to prevent its desecration. We climb the stony hill now to obtain a much nearer view of

**4. ABRAHAM'S OAK.**—We are told that under this noble tree Abraham communed with God and entertained angels. The

circumference of the tree is about twenty-four feet, and some of its branches are so widespread and decayed that timbers are used to prop them up. A few years ago, despite such tender care, one of the limbs fell. Speculators purchased it and manufactured the "sacred wood" into beads and charms. For these a demand has been made equal to the ability of a whole forest of Abraham's oaks to supply, and the enterprising merchantmen continue to meet the demand promptly, each article duly labelled and certified. Its shade-giving branches invite us to rest, but we must on again over the stony, dreadful road, the worst in all Palestine, to

**5. THE POOLS OF SOLOMON.**—These great reservoirs, three in number, lie in a deep ravine, and are fed by neighboring springs. They were built by King Solomon. Aqueducts still exist, which lead the useful element to the Gardens of Elam and the holy city. This one is 582 feet long, 207 feet wide, and over 50 feet deep. Its neighbors are larger. At the northwest corner of the pool we see the old Castle of El-Burak, erected for the protection of Solomon's Pools.

We are now but a few hours' ride from Jerusalem. Impatient though we may be to enter its gates, we must first divert a little from our journey and make a halt at

**6. BETHLEHEM.**—Our view is from the Church of St. Mary, or the Church of the Nativity, as it is usually called. Bethlehem is one of the most attractive cities of Palestine. The foreground represents a market-place where a drove of sheep and goats are seen, and near it is the Church of Saint Mary, within which is the reputed place where Jesus was born. A cemetery near by shows many crosses on the tombs—a new thing in Palestine. A part of the city is in the distance. Bethlehem is about as clean a city as there is in Palestine. Its population is largely Christian. The chief point of interest here is, of course,

**7. THE BIRTHPLACE OF CHRIST.**—This arched doorway, located inside of the Church of Saint Mary, leads to the spot where it is said Christ was born—"the spot of the nativity." A cave under the church is shown as the place. It is lighted by richly wrought and costly lamps, and attended by monks of three creeds—Latin, Greek, and Armenian. The pile of buildings devoted to

the convents of these various creeds is tremendous, as are also the differences in the creeds. But in one thing they all unite, namely, that the doorway now pictured before us verily leads to the place where Christ was born. We turn now from the city, and after a short ride stand within

**8. THE FIELD OF THE SHEPHERDS.**—This is supposed to be the spot alluded to in Luke ii: 8-15. One of the most beautiful spots in Palestine, and but an hour from Bethlehem. The stones of an old church building, erected probably by the Crusaders, have been used to build a causeway and fences around olive groves. In one of the enclosures are several caves. Here the patriarch and poet of old watched his flocks, and counted the stars, and sang his unrivalled songs to the Majesty above. Here, too, his "mighty" army was trained; here the shepherds heard the songs of the angels praising the new-born King, and here, annually, thousands of pilgrims come from all parts of the world in memory of that same King. The surrounding country is attractive and has the appearance of prosperity about it. A smart trot of less than two hours brings us to the walls of Jerusalem. We enter the Jaffa Gate without ceremony, and at once dismount, preparatory to a walk through the streets of the Holy City. How curious everything looks. As we pass along a lively donkey from the roof of a house reaches out his neck and welcomes us with a friendly bray, more hearty than harmonious. The first thing that seems worth halting to see is

**9. THE WOOD MARKET.**—Wood is not an extensive product hereabouts, and is a high-priced article. But by dint of persistent search and long travel, these miserable women find in the suburbs the small bundles of faggots which we see them selling in the public market place. So crooked and gnarled are the scraggly sticks as to make the bundles swell to huge dimensions; but as everything here is sold by weight, the purchaser cannot be deceived.

Queer characters are the Mohammedan women, and strange the laws which govern their treatment. Rarely are their faces seen, for as in Egypt, so here, the female face is veiled wholly or up to the eyes. A woman thus veiled can see all that transpires before her, for her veil is of some very thin fabric, colored and figured

according to her fancy, but hiding her face. Whatever else they do with one hand, the other is always reserved to keep closed the veil, for if a man comes in sight down goes the veil. Like marble statues must they go along the streets, if they would escape insult. No man can walk with his wife here, because gossip would declare it was some other woman. Therefore, when a visit is made, the man goes first and the woman, under the bondage of her veil, follows, two or three blocks in the rear. The face only half-veiled is allowable, however, though by the strict Moslem such a departure is considered "gay" and "frivolous." The ladies will agree that there are advantages in this style, for in Palestine their sex ages rapidly, and they are not desirous of showing the evidences of it to others. If you call upon a Mohammedan in polite society, only the male members of the household receive you. You would not know there were any women in the house unless you heard them quarrelling and screaming in the harem. Should you ask after the wife and daughter, the answer will be, "May God exalt you above the contamination of such a vile subject." One of the phrases of the Koran reads, "If the women do not obey you, scourge them;" and a man is without honor among his fellows unless he can swear that he habitually whips his wife. Many of them are very beautiful. The only hope they have during life is that if they obey their husbands all their lives, when he enters Paradise, and has seventy houris given him for wives, they may be among them. We leave the domestic side now, and in passing out of the city walk into

**10. THE CHRISTIAN QUARTER.**—The Pool of Hezekiah graces our foreground and reflects the curious buildings which enclose it. They front upon Christian Street, partly, and include a Turkish bath, a coffee house, and a barber shop—the trio of luxuries which stands first in all Oriental towns, and in the hearts of the male populace; the women are of little account. In the distance are the domes of the old Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and between us are the Greek and Latin Convents. A magnificent mosque lifts its tall minaret far above the dark old oak tree near by. In the far distance is the Mount of Olives. It is one of the beauty spots of Jerusalem. Even more picturesque, seen from the same point, is

**11. THE JEWS' QUARTER.**—In the distance is the dome of the New Synagogue. On the left we see one of the five or six palm trees remaining in the city, a relic of the past. What with old houses and modern attachments, dove-cots, domes, and débris, we have here a picture very Oriental in character. The streets of Jerusalem are exceedingly narrow and slippery. So here we gladly accept the guidance of a native guide, who is a necessity as well as a character. We trudge along after him, looking eagerly right and left, lest we should miss some curious sight, now up, now down, now into some dismal interior or away down where the sun never reaches, underneath the modern city. Close to the wood market, on the right, we see a strange and interesting picture—

**12. THE TOWERS OF DAVID AND OF JESUS.**—In the distance observe the strong embattlements of the Castle of the Warrior King and ancestor of the King of Glory—"the Tower of David," the only one of three remaining after the destruction of the city by Titus. It is about forty feet high, and is strongly built. In our foreground we see the bell tower of the little English church—the tower of a King whose message was peace instead of war. How interesting the contrast. A little distance further, towards the heart of the city, and we come to a small, narrow, descending street, which leads us down to the Court of

**13. THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.**—A whole volume would be needed to record the details concerning this shapeless old structure. Its name indicates its purpose. It is supposed to stand upon or over the spot where Jesus Christ was buried. It comprises a group of buildings, rather than a single building. It was commenced by order of the Emperor Constantine in A. D. 326, and was dedicated in 335. Gibbon tells us it was destroyed in 614 by the Persians and rebuilt about 16 years afterwards, with additional "holy places," including the place of the crucifixion, the spot where Isaac was offered up by Abraham, and a dozen or more others connected with the Scripture story of Christ. In the year 1010 Hakim, the Khalif, led the foe against the holy pile and destroyed it. It was not rebuilt until 38 years afterwards. While the Crusaders held sway in the Holy City the old church buildings were remodelled. It was then that the doorway now

presented by our picture was added, together with the cedar roof of the rotunda. In 1808, fire partially destroyed the building. As it now stands it was consecrated in 1810. Thus it has been regarded for nearly 1700 years as the place of Jesus's death and burial, and the desire to possess it has cost many a battle. The Latins, Greeks, and Armenians own it conjointly, and all show the traveller the "true places" clustered in their individual departments. There are thirty-seven "holy spots" in all, a list of which may be found in any good guide-book. The facade, which we see, occupies the northern side of the court. Its rotunda is 67 feet in diameter, and underneath it is "The Holy Sepulchre," covered by a building 26 feet long by 18 feet broad. This building is entered by a low door. Shoes must be removed before entering. A little slab marks the holy spot, over which 43 lamps of gold and silver constantly burn. If you enter it it must be at the cost of semi-suffocation from the smell of incense and perfumes, and partial crushing by an eager and selfish crowd of pilgrims. Many degrading rites are here performed by religious fanatics, but the greatest imposture of all is "the miracle of the holy fire." Then a Mohammedan soldiery is employed to keep a Christian assemblage in order. The scene is too horrid for a description to find place here. We have spoken of the Crusaders, whose history we all so well know. But little now remains uncovered in Jerusalem to tell of their hard struggle for the possession of this whole country. The most prominent relic of their time is

**14. THE MURISTAN**, whose ruined walls are now seen. It is located near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Here stood the Church of St. John and the two hospitals in charge of the Knights Templars and Knights Hospitallers. Here was born the celebrated order of St. John of Jerusalem, whose good deeds are still continued by the brethren of the order. There is great curiosity on the part of the Jerusalem tourist to see

**15. A CARPENTER SHOP.**—We are told that such as this resembles the one in which Joseph and his son Jesus plied their trade in Nazareth. In Jerusalem such shops are plenty. And so it should be, for it requires a long, long time to secure even a small packing-box from one of the carpenters. You know the wood must come

from the cedars of Lebanon, and as the trains are not frequent, speed on the part of the artisan should not be expected. The carpenter's bench and tools are seen. He uses the old-fashioned web-saw, and we may observe that there has been no improvement in glue-pots or vices. The streets of Jerusalem are very narrow, as a rule. Many of them are entirely covered, and here and there are arches or partial arches stretched from wall to wall to keep the latter from tumbling in. One of the best, most cleanly, and yet most curious streets is called

**16. THE VIA DOLOROSA**, or Street of Sorrow. It is said that Jesus passed along this street on his way to Calvary. See John xix : 17. There are eight "stations" on the Via Dolorosa, at each one of which is a shrine to mark some "sacred event." One of these is at

**17. THE ARCH OF ECCE HOMO**.—Here is the spot, monkish tradition avers, where Pilate stood when declaring his belief that Christ was guiltless, and said "Behold the Man," and where the Jews answered, "Crucify Him! crucify Him!" John xix : 4-6. Undoubtedly the arch is of comparatively modern construction; though the door on the left has the appearance of antiquity. A convent is located on the right. The wall on the left hides from view a portion of the old temple area. We now cross the city toward Mount Zion, and make our next halt at

**18. THE ARMENIAN CONVENT, OR THE HOUSE OF CAIAPHAS**.—Here is shown "the real stone that closed our Lord's sepulchre," which, say the Latins, "the Armenians stole from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre." We are also shown the prison in which Christ was confined, and the stone on which the cock stood when it signalled Peter's denial of his Master.

**19. THE CŒNACULUM** next attracts our attention. It is an upper room in the building, which stands over the reputed tomb of David, where tradition says that the last supper was celebrated; where the Apostles were assembled on the day of Pentecost when the miracle of the cloven tongues of fire occurred; where Christ washed the feet of his disciples; gave the "sop" to Judas; whither the sad company went down through the Vale of Kidron to Gethsemane. Luke xxii : 7-30; John xiii : 1-17; Acts ii : 1-21.

And now, stumbling through a narrow, crooked lane, we come to a low gateway. We knock. A grave attendant opens and we enter. Through another lane for a little distance, and with the feeling that an enemy is watching us, strange sounds adding to the feeling, we come to the well-known

**20. WALLING PLACE OF THE JEWS.**—The Hebrew citizens regard this old wall as having once formed a portion of their ancient temple, and each Friday come here to weep, and wail, and howl over the fate of their nation. Both sexes and all ages here bathe with their tears the soil upon which their forefathers shed their blood. Some of them become almost frantic at times, and strive to force their bodies through the breaks in the wall. No sight in Jerusalem is more sorrowful. We are impressed with their sincerity, for here we see old and young, whose faces command our respect and sympathy. Since the days of Herod, what changes in their national welfare has this old city seen! More favored than these sad people, we visit the other side of the wall. Our eyes are dazed by the splendor of the buildings which meet our view, for we now look upon a portion of

**21. THE HAREM ES SHERIF, AND TEMPLE AREA.**—It is also called the "Court of Omar" by the Mohammedans, because of the splendid mosque which graces it near the centre of the area. In the distance, on the right, is the Dung Gate, leading into the city. Away off in the centre observe the dome and pointed roof of the Mosque of El Aksa, which we shall presently visit. This view may be accepted as a map indeed, showing the relative positions of the various buildings of interest contained in the temple area, including many praying places and fountains. The platform is 450 feet from east to west, and 550 feet from north to south, paved largely with marble. The crowning beauty of the harem area, however, is the structure on our left, the famed Mosque of Omar, or "The Dome of the Rock." It stands in the centre of the area, and upon the supposed site of Solomon's Temple. It was three years in building, and its cost was the result of seven years' taxation to the Egyptians. Its eight sides are each 67 feet long. The magnificent dome is a masterpiece of Byzantine architecture, and was originally covered with

gold. It is built of marble and alabaster, decorated richly with terra-cotta of brilliant colors. The columns are of variegated porphyry and their capitals gold. The arches are black, white, and old gold. Around it are three wide belts of color, the upper one green and white, the centre blue, made up of quotations in Arabic from the Koran; the lower, dark-green, picked out with white, all glistening terra-cotta. The barrel of the dome is striped alternately with green, white, and blue, dotted with yellow. As it is some twenty feet higher than the area proper, it is reached on all sides by marble stairways, some of which we see on the west side, headed by rows of lofty, pointed arches. The solemn, quiet interior is like a place of enchantment, so richly decorated is it. The columns are green and yellow porphyry, and the capitals burnished gold. The arches are black and white, and its 56 slender windows are decorated with stained glass of great splendor. The octagonal divisions of the ceiling are green with golden centre, and the borders thereof are gold, and green, and red. The arches over the golden lines are blue and gold. On all sides, and in every available space, there is a glory and a harmony of color not surpassed in the East. We shall look upon some more of its attractions and surroundings. If we turn us about we shall see, on the further side, at our left, the famous

**22. CITADEL, OR GOVERNMENT PALACE.**—Here the garrison of the city is stationed, under Turkish officers, and from the tall campanile, or even from the roof, magnificent views may be had of Jerusalem and the surrounding country as far as the other side of the Dead Sea. At the right, or east of the Citadel, is

**23. THE TOWER OF ANTONIA.**—As the Temple of Solomon was the fortress of the city, so was this "tower" the fortress of the temple. It is supposed to stand where stood the palace mentioned by Nehemiah, and where Pilate held forth when he adjudged the accused Jesus. Here Paul made his courageous stand for the Christian faith, and many a time has the old castle stood the brunt of battle for Jew, Mohammedan, and Christian. Immediately on its other side is the Via Dolorosa and Arch of Ecce Homo. One of the prettiest small structures which graces the temple area is

**24. DAVID'S JUDGMENT HALL.**—It is an elaborately executed structure, close to the Mosque of Omar on the Mount of Olives side. Though said to be the place where David uttered his solemn sentences to the breakers of the law, it is now a peaceful praying-place for the Mohammedan pilgrim. We have already described the interior of the Mosque of Omar. Let us enter it for a moment, that we may better understand the purpose for which it was erected. In the centre of the dome, in homely contrast with the rest, is an iron railing painted green, enclosing

**25. THE HOLY ROCK.**—There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of this rock, yet one is mystified to see it here at all. Moslem and Jew regard it as one of the most sacred spots on the face of the earth. The rock is 65 feet long, 45 feet broad, and at its highest point is 5 feet above the level of the pavement. It is the highest point of Mount Moriah; and Mohammedans believe that upon it their Prophet, Mohammed, alighted at the close of his night journey from Mecca. Some say that from here he ascended to heaven. His footstep is shown imprinted in the rock. The beautiful octagonal Kubbet es Sakhra, or Dome of the Rock, was erected to cover this spot. It is sacred to both Jew and Moslem, and is called the "Dome of the Rock" and the Mosque of Omar. Genesis xxii; 2 Samuel xxiv: 18; 1 Chronicles xxi: 18; 2 Chronicles iii: 1. Let us go back now to the attractions of the platform, among the most conspicuous of which is

**26. THE MOSQUE OF EL AKSA.**—An exterior view first. As we have already seen, this mosque stands south of the Mosque of Omar, and a little lower than the regular platform. A fountain and several praying places are between the two, and on Friday, the Moslems' Sabbath, this whole platform is dotted about with ostentatious worshippers engaged in prayer, regardless of all passers-by. The mosque is 272 feet long by 184 feet wide, and has seven aisles. Its porch seems to be of later construction than the body of the edifice, and may have been built by the Templars during their sojourn in the Holy City. Let us enter it.

**27. THE MOSQUE OF EL AKSA.**—How strange looking is its vast interior. It is believed that Justinian erected it in the year 527, as a Christian church. If so, it is the oldest remaining

building in the city. By the Mohammedan it is regarded with more sanctity even than the Mosque of Omar, and here is shown the niche in which Omar prayed, with his face turned towards Mecca. Here, too, is shown the foot-print of Jesus. In style the mosque is very plain. At its south end is a fine dome, and beneath it is a handsome pulpit. Just within the door is the celebrated "Well of the Leaf," from which, in Omar's time, a well led to Paradise, as a Moslem who was there proved by a leaf he brought back to mother earth with him. We now retrace our steps as far as the platform again, and are attracted by one of its greatest novelties,

**28. THE SARACENIC PULPIT.**—It is constructed of marble, and is one of the finest specimens of Arabian architecture in existence. An ornamentally carved stairway leads up to the pulpit, whose arches rest upon a cluster of slender columns and support the rich cupola above. It seems to be made up of parts obtained from various quarters, different in style and workmanship, and could not have been all designed by one artist. On the left is a portion of one of the arch-covered approaches to the platform. Below this, on the west, is

**29. THE GATE OF THE CHAIN.**—It is the gate which leads from the harem area to the city proper. It is held sacred by the Moslem, because on the night of Mohammed's ascension to heaven here the angel Gabriel watered the celestial beast "Borac" previous to the aerial trip in store for him. The Gate of the Chain is also an example of rare Saracenic architecture. A wondrous people, indeed, were the Saracens of seven hundred years ago, and remind us of the Crusaders, brave and bold. Passing through the gate into the city, we walk diagonally to Zion's Gate, then through it down to the Valley of Hinnom, to our left, until we come to a cross-road. This is

**30. THE ROAD TO MAR SABA AND THE DEAD SEA.**  
—It is a beautiful valley, winding around among the hills. The traveller is again accompanied by the mule train and muleteers, and, rather than depend upon the hospitality of the monks at the convents on the way, will carry along tents and food. A prettier bit of country does not exist in Palestine than our present route.

Presently we ascend the hill on the left and divert from the usual path a little. We are rewarded for our climb by a view of

**31. BETHANY.**—This view, seen by the traveller when approaching Bethany from Jerusalem, is a fine one. In this little town, where lived Lazarus and Martha and Mary, the Lord was pleased to reveal more of the humanity of his peculiar nature than elsewhere, more of his compassionate heart. Here he raised Lazarus from the dead. Here he came, tired, at the end of the day and not far away, from some spot, he ascended into heaven to sit on the right hand of God. Matthew xxi; Mark xi: 1-11; Luke xix: 29-44; John xii. We descend toward the sacred town and while yet overlooking its houses catch

**32. A GLIMPSE TOWARD THE DEAD SEA** on our left, which, combined with the surrounding country, looks like a diamond, in an emerald setting, sparkling in the sun. How the heart leaps when one realizes that he is indeed looking upon scenes which fanaticism and over-much zeal cannot change in either location or beauty. This is, indeed, holy ground. Turning the eyes to the right, we see again, this time nearer, a view of

**33. THE HILLS ABOUT BETHANY.**—Fig and olive orchards abound here, and some pretentious houses are perched upon the rocky terraces. It is a fine farm country for Palestine. Within the town are several traditional points of interest, as the "houses" of Martha and Mary (one a Latin site, and another of Greek persuasion), and the tomb of Lazarus. Our time will permit us to halt at them, so we make our next stop at

**34. THE TOMB OF LAZARUS.**—The entrance to the reputed tomb of Lazarus is seen on the right. The tomb is far beneath the surface in the rock, and is easy to enter for a small fee. Twenty-nine steps lead down into the tomb, all hewn out of the rock. John xii. It is by no means a pleasant experience, especially as we are led by a surly Mohammedan, who keeps counting his beads, lest the "Christian dog" contaminate the dirty dungeon. Up, then, to the air again, through one or two narrow, dirty streets, when, after waiting a long time for a wide gate to be opened for us by our churlish attendant at the tomb, we enter an enclosure and are shown the ruins of the reputed

**35. HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA**, according to the Latin persuasion. Of the two traditional sites, one rather inclines to this one, as it is the least pretentious. The ruined towers of the Greek and "true" house of Martha and Mary may be seen on the hill-top in our next picture. In our foreground are some

**36. WOMEN OF BETHANY**, who, with their babies tied in sacks upon their backs, and baskets filled with tiny milk cans poised upon their heads, are returning from the Jerusalem market. Says our photo artist, Mr. Wilson, "Our idiot muleteer was disposed to carry on a flirtation with these women as we walked along. We broke it up, for an Arab salutation is something too tedious to undergo more than once. It runs somewhat in this way:

"Kaif Halak?" (How are you?)

Answer: "Mob sooteen." (Spread out.)

Then both say: "Salaam ah Laykoom." (Peace be upon you.)

Then one: "Kaif el Mahroosen?" (How are the preserved of God?)

Answer: "Ye Kobbiloo Yeday Koomar!" (They kiss your hands.)

Response: "Mashallah." (The will of God be done.)

Answer: "Hamdillah." (Praise to God.)

"Bismillah." (In the name of God.)

Both: "Tyeeb." (Good.)

Again both: "Salaam." (Farewell.)

Meanwhile hand-shaking is often repeated in various attitudes, and all with great dignity and deliberation.

A couple of hours' ride from Bethany through an attractive country brings us to

**37. THE TOMB OF RACHEL.**—The building is modern, but the sepulchre is no doubt authentic. Moslem, Jew, and Christian alike honor it on account of the touching narrative of Jacob's sorrow and Rachel's sweetness. See Gen. xxxv : 16-20; and 1 Sam. ix : 10. After an enjoyable ride upward and onward, we come within sight of the strangely located

**38. CONVENT OF MAR SABA.**—This convent was founded A. D. 437, by St. Sabas, a man of intense religious ardor, who gathered around him here in this desolate region thousands of de-

voted followers. And devoted they must have been to have come to this place, for it is stern and gloomy to the last degree. It is, however, admirably adapted to the uses of the monks who hold it and guard it to this day with inhospitable, if holy zeal. The structure presents a curious freak of architecture. It is said to have been built at different periods, its first rooms being hewn out of the rocks, then walls and buttresses added, until it is hard now to tell how much of it is masonry and how much nature. Subterranean passages, long flights of stairs, dark galleries, cells, secret entrances, and hidden recesses, make up a whole that is sufficiently weird and mysterious to excite the imagination and make us easily believe that its history, like the history of most of the holy places in this country, is stained with blood. Once those walls echoed to the groans of dying martyrs, and during the fierce struggles between the Crescent and the Cross, who shall say what tragic scenes, what bloody dramas were enacted within the shadows of that gloomy pile. And even now the wild Bedouins of the desert are watching it, ready at any time to rob it of its treasure should the vigilance of the monks be for one moment relaxed. The traveller usually leaves the convent by the back door and clambers up the side of the Kidron Valley, which he follows for some time. The scene is a most wild and romantic one. Twice the snowy peaks of Mount Hermon are seen. Flocks of startled partridges fly up from the roadside frequently, and away up against the sky are often seen great lines of vultures and storks playing in the air. It is a beautiful sight to see these great feathery caravans, now their dark parts presented to us, absorbing the light like a wind-cloud, now their white feathers shining like silver in the sun, else in grand contrast, one against the other. Now they circle round and round, high in air; now falling into line again, they drop like lead until one can almost distinguish their feathers. Thus swinging back and forth and swirling to and fro, their line of travel seemed like a mighty river. Such manœuvring is indescribable, and so are the scenes presented in this old, old land to the appreciative traveller on his way to

**39. THE DEAD SEA.**—This remarkable body of water lies 1292 feet lower than ordinary sea level. It is about 40 miles long and 9 miles wide. The water is beautifully clear, but bitter and

salt. It acts upon the mouth like alum, and upon the hair like vaseline. Instead of fish it sends up masses of bitumen, and its shores are lined with pumice stone. Great tall figures are seen here and there composed of salt. One of them is called "Lot's wife," and may well be taken for a model of wrecked humanity. Vegetation is unknown here, but small quantities of driftwood have come down with the Jordan and washed ashore. We may see in the distance the hills over which we have clambered, and the very ravine in which St. Sabas's Convent reposes. Turning about, quite a different aspect is presented, for now

**40. THE DEAD SEA TOWARDS MOAB** is seen.—Far across, eastward, are the hills of Moab. Northward, less than a mile, the turbid waters of the Jordan empty into the bitter billows of the sea, while further south the blue waters cover the fated cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. See Genesis xix : 24 ; Psalm cvii : 33, 34 ; Deut. xxix : 23. A little island seems to invite us to visit it, and the traveller usually determines to make the effort to accept the invitation, though, as a rule, without success. The water is lovely in appearance—quiet and still as death. Not a sound disturbs the *Dead Sea*, for there are no inhabitants upon its shores except wild Bedouins. Dead, indeed, is everything about this strange body of water, and bitterer than Marah to the taste. "Yet, dead though it is," says our artist, "it seemed to be possessed by some lively demon, for, when attempting to float in it, our feet were sent flying up in the air, and our heads would have been submerged had we not been on the alert and sat upright in the water, sinking but a few inches below the surface. Most terribly hot was it here, too. Gathering some broken branches together we formed a tent frame, and, throwing coats and rugs thereon, crept under their shade into our

**41. HOT-LUNCH TENT.**—There we took our noontide *siesta*. Not very graceful, indeed, or artistic, are our poses, but our hardships were many, and we always tried to keep cheerful and put our best foot foremost. Was it not wiser than to grumble and complain? Little did we think," he continues, "while lying there, that in less than two hours a scene contrasting most widely from this awaited us—a view of

**42. THE PILGRIM'S BATHING PLACE, RIVER JORDAN.**—True, the water was muddy and turbulent, because only two miles away from where it empties into the Dead Sea; but the luxuriant spring foliage, the blossoms on the trees, and the bright flowers on the banks, were surely more satisfying with all their life than the scene of deadness and death which we had left but so short a time ago. Near here it is said Christ was baptized; where the Israelites crossed from Moab, and where Elisha divided the waters with his mantle, and afterwards Elijah did the same thing. Here, during Easter week, Christian pilgrims from all parts of the world come to bathe. With noise and pomp, such as only the Arabs can affect, they come, they bathe, they return. A more picturesque view of the Jordan is seen in our next picture, which, for the sake of variety, let us call

**43. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.**—And rightly so, for at nearly all seasons of the year the water is so turbulent, and the approach thereto so marshy as to make it almost impossible to reach it, to say nothing of bathing in it. On the opposite side a closer view of the hills of Moab is seen. The Jordan is the most interesting river on earth. One's voice could almost reach from here to the Dead Sea, or over to the Plains of Jericho on the west. Joshua iii: 14; 2 Kings ii; Isaiah xliii: 2; Matthew iii: 16-17. In that direction we now turn our horses. For an hour or more we see a wild expanse reaching from

**44. JERICHO TO MOUNT QUARANTANIA.**—The Plains of Jericho, with the site of the ancient city, are seen in the foreground, and beyond, the mountain supposed to be the scene of the temptation of our Lord. The dark spots shown in these mountains are entrances to the famous cells of the hermits who once lived there. Many of them are approached by staircases, and are now inhabited by Arab robbers. Many of them are inaccessible by ordinary means. Luke iv. And now, in full view before us, see

**45. THE PLAINS OF JERICHO.**—Fifty miserable hovels now mark the site of the once powerful city. The country round about, however, is as beautiful as ever, though but little cultivated by the shiftless people who own it. In the far distance the white line which we see is the Dead Sea. So low does the line of the

Jordan lie that it can hardly be discerned. The whole plain is rich in verdure, yet seems like a poisoned place, unfit for life. Not far from the camping grounds at Jericho is the beautiful

**46. FOUNTAIN OF ELISHA**, whose waters the prophet is said to have healed by casting salt therein. 2 Kings ii : 19-22. It is a lovely spot, and serves well the traveller by relieving him of the sticky deposit upon his person resulting from a bath in the Dead Sea. A Jordan Arab seems to be resting here. On all sides are lines of buried walls, and foundations of unheven stone, which probably belonged to the old city. A morning ride of an hour from Jericho brings us to

**47. SHILOH**.—We see the door of the sanctuary. It is the site of the place of Tabernacles in the time of the Judges. It was here the two hundred young Benjaminites came and stole away as many of the maidens of Shiloh, and carried them away to their homes on the Rock Rimmon. Judges xxi ; Jer. vii : 12-18 ; Joshua xvii : 1 ; Judges xviii : 31. Now, all the traveller can see of the ancient beauty of Shiloh is heaps of stones, ruined houses, and an occasional pretentious doorway like the one shown in our view, all the work of hands long since withered in the dust. Long, hot, and tedious, and rough, indeed, is the highway separating us from

**48. BETHEL**.—Here is the scene of Jacob's famous dream. Here we see a traveller dressed in Arab costume, lying in the centre of the picture, his head upon a stony pillow, representing the Patriarch of old. Not much time need be taken to find such a pillow in this stony field. Bethel received its name from Jacob (Gen. xxviii : 19), and is noted for many events in Bible history. Gen. xxxi : 13 ; Judges i : 22 ; 2 Kings ii : 23. The Bethel of to-day is not calculated to inspire dreams of angels, but its roads are as hard climbing as any ladder could be. The town of Bethel is one of the most cleanly in Palestine, and its people are civil and hospitable. Its children are pretty, its roses plenty, and its daisies like those in our own dear American fields.

**49. THE OLD TOWER AT BETHEL** is a curious structure, as you see, upon the roof of which is a garden of flowers. It is a relic of the past, and marks the site of the ancient village. From

its roof a fine panoramic view of Jerusalem is obtainable, and one of the finest prospects in all Palestine lies spread before the fascinated traveller, including the vale where Jacob dreamed. And with such scenes before us we draw our journey to a close. Let us together climb to a hilltop just north of the village, and, as our parting view, see

**50. BETHEL TOWARD JERUSALEM.**—This is a typical view of the country north of the Holy City. How full of sacred memories is this spot. In our foreground is Bethel, with its stone-walled fields. The old tower is plainly seen and a threshing floor. The spot is pointed to the traveller where the Lion slew God's messenger, who disobeyed him; the road toward Shiloh and, plainly seen in the far distance, is *Jerusalem the Golden*. Many of the hillsides which we see are terraced and gridironed with low stone walls, to prevent the torrents from washing away the soil. In the springtime the verdure covers up the nakedness of the stones, and millions of flowers—daisies, red poppies, and roses of Sharon—cheerily lift up their heads from the green fields to greet the charmed and delighted traveller. Farmers are plowing, women are pulling tares from the grain, and lovely children are tending the flocks. The whole scene brings one back to the time of the Patriarch, and we imagine that we see his direct descendant in the person of the amiable old sheikh who lives there and gives milk to the traveller and decorates him with flowers. We now make our mutual *salaam!*

We have seen just enough of both the town and country of Palestine, to whet our appetites for more. Especially at Jerusalem is it true, that the heart of the traveller is never satisfied with what he sees inside the walls of the Holy City. His faith in the events of Christ-time, must be established on something more firm than what he witnesses in modern Jerusalem.

In our next course, therefore, we shall see more of the *Land* of the Book, and of the sacred associations which attend it. We shall travel the same roads, climb the same hills, and visit the rivers and lakes and seas of old, which are scarcely changed, which were here when the Patriarchs lived and when the Passion took place.

There, far more than in the noisy, dirty towns of Palestine, will

the interested traveller find the sweet strains of Gray more to the point, as he sings :

“The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise.”

For one is not inspired with a very great degree of reverence for the frivolous people who now inhabit the land around which so many sacred associations cluster. In mosque and in church the mind is bewildered by the ostentatious ceremonies and the unholy clatter of the fanatical devotees, who seem to care not how much or how little you believe in their faith, so you do not give credence to their rivals. One is glad to escape from them. Let us go, therefore, to the sites which creeds cannot change,

## ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

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HER WALLS, GATES, TOMBS, POOLS, VALLEYS, HILLS.—The Palestine tourist finds there is no place so thrillingly interesting as Jerusalem. He is conscious of the fact, continually, that his eyes do not behold the city over which our Saviour wept; but when he looks upon the hills and vales round about, he does see verily the same natural scenes which Jesus saw when he lived as God-man upon the earth. Combined with these are the works of the peoples of old, who battled for and against the cause of the One whose memory still gathers there yearly caravans of all creeds and countries. The intelligent Jerusalem traveller will plan his sight-seeing so as to include thoroughly two distinct divisions or circles:

1. The country round about, including the walls of the city, her gates, her tombs, her pools, and the neighboring valleys, hills, and cemeteries.

2. The inside of the city—the streets, churches, ancient sites, mosques, and people, and then some short excursions to the towns and sacred places close at hand.

The first excursion we will make now, undertaking a thorough exploration of the walls and gates, and divert frequently from the encirclement, as we come upon sights, sites, and scenes whose names have been made familiar to us by history.

Mounted, then, in imagination, upon a sure-footed Arab steed, led by a guide whose camera has provided our illustrations, we proceed. Our first halt is made at

**1. THE COTTON GROTTTO, NORTH WALL.**—Strange old corner it is, constructed jointly by nature and by man, for, as we see, the natural rock forms about one-half the height of the wall. At the right of our picture is the entrance to a great cavern. This cavern is called the "Cotton Grotto." In ancient times it was a quarry, whence much of the stone of which the city wall is constructed was taken. The grotto varies in width from sixty to twelve hundred feet, and extends nearly eight hundred feet beneath

the city, terminating in a great pit, sometimes called "the Seraglio." The roof of the cavern is nearly thirty feet high. Here and there great masses of quarried rock are seen, left by the ancient workman; while others, which seem to have fallen from the roof, stand like great spectres in the yawning darkness. The trickling water has incrustated parts of the rock so as to form stalactites and stalagmites, thus causing the old quarry to be called a "grotto." Historians believe that the stone of the Temple was quarried here, and that when Titus took the Temple that the Jews fled to these old caverns for safety. We are but a little distance now from

**2. THE DAMASCUS GATE.**—Of the five entrances into the city, now open, this is the most striking. And, judging from the quantity of people who pass in and out beneath its splendid pointed arch, it is the gate of all most used. Its flanking towers, turrets, and battlements give it an imposing appearance. From it leads the great highway to the North—to Shechem, to Nazareth, and to Damascus. A little to the left of this fine old architectural relic, and toward the Cotton Grotto, is a mound, from which may be had a very attractive and interesting

**3. PEEP OVER THE DAMASCUS GATE.**—We see our dragoman seated upon this mound, a portion of the gate on his right. Over the wall the most striking objects observable are the domes of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in strange contrast with the tall minarets of the mosques of the city. Observe, too, the strangely formed roofs of the houses. We shall presently be in their midst, to lose, perhaps, the sense of enchantment which this distant view awakens. We now proceed by the way of the public road; the city wall on our left, the olive groves, beneath whose shade is the favorite camping-ground of tourists, on our right, and in ten minutes make our next halt at

**4. THE JAFFA GATE.**—More people approach by this gate than by any other. And the scenes here are ever lively. Our view was taken on the Saturday after Easter, when the pilgrims from all nations were preparing for their departure. Here are Turks, Russians, Greeks, Africans, Egyptians, Moors, Bedouin Arabs, French, Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Indiamen, English, and Americans in one conglomerate mass, whose voices, mingled with the bray of donkeys, the growls of the camels, and the pitiful tones

of the lepers (who are numerous here), make up a Babel and a bedlam such as can only be witnessed at this same Jaffa Gate. And as to *color*, the scene is also a truly Oriental one, before which both paint and photography must confess their lack of power to reproduce.

As we approach the gate we see that on each side sentries, with Winchester rifles, are posted. Before we proceed with our ride further around the walls we make a little diversion. On our right we see

**5 AN ORIENTAL KHAN.**—As necessary are these khans or inns to the people as are our saloons, though only coffee and tobacco are sold. More important than his own comfort, however, to the native traveller is the welfare of his camel or his mule. When he halts for the night, therefore, the animals are carefully put under cover inside the khan, while the master and his fellow travellers smoke and drink coffee outside until they are drowsy, when they roll over against one another upon the ground and take their rest, protected from the night air only by their striped abbas. We leave the noisy circle, not wishing to disturb their rude enjoyment. But soon we are disturbed ourselves, for as we pass down the pathway leading southward from the Jaffa Gate we meet strange and dreadful sights and sounds, for we approach

**6. THE LEPERS' QUARTER AND HOSPITAL.**—The unfortunate creatures, who are compelled by law to reside in this section, have sighted us afar off, and have placed themselves in position along the pathway, with little tin vessels in their hands, which they hold out appealingly to the traveller for "backsheesh." The building on the right is the hospital, erected recently to take the place of a squalid row of hovels called the village of the lepers. Returning to the city, we halt at

**7. THE UPPER POOL OF GIHON.**—It lies in the valley of Gihon. It is 316 feet long, 200 feet wide, and about 20 feet deep. By means of a canal the water is conducted under the city wall to the Pool of Hezekiah within the City.

In our foreground we see a Mohammedan cemetery, and beyond, the walls of the Holy City, with the road leading from the valley to the gates. Historians tell us that King Solomon was crowned here. Here we may often see a caravan of faithful dromedaries,

which, having brought the traveller up from Arabia, are discharged, and in their places are supplied the Syrian horses, whose nimble feet are better adapted for travel over the narrow, stony highways than the spongy pedals of the beasts of antiquity.

Donkeys always bear the tents and other living necessities of the traveller upon their backs, and the incendiary troupe of muleteers who care for them is in charge of some sublime Syrian idiot who serves as conductor of the expedition as well (or as bad).

We now obtain our first glimpse of one of the wide and beautiful valleys which partly surround the hill on which Jerusalem is set.

**8. THE VALLEY OF HINNOM FROM THE POOL OF GIHON.**—This view, however, is not from the *upper* pool of Gihon, but from the “lower,” a portion of the walled side of which is seen in the foreground of our picture. The Valley of Hinnom, sometimes called the Valley of Gihon, leads from the pool to its junction with the Valley of Jehoshaphat—the channel of the Kidron—near the well of Job. Our view directs us rather toward the lines of excavated tombs on the right than toward the city walls. Many fine olive orchards are close at hand, and the spot is one of the most beautiful in the neighborhood, as will be seen by a view of

**9. THE VALLEY OF HINNOM FROM THE TOMBS.**—

The roadway toward Olivet here is seen. Rock-tombs, sepulchres, and caverns innumerable are here, including Aceldema, or the Field of Blood. The soil of this spot was long believed to have the power of consuming dead bodies within twenty-four hours. Shiploads of it have been carried to the Campo Santo in Pisa. The Hill of Evil Council is seen in the far distance. We now turn to the other side of the valley and have in full view a glimpse of

**10. JERUSALEM OVER THE WALL, NEAR ZION'S GATE.**—

A newly and crudely plowed field graces our foreground. Here is a true example of Syrian farming. The dome of the Mosque of Omar is seen towering over everything else in strange contrast with the sombre surroundings.

**11. ZION'S GATE.**—Known by the name of Bâb en Neby Dâûd—Gate of the Prophet David—is rather less plain than some of the other gates, and seems to be the popular outlet to that part

of Zion which lies outside of the walls. We do not halt, because there is nothing here to attract us. Following on, we soon stand in full view of

**12. THE SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THE TEMPLE AREA.**—As is plainly seen by the picture, the stones of this wall were placed by various architects. The lower section is the most wonderful, and was erected by King Herod. Its huge stones are cut with great regularity, and measure nearly twenty feet in length by four feet square. The great wall envelops the spot upon which stood the Temple of Solomon, and where now are the Mosques of El Aksa and Omar. The rock-tombs, so abundant hereabouts, have been alluded to. They are well worthy of a visit, especially

**13. "THE ROCK-TOMB WITH STEPS."**—It seems to have had much labor and wealth expended upon it, for it is more pretentious than any of its near neighbors. It is a fine example of its kind—a kind once so popular in many countries of the East. Whose mortal remains it once held, history does not tell. We now reach the terminus of the Valley of Hinnom, where it joins the Vale of Jehoshaphat, and are in full view of

**14. THE KIDRON VALLEY—THE VALLEY OF KIDRON FROM THE POTTER'S FIELD,** with a portion of the country round about. This portion of the valley is known as the "King's Dale," and through it the brook Kidron flowed once upon a time. Beyond are the only gardens which are found in the neighborhood. On the left are stone stairways leading up to Mt. Zion. Over the wall observe the dome of the Mosque of Omar. On our right is the "Hill of Evil Council;" beyond, the city of Siloam, whose inhabitants are the farmers of the valley, and as unfriendly a set of robbers as there is in the Orient. No more beautiful spot is there about Jerusalem than this—none more sublime, except the views of the city we shall see from the Mount of Olives. If, in imagination, we look back a little, we shall see the site of

**15. THE POTTER'S FIELD.**—This, we are told by the attendant monks, is the spot purchased by the priests with the thirty pieces of silver received by Judas as a reward for his treachery. It has long been used as a burial place "for strangers." At the base of the hill on which it stands is

**16. EN-ROGEL, THE WELL OF JOAB.**—Near this well, still in use, was the boundary line mentioned by Joshua “between Judah and Benjamin.” Near this well Adonijah, the would-be king, and his guests encamped and heard the shouts which attended the anointing of his rival Solomon (I Kings i). Joab was with Adonijah at the time, and was afterwards killed by direction of David. The well is sunk into the solid rock one hundred and twenty-five feet. After hard rains the water rises nearly to the top. The rope is hung from some old palm-logs stretched from wall to wall. We now clamber up the hill again toward the city wall, and halt at this old landmark,

**17. ISAIAH'S TREE.**—Planted among the stones, a terrace surrounding the trunk, is this old tree, near the south side of the Pool of Siloam. Hither, it is said, Isaiah the prophet was carried, by command of King Manassah of Judah, and sawn asunder. But a few rods northward is

**18. THE POOL OF SILOAM.**—It is now neglected and unused, except for irrigation and laundry purposes. Its walls are broken, and what water now reaches it comes from one of the pools outside the city by means of a subterranean passage. The views across and along the valley from here are superb. This pool is believed to be Siloah, whose waters were refused by the people as mentioned by Isaiah viii: 6; also, Nehemiah iii: 15. Here the blind man was told by our Saviour to wash that he might receive his sight, John ix: 7-11. It is fifty-three feet long, eighteen feet wide, and about twenty feet deep. Looking directly across the valley we have a fine view of

**19. SILOAM AND THE GARDENS.**—At Siloam dwells as unruly a nest of brigands as ever pestered Palestine. It is hardly safe for a traveller to enter the town unguarded by one of their tribe. Whether or not they are the ones who cultivate the farms in the valley, they make up the most beautiful bit of landscape in the neighborhood of Jerusalem. The town itself is located high upon the hill, but the people go over to the pool for their water supply. And picturesque are they, notwithstanding their bad characters. North of the village are the celebrated tombs which so much attract the traveller. In our next view of

**20. THE VALLEY OF JEHOSEPHAT FROM SILOAM,** we may observe several of these tombs in the distance, excavated from the rock. A bridle-path is seen leading to them. A fine impression is given of the height of the hill on which Jerusalem is set, the shoulder of which is seen towering above us on the left. Through this winding vale the brook Kidron once coursed its way. We see among the most important of these rock-hewn sepulchres, as we approach them,

**21. THE TOMBS OF ZECHARIAH AND ST. JAMES.**—It is the life-time desire of many a Hebrew pilgrim to be buried in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Each tiny white spot seen dotting this hillside marks the grave of some one whose desire has been fulfilled. Beyond them, cut from the face of the hill, are the tombs of older times and of greater celebrity. On the right is a monolith with a pyramidal top, where Zechariah was entombed. Near it is the tomb of St. James, the portico of which is 18 feet high by 9 feet wide, ornamented with Doric columns. It extends fifty feet back into the mountain, and is now used as a sheep fold. Two hundred feet further north, at the left, is the tomb of Absalom, a nearer view of which will prove it to be the most pretentious of the group.

**22. THE TOMB OF ABSALOM** is twenty-two feet square, and has a pilaster at each corner with a quarter column attached. Between these are two half columns with Ionic capitals sustaining an entablature. The base is Egyptian, and above it is a square attic surmounted by a circular one, finished by a low spire which spreads a little at the top like an opening flower. The square itself is of solid rock, while the rest is built of heavy stones. It is fifty feet high. The Jews and Arabs both throw stones and spit at it as they pass, as a token of contempt of the wayward Absalom. Over against Mount Zion, on the south, is

**23. THE HILL OF EVIL COUNCIL.**—Here we are assured “assembled together the chief priests and the scribes and the elders of the people unto the palace of the high priest, who was called Caiaphas, and consulted that they might take Jesus by subtlety and kill him.” Close at hand, and below, is the Potter’s Field,

which we have already seen. Now back again to Zion's Hill, and further north, we come in full view of

**24. THE GOLDEN GATE.**—It has been closed for many centuries, for the Moslems believe that when the city is again taken from their control that the enemy will enter through this gate. Not only were these old gateways used as entrances to the city, but from them all public proclamations were made, prophecies read, and judgments declared. And since they were always chosen as points of attack, more pains were taken to keep them in repair than was accorded to the walls proper.

As an architectural work, the Golden Gate is far more beautiful and elaborate in construction than any other here. It is fifty-five feet long and stands out six feet beyond the line of the wall. Tradition tells us that at this gate the lame man whom Peter healed was placed each day to ask alms. The Arabs call the whole structure "The Eternal Gate," the south portal "The Gate of Mercy," and the north "The Gate of Repentance." The Crusaders called it "Porte Aurea," the Golden Gate. We shall see its greater beauty when, from inside the Temple area, we see

**25. THE GOLDEN GATE, INTERIOR.**—Its age and its builder are unknown. It is located near the northeast corner of the Temple area, and may have been erected upon the foundation of a more ancient structure. Before the time of the Crusaders the gate was opened on Palm Sunday, in honor of the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, because it was believed that he entered by the Golden Gate. We now cross the valley for a short walk to

**26. THE CHAPEL OF THE VIRGIN.**—Concerning this curious place fact and fable tell us a strange story: "In the middle of the Valley of Jehoshaphat is the Church of Our Lady, which is forty-three steps below the Sepulchre of Our Lady, who was seventy-two years of age when she died. Besides the Sepulchre of Our Lady is an altar, where our Lord forgave St. Peter all his sins. From thence, toward the west, under an altar is a well, which comes out of the River of Paradise." Almost opposite the chapel, at the base of Olivet, is

**27. THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.**—One may believe in the authenticity of this spot without defending it, perhaps. If,

indeed, it be worthy of such sacred recollections as are claimed for it, then those who have it in their care should have the grace to quarrel less than they do, for here Greek and Latin monks continually hold wordy duels with each other, and set up rival claims for different portions of the garden as "the true garden." Moreover, so exacting has been their care that they have deprived it of almost every appearance of sacredness by placing modern fences and ordinary flower-boxes in every direction, in strange contrast with the old olive trees. On our left, inside the garden, is a pretty marble structure called

**28. "THE CHAPEL OF THE AGONY,"** because it was erected to protect the magnificent bas relief, by Canova, representing the scene in the garden. "His sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Another view of

**29. THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE** gives us a nearer sight of the grand old olive trees which are numerous in the garden. They seem to be the oldest ones in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, and it must have been near these where the "bitter cup" was taken and endured. The garden is about one hundred and fifty feet square, enclosed by a stone wall broken at intervals by little chapels, seen now in another view.

