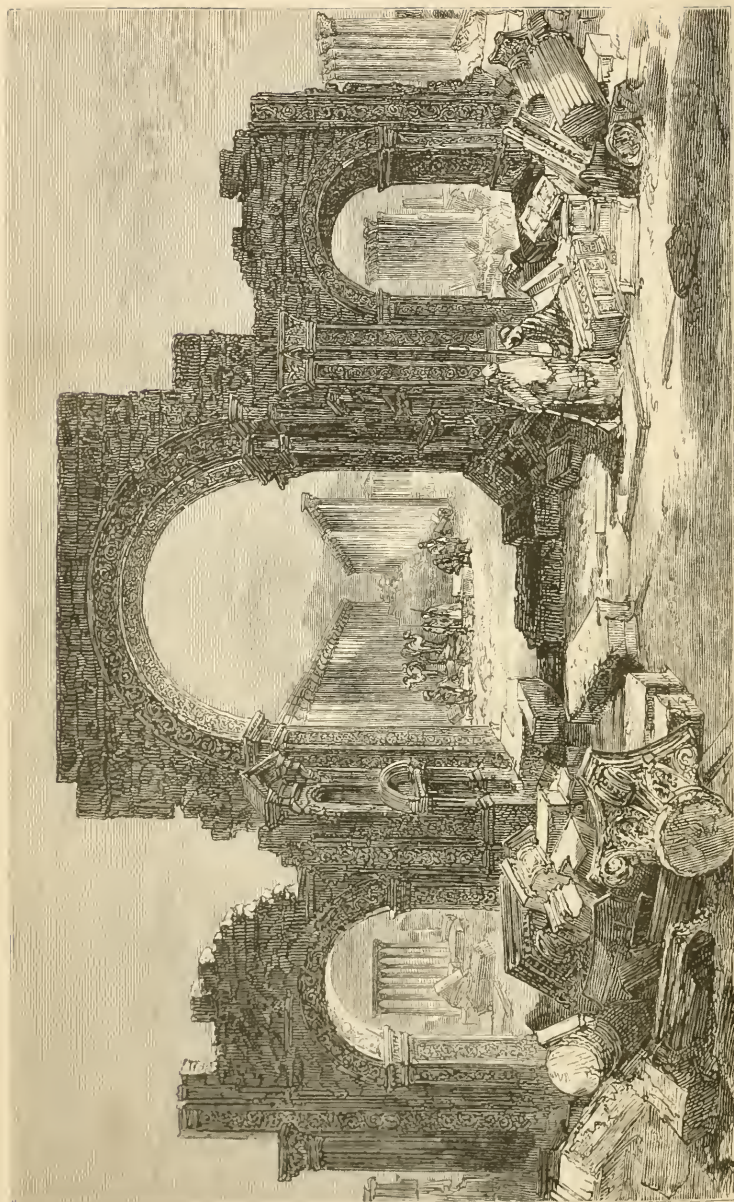


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THE RUINS OF PALMYRA.

# REMAINS OF LOST EMPIRES:

SKETCHES OF

THE RUINS OF PALMYRA, NINEVEH, BABYLON, AND  
PERSEPOLIS, WITH SOME NOTES ON INDIA  
AND THE CASHMERIAN HIMALAYAS.

By P. V. N. MYERS, A.M..

ASSOCIATE AUTHOR, WITH H. M. MYERS, OF "LIFE AND NATURE UNDER THE TROPICS."

*ILLUSTRATIONS.*



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Dedicated

TO THE

LASTING AND AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE

OF

MY COMPANION BROTHER.

245448



## INTRODUCTION.

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IN giving this volume to the public, a word is requisite in regard to the circumstances out of which it has grown. The journey, the narrative of which runs through and gives unity to the work, was performed by the late Henry M. Myers and the writer during the years of 1871-2. The way to the undertaking was gradually prepared. My brother early became enamored of the natural sciences, botany, however, being his favorite study. It was his enthusiastic devotion to science that led to his appointment, while a student at Williams College, as a member of the expedition sent out by the Lyceum of Natural History of that institution to the tropical regions of South America. It was my own fortune also to be a member of the same expedition. This was in the summer of 1867. Among the publications which grew out of the discoveries and explorations of the different members of this party was a joint history of the expedition by Henry M. Myers and the present writer, which was given to the public

isle, with the tropic palms that he loved so well shadowing his grave.

Had my brother been spared to aid in the preparation of this volume, it would certainly have been impressed with an altogether different character. As it is, it embodies what most engaged my own interest and most deeply traced my recollection. The title-page of the volume indicates the field which offered to me the greatest attractions for special investigation.

It will be noticed that this work is in no proper sense a narration or recital of personal experiences; it has been my purpose to render it something of more permanent value. It would have been a comparatively easy task to edit a diary. But my aim has been to regard the jottings of my note-books simply as hints to be used or rejected as they contributed, or failed to contribute, to the general symmetry of a preconceived plan. Besides the aid of my own journals, I have received many suggestions from the carefully kept diary of my brother. The various other sources whence I have drawn to enrich these pages, and the different authorities upon which I have at times depended, will be found sufficiently indicated by the marginal references. I wish, however, in this place to make particular mention of Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon," Rawlinson's "Five

Ancient Monarchies," Binning's "Travels in Persia," and Dr. Butler's "Land of the Veda"—works which as guides have been of invaluable service to me.

One word in respect of the illustrations: a number are from sketches made by the writer; others are taken from photographs; and some are selections from material gathered by my Publishers. In this connection I must not fail to acknowledge my deep obligations to Miss Ida C. Miller for the work of her skillful pencil, and for the assistance which her ready pen has lent in the preparation of the volume for the press. To Mr. W. H. Bottsford I wish also to express my indebtedness for artist services.

And now I give the volume, just as it is, into the hands of the public. I can not honestly seek immunity from criticism by pleading haste, for I have taken time for the preparation of the work, have written with care, and have subjected the whole to a thorough revision. It may seem at times that the writer has strayed from his subject to follow some philosophic suggestion; but, as Felix Jones remarks, it is pardonable to step out of one's path to pluck a flower, provided one do not stop to dig it out by the roots. It is also sometimes extremely necessary for us to go beneath externalities if we would discover the lessons which are intended for us. Thus to the

superficial observer there is much of discouragement in Asia; but to the thoughtful student there is more of encouragement. Upon the whole, our observations among the peoples and the scenes of the East have strengthened our faith in human nature, and exalted our hopes in respect of human destiny. We have certainly seen to what depths of degradation humanity may sink; but we have also seen how ever-present and responsive are its susceptibilities of improvement. We have, moreover, gained a new understanding of the infinite power of religious beliefs and theories of government in shaping the destinies of a people. We have learned somewhat of the meaning of the successions of history, and have had opened to us grander vistas into the past of the nations of the East. If, when viewing the future of those warm and impulsive races in the new light thus gained, we have written with the glow of enthusiasm, we may hope for indulgence; for we have written in the firm conviction that the dayspring of a future far more glorious than that past—the reminiscences of whose splendor has been borne down to us by so many noble monuments—is already tinting the sky of the Orient.

P. V. N. M.

COLUMBUS, O., *November*, 1874.



# CONTENTS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE RUINS OF PALMYRA.

Contrast between Eastern and Western Asia.—Remains of Empire in the Latter.—History of Palmyra.