**30. THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE AND JERUSALEM.**—We also observe in the distance the dumb, dead walls of the city, from which no sound comes, and whose frowning aspect adds to the silence, almost felt, which pervades the place visited by so many thousands of pilgrims each year from all parts of the globe. If our eyes are sharp, in the far distance we can see, on the right, another entrance to Jerusalem,

**31. ST. STEPHEN'S GATE.**—This is the only gate on the east side of Jerusalem, and is, therefore, much used, being on the side toward Bethany, Olivet, Gethsemane, and the valley whose points of interest we have just explored. It is guarded by soldiers, as are all the gates, indeed. From it one has a grand view of the sites we have seen—overlook Gethsemane, and see Olivet at the best advantage, a view we shall come to presently. On the left, as we approach it, is a picturesque

**32. MOSLEM CEMETERY.**—The curious graves above ground are seen, with strange stones to mark them, and the moss-covered remains of an old mosque, with its single broken arch towering above all else in its vicinity. A long line of the city wall is seen through it. Turn now to the right, and how changed the scene! Just now a city of the dead lay before us, while yonder is the hill of

**33. SCOPUS,** with the roadway thereto leading from the Mount of Olives. There Titus is supposed to have encamped on approaching the Holy City, and from that hill had his first view of the grand city and surroundings. Four months and twenty-five days was the Roman engaged in besieging the city, so obstinate was the defence of the people. This occurred in A.D. 70, the almost complete destruction of Jerusalem taking place. A little to the left and we come to

**34. THE POOL OF BETHESDA.**—Here tradition marks the place where Jesus healed the man who lay waiting for the movement of the waters. It was originally 500 feet long, 130 feet wide, and 17 feet deep. It seldom contains any water now, and its neighborhood is still filthy enough to be "by the sheep market." And now we come to the last of the gates into the city, known as

**35. HEROD'S GATE.**—It is beautiful and strong. It received the brunt of the siege from the war implements of Saladin, the Saracen, during his final combat with the Knights Templars and Hospitallers, and near here Saladin sat upon his throne and watched the departure of the forlorn people who had been forced to yield the city to him. Much more peaceful was it when our artist caused the mighty gate to surrender to his camera, as is evidenced by the two unsuspecting Arab women whom he caught napping on the ground close by. But we shall not enter here, for we have not quite yet completed our circle round about Jerusalem, and must now visit some further interesting sites close by. The first shall be

**36. THE GROTTO OF JEREMIAH.**—Within the confines of this rock-hewn cavern we are told that the sensitive Jeremiah wrote his famous "Lamentations." The entrance is about fifty feet high, and the depth one hundred and twenty feet. Tombs, apartments, and other sacred places are shown in almost every direction

inside—some plastered, and others whitewashed or dripping with the water trickling from the rocky roof. Under the floor are vast cisterns, some of which hold excellent water, and are in use. The Moslems look upon one of these cisterns as the prison where the prophet was confined, and, of course, show his tomb to the traveller. The top of the hill beneath which this curious cavern is found is pointed at as the true

**37. MOUNT CALVARY.**—Well may we readily conceive this to be “the place of a skull,” when we contemplate the horrid semblance of the human face which nature here presents with its deep dark eye-sockets and broken visage. Silently meditating upon the bloody scene which may have been enacted here, we climb to the top of the hill. The views obtainable make the suggestion that “this is the true Calvary” more reasonable, for not only might the populace of Jerusalem have from her north and west walls a clear view of whatever transpired upon the hill, but from the hill the whole of the city can be overlooked and a grand sweep of the country east

**38. FROM MOUNT CALVARY TO OLIVET.**—A fine view in the foreground is given of the land and roadway north of Jerusalem’s walls, and Herod’s Gate is again seen in the very centre of the picture. The road to Damascus is seen in the left foreground also, stopped apparently by the shoulder of the hill, while in the far distance the southern side of the Mount of Olives is seen. Thus, connected in one view, are two of the most memorable spots round about Jerusalem. One more view, before leaving this interesting site, of

**39. JERUSALEM, FROM MOUNT CALVARY,** showing that one of the reasons for choosing such a place for the crucifixion would be because of its close proximity to the city, and the ease with which the populace could witness, when standing on the wall, whatever took place upon the hill. We next visit

**40. THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.**—Rock-hewn sepulchres, as we have seen, form one of the striking features of Jerusalem and its neighborhood. Some of them have been very handsomely carved, and still retain a great deal of their picturesqueness, as will be seen by this old facade. A well seems to have been sunk in the

downward passage for catching water during the torrent season. After descending a great stone stairway and examining some of the niches in the wall, we come to a door on the left which leads into a rock-walled court. On one side of this we see a splendid

**41. FACADE OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.**—A portion of a splendid cornice still adheres to the wall above, and bits of columns, bases, and capitals are gathered here. A few steps to the left and downward, and we come to the real doorway to the vast catacombs underneath the rocks from which the stairs are cut. As we enter, on the left, we observe an example of an ancient

**42. ROLLING STONE AT A TOMB DOOR,** for this one of the entrances of the "Tombs of the Kings" is closed by a rolling or circular stone, now seen in the niche at the left side of the door. Such was supposed to be the sepulchre of our Saviour, and such a stone as this to have been rolled from the door by the angel for the women who visited it. Matthew xxviii; Luke xxiv.

Now all one's courage is needed to keep down fear when entering such a labyrinth. Three passages lead from an ante-chamber and conduct us each to five or six crypts, all cut in intensely hard rock, paid for, doubtless, by the riches of royalty. We now close our ramblings and return, in imagination, to our tents on the Mount of Olives. The highest point on the sacred mountain is the minaret of a mosque. We see upon its gallery a dutiful priest crying

**43. THE MUEZZIN CALL.**—This is called at every hour of prayer. When the wind is east the high tenor voice of the priest may be heard in the streets of Jerusalem, as he shouts Hy Ila Sulaa! Hy Ila Sulaa! Hy ilial felah! La Ila Illulah! Wa Mohammed Rasoul Ullah! There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet, quoth he five times a day. "Come thou to prayer, for prayer is better than eating or drinking." Next to the mosque is the

**44. CHURCH OF THE ASCENSION.**—Supposed to stand upon the spot whence our Lord ascended into heaven. The present church is modern, and is built in the court of the adjoining mosque. Within the chapel is shown the footprint of the Saviour, made in the rock when he was about to ascend to heaven. Pilgrims bow and cover it with kisses. It has but little resemblance to a human foot. Mark xvi : 19-20; Luke xxiv : 50; Acts i : 9-12. Its in-

terior is dismal enough, entirely empty, which is unusual, and was found a most unhappy refuge in a storm after our photographer had suffered the blowing down of his tents.

**45. THE DOME OF THE ASCENSION** is the portion of the church which is declared to mark the very spot whence Jesus ascended to heaven. It is by no means an attractive place, and is in charge of the Moslems, "that the Christians may not quarrel over such a holy spot." A fine view is had from here of a part of the olive-clad

**46. VALLEYS OF JEHOSEPHAT AND HINNOM**, looking in the direction of Bethlehem. Most of the buildings here are quite modern, and so many wind-mills are there that one is made to think of Holland. This view is typical of the whole of Palestine—hilly, stony, full of olive trees and cultivated fields where the last is possible. The tent of our photographer is seen in the foreground, located on the shoulder of Olivet but a few rods from the Church of the Ascension. Turning now to the west again we may have the most sublime views in Palestine of

**47. JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES—NORTH.**—Taken from the minaret of the mosque on the summit of the Mount of Olives. Olive groves in the foreground with a road leading around the northern side of the holy city toward Calvary and the road to Damascus. The most sublime, though distant, views of the holy city are to be had from this point. To the left Jerusalem is seen as far as the Golden Gate, including St. Stephen's Gate and the Via Dolorosa. Matthew xxi: 1; xxiii: 37; xxiv; Mark xiii; Luke xxi. Moving our eyes southward, we observe what may be termed as

**48. JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES—CENTRE.**—A view of the olive groves near the Garden of Gethsemane is shown, with a Jewish burying ground on the right; a long reach of the wall of the holy city stretching from one side to the other, and a view of the central part of Jerusalem in the distance. This view, from the minaret of the mosque on the top of the Mount of Olives, reaches from the north end of the temple area on the left to beyond St. Stephen's Gate on the right. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the Mosque of the Citadel, the

Tower of Antonia, the Golden Gate, the whole Christian Quarter within the walls and the Russian Quarter beyond, are all included. One more view, the grandest of all, this time of

**49. JERUSALEM, FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES—SOUTH.**—In the foreground are groves of olive trees; and the long light line at the foot of the hill is the wall of Jerusalem. The great dome beyond is the Kubbet es Sakhrāh, or Dome of the Rock (the Mosque of Omar), with the great temple area about it. Beyond is a view of the south end of the holy city, including, at its north side, the Jewish Quarter with its synagogues, a portion of the temple area with the Mosque El Aksa, the south end of the city wall, and the country beyond the Jaffa Gate.

And now we return to the Golden Gate, plainly seen yonder in the view before us, and close our pilgrimage round about the holy city, with the grand climax of all the neighboring scenes, a view of

**50. THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.**—Be the traditional sites of the holy city authentic or not, there can be no doubt as to the *country* round about Jerusalem, especially the Mount of Olives. The little inclosure on the right, with olive trees, is the so-called Garden of Gethsemane. Two roadways lead from here to the summit of Olivet. One to the right, which follows over toward Bethany, and the other to the left, which conducts the traveller to the summit in a less direct way. At the very top of Olivet is seen the Mosque and the "Church of the Ascension," built by the Empress Helena. From that minaret the Dead Sea may be seen, with Moab beyond.

Many a time must this scene have been gazed upon by Jesus, and these very pathways have scarcely changed since He walked them. Not only is the scene unique in the interest which it holds, but it is also one of the rare beauty spots of Palestine as to natural scenery—a fitting close to a most interesting and faithful selection of such realities about Jerusalem as only photography can so truthfully render.

## PICTURESQUE PALESTINE.

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SHECHEM, SAMARIA, NAZARETH, SEA OF GALILEE, CÆSAREA PHILIPPI, MT. HERMON, DAMASCUS, and places intervening.—Our illustrated tour this evening will take us over country that is considered by many as not only holy ground, but delicate ground. It will be our pleasure to look upon it with eyes a little different from those in use by the usual traveller, namely, with the brilliant orbs of that great helper in science, art, and traffic, the photographic camera. Moreover, instead of focussing our efforts only upon sites marked by tradition and fanaticism as interesting, though not neglecting them wholly, we shall consider what attracted the fancy of our artist as the most picturesque. It is upon the picturesque side of Palestine, therefore, that we shall look to-night.

Palestine seems to be a miniature America. There, are winding vales and rolling hills, springs, rivulets, and rivers like ours. A climate in the south like our own southern boundaries; and in the north, long ranges of snow-capped peaks as grand as the New Hampshire domes. There, too, rich grains and fruits abound, and the sunlit hills are, in season, bedecked by a gorgeous growth of lovely flowers. And again, as in our own land, so there, a peculiar people dwell. But now the comparison ends. We are a progressive people, while those of Palestine have scarcely changed their manners and means of living for thousands of years.

In former travels we have seen the southern parts of the land—from Hebron to Bethel—and now we enter the more prosperous and picturesque district of the north, with the intention of studying its sacred traditions as well as enjoying its natural beauties.

It is a long ride and a hard climb from the stony hills surrounding Bethel to the sharp shoulder of Mount Gerizim. But no ride in Palestine is more sublime—none more inspiring. The last half

mile of the ascent is made, when a sharp turn in the road to the left brings us in full view of that spot so revered by Jew, Christian, Samaritan, and Mohammedan, hugged in at the foot of Mount Ebal, in the Valley of Shechem,

**1. THE TOMB OF JOSEPH.**—It is marked by a rude enclosure about twenty feet square and twelve feet high. The interior is divided into two sections, of which the tomb is the one farthest south. It is covered with ordinary lime and plaster, and whitewashed. It is about six feet long and four feet high, resembling the common Moslem graves of the country. It is the place referred to in Joshua xxiv : 22. The old Samaritan whom you see leaning upon his cane declared to our artist that there was no doubt that the children of Israel here buried the bones of Joseph, at his own request. Certainly it is a lovely spot for a last resting-place. In the distance is the historical Mount Ebal—the “Mount of Cursing.” On the north of the Valley of Shechem, which we now enter, the country is most charming. Besides its rolling hills and wide, fertile valleys, abundance of water is here. The whole pass is alive with gushing cascades and verdant with olive groves and fig orchards, interspersed with fruit trees of various kinds. And here dwells the major portion of that ancient people, the Samaritans. There are but few of them now. Even their history had been forgotten up to the seventh century, when it was discovered that their copy of the Pentateuch varied in many particulars from that of the Jews. Of this we shall presently have an opportunity to judge. We turn a little from the beaten path, and, descending into the valley, make our next halt at

**2. JACOB'S WELL.**—This is supposed to be the place where Christ held that marvellous conversation with the woman of Samaria, related in John iv. It is the one precise spot on the earth which we are sure was hallowed by the sacred presence of Jesus. The arches of the old church, which once stood near, are to be seen. The mouth of the well is now some feet below the surface of the ground. All around are beautiful fields and running streams. Gen. xlviii : 22. A few steps lead under this arch down to the mouth of the great well with its splendidly walled sides. The water can plainly be seen at a depth of fifty feet or more. From here we

saunter up the valley, and now come in view of its grand protector on its other side,

**3. MOUNT GERIZIM.**—It is a picturesque elevation, and is held in high reverence by the Samaritans, who live in the city of Shechem, near at hand. From its summit may be had the most magnificent view in all Palestine. On a clear day it covers nearly the whole expanse from Dan unto Beersheba. Mount Gerizim was the Mountain of Blessing, and upon its summit the Samaritans hold their annual religious feasts. The men, as a rule, are fine looking, pleasant in manners, and superior in looks to the average Syrian. Their city is a curious one, and their houses even more curious. Hugged in among them is a structure much revered, and known as

**4. JACOB'S TOWER.**—It is said to have been the house of the patriarch whose name it bears. All the houses seem to be, as they are indeed, hoisted up a story or two in the air. They are reached by stone stairways. There is, as we see, no regularity of style about them, and it is all one's life is worth to try to find one's way among them without a torch and a guide. The well-to-do citizens spend much of their time upon their housetops, as we see them in our picture. Pleasant as they look, the people of Shechem have many thieves among them, as the traveller will find to his sorrow if not on his guard.

**5. A GROUP OF SAMARITAN WOMEN** will show that in appearance they, too, are superior to those whom we saw at Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and certainly they are a different race of people. Their color is lighter, their hair wavy, and their dress different. They seem to be happy and devoted to their creed, and to the priest who leads them in their faith. Our next picture is of Shechem's

**6. SAMARITAN PENTATEUCH** and priest. This document varies in many particulars from that of the Jews, and is kept under careful watch. Its followers have a tiny synagogue here, in an out-of-the-way place, with this young priest officiating. He claims to be a direct descendant of Aaron. After some persuasion, he consented to exhibit the antique document. He and an assistant

brought it out of the synagogue, carrying it reverently, and as if it was very heavy. After placing it upon a stand they very slowly opened the embroidered scarf which covered it, and displayed the engraved silver case. This in time was opened, and the precious document was visible, rolled like a Jewish scroll upon metal rods longer than the parchment, for protection. As has been said, their Pentateuch differs somewhat from the copies in possession of the Jews, and its discovery by the Christian world, about two centuries ago, only confirmed their faith. The roll here shown is written in Samaritan letters, but in the Hebrew language, on yellowish-brown parchment. The silver case in which it is kept is adorned with engraved figures and scenes, said to represent the ground plan of the Tabernacle. The embroidered scarf alluded to is of crimson satin. Ex. xxviii; Lev. viii. We now bid farewell to this interesting people and their lovely valley. As we do so most sickening sounds of woe are heard. What can it be?

**7. A GROUP OF LEPERS** shall unfold the tale. Ever since the time Naaman, the Syrian leper, came to Samaria to be cured, that horrid disease has clung to the neighborhood. "And as we left the city," says our artist, "a dozen of these poor mortals came leaping and limping after us begging for help. Each one upheld a tin vessel, that the almsgiver might not touch their offensive persons. Eyes, hands, noses, fingers, feet, faces, and even throats, were gone, so that when they cried out, 'Kowadji, backshees!' 'Kowadji, backshees!' it seemed as though pebbles were rattling down their dried bronchial tubes, or else their throats were being terribly torn at every utterance." See the story of the four Samaritan lepers in 2 Kings vii. It is a pitiful sight, indeed, from which one must be glad enough to purchase release by a liberal backsheesh. To pleasanter scenes, therefore, let us go, northward again. From Shechem to

**8. SAMARIA AND THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN** the route is most lovely. There are brooks driving primitive flour mills; old Roman and modern aqueducts; high mountains are on right and left, with many a bright village upon their terraced sides. The groves of olives, the fields of golden grain, the flocks of sheep and goats, and the people busied in the fields, make one think of

our own New England States. What must it all have been when Samaria rivalled Jerusalem? Though lovely now, the country is infested by a turbulent tribe of Bedouins, therefore every man must go armed. A curious combination is often to be seen in these valleys of Samaria—the primitive tent of the wandering Bedouin, the stone domicile of the modern Samaritan, and portions of the ruins of Christian churches. In our next picture we see the ruins of the Church of St. John, erected by the ancient order which still bears his name—"The Knights of St. John." Through yonder vale is the ride from Samaria to Nazareth, which not only affords some of the most glorious views in the land, but includes the great battle-fields of Palestine, ancient and modern. A large city must have stood upon the site of Samaria in old times, and beautifully located it was. Nearly everything that is known about it is derived from the Bible; therefore refer to 1 Kings xvi. It was once the real capital of the kings of Israel. There was reared the altar of Baal; there Jezabel issued her orders and slew the prophets of the Lord, and the unfortunate Naboth, because of his vineyard; and from there the captives of Israel were carried away into Assyria into the cities of the Medes. 2 Kings x: 15-17; xv: 17-20; xvii. Of this we can have no doubt, when we see for long distances, here and there in the valley, massive groups of columns which once made part of

**9. THE OLD COLONNADE**, said to have been built by King Herod, and to have been composed of one hundred and seventy such giants as we see looming up before us now. Giant lemon trees grow up among them, as if to rival their splendor and their height. Nearly every hilltop which comes in view is capped by some picturesque little village. Of these, none is more prettily located than the thrifty town of

**10. JENIN**.—Like all such places, it has its groves of palms, its broad mosque dome, and, outreaching all in height, its slender minaret. Jenin is a well-built town, situated in one of the garden spots of the land. Its hedges of prickly pear seem to warn off the stranger, but the tall date palms wave him a welcome, and he is seldom disturbed. We are still in the land of the Samaritans, and now stand upon the shoulder of

**11. MOUNT GILBOA.**—This old mountain is celebrated in history. At its feet the Philistines joined Israel in battle, and upon it Saul and Jonathan gave up their lives for their nation. On its further incline lies the town of Endor, where Saul consulted the witch the night before his death. In our foreground we see two of the wells or pits so common in this country, sunk in the solid rock for the purpose of catching the water shed during the rainy season. In some such pit as this it is said Joseph was hidden by his brethren. And it may have been that one of these very pits held the little sufferer. These wells or pits were not dug though for any such purpose, but were hewn to receive water during the rains, that the thirsty traveller may be blessed on his way. A good and kindly act which might be imitated elsewhere. 1 Samuel xxxi; 2 Samuel i; Gen: xxxvii: 12-24. We are the more sure that Joseph was imprisoned here, for in a few minutes, travelling with our photographer and his busy camera, we are upon the very edge of

**12. THE PLAIN OF DOTHAN,** where the patriarchs fed their flocks. Says our artist: "A hedge of prickly pear bushes gives variety to our foreground, and in the distance we see the magnificent plain, whose red soil and fields of green and gold presented us with a rich picture when we scampered across towards Nazareth. Here now are many flocks feeding, attended by boys whose coats are of many colors, bringing to mind again and again the romantic story of old. Away off on our left is the still more vast plain of Esdraelon, even lovelier than its neighbor. We shall see it nearer soon. This valley has been the scene of many a sanguinary struggle. These fertile fields have been beaten down by the iron chariots of the Canaanites and by the massive cannon of the French. The latter, under General Kleber, in 1799, here defeated the Turks. This expanse of land is one of the most beautiful in Palestine. The pasturage is as rich as any of olden time. The approach to it from Samaria is sublime, and near it is a fine fountain or spring, where the patriarchs must have watered their flocks. Genesis xxxvii. We now turn to the left and approach the road leading towards Nazareth. In full view we see the picturesque

**13. PLAIN OF JEZREEL**, the old-time battle-field of Palestine. We see the paths in our foreground, and, after passing the ill-natured prickly pear bush on our right, may see the road continued up the hill, beyond which lies Nazareth. This plain was once dotted with villages, and richly wooded. At the time our view was made it was only carpeted with wheat, and barley; and mustard in golden bloom, with millions of many colored flowers scattered here and there. As in olden time, the Midianites and Amelekites raided and ruined this country, so now the Bedouin come from beyond the Jordan and, like locusts, infest the land. What a scene of treason, murder, and war it has been. It was here, in the Valley of Jezreel, that the final overthrow of Israel was prophesied. Hosea i: 4, 5. We divert from the road a half mile or so, that we may visit

**14. THE FOUNTAIN OF JEZREEL**, near the site of another famous battle. Three thousand years ago this beautiful land suffered from the hosts of the invader. Many a fierce combat was given them by the owners of the soil, but still they ravaged in all quarters. Gideon took up the sword in defence of his people, and at this very fountain chose his band of three hundred by the way in which they lapped the water. Judges vii. The sounding trumpets, the broken pitchers, and the blazing torches did the work, and the foe rushed pell-mell down the valley before us, towards the fords of Jordan, whose source is plainly seen in another view of

**15. THE FOUNTAIN OF JEZREEL**, which also shows us where and how the glorious spring is born. It flows perennially from a cave at the base of Mt. Gilboa. It required but little effort of the imagination, when standing here, to see Gideon and his band coming cautiously, yet with rapid stride, down the shoulder of Mt. Gilboa. "Each one like the child of a king." The scenery here is magnificent in every direction. Recrossing the plain and ascending the ridge on the opposite side, just at noon, we sight the old-time city of

**16. SHUNEM, AND LITTLE HERMON.**—Near this town of Shunem is where the Philistines encamped against Saul, and

(little Hermon) where the Midianites encamped before they were defeated by Gideon. See Judges vii. Here in this very village dwelt the good Shunamite woman, who built a little chamber on the wall for the holy man of God, and set him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick. Such a little house upon the wall is shown upon the right of our picture. 2 Kings iv: 8-10, 19-20, 24-27. The tired traveller is glad to find such a place as this for his noontide rest, for just outside the town, as we see, is a splendid

**17. GARDEN OF SPICES**, which our photographer, with great good taste, has caught for our enjoyment. Here are monstrous lemon trees in full bloom, with palms, prickly pears, and many other varieties of fruit, flower, and foliage, which entitle our view to the name which has been given it. Through this luxuriance and fragrance we push our way, and leaving Gilboa behind and Little Hermon on our right, we soon see rising up before us the town of

**18. NAIN, AND MOUNT TABOR** in the far distance. At Nain the widow's son was raised to life by Jesus. Mount Tabor is claimed by some to be the traditional site of the transfiguration. Psalm lxxxix: 12; see Luke vii: 11. An old French convent and a Mohammedan tomb were the only objects our artist seemed to find worthy of a place in his picture of an interesting site. We follow him on, and just at the close of the day we reach

**19. NAZARETH.**—Our view was taken from the Church of the Annunciation. In this city Jesus grew up from infancy to childhood and youth, increasing in stature and in knowledge and favor with God and man. Here, too, he spent the years of his ripening manhood. The Church of the Annunciation, from which the picture was taken, is supposed to cover the site of the annunciation of the angel to Mary. The building in the foreground gives a splendid idea of the construction of a Nazarene dwelling, with its upper chambers. Matt. ii: 23; Luke i: 26; Acts iii: 6. The interest attached to it by history has attracted a number of enthusiasts of various creeds, who have erected many buildings of modern style, which give a new appearance to some parts of the city. But

down in the older quarters we may discover all the filth and wretchedness which attaches to every town in Palestine. Nazareth might be called the Brussels of the East, so strangely are old and new combined. The best parts of the Nazareth dwelling are above ground, reached by stone steps, that cause the one who is obliged to climb them to sigh for an elevator. In the distance, lining the hills, are convents, monasteries, and other institutions without number. Perhaps the oldest relic remaining of ancient Nazareth is

**20. THE FOUNTAIN OF THE VIRGIN**, which is held in high reverence by pilgrims. A splendid body of water feeds it, and tradition claims that here the boy Jesus was wont to come for water daily with the mother Mary. Such a lively scene as our picture shows always occurs toward evening, when the women and girls gather to fetch water from the fountain. Here, too, they come for laundry purposes, and pound their clothing with olive-wood clubs. Bright and pretty are the faces of some of these Syrian girls. Says our artist: "Well did they know the use of the camera, too, for no sooner had I made this chance shot at them than each particular jug stood on end, and I was beset for backsheesh by the black-eyed water-carriers." Quite fifty pounds do some of these jars weigh when filled, yet they are tossed up in place and carried off as gracefully as a queen bears her crown. Tradition has marked many an interesting site in Nazareth, over which churches and chapels have been erected. One or two of these we shall visit. The first is

**21. THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNCIATION.**—It is said to cover the place of the annunciation, which is in a cave beyond the arch which is observed in the centre of the view. Near this cave is another depression in the rock, which French, Belgian, and Arab priests alike point out as "the Virgin's Kitchen." A little distance from the church is

**22. THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOSEPH**, which stands upon the spot where Jesus served apprenticeship to his carpenter father Joseph. Over the altar is a fine painting representing "Joseph and Mary instructing Jesus." In imagination we now to horse

again, for we have a hard clamber before us, up the stony, wooded side of

**23. MOUNT TABOR.**—From the summit of Mount Tabor a grand prospect is had. At its foot the plain of Esdraelon, which we have seen with Tabor in the distance. The towns of Nain, Shunem, Tiberias, Endor, and others may be plainly seen. The summit of the mountain holds the most interest for us now however. Here are heaps of ruins whose history is past finding out. What we see is claimed to be a relic of the fated Crusaders, who were unable to defend even such a stronghold as this against the persistent attacks of the enemy. Tabor is mentioned many, many times in the Holy Scriptures. The arched gateway which we see is called by the natives "Bab el Hawa," Gate of the Wind. A lively trot down the mountain, a winding ride through cultivated fields, and a creep around the Mount of Beautitudes, and we are in sight of

**24. THE SEA OF GALILEE.**—It is a beautiful sheet of water surrounded by mountains, which would cause us to compare it with some of our North American lakes, were it not for the scarcity of foliage. A brace of fishermen consented to grace our foreground, and upon the distant hillside a group of buildings marks the locality of the hot springs. A strange sight is it to see the hot salt water gush out from the mountain and mix with the fresh waters of the lake. A stranger sight is it to see afflicted Jews from all parts of the world limping and crawling up the shore from Tiberias, two miles below, to these hot springs, where they bathe for the banishment of their distemper. A ride up the shore brings us to another interesting view of

**25. TIBERIAS AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.**—This sea is about twelve miles long, six miles wide, and six hundred and eighty-two feet below the Mediterranean. It is a fine body of water. Tiberias is one of the dirtiest towns in Syria, and is peopled largely by Jews, who are attracted hither either to cure their bodies in the baths, or to purify their spirits by contact with her traditional and ceremonial holiness. Around this lake cluster many holy memories of the life of Christ. See Mark i: 16; Matthew

xiii; Luke v; John xxi. Perhaps the most picturesque object in the town is

**26. THE TIBERIAS SYNAGOGUE**, where we may see a curious crowd of Jewish pilgrims from abroad, and may examine the picturesque old pulpit which stands in the centre of the synagogue. It is like a cage of wood, and there has been but little effort to make it shapely or ornamental. It is for use. When the Rabbi ascends the stairs and opens and reads the Law, the scene is a solemn one. The men with their phylacteries upon their arms and heads, read and mutter their prayers while they pace from side to side, sometimes becoming vehement. There is something inexpressibly sad about it all. On the wall we see hanging some phylacteries whose owner was late at service. We now pursue our journey northward along the lake shore. Little trace is there now of the once prosperous villages which were located on the lake in the time of Christ. We make our first halt at

**27. MAGDALA.**—The populace live in squalid houses, or rather upon the tops thereof, for after the rainy season the dwellings proper are so infested with fleas, scorpions, and centipedes as to render them unendurable, and booths of rush and cane must be built upon the housetops for temporary shelter, such as you see in our picture. A distant palm leads our eyes to the historical lake. Between us we see the plain, which was one grand flower garden when our view was taken. We now visit the supposed sites of Bethsaida (which glories in two) and Chorazin. We pass the lovely Mount of Beautitudes as we trot across the Plain of Gennesaret and cross where the Jordan empties into the lake. Look now upon the site of

**28. BETHSAIDA AND THE SEA OF GALILEE.**—It was near here that the Lord gave the "Sermon on the Mount," and from one of the solitary summits near by Moses and Elias came down from heaven to converse with Him on the glory of His transfiguration. A part of the modern town is shown. Mark ix; Matt. v; xi: 21; Mark vi: 45; viii: 22; ix; Luke ix. The view of the sea is far more suggestive and beautiful than that of the town and its inhabitants. It is a hard journey from here to the site of ancient Chorazin. There is nothing about it to cheer the

traveller, and not a dome or minaret, or even a heap of stones, is seen to mark the spot where once stood the city of woes. Across fields of grain and tares, through masses of broken rock, the poor horses find their way, until, after much toil, some low, squalid, deserted huts are found, and we have all that is left of

**29. CHORAZIN.**—The site of ancient Chorazin is not very well authenticated, but it is supposed to have been not far from the Sea of Galilee. This old ruin found in the rocky fields, and included in the structure of a model Arab home, is supposed to be a portion of the old and wicked city which was warned in Matt. xi : 21 ; Luke x : 13. A splendid bit of the ancient quarryman's skill serves to protect the doorway, while the arch which supports the roof is of an old olive-tree root. Not very far from Chorazin is an old khan, near which the traveller camps during the night. Glad is he to pitch his tent in such a pleasant place after the hard struggle just ended. The next morning a new country seems to be spread before us. We appear to be ascending. And in fact we are on much higher ground than when by the borders of Galilee. The fields are greener, the flowers are more plentiful, and now we come to a pretty stream which courses its way underneath the picturesque

**30. BRIDGE OF NAHR-HASBANY.**—The tiny river which courses its way beneath this, the largest bridge in Palestine, is one of the feeders of the Jordan. It is not always so gentle, for even in our picture we can see where it has washed away a part of the wall of the bridge. Snow-capped Mount Hermon is not far away. Crossing the great arch and mastering yonder incline on the right, we obtain our first view of Mount Hermon, whose lofty top is as white as snow can make it. Before we climb further towards it we must halt at the historical

**31. FOUNTAIN OF DAN,** for it is close at hand. This fountain is another source of the Jordan, and once supplied the ancient city after which it is named. It also marks the northern border of Palestine. To possess its cool waters more than one fierce combat has taken place. Here Lot was brought a prisoner by the four kings from Sodom, and here came Abram to his rescue. Gen. xiv. The growth of flowers here is most lovely, and includes our own red

poppy, the daisy—white and yellow—pink roses, thistles, and graceful blue flags. After a ride of a quarter of an hour we reach

**32. THE RUINS AND OAKS OF DAN.**—Here we see a group of the magnificent oaks of Bashan, which shaded the neighborhood of the old-time city of Dan, the northern limit of Palestine. These trees are of immense girth, and make a pleasant resting-place for the traveller before attempting the hard climb up to

**33. CÆSAREA PHILIPPI** and Mount Hermon. A most picturesque site for a city is this surely. In all Palestine there is none more so. The character of the surrounding country is Alpine. A stream equal in power to Fall River, in Massachusetts, rushes and tears through the town, turning many a mill in its mad haste to the Jordan. Mount Hermon and the neighboring snow-peaks bound the valley on one side, with others less pretentious in every direction. Here was the northern limit of the travels of Christ. Here Titus came after the conquest of Jerusalem and compelled his Jewish captives to fight wild beasts in the arena. And on the summit of yonder mountain is the most splendid group of ruins in Palestine. Hugged close to the base of the mountain, as though for protection, are the tents of our travelling artist. The city is at our right, so that we have only to turn in that direction and we see a more attractive portion of

**34. CÆSAREA PHILIPPI WITH THE CITADEL OF BANIAS.**—Here Jesus taught the people, and cured their diseases. The Jordan springs from the rocks back of the town, and leaps and tumbles through its streets under the little bridge we see in the centre of our view. In the foreground is a group of Moslems enjoying their morning smoke. On the roof of the house is one of those strange arbors, or booths, used during the hot weather to protect the people from vermin and the sun. On the mountain is the citadel of Banias, first built by the Romans, rebuilt in turn by the Crusaders, the Saracens, and the Turks. It is one of the finest ruins in Syria. The principal building is the palace of the sheikh of the town. The view includes a fine panorama of Mount Hermon. Matthew xvi : 13.

**35. THE JORDAN AT CÆSAREA PHILIPPI** leaps from a cave back of where we saw the tents of our artist, and goes madly

on and on until it reaches the Dead Sea. It is hard to understand what can give it such an impetus in so short a time after leaving its cave-source. It must be that some violent paroxysm is going on in the heart of the grand old mountain above. Close to this source of the sacred river are the curious

**36. SHRINES AT CÆSAREA PHILIPPI.**—Here, we are told; Pan, the god of flocks, bees, and fishes, was worshipped. No wilder place than this could be chosen for the worship of a Pagan god, with its rugged cliffs, winding grottoes, shady groves, and many fountains. Here we may imagine that the howling demons shouted and danced until the echoes rang again. The town is called Banias by the Arab inhabitants, who still speak with awful fear and trembling of the monstrous ceremonies which were once performed in these shrines. Such places as this make us think of *Petra*, the wonderful rock city of Arabia. We depart from this strange place, and after a hard climb of nearly two hours may reach the

**37. CASTLE OF BANIAS.**—Glad may we be that we can see it by means of a faithful photograph, without any fatigue on our part. By whom this wondrous pile was erected no one knows. It is attributed to the Crusaders, but believed by some to be older. That Saracen and Templar clashed steel together here history tells us, but nothing is told of what happened previously. On all sides the views are most enchanting. But the crowning sight of all is

**38. MOUNT HERMON.**—A bit of the old castle in ruins stands in our foreground, in strange contrast with the noble mountain along whose snowy ravines we may look northward. Though man's works may fall, the works of God do stand; though man's work is degraded and destroyed, the "Mountain of the Transfiguration" still retains its glory.

In imagination, we now descend the castled mountain, and upon its other side find ourselves on the highway to Damascus. We now look back, and are charmed by this still more glorious view of

**39. MOUNT HERMON FROM THE DAMASCUS ROAD.**—The road from Cæsarea Philippi to Damascus is one of the roughest in Syria. The roadways are covered with volcanic erup-

ion and flint, and are very hard for the horses' feet. To cheer the traveller, however, this beautiful view of Mount Hermon is seen during nearly the whole of a day's travel. It is supposed that the transfiguration of our Lord took place on the summit of this mountain. See Matthew xvii : 1-13 ; Mark ix : 2-13 ; Luke ix : 28-36. Mount Hermon is not a peak from this direction, but an extended ridge. Before we leave it we shall travel its whole length, round its upper end, and return by, and look upon, its other side to-night. A strange country is now travelled over, covered with the most unrelenting masses of flint and volcanic matter. And a new and different people are now met—the savage Druzes. Here, working in the stony fields, we find a Druze plowman, with his conical but picturesque

**40. MULE AND BUFFALO TEAM.**—Odd-looking enough though it be, it is all the style along the valleys of Mount Hermon. Two animals more unlike in nature and gesture could hardly be found than these. When the mule would kick, the sinister buffalo remains firm, and when his yoke-fellow grows festive, as he sometimes does, the mule holds a controlling influence, and thus the volcanic sod is turned over without much of an eruption. The driver and plow are always passive and do the least of the work. And now attracting us is

**41. A DRUZE SHEPHERD WITH A LAMB** in his arms. Although the road to Damascus from Cæsarea Philippi is very rough, there are many bits of land cultivated, and many flocks are to be seen grazing on the hills, watched by their attendant shepherds. The most of these shepherds are Druzes, who believe part of the Mohammedan and part of the Christian faith. They inhabit these mountain ranges. They are very faithful to their flocks, attending them night and day, through storm and sunshine, never forsaking them in any time of danger. They remind us of Psalm lxxx : 1 ; John x ; Heb. xiii : 20. This group from nature seemed to present good food for the camera, and, as you observe, it was accepted. A strange, strange people are these Druzes. Brave, heroic, manly ; as polite as the French ; as politic as a Congressman. If you are English, they will say "God save Victoria." Should you be French, with uplifted eyes they will call upon Allah

to bless the model Republic, and curse the beard of the grandfather of Kaiser William and Unser Fritz. Should you "Deutsch sprechen," what a downfall is predicted for the city of triumphal arches and the Commune. And how their bright eyes snap and their fine white teeth glisten, as they exclaim "tyeeb"—good—if you declare your American citizenship and your interest in the pile of trade dollars at Washington. "Everything to everybody" is the Druze, but a sublime mystery is he to both politician and priest. The Druzes are an *honest* people, though with a cranky habit, of appropriating property not their own. They are good husbandmen, and yet their methods and implements, as we have seen, are most primitive. We now push on with eager haste to Damascus, and for a few miles come upon a good roadway—a very rare thing in this country. Just before reaching Damascus the highway terminates in a splendid

**42. OLIVE ORCHARD NEAR DAMASCUS.**—Only a single row of these trees can be shown in our picture, but they are typical of the whole. The fruit is used largely for food and for oil, which latter is also used in cooking. Many allusions to the olive tree are found in Scripture. Psalm lii : 8 ; Jeremiah xi : 16 ; Hosea xiv : 6 ; Romans xi : 17 and 24. And grateful is their shade to the traveller whose last trot is a long one, over a good though dusty road. But the thought that the old city is ahead makes his heart glad. In no part of the world are there such magnificent olive orchards as are here upon the borders of the "Paradise" which surrounds Damascus. Famous fields of grain, too, are close by, and on all sides of the old city the soil is productive, making it none too proud a boast of the young Damascene to say, "I live in the midst of Eden." Passing through narrow, dusty streets, lined with walls of adobe, and enclosing splendid gardens, we reach the

**43. REPUTED SCENE OF PAUL'S CONVERSION.**—It is now occupied by the Protestant cemetery. The victims of the terrible massacre of 1860 were mostly buried at this place, and their remains lie underneath the two large enclosures seen. Beyond is a bit of Damascus with the Lebanon mountains in the far distance. Here Paul was stricken with blindness, and cried, "Lord, what

wilt thou have me do?" Acts ix. We now approach the city wall. Forming a portion of it is the place visited by pilgrims as the

**44. SCENE OF PAUL'S ESCAPE.**—Here is the reputed place where Paul was let down by his friends in a basket to escape the Jews, who were watching all the gates of the city to capture him. The arch is supposed to be the place where he made his escape. The building is near the Gate of Peace, and not far from

**45. THE HOUSE OF NAAMAN THE LEPER.**—The lepers' hospital is now located here, seen with the four windows on the left of our picture. Beyond, among the tall walnut and poplar trees, courses that glorious river of Damascus, the Abana, one of the rivers which Naaman preferred for bathing purposes to the turbid and muddy Jordan. And for this preference no cleanly person of the present dispensation who has seen both rivers would censure the troubled leper for a single moment, except for his disobedience. 2 Kings v. See, far beyond the trees, the mountains of Lebanon, which are always seen in this direction towering up above everything else. From a hill back of the house of Naaman we obtain a splendid view of

**46. DAMASCUS OLD AND NEW.**—What a sight it is! In the far distance, towering skyward, we again see the mountains of Lebanon, whose cedars are so famous. The dark line this side marks the orchards of olive trees, broken here and there by glistening poplars, purple walnuts, and stately cypresses. The long, bright line, still nearer, is the city outside the walls, separated from us by the ancient wall itself. The dark clump of trees on the right marks the course of the river Abana, which enters the city on this side. And now look upon the town itself, with its gray walls, flat roofs, covered streets, and open courts. How *curious* it is! On our left we see a long arched roof, which covers a part of the "street called Straight." A dome and a tower at the left of our foreground form a part of a famous Turkish bath, while close by, built in by the surrounding houses, is a relic of old-time Damascus. It is a ruined triumphal arch, with four of its columns and a semi-column still standing. Thus strangely intermixed with the new, instead of standing out alone, as in Rome and Athens, is the old of Damascus.

Always curious and picturesque is Damascus, the city which has existed, continuously, longer than any other. Having now formed a bird's-eye idea of its appearance, and having wandered outside its walls sufficiently long, we enter the old city by one of its several gates, when we catch a better view of

**47. THE OLD CITY WALL AND THE ABANA RIVER.—**

The glory of Damascus is its splendid rivers. The Abana River courses its way through the city in various directions, being divided into several branches just outside of the city. It supplies the population with water. A quaint little bridge covers it here. There are many such. Very curious houses are built upon the wall on one side, and independently on the other. The houses built upon the top of the wall of the old city of Damascus sometimes overreach it somewhat. They are supposed to be such as Paul might have been let down from in a basket, or such as Rahab lived in when she assisted the spies in escaping from their pursuers. A beautiful garden lies at the foot of the wall, and close to its right the Abana River rushes along hurriedly to the sea. Isaiah vii : 8 ; viii : 4 ; 2 Kings v : 12 ; Acts ix : 25 ; Joshua ii. As we see, what lovely bits for the camera are made up by these quaint old buildings, with the rapid river rushing in and out among them. And without this river, Damascus could not live. It is not only the crowning glory of the town, but Damascus would be a parched plain without it. Leaping down from Lebanon, it enters a wild ravine, and by means of three lakes which receive it, it is diffused over the plain. Canals, lined with verdure and beauty, carry on the work, and lead the water into the city at various elevations. Aqueducts, pipes, fountains, and minor canals now carry the water into almost every dwelling and into every street in the city, so that the noise of the living water is heard in all directions. At the street crossings, on the river here and there, are bazaars for the hungry, where bread, oranges, eggs, milk, pickled turnips, and "kerbob," the standard dish of grease and dirt so dear to the Damascene, are sold by the sleepy dealers, while giddy awnings overhead protect them from the sun and snow. Of all the streets in Damascus

**48. "THE STREET WHICH IS CALLED STRAIGHT"**

holds the most interest for the traveller. No one but a person

“able to see crooked” would consider this street as at all “straight,” but by contraries it might *seem* so to him. It is entered by the quaint old gate which is seen in the wall. The traveller is bewildered by the cries of the people at the bazaars, as he traverses this street, and meets with all sorts of things which are brought there for sale. One can scarcely keep the mind “straight,” to say nothing of keeping the run of things. This street was originally much wider, and, indeed, some parts of it are wider now, and covered, to keep the sun and snow off. It is mentioned in the Bible as the place where Paul sojourned. Acts ix : 11. The greater part of it is very narrow, and crooked enough to satisfy the most exacting Bostonian. The portion seen here leads to the “Broadway” of Damascus, which is dark, damp, and dismal. On each side is a long row of open stalls, only a few feet deep. Therein, stored on rude shelves, is the gay merchandise—the product of Eastern art and skill. Squatted in the midst of his stores, at an elevation of some three feet from the street, is a haughty merchant. He never rises to his patrons. What he cannot reach by oscillating from side to side he brings down with a hooked stick. If he allows you to purchase anything you are a favored mortal, and should at once repair to the mosque to give alms and thanks. Woven fabrics make up much of the merchandise of Damascus. A little peep into one of the quaint old weaver’s shops would reveal men and women twisting and twirling, winding, reeling, and spinning the silk, the worsted, and the golden braid into most gay and curious fabrics. In other bazaars we shall find most curious vessels, candelabra, plaques, platters, and what not, made of mysteriously wrought and inlaid metal; weapons of every form and character, silks, embroideries, carpets, rugs, scarfs, and laces from Persia, Cashmere, and India—all old and rare, and perhaps once the treasures of some rich kalif or ameer, whose children are too dissolute to retain them as heirlooms. And shrewd must you be if you gain possession of any of these at a fair price. There is one of the merchantmen of Damascus, however, by whom one is always civilly treated. He is

**49. THE LEMONADE MERCHANT.**—He goes about from street to street with a great glass vessel swung at an angle from his shoulders, in which he carries iced lemonade. As he wanders

along, he clicks together in one hand a pair of china or metal cups—for the same purpose that the scissors grinder rings his bell, to attract patronage. He is always amiable. Should you make a purchase of his enticing beverage, he will pray to Allah to bless you while you drink, and to give you a long hereafter. Should you ask to photograph him, a motley crowd will assemble, each member of which will be a picture worthy of your attention. Reluctantly we part from the old city and bid farewell. We now make our exit from

**50. THE EAST GATE.**—For eight hundred years this gate has been walled up. It was built by the Romans; but since their domain the Saracens built about it the rough battlements and the square tower on the right. A rickety old minaret stands here, alone and unused, except when some venturesome tourist mounts it to obtain one of the grandest views of the old-time city. Then will he understand the perennial nature of Damascus, and wonder if it is to remain a city as long as the snow-capped ranges of Lebanon, seen in the distance, will last. For thousands of years it has stood up sturdily against the various nations who coveted its mastery, holding together the links of history from the time of Abraham to the present.

And now farewell to this most interesting land. We have travelled its prettiest parts, among its best people, and where we obtain the truest studies of them all, from the quaint old Samaritan to the modern Bedouin, who has not improved any since the time of his forefathers. His doctrine still is, "if you see anything, and you want it, *it is yours*—take it, and praise God for it." This seems to have been the policy of our artist, too, when gathering in the present studies of *Picturesque Palestine*.

## FROM DAMASCUS TO THE SEA.

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DAMASCUS, ACROSS LEBANON TO BAALBEC, BAALBEC, THE VALLEY OF BÜKKA, ZAHLEH, BEYROUT, AND JOPPA.—Those who visit Southern Palestine, when arriving at Damascus, are universally seized with desires which are rather antagonistic; first comes the wish that one might remain at Damascus all the rest of the time apportioned him to stay on this earth; and the other, since the Syrian country grows more and more beautiful as one travels northward, to go still further on and see more of the beauties of the land. Both of these desires it is proposed only partially to satisfy in our lecture to-night.

First, numerous views, gathered by our artist when selecting his subjects for Picturesque Palestine, will be shown of Damascus; then taking to the horses, we shall travel over the hills of ante-Lebanon, and then along the winding ways of the Abana and Pharpar, the two rivers of Damascus, to Baalbec. After visiting the famed ruins of that ancient city, we shall turn southward again, with the snow-capped line of Mount Hermon in sight, to the beautiful valley of Bükka, thence over to Beyrout, halting on the way at the little village of Zahleh, a typical Lebanon town. Without further preliminaries we proceed.

We now stand at the battered gates of the city of Damascus; we have already stood upon the site of Paul's conversion, have looked up the wall over which he made his escape, have visited the house of Naaman, the leper, and have caught some views of Damascus, old and new, after which we made our departure through the East gate. Our second entrance shall be through the gate which stands at the walled termination of

**1. THE STREET CALLED STRAIGHT.**—This curious old gateway is one of many. In olden times it was more pretentious in style, but even now is a beautiful example of art. By whom it was

constructed we are not told by the guide books, and it is almost impossible to gather any information from the native guides. This need not debar us from entering, however, so we pass on through that portion of the famous "Street Called Straight," so far as it is straight. While we look right and left at the curious sights we find ourselves suddenly amid its windings, and twistings, and turnings, and become involved in the curious crowd which sways along and carries us with it. We yield to the influence of the time, and busy ourselves carefully looking at the bazaars. One of the most curious of these is

**2. AN ANTIQUE SHOP AND BAZAAR.**—Here we find a most curious conglomeration of articles made of metal, such as coffee urns, candelabra, swords, guns, knives, shields, and plaques, all curiously wrought and inlaid. We see the merchant seated on one side of his bazaar, sword in hand, ready to sell or quarrel, it makes but little difference to him which. He is a close observer, and if he gets the idea from you that you are a would-be purchaser, he will dispatch his servant to the neighboring restaurant at once to order a meal for you, thus endeavoring to enter into your good graces. You may rest assured if you accept such hospitality from him that you are just as certainly made to pay for your dinner as you are to pay for the chromo which you get when making purchases at one of your own city bazaars. But we must not spend our time in the bazaars; we wish to see some of the curious things in Damascus, and shall take up some of the historical bits first. The most interesting of this class we find in

**3. THE HOUSE OF ANANIAS.**—It was here, tradition tells us, that Paul lodged while living in Damascus. Afterwards the house became a tomb, and is now respected by the Moslems as the house of Ananias. It is a very clean-looking house now, is kept in good repair, and is beyond the arched gateway which we see in the centre of the picture. The pretty little Syrian attendant is sitting on the side of the gate. We enter, and are taken down a few steps where a well-kept chamber is seen, and the spot is shown where it is maintained that Paul really lived while he sojourned in Damascus. Near this old traditional site is a very curious

**4. WEAVER'S SHOP**, which will interest us, of course, because so many of the curiosities of the bazaars of Damascus are woven fabrics. Here, in shops like these, men and women twist, and twirl, and wind, and reel the silk into most curious fabrics. Alas! for the penetration of the wide-awake Yankee, these manufactures become more and more rare each year, and have been substituted by the production of the mills in our own New England towns with styles to suit the most Oriental tastes. From the weaver's shop we turn now to

**5. THE GRAND MOSQUE OF DAMASCUS.**—This is the most interesting relic of antiquity in Damascus, and has been in turn a heathen temple, a Christian church, and is now a Mohammedan mosque. It covers an area of 500 feet long by 325 feet wide. It is surrounded by a lofty arched wall of masonry, part of which we see, and is surmounted by a dome 50 feet in diameter and 120 feet high. It has three lofty minarets. The one we see is the minaret of Jesus, who, it is said, will descend upon this minaret, and, with Mohammed and St. John, judge the world at the last day. It has witnessed many a struggle among the people of the old world. We enter and now observe

**6. THE GORGEOUS INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE.**—Its tessellated pavement is almost covered with rich carpets and rugs, and it has thousands of wax candles hanging from the ceiling. The profusion of lights is almost equal to the electric lights of our own streets. On the left observe a building of great beauty, topped by a cupola of exquisite symmetry. The structure is all carved and inlaid, and is lighted with wax candles. Underneath is a cave containing a jewelled casket, in which, it is held, is placed the head of John the Baptist, which, the Mohammedans believe, will be joined to his body at the last day when Mohammed comes to judge the quick and the dead. We now leave the mosque by the door on our right, and ascend the roof of the silversmith's bazaar adjoining, that we may look upon some picturesque bits of the antique building in the wall known among scholars as

**7. THE GATE WITH GREEK INSCRIPTION.**—There is one curious fact about the antiquities of Damascus; we do not find them standing out isolated and alone, as at Rome, Baalbec, Palmyra,

or Athens, but they have been incorporated in the construction of modern buildings. Thus we see this portion of the old gateway of the Greek inscription has been built in the side wall of the great mosque, within whose vast interior we just stood. It is a beautiful bit of antiquity and noble architecture, and it is in strange contrast with its surroundings and neighbors. The strangest thing about it is that while it serves to form a portion of the Mohammedan palace of worship, still on each side we may see inscribed, "Thy kingdom, oh, Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations." Strange inscription, indeed, to have remained for nearly thirteen hundred years in one of the holiest shrines of Islamism. We next climb to the minaret of the mosque, and here we see

**8. A PANORAMIC VIEW OF DAMASCUS.**—What a variety of architecture is here presented. The roofs are apparently, as a rule, flat, but if we look at those close to our foreground we see, too, that they are usually walled, the reason being that during the heated season at night they are used for resting places. Even the most humble Damascene would deem it a hardship if the housetop was not so constructed as to enable him to lie upon it. There seems to be a fascination about the dome also to the Damascene, for we see the roofs are supplied with this construction in great quantity. Here, too, we see long lines of pointed roofs, which mark the places where run some of the principal streets, which are always covered to protect the merchants of the bazaars from hot weather in the summer, and from the snows of the winter. For, it must be known, that Mt. Lebanon frequently sends down the cold winds which are charged with snow, bringing much misery to those exposed to it.

Lifting itself high in air above everything else, we see the minarets of the mosque. At the hour of muezzin it is most curious to hear the cry sent forth by the priests, to remind the people of the hour of prayer. There are some important schools in Damascus, and one of these we visit. It is

**9. THE PRESBYTERIAN MISSION SCHOOL FOR GIRLS.**—Thus we may see what a Syrian mission school is made up of largely. No school can boast of more beautiful children than are found in all of these places; not only are they beautiful, but ex-

ceedingly well behaved. Our artist declares he never saw a more beautiful sight than an Arab Kindergarten. On the right and left are the pupils, and near are some of the assistant teachers. The great circular basin with its fountain is in the foreground. There are plenty of these in Damascus, for it is a city plentifully supplied with water, and every courtyard has its fountain. Now, from the mission school, we turn and obtain a view of the way they live in Damascus, for we halt next at

**10. A DAMASCENE RESIDENCE.**—It is always beautiful. Here can we see the fountain adorning the interior of the court, constructed of black and white marble. In front we see the great arch through which we must pass before entering the domicile. Much wealth has been displayed here in the decorations; not only are very finely polished marbles used in the construction, but these are most carefully and elaborately inlaid, and sometimes a rich display of pink and gold is also employed to give effect to the whole. The great archway we see is, as we said, the entrance to the domicile. On the other side of the court of every antiquated Damascene residence we find that branch of the establishment known as

**11. THE HAREM.**—This department usually occupies one side of the court, and is supplied with its own fountain, together with a beautiful display of shrubbery and trees, which diffuse their fragrant odors, while rare exotics are arranged in groups about the court. Beneath the arches which we see are the doors which lead to the apartments of the ladies of the harem; into these we are not permitted to enter, but must be contented with a view of

**12. THE GREAT SALOON.**—Here we have a crude interior view of the Damascene home. It is usually divided into two apartments by a beautiful arch richly gilded. The floor of the first apartment is of marbles of variegated colors; in the centre is the fountain, inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The walls are lined with veined marble, and are relieved by rich Saracenic arches and columns. The ceilings are frescoed in true Italian style. The principal part of the room is elevated about two feet above the other, and is finished much like it. Rich divans, covered with purple, are on three sides; the workmanship is most rude, and yet resembles a scene in fairyland. Especially is this so when at night the lamps

are lighted, and everything is beautifully lit up. Then we comprehend why these people dress in such gorgeous colors; it is to harmonize with the colors of home. But we may tire of this and will make our departure. The rocking chair is here; the hum of the sewing machine is also heard in these homes, and they are lighted now by American kerosene instead of by the antique wax candle. Doubtless the potato masher and rolling pin will soon obtain a place in the Damascene household. And what kind of people live in these homes? we are asked. Permit us to answer the question by showing you

**13. AN ARAB FAMILY AT HOME.**—Two brothers, with their mother, and wives, and children, are seated in their *lehwan*, or parlor. Three generations in one household give us an idea of how the people look, both old and young. These are real Arabs, and not Syrians, although born in Syria. This apartment opens upon a court in which, of course, there is a fountain. The house of Ananias, where Paul sojourned, was probably one like this. See Acts ix. The great lamp which hangs from the centre of the ceiling is the only source of light, and reading at late hours is, therefore, not practised in Damascus. The great difference between the Damascene home and the homes in our own country is that no attention is given to exterior display; the expense is put upon the inside. The front door may not be as handsome as the doorway to a stable, sometimes, but once the court is gained, then the real comfort of the Damascene home begins. Let us leave the apartments of the rich, however, and see another class of dwelling to be found in Damascus. We find it in our next picture of

**14. HOUSES ON THE CITY WALL.**—Such houses are built on the top of the wall of the old city of Damascus, and some of them overreach it somewhat. They are supposed to be such as Paul was let down from in a basket, or Rahab let down the spy from. Below is a beautiful garden, and close by is a river, the *Abana*. Acts ix : 25; Joshua ii. The pictorial beauty of these houses is greater than that of some of the five-storied tenements which are being constructed too numerous, we fear, in some of our cities. We have said the *Abana*, the famed river of Damascus, runs close by. Let us turn toward it, and in a few moments we shall come to

**15. A GARDEN ON THE ABANA.**—Here is one of the prettiest spots in Damascus, and shows us what lovely bits are made up for the camera with the rushing river careering along. Without this river Damascus could not live; it is not only the crowning glory of the town, but it would be a desert plain without it. By means of three lakes which receive it, it is diffused over the plain, and by various canals and aqueducts the water is carried into the city. It is pure and clear. It is no wonder Namaan preferred it for bathing purposes to the muddy Jordan. On the right and left, whichever way we turn, we find beauty spots, always curious, always rich looking, and yet always squalid looking, attracting us as we pass through the curious town, making us feel that we could go on and on without stopping, always interested in these picturesque bits. But we must make our departure for the north now. We reluctantly leave the city through the old-time

**16. GATE OF PEACE.**—There is nothing to recommend such an exit as this except the beautiful architectural construction of the gate itself. It was, probably, in its day, the most beautiful of all the gates of Damascus. Now it is broken and ruined, and has little but its antiquity to recommend it to the traveller. It is a Saracenic structure; its Arab name is Bab-es-Salam. It was erected probably in the days of Nured-Din. History tells us that its name has been given it from the fact that during the investment of the city by the Moslems no attack was ever made upon it, nor did any sortie ever issue from it. It is not very far from the café which we just saw. Here, in the nighttime, by the aid of the weird light which is employed in the streets, one may well imagine the scene as one told of in the Arabian Nights. Here the northern suburb terminates, and from hence to the eastern side of the city the old wall is exposed to view. But we now turn our backs to the Damascenes. There are many ways of departing from Damascus, but no matter which way we go the young Damascene looks upon those who wish to depart from the city with a sort of pity and contempt. But we are old travellers, and need not mind his contempt. We proceed, therefore, with our journey, moving westward now, across the mountains toward Baalbec. The ordinary ride of the traveller requires about three days. First, a long incline up the mountains, the beautiful river in sight at our right, then turning

back we obtain a most enchanting view of Damascus itself. The road is everywhere rugged, and sometimes dangerous, particularly where one is on the edge of a torrent. The winding of the river affords the greatest variety of scenery, like the moving pictures of an illustrated lecture; to describe it will be impossible. The first night the encampment is made at

**17. THE FOUNTAIN OF FIJEH.**—This is one of the largest and most remarkable outbursts of water in Syria. The source is from a narrow cave under the old temple at the base of the cliff. The water issues with such power as to attain the rapidity of the swirling rapids of Niagara. From this dark cavern it leaps and roars. The torrent is only 30 feet wide and 3 or 4 feet deep, but rushing along, it forces itself over a rocky bed for 70 or 80 yards, and then joins the Barada, of which it is the principal source. Just over the fountains, as we see, is a small platform of heavy masonry. Near this is a singular building whose walls are 6 feet thick, built of stone, and with a portion of the vaulted roof remaining. The probability is that it was built hundreds of years ago, but by whom history does not tell. The next morning the traveller is carried onward and upward through a beautiful mountain country, which reminds one now of Switzerland, now of the White Mountains of our own land. It is always picturesque; always inviting the traveller to stop, and rest, and enjoy. The valley expands and the olive orchards become wider, and the hills seem to be cultivated in terraces. Irrigation is practised here. Above the verdure line is the white and parched limestone, with the white soil of the same nature, which make the hills look more barren than they really are. Little villages are passed here and there, and then we arrive at

**18. SUK WADY BARADA,** over which we see a bridge is stretched. Near this is a picturesque village, around which the scenery is exceedingly wild. The village is surrounded by orchards, and above it the river intersects the central ridge of the ante-Lebanon, but as it makes a sharp turn we can only see a recess in the mountainside filled with tombs. In the mouth of this recess, we are told, was the ancient city of Abada, and in the rocks further ahead are the tombs. The most extensive remains are on the right of the river across the bridge, and a clamber up the mountain sides

will richly reward the traveller, for he will discover rich remains of antiquity. Among these our artist has well named this picturesque bit of his handiwork, "The Bridge of Sighs," not because of the hardship one endures in the endeavor to reach it, but because it was so hard to depart from such a scene of beauty, while in the presence of such a charming place the greatest masters of the brush could only admire. Here, too, the photographer had his own peculiar trial, for many a crag had to be reached and overcome before his picture could be secured. Among the remains of antiquity which we shall find on the other side of the bridge is

**19. AN OLD ROMAN ROAD**, a part of which is cut along and through the rock for a distance of 200 yards. The depth of the cut is, in places, some 30 feet, and the width 12 feet. It terminates at the edge of the cliff, and was formerly carried along on the arched viaduct, a portion of which still remains in a good state of preservation, and through which the traveller may walk without difficulty. On the smooth wall of the rock are tablets containing two Latin inscriptions. The Emperors Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verius reconstructed the road, carried away by the river, the mountain being cut through by the agency of Julius Verius, Legate of Syria, "at the expense of the inhabitants of Abilene." The date is supposed to be A. D. 164. If we use the aqueducts already spoken of we may reach the tombs alluded to. Among them is said to be the tomb of Abel, who was buried there by his parents, Adam and Eve. On leaving the valley we enter the sublime glen of the Barada, by which that river cuts through the centre ridge of ante-Lebanon. The cliffs are several hundred feet high. The mountains rise from them several thousand more. The Abana meanders through the very centre of the valley, and many a gushing cascade is met to refresh and delight the traveller. One of the most beautiful of these is found at a place known as

**20. THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE ABANA.**—It is about sixty miles from the old city of Damascus, amid scenery as grandly wild as that of Switzerland, though more bleak and bare. Says our photographer: "In my saunterings in foreign lands, never have I seen a chain of cascades to equal this: first, a miniature Niagara; then a whirlpool is formed at its feet, which breaks it up

into a still grander cascade; a Riechenbach on one side, and a Staubbach on the other. Then joining hands, the merry waters leap a dozen feet into the air, breaking into spray until they pass under an antique bridge and are safely by the old mill, and go on about their business of forming the great historical river. The old mill is supplied with power by a side stream, which, duty done, comes out beneath two arches and hurries along to rejoin its kindred."

And now, as we ascend the mountain, which we see in the distance, and stand upon its summit, lo! sharply and distinctly before us, lifted toward the sky, we observe

### 21. A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RUINS OF BAALBEC.

—How strangely different are the works of nature and of man. A moment ago we were admiring the careless, merry, laughing water. Now we stand contemplating one of the most sublime ruins on the face of the earth. As we look, both height and size seem to grow upon us, for we are enabled to comprehend the great girth of the grand columns more and more as we approach. And what ruin! Owing to the discovery of Jewish architecture amid the Doric and Corinthian ruins, this is supposed to be a house Solomon built for his Egyptian wife. Although we do not know the origin of these ruins, we do know the structure passed through the hands of the Greeks, Arabs, and Romans, suffered under various assaults in the Crusades, and was sacked under Tamerlane. The magnificent ruins of Baalbec have caused the wonder and admiration of every traveller who visits here. It may be surpassed in strictly classical taste by the Temple of Athens, and Rome may rival it in some respects, if its arches be included; even the Nile may exceed it in magnitude, but in some respects Baalbec stands as the peer of all. Of this, however, each one shall judge for himself when we enter more closely into the study of its ruins. The great difficulty the traveller has at Baalbec is in knowing where to begin. We see in the view before us, on the left, a group of six of the many lofty columns of the Temple of Baal, while on the right of the group is the great structure known as the Temple of the Sun. What rivalry there seems to be between them; one seems to show up at a glance all its beauty and sublimity, while the other seems to withhold its richest parts until a nearer view is had. In our next picture we stand side by side with, and in full view of,

**22. THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN,** or of Jupiter, as it is variously called. It is considerably larger than the Parthenon at Athens. The temple stands on a platform of stone, quarried, 900 feet long and 500 feet wide. It is built 30 feet above the plain, and is surrounded by a wall, some of whose stones weigh thousands of tons, and contain enough material to build a three-story house. The one whose ruined walls we see was dedicated to the service of the Sun, or Jupiter. As we shall see presently, its sides were lined with rows of columns, many of which are now destroyed, but their pedestals show where they once proudly stood. One of them has been pushed from its base against the wall, as we see it here leaning. We pass it by, clamber carefully over its ruined companions deep beneath the hallway amid the stone columns, and on our left come in full view of

**23. THE FRONT OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.—**  
The six lofty columns on the right are a portion of the Temple of Baal. To them we shall return, but first consider the Temple of the Sun, or of Jupiter. It is 227 feet by 117 feet, considerably larger than the Parthenon at Athens; its great doorway is 121 feet by 79 feet. The terrible earthquake took its turn to try and destroy the temple, and so rent the wall that the central, or keystone, slipped some three feet out of place. There it remained for over a thousand years, until some nervous antiquarian, says our photographer, came and had a modern wall built underneath it, thus spoiling much of its picturesqueness. The last I heard of him was that he was up among the snows of Mt Lebanon organizing a society for the prevention of cruelty to antiquities. A much needed organization, I am sure. We pass underneath the fallen keystone, as near as we can, and stand within

**24. THE INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN.—**  
What a sad state of desolation and ruin is here. The portico is 187 feet long by 37 feet in depth, and consists of 37 columns ornamented with pilasters. The floor is elevated 20 feet, and far below, built of large dressed stones, indicating their origin, a flight of steps leads up to it; but the steps are gone, and the columns are gone, except two of them. The great court is 440 feet long and 370 feet wide, accompanied by recesses and niches. The

two sides are alike, and are broken here and there by the recesses, which are in an imperfect condition. The columns are all gone. The shafts were of red granite, which we learn by the fragments seen lying on the ground amid the rubbish. Over the recesses is an entablature, whose frieze is covered with fruits, and runs around the whole court. Some of the details of these we shall see if we clamber to the edge, and have the courage, as our artist did, to hang by his feet while leaning across a great gap created by earthquake or the vandal. If we do so, we shall observe, by help of the eyes of the camera,

**25. THE DETAILS OF A CAPITAL.**—Forty-two of such richly carved monsters were elevated sixty-five feet in the air to the top of the columns. The columns are 6 feet 3 inches in diameter at the base, and 5 feet 3 inches where you see them join their capitals. More marvellous still, a huge entablature was elevated to their tops. Alas! how much of this glory has fallen! We now climb to the top of the peristyle and obtain this magnificent view of

**26. THE GREAT COURT.**—No eloquence or descriptive power could more sublimely tell the story of ruin than is here told by these majestic walls. They now stand silent and alone; mysterious, wonderful, and distant, and we are puzzled to know what the incentive could have been to cause men to erect such structures. We also sigh to know more of the gods in whose honor they were constructed. Turning in another direction, we see

**27. MODERN BAALBEC.**—How insignificant, and tame, and primitive it seems when compared with the glorious structures of antiquity at our feet, and yet modern Baalbec is quite an important city in this part of the ante-Lebanon region, although it is too poor to afford a hotel. Travellers there pitch their tents in the court of the great temple, for there splendid structures surround them on every side, and they can look at them in the gorgeous sunshine or in the pale moonlight, which all present a more striking appearance than the town. Baalbec is situated in the Plain of Bükka, in the northern range of hills, about one mile from the ante-Lebanon, and the scene about it is as grand as that of Switzerland, with the neighboring ruins added. Now we come to the southwest angle of the temple, and we shall attain a nearer view of some of its past glories, for lo! here is a classical group of

**28. FALLEN COLUMNS AND CAPITALS**, with a part of the huge entablature. Out of all proportion they look compared with the airy columns which we saw a short time ago, but when we lift our eyes we see that they are part and parcel of the same. It seems as though the gods only, not men, could have ever lifted them to such a tremendous height; and more, as if only the gods could send them to the ground again. We now turn to the right, and we see again the six remaining columns of

**29. THE TEMPLE OF BAAL**.—Originally there were fifty-four of these monsters forming the peristyle, which is 290 by 250 feet. Twenty-two feet in circumference are these columns, and their height is 25 feet; over these arises the great entablature, part of which remains to show us how profusely it is sculptured. Both height and size seem to grow upon us again, for we are enabled to comprehend the great girth of these grand columns by looking at the bits of their companions. Here the invasion of the vandal is seen, greater than the earthquake, for the latter seems to have had some compassion. But see how the ruthless Turks have hacked the precious columns to secure the iron clamps which held them together. Some magnificent syenite columns were carried, however, a mile away, to grace

**30. THE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE**, which, in turn, is but a ruined wreck of the wondrous past. The Moslem, although a great fanatic, was not a great architect, or he would not have chosen such stupendous blocks for his capitals; another evidence that the modern architect has not the taste and skill of the ancient. Great things have we seen now of Baalbec, and yet, if you will submit to our leading, you shall see even greater. We have spoken of the cyclopean wall which surrounds these temples; let us examine for ourselves. As we leave the temple area we pass the barracks where are stationed the soldiers which garrison the modern town. At the entrance of the barracks is seated

**31. THE STATUE OF THE SUN**, the goddess which was once worshipped in the temple we have just left. The only light comes from a lamp hanging above. We pass around the barracks for a short diversion from our route, in order that we may look upon another curiosity of this great group of ruins,

**32. THE CIRCULAR TEMPLE.**—A curious freak of architecture is this. The temple seems to have been formed in a circle, and then cut into quarters and reversed. It stands alone, at a distance of three hundred yards from the other temples, and, seemingly, has no connection with them. It is 38 feet in diameter, and is surrounded by a peristyle of six columns nine feet from the wall, but owing to its construction its entablature, instead of being carried around in a circle, retreats toward the interior from the wall, thus causing a curious style of architecture. The building was once covered by a dome roof, but this has fallen, and the walls seem ready to follow suit almost at a breath. A century ago the Greek church used it, but now it is almost entirely abandoned, and safe it is to abandon it. How strangely in contrast with it, as far as solidity is concerned, is the great wall of

**33. THE CYCLOPEAN STONES** now presented to us. These three stones, which we see end to end at our left, measure in the aggregate 190 feet 6 inches, and are over 13 feet square. Moreover, they are hoisted upon a platform twenty feet above the ground. In this same wall are nine other blocks, which aggregate 198 feet in length. It is evident that the walls were built in another reign. Who it was that quarried and placed these largest stone upon earth no one can tell.

“Where Lebanon in glory rears  
Her cedars to the sky,  
Baalbec, amid the sand, appears  
To catch the curious eye,  
And 'mid her giant walks of old,  
The wild goat seeks a quiet fold.

“No pen has traced thy ancient state,  
No poet sung thy pride,  
But yet we know that thou wert great  
O'er all the world beside;  
Thy lofty columns proudly stand,  
Lone relics of a giant's hand.”

Beyond these stones, though apparently over one of them, is a great breach in this mighty wall. As we pass by we get the most picturesque of all the views at Baalbec, viz., a glimpse of

**34. THE TEMPLE OF BAAL THROUGH THE BREACH.**

—Now the giants seem to reach to the very clouds; from entablature to platform we may see them standing out, grim, silent, and dignified, holding a history which will never be told. "Who reared these stones? or were they upward hurled, the huge foundations of the granite world?" Again and again we look backward upon them as we leave. And whence came they? Less than a mile away, as we trot back toward Beyrout, is the place whence they came,

**35. THE QUARRY.** And here, still untouched, is the master stone of all, 68 feet long and 14 feet wide. Says our photographic traveller: "Three of us stretched across it head to feet, the material giving out at the knees of the third person. I placed a Syrian on it when I made the view, and a sportive donkey walked in my foreground, uninvited, at the moment of exposure, while in the shade, sixty feet in the distance, my companions are seated at lunch. As I passed I heard the plaintive cry, 'Kowadje, baksheesh.' I turned and was reminded of the professional engagement which I had made a day before with a son of the soil,"

**36. OUR DONKEY BABY OF BAALBEC.**—Ten days old was this youthful animal; he was so proud of his tiny tail that he almost refused to show it. His patient mother and his master, too, were more obliging. These are specimens of the present power of Baalbec. Surely no such could have built the magnificent works of art we have seen. We depart from them, feeling about as insignificant as the young gentleman before us, and as if our ears were as large as his. Quietly we follow down the great valley of the Lebanon, known as the valley of Bükka. At one point, close to the town of Meksheh, we get one of the most glorious views in all Palestine, which reaches from

**37. LEBANON TO ANTE-LEBANON.**—The west side of Mount Hermon is in full view; scarcely in any part of the world can a more sublime view be found. We are standing overlooking the central valley of the Bükka in Coele-Syria. This great valley is regarded as the continuation of the Jordan Valley, though quite distinct from it. About two days' journey north from where we are, in imagination standing, near Baalbec, rise the two greatest rivers

of Syria, the Orontes, which runs north to Antioch, and the Leontes, which runs southwest to Tyre. Near here the ancient Riblah stood. There King Nebuchadnezzar encamped while his general captured Jerusalem. Here they slew Zedekiah's sons and then put out his eyes and carried him to Babylon in chains, so the prophesy was fulfilled that he should "go to Babylon" but "never see Babylon." This vast plain was once the track of invading armies for centuries, and nearly every foot has been fought over by Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, Romans, Greeks, Moslems, and Crusaders. As the shepherds now roam through these mountains and plains to-day, so did the patriarchs with their flocks and herds. And creeping across the plain like a river the caravans were often seen; yes, even now are seen. The little town of Meksheh at our feet is where one of our American missionaries was quarantined a few years ago, after he had been giving medicine to the people of Baalbec; a poor requital for his work. His home was in

**38. ZAHLEH**, a little village which lies hugged in between the mountains, reminding us of Switzerland as to locality, but by no means as to inhabitants and architecture. The tall poplars and walnuts line the rushing river on each side, the camels and donkeys abound with their shrewd attendants, and the whole scene is such a strange mixture of the different parts of the world that even an old traveller can scarcely guess where he is. Only when he meets his missionary friend, and stands with him at the door of

**39. THE GIRLS' SCHOOL AT ZAHLEH**, does he feel at all at home. Again we see how pretty these children of Northern Syria are. Another group is assembled in the foreground, with their teachers near. In the distance we see a bit of the hillside on which the town is located. About a day's journey from Zahleh is Beyrout. The ride on horseback is one of the most charming that one could ever desire to make. Most excellent is the French diligence road, the horses are good, the scenery is magnificent, the wayside bits are picturesque, and the whole trip is one that elevates and widens one's mind as well as the lungs. There is a strange fascination about it. As we near the city we come to

**40. THE BEYROUT MUSIC GARDEN.**—It is a recently constructed building, but the music of the band and hilarity of the exercises there make the oriental traveller feel that he is coming

to the borders of "civilization." The descent of the mountainside must be carefully made, though an expert rider can indulge in all the speed his horse can be made to attain. Now we come in full sight of

**41. A BEYROUT STREET VIEW AND A WALL OF FLOWERS.**—The buildings still continue to be picturesque, reminding one here and there of Italy, of Palestine and Arabia, and then of Egypt, always giving us as we proceed more evidence of civilization, because the tops of these walls are covered with lovely flowers whose variety is almost infinite. Our next view is of

**42. BEYROUT TOWARD MT. LEBANON.**—In the distance we see a bit of the Mediterranean Sea; in the far distance a portion of the Lebanon mountain range, whose white peaks we saw as we trotted down from Damascus to Baalbec. Here we see again strange houses. Although many of the inhabitants are English and American, still a house on the European plan is not so well adapted to a hot climate. We turn from this distant view, and, looking toward our left, we obtain another of

**43. BEYROUT TOWARD THE SEA.**—Apparently close to the shore is one of the many school buildings. The town is splendidly located upon the Mediterranean, and is the great seaport of Palestine; its locality is not only beautiful, but its history is wonderful. Scenes of terrible bloodshed have occurred here in days gone by, and even now, as one passes up the curious and crowded streets, he is wont to meet a dervish whose eyes seem to speak nothing but hatred and threats, and who, were he not under the iron arm of the law, would yield to the temptation to kill "the Christian dog," but the Christian dog has too great a foothold to be easily destroyed. Some of his works we see in

**44. THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND GIRLS' SEMINARY,** which are under the charge of the American missionaries. This is only the view of their main buildings, however, for connected with them is

**45. THE SYRIAN PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.**—And this does not include the whole of the Presbyterian College, for there is also a medical college and a preparatory building, all of which are

magnificent in size and important to the work of the missionaries. In our next photograph we present

**46. ANOTHER VIEW OF THE SYRIAN MISSION SCHOOL.**—Not very unlike some of the school buildings in our own country as to furniture, but when we look upon the blackboard we see the lesson is in Arabic, and when the pages of the Bible are scanned, they, too, are seen printed in strange characters, as well as the motto and number of the class to which it belongs. All these came from the missionary printing press at Beyrout. We have now seen the people, the way they work, the way they live, and the way they are taught, so we prepare now to make our departure. We have already seen the great steamship awaiting us in the harbor of Beyrout; we take passage in it, and, after a pleasant sail on the classic Mediterranean, make our next halt at

**47. ANCIENT JOPPA.**—As we see, the city stands on a hill and looks like a fortification. The American flag soars above all else, on the consulate. Joppa is the place where Peter had his famous vision; where Dorcas lived; where Jonas set sail. It is anything but an attractive place. Large vessels cannot reach it, so rocky is the coast, and the passengers and freight must be carried ashore. Our view, our artist tells us, was made from one of the rocks. 2 Chron. xi:16; Jonah i:3; Acts x:11. We make a visit to the town, and, led by a guide, visit

**48. THE HOUSE OF SIMON, THE TANNER,** which, as we have stated, is located here. It was made interesting by being the place where Peter resided. One of the tan vats we see in our view, said to be used by Simon, the tanner, looks old enough to be authentic. Acts ix:10-11. And now the shrill whistle of our steamer warns us to make our departure; not only must we do this but we must part with

**49. OUR DRAGOMAN, MOHAMMED ACHMED EFFENDI HEDAIYAH,** a man of infinite skill and trustworthiness, a dragoman of twenty-five years' experience, constant, brave, fearless, true to his patrons, and to whom many of the pictures illustrated are due, for he not only accompanied our artist travelling through Palestine, but through Petra. Since it is his request, we make

known the fact that he is a silk merchant, and his address is No. 8 Silk Bazaar, Alexandria, Egypt, where he will be glad to wait upon travellers. No better or wiser dragoman can be found in his part of the country. Our closing view is of our artist's

**50. TRAVELLING TENT, INTERIOR.**—We see him seated in his camp chair at the door of his tent, apparently reading over his programme for the coming day. "In this tent," he says, "I slept for seventy-five nights; it protected me from weather and the Arabs during the whole of the journey of the Sinai peninsula, Arabia, Petra, and Palestine, and only on two occasions served me falsely; then its pins gave way, owing to the fugitiveness of the sand, and scattered photographic apparatus, etc., everywhere. The tent was supplied with one bed and a table, and the whole stock in trade of furniture and photographic apparatus were also pushed inside. After a few nights' experience we got so that we could dovetail them together, and after considerable persuasive effort with our Arabic attendants, taught them to approach the same places for every parcel at the end of each day. It was always a work, however, to get our tent erected, and to get things ready for camping out at night. Very rarely did we camp two nights at the same place. Our paraphernalia consisted at one time of 27 camels and 31 Arabs, and at another time of 8 horses and 12 mules, with as many men in attendance." Thus, we see, that the photographic expedition of our traveller was no insignificant one, and the same may be said of his results. We leave him in his reverie, and hope at some future time we may again meet his works in various directions.

And now we bid farewell to the land which holds so much of interest, both because of its past and because of what remains there of the past, to say nothing of the people who now possess the land. We have traversed it pretty thoroughly, and our artist has given us a pictorial record which is valuable beyond price. And yet, though he has enabled us to follow Moses to the Promised Land, and has shown us where the patriarchs lived, and where our Saviour's life upon earth was spent, our desires are still unfilled—we want also to see the land of the Pharaohs and to know more about it. This we shall also be privileged to travel and to under-

stand by means of the two hundred and fifty views and descriptions which follow.

Let us approach it with a sober sense of the wondrous reality that still remains with the ruins of the Nile land.

“The lover, all as frantic,  
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;  
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.”

And so shall we see, in Egypt, much to enliven our imaginations; but it will be more real than a mere “Midsummer Night's Dream.”

## A THOUSAND MILES IN NILE-LAND.

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ALEXANDRIA; CAIRO; THE PYRAMIDS; THE NILE FROM RHODA TO ABOO-SIMBEL; AND THE OLD-TIME TEMPLES ON THE WAY.—What a strange fascination there is about the land of the Pharaohs. The tiniest child becomes familiar with the name of Pharaoh before it can pronounce that of the President; and ere it can lisp the name of our three greatest rivers, well knows that story of the Nile which gave Moses to the young princess. Who is not familiar with the charming story of Joseph, slave, prince, and ruler in the land of Goshen?

And was not Egypt the land whereto the Mother Mary fled with the child Jesus, to escape the murderous Herod? Are not the pages of Holy Writ filled with allusions to this old land?

Egypt is the land where history was born; here words were coined that help us in our daily talk; here art and science once held sway, and sent their teachings far and wide. Before all this Egypt was. No matter from what point of view we focus our thoughts in our endeavors to get at the mysteries of the past, sharply before us comes the fact that before all else Egypt was. This sunny land bears the earliest record of man's attempt at outward expression; she still holds, in perfect condition, those monuments which bear the first written words. How plainly her great river, still worshipped as Creator by many who dwell upon its shores, tells us how Egypt began, and how the process of her creation continues year by year. It is as though her veins and arteries were all exposed, and the secrets of her life—the circulation of her life-blood, made visible, with only the light of her own sun to reveal them.

And what strange kings have ruled this wondrous land! The Pharaohs were succeeded by the Romans, the Greeks, and the

Christians; these were followed by the rule of Islam, which in turn was followed by the march of higher civilization, that stalwart forerunner of Christianity. What subjects there are in Egypt for study, both among the pleasant people and the ruined works of their ancestors. Let us together, by means of the pictures secured by our zealous photographer, whose heart and hand seem to have been in his work, obtain, at least, an impression of what the visitor to Egypt may see to-day, even though travelling in the usual rapid American style. Forgetting all the miseries of the ocean passage, all thought of heads as dizzy and feathery as a dandelion, of tantalized visceras, and the tedious tour through the Continent, let us at once imagine ourselves aboard the good India ship "Bangalore," entering the Bay of Alexandria. We have, during a three days' passage sailed along the sunny shores of Italy, classic Greece, the snow-capped peaks of Mt. St. Elias, the Ionian Islands, and Crete, in turn. They are now banished from our minds by the lovely scene before us. Indian cooks and Arabic attendants no longer attract us; we are *in Egypt*, face to face with the Orient! No purpled peaks or belching volcanoes are before us, as at Naples; no islands crowded with workhouses and prisoners, as in New York; yet the approach to Alexandria is superb, sublime! The water is dotted with boats, whose motley crews sight us afar off and are soon alongside claiming the right to carry us ashore. We feel like embracing the first one who seizes our person, so eager are we to step upon Oriental ground. Passing the Customs quickly, we are in a few moments upon the quay, and obtain a near view of

**1. THE RAS-ET-TIN PALACE.**—This lordly dwelling-place of the Khedive is situated on the "Cape of Figs," a point of land known as Ras-Et-Tin. It was erected by Mohammed Ali, restored since by Ishmail Pasha, and recently much damaged by the guns of the English. As at the Seraglio at Constantinople, so here, the sea washes around the noble pile, yet but for the adjoining harem and the oriental gardens one would be slow to accept it as characteristic of Eastern architecture. More suggestive is the vast lighthouse which we see in the distance; it stands upon the site of the ancient Pharos, upon whose top, more lofty than that of the great Pyramid, once a great beacon fire was kindled at night to warn the

wearily sailor off the dangerous coast. The ancient lighthouse, though much lower than the one erected by the command of Ptolemy Philadelphus, long stood as one of the seven wonders of the world. Now permit us to conduct you to the heart of the city, that you may see the more interesting quarters of this once mistress of the world. Since all good travellers first make their peace with their native consuls, let us repair at once to

## 2. THE AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN QUARTER.—

The late home of our American Consul is seen on our left, and adjoining were the offices of the Court of St. James. Opposite is the Royal Theatre. At least this was the case when our picture was taken, but since then they have all been looted and destroyed. Now, our passport recorded, our guide furnished, we enter upon the business of seeing the Arabic quarters of Alexandria. Our first visit is made to

## 3. A CURIOUS BAZAAR.—

What busy throngs are in the narrow streets, and what a motley crowd. Caravans of camels loaded with sugar-cane, straw, grass, stone, and wood. Arabs and donkeys by hundreds, the latter in lieu of street cars for the conveyance of travellers. The men hurry by with loads upon their heads and backs, which appal those not accustomed to seeing them. These people are always busy, always in a hurry. Busy, did I say? Yes, busy; for the Arab is not lazy. His donkey teaches him to trot, and it is quite as easy for him to do so as to walk. How strange the women look. We cannot see their faces, for, says the Koran, "It is a shame for an unmarried woman to show her face to a Christian." Her veil is long and heavy, so as to secure it from displacement, and is held by a hideous nose piece, usually of gold or bamboo, fastened to her head by cords. And how these women work! They are sometimes seen bearing aloft on their heads huge bamboo coops filled with living poultry, trays heavy with slaughtered meat, a bushel basket of oranges, or half cord of wood, or a tray filled with pumpkins, seeds, sugar cane, dates, cauliflower, or fuel. Their bright eyes, when they have two, are always snapping, and their splendid figures are as erect as statues. But their faces! oh, spare us such a sight! They are by no means beautiful. It is always a curious sight to see

**4. AN EGYPTIAN LADY ON A DONKEY.**—This young Arab woman is seated upon her patient little animal in the style fashionable in the eastern cities, and seems to be dressed in the best that her income will provide. The donkey is one of the institutions of all these cities. He is a real interesting character, and is the best beloved of his keeper. His mistress, this time, is a married woman, or she would not be compelled to wear the face veil. She is probably on her way to the mosque to pray. Usually she is attended by a donkey boy, who, in the rear, guides the helm. Cross and exacting though he may be when at work, there is no love like that existing between the donkey and his driver. Such coddling, and spooning, and love signalling, and mutual understanding, and eyeing, as goes on between them about lunch time, you never saw. A delicate hoof, a superfluous tail, a meek and lowly disposition, and the ability to kick in five directions at one time, are considered the fine points of the donkey by those skilled in donkeyism. In imagination, let us mount upon one of these bright little animals, and after a trot of say ten minutes from the quay, we arrive at the great public square of Alexandria. The most prominent object there is

**5. THE STATUE OF MOHAMMED ALI.**—It stands in the centre of the square. This good Khedive of Egypt was beloved by all his people, and was worthy of such a distinguished honor as this. He makes us think of the monarchs of the past, and when thus thinking, we must agree that long-headed was the mighty Alexander when, 332 B. C., he chose this noble site for his city. Equal praise is due to the sages who made this the school of the world, and established here the most extensive library and museum of ancient times. Here St. Mark came and pleaded the cause of Christ, and thus made Alexandria the home of education, if not the birth-place of Christ. Here many martyrs bled and died during that epoch of martyrs, A. D. 281. Heathendom had its Hypatia as well as Christendom its St. Catharine, for the "Christian dogs" hesitated not to use the sword in defence of their cross and creed. Clemens, Origen, Athanasius, and Bishop Cyril all had hard struggles here. So has it been a turbulent place in modern times. Could we mount upon the horse of the Egyptian king, whose picture is now before us, and look front and rear, we

should see where, but a short time ago, terrible scenes of bloodshed, rapine, and outrage occurred. Then, after all, these noble buildings which surround our statue were razed to the ground, or burnt by the excited populace. Again, this quarter was made the place of execution of those who committed the outrages, by command of the English Government. Let us turn from these scenes of bloodshed, with the hope that they may never be reënacted.

**6. A MOSLEM CEMETERY** is one of the *curious* sights of Alexandria. Nothing can be drearier, unless it be *two* such cemeteries; and here, indeed, we have just such a sight, for this new necropolis is planted upon the place where stood the necropolis and serapium of ancient Alexandria. Here at any time may be seen roosting the most hideous of the females of Alexandria, cackling out their dry-eyed grief for pay, proxies of the busy ones who cannot take the time to mourn for their dead, or bring offerings to their graves. Beyond this modern Inferno the god Serapis was worshipped, until Christianity, befriended and led by Theodosius and Theophilus, razed the heathen temple to the ground. Nothing now remains of the once splendid edifice but a few shafts of columns lying about the ground, and, as seen in the far distance, Pompey's Pillar. Many curious things are there here in Alexandria worthy of our attention, but we must hasten to the sister city, Cairo. Long before we reach Cairo, whether we go by camel, canal, donkey, or rail, we see the tall minarets of the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, standing upon the very top of the hill of

**7. THE CITADEL OF CAIRO.**—We approach close to the walls of the old fort and stand beneath its windows. Now the minarets of the mosque seem to reach to the very skies; its dome is seemingly as lofty as a mountain peak, while the great clock-tower on the left seems to rival it in splendor.

This city, walled and thickly set  
 With glittering mosque and minaret,  
 Is Cairo, in whose gay bazaars  
 The dreaming traveller first inhales  
 The perfume of Arabian gales,  
 And sees the fabulous earthen jars,  
 Huge as were those wherein the maid  
 Morgiana found the Forty Thieves  
 Concealed in midnight ambuscade;

And seeing more than half believes  
 The fascinating tales that run  
 Through all the Thousand Nights and One,  
 Told by the fair Scheherezade.

We climb the hill towards the left, enter the citadel gate, and in a few moments stand within the court of the mosque, close to

**8. THE ABLUTION FONT AND CLOCK TOWER OF THE MOSQUE.**—The clock tower is a modern innovation here, and has been added since the mosque itself has been constructed. The Fountain of Ablution, however, is inseparable from the mosque, and every visitor who enters must displace his shoes, and if his feet and health be too delicate to bear the chill of the marble floor, he is permitted to wear shoes made of rush or plaited straw. If he be a good Mohammedan he will go barefoot, first halting at the ablution fountain and performing the ceremony of washing head, hands, and feet before entering the mosque. Once this is done he enters the mosque, and stands with face towards Mecca prepared for prayer. The interior of a Mohammedan mosque is always solemn; one cannot help but feel interested in the devout disciples of that curious faith.

**9. AN ARAB PRIEST READING THE KORAN IN THE MOSQUE** is also a strange sight. He stands upon the "reading-place," as it is called, and, with Koran in hand, recites passages therefrom, while those below him are at prayer. The sight is always a picturesque one as well as solemn, and no one can look upon it without feeling impressed at least with the earnestness of these people. The mosque which we saw a moment ago was erected as the burial place of the good Khedive Mohammed Ali, whose equestrian statue we saw at Alexandria. We now stand at

**10. THE TOMB OF MOHAMMED ALI.**—The mosque which bears his name was constructed to be his tomb, and also to serve as a monument to his memory. The tomb proper occupies but a very tiny corner of the vast interior. It is surrounded by an ornamental enclosure, with many lamps, and globes, and ostrich eggs suspended over and around it, and with a dim religious light reflected from its stained windows, all of which help to make a very impressive and

solemn scene. The feeling that one has when looking upon this splendid effect is that he is in some solemn place of the dead, and, therefore, although but few people assemble to worship in the mosque, it is a grand success, because it so fully carries out the intent of the architect who constructed it and the desires of the people who caused its construction. We shall no longer spend our time here, but look out upon pleasanter scenes of the world of wonder and mystery which lies below the citadel, none the less than a view of

**11. CAIRO SOUTHEAST FROM THE CITADEL.**—What a magnificent scene is presented before us. Cairo is an oriental city in the truest sense of the word. The old Arab philosopher was wont to exclaim, “See Cairo and die,” meaning that nothing more gorgeously splendid could be found on the face of the earth. In some sense he is correct—*there is but one Cairo*. It lies outspread before us like a rich Persian rug, and may well be called the “Gem of the Orient.” Standing boldly in front of us are the barracks of the citadel, and the prison where Arabi Pasha awaited the edict of the law. No matter in which way we turn, we see the tall minarets of the mosques lifted towards the sky. And what a noise comes up from the narrow and crowded streets. The heart fairly leaps with enthusiasm at the picture spread before the eyes. Further beyond we see the vast desert. If the eye could reach so far, we could see the great Pyramids. The eye is on every side entertained and delighted with variety of form and color. How strangely plain, compared with the grandeur before us, is

**12. THE AMERICAN MISSION HOUSE AT CAIRO.**—Here are several schools, conducted by faithful missionaries from America, for boys and girls of all persuasions who live in Cairo. The lot of ground on which it stands was given by the Khedive of Egypt in exchange for a lot he desired in another part of the city. The building which we see not only includes the various schools, but also the chapel and church of the mission. We see standing at the right of the arch a number of attendants at the Bible and book store, also included in the building. If we could see the other side we should observe one of the busiest and most curious quarters of Cairo, known as the French section, but we shall not rest at

Cairo longer at this time; we shall visit it again, and then see more of its strange and curious sights. All who go to Cairo resolve, before looking at the city proper, to see the Pyramids. Let us proceed there at once, make our way through the busy throngs in the narrow streets, and cross

**13. THE KASR-EL-NIL BRIDGE.**—What a busy scene is here presented. Thanks to instantaneous photography, we have caught camels, donkeys, Arabs, tourists, and what not in the very act of crossing this splendid bridge over the Nile. How strange the comparison between the lines of the English-built, modern bridge and the great rows of tall palms which we see waving a welcome in the far distance. Persistently we push our way with the rest, and reach the road that leads to the great Pyramids. Glad are we when we have turned a little from the river to find this splendid

**14. AVENUE OF ACACIAS,** beneath whose shade we may drive. For some little distance on every side we see stands and booths for the sale of various articles, principally of food, which no European traveller would for a moment consent to partake of. After these are left the traveller is treated to a long line of Arabs, old and young, who beg for backsheesh, or offer all sorts of unnecessary service. Glad, then, is he when he comes to the end of his journey, and stands in full view of

**15. THE GREAT PYRAMID OF CHEOPS,** known sometimes as the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. The largest pyramids are three in number, and are named after their reputed builders, Cheops, Chefren, and Mencheres. The first is the one presented to us now. It has lost several layers of masonry from its top, which fact reduces its height about thirty feet. What the purpose of these great structures was we know not. They are constructed of limestone, some of which was doubtless quarried from the spot, and some from another quarry. The outside casing of this great structure has been almost wholly removed, and lies in some of the old buildings of Cairo, for there huge blocks are pointed out as having formed this casing. The entrance is seen at the side towards the right. The ascent is made at the corner presented in

the centre of the great structure. In the foreground we see awaiting us the Sheikh Mohammed, chief of the Bedouin who inhabit and infest this neighborhood. He is a valuable and useful companion to tourists. On the right are seen two small pyramids, which are of a number that are located near their great brother. The ascent to the great pyramid is found quite difficult, as the steps vary in height from four to five feet. Many theories are offered by scientists as to the purpose of this great structure, but whatever else it may have been, it must have been used as a tomb. Once the summit is gained, a most splendid view is offered to the traveller; on one side the illimitable desert; on the other, the road which leads towards Cairo. On still another side is the view now presented before us of

**16. THE PYRAMID OF CHEFREN.**—We get even a grander impression from this elevated view of the next to the largest pyramid, than we do from the ground. Our observer and photographer, as we may see, is seated upon a stone which forms a portion of the present summit of the great pyramid, and the camera has been pointed by his companion downwards, so as to get a splendid sense of the height of the neighbor of Cheops. It will be observed that a portion of the outer casing of this pyramid remains near the top, which is the strongest proof the scientists have that all the pyramids were thus encased. We now scramble back again, with the assistance of Arabic guides, who make more noise than they do service, and visit that other great mystery of the desert, which, with the third great pyramid, forms our group of

**17. THE SPHINX AND THE PYRAMID OF MENCHERES.**—This great monster of the desert is larger than all the sphinxes known in the world. It is now so covered with sand that the human part only, or the head and body, is visible. Doubtless when the great architect of the desert first visited this locality, a monstrous stone or rock stood in the way, too unsightly to be permitted to remain in its then shape, in close proximity with his splendid work, the great pyramid; he then conceived the idea of making it more beautiful, and from his thought and work resulted this stupendous figure; only its forepaws were added to make the monster complete. The Sphinx was a local deity of the Egyptians,

and was treated by them with divine honors. Immediately under the breast of this monster was an altar, now embedded in the sand; in olden time the smoke of the sacrifice went up into the gigantic nostrils; now, however, rather snubbed is the face of what was once looked upon as a god. On one of the paws of the Sphinx an inscription is cut, which Dr. Young has translated as follows:

“Thy form stupendous here the gods have placed,  
Sparing each spot of harvest-bearing land;  
And with this wondrous work of art have graced  
The rocky isle incumbered once with sand;  
And near thy pyramids have bid thee stand.”

The real size and grandeur of the Sphinx is not obtainable by means of a close view; let us then, in imagination, walk at least a mile away, and obtain

**18. A LAST LOOK AT THE SPHINX.**—In the foreground is a splendid view of the interior of one of the vast tombs which so abound in this pyramid desert, and which have been excavated by scientists. How splendid are these quarried stones, though broken and abused by time, the elements, and the vandal, and now how monstrous looks the Sphinx. Though like a pigmy alongside its great neighbor, still how wonderfully impressive it is as it sits there in the sand, gazing eastward day after day, never complaining, still performing its functions, whatever they may be, wonderful and sublime. In the distance again we see the pyramid of Cheops. As we look upon these wonders we are seized with the desire to know something of the people who constructed them, and to gain some impression of their looks; to do this we must repair to the museum at Cairo, where we shall be gratified.

Since what unnumbered year  
Hast thou kept watch and ward,  
And o'er the buried Land of Fear  
So grimly held thy guard?  
No faithless slumber snatching,  
Still couched in silence brave,  
Like some fierce hound long watching  
Above her master's grave.

Let us leave the pyramids, then, at once, and repair to the museum; there we see

**19. THE BLACK SPHINX HYKSOS.**—By this means we obtain a better idea of what the original Sphinx of the desert must have been. The one before us is of rare quality, and in a state of splendid preservation. Instead of being of the usual granite or syenite, of which many other sphinxes are made, this one is black, with a highly polished surface. In ancient Egyptian history we learn that there were certain foreign kings of Egypt, who were called "Hyksos," and who held the native princes in subjection for about nine hundred years. Their dynasty lasted from 2547 until 1625 B. C., when they were expelled. Their expulsion is contemporaneous with the reduction of the Israelites to bondage. They were sometimes called the "shepherd kings," and were a very powerful dynasty. They did much towards the improvement of Egypt, and much towards the perpetuation of their own memory by the splendid monuments they have left behind them, one of the most splendid of which is presented to us now. But all of these ancient monuments were not of stone; wood was also used, as we see now by this remarkable wooden

**20. STATUE OF SHEYKH-EL-BELED.**—We may represent this as the most wonderful thing in the Boulak Museum, for it is believed to be over 6000 years old. The natives living where it was found said it looked like the face of Sheykh-El-Beled, which meant the oldest sheykh in the neighborhood; from that fact it obtained its name. It is small, but most life-like. It was carved from a single billet of wood, but, like the Venus de Medici, in Florence, has been much patched up by the modern restorer. Altogether it is a wonderful statue. The old gentleman excites a great deal of interest among visitors to the museum, and although not very handsome, is very marvellous, and supplies great material for thought.

**21. THE GRAND VESTIBULE OF THE BOULAK MUSEUM** gives us a more presentable likeness of the kings and queens of the past, and a better idea of their facial appearance. In the centre of the group are various stelæ, or tombstones, canopic vases, and other curios, all of which are said to be thousands of years old. The tiny figure sitting on the right of King Cheops is called "the scribe." It is a very interesting and life-

like statue of more than usual artistic excellence. But we have seen enough of old Egypt to acquaint us with its history, and enough of the busy city for the present to create a desire in us for what is to be seen outside. We shall, therefore, make a tour of the Nile, travelling as far as the first, and then afterwards to the second cataract. Also, on the way, we shall view some of the wondrous ruined temples, so famed in history. Waiting for us at the bridge which we crossed to reach the pyramids is

**22. THE STEAMER "BENI SOUEFF."**—She is but a tiny craft, belonging to the Khedive's line of steamers, and is a mail boat. How curiously she is laden. Her decks are covered with crates of oranges, vegetables, coops of chickens and turkeys, hampers of fruit, boxes of eggs, barrels of flour, and other articles of food. Behind the great white sheet which we see stretched across the lower deck is the supply of meat for our journey. All this is necessary, for there are no palace hotels along the Nile, or scarcely a place where a repast, such as the Nile tourist would be willing to partake of, can be found; therefore, all provision for the journey must be carried upon the steamers. Woe be to the traveller if he be caught upon a sand-bar, or strike a cataract in the Nile, for then he must subsist upon such diet as can be provided by the friendly Arab. Our steamer, then, being ready, we shall start, halting to look at various points of interest on the way. The first will be

**23. THE ISLAND OF RHODA.**—Here Moses was found floating in his little craft among the bulrushes. There are beautiful gardens here, a holy tree covered with fragments of cloth of various colors, a fine mosque, the famous Nilometer for measuring the inundation of the Nile, and the modest tomb of the sheikh. We do not land, however, until we get to a little village a few miles further south, where we halt and take to the donkey back for a pleasant ride inland to Heliopolis for the purpose of seeing

**24. THE TREE OF THE VIRGIN.**—Beneath this old sycamore tree tradition tells us Joseph and the Virgin Mary rested with the child Jesus while fleeing from the murderous Herod. Heliopolis is supposed to be the site of the old city of On, men-

tioned by Moses. Here it was that Potiphra, the Servant of the Sun, resided; here, too, it was that Joseph, the pet of Pharaoh, came and secured the affections of Asenath, the daughter of Potiphra. All that now remains of the past to mark the site is an obelisk, that we shall visit on some future occasion, and this fine old sycamore tree. Tradition tells us that during the rest of the holy family alluded to, the salt and muddy water of the Nile near by was turned into a sweet and limpid stream. We may believe what we will of this story, but the tree undoubtedly is an ancient one. Thanks to our photographer, we have a full view of it. We now return from this ancient spot, and, after a short sail, cross the Nile, and look upon one of the modern innovations of the Nile country.

**25. THE SUGAR MILL AT MINIEH.**—This is one of the monuments of Egyptian folly, and really one of the innocent causes of the present war in Egypt. To their shame, be it said, the English and French, so the story goes, persuaded the too trusting Khedive that great wealth could be obtained in Egypt from the cultivation of sugar cane and the manufacture of sugar. Thereupon the Khedive signed contracts for the erection of ten times as many sugar mills along the Nile as the whole of Egypt could supply with cane to keep them grinding for one-sixth of the year; even this single mill (*E Pluribus Unum*) has scarcely enough to do three months in the year, though some of the cane which we see crushed and broken outside the mill had to be brought fully one hundred miles on camel back, there being no railroad or other means of conducting it hither. Of course, Egyptian bonds were taken for the construction of these mills and some royal palaces in the neighborhood, and heavy interest exacted by the foreign governments. When young Egypt came to itself and the outrage was discovered, the interest was refused, and the rebellion of Arabi Pasha and his followers took place. And no wonder they rebelled. Again we turn from these evidences of "civilization" and look upon the scenes of the past. We now stand in full view of

**26. THE EGYPTIAN DESERT FROM THE TOMBS AT ASSIOUT.**—A modern Arab is seated in our foreground, looking off towards the Nile, meditating, no doubt, if he ever meditates at

all, upon the scene before him. If we had the ability to dig and explore the hillside which lies at his feet we should find many an ancient grave beneath the drifting sand, far more pretentious and costly than the tomb of the sheikh, which we see shining in the sun near the right of our picture. Let us turn from this village of the dead and of the past, however, and enter one of these modern Arabian villages. We pass through the busy streets, always crowded, always, noisy, always picturesque, and so much is there to see on every side that we scarcely know which way to turn. In strange contrast with what we shall see presently is this

**27. ARABIC DOORWAY.**—It is rather picturesque in appearance, made up of tile and the peculiar brick found at Keneh on the Nile. If we should pass this doorway we would enter the court of a modern house in an Egyptian town. From the sides of the court we should see the doorways leading to the various apartments of the home, including that of the harem. We are prevented, however, from any such intrusion by the master of the house, who stands posted at the door to welcome the stranger, but, at the same time, to prevent entrance into the sacredness of his home. His attendants are about him too strong in number to resist, and so we pass on. At Keneh we take to a rowboat, and by our Arab crew are carried to the other side of the Nile, where we obtain our first sight of an ancient temple. It is

**28. THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.**—This magnificent structure was once entirely covered by the sand and débris of modern villages, but has since, by the Boulak Museum authorities, been excavated, and is now well worthy of a visit. We enter it by this great hall of columns; we see how wondrous is their construction, and in what a perfect state of preservation they are. Indeed, it is something marvellous. Some of them were originally beautifully colored. On the ceiling of this grand hall of columns is the zodiac, supposed by historians to be the work of the Egyptian astronomers. The picture of Cleopatra is also found painted on the wall. It bears some slight resemblance to her, but is far more beautiful. The architecture of the Temple of Denderah is equal to any other in the country. Had we time to enter the doorway we should plunge into the mysteries of the interior, but we must

desist, as we still have a long journey before us. And we go, therefore, and make our next halt at

**29. THE TEMPLE OF GOORNEH.**—It is one of the grand structures included in the Theban group. Had we not seen Denderah first, we should consider this a magnificent structure. The distant view, together with the fact that the roof and cornice are gone, makes this fine temple look low and squatty, as now seen, although it is by no means so, as we shall see when we look upon

**30. THE HALL OF COLUMNS OF GOORNEH.**—These great columns are much more worn and broken than those of Denderah, for the simple reason that they have always been exposed to the elements instead of being covered up. Their hieroglyphics are largely broken away; the temple porticos are also much broken, and pieces lie scattered about as large as some of the granite blocks on our mountain tops. The feeling one has when standing in these ruined temples is a peculiar one. The vast interiors are generally now open to the sky, and where once all was darkness and mystery the light of heaven's sun pours down. But alas! it reveals nothing of the past; all still remains a mystery, and we must always leave these places dissatisfied and discontented, more, perhaps, for the reason that our curiosity cannot be gratified than a real desire for information. Still, could we read all that these strange inscriptions unfold to those who can understand them, we should no doubt gather much knowledge that would be helpful. Not far from this great temple stands

**31. THE VOCAL MEMNON OF THE THEBAN DESERT.**  
—Could this mysterious monster speak what a tale could he unfold, and how much that would add to our knowledge could he reveal; but his lips are all broken away, his sight is gone, and his power to give sound, which power was claimed for him in olden time, is also gone, and so he cannot satisfy us. He sits here upon his throne, watching, waiting for something, perhaps, we know not what, but refusing to respond to any query that we may make of him. Strange mystery! Wondrous giant! Magnificent work of the past, and yet how dumb! Owing to the isolated position of this colossus and his companion, they loom up in apparent increased

size. They are said to represent Amenophis III., who erected them, probably, to guard his own Memnomium, of which little now remains. The height of these statues is now about fifty feet. The vocal memnon is the one that was said to give forth musical sounds at sunrise. There is an opening in the back of the throne large enough to admit a man, and in the lap of the figure is a stone, that being struck gives forth a peculiar ringing sound. For a considerate backsheesh the modern traveller may obtain the services of an expert Arab boy, who will climb up to this opening and produce such sounds as only the early riser was privileged to hear in ancient days. A little further toward Cairo is

**32. THE RAMESEUM OF THE GREAT KING.**—The old monarchs of Egypt were very fond of perpetuating themselves in granite, and none of them more so than was that King Rameses, who is said to have been contemporary with Moses. The greatest statue that he ever constructed of himself we now see lying upon the ground, beyond the great hall of columns in his memnomium. There he lies, face downward, shattered. Osiride columns, each bearing the image of the god, faithfully attend him, but alas! they could guarantee him no protection. So startled are we on all sides at the stupendous proportion of these antiques, that we do not stop to question how this monster could be brought to the sandy plain; we are puzzled to understand how, when he was once seated on his pedestal, what power could have brought him to the ground, and so scattered his fragments about. We do not understand how it could be done. The modern millers of Thebes use disks sawed from his colossal legs to grind barley with, and still there are fragments in plenty left. Originally, the weight of this gigantic colossus was 100,000 pounds, by far the largest quarried stone ever known. Crossing the river from Thebes we come to

**33. THE RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.**—In some respects the ruins at Karnak are the most wonderful of the Nile. Here is ruin, indeed, for earthquake has more than once striven to drive this monster masonry to the earth. Here are *forests of columns*, between which the sacred processions were wont to move, headed by Ptolemy, Philadelphus, Berenice, and Arsinoe. If we could count the columns we should find they are in all one

one hundred and thirty-four, each one 62 feet high and 36 feet in circumference. It seems as though earthquake itself could not disturb them, and yet in the distance see a portion of one of them leaning upon its neighbor for support. The immense size of a column can be better understood by

**34 THE DETAILS OF A CAPITAL AT KARNAK.**—How wonderfully it impresses us with the splendid strength of this masonry; how exquisite is the carving in every detail. The great bell-shaped capital seems large enough for any dwelling, and how many people could stand beneath it in case of storm and keep dry, can be easily understood. How such tremendous stones as compose the cornices could be lifted to these great heights is beyond our comprehension, but that they were, by means undiscovered by modern scientists, is true, and the evidence is before us. The ancient Egyptians had large capital to go on, if no other means of accomplishing their desires. Not very far from Karnak is the city of Luxor.

These ancient piles a higher moral teach  
Than sage can write, or orator can preach:  
The heart grows humbler in a sense like this,  
Yet soars above low schemes of transient bliss;  
And while it sighs that man should waste his hours,  
Rearing such mighty fanes to unknown powers,  
Looks inward at the creed itself maintains,  
If born of heaven, or free from error's stains.

One of the most impressive views along the Nile is obtained at eventide when we look upon

**35. LUXOR FROM THE THEBAN PLAIN,**—A group of Arabs has taken possession of the best point of sight before us. What they see as they sit at sunset upon the sight of ancient Thebes we may see: the Nile, the ancient Temple of Luxor, on the other side the minarets of modern times, and on the left the splendid obelisk erected by command of Queen Hatasou. The companion of this obelisk, so faintly seen in the distance, many of this audience have looked upon in the Place de la Concorde, in Paris. A fine study, indeed, is this of old and new Egypt. Modern Luxor, however, is a sleepy town, therefore we take to

our little steamer again, to proceed to a point still further south. Not very much further, though, for in less than a day, by the slow process of Nile travel, we reach

**36. ASSOUAN HARBOR.**—Here we make fast our little craft, because only six miles away the first cataract of the Nile is encountered, and no steamer can safely pass over it. Assouan is a curious place, indeed; it is the port of lower Egypt, where, as we have said, the traveller, if he proposes to journey further southward, must leave his boat, and, either by caravan or donkey-back, pass around the first cataract, leaving Egypt proper and entering Nubia. We see the port is crowded now with dahabeeahs. The town lies close upon the shore at the left; away in the far distance, upon the hill, we see the remains of an old Roman tower; upon the opposite side of the river is the Island of Elephantine, where lives a curious people, different from those in the near towns and other portions of Egypt. Every night some of these people come over to this side and entertain travellers by their curious dances. One of these we now see.

**37. HAHNEFA, THE FANTASIA DANCER.**—She is most curiously and wonderfully gotten up with her picturesque dress, her gorgeous jewelry, her ear decorations, and her tattooed face. The dance that she and her companions perform would not be called a dance in a European country, as it consists of curious contortions and evolutions of the body in time with the music of the band seated in Arab fashion, coiled up on the ground; yet with all it is a curious and picturesque sight, for one is puzzled to know how one could be brought into such lines and postures, speaking æsthetically. A strange people are they, but stranger still are their villages. One of the most interesting of the Nile towns is Edfou. Rather than walk through the vile, narrow streets and repeat what we have seen already in Alexandria, we take a view of

**38. EDFOU FROM THE TEMPLE WALL.**—At Edfou is one of the best preserved temples of Egypt. Curious is this old town of Edfou; its houses are made of adobe; they are roofless, or when with a roof are surmounted by a flat dome. There are no carpets on the floors, mother earth supplying the only carpet, the only floor. For many centuries the town of Edfou was built with

the wall of the ancient temple as its support; the comparatively modern houses would crumble to pieces; new ones were then built upon the débris, until the whole temple was covered over. It has since been excavated by the Boulak Museum, as we see now by

**39. A VIEW OF THE TEMPLE OF EDFOU: PYLON OR GATEWAY.**—What a splendid temple to be hidden for many a hundred years from the wondering gaze of the visitor. The temple of Edfou was commenced 184 years before the Christian era; its entire length is about 400 feet and breadth 200. Two hundred and fifty steps lead to the summit of each tower; its interior is made up of many spacious rooms on different floors. The view of the city from one of these towers of the great gateway has already been seen. The view of the Nile Valley from here is also most charming, and the best view of the plan of the temple is seen from the tower. As is the gateway, so are the walls and ceilings of the rooms completely covered with bas reliefs, some of which still retain their blue color, which seems to be imperishable. The more we look upon the mysteries of these temples of the past, the more we are impressed with the fact that the people who could construct such, and make them of use in the worship of their gods, must have been a great people, indeed. When we listen to a dissertation upon Nile tombs and temples, on some other occasion, we shall learn more of their general plan; now, however, we shall proceed with our journey, and, as predicted a few moments ago, we arrive at last at

**40. THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE NILE.**—“Not much of a cataract,” we hear the one familiar with the Falls of Niagara exclaim; and yet, when the Nile is low there is sufficient disturbance of the Nile waters here to prevent invasion. The best the traveller can do, if he has no other means of proceeding on his journey, is to sit down and think, as these natives to the manor born seem to be doing in the foreground. How impressive, withal, is the scene before us. The mighty waters surge, and seethe, and break against the masses of syenite which line them on every side, and seem to forbid the further intrusion of the sand, as it leaps along from the desert beyond. If we could join this trio, and have them guide us to the hill on the left, we should observe one of the

most beautiful and impressive scenes possible to obtain along the Nile, namely,

**41. THE RUINS OF PHILÆ, FROM THE SOUTH.**—Of all the ruined temples upon the Nile, the group at Philæ is undoubtedly the grandest. Philæ is a little island only a quarter of a mile long; its principal ruin is that of the Temple of Isis, whose tall gateways are seen upon the left of our picture. The most beautiful structure upon the island is known as the Kiosk of Isis, sometimes called the Castle of Pharaoh. It was upon the Island of Philæ that the Romans signed, in the year A. D. 451, the articles of peace with the Bedouin, who were the last worshippers of Isis upon the island, while afterwards the Christian religion was established here. The ruins of the Christian church are still pointed out to the traveller beyond the Temple of Isis. Although now no creed is represented here, yet we still see these examples of Roman and Egyptian architecture lifting themselves proudly up together towards the spacious temple of the true God above. Let us land upon the island now, and approach

**42. THE SECOND PROPYLON OR GATEWAY OF THE TEMPLE AT PHILÆ.**—We see an arch-shaped stone at the right; it is the only portion of the wall of the gateway that is not quarried. It is said to be the Ptolemaic land-grant stone, and bears upon its face an inscription, which is none the less than the deed given to the priests of Isis by the king then reigning, for the land upon which these temples have been erected. On all sides is ruin. No matter which way we turn we see evidences of strength, and might, and power. One of the most beautiful bits of all is the view of

**43. PHILÆ'S WEST COLONNADE AND THE ISLAND OF BIGGEH IN THE DISTANCE.**—Although not so extensive as some other portions of the ruins, here are some beautiful examples of ancient architecture. See how strangely different are the columns, how graceful their shapes, and how beautiful their proportions. And what immense strength is in the fragments, still remaining as they were placed by the architect of long ago. The Island of Biggeh, on the other side of the river, is also graced by

many fine ruins, and from it magnificent views of Philæ itself can be had. At the south end of the Island of Philæ we observe the remains of

**44. A COLONNADE AND OBELISK.**—Here, too, we see a splendid variety of Roman and Egyptian architecture. As though the Egyptian architect had not left his temple sufficiently high to satisfy the Roman, who followed him, there seems to be a second temple constructed upon the capitals of the first by people with more modern and more delicate ideas, and yet the Egyptian thought is preserved. The hieroglyphics tell of the worship of Isis, and upon each capital the face of the god is repeated; no two capitals are the same. There seems to have been no regularity of style and finish, and yet how beautiful is all. More and more are we impressed with the greatness of these people of the past, when we look into the faces of those of the present. We have no portraits of those who lived centuries ago to convince us of this, except such as we have just seen of the gods and kings left us in stone; these we may compare with the modern dweller, and are helped by this picture of

**45. A NUBIAN HABIT SELLER.**—This woman is of the peculiar type known as the “curly heads” in this part of the world. She is not a very amiable looking creature. Yet she and her tribe are friendly to the white man, and not at all bashful about pushing the beauties and peculiarities of their merchandise. Not only does our subject deal in articles of manufacture, but in what all the natives here seem to think is so attractive, “antiques.” Any pieces of broken stone, or bottle, or shell that can be found are offered to the travellers, and much disappointment is felt by them when they can make no sale. But woe be to you if the purchase be made; you are so beset for backsheesh that you are glad when the steamer blows her whistle and distance is placed between you and them, and you are released. A visit to two or three more of the curious temples of the Nile, and our journey must close. Our next halt will be made at

**46. THE TEMPLE OF KIRSCHER.**—Here is a strange admixture of excavated and constructed temple; a portion only of the latter style remains. We are fortunate here in finding a splendid

likeness of one of the antique kings. If the size of his head may be any indication of his power and mind, they must have been very great. Our photographer has ingeniously posed by the side of the colossal head a modern Nubian, that comparison may be made. Just as the modern Nubian falls behind his colossal ancestry in every respect as to size, so he must in mind, for he cannot conceive it possible to do anything beyond hoisting the water of the Nile by his shadoof to irrigate his native soil. Close to all these ancient ruined temples a village is to be found, the inhabitants of which seem to beg enough from the traveller during the season to support them the rest of their year, or, at least, sufficient to supply them with such things as they are obliged to purchase in the way of clothing. Their single meal per day they seem to be able to raise from the mother earth, although the supply is scanty and only such as the indulgent Nile spreads upon the sun during the inundation, or permits by means of irrigation, do they enjoy. Usually these great temples are near the Nile, but sometimes one is found at several miles distance; this is so with the one of

**47. THE WADY SABOOAH.**—But little remains above the sand now of this once splendid structure. That it was splendid we are well convinced when we see portions of the Avenue of Sphinxes (always found in the approach to these ancient temples). Another proof of the magnificence of this temple we discover in the remains which lie some distance back of the gateway, now partly embedded in the sand. What a scene of strange desolation it is, and how much subject it affords us for thought. The once great people who constructed and worshipped in these temples has long since passed away, with but little left to tell of their history. We are now in Nubia, nearly 1000 miles from Cairo, and near the end of our journey. One more more landing and we bid farewell—this time at

**48. THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ABOO SIMBEL.**—This tremendous structure is not constructed, but is excavated from the mother rock. No description can be given that will convey a better idea of the giant temple of 3000 years ago than photography here presents. Here are four colossal statues of Rameses III., and a noble propylon with a curious cornice, built of a part of the mountain from which they are hewn. How strange, how hard to com-

prehend, and yet how true. Owing to the peculiar construction of the temple these faces of the king have been preserved in a great measure from the ravages of time. Their immense height, too, has protected them from the ravages of the vandal. The most distant colossus has been snubbed somewhat by the glacier of golden sand that pours down from the north. The faces of these statues of the king have a pleasant and benign expression, which is very impressive.

'Tis toil and pain to climb the statue's knee:  
 See the broad breast like some vast buttress spread,  
 High as a war-tower springs the huge capped head.  
 What were they, mighty ones, dark Titan band,  
 Shaped to this awful guise by human hand?  
 The forms of heroes conquering once the world,  
 Or types of gods from heaven's high regions hurled?

If we stand, in imagination, at the foot of one of them we shall not be so impressed with their beauty, for now we see

**49. A COLOSSAL HEAD DISTORTED.**—This has been done by our photographer in order to prove the Nubian type of these faces of the kings. Again he shows his artistic genius, too, for he has posed a modern Nubian in the foreground, that we may compare. We are now looking upon a well-preserved likeness of the Egyptian king whose daughter saved Moses from the crocodile, and whose amiable son chased that same Moses across the Red Sea. The life-like expression fairly startles us, for not even the swelling nostrils of the Apollo Belvidere are more life-like. There are

**50. TWO TEMPLES AT ABOO SIMBEL.**—Their great fronts are about 100 feet in height, and each one has several apartments of great size. A wide glacier of golden sand rolls down from the mountain between them, and once nearly filled the large temple, the one on the left. How tiny these temples look compared with the mountain from which they are excavated, and yet if we compare them in turn with the length of our dahabeeh, or the steamer at the quay, we may still exclaim, stupendous! Our photographer has employed his guide to row him to a sand bar out in the stream, from which we may, by his resulting picture, not only see the temple fronts, but also the mountain from which they are

hewn. We are now a thousand miles from Alexandria. Strange, indeed, are these works of the ancients, and stranger still is it that no more of their ability, and of their power, has been inherited by their descendants, but such is the case. All nations seem to have their day—we know not what will befall our own—but, thanks to photography, and the care and skill of its votaries, we are able to obtain, without the fatigue of travel, thus much of the sights and scenes of A Thousand Miles in Nile-land.

## NILE TOMBS AND TEMPLES.

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TOMBS AT CAIRO; THE PYRAMIDS AND ALONG THE NILE; TEMPLES AT DENDERAH, EDFOU, ABYDOS, THEBES, PHILÆ, AND FROM THE LAST TO ABOO-SIMBEL AND THE SECOND CATARACT. —No country has received so much attention from either artist or antiquarian, as the narrow strip of land that runs from the centre of Africa to the sea. One would think, therefore, that Egypt, the child of the Nile, had received enough attention. Such, however, is not the fact, for, buried in her yellow sands and hidden beneath her sun-scorched mountains, are undiscovered mysteries which ages to come will hardly bring to light. Moreover, there are many things discovered which still await description, and much of what has been described may be seen to much better advantage in varied lights, like the chameleon which creeps about among the ruined temples. If we take a prism and hold it to the eye, we shall see an entirely different combination of colors from what our neighbor will discover, though the colors are the same, because it is impossible for both to catch and bend and break into color with our prism exactly the same beams of light; therefore it is proposed to bring before you to-night a fresh supply of information from the Nile country, as seen through the glasses of our artist's own camera, with the hope that our wanderings together may present a new side to the audience of the oldest places and people in the world. The most ancient monuments discovered in Egypt were her tombs. They are entitled, therefore, to the first place in our consideration to-night. Let us then visit the various kinds of tombs, and include in our examination the first ones discovered in Egypt.

We leave Cairo, in imagination, on donkey-back, and in order

that we may merely look at some old tombs on the way, we ride as far as Heliopolis. Long before we reach the site of the old-time city, the most aged of the family of obelisks is seen, with its pointed apex reaching far above the groves of acacias and figs, looking like a finger pointing toward the skies. Now we stand at the very base of

**1. THE OBELISK AT HELIOPOLIS.**—It was erected by King Osirtisen, of the 12th dynasty; it is somewhat more than 60 feet high and 6 feet square. Its ancient companions are in Rome, London, and New York. It was once the attraction of the City of On, where Moses studied, and Joseph's father-in-law was a priest in the temple. Near it stands the Tree of the Virgin, where it is said that Joseph and Mary halted to rest when fleeing to Egypt. Gen. xli : 45; Matt. ii : 13-15 and 21-23. If the obelisk was not intended to mark the place of the kingly tomb, it may serve at least as a tombstone for the ancient royal remains, and no doubt beneath this soil lies buried many an old-time monarch, for we learn that On was an extensive city. There are greater tombs, however, than any that are here, as we shall see when we take our voyage across the Nile. At our first halt we stand immediately before

**2. THE FALLEN CASING OF THE PYRAMID OF MENCHERES.**—This pyramid, we know full well, was erected by the proud king as a tomb for his best beloved daughter. It was encased with highly polished granite, as portions of it remaining and others lying scattered on the ground prove beyond a doubt. If we could join the Arab whom we see loitering here, we should see our own images reflected by the surfaces which were polished by the sweat of the brow of thousands who worked here 3000 years ago. This great tomb is 333 feet square at the base, and 203 feet high; there is but one chamber in this pyramid, in which was found a stone sarcophagus; it was secured for the museum in London, but was lost at sea on its way. The wooden coffin and mummy found in the passage leading to the chamber are now in the British Museum. In the neighborhood of this great pyramid there are many other tombs varying in style, size, and finish, but none so grand or so costly as that of the daughter of the proud and mighty Mencheres. Rivalling it, however, in splendor, were its

near neighbors, and near them we also find the ruins of temples. A little further on toward the great pyramid, and standing between that of Mencheres and that of Cheops, we find

**3. THE RUIN OF THE TEMPLE AND THE PYRAMID OF CHEPHREN**, close together. This great structure was also doubtless of great service as a tomb, and is much larger than the one we just left. Its base is 690 feet square, and it is 447 feet high. Within its sepulchral chamber is found an inscription, which tells us that the pyramid was first opened by El-Aziz-Othman, the son of Saladin, in the year 1200. It was again entered by Belzoni in 1816, when the sarcophagus in the chamber was found to be empty. The old temple whose remains we see close by, and in the foreground at the right, seems to be without history, and we can only pass it by in silence. Looking upon the tombs of these old-time people, we are curious to know what was their appearance. On their tombs we have secured their portraits, or statues, and if we repair to the Boulak Museum at Cairo, for a moment, we shall see there a magnificent

**4. STATUE OF KING CHEPHREN.**—What wonderful testimony is there here to the lasting quality of the Egyptian syenite, and also what a fine example we have of the artistic ability of the antique sculptor. It would be difficult even now for the modern sculptor to produce with chisel and brains a likeness more life-like than this. Here the old king has been sitting on his pedestal for thousands of years, as firm in character as the rock from which his image is hewn. He was a very strong king, and in life had much to do with the improvement of his people and country. All old-time Egyptian tombs were not like this. We look now at one of very different construction,

**5. THE TOMB OF THE CALIPH SULTAN GARRIBE.**—Probably no buildings in Cairo afford more attractive examples of Arabic architecture than the old tombs of the caliphs. Besides the walls, large and crumbling as they are, their tall minarets, their peculiar domes, their striped walls of white, and black, and red, are always picturesque. The mosques of the modern city resemble them very much; and, indeed, these tombs were mosques as well,

erected to cover the dead of five or six centuries ago. Unbridled monarchs were those caliphs. They were often born slaves, but when they came into power were as cruel and heartless as caliphship would allow. Their tombs were erected at public expense while they were living, and made to look like painted beauties; now, alas! they are mere wrecks. Again we return to the Nile, and see an example of still a different kind of tomb, excavated from the mountain side. This is

**6. THE FIRST TOMB AT BENI HASSAN.**—There are some thirty such tombs in this neighborhood, whose facades are cut in the cliffs, about half way up their height, and, therefore, far above the river. The walls of these tombs are usually engraved with details of the life of the occupants of old; each one is supplied with a hall leading to the mummy chamber below. Now the bat disputes the entrance of the tourist, and the smoke of torches and mania for carving names made this a bad place for photographic purposes. A great many coffins were found here a few years ago with mummied cats in them. Whether this was the "cats' home" or not, history does not tell, but it seems to be a feline place. The dust of these tombs still tastes of hyposulphite of cat and tincture of resin and mummy-cloth. Mr. Darwin, it is said, dated back his theory of the change from monkey to man 3000 years when he saw these mummy cats of Beni Hassan. Again we recross the Nile, and long before we reach them, see in the far distance the line of tombs known as

**7. SCHEIKH-ABD-EL-GOORNAH,** a portion of the necropolis of ancient Thebes. In the distance we observe a portion of the line of doorways of the tombs. These tombs are the same in construction as those at Beni Hassan; we shall, therefore, pass them rapidly by. After about a mile of hard riding across the sandy desert, we dismount at the foot of these limestone hills; we ascend, and when we reach the summit of one of the ridges we look back and obtain a magnificent view of

**8. THE PLAIN OF THEBES FROM BAB-EL-MALOUK.**  
—We are now standing upon the great burial place, for beneath our feet are miles and miles of tombs. Spread out before us is the magnificent Plain of Thebes, and away in the distance we observe

the colossal Memnon. Before we visit them, however, we will give attention to what is near by. Following a path for some little distance, we are at the very doors of the celebrated

**9. TOMBS OF RAMESES III. AND SETHI I. AT BABEL-MALOUK.**—Says our photographer in his notes: "Not much tomb is here, surely, thought I, as I stood upon the ridge opposite and chatted with my dusky Fellahin attendant, and yet in yonder hills are miles of excavations where once kings and queens awaited the coming of immortality. Truly this is the country of the dead. Not a living thing is to be seen, not even a dust-covered lizard, and it looks as if the forces of nature had extracted all vitality from everything. The tombs here are reached by inclined passages. On each side of these passages the chambers of the tombs are hewn; some are small and some are 40 feet square. The blocks of which they were constructed could not be passed between the narrow doorways, so must have been quarried from the rock. Here we see a different construction from any of the other tombs we have visited. Among the most noted are those of Sethi I. and Rameses III. The latter is known as Belzoni's tomb, being named after the discoverer.

**10. THE TOMB OF SETHI** also differs from the other tombs we have seen. Here are no representations of the life of the deceased; no more family or farm scenes; all being peculiar, fantastic, chimerical. Even the gods themselves assume grotesque forms, and a sort of horror creeps over us as we look upon them. Yet these are only emblems of the voyage of the soul to eternal happiness. How profoundly is one impressed with the stupendous difficulties which had to be met in the construction of these tombs. As we go in and out among their chambers of the dead the heat becomes suffocating; the bats in great numbers flirt out the torches of the traveller; the odor is dreadful; the half-naked, bronzed figures of the guides, with torches over their heads, light up figures of serpents, dragons, scorpions, beasts, and gnomes painted upon the walls, and make one wonder if Dante had not been here previous to writing his Divine Comedia. No wild imagination could picture such a scene; no delirium equal the horror of these shadows on the

walls. How sweet and fresh the air is when one returns to it. How strangely different is the scene as we turn to another view of

**11. THE TOMB OF SETHI I. AT ONE CORNER.**—We see depicted upon this wall not only images of the gods at their worship, or making funeral offerings, but here and there the image of the Scarabæus, the antique emblem of immortality. The same songs and odes seen in the last hall, though in a different strain, are here also shown. To the scarabæus was attributed the power of filling those who seemed to be dead with new and vital force. Our artist, however, tells a story which seems to explode this theory: “I found the modern scarabæus to be less generous. I caught a number on the sand, and placed them in a box in my state-room to preserve; they seemed to guess my murderous purpose, and at night I could hear scrambling going on. Each day the noise decreased. Judge of my chagrin when, upon opening the box, I found but one alive. He had eaten the others, and had proved the theory of the ‘survival of the fittest.’ How nature establishes science, thought I, and took care not to be caught that way again.” In another view of the tomb of Rameses III. we obtain a picture of

**12. THE HARPISST'S CHAMBER.**—On the adjoining wall we see depicted hieroglyphics of centuries ago. Here observe two harpists playing upon their instruments, sounding sweet music, apparently, as though to entertain the royal household while partaking of their food. The wonderful preservation of this group is remarked by all antiquarians as surpassing everything else of the kind. And who was it that occupied these tombs, and what kind of people were they? If we return for a moment to the Boulak Museum, we shall see standing there, side by side, fine examples of

**13. STONE AND WOODEN MUMMY CASES.**—In such receptacles as these the ancient dead were buried. The one on the right is of the hardest syenite or granite, the one on the left is of wood, most elaborately and expensively painted; they are each about ten feet high. They are coffins of kings and queens, as the hieroglyphics cut on them truthfully tell. Within these receptacles the bodies were laid after having been prepared by the persons whose lives were devoted to such work; they were then placed in their tombs, and there remained undisturbed for many centuries.

Now, alas! the mummies are pulled to pieces, and form parts of private collections all over the world, or else lie in some museum. Wonderful must have been the belief of the people who would make such preparation for resurrection. More wonderful was the process which could preserve the semblance of humanity so many thousands of years, as we see it depicted in

**14. THE FACE OF OLD KING PINOTEM.**—One would seem almost disposed to pity him when looking in his face, and yet many a long century ago he plunged beyond the mysteries which hide the scenes of immortality from us, and if his faith were realized has long since enjoyed his blessed hope. The mummy of King Pinotem was one of a large collection found in the summer of 1881 close to the tomb which we have just visited, and now lies in the Museum of Boulak at Cairo.

Thou could'st develop, if that withered tongue  
 Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,  
 How the great world looked when it was fresh and young,  
 And the great deluge still had left it green;  
 Or was it then so old that history's pages  
 Contained no record of its early ages?

Close by his kingly side was found covering the mummy of the royal princess the splendid

**15. GILT-FACED MUMMY CASE OF THE QUEEN NO-FRETARI.**—It is highly decorated with gold and color, and still contains the remains of the queen, the beloved wife of Amosis. It is yet as bright and beautiful as when this offering of love was lowered into the grave, and the face is said to be a good likeness of the one reposing underneath. Let us now leave the tombs of old for the present, and look at some of the temple constructions of ancient Egypt. As we slowly trot back across the Plain of Thebes to our boat, the sun is lowering, and the shadows of the baked and burning walls of the dead fall across the sand like a panorama of desolation. The Plain of Thebes nearer the Nile has been irrigated and cultivated, so that at this evening hour we see the buffaloes, and sheep, and goats being driven to their quarters; the scene is beyond description. Its quiet, its solemnity, its his-

tory, are all impressive, and picturesque as well. We have been looking upon the various forms of tombs that have been discovered and learning something of the character of those who constructed them. The solemn earnestness in the belief of their faith is beyond doubt, and none the less was their faith in gods, as we shall now learn from their temples. We make our first halt at the great alabaster Temple of Abydos, one of the most recently discovered of the Egyptian temples, because for many years it was entirely covered by the débris of modern villages. Sad, indeed, is the scene presented to us now by a portion of the ruins of Abydos, known as

**16. THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS.**—Osiris was the chief god of Egyptian mythology, and is said to have been buried here. The rich Egyptians from all parts, wishing to have their bodies lie in the sacred dust in close proximity to that of their god, expended much money in the erection of the Temple of Abydos, and its principal parts were constructed entirely of the purest alabaster. The Temple of Osiris lies north of the Memnomium, and no temple in Egypt was more revered than this. Here the celebrated tablet which visitors may see in the British Museum was found. It contained the names of many of the ancestors of kings of old, agreeing with the names of the oldest of the Pharaohs which were found at the Memnomium of Thebes. Much of the great temple is embedded in the sand, but what has been excavated is as bright and beautiful as on the day the precious stones were quarried. Near the Temple of Osiris is

**17. THE TEMPLE OF SETHI.**—This great hall of columns was also composed of white alabaster, though, strange to say, in some places it had been coated with some plastic material, as if to make the work of the hieroglyphic artist easier. A very curious method of covering over a material with much less costly stuff. We pass through the great hall of columns, and come out upon the débris that stands in front of

**18. THE OLD AND NEW STRUCTURES AT ABYDOS.**—The part which lies in our foreground is called the Palace of the Memnomium, or Palace of Memnon. It is particularly interesting on account of the peculiar construction of the roof, which, as we

see, is of large stones extending from one architrave to the other, not laid on their faces but on their sides, and some parts of them are cut out in the form of the arch, the whole being ornamented with sculpture. In the far distance we see some of the curious houses of Abydos located near the palm groves; the dark lines running around them are rows of palm branches built in the masonry during construction, to serve as roosts for the quantity of pigeons raised here by the Fellahin for domestic purposes. We turn now from this great temple, recross the Nile once more, and stand in front of the great entrance gate of

**19. THE TEMPLE OF DENDERAH.**—We see a party of tourists with their donkey-boys waiting us. A splendid approach is this to one of the most perfect temples of the land. For what strange purpose this isolated pylon now stands here no one can tell; upon its sides the names of Trajan and Domitian are seen, grand works of the Ptolemies and Cæsars. The Temples of Denderah and Edfou are the only two which have their roofs any way perfect. Denderah is half a mile back from the river, in a pleasant field of clover and lentils. Come now, face to face with

**20. DENDERAH'S GREAT FACADE.**—It can be seen for a long time before it is reached. It looks like a low wall, for although the temple interior has been cleared of the débris of the modern village which once filled it, the exterior wall is still half filled up: we still see the remains of more modern buildings on its roof. Before entering the great portal let us walk around to the rear, and clamber up to

**21. THE ROOF OF DENDERAH.**—Not only do we see the triangular construction of the roof, but here along the outer walls the remains of modern houses; in the foreground of our picture is the stairway, which winds from side to side like some of the Campanili, in Italy, but its masonry is ten times stronger. The gods, and kings, and priests were wont to climb these, and they must be strong. We now descend, and proceed from chamber to chamber, recess to recess, niche to niche, through the various apartments, no less than twenty-seven in all. What could have been the object of so many? Let us sit down in

**22. THE HALL OF COLUMNS**, while we read the story told upon these great scrolls of ancient history. From them we learn that this was the "Temple of preparation and consecration," and where only the king and his attendant priests were ever known to enter. The solemn processions were started in this splendid hall; passing through yonder low door the gods were met in the dark chamber, seated in the sacred barks; thence all moved into the consecrated laboratory and were anointed with oil. The animals were then sacrificed, and, last of all, the chamber where the great rock shrine containing the illustrious emblem, was visited. There the help of the god was invoked, and almost always granted, we are told. Finally, the procession returned, and the king went out to his people again with his armies, to carry out any diabolical project he might conceive, no matter how many heads had to be cut off to gratify his whims. A magnificent temple is that of Denderah, and well worth the trouble it cost to excavate it and rescue it from modern innovation. Let us return to

**23. THE FACADE INTERIOR AND HALL OF DENDERAH** before we take our departure. This temple is considered by many artists and architects as the most magnificent of all the wonderful piles along the Nile. As the kings and priests did in olden time, so now let us reënter the front of the temple. We are now inside the portico, we see the doorways leading out and one side of the first row of historical columns which line the grand hall on our left. How beautifully has photography caught the sculptured history spread upon these great pillars. Would that we had the gift given to us to read and understand them. They were sculptured and erected by the command of kings whose history is recorded upon their rocky surfaces, while high up on the other side we see the faces of the gods whom the kings worshipped. Another evidence of the great earnestness of these kings, and of their faith in their religion, is the amount expended by them in honor of their gods, not forgetting, however, to attend to their own glory also. The effect of great height is not alone due to the narrowness of these passageways, but to the size, number, and actual height of the columns themselves, surmounted by their various capitals of curious form and size. "Stupendous" is the only word which

seems to cover the subject at all. At random now we visit some of the other ruins along the Nile, making no effort to observe any chronological or geographical order, though largely giving attention first to the neighborhood of ancient Thebes. First we halt at Karnak, where we see that portion of the magnificent ruins known as

**24. THE HYPOSTILE HALL.**—This was supposed to be the Temple of Ammon, the Jupiter of the Egyptians. It is 318 feet long by 160 broad, and its roof was supported by 134 columns 70 feet in height. The real approach to the ruins was by an avenue of colossal sphinxes upwards of a mile in length, but this portion of the temple when approached from the direction of the grand court is guarded, as we see, by a twain of magnificent obelisks. Others were erected here also, as we see by the broken base of one and the ruins of another on the ground. Some grand statues of Egyptian architecture are here found, and our best view of them is obtainable by climbing to the top of some grand capital or fragment of a colossus. Should we do so, not only are we warned of the danger in which we are, lest the great ruins should crumble and fall upon us, but we see away across the Nile upon the distant plain, watching us like the grim sentinels that they are,

**25. THE COLOSSI OF THEBES.**—These great monsters were guarding the great memnomium of King Amenophis, whose name is recorded upon their pedestal when Thebes was destroyed. The nearest one is the celebrated "vocal memnon." Earthquake shattered these great watchmen 27 B. C. They measure 18 feet 3 inches across their shoulders; they are neither temple nor tomb, but were placed here by the wise old king as guardians of both temple and tomb. Although the temple is gone, and the tomb buried many feet underneath the shifting sand, still these giants remain faithfully at their post, and uncomplainingly fulfil the mission for which they were intended. Although the plain looks deserted and bare in the neighborhood within sight of them, yet beginning at no very great distance, there is to be found one of the richest clusters of temples in all Egypt. The first of these we shall visit is called

**26. THE RAMESEUM.**—This splendid temple is well preserved. It is one of the most interesting of the wonderful ruins of

Thebes. The great area, which forms about one-third of the temple, is 183 feet in breadth. In this open space stood an enormous statue of the god seated on the throne. This has been thrown down, but the colossal fragments and massive head and shoulders prove his original style. There are several other statues of the king in the various halls. The vast sculptured pillars, many of which we see, and which support the roof, are over 36 feet in height and 21 feet in circumference. The magnificent ceiling was studded with frescoes, and the walls with picturesque scenes depicting the daily life of the king and his subjects. We have alluded to the colossal statues of the king. Come to the outside wall of the temple, and we will see

**27. A BROKEN HEAD OF A BROKEN RACE**, lying amid the débris of the ruined temple. Our artist has placed an Arab by the side of this great face, that we might compare the modern head with one of ancient times. On the right we see how the floor of the temple was made of quarried syenite. Aloft, on right and left, are portions of the great gateway. Magnificent were these works of men whose faces are made familiar to us by their works. Close to the Rameseum we find

**28. THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET-ABOU.**—Our first glimpse is of that portion of the temple known as “the palace court,” from the southeast, and includes what is known as “the Christian colonnade.” This grand old ruin is sometimes called “the palace of the king.” No doubt these structures so freely called “palaces” were the temples of the gods. The old Egyptians were devoted to the gods, and it is likely that they used their surplus funds to decorate their private houses. The early Christians used this as a place of worship after it had been abandoned by the kings. The chambers they occupied are easily distinguished with here and there some remnants of mud clinging to them; this mud was used as a plaster “to cover pagan rites,” and to continue still further their iconoclastic theory, they tore down many of the fine monuments and richly sculptured pillars, whose remnants now lie scattered about the ground within and without the walls. The colonnade before us proves what we have asserted as to the work of the iconoclast, but more plainly still is it seen when we visit

**29. THE FIRST COURT OF THE TEMPLE OF RAMESSES III. AT MEDINET-ABOU.**—See how some of the parts are broken. In some of these temples the roof is entire. The wall decorations are full of interest and instruction to those who understand the meaning of the illustrations. Splendid cornices, magnificent columns, richly decorated courts, and lofty pillars stand here, though in ruin, in strange contrast with the remains of modern buildings which we see piled upon the roof. What a desecration, showing how sadly inferior are the people who live here to-day to those who inhabited the country in ancient days. One more view, in detail, of

**30. MEDINET-ABOU, "THE PALACE OF THE KING."**  
—Here is a magnificent colonnade nearly 150 feet in length, whose huge figured columns are 24 feet in circumference. The great court is over 130 feet square; but each of these colonnades was built surrounded by columns covered with sculpture, embellished with the most vivid examples of hieroglyphics. Here we have a magnificent specimen of the masonry of the old Egyptian temples, which is regarded as one of the most impressive of any. Upon the walls are depicted the most pleasurable side of kingly life, proving that this was the royal home where the king gave himself up to companionship and rest.

I saw, as in a dream, the pride of Thebes,  
The hundred-gated walls in majesty  
Rose high above the medes where harvest grain  
Waved musical before the morning breeze.  
The strains of Memnon hailed the coming day,  
And sun-gilt wreaths of smoke curled slowly up  
From myriad hecatombs, as mystic rites  
Were offered at the shrines of Mizraim's gods.

Another specimen of this style of architecture we find in

**31. THE TEMPLE OF ESNEH.**—This ruin was formerly buried entirely beneath the present town of Esneh. In the year 1842 the Government ordered a portion of it to be excavated. The portico alone was cleared of the débris, and must be reached by a descending stairway. The pillars are very massive, but the sculpture lacks the grace and finish of those of earlier date. This temple

is supposed to have been built sometime in the early days of the Christian era when the arts were declining with the power of the emperor. Here the Greeks and Romans were wont to assemble in what was known as the ancient Latopolis, because here the people worshipped the latus fish. The ancient Egyptians had a most peculiar taste for worshipping all kinds of animals, reptiles, and even insects. Within all their temples was found a place for the holy emblem, usually known as the shrine. A splendid example of this antique part of the temple is found in

**32. THE SHRINE OF THE TEMPLE AT EDFOU.**—It is an obelisk, that is, is composed of a single stone. It must have been cut and carved from the rock located here before the temple was constructed, because no door-way is visible sufficiently large to admit of this shrine entering. It may have been lowered from the roof, however, for nothing is too stupendous for us to believe of these architects. We see our Arab guide worshipping at this shrine, believing, as he does, apparently, that the holy semblance still remains in this dark enclosure.

Rival of Karnak, Edfou, stern and lone,  
It looks to heaven, its founder, date unknown,  
Its lofty portico and painted walls,  
Its snake-wreathed globes and dim resounding halls,  
Towers where ten thousand sculptured forms we trace,  
Awe with their vastness, charm us with their grace.

We leave him to perform his faithful service, and make a flying visit to still another kind of temple on the way, between the town of Assouan and the first cataract of the Nile, known as

**33. THE PTOLEMAIC TEMPLE OF ASSOUAN.**—It is neither excavated from the rock nor lifted high in air and composed of quarried material, but seems to have been sunk almost to a level with the surface of the ground. It has never been excavated entirely, though its exterior has been partly dug out. We obtain a very good idea here of the manner in which many of the ancient temples in Egypt were covered under. There seems but little in history to inform us who constructed this old temple. Let us push our donkeys or camels a little faster, for before we visit Philæ we wish to halt at

**34. THE QUARRY OF SYENE.**—From this great quarry was brought the famous Syene marble or granite, from which so many monuments in Egypt are composed. In this picture may be seen some of the enormous stones, partially detached from the rock, and near them an immense obelisk lying just as the workmen left it thousands of years ago. We shall visit it on some other occasion, though we may enjoy a glimpse of it on our left. Climbing to the top of the hill, we pass through a modern cemetery, a portion of which may be seen soon. Now we come into full view of the magnificent

**35. RUINS OF PHILÆ.**—The rock-bound shore of the Nile, the grand ruins, the bright green of farms and groves, framed in by the waters of the river, and over-arched by the blue, blue sky of Egypt, make a picture that the eye delights to dwell upon. The ruins of the Island of Philæ! How sublime! The great Temple of Isis is the most interesting of the group, and as it was erected in the latter days of Egyptian glory, besides being cut off by the rocks from the pitiless sands of the desert, the walls and columns are in a better state of preservation than any other ruin we have visited. The small temple on the right is known as the Kiosk of Isis, or the Castle of Pharaoh. The Temple of Isis is seen in the far distance, marked by its great gateways reaching above all things else in the neighborhood. The approach to the temple was through

**36. A GRAND COLONNADE.**—This reached from the south, beginning at the principal landing on the water's edge. The columns are richly carved, the walls covered with paintings and sculpture, intermixed with Christian inscriptions and names of Roman emperors. Portions of the roof still remain, and much of the artistic work is still fresh looking. It gives one a curious feeling to meet the eyes of those calm Egyptian faces, and think that they have thus gazed with the same expression on the tide of humanity that has surged past them for 2000 years or more. Philæ was not always devoted to the service of the gods; for although the ancient Romans came here to partake of the worship of Isis and carried away her illustrious rites to Rome, yet other Romans came and planted the Christian religion here, for still we may see, near the end of the Island of Philæ,

**37. THE RUINS OF A CHRISTIAN CHURCH,** strangely intermixed with the débris of heathen temples. Again, if the careful traveller looks at the columns which once supported the roof of this church, he will see that the inside surfaces of the stones are covered with hieroglyphics telling of the acts of the ancient kings of Egypt, for portions of the Temple of Isis were taken to construct the Temple of Christ. The ruins of this Christian church are kept clean by the Mohammedan Nubian, who is employed for that purpose. Little does he care, however, for church or creed, so long as he is kept sufficiently supplied with baksheesh for the support of himself and his bright-eyed little girl. West of the Island of Philæ is the Island of Biggeh. Crossing over to its shores we find some splendid remains of

**38. AN ANCIENT AND A MODERN TEMPLE.**—Here we see strangely intermixed the Roman arch and the ancient Egyptian column. Complete volumes of history without the utterance of a word! The bright eyes of photography have caught bits of history here in small compass, that supply us with food for contemplation and material for historical research which would busy us for a much longer time than we have now to devote to the subject. We make our next visit to

**39. THE QUARRY AT GERTASSE.**—This place was once evidently inhabited by the Romans. The temple at Gertasse differs quite materially from the usual style of Egyptian architecture. Near by it are some stone quarries, seen in our picture. Judging from the unfinished blocks and tombs lying just as the workmen left them, they, too, belonged to the Romans. The beautiful Temple of Gertasse can be seen for a long distance by the traveller as he ascends or descends the Nile. Some of the modern inhabitants have posted themselves in our foreground. More extensive than the ruins just visited are those of

**40. THE TEMPLE OF KALABSHEH.**—This is the largest constructed temple in Nubia. It was erected in the reign of Augustus, and though several of his successors made additions thereto, it was never entirely finished. It now presents a most peculiar appearance; it is literally a mass of ruins, as though thrown down simultaneously by some powerful agency, the source

of which is difficult to guess. It seems as though nothing but earthquake could tumble about such massive structures as this. We have here a splendid study of Egyptian construction. No pains or expense seem to have been spared in erecting this stupendous structure, evidence also of the faith of the people in their gods and in immortality. Another proof of this we see in

**41. THE TEMPLE OF DENDOOR.**—Here we have a grand impression of the boundless resources of the ancient Egyptians who built these temples and tombs. Their history and that of their arts are alike buried. In front is the massive pylon, or gateway, back of which was an area, formerly enclosed by a high wall, which now is fallen. The temple has a square doorway, as we see, supported by two graceful columns, which remind us of the Ionic columns of Greece. Except the capitals, the stone-work is all covered with sculpture. There is a grotto in the rock. The two show a strange combination of constructed and excavated temple seldom found in this strange country. We pass the pylon and climb over the débris which lies in what was once the court, when we see in detail the facade of

**42. THE TEMPLE OF DENDOOR,** with its Ionic-like columns, its square pillars at the entrance of the grotto. This subterranean temple reached far into the side of the wall beyond. Here sits a modern Fellahin, doubtless never once thinking of the glories of the past, but contemplating rather how much baksheesh will be given him by the Howadji when his services as chaperon are ended. Beautiful always are these temple ruins. They are located at various distances from the river. In some cases their architects seemed to be afraid of the inundation of old father Nile, and, therefore, constructed their temples at some distance from the shore; in others, some builders came closer, and seemed to worship the water in connection with their gods. Such was the case, apparently, at

**43. THE TEMPLE OF KIRSCHER.**—All along the great crocodile river we see frequently standing on the bank, rivalling the palm groves in height, such noble remains of temp'les as these. What a contrast between them and the modern villages. A narrow strip of cultivated soil on each side of the river show how its borders look 1000 miles from Cairo. Always picturesque, always

beautiful, always exciting our curiosity by the wondrous history which they withhold. A very perfect example, clean and in a comparatively good state of preservation, is

**44. THE TEMPLE OF DAKKEH.**—This is one of the comparatively modern temples of Nubia. It was built by King Eragmun, about 200 B. C. It consists of a grand propylon, followed by a court; then a portion of the temple, succeeded by another court; again another temple, as it were, followed once more by a still further court, and then still another portion of the temple. In the interior of the principal hall is a large block of granite, highly polished, which is supposed to have been used as a shrine. Many Greek inscriptions are found upon the walls. The good king who constructed this temple did much to break up the intolerable power of the priesthood. He was exceedingly wilful, and at one time put a number of the priests to death because they did not grant the privileges which he besought. We have obtained fair examples now of the class of temples known as the constructed, and close our studies with a view of an entirely different kind, known as the "excavated" style. Two of these we find at Abou Simbel, about 1000 miles from Cairo. They are known as the "large" and "small" temple. Our present view shall be

**45. THE SMALL TEMPLE AT ABOO SIMBEL.**—It was dedicated to the goddess Hathor, who is represented under the form of the sacred cow. Six colossal statues of Rameses III., his wife and his children, decorate the facade. It is cut entirely from the side of the mountain, and is of red sandstone, quite massive in appearance, but seems never to have been entirely finished. Whether purposely so or not, is hard to tell, but it is believed, owing to its close proximity to the shores of the Nile, that the artist left it in its present shape in order to prevent

**46. THE VAST INTERIOR** from being inundated. The interior is divided, as we see, into three principal divisions. The walls are decorated with sculpture, but much defaced. The depth is nearly 90 feet. It is quite plain in appearance in comparison with the larger temple close by. We shall visit the latter on some other occasion. The floor is now of the richest golden sand, which

has been driven from the great glacier at the north side of the mountain, whence the temple was excavated.

This is the shrine of Silence, sunk and hewn  
 Deep in the solid rock ; its pillars rise  
 From floor to roof, like giants, with fixed eyes  
 And palms crossed on their breasts ; e'en at mid-noon  
 A dim light falls around, as though the moon  
 Were peering at the temple from the skies.  
 The foot falls soundless on the sand, that lies  
 A carpet by long centuries thick-strewn.

We must now say farewell. Before we do so, to relieve the mind and eye from the strain of studying tombs and temples, let us look at a few examples of Nubian landscape. First climb with us to the top of

**47. MT. KOROSKO.**—This is the “holy mountain” held in high reverence by devout Arabs, one of whom we see in the foreground waiting to guide us. Mt. Korosko is covered with curious formations, resulting partly from volcanic action. The scoriæ is richly charged with iron. Away down the shores of the Nile we see the modern village of Korosko, and over the west side of the Nile the Lybian hills in the distance.

Very little water, except the Nile itself, is seen in this land of desolation. The two cataracts of the Nile add much to the interest of our journey. Reluctant, indeed, is the native Nubian traveller to leave the shores or immediate proximity of the Nile, for he knows what it is to cry in desperation, “Allah! Allah! moya, moya,” which means “God, God, water, water.” Pleasant to all who travel here is the roar of

**48. THE FIRST CATARACT.**—Rather would he scramble over the smooth syenite rocks which line its sides, or wrestle with the turbulent water, than to creep slowly through the desert along the ordinary highway from Assouan to Philæ. But this he cannot do when he is stopped on his way and made to turn aside by

**49. THE SECOND CATARACT OF THE NILE.**—This noisy water does not allow the traveller to come so near ; it has been protected by nature on the travelled side, as on the left of our

picture, by the Rock of Aboo Seer. This was regarded as "a holy rock;" a rock to which lovers and others were wont to resort, because here, it is said, the god Lethe would immediately respond to and grant almost any request made of him. If we could climb to the summit of this cliff we should see a fine view of the cataract on either hand; we should see, too, stretching as far as the eye could reach, the telegraph wire, over which each day we receive the news from the seat of war where El Mahdi is battling for the cause of his religion. The muddy yet life-giving water wrestles constantly with the rocks here. It seems impelled by greater force as it escapes from them, and rushes on to find the sea, a thousand miles northward, while, as it flows along, it dispenses life to the soil which lines it in narrow strips on either side.

Some have believed, that spacious channels go  
 Through the dark entrails of the earth below;  
 Through these, by turns, revolving rivers pass,  
 And secretly pervade the mighty mass;  
 Through these the sun, when from the north he flies,  
 And cuts the glowing Ethiopic skies,  
 From distant streams attracts their liquid stores,  
 And through Nile's spring the assembled waters pours -  
 Till Nile, o'erburdened, disembogues the load,  
 And spews the foamy deluge all abroad.

What ruin! we are tempted to exclaim, as we look upon this strange, weird, wild scene, and the more so when, a little north of the great cataract and holy rock of Aboo Seer, we see

**50. A STRANDED BOAT.**—A ruin, a wreck, typical of all that we have witnessed to-night. A relic of the past, whose best days are ended, it only awaits complete destruction by means of the elements and the inundations of the Nile, whose servant it was, and upon whose turbid waters it once proudly sailed. A picture of desolation, indeed, and a fitting scene for the close of our illustrated travel among the "Nile Tombs and Temples."

## HOW THEY LIVE IN EGYPT.

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AN ancient Arab proverb read thus: "It is difficult for me to swim a tank who have swam a river." The force of this will be understood when we together realize how hard it is to select from the vast quantity of material Egypt and the Egyptians afford for a lecture, a small enough number of views to show within the time usually allotted for an evening's entertainment.

The Egypt of the past affords more material for interesting study, and reveals more for the time expended, than any country on the face of the earth. The Egypt of to-day is one grand, glorious, enjoyable picture; the manners and customs of the people, and the people themselves, are so very different from what the traveller finds in any other part of the globe, as to make them well worthy of a separate entertainment, especially so when we are able to choose from the manifold pictures of one who seems to have fully appreciated his privilege of photographing such a people. We shall give little attention this evening, therefore, to anything but what pertains to the Egyptians as we find them to-day. We shall know in what sort of places they transact their business affairs; we shall see many of the street characters of their principal cities; note how the rich and poor subsist; see where and how they worship; visit some of their villages; examine their industries; peep into their home life; know how the country is irrigated and farmed; what becomes of the product thereof, and learn something of the methods of travel. In our journey we shall not confine ourselves to a geographical tour, but move about here and there where the humor takes us, and where we may find material to illustrate our story.

The usual approach to Egypt from Europe is made through the port of Alexandria, and invariably the great ships which sail the

Mediterranean anchor in the lovely bay before reaching the quay. On arrival, the great steamship is surrounded by rude craft, whose turbulent oarsmen assail the traveller before he has opportunity to leave the steamer's deck. Then man's ability to judge human nature is put to the severest test. There is no hope; you must submit to the care and attention of some one or more of these noisy Orientals, and the more quickly you make the choice the sooner are you relieved from further trouble. For, unlike men of business in other quarters, the Arabs never interfere with each other. In imagination, therefore, under the charge of our turbulent friends, we reach the shore, full of enthusiasm and anticipation over what we expect to see. Everything seems so free and so full of life, and so enjoyable, in the Orient. At first sight we are pleased; we become intoxicated; we wish all the world could be present to enjoy with us. But, alas! scarcely have we touched the oriental soil at Alexandria than we see a group of men at our left, less turbulent than the others. They seem more modest and retiring than their fellows, and we are mystified at first to understand why it is. Naturally, having become disgusted with the noise of those who rowed us ashore, we turn to these quieter fellows to bargain with them for guidance through the city. They belong to the "Lumen." They are prisoners, probably murderers. We may see a group of them now, as we look at a view of

**1. ALEXANDRIA FROM THE ARSENAL,** for now we stand upon the quay near the arsenal gate. We observe that these creatures, at waist and ankle, are chained together. The prison is too small to hold all evil-doers, so during the day, like galley slaves, the lumen are chained together and let to gain their own living as best they can. One would think they would feel disgraced, and loath to proffer their services to the stranger. Not so. They look upon the thing as a good joke, and no more cheerful, careless fellows in the Orient can be found than are these captives. We see a twain of them standing at the boat awaiting our presence. At night their keepers give a signal at the quay, and then they are required to march in line to the prison-house, where they are locked in an open court for the night, with but little else but the ground to sleep upon. Let us turn from the sad scene now to one more pleasant. It is a view of

**2. A MODERN ARABIC BAZAAR IN CAIRO.**—But for the peculiar architecture, and the rows of ready donkeys which stand awaiting our patronage, one might take this for the Rue Rivoli in Paris, for the construction of the buildings is much the same as we see in European cities. The bazaars, or stores, are beneath the arches, as we see, while the upper stories are used as residences or offices. Now, if we wish to see the city, we pass slowly along the line of these bazaars, or we take a donkey and ride, as the humor dictates. Turning to the right, in five minutes we reach a street in strange contrast with the one which we are now looking upon, for then we come upon

**3. A VIEW IN THE MOOSKE.**—The mosque is one of the quaintest and most curious streets in all the Orient. What a conglomeration is there in this bit of that curious Cairene quarter. Here is the modern lamp-post supplied with gas; the tall minaret of the mosque with its striped tower; the awnings on the left, with the curious latticed windows on the right, both serving as protection from the sun and acquaintances. Other bits we may see better when we creep down from the elevation where stood our camera when the picture was made, into the street itself. How changed the scene! We are now, indeed, in

**4. THE ARAB QUARTER.**—What a ragged-looking place it is! We are looking in the opposite direction from our last picture toward the citadel and toward the mosque. There are no pavements in these narrow streets; no tramways. The multitude is continually passing to and fro on busy errand bent. The Arabs usually trot along as though in a great hurry, forcing the visitor to follow suit sometimes against his will. Each one is crying out to the other, or has something to say good-naturedly as he passes by. The din and noise are exasperating to the traveller before he gets used to it, but it is a long drawn out picture from one end of the day to the other, and every foot holds interest for the stranger. Carriages there are here, it is true, and also many people who ride on donkey-back. Those who have courage to do the last are usually preceded by a sais, who, going before his master, cries out "Ooah! ooah!" which is the sign to get out of the way. Thus the road is made clear for those who prefer to travel by such means,

but sometimes they meet more trouble than their increased speed compensates them for. Such scenes as these are indescribable! And such is Cairo. An old Arab proverb reads, "He who has not seen Cairo has not seen the world." The old man of Mosul in the Arabian Nights, when he made this assertion, was not far wrong, for in all the world there is nothing like Cairo. The strangest sounds come up from its narrow passages and busy bazaars continuously. Its tall minarets and its open squares and gardens, with the strange dress of the people, cause one to feel that he is in fairy-land; that the whole is a vivid romance; a magnificent novelty; a superb experience; an unique and grand joy. How to explain how this acts upon the mind is hard to do. Cairo is not what one would consider a "fine city," but it is fascinating beyond comprehension. There are numerous squares or breathing-places in Cairo. The principal one is called Esbekiyeh. More fun, and amusement, and excitement to the minute can be had when standing by any portion of the railing which surrounds this beautiful square than at any other place on the face of the earth. No fear need be felt because of

**5. THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF IBRAHEEM PASHA,** standing close by, notwithstanding the fact that this once great military chief points with threatening attitude towards the square, and his noble horse with head uplifted, seems ready for action.

A survey of the scene, in imagination, say from the back of the horse, will reveal all we have described. Imagine splendidly dressed dragomen in silks and satins, busy with each other, or with their donkeys, or belaboring their boys; mountebanks and dealers in counterfeit curios; Bedouins innumerable, mixed occasionally with snake-charmers, and beggars without number, and you have a faint idea of what is going on close to this equestrian statue during about sixteen hours of each day. We have an example or two to present selected from the scene we have described. No such modern work of art stood here when St. Vitus made his memorable visit, but he saw stranger sights, for when

The hermit came to where the traders sat,  
Grave turbaned men sat weighing heaps of pearls,  
Around a splashing fountain; wafts of myrrh  
Rose to the curtained roof in wreathing curls,

And Abyssinian slaves, with sword and bow,  
 Watched at the doorway, while a dervish danced  
 In giddy circles, chanting Allah's name,  
 While long, lean arms outstretched and eyes entranced.

The first of our studies is of

**6. AN ARABIAN DWARF AND GIANT.**—This is a picturesque twain; they are both Bedouin Arabs of different tribes, and just as different in character as their bodies differ in size. The smallest individual was formerly the Khedive's dwarf, and was caught by our artist just as he had finished his entertainment as buffoon and clown. He has a villanous face. His legs are only half as long as his body. And as he hobbles out of the court they seem to grow alternately shorter. He is clothed in a striped garment of camel's hair, called an "abbah;" he wears a red tarbouch and a green turban, the last showing that he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. His taller companion is Sheikh Aboo Shehneff, who, to satisfy some secret prejudices which the imperious dwarf had against standing alone, consented to become one of the group. He is a splendid specimen of the Bedouin Arab, and is what they call "a very religious man." A much humbler individual than either of these we find in the person of

**7. AN EGYPTIAN WATER-CARRIER.**—A most useful citizen is he; he goes outside the city to one of the great cisterns or wells, fills the dried skin of an animal with the life-giving fluid, lifts it to his shoulders, and then marches back to the city to dispense it. His cry all day long is "Moya! Moya! water, water." He is delighted when he can find a purchaser, but is just as well pleased to give a drink to any thirsty traveller who cannot afford to pay. He considers he is divinely chosen of God, on the principle of, if not according to, the precept laid down in Mark ix: 41. He is a "public comfort" in such a hot city as Cairo. A much easier life than his is that of

**8. THE WATCHMAN AT THE PALACE GATE.**—As one meanders through the streets of Cairo he will see frequently a wicker frame standing, sometimes by the gateways of the most pretentious palaces, and as often by the doors of the richest bazaars. These are for the use of the watchmen at night. During the day-

time they stand on end in some secluded place, if possible, or upon the edge of the pavement, but at night they are thrown down either across the doorway, or by the gate, and thereon the watchman sleeps. When he enters an engagement he brings his wicker bed with him, with his suit of clothes and his *abbah*, or overcoat. He never return to his home as long as good behavior continues. His meals are brought to him; he sleeps at his post, and there remains constantly on duty. At night, when he retires, head, feet, and all are covered over by his coarse, brown mantle, he himself curled up in a tiny bunch underneath, looking more like a sack of coffee than a human being, so that one passing is tempted to "stick a pin in it to see if it is alive." "Many a time," says our photographer, "while reproaching myself for the intrusion, I lifted the covering from the heads of these faithful fellows to see whether, indeed, there was anything of humanity underneath, and instead of being greeted with a surly growl, was always smiled upon pleasantly, and some good-natured greeting followed." A strangely good-natured people are these Cairenes, though when we see them in their turbulent discussions together, we think they are dreadfully war-like.

Not even the travelling stranger is treated with so much consideration as are the dogs of Cairo. They are the public scavengers. Their principal business is transacted at night, while in the daytime we see them lying where they choose, undisturbed, taking their rest, often in groups, as we see in this view of some of

**9. THE CANINES AT A SMITHY DOOR.**—Even the old blacksmith is careful, when pounding his red-hot iron, not to allow the sparks to fall upon the dogs; a donkey would rather lose an inch of its tail than to walk over or disturb one of these sleeping dogs, and the camel could not be persuaded to walk over one. Whether this peculiarity is because of a kind of reverence the dogs inspire, or whether because of their combative dispositions when awake, is hard to tell. These dogs are not monarchists, but republicans; that is, they divide themselves into republics, and woe-betide the intruder who should be so unfortunate as to cross the line. Perhaps they obtained their code from the Bedouins, who are equally jealous of any intrusion on their soil. The howling which they make early in the morning is something terrible, and

the only consolation that one has when wrestling upon his couch is that when he is awake they will be asleep. We now leave the neighborhood of the square, and stand in full view of

**10. A MODERN ARABIC PALACE.**—Although, as we have said, it is of modern construction, yet its richest parts are all antique. For, during the fifteen years when the oldest parts of ancient structures were pulled down, in order to give way to modern palaces, the owner of this one gathered a collection of doors, terracotta cornices, and other things, which were incorporated into his splendid palace. These parts are as florid, delicate, and enchanting as those of the Alhambra.

**11. THE LATTICED BALCONY** will reveal some of the details of the palace. The doors are all of bronze; their frames are of stone arabesque encircled by terra cotta, in which work the Arabs were very accomplished. The walls are also of stone with highly polished marble arabesque, with no bit of paint to mar the effect. What bewildering splendor; examples of the taste and skill of hundreds of years ago. No matter which way we turn, through the courts or through the palaces, we are sure to find some magnificent statues in ancient architecture, combined with the beauties of the modern architect, all harmoniously beautiful, artistic, and grand. Now into the streets again, that we may see more of these curious people. The pictures are on every side. We are saluted by

**12. AN EGYPTIAN MONEY-CHANGER.**—He presents one of the most interesting sights of the street, as we see him here, sitting at the corner, examining the coin which he has just changed for some traveller. See what an assortment of rich bric brac he has; rich furs from Africa, a fine bit of Arabic latticework of six centuries ago, and a stool inlaid with mother-of-pearl from Damascus. Seated higher than himself is his eunuch, who has charge of the principal funds of the bank, and who does the bidding of his master. The old man seems to question in his mind whether or not he has cheated sufficiently, or whether he has himself been cheated. He has an ugly smile upon his face. It is difficult to make a bargain with him, and it requires a long time. You must either submit to expense in one direction or another—that is, you

must expend time, or submit to unreasonable usury for accommodation. Should you give him a "trade" dollar, or a "standard," he will give you in return some seventy or eighty coins of Egypt in exchange, less his commission, which he fixes. A strange character is the street banker, but also a great accommodation. One or two bargains with him make you his regular customer, and then he will unbend and become quite decent at times; it all depends upon how much he can get the better of you. And yet, after all, he is not so different from the Arabs nearer home.

It is also a very strange sight to see how the children are carried in Egypt. A picture of

**13. A NUBIAN WOMAN AND CHILD** shall illustrate. It will be seen that the little one is carried astride the shoulder of her maternal guardian. When the baby is tired the little arms are folded over the head of the mother, and an enjoyable nap is taken as baby is being carried through the street. The Egyptian mother is very tender of her child. As a rule, the baby has some eye disease, and it is no infrequent thing to see swarms of flies surrounding both eyes. The mother has a superstitious belief that it would be wrong to remove the flies, as they are believed to have a cleansing effect upon the disease. In some countries the people seem to look very much alike, but in Egypt it seems as though no two persons do look alike. The intense variety of visages found among the Bedouins cannot be better illustrated than by the exhibition of

**14. A GROUP ON THE SUMMIT OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.**—In some way or other a few European travellers have become intermixed, but the Bedouin can be easily separated. The old fellow sitting by the lady claims to be a "doctor;" the one standing on the left is a rival physician. Their practice seems to be confined to manipulating the strained limbs of the pyramid climbers. But as the group is only exhibited to show the variety of faces in an oriental town, we pass on, and turn next to that most curious of all street sights in Cairo,

**15. AN EGYPTIAN WOMAN VEILED.**—The Koran requires an Egyptian woman to wear an ugly face veil up to her eyes and reaching down to her knees. These women have pretty eyes surely, but Mohammed must have known full well how ugly their

faces were when he enjoined the use of their long veil. The earrings are made of Arabic gold coins, and often a row of such coins is worn over the head. See Genesis 64, 65. The outer garment of the woman is usually worn closely over the head, and reaches thence down to the heels; it is of dark-blue, with a red stripe in the skirt. The under dress is the gayest of the gay. When too old and worn to bear the burden of work, other employment is found for the women; their vocation becomes that of mourners. They sit in the cemeteries and howl the grief of those who have not the time themselves to weep over their ancestors. A hard lot is that of the Fellahin woman; she has but little while she lives, and less to hope for in the future, according to her religion. If she is disagreeable to her husband, all he need to say to make divorce complete is, "There is the door," or "go back to your father."

Another individual who infests the streets of all Oriental cities must not be forgotten; we allude, of course, to the indomitable, persistent, aristocratic dragoman. We find a fair representative of this genius in

**16. MUSTAPHA ADLI, THE DRAGOMAN.**—The dignity of these people is often largely augmented when they are able to read; it is a great accomplishment on the part of a man of this avocation to be able to read, and to be versed in the Koran. It gives him a power over those whom he meets, which, to his patron, is worth its weight in gold. You must remember that there are tens of thousands of people in Alexandria who find it necessary to live; to do this they must perform at least a little work for some one else, to purchase food and clothing. Competition, however, makes them persistent, and often troublesome to the traveller. Take the advice of our experienced artist, and hire the services of some such personage as this when you are in the Orient, and he will keep all the other hounds away. As soon as he yells out certain passages from the Koran, and his whip is heard over their heads, they rush away, and call upon Allah to curse the beard of his grandfather. Very proud of his beard was Mustapha Adli, and a handsome one it was. He, too, is a handsome fellow of the genus dragoman. He was also very faithful, but such a bigoted Mohammedan, that a good deal of his time was taken up in praying

and counting his beads in every mosque and tomb visited, when he should have been busied with the interests of his employer. The next interesting individual is found in the person of the donkey. A strange conglomeration of romance and reality is

**17. THE NUBIAN DONKEY.**—He is of all others the most peculiar. We see him pictured here with a companion, looking the personification of humility and amiability, and yet we know that his character is as black as the shadows which lie on the sand at his feet. After a few years of contact, the donkey imbibes very much of the characteristics of his master. If his driver is pleasant, he will be pleasant and amiable; if, on the contrary, his driver is turbulent, he seems to be so trained as to join in the annoyance given to the traveller by his master. As our artist says, when describing this picture, "Here was a donkey whom his master dubbed 'devil-to-go.' I chose him to bring me over the Nile one day, because I thought I saw speed spread out in every joint. Indeed, he did do his duty coming over, but on the return, notwithstanding the various ticklings of his tender teeth by lumps of sugar which I had stolen from my own rations, he balked and backed until my patience gave out. I got off to help things along, but it was his humor to make me a mule, and I had to do all the pulling." Doubtless the donkey is a depraved character. We have now seen the Egyptians as they are found in the city; let us next take one of these dreadful donkeys, and trot over into the country and see how the peasantry or Fellahin live. Our first view by the way is

**18. ON THE MAHMOUDIEH CANAL.**—What a scene of real beauty. The whole line of the canal is shaded by magnificent trees, acacias, figs, palms, and shrubbery of various kinds, and its shores are lined with boat houses and palace gardens, while its waters are dotted with craft of various kinds, laden with all sorts of products of the Nile provinces; because this canal is the great artery leading from the Nile to the Mediterranean, by means of which the product of the farms along the Nile is carried to the sea. Our next picture represents

**19. A SUGAR CANE BOAT ON THE MAHMOUDIEH CANAL.**—Although there are many unused sugar mills along the Nile, built by English and French capitalists, still the sugar cane is

brought on dahabeehs from the plantations to the cities for manufacture. We see here one of these curiously formed crafts well laden. On the shore is a group of the bright young Fellahin who infest this neighborhood. The whole group makes a bright scene, representing a bit of country life by no means rare, but always interesting. Occasional villages are found along this canal as we follow it to the sea. These villages are much alike.

**20. THE VILLAGE OF ESNEH** is typical of all the rest. A strange combination is this of mosque and home, with a covered entrance gate, quite pretentious in style, as we see on the right. "Wherever the camera was pointed," says the photographer, "the curious people would rush out into the street into the sun, leaving their shady resting places, to observe what was going on." It is hard to understand why these people are possessed of so little intelligence, while they show so much enterprise in seeking to understand what goes on about them; but so it is. On the outskirts of these villages the scene becomes more rural, because we enter more upon the farm-life of the people.

**21. AN ALEXANDRIAN HOME**, taken not far from the canal which we just followed, and yet close to the great city, shows a real farm scene. For here is the home of the well-to-do farmer. It is erected a little above the roadway, upon the site of some ancient temple. Probably beneath the débris upon which it is raised lie some of the splendid columns and capitals of the old Serapium of Alexandria. Here once stood the great library, where thousands of volumes were destroyed by the torch of the Roman emperor during a fit of desperation; now the cheerful and enchanting goat has taken the place of the human wrangler, and peace reigns in this Egyptian home. The market places of Egypt are always interesting and picturesque, and among those who cater to the wants of the people

**22. AN EGYPTIAN BREAD-SELLER** takes the lead. We see him standing here amid his customers ready to dispense his wares to whoever calls upon him. The bread is seen upon the right of the counter piled up in disks, in consistency about like a piece of sole leather, but it is very palatable, especially when it is

hot. It is sold usually with segments of pickled turnip dyed in various colors, or with sour camel's milk, the pans of which we see. A group of his customers is seen sitting near by; they have probably purchased all they can eat until digestion completes its work. Sometimes indigestion follows their gorging. Then they tumble over and sleep in the sun until hunger awakens them, when they renew the process. A strangely humble and happy life they lead.

**23. AN ARABIC FARM VILLAGE NEAR ALEXANDRIA** affords us another study of Egyptian home life. The houses are always of mud or adobe; the roofs are usually flat. Doubtless the site of this village was fixed by the great cistern or well in the foreground. During the war between Julius Cæsar and Alexander muddy water was turned into these cisterns to distress the Romans. The black disks plastered against the houses are the droppings of camels, which are being dried for fuel. A woman with a water jar serves as a reminder of the present, while the circular basin is a relic of antiquity. Proverbs v: 15. Not all the water used on the Arabic farm is raised by means of such apparatus as we see before us; it is entirely too modern to satisfy the ordinary Fellahin farmer. There are other methods used by him which he prefers. The apparatus most in use is known as the "shadoof." It is constructed on the "old oaken bucket" principle, and is made up of one pole balanced upon another upright one, the bucket at one end and a weight at the other.

**24. A NILE SAKIYEH**, however, is more elaborate in construction, and the most powerful. It will do the work of several shadoofs, and requires less effort. It consists of systems of cog wheels rigged horizontally and vertically, so as to connect with each other, the motive power being an ox or a lazy Fellahin who follows the team round and round day and night. A cog wheel is hitched to the chain of buckets which lifts up the water from the river and empties the contents into the long line of ditches. These last diffuse the health-giving element over the land. The system of irrigation on the Nile farms is interesting. Large ditches are filled with water; these in turn overflow, and fill a set of smaller ones, which overflowing, spread the muddy water over the whole surface of the land. The next object of interest on a Nile farm is the watch tower. Our next view of

**25. A WATCH TOWER AND IRRIGATED LAND** will reveal the whole system. The sakiyeh is seen in the far distance among the palms at the right close to the shore of the river. The irrigating ditches are also plainly seen, while on the right of our picture is the watchman's tower, made of adobe, with stone steps leading to the top. Here, day by day, the farmer or his Fellahin sits armed with a plaited sling to frighten away intruders, feathered and human, from the crops. The poet has sung of the Nile:

No wonder that thy being was so blest  
 That gratitude of old to worship grew,  
 That as a living god thou wert address'd,  
 And to itself the immediate agent drew  
 To one creative power the feelings only due.

The plows used in Nile-land are also peculiar.

**26. AN EGYPTIAN PLOW AND TEAM** show their construction. Here no weeds grow to annoy the peasant; no stone crops are belched to the surface each year to stop the Egyptian plow; and well, indeed, it is, for the Egyptian plow is a very primitive instrument. The teams which haul it through the soil are sharp enough, for half of this one seemingly has walked out of focus while we look upon it. A Nile farm is always most interesting. We now see one, with a fine system of

**27. IRRIGATING DITCHES**, with irrigation going on while the rich crop is growing. Our view is taken from the sakiyeh which we saw a moment ago, thus revealing to us one of the deeper or larger ditches which convey water to the farm. Old Herodotus never spoke more truly than when he said, "Egypt is a present from the Nile." A desert was this equatorial region until the Nile came leaping along to find a way to the sea, having paid for the right of way by depositing on each side of the river a rich layer of soil which gave life to every seed that touched it. These wonderful strips of soil seen on each side of the winding stream, widening at the sea, became Egypt. Then man came and history began. So we see the process of Egyptian formation going on day by day, year by year. How different it would be if this soil production continued over the whole land. Had it been so, by this time, perhaps,

**28. THE GREAT PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH** would have been entirely submerged by the deposit of the soil, though it would take more of a mathematician than we pretend to be to decide actually how long it would take the Nile to reach to the top of these great structures, as we see them when we look across the desert from Sakkarah. The desolation indeed is in strange contrast with the scene we have just left; yet if we were to turn and walk but a few rods, we should step beneath the lofty palms of the rich soil which lines the Nile. A little now of the domestic life of the Arab farmers. We have seen how the soil produces; now what is done with the product of the soil?

**29. THE LITTLE BREAD-MAKER** shall tell us. Humbly, indeed, do the people of the Nile subsist, and crude, indeed, are the means of preparing their bread. A basin is hollowed in a stone, and in it we see this fair young Nubian, close to the door of her squalid home, kneading her dough of barley. Proverbs xxxi: 27. No very extensive furniture manufactories are found upon the Nile. In fact, wood is exceedingly scarce, and the Nubians must resort for many of their conveniences to stone or adobe. A group of

**30. NUBIAN WATER VESSELS** will show the ingenuity which comes from necessity, practised by these people. Here are large vessels two to three feet in diameter and sometimes five or six feet in height. The body and lid are made of adobe, hardened in the sun. Their buildings are constructed of the same material. These vessels are used for catching water for domestic purposes, and also for the protection of infants during the day. The Fellahin mother is compelled to work in the field, or watch in the tower, or to do service at the shadoof; what must be done with baby? It is placed carefully at the bottom of one of these tall vessels, the lid fastened down by a stone, which is usually kept alongside. Then the mother may transact her various labors in peace, for no hyena can reach her little one while she is away, or any accident happen to it. Our photographer says: "I was very much surprised when I displaced the lid of the vessel on the left to make the group more picturesque, to find a splendid Arab child asleep at the bottom of the vessel, the only breathing place being a hole in the side. I did not disturb the little stranger, but securing my negative, departed in peace. Many of these children are very pretty.

**31. A LITTLE ARAB MAIDEN** attracted me peculiarly. She had a fine type of face, and was much praised by some of the Fellahin. Her picture was secured. The purchase money for this service from her was a piece of sugar cane, which she holds in her hand. Her countenance indicates considerable distress, because she was uncertain whether the camera was an instrument for her amusement or a Gatling gun."

**32. A GROUP OF NUBIAN CHILDREN** of peculiar type was found by our artist on the Island of Elephantine. The Island of Elephantine, or Elephantis, is opposite Assouan, the ancient Syene and frontier town of upper Egypt, towards ancient Ethiopia, and on the north border of Nubia. Many classic ruins are here, for once the island was a famous resort of the ancient kings, and about the broken image of one we see a group of these children, dressed and not dressed. Their features are as regular as ours. The older girl was a Nubian beauty, and had a voice as musical as could be. She is holding in her hand one of those peculiar plaited mats upon which bread is baked and served. Market day is always one of great importance to the Egyptian Fellahin. He is a natural merchant, and nothing pleases him so much as to have a chance to bargain with somebody else.

**33. AN EGYPTIAN SHEEP MARKET** is quite a sight. The Fellahin come in from their farms a little ways inland, or from the farms upon the Nile, and these barter with each other and with purchasers from the city for the members of their flocks. It is a curious sight to see this interchange going on, and be assured, a noisy one. For Arabic is a noisy language, although a rich one. The sheep market is not confined to the sale of sheep, for all that pertains to the sheep is also allowed to be sold, such as fodder, grain, straw, and what-not, which makes the sheep home happy. Now, since we are upon the Nile, let us together enjoy a short travel thereon. Already we see coming towards us

**34. THE AIRY LITTLE "SESOSTRIS."**—She is making her trip from Cairo to the cataract. We have sent Hassan, our dragoman, to squat upon the shore to give the signal to her captain when the little vessel passes near our village. If he is in the humor he will see us, and, perhaps, before he has passed more than a mile beyond our town, will stop his dahabeeh, fasten her to the

bank; and permit us to get aboard. In imagination, we sail down stream placidly, and halt next at Assiout. As we look back we see

**35. THE HARBOR OF ASSIOUT**, where the fish and freight dahabeehs are anchored at the quay, either discharging their loads, or waiting for merchandise to carry to the sea. A steamer is seen blowing off steam in the distance, on the right. The coal she burns comes from England, and is brought to the harbor by means of great barges, which we see lying alongside at the quay. Before making our departure from Assiout, we will climb to the hills back of the town and see a fine panorama of

**36. ASSIOUT FROM THE MOUNT OF TOMBS.**—Assiout is the terminus of the railway from Cairo; it is the metropolis of upper Egypt. Ancient Lycopolis, or "the City of Wolves," is said to have stood here. It is two miles from the banks of the river, and is surrounded by beautiful acacias and palm trees. It was formerly the halting place of the caravans on long desert journeys from Darfour and the interior of Africa. Underneath the gray mountains, about two miles from the town, are many important tombs of the Egyptians, primitive in construction. From these tombs our view was made. In the foreground we see a miniature lake, with others still more tiny beyond. A giddy bridge is on the left, something seldom seen in Egypt; then the roadway leading to the city. At the base of the hill, whence our present view was taken, may be seen

**37. A MODERN EGYPTIAN CEMETERY**, with an oasis in the desert beyond. These modern cemeteries are always curious; there is a strange contrast between this one and the terrible desolation of the tombs which are on the hill at the foot of which this cemetery is situated. Away off in the distance we see the Nile, and the roadway which leads from the City of Assiout to the river, as well as the city itself. One seldom finds a finer panoramic view, and so typical of the country as this. The city was once a great slave market, where thousands and tens of thousands of human beings were bartered for, and hearts broken and hopes destroyed. Now

**38. THE CAMEL BAZAAR OF ASSIOUT** stands in its place. Here we see a thousand camels, with buffaloes intermixed,

and as many turbaned merchants engaged in the camel traffic. Here dragomen, even from Arabia, come to choose their beasts of burden, and to exchange their wares for these necessary animals. The scene is a weird and wild one. The protesting cries of the camels, the lowing of the buffaloes, the turbulent talk of the merchantmen, and the shrill cries of the vendors of food and other necessities and luxuries, make up a noise which can only be equalled at the bazaars of the Mooske in Cairo. One of the principal articles of merchandise and manufacture along the Nile is the porous water jugs used so much in all parts for cooling and filtering the Nile water to make it fit to drink.

**39. A BOAT LOAD OF WATER JARS AT KENEH ON THE NILE** will give us some idea of this traffic. The luxury of ice is not granted to the inhabitants of the Nile, but nature has given them a sort of porous clay instead, which they make into jars or jugs. They hang these porous jars to a palm tree, or otherwise place them in the air, and the evaporation cools the water, while the fine mud settles at the bottom. A load of these jars we now see at the quay of Keneh, ready to be floated to Cairo or Alexandria. The Nile tourist, especially at night, will see many such boat loads floating slowly down the Nile, often accompanied by a crew of about one Fellahin to a score of jars, all expecting to make their everlasting fortune at the market on this one little load of hollowware. Another important production of the Nile country is grain. We see in our next view a group of people

**40. SIFTING GRAIN.**—Even the little ones whom we see making faces at us in the foreground are employed in this industrial avocation. The grain is lifted in their tiny hands, allowed to drop into an urn below, while the wind blows the chaff down the Nile. After a basinful is sifted, it is poured into a rush basket near at hand, where the older people carry it to the granary, which is usually a hole in the sand. We do not look for much beauty among these people of the Nile.

**41. A GROUP OF NUBIAN WOMEN** will prove this assertion. They were caught at Wady Halfa, near the second cataract of the Nile. The women here do not seem to be such strict Mohammedans as are those in Egypt proper, for they are found with-

out the face veil frequently, though when a stranger approaches they are apt to cover the face, partially, at least. We get a good idea of their faces in this group. They are not at all of the negro type, their features being European in their regularity. Their color is very dark. Their outer garment is usually of dark blue, quite clean, though often it is faded. Some of these people are said to have come from the Soudan and Khartoum region. Wady Halfa is an important city in Nubia, and one of the ports to which much of the merchandise of the far south Nile country is brought for shipment to the sea, and where traders assemble for exchange of merchandise.

**42. THE STORES OF THE DESERT AND THE PEOPLE** who bring them in caravans to the Nile shore are beautifully illustrated by this group. The distinguished gentleman on the right seems to have indulged in a new and elaborate suit of clothing, and is apparently a dude. He is posed gracefully upon some bags of gum Arabic, landed upon the Nile shore the day before his picture was taken. Surrounding him are some other sacks of Arabic spices, cinnamon, gums, and things from Africa's sunny shores, in the original packages, while around him are other people whose thoughts are given more to merchandise than to dress. These men, like the sex in all the rest of the world, have their peculiar vanities and a strange desire to make themselves pleasant. The Arab women, however, are not allowed ever to grow pretentious or vain; their life is not an easy one. In Nubia there is a peculiar sect known as

**43. THE NUBIAN CURLY HEADS.**—They are of a different type from any that we have seen. Their hair is frizzled, and dripping with castor oil, which runs down upon their single antique garment "like the oil upon Aaron's beard," only more so. They pester the traveller to buy an Arab woman's garment, which consists of thirteen well-greased shoe laces and a slender waist-band of camel's hide, sometimes embellished by a few tiny shells. Our group is seated by their domicile, made of plaited rushes of rare design, which no doubt supplies them with all the protection they want in this hot climate.

There are few diversions practised by this humble, but happy,

people. One of them is the "fantasia" dance. Our artist has secured a picture of

**44. A FANTASIA DANCER OF LUXOR.**—She needs no description; she is elaborately bedecked with jewels of various kinds, and is by no means an unpleasant looking person. Her dress is modest, her conduct is becoming, but her dance is by no means graceful or attractive. It consisted merely of a system of undulatory oscillations, accompanied by the music of a band of four or five stringed instruments; but, according to the understanding of the population, it was a grand display of talent, and *encores* were expected accordingly. Turning from the frivolous to the solemn, we now have a wonderful view of

**45. A MOSLEM CEMETERY.**—Some of the tombs, we observe, are quite pretentious in style. Here the aristocrats in the neighborhood established the cemetery on the hilltop, alone, as along the whole Nile valley the Nile submerges all once a year. The graves are usually piles of stone above ground; the body is laid upon the sand, clothed in the garment worn during life, and the stones piled over it, then left to the mercy of the hyena and jackal. The probability is that the bones will be carried away soon after burial. The more decent class of the people watch their graves for some nights, until the wild beasts, from fear, visit the scene of death no more. Having seen this much of the way in which the people live, let us now return to the Nile. Again we see awaiting us

**46. THE DAHABEEH "SESOSTRIS."**—See her Nubian crew creeping up her lateen sail mast, ready to unfurl. How like spiders they look! Already the pilot is at his post; the anchor is hauled on deck, and everything is in readiness for the start. If the *Sesostris* seems too slow for us, there is still another chance, for

**47. THE STEAMER "SAIDIEH"** and her captain, Achmed Effendi, are also at the quay awaiting our pleasure. We have already had experience on a Nile steamer, but we have not before seen the captain, whose noble figure we discover standing on the bridge. Oftentimes the captain is brought to disgrace by allowing his vessel to become fastened upon a sand bar; in such cases a

"running boy" is put ashore to run to the nearest town, say a day's travel below, with the hope of getting word by telegraph to some other steamer supposed to be coming up. Meanwhile Captain Achmed will put out in the stream his small boats and most of his crew, with all the ropes on board, with which he keeps them busy pulling at the Saidieh. While doing this they sing to the gods, but the boat moves not. At last the exasperated captain throws off his coat, swims over to the sand bar, gives the crew a lesson in Arabic swearing, and takes hold. The boat then moves, and the journey is proceeded with. The runner is picked up next day on his return, with the report that he saw no steamer, but when one came, "In Shar Allah," she will be sure to come and help us. At Ibream, where we see our little vessel anchored, the clefts of the rocks are full of memorial chapels, whose walls are painted curiously; on the top of the cliffs are a number of ruined buildings, including a church and fortifications, whose walls we can see from our steamer. As the boat steams along one never tires of looking at the picturesque rocks. Some of them are lined with water birds, immense penguins measuring six feet from wing to wing. Not always is the steamer so fortunate as to be released from the intruding sand bar, for now we see

**48. A STRANDED DAHABEEH**, which, once upon a time, made an ambitious effort to shoot the first cataract, and failed. Now, broken and dismantled, how typical of picturesque Egypt! So picturesque is this Nile-land, that one who has seen it, and enjoyed it, is startled at the thought of any change in its political government being made. So picturesque, so primitive, so amusing, so entertaining, and so instructive withal, that the æsthetical traveller would think with regret of any change being made in Egypt. Any movement that would work a change and deprive us of such a beauty spot would certainly be a step backward.

And now we bring our journey reluctantly to a close. We have spoken of the porous pottery that is made for the filtration and cooling of the water. More pretentious articles than these are produced in other portions of the Nile-land. Especially is this so at Assouan, where we halt a moment at

**49. A POTTERY BAZAAR.**—Here pipes, vases, cups and saucers, egg cups, and various other tiny articles of clay of curious shape are sold by the old Mohammedan whom we see seated at his bazaar door. A fine tiger skin, which he has probably traded for some of his wares with some African merchant, hangs by the side of his bazaar. "A curious old fellow," says our photographer, "was this merchantman. One day while making a trade with him, bargaining for some of his wares, the muezzin call to prayer was sounded from the mosque minaret. Immediately the old merchantman became restless, and as there seemed to be no prospect of the bargain being concluded in time for prayer, he suddenly jerked a string near by, when a great net fell down in front of his bazaar, and he made his departure rather rudely, scowling at his would-be patron, saying the hour of prayer had come; if I could make up my mind at his return in an hour he would be willing, in Shara Alla, to accommodate me; if not, he would sell his goods to somebody else." A curious people are these Egyptians, yet good-natured when once there is an understanding between us. We have seen them in their various avocations, and the strange phases of their daily life have been illustrated. But one scene has been neglected, and that must not be. The religious life of a true Mohammedan is a punctillious one. He is rigorous with himself to a fault. No matter (as we have just seen) what transaction is going on, when the hour of prayer comes all must be dropped and his attention given to Allah. The mosque in the average Nile village is but a poor and humble structure, with very little to inspire devotion, gratitude, or faith, but all the same it is the place of prayer, and with the Moslem "prayer is better than eating or drinking." Many of the mosques are tombs. Even in the City of Cairo, to which we now return, we find many of the old tombs still serving as mosques. One of the most interesting of these at Cairo is

**50. THE TOMB OF CALIPH ALLAH OWN.**—We see the stairway leading to the pulpit where the Koran is solemnly read by the priest, and at the foot of it a pretty Arabic maiden, who is in charge of the mosque. Although she may look pleasant and amiable to you, attempt to enter the mosque without displacing your shoes or performing your ablutions, and you will find her a

perfect tigress, prepared to defend the rites of the temple with her life. With this scene we will bring our investigation of the life of the Egyptians to a close. Let us hope that the mosaics made up from the gatherings of one who seems fond of the work may increase interest in that old land and people, and enable all to share the pleasure to be had during a sojourn there, as well as better to understand *How They Live in Egypt*.

## EGYPT AND THE EGYPTIANS.

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THE pictorial side of Egypt has had but little attention from artists and authors in the past. This is a fact to such a great degree that we are prone to look upon this most picturesque and interesting of *all* countries as a place of vast pyramids, sombre and mysterious temples, a lazy, muddy river, palm trees, crocodiles, and nothing else. Whereas, on the contrary, there is no more æsthetic treat for the lover of the beautiful on the face of the earth than is to be had during a trip from the Mediterranean to the second cataract of the Nile. All the more so, if we look into the habits and customs of the people, their dress, their characters, and their methods of travel. In a land where railroads are few, where the public roads are dusty, and where there is neither road, nor even a pathway sometimes, the means of conveyance are quite novel. The most agreeable and pleasant way to travel is, no doubt, by means of the dahabeeh. The dahabeeh is a boat with one or two masts, according to size, supplied with what is known as the "lateen" sail. The handling of these sails by the navigators of the Nile is a sight. One would think, when looking at them, that certainly the dahabeeh must topple over, but with skilful management this seldom occurs. Sand bars and crocodiles sometimes intervene to disturb the equanimity of the trip, but such accidents add to the interest of the journey. Only once in a lifetime may we have the opportunity to laze and lounge upon a dahabeeh and sail upon the sacred waters of ancient lore. Let us share that pleasure now. Already we see

1. **THE AIRY SESOSTRIS** coming toward us under full sail. She is a little behind, as usual, and even now her swollen sail alone

indicates motion, but in the twinkling of an eye it disappears, for it has been furled by the Nubian crew in charge.

**2. LIKE SPIDERS** they look, stretched at full length along the one great spar of the little vessel, as they finish their work. The "Flag of our Country" tops the mast, as it does many another Nile craft. Then the Sesostris is brought to anchor at the quay, and in a moment more we are standing

**3. ON HER DECK.**—Better supplied is she than some of our home boats with easy chairs and lounges, and her handsome crew are amiable and dignified. They soon pull us out into the stream, and at once turn her head toward the south. We see the pyramids again on our right, and on the left is the Island of Rhoda, where Moses was found in the ark of bulrushes. The deck of our little craft contains not only the comforts of travel, but could we see her forward deck, we should observe it laden with provisions necessary for the trip. All these are supplied by our dragoman, who, for a certain sum in hand, agrees to supply the boat, the crew, the provisions, and all the necessaries of life, with added comforts, during the whole journey. And now, coming toward us, we see our good dragoman,

**4. MOHAMMED AHMED, ESQ.**—It was he who arranged this pleasure for us. Dear, good soul he was, and one of the gentlest and best of men. Never perturbed was he, but ever kind to all. Never should we forget his daily visits to the supper table if we had enjoyed the pleasure of a journey with him, for, as our artist says, "creeping softly and timidly into the cabin, he would lift up his swarthy hands as if about to pray, then bring them twice together, raising his voice higher and higher as he advanced, and would say, 'Ladeez aind zhaintelmans! aff you bleeze! tomahro mording fustah bell, seezks ogluck; saycundah bell, *aff pass seezks*; BRAKE-FASS, SAY VEHNA OGLUCK.' He was always welcome and always excited our risibles whenever he approached."

**5. "OUR COFFEE MILLER** holds the next warm place in our memory. Every day he sat upon the upper deck, his stone mortar between his feet, beating the blessed bean to powder with a pestle longer than himself. Such aromatic beverages as he made are seldom met. Those happy days were embittered though by

**6. "OUR SURLY COOK, ALI HANNA.**—He belonged to the desert drear; and having never owned shoe or sandal, his feet had become so split and seared that sometimes, unhappily, they were mistaken for a Nile plantation gridironed by irrigating ditches, or a crocodile coming to frighten the tourist. These same feet suggested all sorts of patterns and designs for cretonnes, wall papers, oil-cloths, laces, and linoleums. Thinking I might earn a dollar on these rare Arabic patterns, thus suggested by their æsthetic lines, I offered a partnership on condition that I might photograph his feet. Would he take my offer? Not he! that was a proposition that affected his very soul. Finally, in a weak moment, he promised his face to a companion, and he came to me to serve as his artist. Now was my opportunity! I would have been foolish not to have seized it. I suggested an easy pose, and thus was obtained this soul-harrowing picture of Ali Hanna and his feet. Both he and his companions were a continuous source of amusement, and sorry will the traveller be who must part with like companionship, but such must now be our fate. We cannot spend our whole time upon the dahabeeh; we have arrived where the Nile is too low for our boat to pass laden with so many passengers, and, therefore, we must go ashore and submit to another means of travel until low-water mark is passed. Stepping ashore, we find the palanquin, or, if we prefer them, there are also small boats." Let us become acquainted now with

**7. PRETTY TEETH, OUR CATARACT BOATMAN,** who also is master of the palanquin. He has become possessed of one of these picturesque conveyances, and offers it for our service. We will try it. It is rickety and old, but we are assured it is "better than camel or donkey."

**8. THE PALANQUIN** was adopted in days gone by as a conveyance in the service of wealthy pilgrims, who travelled over the desert from here to Mecca. Camels were used then as the motive power, but men are cheaper now, and four of these fellows offer to ride us six miles for fifteen cents each. Such a fast railroad coach as this is perhaps one hundred years behind our Pulman palace cars, but it is in harmony with the scene about us. A young prince and an attendant eunuch are seated here, and we find this way cer-

tainly a romantic one. Seated under its protecting shade, we are carried through the desert quite comfortably, but should this seem like too much ease, there is another method of travel quite as novel and often quite as comfortable as the other; we allude, of course, to

**9. THE GAY AND CHEERFUL DONKEY.**—Permit us to introduce you to one of the best of his creed; his name is "Telegraph," and you shall be the judge whether or not he is misnamed. All judges of donkey-flesh can easily see that he is speed spread out! He is the poetry of motion! He is the master of reverse action. He can fall asleep on one side and keep his other eye open to all that goes on. He can dodge any blow that comes within reach of him, and can cause more trouble in a minute than an electric machine. He responds more actively than a telephone, and can put more feet to the foot in his kick than anything going. He can tell to a hair when you are about to twist his tail, and puts himself in a semicircle to head you off. He can look you in the face with the same bland and placid expression which you now observe, and at the same time be concocting a kick which will, if it reaches home (which it almost always does), put a hole in every pocket in your clothes. He is a most changeable animal. He brings out all that is fickle in your nature. One moment he causes you to regret that you were ever born; in the next you are cajoling him with your arm about his neck. At one time you think you love him, and the next you are sure you hate him. His first greeting in the morning is a bray of pleasure at your appearance; in less than ten minutes he will send your camera flying across the desert by an unlooked-for demonstration of grace, that will convince you there is nothing certain about him but his changeability. A look into such a face as this would convince any judge of *human* nature that the owner thereof was as harmless as a dove; and yet, his character is as black as his shadow on the desert gravel. A curious animal is the Egyptian donkey, and as truly an Oriental puzzle as the pyramid and the sphinx. Not at all alike in character are the donkey and camel. It is a picturesque sight always to see

**10. TRAVELLERS RIDING ON CAMEL-BACK,** but it is not always so picturesque to do the riding. The camel has the

greatest contempt for the modern traveller, because the latter is of the present while he is of the past. He prides himself on his neck, though knowing full well that his tail, as a tail, is not a success. When you are ready to mount upon his hump, these graceful curves are reluctantly folded up like the blades of a jackknife, and the great mass is lowered. Now spring upon him; immediately, and a trifle sooner, the operation is reversed. If you have held on successfully you are hoisted aloft, while the great creaking joints are snapped back into their sockets, and he walks. Ye gods! what lofty *tumbling then ensues*. He becomes jocular. Down goes that long head to the ground, and fortunate are you if you do not follow. Lose your patience, and you are lost on the desert.

One more method of conveyance to be mentioned, and we proceed with our journey. This time the means alluded to is fully illustrated by the picture of

**11. THE ARABIC HORSE "DERVISH" AND HIS ATTENDANT SAIS.**—This magnificent animal is one of the famed breed about which so much has been written in history. He seems to possess all the elements of beauty which have been accorded to his family, and deserving is he of all the praise that can be given him. His Sais runs ahead, crying to the people in the way, "Look out for your head, look out for your shoulders, Ooah! Ooah! look out for my master, look out for your head, look out for your shoulders." If we will, we may ride through the streets with the speed of an escaped Mameluke, if we but signify to our splendid charger what our desires are in the matter. By whatever conveyance we may have reached it, we now come to one of those beautiful spots in Egypt known as

**12. A NILE FARM.**—This is but one of the many lovely scenes found in a journey of one thousand miles down or up the Nile. Here are all the accessories of the prosperous Nile farmer. A strip of irrigated land in the foreground; the great ditches running among the crops; the palm trees growing luxuriantly; the houses of the Fellahin farmer and his family dotted here and there, and, far in the distance, Father Nile, from whom all living existence is derived. Still further away, see the picturesque lines of the bare but ever beautiful mountains, as far as the eye can

reach. The scene is a magnificent one, made so by the annual visitation of the Nile, and by the constant irrigation practised by the Nile farmers. Probably on this beautiful spot once a magnificent city was located, with grand temples, whose stupendous ruins are now buried beneath the comparatively new-made soil. Doubtless it would require but little service from the exploring pick to discover beneath this little village marvels of history, over which antiquarians would gloat with fervor equal to that of the farmer when he gazes at his crops. Not very far from this very farm we see lying in the Plain of Thebes

**13. THE PROSTRATE STATUE OF RAMESES II.**, a powerful king of old. It is in the court of his Rameseum at Thebes. It is made of syenite, elegantly polished, and once stood high upon a pedestal, but by some means it has been thrown down. Its height originally was about 60 feet, and it must have weighed fully 1000 tons. Not very far away from it, seated in the middle of the vast Plain of Thebes, we see

**14. THE COLOSSI OF THEBES** guarding the site of the once Egyptian capital. They fairly frighten us by their size. The most distant one is the famous "vocal memnon," which, tradition says, gives out at times a not unmusical sound. The lowest one is 50 feet high, though both were higher still before earthquake sent their kingly crowns flying over the sand some 25 years B. C. Their early history is recorded on their pedestals. They were erected by King Amenophis to guard his own memnomium. An immense, motionless twain!

Grim monarchs of the silent plain,  
 Seated in motionless, sublime repose,  
 With faces turned forever toward the dawn,  
 With eyes that sleep not, lips that ne'er unclose,—

Still side by side they sit, with hands  
 Laid idly on their mighty knees of stone—  
 What thoughts pass through their dim brains, silent thus,  
 Companions, yet through centuries alone?

We saw but a little while ago, amid the beauties of the Nile farm, in the distance many a tiny village. We make our way up

the Nile a little further distance, when we halt at one of these pretty villages on

**15. THE BORDERS OF THEBES.**—It is a typical town: its groves of palms could not reach aloft here so proudly but for the industrious shadoof which lifts up the waters of the Nile, piling the soil up to their roots. Alas! there are times, too, when the waters of the Nile are not good, and the palm roots are laid bare by the turbulent stream. Here are more of the modern homes of the land proprietors, who garnish them by inserting palm branches, where thousands of pigeons find their roost. We will now return to our boat for a time. We dare not sail the sacred waters at night, lest the sand bars dispute our right of way; so we make haste and halt at the port of Luxor, or rather between Luxor and Karnak. The next morning, bright and early, we make our visit to the great ruins of Karnak. We approach by

**16. THE AVENUE OF SPHINXES.**—All the large ancient temples were approached by such avenues. The Temple of Karnak had two, lined by more than 500 sphinxes, the whole aggregating nearly 6000 feet in length. These have been mutilated and destroyed by antiquarians. At the end of the avenue is the great pylon or gateway of the temple. The history of the temple at Karnak might almost be called the history of Egypt, for here undoubtedly was one of the most extensive temples ever known to the world. Here photography must confess its inability to master the subject as a whole; only bits can be secured, a little at a time. There are many strange things about the Temple of Karnak besides its halls and columns, its tremendous obelisk, its temples and courts. One of the most curious sights to be had there is

**17. THE OPEN AREA AND SINGLE COLUMN.**—Why such a great area was allowed is hard to understand, but it is still a greater mystery to know why this lonely column, with its bell-shaped capital, was placed here. We can only look upon it and pass it by.

To Karnak Cæsar came, he said, amazed,  
 "Too wonderful this vision to be real,  
 The work of necromancy, or a dream!"

This grand confusion, these colossal forms,  
 This wide extent of ruin; how could die  
 Men who had life for this? they could not die;  
 Fate falls to cast them to oblivion;  
 Here in their deeds they live; these silent walls,  
 These graven monoliths, with meaning rife,  
 These prostrate statues, and these columns stark,  
 Speak, from remotest time, to us who live."

Walking carefully and slowly through the avenue seen in the centre of our picture, we come to the great Hall of Columns, the edges of whose capitals we see reaching towards each other. Looking upward, we are fairly startled by the sight of

**18. A GREAT "GRAPE PATTERN" CAPITAL.**—What a monster it is, and how beautiful in style and finish! It is one of the richest of its kind, differing from anything else that we see in modern architecture. Moreover, no conception of modern artist, or architect of the middle ages has produced by his skill anything so grandly superb as this wonderful capital. More and more are we mystified as we traverse these ruined halls! Harder and harder is it to comprehend, not only how such monstrous masonry could be quarried, but, after being quarried, who could hoist it to the giddy height which it holds. The ancient Egyptian temple is a study. No perfect example of one now remains, and, therefore, to understand its construction we must take up bits here and there, and study them as we find them, combining the whole in our minds until we have a fair conception of one of those glorious structures of the past. Perhaps more of the peculiarities of the ancient temple are to be found in

**19. THE TEMPLE OF LUXOR** than anywhere else. After passing through the avenue of sphinxes two lofty obelisks were located; only one now remains at Luxor, the obelisk of Queen Hatasou. One of these curious shafts we may now see in our own country in New York. The Luxor twain varied in height, and were placed upon pedestals also unequal in height, to make them appear the same. The large one is still here, the grandest in Egypt, though some 13 feet of its pedestal is under ground. Its smaller companion is in the Place de la Concorde in Paris. Magnificent is this remaining one! The hieroglyphics on its four sides

are yet as sharp as when first chiselled, while its polish remains in all its pristine glory. Beyond the obelisk, before reaching the temple, colossal statues of the reigning king were placed. The ones we see are of Rameses II., and from their shoulders down are buried in the débris and soil. At one time there seemed to be a monomania for such colossi, and we shall see larger ones. In our investigations of the temple, after passing the colossi, we come to the pylon or gateway of the temple. It was always constructed so thick, and built so high, that no one could see or hear from the outside anything that pertained to the mysterious rites within. They were only intended for the king and attendant priests to witness. The two portals, as you see, consist of a tall rectangular doorway, rising high above its crown. The remains of a magnificent cornice still adhere to the great walls, which still appear near the top, and were used to support brackets for huge flagstaffs. Let us climb to the top of the gateway of

**20. THE TEMPLE OF EDFOU.**—Here we have a more satisfactory view than any in Egypt, of the general plan and construction of the ancient temple. It is 452 feet long, 250 feet wide, and its gateway 115 feet high. Owing to the fact that up to 1864 it was covered with the débris of modern villages which had been built up around it, it is one of the best preserved temples of antiquity. We see the temple court, the colonnade, the inner as well as the outer walls, all of which are richly decorated. The modern town of Edfou is on the right; its houses are of dried Nile mud. No amount of labor and expense was spared by the ancient Egyptians in the construction of their temples. At

**21. THE TEMPLE OF OSIRIS AT ABYDOS** we see a splendid illustration of this fact. The temple interior is divided into many apartments, usually dark and dismal, and it is a marvel where the light came from which enabled the sculptor to decorate the walls. The Temple of Abydos, where the roof is nearly all gone, is where we have the best opportunity of examining some of these works of art. The walls are of white alabaster, polished and glistening in the sun; the stairways, too, are heavy blocks of alabaster, and seem to be without number. In many cases the walls are covered with stucco, upon which the bas-reliefs are carved, and

then exquisitely covered. A fine collection of these is seen on the right of our picture. The gods are represented in consultation with the king, who is asking favors of them, which are always granted; or, he is making offerings to them. Sometimes we see the king represented in the various employments of his life, overseeing the business of his farms, or sometimes battling with his enemies, or punishing his slaves. Now, having finished our investigation of the temple, we recross the Nile, that we may turn aside awhile from the wonders of the past and gather a refreshing scene or two from present nature. The most beautiful scenery along the Nile is that in the neighborhood of

**22. THE FIRST CATARACT.**—What locks are to canals the cataracts are to the river Nile, and there are many. This is the cataract furthest north, or the "first cataract." It is between Assouan and Philæ, and divides Egypt from Nubia. It is about six hundred miles south from the City of Cairo. During the inundation all the rocks but the very high ones are covered. One of the rapids is shown here—a beautiful example of instantaneous photography. The great hills of red syenite on either side shine like burnished copper in the sun. As we approach we see

**23. A NEST OF NUBIANS SHOOTING THE CATARACT.**  
—They are buffeting with the breakers, and have their arms lifted as though appealing for help, but they come out all safe and sound, and are eager for an encore. The blood of the traveller curdles in his veins when looking upon the courage and effrontery of these men, and he does not envy their way of earning their bread and butter. Refreshed and rested by looking at this delightful spot, we again make a visit to an ancient temple. Thus far we have only looked upon the class known as the "constructed." There is another kind called the "subterranean." Such are without the avenue of sphinxes; they have no obelisks, neither are their pylons detached. Their architects have chiselled down the face of the rock, shaped out therefrom their pylons, and then delved in the rock until the requisite number of apartments were cleared. It is supposed this plan was adopted for the sake of safety in time of war. At Aboo Simbel there are two temples of this kind close together, known as the great and small. As we come up the Nile, owing to the peculiar construction and lay of the land, we see

**24. THE LARGE TEMPLE AT ABOO SIMBEL first.** It is about 100 feet high and quite as wide. What description will convey to us a better idea of this great structure than the view presented here by means of our art. Here are four colossal statues of Rameses II., and a noble pylon corniced by a row of "monkeys," so-called, carved from the mountain. How hard to comprehend! Here we are looking into the well-preserved likenesses of the kings and queens of 3000 years ago. They fairly startle us. Let us, in imagination, climb up the distant rocks to the side of

**25. THE SOUTHERN COLOSSUS AT ABOO SIMBEL.—**We now have a clear-cut view of it, and a full comprehension of its size is reached. Our artist says: "As I first looked upon it I thought I saw its eyes twinkle. Those lips, which had remained unmoved for 3000 years or more, let go an incautious smile at my consternation, but in calling for an encore I was disappointed. Bland, serene, and unconscious was this face before which the sun had risen for thousands of years, and yet how unchanged." Let us return to the other side again. We place

**26. A GROUP OF TRAVELLERS IN THE MONSTER'S LAP.—**Our impromptu studio, as we observe, reaches from arm to arm, and is too large for our party. A few actual measurements made of this king will convey a better idea of his size :

Length of ears, . . . . .	3 feet 5 inches.
Width of shoulders, . . . . .	22 " 2 "
Length of nose, . . . . .	3 " 6 "
From nostril to nostril, . . . . .	2 " 2 "
Length of beard (and they wore short beards then), . . . . .	5 " 6 "
Length of one hand, . . . . .	7 " 6 "
The longest finger, . . . . .	3 " 8 "
One Pharaonic foot, . . . . .	13 " 6 "
One Rameses toe, . . . . .	2 " 10 "

Even with these figures at hand, without the assistance of blessed photography we could scarcely comprehend such greatness. And this is supposed to be the likeness of the Pharaoh who persecuted Israel when in Egypt. How strange the contrast between this work of man and scenes upon

**27. THE DESERT OF THE NILE.**—The one before us is nearly a thousand miles from the sea, and in Nubia. And more strange than all is it to see here, crossing this vast Sahara, uniting the shores of the Mediterranean with the villages of the Khartoum and Soudan regions, 2000 miles south, *the telegraph!* Sometimes it follows the windings of the river, sometimes it is almost buried underneath the shifting sand, or again leaps over the ruined temples of the gods. So even here in our foreground is a telegraph station, 1000 miles from a Christian land and constructed from the ruined walls of a Pagan temple. What changes since old Nilus came bounding down this valley, with the first message of good will to the sea, not as a conqueror, but as creator of this sunny land. Our artist seems to have left the most picturesque temples along the Nile for the last, for now he brings us face to face with those on the Island of Philæ. Our view is of Philæ

**28. EAST FROM THE TEMPLE OF ISIS,** and includes on the right a portion of the splendid Egyptian-Roman Kiosk of Isis, together with portions of the grand temple. Philæ may well be called "The gem of the Nile," for, as we have stated, here is the richest collection of ruins in Nile-land. Well, indeed, did the builders of these famous temples understand how to choose the most picturesque sites for their structures; none is more so than Philæ. It is in all but 435 feet long, and reaches only 105 feet from side to side, and yet such riches of antiquity as these are nowhere else to be found. We are forced to admire the projectors of such glories, and to endorse all that has been said in their praise. Here, bounded by the rocky shores, and within sound of the cataract, Philæ, "the Tivoli of Egypt," lies. Once it was the frontier town of Nubia, and protected the approach from the south from its Theban enemies. Though its power is gone, well do dead art and living nature vie with each other to make it attractive. Towering high above the neighboring palms, on the right, is the graceful Kiosk of Isis, or Pharaoh's bed. Undoubtedly it was devoted to the worship of Isis, for her image adorns the wall. Greek and Egyptian art combined have given us here a magnificent display of their generosity and science. Come sit with us for a moment, if you will, upon the great granite monolith which lies fallen in the southeast corner of

**29. PHAROAH'S BED, OR THE KIOSK OF ISIS.**—It is a moonlight view. Shades of Isis, Horus, and Hathor! How black the shadows are, falling like grim, ghastly demons upon the ground. And what frightful profiles they have, contrasting boldly with the charms of Cleopatra, whose ghost seems to hover here still among these ruins.

If we climb to the corner of this architectural gem we may overlook the entire island. Southward we then see

**30. THE NILE AND THE GRAND COLONNADE.**—The Island of Biggeh is on our right, with its immense wealth of syenite boulders and rich layers of Nile deposit pushed up the quay. Beyond lies the Nile, upon whose placid waters we have just sailed. Turning about us we have a view

**31. NORTH OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.**—Again the cataract is seen in the distance, upon whose sunny banks the crocodile finds his home, and where the jackals call each other from side to side. The grove of palms and grandeur of parts of the Temple of Isis on our right, assist in composing this desolate, yet beautiful, view. Here some of the most heathenish rites and bloody enactments ever known in history have taken place. Scattered at the foot of this old temple, in all directions, are ruined bases and shattered capitals, remains of sphinxes and obelisks which once headed or graced the glorious passageway. Powerful noted kings and queens came from all parts to worship Isis, and carried hence the sacred rites even to Rome. Returning, they planted here in turn the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus. All around are found the ruins of Christian churches. The best view to be had is

**32. THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF PHILÆ** as it is approached from the north and on the eastern side. Ah! this is the island of ruins, rich and rare. Some of us have seen Capri and Sorrento from the classic sea, and Stromboli pushing its volcanic temper to the sky. We have dreamed alongside Isolas, Bella, and Madre, in Lake Maggiore, but none of them is so grand as this view of Philæ. No trailing vines touched by autumnal tints are here; no snow-clad peaks or orange groves to sweeten and to beautify; yet nowhere else are such glorious groves of palms. Where else may we find such propylon and figured temples? Still this rare Vatican of an-

tiquity stands, contemplatively viewing its ravished charms in the mirror of the Nile, as though preparing to meet a beloved one in some tried trysting-place. How like fairy-land! And, indeed, this is the spot where the Arabian Nights locate many a charming romance.

Oh, Philæ! In whose arms these wonders piled  
Have held us spell-bound, and our dreams beguiled,  
Could they but *speak*—thy temples—halls of kings,  
What *history* they could tell—*what wondrous things!*

*Bright gem!* thy ruin'd temples, sculptur'd stone,  
Each holds a *mystery*—dark, and all its own!  
Hail, Philæ! jointly with the cascade's roar,  
Sing of Osiris—Isis praise once more.

Thy Nubian moon, whose shimmering rays  
Doth push the ghastly shadows out—ablaze  
Sets Sphinxes, obelisks, and column'd rows,  
And *cheers us*, lest we here our wand'rings close!

Before we leave the study of the Egyptian temple, let us understand that all the parts to which allusion has been made have some significance and use. The pylon meant secrecy; the obelisk, firmness; the colossi, watchfulness; the tiny lakes which attended all these ancient temples, purity; while strength and plenty were represented by the forests of columns.

We now leave the Nile, and return to the busy City of Cairo. How strange is the contrast in construction, as well as in the worship therein, between the ancient temple and the modern mosque. One of the most beautiful examples of the latter is

### 33. THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI AT CAIRO.—

It is upon the summit of the citadel hill. It is constructed of polished alabaster, and bears the name of the Egyptian king whose tomb it encloses. Its stupendous minarets seem to reach to the very heavens, and glisten like gold in the sun. It is the purpose of the mosque not only to lead the mind of the beholder to God, but to show the wayfarer afar off the way, without money and without price. The mosque is, therefore, not alone a place for

prayer, but here, all who have hearts, whether heathen, Moslem, or Christian, without respect of person, may find a religious home in the widest sense of the term. The vast courts of the mosque are usually inhabited by homeless tailors, shoemakers, sewing women, and others, whose numbers are always more than doubled by beggars, who laze and lounge there day in and day out, waking only when hunger compels, and accepting whatever Allah sends. The views of Cairo from this splendid mosque are sublime. In our next picture we see spread out before us like a rich Persian rug,

**34. CAIRO, "THE GEM OF THE ORIENT."**—On our left are the newer suburbs, on a green strip of the land of Goshen. It is garnished in the distance by the great pyramids, which rise up from the yellow, sandy desert like brilliants from a golden setting. Turning to the right we see more of

**35. "CAIRO, THE CURIOUS."**—Standing boldly in front are the barracks of the citadel, and the prison where Arabi Pasha awaited the edict of the law. We see again a part of the ancient land of Goshen, not far from where Joseph served as prince, slave, and ruler. Here Jacob came to buy corn; here afterwards "his seed waxed mighty." From here the children of Israel escaped. Immediately on the left is the Mosque of Sultan Hassen. Its tall minarets are overtopped only by the mosque of the citadel. Began in 1357, its marble walls were stolen from the casing of the great pyramid. It is 500 feet long, and its tallest minaret is 260 feet high. Nothing is repaired in these Oriental cities, therefore, while the grandest mosque in the Orient is tumbling to pieces, a new one is building at its right to take its place. Let us together visit

**36. THE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.**—What ruin is displayed in this picturesque old church. As in the autumn time the gorgeous leaves of the forests are whipped by the storms from the trees, and broken limbs hang dangling, ready to fall, so here the storms of time and battle have made all to look ready to fall, and to complete its ruin. See the group of Musselmen, who, having displaced their shoes and washed

hands and feet, are praying, with their faces turned towards Mecca. The pulpit, or "nimbar," on the right, is where the Koran is read.

Such is the mosque, the holy place,  
Where faithful men of every race  
Meet at their ease, and face to face,  
Pray unto God for strength and grace.

What a picture it must have been, when St. Vitus, sounding his magic flute, came armed with the faith of Christ to such places as this and put the zealots to flight.

Round went the caliph with his shaven head,  
Round went the vizier, raging as he danced.  
Round went the archers, and the sable crew  
Tore round in circles, every one entranced  
By that sweet mystic music heaven sent;  
Round, round in ceaseless circles, swifter still,  
Till dropped each sword, till dropped each bow unbent.

From the mosque we turn to

**37. A MODERN ARABIC PALACE.**—Although modern, all here is not new. The proprietor of this palace for many years gathered bits of ancient Arabic architecture and decoration, forming a sort of museum. After growing tired of this hobby, he conceived the idea of constructing a palace, into which should be incorporated his antique specimens, combined with all the beauty and grace that could be secured by modern architecture. He has succeeded in erecting, for the enjoyment of the world, one of the most unique palaces ever known in history. Its richest parts are all antique, and are as florid, and delicate, and enchanting as any Moorish architecture to be found in old Spain. The balcony found here is a perfect marvel of carving.

**38. A VIEW OF THE COURT** shows us how magnificent is the collection of doors and windows, decorations, and what-not, made up of stone and variegated polished marble, with iron, and brass, and silver adornments, in number almost without limit. The most attractive of all is

**39. A MASHREEBEYEH WINDOW.**—How splendid is it with its richly pierced patterns and delicately turned bars. It is

supplied with no glass, but has tiny shutters instead, which, when open, give the occupant a more extensive view of things outside. And yet, should any fair inmate of the harem dare to open these tiny shutters and pass a word with any traveller outside, the blessed Koran would be broken right in two. For beyond is the harem, the occupants of which never get more of the outside world than is to be had through the tiny shutters. One more visit, and we bring our journey to a close. One would not think of visiting Egypt without a satisfactory exploration and examination of the great pyramids. The patriarch Noah, as he sat upon the deck of his ark, leaning against the hand-rail, reviewing the appointed train walk up the deck of his vessel, could have felt no keener enjoyment than you would, when standing at one end of

**40. THE KASR-EN-NIL BRIDGE**, early some market morning, watching the Fellahin passing to and fro. Long caravans of camels, hundreds of donkeys, and as many drivers, all loaded with things used in the town. What a show it is! and, says our photographer, "Woe be to you if you need to fight your way through such a bedlam; yet to reach the pyramids, you must. Well do I remember my last exploit in that direction. Jostled, and turned, and twisted about, I at last reached the further end, when I found that I had been watched by sixteen unsuspected orbs, for lo! a barricade of

**41. EIGHT DONKEYS AND THEIR DRIVERS** had been formed to bar my further progress. I was, they said, going to the pyramids, and would want a donkey; I must choose. Here were 'John Bull,' 'Victoria,' 'Napoleon,' and 'Eugenie.' I assured them I was neither English nor French, I was an American. Alas! alas! for thereupon four of them opened upon me with 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Telegraph,' or 'Devil-to-go' donkey. Distracted, I backed up against the British Lion, quadrupled here for Allah only knows what, and with the pointed legs of my tripod beat off the foe. Then I offered terms, viz.: I would make a photograph of the group, and hire the one who failed to move. Would you believe that every one of such an incendiary gang could and would keep still? Well they did, and not one man or donkey stirred ear or nose. I then promised to hire half the gang for one day, and the rest for the return trip."

**42. THROUGH THE AVENUE OF PALMS**, then, to the pyramids. And what a glorious jaunt it is, too! Frequent glimpses of the pyramids are had as we trot along, so near and yet so far. A quiet dignity pervades the neighborhood. The bleating of the sheep and goats, the lowing of the buffaloes, the never-ceasing squeak of the shadoof, that quaint old oaken bucket of Goshen, only break the silence of the cool, crisp January morning. At last we are at the foot of the very hill upon which stand

**43. THE PYRAMIDS OF CHEOPS, CHEPHREN, AND MENCHERES.**—The great pyramid is the most distant one. The central one is the work of King Chephren, and the other that of the proud King Mencheres. Originally these great structures were covered with a highly polished casing; now only a portion is left on the central one near its summit. The group of Arabs seen are helpers at the pyramids, the foremost one being Sheikh Mohammed Yusef. They are wild fellows, but good-hearted when they understand you. The Pyramid of Chephren is not quite as high as that of Cheops, while that of Mencheres is hardly half as high, though, on account of its position, seemingly the highest of all. We are quite a mile away from them now, on the west side, with a view across the vast Sahara between us. Let us move nearer to them, to become better acquainted.

**44. CLIMBING THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS AT THE NORTHEAST CORNER**, with a Bedouin at each arm and a third one behind to boost you, is an experience novel and unique. The ascent may be made in twenty minutes, provided you agree to have your calculations upset once a minute, and your temporal system twice that often. For instance, you get ready for a tremendous muscular effort—a gigantic step—when, suddenly, you are hoisted up bodily, like an airy nothing. Then you prepare to land somewhere, to take a breath, when your booster sends you flying far beyond your mark. You hardly have time to give thanks that your brains are not dashed out, when the whole operation is repeated. And quite sure to be thoughtful are we when, seated upon the summit of the great pile, we look upon the desert below. What a history could be told of that thousand miles between us and the Nile, if the Sphinx at our feet could serve as spokesman.

A vast necropolis; great causeways once trodden by kings; the field where Napoleon charged his men to remember that the eyes of forty centuries were upon them; where mysterious rites were once performed, and signals with the stars exchanged; then, all around, see the inundations of the Nile reaching in with generous supplies of wealth and food. To get the most satisfactory impression of the size of this great master masonry, we must secure

**45. AN UPWARD VIEW OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.**—When at Niagara, standing amid the spray at the foot of the American falls, and looking up at the top to the brink, you have caught sight of the stream of water as it tumbled over, and then watched its descent until it broke into spray at your feet, you have obtained your most satisfactory impression of the height of the great cascade. So here, standing near the pyramid base, you may lift your eye to the summit, and then slowly, step by step, stone by stone, descend, until the immensity of the pile dawns upon you. The climbing Arabs, caught like pigmies on the way, help the illusion.

**46. THE GREAT ENTRANCE OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS** seems now to reach fairly out like some monster throat to receive us. We enter, and stoop low, for the passage is but four feet high, and we shall need our heads. A poor chance here for photography, certainly. The grand gallery is reached, and there we may stand erect. Diverging a little from the passageway, we come to the Queen's Chamber; it might as well be her mummy case, for all that we can see. We again turn into the grand gallery, torch in hand. A few more steps more bring us to the King's Chamber, with its celebrated piece of furniture known as

**47. THE PYRAMID COFFER.**—This huge stone vessel, oblong and empty, is a pyramidal puzzle, and, says our photographer, "It proved to be a photographic puzzle, too. Posting a dozen Bedouins with magnesium torches uplifted, to serve as a substitute for sunshine, my assistant and I made an attack upon the monster; no sooner would we place our heads under the camera cloths to make our arrangements, than, feeling the red-hot ashes of the burning metal fall upon their shoulders or bare feet, our dusky helpers, looking like demons there in the dim light, would flee from the combat and leave us in the dark. We were obliged

to collar them, and push, and pull, and threaten them back to their posts time and again. It won't do to begin to promise more pay under such circumstances. Coercion is the only way with an Arab, and we coerced until, after exposing nearly an hour, and we were all nearly stifled by the smoke, we triumphed, and you have before you the picture of the pyramid coffer as it is lying within the confines of this stone chamber. Here it has remained for thousands of years, with no light but the red glare of the torch to bless it. Never has sun, moon, or star fired its rugged sides." It was left for American magnesium and a Yankee camera to bring out the pyramidal puzzle, that we might guess what it is. And what is it indeed? Hundreds of scientists have conjectured, but are yet undecided. We give all the right to guess.

The most impressive view of all the pyramid series is our artist's

#### **48. FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.**

—If the traveller goes out from Cairo to visit the great pyramids before the Nile inundation has entirely subsided, a mile or more before he reaches the Pyramid of Cheops, he will see it reflected in the water, doubled, so to speak. But it must be at sunrise or moonrise, and costs an actual wade through dewy rice fields and lentils to see such a sight as this. And who built the great Pyramid? King Cheops. For what? Doubtless as his tomb, though scientists declare for many another purpose. There are several chambers in it, and it covers 12 acres of ground. It is 460 feet high, and each side 750 feet long. Ezek. xxxii : 2. What if the great pile should invert itself upon our upturned faces, as it has upon the calm and beautiful water!

Like a great warder watching over all, stands that other Egyptian mystery, the Sphinx. Still numerous in the neighborhood are ancient tombs of various constructions. A view of

**49. THE TOMBS AND PYRAMID OF CHEOPS,** together with the Sphinx, is one of the grandest in the desert. The construction of these, too, we have learned on other occasions. The tale of the Sphinx is still unfolded. It still divides the glories of the great desert. Once it was graceful and beautiful, and the old-time story is that at one time it would respond to any query, but now its lips have given way, and its power is ended. Science, though, has figured out its size. Let us approach it more closely, and see

**50. THE SPHINX, FRONT FACE.**—The circumference of the neck at the shoulders is 99 feet, while near the head it is 66 feet. The total length is 135 feet, and height 63 feet. After all, how insignificant it looks when measured with the vast desert. How snubbed it is, and what desires it creates to see it in its original beauty of form and finish. There it sits facing the east, overlooking the Nile, never complaining of its hard lot, mute as are some of the pages of history, mysterious and alone.

In our journey we have learned much of Egypt and the Egyptians, past and present. As we have already remarked, what a beautiful and picturesque land it is, and yet how sad its history. Let us part now, with a quotation from the author's journal: "The afternoon before I left Cairo I drove to the Citadel, desirous of having a farewell view of the pyramids. When I arrived at the low-reaching gateway of the Citadel, it was guarded by the soldiers of Arabi Pasha, and I was forbidden to enter. I then told Ali, my guide, to drive over to the Mokattam hills, which rise some 500 feet, and lie eastward of the city. It is all desert there. The vultures were wheeling about the cliffs, waiting for night, that they might fall upon their prey. There, in the west, was the great pyramid hiding the sun from view. How startling! The departing rays cast a great, sharp shadow eastward across the desert, just as it has done since the slaves of Cheops placed the last stone upon its apex more than 4000 years ago. So always have the vulture and the shadow preyed upon their victims, while kings and rulers oppressed the thousands and millions of orderly and cheerful people in this lovely land. First it was the Pharaohs; then the Romans; after that the Turks. Then the bloated bondholders came, beating and taxing this people because they are not 'civilized.' Now a great panegyric of constitutional government is to be poured down the Oriental throat, and may do some good, provided the giant greed, clutching at the national Egyptian viscera, releases his hold, and the poor fellows are allowed to swallow the dose in a natural way. Let us hope for them; we owe them much. We need them now. May their Oriental character be maintained for the enjoyment of the world. Long live the land of the pyramids and the sphinx, and long may the river of the crocodile creep along and give life and food to the kindly people, who are happy and contented beside the fertile waters. May the picturesque beauties of Egypt be preserved always for the enjoyment of the appreciative traveller."

And now we prepare to bid adieu—or in more poetic Arabic, “*Salaam*”—to the Orient.

Our preparation, however, shall be by means of one more picturesque journey in Egypt.

Our artist tells us that the amount of material for the camera there was unlimited, and that he found it most difficult to choose from such a wealth of subject. We could hardly excuse him, though he has given us so much, had he not also added the rich treat which follows in our next course, about “*Egypt, Old and New.*”

## EGYPT OLD AND NEW.

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OUR present lecture will lead us into a line of thought respecting Egypt a little different from what has been followed on previous occasions. In discussing the subject of "*Egypt Old and New*," and in searching for material which will illustrate our subject, we are impressed with the fact, that so far as the people are concerned, those of the old dispensation were undoubtedly a very superior people, compared with those who inhabit the land to-day. There can be no question of this, although we gather our studies and our facts from ancient sources. They held implicit faith in the doctrine of immortality not only, but believed that they would be followed by other peoples, who would naturally look for information concerning them, and who, being their descendants, should have some consideration. The evidence of this we have in the care taken by the ancient Egyptians to write in letters indestructible the history of their kings and great people, and of the arts and sciences practised by them. More than this, they have illustrated their lives and their manner of living by hieroglyphics and figures on the various monuments which they have left, together with the papyræ found in their tombs. How different were they in this respect from the people of other lands. For example, we find in India magnificent temples, in Syria stupendous structures, and in Arabia a perfect world of temples, all with scarcely a single hieroglyphic even, that tells the story of the mysteries over which we wonder. Grateful should we be then to the Egyptians of old for telling us so much of themselves, and for having been careful to supply us with knowledge which should influence us and shape our lives, even thousands of years after they are gone. These facts, which are only a few of such as should interest us in this old, old land, are what cause such a fascination to exist concerning Egypt. They

bring to her shores yearly such intelligent travellers as have the time and disposition to investigate matters of the past, and to seek for knowledge which will give them enjoyment in the present. Every one must know that the major portion of the information which we obtain of old Egypt is given to us by her tombs, and these tombs alone show us how much more attention was given to the preservation of the body by the ancients than is given to-day. That we may see how the art of tomb construction has degraded, let us first look upon the modern

### **1. MOSLEM CEMETERY IN THE PYRAMID DESERT.**

—It is located near the base of the great Gizeh Pyramid, close to where the most grand tombs of the world are found, and is in excellent condition. The family of the humble Arab, whom we see at prayer, and whose long shadow on the sand tells us that he is responding to the noon Muezzin call, have chosen this lovely spot beneath the only sycamores and palms in the neighborhood, to bury their dead; they do not even dig the sand away, but build a rude sarcophagus from the stone débris of ancient tombs, and leave their dead beneath to the action of the elements. How widely different is the treatment of the royal dead, we shall see when we look upon another modern tomb, this time of an Egyptian king. Up to

### **2. THE COLONNADE INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF MOHAMMED ALI**

we walk, awed by the lofty columns of polished alabaster, which cast their long shadows across the marble pavement, our shoes off, our hearts throbbing with excitement. We try to divert our minds from our real errand, in order to relieve the strain. On the left through the first and second colonnade we discover a richly patterned grating, through which we may gaze upon the royal mausoleum, if we will. Beyond this rich grating, in one tiny corner of the great mosque, lie the remains of the king whose name it bears, Mohammed Ali. It is decorated in the most lavish manner. As we look upon it we cannot but recollect the words of the good king, who said, "Only my grandchild can reap what I have sown. Egypt was once the foremost of the nations, now Europe fills that place. Everything in the world shifts and changes; perhaps the sun may dawn again upon my neglected people." It

may be that Mohammed Ali will prove to be a prophet. And while we meditate upon this tomb of the king of new Egypt, it is but proper that our minds should refer to one who has done so much to reveal to us the history of new Egypt, by means of her tombs and monuments. He, too, now lies with the dead, and although no great effort has been made to immortalize him, still a beautiful tomb and monument stand erected to his memory.

**3. THE TOMB OF MARIETTE PASHA, BOULAK MUSEUM GARDEN,** is seen just as we leave the street, and upon entering the garden. It is but a modest mausoleum, bearing his name and the date of his death, standing beneath the shade of the spice trees, and among the rose bushes and trailing vines, simple, unadorned, yet bringing to memory the name of one to whom we all owe so much. He was a simple-minded, quiet gentleman, thoroughly devoted to his vocation, and was the projector of the museum at Boulak. For many years the tombs and temples of Egypt were robbed by museum authorities and private collectors from various parts of the world. Mariette Pasha projected the idea that these collections should not leave Egyptian soil, but should be gathered and placed in a permanent museum on the borders of the Nile. How well he succeeded in his enterprise will be understood by a visit to

**4. THE BOULAK MUSEUM.**—It contains the richest collection of Egyptian antiquities in the world, including the "new find" of July, 1881. It was founded by Mariette Pasha about 1863; and not only was it founded by him, but his previous and subsequent discoveries and labors supplied it with the larger portion of its treasures. It has been recently enlarged, and is now under the care of Honorable Emil Brugsch Bey and Mons. Maspero. It is located at Boulak, the Nile port of Cairo. From its portal, guarded on either side by Rameses and Cheops, the Boulak Museum now extends up the Nile as far as there are temples and tombs of old to be excavated and to be protected from time and the vandal. The law now forbids the robbery of these antique treasures of the land, and now here, as in Venice, the people live upon the decaying remains of their country's past glory. Let us enter and see some of the curious things there. The newest at-

traction consists of a large quantity of mummies and mummy cases, found near Thebes, in the year 1881. Among these was

**5. THE MUMMY OF KING PINOTEM.**—He was one of the ancient kings of Egypt, and his mummy was found in an excellent state of preservation. When we look upon these old faces we are prone to recall the lines of the poet, who, when looking upon a mummy head, found himself addressing it thus:

“And thou hast walked about—how strange a story!—  
 In Thebes's streets, three thousand years ago!  
 When the memnonium was in all its glory,  
 And Time had not begun to overthrow  
 Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,  
 Of which the very ruins are tremendous!”

Well preserved is this old mummy head. Strange process that could have thus preserved it so long, but scarcely rivalling the famous syenite, of which we have so many excellent examples in this museum. Side by side in the cave with this mummy head of King Pinotem was a coffin case, which contained the remains of the Pharaoh of the Exodus. Alas! for the hopes of the anti-quarians, when this famous mummy was about to be photographed it fell to the floor and was broken into a thousand pieces. Fortunate are we, however, in having preserved to us a still better likeness of the famous king, for in another part of the Museum we find, in stone, a statue of

**6. MENEPHTAH, THE PHARAOH OF THE EXODUS.**—It was he who oppressed the children of Israel while enslaving them in his land, and it was he who pursued them to the Red Sea, as we are told by the story in Exodus vii: 14. Wonderfully perfect, wonderfully impressive and well preserved is this statue, bearing upon its head the symbol of power known as the Pschent. Quite a number of such statues are found and stored in the Museum at present. Looking thus into the faces of the kings of old, we have a curiosity to know something also of the objects of their worship, and so we pass into the adjoining apartment. We see seated side by side the gods

**7. OSIRIS, HATHOR, AND ISIS.**—They are surrounded by a railing, as though they might escape. In the flesh they may have shared the fate of their devoted worshippers, but the syenite of which they are made is everlasting. Osiris, on our left, was chief of the gods in Egyptian mythology. Hathor was often represented as a cow, and Isis, the sister of Osiris and his wife, was worshipped even in Rome. Strange looking, indeed, are these gods of old, yet they are the very ones, and not imitations, that were worshipped by the old-time people who inhabited the Nile. These statues were found at Sakkarah. They are most beautifully wrought, and are supposed to belong to the 30th dynasty. They are located in

**8. THE SALOON OF THE ANCIENT EMPIRE.**—In this saloon we see on either side the tall mummy cases of wood and stone, and at the doorway is the coffin of a queen, the interior shown on the left and the exterior on the right, both gorgeously painted in hieroglyphical language, telling of the virtues of the deceased. In the centre of the doorway is the image of the Scribe, while in the apartment beyond, King Cheops, who built the great pyramid, sits high upon a pedestal, and is seen through the doorway. We leave the Museum, and proceed with our investigation of some of the places where some of these antiquities were found. We shall be beset on all sides by the natives for baksheesh, so we take the advice of our guide and halt at the door of

**9. AN EGYPTIAN BANKER,** to turn some of our gold into the copper coin of the country. May Osiris help us; we are to be delayed again; our dragoman and Aboo Schneff are acquainted, and we must wait until they salute after the Arab fashion before we can go on. The process is something like this: After kissing each other on both cheeks, shaking beards for one another, and touching their foreheads, lips, and breasts, they suddenly stop, back from each other excitedly, then they come together again, seize each other by the hand, and then quickly shifting each his hand to the elbow, then back again some twenty times. Tired of this sport and out of breath. Mustapha begins the dialogue, which follows (the Arabic is omitted out of mercy to the listener):

Mustapha. May your road be easy and smooth.

Aboo. Allah ! smooth the way of your excellency.

M. Upon you be peace.

A. Peace be upon you.

M. Whither are you going? I would ask, meaning no evil.

A. Toward the rising sun. May the sun rise ever in peace upon you. And whither are your excellencies going?

M. May Allah not shorten your life. We are going to the tombs of our friends. May you live long enough to bury all your friends.

A. Allah only lives forever. How are the preserved of God, your family?

M. They kiss your hands and ask after your honorable pleasure.

A. Allah prolong their days and yours, and grant us all prosperity in the two worlds.

A. And may Allah save you from all trouble and level your road always.

M. By your pleasure we will be going on.

A. And peace rest upon you.

When we listen to such salutations as this, we well understand the admonition of our Saviour to his disciples when he sent them out to "salute no man by the wayside," for he well knew the value of time. The salute ended, our boat reached, and, in imagination, we are safely launched upon the Nile. We see beautiful gardens and groves of palms on every side, the old Nile dotted here and there with curious craft, the shadoof on every side lifting up the life-giving waters to the strips of soil on right and left. But we do not land until we get to the town of Mitrahenny, near

**10. THE SITE OF ANCIENT MEMPHIS**—A donkey-back ride of a few miles over the sand brings us where once stood the greatest city of the world. Where the Nile overflow is now seen a great temple once stood, and the lines of its walls may be traced on its waters. Beneath these palms, face down deep in the mud, lies the statue of the great King Sesostris, which was originally 49 feet high. Although effort was made by the king who succeeded him to destroy all trace of the city over which he reigned, the ruins about Memphis to-day are the richest along the Nile

But now famed Memphis' ancient bounds are gained,  
 Where the long line of iron Pharaohs reigned.  
 Hallowed by sacred lore, these scenes impart  
 A speechless awe, yet interest to the heart.  
 Here exiled Joseph rose to wealth and fame,  
 And, bent with years, the trembling Israel came.

But a short distance from here are the celebrated

**11. TOMBS OF TIH.**—In no Egyptian tomb are there to be seen stones of larger size, or more elaborately carved. Acres of surface here are curiously and deeply cut, representing the life and death of Tih, and the bringing in of funeral offerings after his burial. The adjoining hills cover an immense necropolis, much of which has never been explored. And here, too, we have a fine study of Egypt Old and New together, for in the foreground is the excavated tomb of old, while in the distance, upon the ground which doubtless covers many another such tomb, stands a group of patient donkeys waiting the return of the Nile traveller, to bear him back to the river. On our return trip we stop at

**12. THE STEP PYRAMID AT SAKKARAH.**—If tradition may be trusted, this curious structure, built of brick, dates from the first dynasty. If so, it is the most ancient monument known, not only in Egypt, but in the world. It has been opened and found to be a tomb. Nearly all the interiors of Egyptian tombs were built after one plan, no matter how they were shaped outside. First, there was an upper chamber or entrance; second, from this a well was sunk, say 60 feet deep; last, from the bottom of the well ran a receptacle for mummies. Every Egyptian, as soon as he arrived at a proper age, set about constructing his tomb; he dug the well and mummy chamber, caused the sarcophagus to be carved, and the entrance chamber or chapel to be decorated. Sometimes he would die before he could afford to complete this work, and leave no one to finish it. Such must have been the fate of him who erected the step pyramid, for it is evidently unfinished. For whatever other reasons pyramids were constructed, they were usually used as tombs, for their interior arrangement is upon the plan of tombs. As the Egyptians of old saw the sun rise in the east each day, why should not he, after the terrors of death,

again see the light of day? With this hope his tombs were invariably constructed with their entrances facing east, but they were not all pyramids, as we have seen.

**13. A GROUP OF PYRAMIDS SOUTH FROM SAK-KARAH** reveals to us the fact that pyramids were plenty in ancient Egypt, contrary to the general understanding, for really some people have the impression that there is but one pyramid in Egypt, viz., the grand one which we see looming up before us,

**14. THE PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.**—This close view even of the great pyramid scarcely gives one a correct idea of its size. The two little light lines on the corner are Arabs climbing up; others also are seen near the top. The black spot or depression within an apparently short distance of the apex is called "the half-way house," and is in reality half way between the base and the summit. There are several long passageways leading to the dark rooms of the interior. In one of these is the great stone trough or coffer. No place can be darker than the King's Chamber, which is nearly 20 feet high and 24 feet long. The great gallery which leads towards this chamber is 150 feet long, 7 feet wide, and 28 feet high. A stupendous tomb this, all will agree. As such we look upon it. What may be the thoughts of Emil Brugsch Bey, whose figure we see at the left of the picture in the foreground, we cannot tell, but we do know that he is a most industrious and persistent explorer in the service of the Boulak Museum, and devoted to his work. He was the companion and helper of our artist during many of his efforts to gain studies for the public, and assisted him in every way possible to gather his collection of views.

Before me rose, in wonderful array,  
 Those works where man has rivalled Nature most,  
 Those Pyramids, that fear no more decay  
 Than waves inflict upon the rockies coast,  
 Or winds on mountain-steeps, and like endurance boast.

A neighboring tomb,

**15. THE PYRAMID OF CHEPHREN FROM CHEOPS,** is not so grand, but is yet a magnificent structure. It looks even more stupendous as we view it from the standpoint of the camera,

whence the present picture was taken, viz., the top of the great Pyramid of Cheops adjoining. Looking down upon it from the height above, we get a better idea of its proportions than we can when viewing it from the ground. Viewing such a massive structure as this from above seems to give one a power of comprehension which it is impossible to secure when looking upwards. All objects of this kind are better seen with the light behind the eyes instead of looking with the light shining in the eyes. How plainly we can see the marble casing which adheres to the summit of the great structure, and how each particular line of the stone projections seems to be caught by the camera. Away off in the distance we see one of the tiny pyramids, which are here in number, and then, beyond, the great desert which reaches southward along the Nile. And these were tombs. As though watching them with faithful and diligent eyes, standing not very far off, is

**16. THE SPHINX**, a side view of which is presented to us. Strange and curious is this mighty mystery? Hundreds of scientists have guessed as to its meaning and use, but even their theories are but guesses, and no amount of thinking has, as yet, given us a satisfactory solution of the puzzle. Could the sands of the mighty desert be controlled during the process of excavation doubtless more could be revealed than we know from the Sphinx and the tombs which surround it, but unless great walls could be constructed, and the fugitive sand removed entirely, or prevented from drifting back to its wonted home, it will always be an impossibility to find out more than has been found out from the Sphinx. We, therefore, depart from the great mystery, cross the Nile, and visit

**17. THE SPEOS ARTIMEDOS AT BENI HASSAN.**—As we step ashore we meet the wildest lot of Arab donkey-boys in the world. No sooner is the traveller landed than he becomes part of a conglomeration of donkey-boy, donkey, desert, dust, and scrambled-after humanity. A great struggle follows. At last his component parts are sorted out, hoisted upon the donkey, and if the saddle girth has been buckled, and if the donkey is not seized with the chronic habit of lowering his haunches and walking from under, in twenty minutes the desert will have been crossed, and the rocky tomb beyond, which is sometimes called the Grotto of Diana,

is reached. There are some thirty such tombs in this neighborhood, all of whose facades are cut into the cliff-like sides of the hill like the links of an Arab chain. They are about half way up, and, therefore, far above the river.

**18. THE INTERIOR OF A TOMB AT BENI HASSAN** shows some fluted columns, in which architects think they see the original model of the oldest and most beautiful of the Grecian orders. These columns were not quarried and erected here, but are carved from the solid rock. The ceiling is painted red and black, and the walls are most elaborately engraved. The characters upon the walls show the people of that dynasty to have been more worldly than those at Memphis, for here are represented the various antics of the circus, hunting and fishing scenes, and both sexes tickling each others' feet with the bastinado. Each one of these tombs is supplied with a well leading to the mummy chamber, the walls of which, too, are engraved with details of the life of the occupants of old. None of these hieroglyphics are so beautifully carved and cut, and so well preserved, as those we see upon

**19. THE PORTAL OF THE TEMPLE OF KARNAK.**—No temple gateway is more beautiful than this, and none so lofty and grand; its sides, as we see, are exquisitely hieroglyphed. Surmounting the gateway, first, is a rich cornice, and beneath its shadow is the sun-god, a symbol of the Egyptian deity. These ruins of Karnak are among the richest and most interesting of the Nile. On other occasions we have seen some of their details, and have witnessed the exquisite work of our photographer. Here we see him

**20. PHOTOGRAPHING UNDER DIFFICULTIES AT KARNAK.**—He stands at the entrance of the great Hall of Columns, which we shall presently enter. He tells a story here of his first purchase of a mummy head. He says: "I was busy at my work, when an Arab with a long white gown approached me cautiously, and holding a mummy head disagreeably close to my nose, said, rather confidentially, aside, in a half whisper, 'Give it twelve francs.' On the principle of never giving an Arab what he asks, I said no, too much. 'Give it, ten francs,' he pleaded.

'Still too much, I said. 'How much you give it? No, I don't want it. 'Give it nine francs.' No, I'll give you two francs. 'Give it!' he screamed in my ear, took the money, delivered the head, and ran away as hard as he could tear, lest I grow sick of my bargain. And I did, too, for the Theban mummy retains its strength.' We now push into

**21. THE GRAND HALL OF COLUMNS.**—How stupendous they are. It seems as though no power on earth could move such monsters as these, and yet, see, one of them is toppling out of place, and another, in the distance, is leaning across the doorway and resting upon its neighbors for support. What tremendous power could have thus caused this confusion we know not. These great columns seem like monstrous trees in some great grove, so close together as to give the idea that they are themselves a protection for each other, and yet we see some terrible convulsion has caused confusion among them; a lesson that man may take to himself, that nothing he can erect is too strong for the powers of the Almighty to move, if He so please. Opposite to Karnak is the site of the great City of Thebes. Where once a great metropolis stood with all its glory there is now but ruined temples, broken and rifled tombs, and the desolation of the desert. Let us make them a visit. As we land upon the other side of the Nile we are beset by

**22. A GROUP OF ARAB WATER-CARRIERS.**—And quite fortunate we are, for the traveller among the temples and tombs of Thebes will find no water there to drink, unless he is so fortunate as to secure the services of one of these little maidens, Fatimah, Zenobia, or Miriam. They carry the Nile water in jars posed airily upon their heads, and are cute chatterboxes, all speaking a little English, which they have been taught by the traveller. What they cannot thus supply, they find sufficient material for utterance in their rich language. Our artist claims to have been taught several little lessons in their language, and declares that "it is a rich one, full of heart and pathos, but wonderfully wordy." The Arab sets down no less than 1000 words to express the title of that beast of burden and antiquity, the camel; 700 for the donkey, and as many for the crocodile. And yet, a long conversation can be carried on by the use of one word only, if you have the jaw and

jowl to master the accents and inflections. This word is "Tyeb," good. For example, you are riding from the great Pyramid to Cairo on camel-back; your camelier, always on the alert for something to please you, discovers a scarabaeus, or shell, and with pleasure in his eyes and voice, hands it to you with "tyeb," good. You answer "tyeb." He responds heartily, "tyeb," and then you both say "tyeb." Thus both are pleased, and thus with this one word you succeed in informing each other as to how you feel. We are now in Thebes, and we stand upon the soil of

**23. DIER-EL-BAHREE AT THE TEMPLE OF HATA-SOU.**—It is located right against the Coffin Mountain. Here are the ruins of Pagan memnonium and Christian monastery mingled together. Here Hatasou, in turn, queen, regent, and king worshipped; here was banished Pentaur, the poet, priest, and hero of Mr. Ebers's charming romance, "Uarda." Here, at the confessional he met fair Queen Bent Anat, who came to confess her love for him. Climbing around these walls, we come to the deep Valley of Bab-El-Malouk, the St. Denis of the 19th and 20th dynasties, not far from where the great mummy-find of 1881 occurred. From what we have seen and heard we are prone to feel a sublime awe for these old-time tombs, and yet here we see, seated in the mouth of one of them,

**24. A PARTY OF TOURISTS AT LUNCH.**—It seems almost like desecration, but when we understand that in this desert place no shade or protection from the torrid sun is possible except in such a place, we can excuse our travelling companions from this liberty. After we have partaken of lunch with them we proceed with our investigation.

Often 'twas willed this splendor should be sealed  
 Not only from profane but priestly eyes,  
 That to no future gaze might be revealed  
 The secret place where Pharaoh lies,  
 Amid his world-enduring obsequies;  
 And though we, children of a distant shore,  
 Here search and scan, yet much our skill defies;  
 One chance the less, some grains of sand the more,  
 And never had been found that vault's mysterious door.

As we enter one of the tombs we see a splendid example of

**25. THE SCARABEUS.**—We have on another occasion learned his signification and habits. We see him here attended by a god; he was the emblem of mortality. His descendants may be seen still creeping lazily over the sandy deserts of tombs, as much degraded below his ancestors as is the modern Egyptian lower than his progenitors. Some of the monuments of the Plain of Thebes are sublime. One of the most beautiful is

**26. THE TEMPLE OF MEDINET-ABOO,** a general view of which we see. Once upon a time a Coptic village so surrounded and covered this temple as almost to hide it from sight; now it forms a section of the great museum at Boulak, and, thanks to the authorities, we may look upon its architecture. It is composed of two temples, side by side, varying in their design. The one on the right, with the florid capitals, is that of Thothmes III., while the one nearest to us is the temple of Rameses III., and is sometimes called "the Versailles of the Nile." The splendid interior consists of a magnificent court, 123 feet by 23 feet, whose figured columns are 24 feet in circumference. The building is surrounded by galleries covered with sculptures, and embellished with the most vivid colors. What a magnificent specimen of the massive masonry of the old Egyptian temples this is. It is regarded as one of the most impressive of all. Upon its walls are depicted representations of the pleasurable side of the king's life, proving that this was his home, where he gave himself up to companionship and rest. Another temple is passed close by, and then we come to

**27. THE SOUTHERN COLOSSUS OF THEBES.**—This great watcher of the desert is not alone. A companion stands near by. It is nearly 50 feet high. "I walked around it and its companion, to obtain the best impression of its immense size, and concluded that

**28. A BACK VIEW OF THE COLOSSI OF THEBES** is the most satisfactory. We seem to catch a view here that has more charm about it, because the individuals themselves are not aware of our inspection." There is always a fascination connected with seeing anything unobserved, and enjoying it alone, which comes probably from the selfishness of our nature. There is

nothing selfish about this mighty twain. They were placed here by the mighty king to guard the approach to his temple, and have remained here faithfully in spite of the disturbing elements; they have met with desecration during thousands of years, and have battled with the elements, but still they sit waiting, as though for some great prophecy to be verified by them. And what wonderful stories they could tell, if they could speak, of glory departed. Whether they were a part of the great avenue of similar giants which led to the temple or not we cannot tell; it may be that beneath the soil are buried many others of equal size. Could we climb to the arms of one of these monsters on every side we should see the beautiful and fertile Plain of Thebes, now in a high state of cultivation. After crossing this plain we take to our steamer again, and arrive

**29. AT ASSOUAN ON THE NILE.**—Assouan is the southernmost port of Egypt. Our view was taken with the camera pointed through the broken arch of an old Roman ruin which stands upon the hill at the south of the town, and gives us a view of the quay of Assouan. The streets of the city are very curious, indeed, and remind us of a scene

**30. AMONG THE BAZAARS IN ALEXANDRIA,** which may represent a mercantile street in any Oriental town better than any view which could be obtained at Assouan, for there most of the streets of the bazaars are so covered, to protect their merchantmen from wind and sun, that the photographer found it very difficult to secure a satisfactory view of one. In fact, no view could be had looking through a street that would give as good ideas of the houses and bazaars as this does. All efforts to see across the streets were prevented by the tumble-down sheds, which we see on the right, covered with plaited awnings, and the more pretentious houses on the left. Through these curious streets may be seen, lifting itself high above all else, the minaret of the mosque, the holy place where the faithful resort to thank Allah for the blessings he has given, and to ask Him for more. Our artist says that

**31. A BRACE OF MERCHANTS,** "looking more like beggars, sat at the door of their bazaar as I passed through, and, contrary to the usual custom, invited me in. Here were bracelets of buffalo

horn, crocodile teeth, Mocha coffee, sugar cane, bangles, anklets, and coffee cups of dainty shape. By the door was a richly wrought rug of Nile mud, the only one of its design, down upon which we were invited to sit while we bargained for the wares, my companion and I. Plenty of dancing girls came along, and every once in a while a jocular, loaded camel, who would clear the way as effectually as a wild steer. The pottery made here of a red clay is very pretty. The favorite shape seemed to be the pipe. Market day in these villages is of great importance to the inhabitants; an illustration of this we find at

**32. THE CAMEL MARKET AT ASSIOUT.**—The bazaar is crowded with camels; quite a thousand are here, with as many turbaned attendants. This, it is believed, was once a wealthy mart of Egypt, and here still is the halting place of the caravans which come from Darfour. No cattle show could equal this oriental sight. And, next to Cairo, there is no town so interesting as Assiout. Its bazaars are small, its streets are covered with mud, and a perfect carnival seems to be going on continually. Curious people are to be found in all these towns.

**33. THE NUBIAN GIRL** is always among the greatest curiosities, for she differs considerably from the Arabs, who are born in Egypt proper. Her hair is greased with castor oil, and is superlatively plaited. She sells the product of the bean to those who desire to purchase. She is not urgent in offering her goods, like the attendants at the World's Industrial Exposition, but modestly waits the overtures of the traveller. She not only sells little articles of pottery and bogus antiques, but usually has a box in her possession containing snakes, which she will excite to considerable liveliness when a probable purchaser comes along. She is not as agreeable a personage as are

**34. THE ARAB SAIS AND WATCHMAN**, whom we see in our next picture. The sais, or carriage driver, is always a good-natured fellow; pursuing the duties of his vocation with cheerfulness and amiability, he is often tried and pestered, but is still happy and obliging. He is a keen observer of human nature, and understands full well how to be politic, for he is sure that the traveller will reward him by a liberal baksheesh when his duty is ended, if

he is faithful. The old gentleman who lies asleep at his side is a watchman, but he does not seem to be attending so faithfully to his duties. We find members of his craft at the door of the house of merchandise, as well as at the palace gate. He is usually a surly wretch, too old to do anything else but watch and sleep, and travels somewhat on his dignity. Beware how you offer him a coin of indifferent value; if not satisfied with the amount which it represents, he will cast it scornfully to the ground, and exclaim, "Do you mean to insult the servant of the Sultan Pasha by offering him such a contemptible baksheesh as this?" You may feel so worried that you will pick up the rejected coin from the ground and get out of his sight as soon as possible. A strange people are these citizens of the Orient. The most poetic philosopher one meets is what our artist has called

**35. THE PRIZE BEGGAR.**—This vast cathedral of dirt and filth here presents a frightful view. His eyes were running sores; his mouth a tobacco sluice; his head a study for the entomologist; his trappings included all he owned in the world, in the way of market apparatus, cooking utensils, and beggar's tools; his garments were entirely of leather, an inch thick with grease and dirt, added to, layer by layer, as he hobbled along, by rubbing against his compeers. A perfect candle he, dipped in tallow to the scalp, or soaked in castor oil, fit only to burn at some funereal rite. His blind man's staff supported all, and helped the artist to make up his facade.

**36. THE ABSIDE OF THIS PRIZE BEGGAR** presents a more vivid sense of his true outwardness. With consummate skill the parts are all arranged in harmony, full attention having been given to every detail. He wallows shamelessly along day by day through the streets, putting on a frivolous and assumed child-like manner and pitiful tone, and becomes a living nuisance to all who meet him. He is well known to all the merchants in the bazaar, and is tolerated only because he pretends to be "a very religious man." At every muezzin call he turns aside from his vocation as a prize beggar, and goes to the mosque, where, in the mosque court, after service, he makes quite an honest penny in the pursuit of his trade. He is not a rare article in the Orient.

**37. A CAIRENE FUNERAL PROCESSION** is a curious sight. The corpse lies in the bier covered with a red cloth; the coffin is a small wooden box, carried upon the shoulders of the bearers, and some boys follow, carrying a red desk upon which is the Koran. Following these are the mourners. They, with silk handkerchiefs about their waists, scatter rose water over the dead and the living. Last, but not least, come the women. Did Dante ever hear such wailing in the lower regions, or in the depths of despair? An old Arab proverb says, "Woman's wit is short, but her hair is long, therefore, she ought to pull it out at funerals." She most literally does this, and works herself into a fearful frenzy. A camel may be seen soaring above all. Upon his hump rides the widow of the deceased. Our view was made while the procession moved, and, therefore, all the better (or worse) exhibits the dreadful confusion which attends such a sad occasion in the Orient. Let us turn from the scenes of the Oriental city for a little while now, and look upon some of the beauties outside again.

**38. THE MAHMOUDIEH CANAL** is one of the pleasant resorts of Alexandria. We may, if we wish, take a ride upon this primitive boat; the crew seems good-natured, and content to receive us. The donkey certainly will not disturb or annoy us, and the trio of Arabs who attend him will be exceedingly attentive when they see a prospect of pay. We may go across, or take a ride along the banks of the Nile, which are lined with palace gardens or harems. The canal is alive with freighted barques from the Nile, together with humble boats and dozens of splendid dahabeehs for the pleasure of the wealthy. Reaching the Nile after passing the palaces, we come upon a Nile farm, where we see the Fellahin boys at work irrigating the soil by the ordinary method supplied by the shadoof and sakiyeh.

**39. THE NILE SAKIYEH** is a curious conglomeration of machinery. Its construction is a mystery, and is hard to understand, even when you look right at it. Cog-wheels, chains of buckets connected with a sort of turn-table mounted upon a platform, supported by palm tree logs driven into the mud, make up the constructive elements of the machine, and the motive power is supplied, as we see, by a buffalo urged to his duty by a sleepy

Fellahin farmer. In the Delta, however, a different kind of machine is used.

**40. AN IRRIGATING WELL AT ALEXANDRIA** will explain the variety. Here we see the well and chain of buckets, which leads down into the well to haul up the water. The machine is the same as the other, only there is no platform. The motive power this time is a donkey, impelled by the arrogant voice of the young Arab, whom we see is merciful, though, for he has blind-folded his donkey, lest he should become dizzy in the performance of his circular avocation. Strangely picturesque are all these scenes along the Nile, and how wondrous the contrast between them. Without regard to chronological order, we, in imagination, turn from this bit of the rural scenery of to-day to a study of ancient architecture, found in a view of the Island of

**41. BIGGEH FROM THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AT PHILÆ.**—On the right hand side we see a corner of the great temple, with its curiously sculptured sides and magnificent cornice. Across the river, beyond the palms, is a group of ruined temples backed by the huge ridges of syenite, which glisten in the sun like burnished metal. The scene is the Island of Biggeh opposite Philæ. In the centre of this group of ruins we observe an arch. Come a moment to the other side of this arch, and lo! we see

**42. THROUGH THE RUINS TO PHILÆ.**—This is a Roman arch, which formed, once upon a time, a portion of a Roman temple. Away off in the distance, across the river, on the Island of Philæ, is the whole of the Kiosk of Isis, that most beautiful of all Egyptian-Roman temples found upon the Nile, and the best preserved. How strange is this joint work of Christian and Pagan, both revealing the power and might of the people constructing it, and yet, withal, in ruins. Strange is the history of the world, and at no place do we find so much to convince us that great peoples lived thousands of years before those who now inhabit the earth as we do in Egypt. Never are we so much impressed with this fact as when we look upon

**43. A CLASSIC GROUP** like the one now presented to us. What studies are here! What material for sober thought! Here

is a sphinx with head broken off, probably by order of some Christian fanatic, who thought he saw in that head the likeness of a god. Once it stood guardian of the approach to the Temple of Isis, which is in the background. It has been lifted from its original position, and placed in æsthetic companionship with the base of an obelisk, whose major portion has also been broken away, either by earthquake or by the insane vandal, who has but little respect or feeling for the antique. Back of all is a portion of the propylon or gateway, of the great Temple of Isis, with the history of the kings who constructed it sculptured thereon, appearing as legible as on the day when they were there placed. If, in imagination, we mount upon this broken obelisk, or even stand upon the shoulders of the sphinx, and look southward, we shall obtain another magnificent view of

#### 44. THE SOUTH COLONNADE AND PHARAOH'S BED.

—The latter, as we know, is called the Kiosk of Isis. We have but just seen it through the ruined arch in the Island of Biggeh. The colonnade is the most interesting study in the Island of Philæ. No effort seems to have been made here to secure regularity; indeed, the idea of the architect seems to have been quite the reverse. Roman and Egyptian art are here strangely combined. The Egyptian temple seems to have been constructed according to the lofty purposes of the talented architect, but not content with their height, the Roman enthusiast has added to their mightiness by a superstructure, bearing upon every side the likeness of the goddess who was worshipped there. And whence came the material for all these magnificent structures? There is no scarcity in this neighborhood, for the quarries along the Nile afford sufficient to build a world of cities. The most valued of the various kinds of building material is syenite from the neighboring quarries of Syene, but a few miles from Philæ. A view from

#### 45. THE UNFINISHED OBELISK, QUARRY OF SYENE,

will tell us of the mighty undertakings of the ancient quarrymen. Nothing seemed to appal them; they were apparently equal to any occasion. This splendid quarry supplied the raw material for all the obelisks of Egypt. Here yet may be seen the chisel marks of Pharaoh's workmen, as plain as on the day when they were left

there. Here is an unfinished obelisk, still adhering to the mother rock by its side. Like the great stone at Balbec, its three sides were hewn away, but the under side left undetached. Thus we learn that the Pharaonic quarrymen disengaged the massive blocks from their beds of size and weight which appal the stoutest hearts to contemplate. What monsters and what mighty men! Our artist has ingeniously added to our impression of the greatness of this obelisk by placing several of his travelling companions upon it.

And now, a short trip a little further south along the Nile, and we bring our journey to a close. The little steamer awaits us at the port of Assouan, and, as we see

**46. THE TWO ARAB PILOTS OF THE "SAIDIEH"** stand at their posts ready to bend the helm to suit our pleasure. One was an old turbaned Moslem, who regarded all the hours of prayer, no matter how many sand bars were in the way. The other was a magnificent specimen of humanity, young and hardy, but always wearing a shawl about his head and neck. The method these men had of guiding the steamer was unique, but not nearly so much so as that adopted by the captain for guiding his pilots. Our artist tells the story thus: "Pinafore discipline sinks into significance when compared with this. The post of the captain is on the bow. On the bridge stands the second officer. Vessel going twenty miles. Enter, half a mile ahead, shoal water and a sand bar, bent on some fun. Captain cries out: 'Affa speed!' Second officer: 'Affa speed!' Pilots both answer: 'Affa speed,' and haul at the wheel. (No bells are sounded.) The engineer takes his order from the pilot instead of from the captain. Second scene: Shallow water is entered, sand bar approaches. Captain: 'Wady easy!' First officer: 'Wady easy!' Pilots all: 'Wady easy!' Engineer wadies easy. Sand bar lifts up its spinal column from the water like an enraged and bloody crocodile. Captain, hands up: 'stop.' First officer: 'stop.' Pilots answer: 'stop.' Passengers all, '*stuck!*' Pilots and engineer light their pipes and praise Allah for his goodness, while small boats are sent ashore to tie ropes to all the Fellahin farmers they may find to help pull the boat off—usually a circus of six or seven hours. Plenty of sport can thus be found upon the Nile steamer, even though a delay of six to twenty-four hours must be endured on account of the carelessness of the

crew." Since so much interest has been attached to the Soudan and Khartoum region, we halt for a moment at

**47. KOROSKO.**—Back of the town of Korosko is the high and holy mountain, from whose top we obtain this wild and weird view. It gives a view of the almost limitless desert beyond, which is varied by the Lybian hills. Few landscapes in Egypt are more sublime, or more suggestive. Placing ourselves alongside this Arab group, we see, first, the mountain summit, rough and rugged; then the village, with its fertile farms beyond. Following these, the father of them all, the Nile, with our tiny steamer and the quay on the left. On the other side of the river is another long strip of land, beyond which is the desert, protected by that endless chain of Lybian hills. The most wondrous groves of palms are found at Korosko. There, too, is the great port of the southern Nile, and there the great caravans come in from the Khartoum and Soudan regions.

**48. A CARAVAN VILLAGE AT KOROSKO** is one of the most curious scenes along the Nile. Here the caravans unload their stock of spices, gum Arabic, and the like, for shipment to the sea ports. A temporary village erected by a caravan is in sight; within the enclosure, surrounded by these strangely plaited mats, are the sleeping apartments of the caravan, and the best corner thereof is devoted to the accommodation of the attendant camels. These beasts of antiquity assemble there, contentedly chewing their cud, and are always unfriendly. Our artist relates his experience here at Korosko, at the caravan village, as follows: "Some of us, possessed by what spirit I know not, took it into our heads that it would be novel to sleep in one of these tents, and a bargain was made with the Sheikh for the monopoly of one of them to carry out our little plan. Entering it, we found that a stable opened into it, that was already crowded with goats, donkeys, and camels, which kept up a most sleep-provoking clatter. We did not object to this, until, during the night, the weaker animals came into our quarters for refuge. Greater was our surprise, however, when we found that the whole family of men, women, and children had crowded in after we were asleep, to share the single apartment. Hauling our feet up from too close contact with stranger pedals, we slept off the novelty. Another one of the ports of the Soudan and Khartoum region is further south, at

**49. WADY HALFA.**—The location is not very far from the Temple of Aboo Simbel, near the second cataract of the Nile, and is at the head of navigation in this part of Nubia. Here also caravans come from the centre of Africa, unload their burdens of spices, etc., and take up what has been brought to them from the interior towns and seaboard. The town is a large one, considering the way business goes on along the Nile. Its houses are picturesque, and are made of adobe. They are roofless, supplied with a low doorway, as we see, and in finish and elaboration of design are in keeping with the magnificent mosque which we see shaded by trees on the right of our picture. The town seems prosperous, and yet poverty-stricken. That is, the people are busy, but the result of their traffic does not seem to amount to much. It may be, as it is in some of our own Western villages, that the people are so given to money-getting that they forget about the comforts of home, and their duties to the public, and, therefore, their towns assume rather a heathenish aspect. So it is with the town of Wady Halfa, at least. We now make our departure from the Nile country. Already we see the little steam yacht of the Khedive coming toward us. Therefore, we must say

**50. FAREWELL TO THE ORIENT.**—Our staunch steamer, the Bangalore, is seen in the distance awaiting our arrival, that she may push off toward the north again. As we step aboard the saucy little steam yacht, more likely than not we shall feel a tug also at the hem of our garment, a very gentle, compelling sort of pull. It is our beggar, the cathedral of dirt. He wants more, and lifting himself up in the middle of our pathway, puts out his scrawny fingers, and rends our heart with his farewell “Kuh-wad-gee, *baksheesh!*” We fling him, in our desperation, the few paras we had saved as curiosities, hoping to get rid of him. Alas! not so. For, as our little boat pushes off we turn to toss a farewell to the friends left behind, when that shrewd beggar once more catches our eye, and holding out his hand, rends you again with a final appeal, “*Baksheesh, Kud-wad-gee!*” Most willingly would you throw him a coin if he would but dive into the sea for it, and, for the sake of posterity, never come back again. With this feeling you leave the Orient, probably never to return to it again, but thankful that there is on the face of the earth so much that is picturesque, so much that is enjoyable and profitable as well, as we have found during our travellings in *Egypt Old and New*.

## NEW PICTURES OF OLD PLACES.

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LONDON, PARIS, ROME, NAPLES, HERCULANEUM, AND POMPEII. —In those good old days when Arsinoë and Amenophis and Hatasou were Queens, and Memphis and Thebes were in all their glory, she who could go into the kitchen and prepare for her royal guests the pasty which would develop the greatest number of flavors, was considered most worthy to receive queenly honors.

Historians declare that kingly gourmands have been heard to say that, by their acute sense of taste, they were able to discover no less than forty different flavors in one such production of meat, fruit, vegetable, and spice.

Since such gratification was given in olden time by those industrious mixtures, may I not hope, at this time, by a wholesome assorting of the material, to offer you quite as much pleasure as I would if our feast was selected from one country wholly? I dare not hope in these enlightened days of illustrated lectures and of photography, which alone made them possible, to show you much that is unknown to you, and which you have not tasted before.

But, if of these old places I can show you some *new pictures* prepared in a manner new to you, then I may hope in a small way to please your taste, and to prepare a photographic pasty each ingredient of which will give pleasure to those who partake of it. Are you prepared to take the mixture?

We have crossed the ocean so often in company, that we can manage entirely without salt water this time.

Come with me, then. at once to the city of London, to its very heart, and from the famous Cumberland Terrace look upon the spot pronounced by Chantrey and Sir Robert Peel as without a rival in the display of national art—I mean, as you have already guessed,

**1. TRAFALGAR SQUARE.**—The fountains here are fed by two artesian wells over three hundred feet deep, and send up into spray 500 gallons per minute.

The fame which Nelson, the naval hero, won when at Trafalgar he drove back the French and Spanish fleets and thus prevented the invasion of the English lines, gave the name which this beauty spot in London now bears.

The splendid Corinthian column, which rises 145 feet from the pedestal, was erected in honor of the old hero, and is surmounted by a colossal statue of him. At the corners of the pedestal are the famous Landseer lions.

Before seeing more of the heart of London, accompany me for a little time in the inspection of its one great, living, throbbing artery,

**2. THE THAMES.**—We step down to the landing near Waterloo Bridge and take passage upon that great Thames institution—next in usefulness to the London omnibus, the penny boat.

We scarce have time to set foot on deck, when a successor blows her whistle at our stern.

Thus frequently all day long do these busy boats ply their trade—and carry their curious, chafing, impatient loads to and fro. There may not be so many tasteful things here as in an antique Egyptian pasty, but if the sense of smell in any measure approaches the discriminating taste of a Theban king, I would not disbelieve any number of discoveries impossible on one of these penny boats.

Jostled and befogged and begrimed, in less time than I have been telling you, we have passed under Westminster Bridge and are landed on the Lambeth side in full view of the

**3. HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.**—This portion of the Thames is near the site of the old-time Lambeth Ferry, where took place the landing of the Queen of James II. and her infant son on the occasion of their flight from Whitehall, described so dramatically by Macaulay. The whole story of this noble pile you well know, and its uses you know—perhaps some of its abuses, for no legislative body is infallible. On our right, we see two of the great eyes of the clock of Victoria Tower. Here “Big Ben” peals forth his solemn speech hourly with more dignity sometimes than those below. His predecessor, “Great Tom,” however, was not so steady,

for once upon a time he helped John Hatfield escape the gallows during the reign of William and Mary, by striking one—thirteen times. Since many swore that they also heard the erratic clock, the man who was accused of sleeping at his post escaped. We now resume our excursion. We turn back toward Westminster Bridge and secure a fine view of its whole length.

#### 4. WESTMINSTER BRIDGE AND VICTORIA TOWER.—

This is declared to be the widest bridge in the world. Seven magnificent arches—the centre one 120 feet span—support the roadway 1160 feet long, and 35 feet wide. The old Westminster Bridge was a great resort for poets. Here poor Crabbe, before his fame was made, meditated suicide. And here Wordsworth, in one of his early morning freaks, wrote those sweet strains which still so sarcastically describe the charms of the great metropolis.

“This city now doth like a garment wear  
The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields and to the sky;  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air,  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendor, valley, rock, or hill.”

As we slip under the bridge in our little boat, and make similar obeisance to the great Charing Cross Bridge, we see on our left the new Thames embankment, of which London may be justly proud.

#### 5. THE EGYPTIAN OBELISK AND SOMERSET HOUSE

form part of our picture, too. The companion of the former we have all seen in New York. This one smiled upon the Nile at Heliopolis for 3000 years or more, and was lost at sea during its journey to England. In height and age it eclipses the long pile of buildings in the distance, but never can it hold the English heart as does old Somerset House. Here, once were queenly homes; here, once great learned societies met. But now the iron necessities of the Government require its spacious apartments for revenue service. This grand embankment wall is eight feet thick, forty feet high, and 7000 feet long. A roadway underneath, 100 feet wide, provides for the underground railway and the great sewers, with pipes for gas, water, and telegraphic purposes in endless number. Once more we take to

**6. THE PENNY BOAT**, and, forgetting all the people who are about us, become absorbed with the wonders ashore. The smoke and noise of the great metropolis are a constant wonder to us, but they do not prevent our enjoyment of the pages of history spread out and illustrated before us. Once more, now, we gain a view of

**7. SOMERSET HOUSE AND THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT.**—What marvellous strength this great mason-work seems to have. What a majestic appearance is given to "old Somerset" from this point of sight. Its other front is upon the famous Strand. It is built upon the site of the older palace; was begun in 1776 and finished ten years later, the progress of the work having been interfered with somewhat by the slight unpleasantness going on in America. At different times the older palace was occupied by the wives of James I., Charles I., and Charles II. The terraced front, we see, is 500 feet in length.

**8. THE THAMES FROM THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT** offers as much of interest as the city beyond. The sailing craft and the steamships, with "the donkey of the Thames," the penny boat, all help to make up a picture—second only in interest to the Grand Canal in Venice. The bridges across the great river are also a source of constant wonder. They help us to realize very sensibly the vastness of this city—a world within a world. More than four millions of people are gathered together in this one city of London. Actually as many people reside in London as in the whole State of Pennsylvania; more than in the whole of Denmark; more than twice as many as in Norway. Four thousand five hundred streets divide its buildings into what seem to be, when we look down on them from an eminence, more like heaps of swarming beehives. These streets have very singular names, for it must be borne in mind that a metropolis so vast as London soon becomes limited in the use of names. There are 87 Queen streets, 123 York streets, 77 Prince streets, and 85 James streets, all of which streets must have some other title to distinguish them from the rest; so "court," "lane," "place," "square," etc., are added. Through those streets every hour of the day or night a stream of life, now clear and pure, now thick and slimy with the vilest of the dregs,

flows on, God only knows whence and whither. The most handsome of all these river structures is

**9. BLACKFRIARS' BRIDGE.**—True, it is of iron, but unlike one of our railroads, it is not nickel-plated. It derives its name from a monastery of friars once located there. In that old monastery church parliaments were often held. There Henry was divorced from Katharine of Aragon; there Woolsey was condemned. There, too, was a theatre in which Shakespeare had a share; and all were destroyed by the great fire of 1666. By recent computation, in twenty-four hours there passed over this bridge 83,000 people, and 11,600 vehicles. As we steam back toward our starting-point we obtain still a different view of

**10. THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT AND THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.**—How doubly impressive and imposing it seems as we see it now, apparently rising from the bosom of the Thames. It is simple in form and yet most elaborately decorated. Above its smaller minarets rise three towers, the loftiest of which on the left is three hundred and forty feet in height, and is called Victoria Tower, because through that the Queen always enters this building at the opening and closing of parliament. Nine hundred and forty feet in length is that imposing river front. As we view those vast proportions, we are not surprised to learn that there are eleven courtyards, one hundred staircases, eleven hundred rooms, and nearly two miles of corridors, and that the cost was fifteen millions of dollars. If we could make our way within this building, we should find ourselves at once in the hall where the lords of England meet in council. It is as we might expect, most lavishly adorned. Stained-glass windows greet the eye, and there is always a representation of the reigning sovereign of England. On gilded pedestals stand statuary, and here, too, is the Magna Charta from King John, while every inch of the wall that is vacant is ornamented with filigree work, so that the entire hall seems to have an excess of ornamentation. We now leave our boat, and stepping up to the embankment turn our heads back that we may take in the full height of

**11. VICTORIA TOWER, HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.**—Here the Queen enters, when in fits of depression she desires to be

cheered and helped by the monotonous eloquence of her statesmen. One needs great grace to endure a long sitting here, for English oratory is proverbially slow. A fluent speaker is looked upon with distrust, and an English orator hesitates for the right word until you long to give it to him and help him out of his embarrassment. Particularly tedious is he because of his then distressing hesitation. To this hesitation is joined a pomposity of utterance, as though he were over-imbued with a sense of his importance. The adjoining chamber is the chamber of the prince. Let us here recall an incident of one of the bishops, whose capacity to wear out the patience of his hearers is well known. On one occasion he rose and made the appalling announcement that he would divide his speech into twelve parts. One of the lords sprang to his feet and begged to detain him long enough at the start to relate a little incident. He said that a drunken man was passing St. Paul's at midnight, and heard the great bell toll out the hour of twelve; he counted the strokes with great deliberation, and then looking up, exclaimed: "Confound you! Why could you not have given all that at once?" The bishop did not go on with his speech. Could we but climb to one of the upper rooms of the Tower, we should share with our artist his next view, which is of

#### 12. WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND VICTORIA TOWER.—

The abbey stands upon the site of a temple dedicated to Apollo. It is 416 feet in length; the length of the transept is 203 feet and its towers are 225 feet high. In our foreground is a portion of Trafalgar Square. If we now enter Westminster Abbey we find a noble structure built in the form of a Latin cross, with long-drawn aisles and Gothic arches, and of fluted columns a mighty forest. Rows of windows flood the interior with mellow light, while here and there is a graceful bit of tracery. What a place to worship in is this solemn, beautiful Abbey! What a lesson does one learn in turning from the roaring tide of life in the adjoining streets to walk the precincts of this home of genius! If we enter another shaded corridor, we find its great attraction lies not in its Gothic arched structure, with its dim religious light which can be found in no other cathedral; but that which thrills us as we walk along is the assemblage here of the dead of eight long centuries. For the great walls

are fairly covered with tablets, monuments, and inscriptions, and from every column some marble picture challenges attention, and bids us speak of this or that statesman of the realm. We now walk around to

**13. THE FACADE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**—As a work of architecture it is not much to boast of, never having been completed. The glories of its interior hold the most interest. Besides the tombs of the great, to which we have already alluded, there are innumerable objects of royalty, to some of which we may refer: First, here is the Coronation Chair, a block of stone on which all the kings and queens are crowned. It is believed to be the rock which served for the Patriarch Jacob when he had the vision of the ladder reaching from heaven to earth. In 1297 King Edward I. brought this block to Scotland as the proof of the utter subjugation of that country. Ever since then above that stone in that chair covered with rich robes every English sovereign has been crowned—the ceremony taking place in Westminster Abbey. For just as one of the Roman conquerors was returning from a victory that amazed the world, there stood beside him a slave who whispered ever and anon, “Remember, thou art but a man,” so in their extreme hour of exaltation the English sovereigns are crowned among the graves of their ancestors, reminding them of the inevitable end of pomp and power. Our next view is of

**14. WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE HOUSE OF DEAN STANLEY.**—We can no longer dwell here, and cannot even pass within the most interesting portion of the abbey, the famous Poets’ Corner. There every English-speaking visitor stands with uncovered head, feeling himself surrounded by master spirits. If we could we should see the imposing bust beneath which are the bones of old Ben Jonson. On the right would look down upon us, Milton, the genius of poetry, and Gray, the author of the “Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.” Near theirs is the grave of Spenser, the prince of poets in his time; although he died for the lack of bread, he was honored by burial in Westminster. If we could look toward another corner we should see the circle which decorates the monument of England’s greatest genius, Shakespeare.

It represents the great bard as leaning on a companion—a marble—on which we may read the lines—

“The cloud-capped towers  
And gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples,  
The great globe itself,  
Yes, all that inherit it,  
Shall dissolve like this,  
And leave not a wreck behind.”

We could also stand on the grave of Charles Dickens, some of whose characters are as dear to us as lifelong friends—greater than any tablets. And none the less revered is the good Dean Stanley, who, in life, dwelt in the rectory on the left of our picture. And now we see together those two grand structures,

**15. THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.**—We make this our starting-point for visiting some of the other lights of London. As we speed along in our “hansom” we recognize the famous names by thousands, given by Johnson, Thackeray, and Dickens. The names of London streets are better known to us than those of most strange American cities. Threadneedle, Piccadilly, and other streets are to us as household words, and at every corner we find ourselves involuntarily looking out for some of those characters whose footsteps we have often followed, in imagination, along the pages of the historian. For example, let us enter one of the historical streets where we may behold something to wonder at. What a falling off is here! The Palace of Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey transformed into a barber-shop, where the hair is brushed by steam-power at the charge of a sixpence! Truly,

“Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:  
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!”

In or near the same street, we may see the little inn where Johnson and Goldsmith dined, and where Boswell wrote their language down. Near by, we may see the old home of Milton, and also the shop of Isaac Walton, and the far-famed home of Dryden. Our first halt is at the

**16. NEW TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL.**—Where this pointed arch now stands, was once the famous gate to the city, known as the Temple Bar, and which separated London from Westminster. Here, strange formalities were wont to occur. When the sovereign sought admission, he must always first demand it through his courier. To the blast of his trumpet and the clatter of his sword upon the gate, the great hinges creaked in response until the gates were wide open. The sovereign received the city sword from the lord mayor, thereupon returned it and was welcomed. Other formalities even more severe than this were practised, for upon spikes of iron were often seen spitted the skulls of those accused of treason. Here, too, was the pillory. Now, because of old age, all is removed, and we have in front this tasteful monument to mark the memory of the past. On either side are marble statues of the good Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Over all is the griffin—emblem of strength and agility.

**17. AT OLD ST. PAUL'S** we make our next halt. It scarcely needs an introduction. Its stupendous portico; its two campanile towers; its glorious dome—all make us think of sunny Italy. But, alas! there the simile ends, for St. Paul's seldom sees the sun shine over its whole massive roof at once, but must bear a constant irritation of soot and fog, which creeps down its dome and lofty ridge, and gives one the desperate horrors, as the black mixture trickles down the water-spouts and empties under Blackfriars Bridge. But let me warn you never to try to trudge around St. Paul's. If you do, twice intensified will you be entitled to sing those solemn strains of Gay—

“Here oft the peasant with inquiring face  
Bewildered trudges on from place to place;  
Tries every winding court and street in vain,  
And doubles o'er his weary steps again.”

This is old London's crowning edifice—the Dome of St. Paul's—sublime and noble, although so black with soot. Involuntarily we think of the remark of the Frenchman, that that tower looks as though it had been built for chimney-sweeps; and, in fact, the chimneys for ages have been offering up to this dome until now—the soot adds something to its dignity. Hawthorne says it would

not be one-half so imposing were its drapery not black. But if we could cross the river and view it from a different standpoint, we would easily discern how, in its grimy blackness, it soars above the pigmies around its base. Even the roofs of the mansions cannot climb up to the shoulders of the cathedral, for it looks like a vast temple, and is 365 feet from the pavement and 180 feet in diameter, and withal so grand and lofty that, unlike the other buildings, it seems quite unaffected by the environment. Perhaps it is more magnificent from standing in the great throbbing heart of the world's centre; and despite the running tide of life in the adjacent streets, nothing disturbs its grand repose. It rises above it all as Mont Blanc rises above Chamounix.

**18. MR. SPURGEON'S TABERNACLE**, is some distance from St. Paul's and though not very imposing in appearance, holds a great deal of interest for both citizen and visitor. The number of enterprises for the good of the people which are started here is almost endless. The structure is anything but handsome inside or out, but it holds thousands of people who flock here at every service to listen to the noted divine, whose name the great tabernacle bears. Upon the iron railing in front we see the announcement placards of some of the entertainments and meetings, held under the auspices of the congregation. Another great point of interest to visitors from all parts of the world is

**19. THE BRITISH MUSEUM.**—There would scarcely be time, in an entertainment like this, to tell all that is of interest concerning this great institution. It grew from quite a small beginning. Its treasures have been added to partly by royalty and the rich, until now the collections of the British Museum are scarcely equalled by any in the world. Books, maps, drawings, antiquities, zoölogical, geological, and botanical specimens, and a magnificent public reading room make up only part of the splendid attractions there are to be found here. A much sterner-looking and even more necessary structure is

**20. THE BANK OF ENGLAND.**—It covers three acres of ground. The corporation which manages it, not only conducts a legitimate banking business, but acts as agent of the government

for receiving taxes, paying loans, dividends, etc. It is watched continuously by a large corps of men. Among the modern attractions of London, one of the most beautiful is

**21. THE ALBERT MEMORIAL.**—So rich is it with its Gothic canopy and spire reaching 175 feet, and so magnificent is the profusion of the works of the various sculptors' art, that we should need an hour to see it all. Its cost was \$600,000. It is approached by four flights of steps 150 feet wide. At the angles are groups of statues representing the four quarters of the globe. Above these are groups of smaller size representing Agriculture, Commerce, Engineering, and Manufacture, while the podium contains nearly 200 life-size portraits of the great men of all times. Underneath the canopy is a colossal statue of Prince Albert. If we could advance still nearer to it, we would discover that this canopy is too much loaded down with ornamentation. Yes, it is loaded down as heavily as pounds sterling can make it—angels with golden wings on a golden background, and mosaics in bewildering prodigality with gilding to accentuate the vault and make conspicuous the figure of Prince Albert—fifteen feet high. A marble statue would have been much finer indeed. Let us look on the sculptured forms around. Few of them fairly present what their sculptors intended. Here, for example, you have Homer, the bard of bards and the father of all poets, the writer of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and near him we see Shakespeare, Dante, Boccaccio, Cervantes, and many, many more. Admirable, indeed, are these figures in relief. Still, if we turn now to look at the corner groups, we shall find abundant room for admiration. The first of these is to represent

**22. AMERICA.**—The sculptor was John Bell. These groupings tell their own story, and we will pass them along, one after the other, and permit you to silently admire their exquisite beauty. The next in turn represents

**23. EUROPE.**—The sculptor was McDowell. Next in turn we have

**24. ASIA,** the work of the famous Foley, who, with an Oriental subject, has made the most picturesque composition of them all, though

**25. AFRICA**, sculptured by Theed, is also a most impressive composition. All, all are beautiful now; but each year all are falling heir to that inevitable legacy, London soot. Lest we, too, become contaminated, we shall make our departure from the foggy metropolis, making our farewell halt at

**26. THE TOWER OF LONDON.**—This magnificent fortress stands outside the city walls, and is a terror and a wonder to all. Here one may have all sorts of experiences, and this may be a good place to relate a few which have fallen to the fortune of those who have visited it. Our pulses thrill as we look upon it, for how momentous is its history! Doubtless a Roman fortress stood here once, before the time of the erection of this Tower, as the date on which it was erected is from the reign of William the Conqueror, 800 years ago. It is, however, a fearful place, recalling no glories of old England, but rather her shame and cruelty; for as many bloody butcheries have taken place in that structure as there are stones in the massive pile. Moved by such strange thoughts as we enter the gates, they seem to be converted into a farce by the sight of the clownish-looking men at the door—the warders. They are the guides of the Tower, and good gate-keepers they are. At every point of interest they stop and pound with their canes upon the floor, and then, with a rasping voice, draw out their story in a mass of words which, to an American, are almost unintelligible. The h's are dropped and prefixed with an utter recklessness or regard for our mother tongue, which is horribly misused, until at last we reach the conclusion in our despair that, if it were God's will that these rainbow-hued "beef-eaters" should be taken away, we should with resignation say, "Thy will be done."

At one point the visitor is shown the crown jewels. There, too, is Queen Victoria's crown with its twenty-seven hundred diamonds, and the Prince of Wales's diamonds, as well as sceptres and the like, all valued at some \$13,000,000.

Let us now mention what are considered the real objects of interest in the Tower, in the part erected by William the Conqueror, called, oddly enough, the White Tower. But what a name for an edifice! for not only are the walls dark and gloomy in appearance, but behind them have transpired some of the blackest crimes of English history. As we draw near, we may remember the illustrious men

and women who have languished there in the dungeons—men whose names not only stand illumined upon the pages of history, but whose names have been painted in tears upon the dungeon walls, each alike bearing witness to the terror of the times. Sir Walter Raleigh here suffered for years in a room ten feet long by eight feet wide.

As we advance still further through the precincts of the tower we find these gloomy souvenirs appearing thick and fast. Each portion of the building has its history, so as to give the name of "The Bastile of England" to the structure on which we look. Here, for example, Anne Boleyn—what a memory! Here she lingered until the report of a gun rang forth from yonder tower informing her lecherous husband that he was free from her, and on the next day he married Jane Seymour. Here the noble Countess of Salisbury, a lady seventy years of age, was beheaded. Refusing to place her head on the block, she ran with terror around the block, and was pursued and cut in pieces by the executioner. Now leaving the tower and its ghastly memories, let us walk to yonder wing, a point rising above the old moat. We look on it with interest. It is the famous Traitor's Gate, reached in ancient times by the river Thames, so that prisoners of State could be landed here at night without fear of rescue by the populace. How many sufferers have passed beneath that arch! There knelt Anne Boleyn in that same dress in which she was hurried hither from a tournament, and there she prayed God to defend her innocence. There Sir Thomas More was led back to the dungeon with the point of the axe held toward him, showing that he had been condemned to death. His daughter Margaret rushed through the soldiers and threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, "Oh, my father, my father!" so that even the guards were moved to tears. But perhaps we have had horrors enough, let us leave this accursed place; but ere we do so, let me mention one of the most conspicuous features, called the Bloody Tower. Well named, for behind these gloomy walls the two sons of Edward IV. were murdered through the jealousy and greed of power. We are shown the room where the foul murder was committed, and the long corridor down which the murderers came, thinking doubtless, if not actually saying, the words which Shakespeare puts into their mouths. Now as we stand a moment beneath

the low-bowed arch I merely remind you of Charles the Second's time. Just before the gateway in the wall at the foot of the staircase were found some human bones, supposed to be those of the murdered princess, accordingly they were buried in Westminster Abbey. As I thought on these things within this gate, what seemed most horrible to me, notwithstanding the appalling catalogue of those deeds, doubtless only a part of them have been recorded, and only in that last struggle of England the history finds full utterance. Crimes have been committed for centuries, doubtless, and the victims who perished were just as innocent and to them life was just as sweet, although they went down and left no sign. We turn away from such scenes, and are next in Paris, early in the morning. It is a good plan for the stranger, when entering a foreign city, to choose some central point—some Boston in the town—from which to circulate, learn the approaches thereto and the departures, and then going about is comparatively easy. We shall follow this plan, and, with your permission, choose as our temporary "hub,"

**27. THE ARC DE TRIOMP.**—It is reached from the railway station by a drive through the boulevards which follow along the northern end of the city, and thus escape being entangled in the busy vortex of the older portions of the town. The history of this glorious structure is familiar to you all. It is wholly of white marble, and is 152 feet high. Its breadth and depth are 137 feet and 68 feet respectively. Its cost was \$2,100,000. In the eastern piers are winding stairways which lead to spacious apartments, and then 272 steps in all to the top of the arch. As we approach it we try to take in and understand all of its beautiful proportions, until

**28. A NEARER VIEW OF THE ARC DE TRIOMP.** totally eclipses the last, and is one not soon forgotten. It is without a rival in kind. We see in fuller detail the magnificent sculptures which adorn it, and the stone pages of history which are told by the remarkable basso-relievos. What stupendous undertakings they are. We now look upon the eastern side. As we approach still more closely we are almost shocked and certainly startled at the fearful naturalness of expression in the central figure of the group on the northern compartment. It is called

**29. THE DEPARTURE.**—The armies of the nation led by the genius of battle are seen departing from their homes for the scene of conflict, in 1792. The companion group is

**30. THE CORONATION.**—*Victory* is crowning Napoleon with a laurel wreath—time 1810. Fame surmounts the group while History records the deeds of the brave general. The vanquished lie at his feet. On the other side we first see the group representing

**31. THE DEFENCE.**—A young man is seen defending his wife, his children, and his father. A dying warrior is falling from his horse; and the genius of the future encourages them to action. The total height of these groups is 36 feet, and the single figures are 18 feet. Winding staircases in the two eastern piers lead to the halls above, and through the attic to the platform on the top. From this (272 steps), as we shall see, the views of Paris are magnificent. The first of these is down

**32. THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES.**—A grand broad view is seen of the greatest avenue of the city, with the wonders of the metropolis on either side. In another direction we look off toward the dome of

**33. THE INVALIDES,** seen away off in the distance with the Seine between us. And what else lies before us we shall examine more closely after we make our descent. Once more we turn, now toward the south and

**34. TOWARD THE TROCADERO.**—The newer suburbs are what we now see, the outgrowth of the great Exposition of 1878, and away in the distance on the left, lifted toward the sky, are the twin campanile towers and the tremendous dome of the

**35. TROCADERO.**—This nearer view, with the Pont de Iena and its lovely gardens toward the Seine, exhibits its splendid form and proportions to great advantage. With its lofty dome, its glittering minarets, and its square campanili, one is puzzled to decide its architectural order, for half moorish, half renaissance it is, overlooking the great capital and seen many miles distant. Now its splendid flanking salons are used as a Museum of Art, and its

vast rotunda, holding 7600 people is a place of great resort, as are also its lovely gardens. Once more let us view the splendid structure from a nearer point. Already you have discovered the glorious fountain of the Trocadero. It is a magnificent affair of its kind; not only on account of its wondrous power, but because of its artistic embellishments. It is located on the river side of the palace, and surrounded by picturesque and grotesque cottages and pavilions. Shrub-lined terraces, and parterres of gay flowers do much to add to the enchantment of the scene. Especially is this so when the fountain is in action. Then the graceful steed, the rampant elephant, the terrific rhinoceros, and the bellowing bull standing upon the corner pillars, seem to be alive, capering in the spray, while they represent the four great countries of the globe. The first of these is

**36. THE BULL**, representing Europe. Asia has for her fierce ambassador

**37. THE ELEPHANT**; while Africa, whose products are all tough and hard and combative, is served with

**38. THE RHINOCEROS** for her advance-guard. Lastly comes our own native land, to which the sculptor has accorded

**39. THE HORSE**, with a group of the implements of agriculture. If now we want to see Paris, indeed, we must take

**40. THE PARIS OMNIBUS**, and, moreover, ride on top. Never once mind the breath of the jolly driver—the garlicked Gaul; sit next him, and stand it. What cannot be cured must be ignored in foreign lands, and you will get your reward. A half-franc inside the palm of the driver, a little smattering of French, with the ability to comprehend the responses you get, and my word for it the greatest show on earth will not equal your experience. From the Arc de Triomphe eastward, the ride is one grand panorama of sights and scenes unique. In time we reach the

**41. CHAMPS ELYSÉES**. Here is the favorite promenade of the gay Parisians, where almost all sorts of light amusements are indulged in, from the itinerant tumbler to the gay pantomime and

festive gingerbread stall. Here, too, are gardens, fountains, secluded and shady walks, and restaurants in number to accommodate all who come. And quite as enjoyable as anything are the quantities of chairs to hire, some of which you see in our view. At the eastern entrance to this great Parisian garden, we find located

**42. THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE**, certainly the most interesting and beautiful square in Paris, if not in the world. In the centre is an Egyptian obelisk, twin to the one which we have seen in front of the temple of Luxor, in Egypt. On either side is a magnificent fountain, each one having a stone basin fifty feet in diameter. Balustrades enclose the square, terminating in the basements of eight colossal statues of the chief provincial cities. One of these we see in our following view :

**43. THE STATUE OF BREST**, together with one of twenty rostral columns, which are made useful as well as ornamental by serving as lamp-posts. Lavish as are the artistic decorations of this splendid place, they by no means hold all the interest, for some of the most heartrending and bloody enactments of history were witnessed on this spot. At the marriage of Louis XVI., 3200 people were killed and maimed here by a premature explosion of fireworks. Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Duke of Orleans, Robespierre, Charlotte Corday, and in all 2800 persons were executed here within twenty-eight months of 1793 to 1795. Here, too, were many proclamations sounded, including the fall of Sedan and the Constitution of the Republic. In 1871, the awful conflict between the Versailles troops and the Communists here took place. We turn from the scene, diverging from our route for a little time to visit

**44. THE EXPIATORY CHAPEL OF LOUIS XVI.**—Upon this spot, once, the burying ground of the Church of the Madeleine was located; and here Louis XVI. was buried; also Charlotte Corday and others who suffered by the guillotine after cruel incarceration behind the bars. Although the remains of the King now repose in St. Denis, this lovely chapel was erected in his memory, and here every day mass is performed. Within are two statues of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, supported by angels. Turning

back toward the Place de la Concorde, in one view we obtain a charming

**45. BIT OF THE TUILLERIES AND THE LOUVRE,** those two grand halls of Legislation and of Art, whose equals in many respects do not exist. At the one, the mob, the people, and the commune, all in turn, have hacked and hewn and applied the torch, until when our view was taken there remained but a ruined, neglected pile, a conundrum to the Parisians. But art is never neglected among the French, and so we rejoice with them that the Louvre (one of whose many grand arches we see), with its unique collection of art treasures, was spared. Here we see France, always so generous to her children, with her attendants, distributing crowns to them and bidding them good cheer. We must not be content, however, with this distant view of the two great buildings of Paris, beautiful though it may be. We therefore pass under the great arch of the Louvre and come in full view of the best part of

**46. THE TUILLERIES, SOUTH SIDE.**—It was in this portion of the vast palace that the royal residences were located. In 1800 it was the principal abode of Bonaparte. The building is 1000 feet in length and 112 feet wide. Around no edifice in Paris do so many historical associations cluster, and none has met a more checkered fate, reaching from the time of the Revolutionists in 1789 until the reign of the Commune in 1871, when on the 22d and 23d of May petroleum and gunpowder did their sad work, before the Versailles troops could enter the city and take possession. We may only make a brief halt here and then turn back to

**47. THE LOUVRE, EXTERIOR.**—The plan of the mob was to destroy this splendid palace of art also, and full preparations had been made to set it on fire. But the troops arrived in time to prevent such a catastrophe by their energetic action. As an architectural triumph the Louvre is the most important in Paris. Its history has also been an eventful one and will interest all who take the time to study it. The principal interest which it holds for us now is due to its art collections, which were begun as early as 1796. The various sections and wings compose what are called the "Old Louvre" and the "New Louvre." We have seen the best portions of the last, now let us enter one of the grand gateways and at once we come upon

**48. THE LOUVRE COURT, INTERIOR.**—We now look upon the portion of the rooms which hold the vast collections alluded to, of Assyrian antiquities, antiquities from Asia Minor, Greek sculpture, an Egyptian museum, paintings, manuscripts, and books, together with galleries of bronzes, modern sculpture, and art productions which would require a lifetime to inspect. We must be content to admire a bit of the architecture of the grand old structure, sigh over the communistic destruction of the glorious library of 90,000 volumes, and then pass along to

**49. THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**—In artistic proportion, æsthetic adornment, and choice of location this palace of the Muses is believed to have a first place. It seems to be small at first, though 490 feet by 330 feet, yet when one studies it from various directions, it grows to be an immensity. Its foyer is not approached by any in the world. It is 165 feet long, adorned by all the richest productions of metal, and mineral, and color wrought by master hands, and is one of the wonders of the wondrous French capital. Among the sculptured groups which adorn it, a first place is held by

**50. THE DANCERS,** by the celebrated sculptor Crapeau. The figures are so animated, the lines so beautiful, the faces so expressive, that it seems almost like a scene from some sublime, living ballet. But we tire of too much architecture, beautiful though it is, and will rest our eyes and minds by a change of scene. We will halt for a while at one of the street cafés so common in Paris. This one is on our way on

**51. THE BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN.**—Here we may obtain any sort of refreshment we desire. Seats, servants, and tables always await guests, and the shade and coolness are delightful. Noisy and busy enough is Boulevard Haussmann in almost every quarter. It is a favorite resort of American visitors. Rested now, we are attracted by that great institution of Parisian thoroughfares, one of which we see on our left with its dome-roof,

**52. A PARIS NEWS-STAND.**—It is located on the street corner, as a rule, attended by a mademoiselle well able to hold her own. In these blessed days of illustrated and colored newspapers,

it makes a show rivalled only by the posters of the comic circus or opera bouffe. The madam who presides, as we see, is ready to provide for the million, and is French politeness concentrated. And now, since we are wandering as we will, we shall proceed to the other side of the Seine to interesting points, and then, perhaps, return. As we approach the river, we are met by a great dingy structure, in the centre of a small garden, which is the old

**53. TOWER OF ST. JACQUES.**—It was completed in 1522, and is the sole remnant of a church which was taken down in 1789. It is Gothic in style, and rises 175 feet in height. From its summit the grandest views of this quarter of Paris may be had. Could we climb it now, a near object which would attract us most would be the partly completed

**54. NEW HOTEL DE VILLE.**—What a magnificent phoenix it is, soaring up from the ashes of the Commune at so great a length—far more than the ever-willing camera can grasp. Through the entanglement of the scaffolding we may discover its splendid design and fine proportions. Composed of soft delicate-colored Parisian stone, when it is cleaned of the necessities of construction it will be grand indeed, though in a few years the elements of Paris will change it to the complexion of St. Jacques. Only for a time will it keep its light color, for in Paris, as in London, everything turns black and forlorn in obedience to soot and smoke. As we pass on we come to the

**55 NORTHWEST TOWER, HOTEL DE VILLE,** a portion of which, nearly finished, is cleared of the scaffolding. Its sculptured adornments are well worth a closer study than we are able to give them now. Before we cross the Seine, a view or two of the grandest of the churches of Paris,

**56. THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.**—How nobly it faces us; how dignified it looks. And well may it do all this, for it is the chief attraction of the little *cité* island upon which it is located. It is the great moral centre of the giddy capital. Moreover it was commenced as early as the twelfth century. Its length is 416 feet, its width at the transept 153 feet, and its towers 217 feet high. The portions which attract us most are the three grand portals. Of these we magnify

**57. THE CENTRE PORTAL.**—Like its neighbors, it is formed of a series of receding arches, and we can just see a portion of a fine rose window above. The sculptures represent the Last Judgment. The long line of statues over the portals are the representations of twenty-eight French kings. The most effective view of the cathedral, however, is had when we look upon

**58. NOTRE DAME FROM THE SEINE.**—In all its magnificent proportions we see it now, the towers, the nave, the roof, the buttresses, and the new and graceful spire, which reaches 298 feet in height. And to this side many a poor world-weary being comes, then leaps into the Seine at the foot of Notre Dame, closing a career too sensitive for even the comforts of the Church to cure. We now leave our omnibus and foot it for a while. From the northern or "right" side of the river, we cross to the other side by the

**59. PONT NEUF, or New Bridge.** A strong, mighty structure it is, 1020 feet long and 78 feet in breadth. A curious feature about it, too, is that it consists of two parts, one having seven circular arches and the other only five. During all times of the day a busy throng passes to and fro, and no matter which way we look,

**60. THE STREETS FROM PONT NEUF** present a scene of business and bluster, which cause constant wonder as to where all this merchandise is stored and whither the people are hurrying. See, too, how the long, high streets diverge from the bridge, each one lined with splendid buildings, six, seven, and eight stories high, and all showing evidence of life and trade. And now we turn toward the other side and, on the bridge itself, obtain

**61. AN INSTANTANEOUS VIEW.**—The omnibus is nearly emptied coming this way, and its trio of splendid grays do not seem to prance with as much pride as they do when they have more to pull against. What wonderful views are to be had from here! Looking toward the left we observe in full view

**62. THE LOUVRE AND THE TUILLERIES** on the other side of the river. What noble structures they are yet, standing in part of their pristine glory only. On both sides of the river we see

a series of the bathing establishments so numerous in this particular quarter. From here eight bridges crossing the Seine may be seen. There are twenty-five in all. One of the best views is

**63. FROM ST. MICHAEL.**—On the other side we again see the tower of the Hotel de Ville. The bridge St. Michael was named after a church. Upon it in 1848 the insurgents constructed a barricade and for a long time baffled the military. A view of

**62. ST. MICHAEL TOWARD THE SEINE** is also attractive. The bridge in its present shape was constructed over three noble arches in 1804, and so as to bring it in line with the boulevard which bears its name. At the end of the bridge is a magnificent fountain, the sculpturing of which represents St. Michael's victory over Satan. Then we are led to the garden of a grand palace which we shall visit, after first making a halt at the grandest structure on the left bank of the Seine,

**65. THE PANTHEON.**—Before we reach it, let us halt a moment at this lovely fountain, look up the wide street at the church, and then approach it slowly that we may fully comprehend its proportions. For here is a building which has cost \$6,000,000. It may well be called the "Church of Columns," for in and about it are in all 258, varying from 18 feet in diameter and 60 feet in height, to smaller ones, varying according to their importance and use. The building is in the form of a Greek cross, 302 feet long and 255 feet wide

**66. A NEARER VIEW OF THE PANTHEON** gives us a clearer idea of the splendor of this structure. Its pediment is one of its most costly attractions. Here France is again represented honoring her sons, and here are portraits larger than life, on her right, of Fenelon, Malesherbes, Mirabeau, Voltaire, Rosseau, Lafayette, Coinot, Monge, Manuel, and David the painter. The grand allegorical picture by David inside the splendid dome is well worthy the place given it. A few more places of interest must we visit on this side of the Seine before we depart. The first of these is

**67. THE LUXEMBOURG PALACE.**—This magnificent edifice, like all else that is old in Paris, has a remarkable history. It

has, in turn, been a palace for kings and queens, and headquarters for the mob. Peers, senators, and socialists have congregated here. Some parts have suffered by fire, but they have been quickly restored, thus preserving intact a palace noted for its aesthetic proportions and solidity. It holds the most interest for the traveller, however, because of the unique collection of paintings and sculpture gathered here. Outside of the great palace the visitor will find the

**68. GARDEN OF THE LUXEMBOURG**, a rare and lovely spot. Its grass-plots, flower-beds, and elevated terraces are scarcely equalled in France. Its variety of shrubs and plants number over 500 and its vines quite as many. Statuary of great merit by noted sculptors abounds, and it is, of course, a place of great resort. None less attractive than its other charms is the lovely

**69. FOUNTAIN OF THE LUXEMBOURG**.—While attempting to secure some souvenirs of this lovely spot, our photographer was not only narrowly watched by a nervous gendarme, but at last forbidden to proceed. He proceeded until he was done, however, evading the officer in some way, for now one more view of the

**70. LUXEMBOURG PALACE AND GARDEN** reveals to us how, from every standpoint in this delightful quarter, the eye and mind are charmed by the surrounding beauties of nature and of architecture. Among the statues in the garden are those of twenty women celebrated in the history of France.

**71. THE LUXEMBOURG GARDEN** is on the south side of the palace, and at its south end is the world-famous botanical garden of the School of Medicine, and the nursery garden for juvenile plants. The statue is of the Germanic Prophetess, Velleda. As we pass the south gate to make our exit, we may see the statue of Marshal Ney, who received his death sentence in the palace close by. As we make our departure a view of

**72. THE RUE ST JACQUES AND THE LUXEMBOURG** affords us the opportunity of comparing the magnificence of the old palace with the long lines of modern buildings which lead to it. These are mainly mercantile palaces, of which there are plenty in Paris. Now we come to still another class of palaces.

**73. THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.**—Here the different courts are held, and here is the seat of justice. But law and justice both were set aside when, in 1871, the hideous criminals of the Commune held sway and destroyed many of the handsome courts. There sat their chief, in mockery of all right, and ordered the destruction of the palace. To the left we see the beautiful church of Sainte Chapelle, which once served as a receptacle for the documents of the court.

**74. THE GOLDEN GATE, PALACE OF JUSTICE,** serves as the entrance to the court of the palace. It is of iron and richly gilt. Beyond it we see the right wing of the palace in all its architectural splendor. During the Reign of Terror it was here that the guillotine carts received their victims and carried them hence from judgment unto death. Having now seen where the law is administered, let us look upon the hall where the laws are made.

**75. THE CORPS LEGISLATIF.**—In front of the palace is a marble statue representing Law, erected in 1855 by a minister of the emperor. In the old assembly hall, in 1848, the Duchess of Orleans pleaded for the throne for her sons, and in the same year the National Assembly was expelled hence by the Socialists, and afterward restored by the National Guard. How wonderful is the historical interest which surrounds all of these old palaces. We complete our sauntering among them at

**76. THE PALAIS ROYAL.**—For two hundred and fifty years the Palais Royal has been a place of events peculiarly Parisian. It stands upon the spot where Richelieu erected a palace for himself, and is located opposite the Louvre. Many of the royal families resided here, among them Louis Philippe about 1830. Here also licentiousness, outlawry, and fashion have held sway. On May 22, 1871, the communists set fire to the grand old edifice and shot the firemen who tried to save it. Some of the finest shops in Paris occupy portions of the ground floor of the Palais Royal. Among the educational edifices in Paris

**77. THE INSTITUTE** holds a first place. It was originally founded for the education of youth, and now embraces five departments: 1. For teaching the French language; 2. For the study of

ancient languages and archæology; 3. For the pursuit of mathematics and natural science; 4. For philosophy, history, and political economy, and, 5. What we shall see in our next view,

**78. THE PALAIS DES BEAUX ARTS.**—Here painting, sculpture, architecture, and musical composition are taught to the favored ones who gain admission to the privileges. The magnificent library of the Institute contains 120,000 volumes and 90,000 manuscripts. A little run now among the churches of Paris and then we must make our departure from the gay capital. The most interesting history of them all is attached to the church of

**79. THE MADELEINE.**—Nearly all the trials which have befallen the French since 1764, have been shared by the Madeleine. It shows many an outward scar, and the blood of violence may yet be seen upon its marble pavements. It stands in an open space, where one may see it from the Place de la Concorde, and is an imposing edifice. In 1871, the insurgents, driven by the troops from their barricade in the street in front of the Madeleine, took refuge in the church. The troops followed, broke down the door, and massacred every one of the outlaws. Now all is quiet at the Madeleine, but no one can tell how soon it will be called upon again to bear its share of national sorrow.

**80. THE CHURCH OF ST. AUGUSTINE** is one of the modern churches of Paris, more famed for its architectural beauty than for historic interest. It is advantageously located and attracts much attention.

**81. ST. ETIENNE DU MONT**, or St. Stephen of the Mount, is still more rich in its adornments, and is an architectural curiosity. Its style is hard to indicate. It is very old—nearly 400 years. The interior is adorned by interesting chapels, sculpture, and paintings, with some curious frescoes. It is a great resort for artists, who may be seen at all times making studies from the wonderful works of art here. No religious edifice in Paris holds such interest, however, as

**82. THE INVALIDES.**—Its height is 323 feet. Beneath the magnificent dome is the tomb of the great Napoleon I., which, with the various chapels, adornments, and the high altar, alto-

gether create an impression different from that of any other place. All the time of an evening lecture could be occupied in describing the matters of interest and beauty which hang about the Invalides. Rather let us contemplate its exterior quietly and then move on to the little modest

**83. AMERICAN CHAPEL.**—It is situated in Rue de Berri, and is a real comfort to those of our countrymen visiting Paris and not understanding French. In all respects it seems like an American church. After one has travelled the continent for a few weeks, hearing no English spoken, it is a pleasure to visit this chapel and not only hear English spoken, but to be where so many whose language it is do congregate. And now to the business of our departure. And speaking of business reminds us that we have not yet seen

**84. THE PARIS BOURSE,** or exchange, or chamber of commerce, as we variously call it. The noble pillars, part of which you see, are sixty-six in number. At the corners of the building are four statues, representing Commerce, Equity, Industry, and Agriculture. The building is 81x124 feet, and each day its interior presents the busiest scene in all the busy metropolis. The merchandise bartered for here is distributed to the manufacturers, who in turn dispose of their wares to the merchants of the many gay shops of the city.

**85. THE SHOPS OF RUE RIVOLI** are among the gayest of the gay. No hundred pictures could give an impression of them. They must be seen. Why, then, should we take more than this passing bit, and then why not move on? The Parisian is a natural merchant, and yet withal a natural soldier. He is quick for a franc, and just as quick to bear arms for la belle France. And should her sons become disabled in her service, no country is so quick to provide for them as is France. Among her institutions for this purpose

**86. THE HOSPITAL FOR INVALIDS** is a magnificent one. Here disabled soldiers are cared for, as well as those who have served their country for thirty years. Well protected, too, are these ancient soldiers, by artillery which has also seen service in the field.

In all things France is good to her citizens. Another evidence of this we find in

**87. THE PALACE OF INDUSTRY**, a building erected about thirty years ago, first for an International Exhibition, and now for the exhibition of manufactures and agricultural appliances. It is over five hundred feet wide, and in length 1200 feet. A magnificent building it is, and for a magnificent purpose.

**88. THE PLACE AND COLUMN VENDOME** now attract our attention as we move out of the city. This column, in imitation of the column of Trajan, in Rome, was erected to commemorate the victories of Napoleon in 1805. It is 135 feet high and 12 feet in diameter. It is principally of metal. It was pulled down by the Commune in 1871, but has since been re-erected. But we must depart, since our study of all these things can only be superficial at best. We make our exit through the gate of the beautiful

**89. PARK MONCEAUX**.—This is not only one of the breathing places of Paris, but it is also one of the beauty spots. Its gardens of shrubs and flowers are magnificent and its drives most attractive. It is the property of the city, and is always open and is always gay. And gay, too, is this quaint old

**90. FLOWER WOMAN**.—She knows full well how to receive each patron—who will bear her familiar chafing, or to whom she must cringe and bow. She is the last we shall see of Paris for the present, except that we purchase one of her beautiful bouquets to give fragrance to our voyage to southern Italy. In our imagination we now run rapidly by rail over to Marseilles, and thence make a pleasant Mediterranean voyage to Naples. And if there is a place above all others where, upon your arrival in a city, you feel absolutely surrounded, taken possession of and locked in, it is at Naples. You are anchored out in the stream and without a single by your leave, are handed over the side of the ship to a customs official. You are then rowed to

**91. THE CUSTOM HOUSE**.—The Gods help the man or beast who enters these portals unable to speak a word of Italian, or who has had no previous experience in a lunatic asylum. The discordant yells of the officials; the snatching at your luggage;

what looks to be on all sides like threats to disembowel you if you do not empty your pockets, are enough to make you pray to Jupiter to send down once more the Vesuvian Scoriæ red hot to quell this Inferno. But this is not all. You are crowded with your fellow-passengers into a hermetically sealed room, when all officials rush out. "We are to be burned," cries a nervous creature. Shrieks and yells follow. Then a demon at each door suddenly pushes in one hand, grins diabolically, and sets a pan upon the floor containing some chemical mixture in violent action. Great clouds of suffocating dust arise from these infernal dishes. The room becomes befogged. The nervous scream. The initiated swear. The frightened rave; and all cough, choke, and sneeze. Then the doors are opened. Your luggage is restored, if you can find it, and you are permitted to fall into the hands of a gang of hotel-runners outside. Confidentially, you have been "fumed." The cholera was expected in 1892, and you could not be permitted to enter Naples unfumigated. Good to your eyes and lungs then, as you walk up the picturesque quay, is this half Italian, half Oriental view of

**92. THE NATIONAL PARK, NAPLES.**—As in all such places in Italy, here sculpture abounds, and here is a glorious palm reminding one of the East. How changed is Naples within a few years. Formerly the whole long, broad quay was one glorious picture, reaching from daylight to night, and unequalled except at Cairo. It was a perfect carnival, and the principal character was the donkey. Everywhere he would be seen, coming and going, almost wholly covered up by his curious load of cabbages or lettuce, with the gentleman peasant sitting on top, while the lady peasant walked or trotted in the rear and belabored and twisted the tail of the poor brute in order to keep up his speed. Sometimes he would get lost under his load, come to a dead stop, and by an unearthly bray telephone back to his mistress. She would then answer by a merciless twist of the appealing tail, whereupon my lord donkey would start afresh with a peculiar sidelong gait, neither a walk nor a run, but a jolt, which would result in the gentleman and the load being shifted to the tender care of the quay, and a disrespectful distance being caused between the woman and the

beast. All this is gone now. Vesuvius and the bay are still there, but the quay has been swept of all its picturesqueness and its noise and bustle, and the horse railway glides along quietly instead. The quay has been partly filled up by splendid hotels, built to hide the view of Vesuvius and the bay from their neighbors, for there was no need of so many. And then, there is the new National Park. Near the northern extreme of the garden is a lovely building devoted to the

**93. ZOÖLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.**—Here, we are told, all the donkeys are retired from service and pensioned. You long, as you go by, to see some old familiar friend poke head and ears out of one of these renaissance windows and throw you an old-fashioned bray, but it is contrary to the regulation of the Zoo, and we must pass on, though we cry to the Gods for the good old-fashioned quay. Another great change in Naples, especially in the neighborhood of the bay, is discoverable in the

**94. NEAPOLITAN RESIDENCES.**—As in many Italian cities the quays and the banks of the rivers are lined with the best shops and residences, so has it become the fashion in old Naples. These modern residences have displaced the old ten and twelve story tenements with a balcony at each floor lined with strings of green melons and red peppers, and the picturesqueness of the quay is gone, forever. But one old landmark in Naples remains unchanged, that is

**95. THE CASTLE DEL NUOVO.**—Magnificent old pile it is—the home of many rulers, who have torn and changed it to suit their own ideas of safety from time to time. It stands out in the lovely bay a short distance from the shore; and at night, when lighted up, is always charming. And when the coolness of evening comes, there is a scene on the quay near this old fort which occurs only in Naples. Male and female vendors of meat, fish, and macaroni open up their booths, and fry and crackle and cook for the soldiers and their fellows until everything and every breath of air from the blue Italian bay doth smell of classic grease! There are two excursions from Naples which every visitor should make, though fifty and more attract him. One of these is to

**96. HERCULANEUM.**—A general view of this old-time city, as it is called, by no means shows what has been discovered. Instead of being filled in with scorixæ or ashes, as was Pompeii, a muddy lava fell upon and buried it, and, becoming hardened, is now like rock. Moreover, a good portion of the town was covered to the depth of over ninety feet, and discovered only when some peasants were sinking a well. Many fine palaces were in Herculaneum, too; of one of these we see the ruins in the distant centre of our view, marked by a row of standing columns and a clump of fig trees. This is the

**97. HOUSE OF ARISTIDES**, so named because here a marble bust of Aristides was found. Here, probably, the great Athenian general came for rest and recuperation after his contest with the Persians. Here we see the evidences of his Greek culture; and when we examine the treasures which were found in his palace—now in the Museum at Naples—we are convinced that Aristides was not only a brave general—well named the Just, a philosopher of the school of Epicurus, and a lover of the arts and sciences, but also a refined gentleman. Another view of

**98. THE HOUSE OF ARISTIDES** exhibits more of its exterior arrangements—the living-rooms. Tame, indeed, is it now, robbed of all its marble and bronze decoration. Here still remain, however, too heavy for the museum authorities to remove, two of the solid stone well curbs. Once these were adorned with bronze and marble statues of fauns and cupids. Here the great Athenian, doubtless, often quenched his thirst and rested while he drank.

**99. THE GARDEN OF ARISTIDES** was also a beauty spot, as you see, supplied with fountains, sculpture, trees, plants, and flowers in profusion. Here, too, were found the marble busts of Mercury, Ptolemy Philadelphus, Democritus, Sappho, Caius, Caligula, Lucius Cæsar, and many others, including that of Aristides himself. Let us now proceed to Pompeii. We enter the town by its famous

**100. ARCH OF TRIUMPH**; in the distance we see Mount Vesuvius, quiet enough now on this side, though actually sending down its rivers of molten fire on the other. This arch, though only

of brick, as nearly all the structures here are, is beautiful in proportion, and forms the boundary of the forum in this direction. Here no vehicle was allowed to come, but of what other license the people partook we know but little from history. That they were human, and lived very much as we do, is true, because here we can see, in

**101. THE HOUSE OF THE BAKER,** not only an oven of huge proportions, and of form similar to those used in our own country, but, lo! the mills hard by in which their flour was ground. Furthermore, ranged on shelves close by were some sixty loaves of bread, stamped with the name of the baker, ready for the purchaser. Charred or decomposed, but unbroken, these loaves may now be seen in the museum—the most curious sight of all. Another evidence of the great humanity of these people is shown by this classic group of

**102. POMPEIAN WINE JARS.**—Our artist has posted a Pompeian guide beside one of them, when making their picture, that you might compare. Most easily could he have placed two or three like him inside, but then our comparison would have been impossible. Still more beautiful examples are seen in number on the shelves of the small

**103. MUSEUM AT POMPEII.**—Here, too, are enclosed in glass cases a number of plaster casts of the forms of the ancient citizens who perished with the ill-fated town. When the places where they suffered death were found, the scoriae had failed to fall after the bodies were decomposed, so that, when plaster was poured into these human moulds, the shapes were secured, depicting their owners in all the agonies of death. In a distant case, a mother and daughter lie, arm in arm. On a shelf, near by, we observe a collection of

**104. SKULLS AND BREAD.**—A grim harmony of arrangement have we here. The loaves of bread were found in the house of the baker, which we saw, and the skulls in various parts of the ruins. As I have already said, the houses here are not so elegant as those at Herculaneum. One of the best is

**105. THE HOUSE OF THE DANCING FAUN.**—It derives its name from a statue of a dancing faun which was found upon

the pedestal still standing in the centre. Many fine bronzes, a large mosaic representing a battle-scene between Darius and Alexander, some fine terra-cottas, and several skeletons were found here. The structure is 288 feet long by 126 feet wide. Strange, indeed, is the feeling which takes possession of one here. We imagine, almost, that we see the blind Nydia feeling her way to and fro on some strange errand. Amid all, a sense of disappointment comes. So much has been written of the untold wealth and lavish habits of the ancient Pompeians; but one does not see the evidence of it in their houses. This, thought I, says our artist, as I stood one day watching the

**106. NEW EXCAVATIONS.**—Up this rude inclined plane I saw the excavators carry in a basket the marble busts of an emperor and a god! Upon the wall of the little apartment in the foreground is a splendid fresco, as rich in color as on the day it was finished, representing the judgment of Solomon. Here was a temporary narrow-gauge railway, over which the scorixæ of ages was hauled to fill in modern roadways. There are the baskets and tools of the laborers who vacated the scene by request in order that I might see it dead and lifeless as it is. Curious to know the fate of this find of

**107. POMPEIAN ART RELICS,** I followed the workmen, and saw them deposit a number in the Temple of Mercury, which was quickly shut in by a tall iron gate. I asked permission to enter for the purpose of making photographs of the new find, but it could not be granted, the foreman assured me. Not to be baffled so, when enlisted in the cause of art, I took my camera to pieces, pushed it through the bars of the gate, put it together again, and you have the result before you. But for the insinuating element in the character of the great American camera this scene would have been lost to us forever. Now twisting my willing instrument a little to one side, I was rewarded by another splendid group of

**108. ANTIQUE STATUARY,** made up of gods, emperors, and what not. This is one of the richest collections ever found in the ill-fated city, and was only stored here temporarily, previous to its removal to the museum at Naples. The articles being all of marble, are thus gathered and preserved. We leave the modern

collection and turn to some more of the magnificent old ruins of Pompeii. First to

**109. THE BASILICA.**—This was the Court of Justice. It is 241 feet long by 98 feet wide. It was only partially covered by a roof. In the distance is the tribunal, or seat of the presiding magistrate, and before it an empty pedestal, where, doubtless, a statue once stood. Beneath the Basilica is a series of dungeons, reached by a narrow stone staircase. Many of the columns of the various apartments, of brick and stucco, still stand in a fairly perfect condition, but, as we see, many more are broken down almost to their bases. One of the grand doorways of the Basilica leads us to

**110. THE FORUM.**—This is one of the most impressive views of the whole town, for in the distance we see the grand volcano which was the great destroyer of Pompeii, still looking as if it were, with threatening mien, upon its dreadful work. The Forum is more interesting than any other spot in Pompeii, because here it was that the people assembled to discuss public and private affairs. Here, too, the great markets were held, and here the public games were played. Feasts, sacred rites, and funeral services were also held in this vast public palace, which was beautified by many statues of the gods and by splendid fountains.

**111. THE DETAILS** of the Forum show us more plainly some of the curious architecture. In olden time the entrances to the Forum were closed by railings in order to prevent the entrance of horses and carriages. The colonnade which surrounds the Forum is from 28 to 50 feet in breadth, and the columns are mostly Ionic, though the variety convinces us that the great work was not all done during one period. Indeed, the Forum was not yet finished when Pompeii was destroyed. We now pass out into the street which takes its name after this great central point of the town, and are led at once to

**112. THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE**, located on the street of Fortune. The temple is approached by thirteen steps of white marble. Some ruined capitals are seen upon the portico, and there are evidences of the structure once having had a roof, all of which go to show that it is now a temple of mis-fortune. It was built by

Marcus Tullius. In the front we see the remains of an altar for public sacrifices, or, perhaps, for the ostentatious use of the rich son of Marcus only. Leaving the Temple of Fortune we turn now to

**113. THE HOUSE OF GLAUCUS.**—This was one of the richest and most pretentious edifices in Pompeii—the house of a gentleman whose name and history have been made so familiar to us by *The Last Days of Pompeii*. After contemplating its interesting ruins, we again go out into the street and find a full view of

**114. THE ARCH OF NERO AND THE STREET OF MERCURY.**—Here we find the names of the Emperor and the God united, and over this broad, paved street the fantastic processions of the one and the strange pageantry of the other passed in gorgeous display when Pompeii was in her glory. But now, how quiet is it all—how *dead* all seems, especially when we come to

**115. THE STREET OF THE TOMBS.**—Here we discover that much money was expended for the preservation of the memory of the dead, and that some of the tombs were constructed of the purest marble and elaborately decorated.

**116. THE STREET OF TOMBS AND PUBLIC RESTING-PLACE** exhibit the very pavement over which the solemn processions were wont to pass, and a building constructed so as to shield the mourners from the hot sun when they came to visit this vast necropolis. The street of the tombs was a part of the old military road from Capua to Pompeii *via* Naples. To bury the dead by the roadside was an ancient Roman custom. Here the Via Appia of Pompeii lies in the most picturesque part of the city, and near where we finish our wanderings among its ruins, for we now make our exit through

**117. THE GATE OF HERCULANEUM.**—It stands toward the city whose name it bears, and leads to the destroyer of both cities, Vesuvius. The gate is built of brick and lava. Beneath the arch on the right, near where stands our guide, the faithful sentry stood when the city was destroyed, preferring a terrible death from suffocation and the merciless scorix rather than for-

sake his post. And now we leave the ill-fated city and return to Naples. Waiting for our steamer we are enraptured again by the magnificent appearance of

**118. VESUVIUS FROM THE QUAY.**—One never tires of this sublime view. There is the lovely bay, always alive with shipping from all the ports of the world; there, at the base of the mountain, like a white line, lies the modern town of Pompeii. While beyond is the ever busy, ever threatening, ever frightful, yet ever grand old volcano, Vesuvius. No one can guess when it will again destroy its tens of thousands. One would think it a perpetual nightmare to live within its reach, and yet villages line its sides more than half way up its long inclines. Should we sail around it, as night comes on, we should see the rivers of lava running south and west, lighting up the great cloud line with lurid color. Should we pass southward, Stromboli, the pretty, gray cone of the sea, which also puffs continually its hot breath toward its greater neighbor, would be seen. And then Charybdis, and then the blue waters of Scylla would grapple with our ship, until we are almost too dizzy to discover the great cone of *Ætna* as we look across the lovely town of Messina, hugged in by the soft Sicilian peaks. But, alas! we must turn our faces toward Rome. Come then, let us look first upon Rome's greatest glory,

**119. ST. PETER'S.**—It is not when we stand upon the broad piazza of St. Peter's, that we see the great Cathedral at its best advantage, owing to the unfortunate nature of the ground. It should be viewed from a greater distance, so as to include the colonnades on each side, its two glittering fountains, which send their silvery spray aloft, and the great obelisk now by the necessity of our position swung to one side. If such a view as this were made from a near point, however, the dome would sink below the portico, the obelisk would hide the grand entrance, and the fountains would dwarf and obscure the imposing facade. Unfortunately, there is no accessible standpoint from which the observer can obtain an entirely satisfactory view of St. Peter's. He must take it by piecemeal, and then in his mind combine the whole. Let us approach a few rods nearer to

**120. ST. PETER'S.**—Now the obelisk seems to have moved, and is watching us like a grim sentinel. And, see now, when we take our stand at the left in order to see well

**121. THE VATICAN,** our Egyptian shaft, whose sides appear all the same, is boldly in front, and this time looks more imposing than before. And beyond, is the palace of the Vatican, with its 11,000 apartments and rich stores of art, not equalled, or rivalled even, in all the world. Still more closely we move to the great palace, now losing sight of the obelisk, but, as we shall see in our next view of

**122. THE VATICAN,** we have the right colonnade and one of the very beautiful fountains. The Vatican in length is 1151 feet, its breadth 767 feet, not including its magnificent gardens. Its principal entrance is by the Scala Regia, which starts from the colonnade beyond the obelisk. Here dwells the Pope. Here, besides the stupendous collections of bronzes, marbles, candelabra, and Egyptian and Etruscan museums, are the acres of paintings, the miles of statues, and the Pauline and Sistine Chapels, whose glories have been described and duplicated feebly by the poet, painter, and photographer until everyone is familiar with all. Come with me now to the

**123. COLOSSEUM.**—Here we are more fortunate, for from the Forum we may take in the vast ellipse at one view, and include, besides, the arch of Constantine on the right, and in front the fountain to which the wounded gladiators were wont to come to wash after their combats were ended. The great structure, as you see, consists of four stories, varying in architecture. Its circumference is 1641 feet, its length 287, its width 182, its height 157. The whole building probably contained 100,000 persons; and the arena could, on occasions, be filled with water for the display of naval combats. Over 1800 years have these walls remained standing, though the edifice for a long time served as a quarry to supply material for buildings which have long since tumbled to pieces. Of the horrid scenes which have been enacted in this vast

**124. INTERIOR OF THE COLOSSEUM,** I must refer you to the pages—the volumes—of history which were required to record them. On one day, 300 lions, as many panthers, 50 bears, 40 ele-

phants and other beasts, 600 gladiators and boxers, including women and dwarfs, a dozen highwaymen, and about 90 Christians were to shed their blood in this arena in honor of a royal festival. Each one, as he entered the ring, had but the one idea—to kill, in order not to be killed. How the heart sickens when we look upon the whole

**125. GRAND INTERIOR;** then all the horrors seem multiplied. And even more are we impressed, when we visit the great arena by moonlight. Not only do we then see it in a new glory, but we also obtain the full meaning of a Roman moon. Arches on arches bewilderingly appear on all sides, and seem to shrink behind the shadows, as though ashamed. And it is here

. . . . “Where the deep skies  
Assume hues which have words and speak to ye of heaven.”

The croaking birds, as they fly from side to side, make our blood chill in our veins, and we are relieved when we come out of it all. Of course, we obtain the best of views of the Eternal City from the Colosseum, along the edge of the great oval; and from the ground our view of

**126. ROME FROM THE COLOSSEUM,** is grand. This time our point of sight is across the Forum, and includes the empty half-dome of the Temple of Venus: in the distance the Capitol. Of the many triumphal arches in Rome,

**127. THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE** is the most imposing; and yet, since it has been made up of stolen glories, its parts are not equally beautiful. The lower portions refer to the deeds of Constantine; the upper, which are of superior execution, illustrate the life of Trajan. They were removed from an arch erected for Trajan by Constantine, who appropriated them, as you see, to serve in his own honor. It has itself been robbed of some of its adornments, and yet it is still the most striking and beautiful of the Roman arches. Its near neighbor,

**128. THE ARCH OF TITUS,** is also very beautiful, and its decorations are most interesting, though largely restored. In the middle ages this splendid structure was engrafted into a fort, and headed a passageway which led to and connected with the Colos-

seum. When this incubus was removed, the grand old arch was braced up with beams while it was restored to its pristine elegance. Let us turn for a little time, then, from the antiquities of Rome to more modern sites and everyday scenes. The most fashionable street—the Broadway of Rome—is

**129. THE CORSO.**—Its shops and bazaars are as richly furnished as those of Paris. On every sunny day, the Corso becomes the grand drive to the Via Popolo and to the country. All who would either see or be seen resort to the Corso. No matter where we go in Rome, on all sides we are reminded that this is the city of art. The mind becomes so infused and impregnated with this fact, that one is continually trying to shape every angle and corner he sees into some æsthetic composition. But this is not hard to do, as we shall see, for even the women and children, and some of the men, teeter, amble, sidle, sway, and walk, artistically. Many, too, actually gain a sumptuous living by serving artists as models. These may be found, when not employed, congregated upon the old Spanish staircase, where, with our camera, we have caught this well-trained

**130. PEASANT MODEL.**—Well did she know the meaning of a camera, though manned by an individual who scarcely knew enough of her tongue to secure her service as a model for it. But then she was real, she was alive; she was not a painting, she was human; for upon being shown a bright coin of dimensions satisfactory to her, she posed in regulation style, and she is ours. Says our photographer: "This little affair soon brought a regiment of willing workers. It looked as though the vermin of some old clo' shop of Naples had suddenly rebelled, and, arising from the chrysalis state, had escaped and come to me for employment. Being a student of art rather than of entomology, I appealed to a policeman to rope me off while I chose my assistants. I could find no more acceptable female model than the one I had, and, adding two would-be peasants, I secured this

**131. "GROUP OF MODELS.** It is true, the man standing uppermost on the stairway I stole, but it was not my fault. I agreed with him for a price, and when he saw what an important part he was to play in my diagonal composition, he struck—not me

—but for more pay. In the language of the high-toned Arab, I told him to *imshee*. He left, swearing in mellifluous Italian, and posted himself in an attitude of an envious looker-on where you see him, thus giving me just the aid I wanted in completing this most artistic and utterly immense

**132. "PYRAMIDAL COMPOSITION."**—As we turn from our group, a musical sound, as of water, can be heard in the heart of the city. What can it be? Is it some old-time fountain, where the gods were wont to come for their supplies? Truly such is the case, for now we halt in full view of the famous old

**133. FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.**—Here Neptune, inveigling his favorite element hitherward from old aqueducts beyond the city walls, distributes it among the tritons and other artificial beings who blow their horns and tumble about with foundering steeds in the water, and compels them to give it out *pro bono publico*. It is a magnificent piece of work. On all sides and in all directions the crystal jets spout forth, and fall in glistening drops to the great broad basin below. But of their chief potency I have not yet told. Tradition goes, that a parting draught at the fountain of Trevi insures the traveller's return to Rome, whatever obstacles and improbabilities may seem to beset him. And for the truth of this you need no longer trust to tradition, for our artist assures us that he has proven this tradition to be the truth. "When first I visited Rome, with a viscera so tough and strong that the stalwart Atlantic could hardly turn it, I, despite the unwashed hands and crockery which I saw dipped into the magic basin, closed my eyes and quaffed the benign water. Since then, ye gods, Rome has seen me thrice." And so are nearly all the streets of Rome celebrated for some special work of art or other. Notably so are the various drives which lead out to the villas and up the classic hills. Of these last,

**134. THE PINCIAN HIGHWAY** is the most enjoyable and the most fashionable. It rises from the Corso, terrace by terrace, until the hill is reached where Nero was believed to wander in the Middle Ages. Each foot of the way is adorned with rostral columns, statues, and marble bas-reliefs, interspersed with cypresses and pines, as shown in this view representative of the whole.

The upper platform reached, we find it laid out in public drives and beautiful gardens, leading us at last to the

**135. PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.**—Thence we see at our feet the Eternal City spread out, and beyond it the broad Campagna, until it reaches the silver lining given it by the sea. In our foreground are the two cathedrals and another obelisk. Beyond, the Corso. But the art galleries and the streets do not contain all the works of art. The palaces, the villas, the public buildings, the Grand Opera House, and the best hotels, all boast of a display of fresco painting which is well worth a visit. Those who have had the happiness when visiting Rome to live at the Hotel Costanzi, will remember how beautifully frescoed were its walls, apartments, and halls. Two groups on the walls of the spacious dining-hall attract the most. One represents

**136. POETRY**, and came from the brush of Brignoli, the famed artist who decorated the Grand Opera House. Poor photography fails when it attempts to reproduce such works of art as these, and yet, with the help of our artist, we are enabled to see some semblance of the splendor of the original. Poetry, crowned with laurel-wreaths, lyre in hand, stands ready to serve as "autocrat of the breakfast-table;" and so it did indeed; for, writes our special photographer, "so tempting was it to me, that I brought my camera face to face with it one morning on my way to breakfast, allowing the exposure of the plate to go on while I ate. But a still more tempting beauty was a painting of

**137. FLORA**, located in the panel next to Poetry. The shades chosen were in imitation of water color, and the work was most delicate and charming. Again Brignoli is the master. He did the work with his own hands. One would think he was an *ancient* Roman to witness the tender feeling involved in this splendid production. Before the foundation of Rome, "Flora" was worshipped by the Sabines as the goddess of flowers and gardens, and afterward a temple was erected here in her name. We see her now, attended by her companion "Zephyr," whose service she has called in to scatter the sweet emblems of love and beauty which she draws from the heavens upon the less fortunate, but highly favored earth. And so, throughout this glorious hotel, the walls

were covered with gems of art. One more example I give and then am done. I had opportunity even to study

**138. ART IN MY BEDCHAMBER.**—For, as you see, not only was the bed decorated, but all the walls were frescoed with flowers and buds and fruit, and to those decorations I have added a farewell group of staunch friends that accompanied me on all my wanderings. Their work is done now and they are prepared for the homeward stretch. That old satchel has seen much hardship. Each particular hotel porter seemed to have a spite against it on the eve of every departure, and making a wicked dive at it with a brush freighted with paste, would leave a spiteful brand upon it of red, or blue, or green, or yellow, or white, bearing the name of the hotel thereon. One more study and we are done. It is

**139. A FLORAL GROUP** from the Costanzi collection—a rare composition of its kind—a real Roman work of art. And now, since we are so nicely packed, let us make one more round in the city of hills, before we depart. We at once repair to

**140. THE ROMAN FORUM.**—We see the grand ruins rising above all else, and highest of all, the Column of Phocas. Once a bronze statue of the hated tyrant stood upon the capital. A rude construction is it with its pyramidal base out of all proportion to the stolen Corinthian shaft. It was once called “The nameless column with a buried base.” Since then the base has been excavated. In our near foreground are marble slabs bearing bas-reliefs of animals being led to some pagan sacrifice. In the distance observe the eight splendid columns, part of the temple of Saturn, the ancient god of the capital. Here Pompey sat and listened to the orations of Cicero. Here Metellus tried to defend the treasury against Julius Cæsar. Here was the temple of Isis; with its gorgeous furniture of magnificent censers, golden tripods, and lamps whose dim blue light cast a deep mystery through the long corridors and labyrinths of rooms. Here the god came, veiled in clouds through which the stars twinkled, his countenance hidden behind a hawk’s head. And was it strange that a people whose education was that of the ancient Romans, should yield to the superstitions of the age? As we push on toward the station for our homes, we plunge further into the depths and mysteries of the

Forum, and become more and more impressed by an indescribable feeling, of awe perhaps, which we find hard to shake away. At night, is this especially so, when looking up toward

**141. THE TEMPLES OF SATURN AND VESPASIAN,** we think over what history tells us they have witnessed. Here the Emperor came and arranged a funeral banquet upon black dishes, then sent young men dressed in black, at midnight, to wake his senators out of sleep and compel them to come to his feast—a mere jest to paralyze them so that they could not think and plan against him. Here odes were sung which enchanted the populace and served as terrific weapons against the enemies of the Roman empire. Here stormy debates were started, which ended in the assassin creeping out from the shadows of these very columns and stabbing the senator who came here at night to practice for his oration the next day. Here the goddesses came to meet their faithful ones, and grew intensely human as the night-bird whirled to and fro overhead, for money was necessary then to the comfort of a goddess as well as to mortals! Now turning us about we see the three columns of

**142. THE TEMPLE OF CASTOR AND POLLUX.**—They are of Parian marble, and are the most perfect examples in existence of their kind. Close to the steps which lead to them, once the royal palace stood. And close to that the remains of Cæsar were buried. Lastly we look upon

**143. THE FORUM OF TRAJAN.**—Here was a collection of most magnificent edifices, after designs by the architect Apollodorus, of Damascus. We see the foundations of four rows of columns, which until 1812 were buried by their own débris. They were a part of the great Basilica. One of the crowning glories of the Trajan Forum was the equestrian statue of the Emperor. It stood in the centre. At the right of the Basilica was Trajan's column, which, we see, is still standing. Including the statue, it is 158 feet high, 12 feet in diameter at the base, and 11 feet at the top. It is admirably covered with reliefs, representing scenes in the war between Trajan and Darius. There are over 2500 human figures, averaging 24 inches in height. In the interior a stairway of 184 steps, conveys one to the top. What pages of departed glory and

of departed power are spread out here before us. In full view and a part of the Forum group is

**144. THE ARCH OF SEPTIMUS SEVERUS.**—Different from its noble neighbors, it has three passages. It was erected A.D. 203, to commemorate the victories of the Emperor whose name it bears, over the Parthians and Arabians. Originally it was surmounted by a chariot with six horses, on which stood Severus crowned by Victory. Until 1803 the whole structure lay beneath the ruins of the Forum. It was then excavated by Pius VII. It is one of the most imposing of the Roman relics. In the distance we see above all,

**145. THE ROMAN CAPITAL.**—One is a little surprised to see only this at the centre of Rome. But we must not judge always by the exterior. Within the walls of the homely old structure is an art collection which includes some of the grandest treasures of the world. The approach to the capital is imposing and more attractive than the building itself. In the centre of the piazza is Michael Angelo's famous equestrian

**146. STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS.**—It is of bronze and stands in the centre. When the great sculptor had finished his work he proceeded to inspect it. Overcome by the feeling of satisfaction, he was heard to say aloud to the horse, "Walk!" And the noble animal is so naturally posed as to make one spring from before it to prevent being trampled by its mighty feet. More beautiful architecturally is the combination formed by the church of

**147. TRINITA DEL MONTE AND THE SPANISH STAIRCASE.**—A portion of the last we saw when posing our artists' models. There are 125 steps. We now climb, at right or left, and stand in front of a church which was erected in 1495 by Charles VIII. of France. It was plundered during the French Revolution and restored by Louis XVIII. in 1817. Its principal interest to visitors is in the beautiful paintings on its walls, by the old masters, and in the convent attached to the church. The ancient obelisk in front may be seen at a great distance. It once adorned the gardens of Sallust. It is not an Egyptian obelisk, but an imitation. Now come we to the "pride of Rome,"

**148. THE PANTHEON.**—It is the only entirely preserved ancient edifice in Rome. Its history would require a volume. In a city where all is so suggestive of poetic feeling, what better can we do than to permit the poet's song to describe to us, in brief, the meaning of the Pantheon?

“Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime,  
 Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods,  
 From Jove to Jesus—spared and blessed by time,  
 Looking tranquility, while falls or nods  
 Arch, Empire, each thing 'round thee, and man plods  
 His way through thorns to ashes—glorious dome!  
 Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and tyrants' rod  
 Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
 Of art and piety—Pantheon! pride of Rome.”

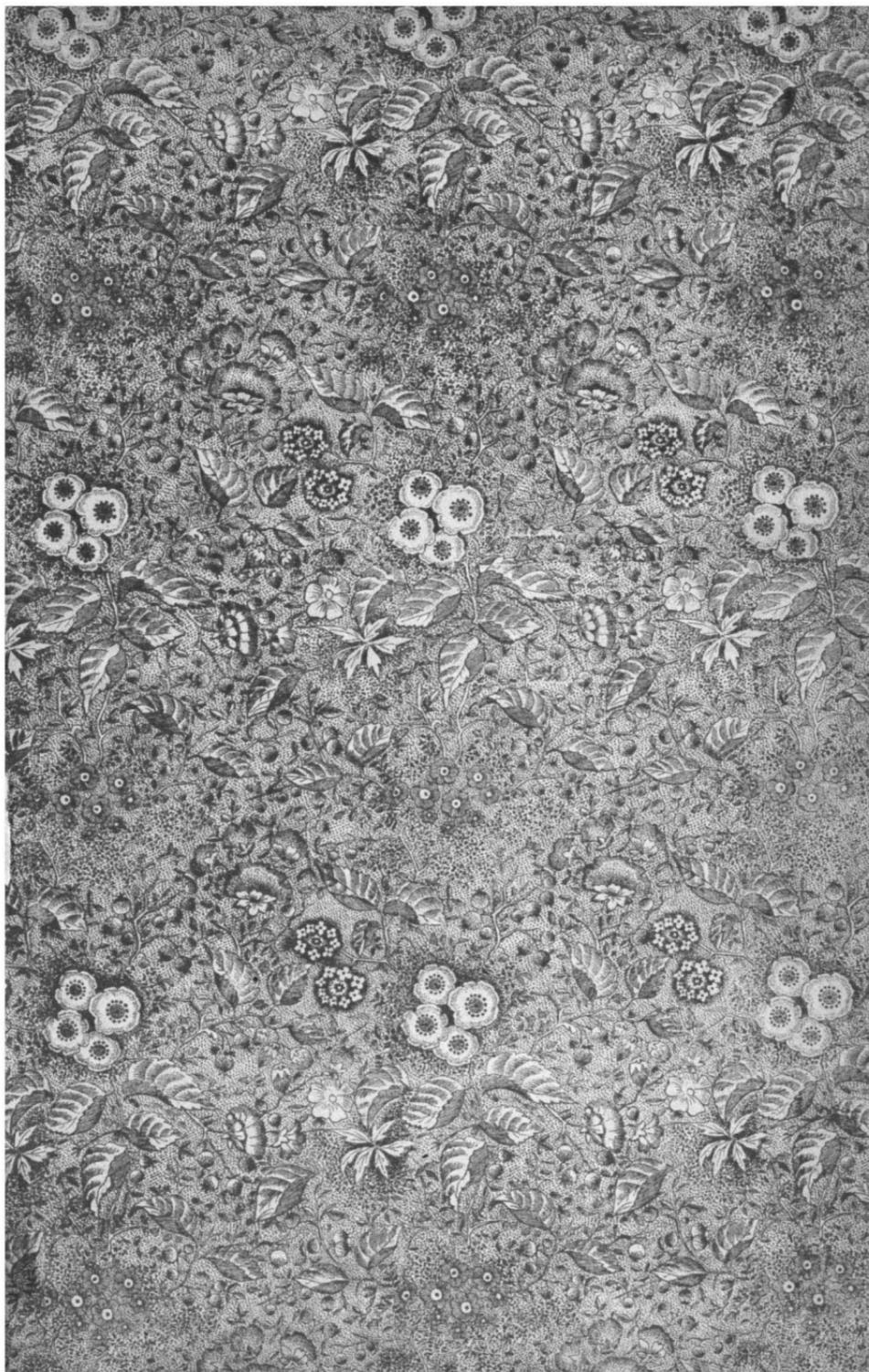
Two views now from two of the famed hills of Rome and we are done. The first is on the way to

**149. THE PINCIO.**—We have already seen some of the statuary of olden date. Before us is a more modern group, surmounted by the famous equestrian statue, under the central arch, of Victor Emanuel. So much of artistic Rome. We part with it reluctantly, but let our last impression of it be a pleasant one. It shall be a panoramic view taken from the most commanding of all the hills of Rome,

**150. THE QUIRINAL.**—In our foreground we see the modern houses with their oriental roofs. Then the lofty church on the left, and the great, broad dome of the Opera House on the right. The old capital clock is seen. But more sublime than all is the glorious dome of the Cathedral of St. Peter's—the first object we see when we near Rome, and the last when we depart from it. As we leave we are prone to ask ourselves the question, “Has the world grown since Rome was in her glory? Has civilization advanced or the age improved, since then?” Let us not answer too hastily, or until we have seen *more* of Rome, than what has passed before us. The poet has truly said, “Rome is a world, and it takes years to find one's self at home in it.” It is a glorious school. A long and familiar companionship with its precious fragments of ancient fountains and glorious cloisters and mouldering frescoes and medi-

æval tombs; whisperings with its palm shadowed gardens, and a gradually acquired knowledge of the wondrous stories which each one will tell to those who love them is what satisfies and fascinates one with Rome. When we *understand* it, it will permit its vast treasures to reveal to us motives and meanings entirely unsuspected and unseen by the passing eye. It will not only give much that will never fade from our memory, but much that may make a part of our after-life. Says our artist and author, "The best wish I could make for each individual of my generous audience is, that he might one day be able to say with Byron,—"*I am in Rome!*"





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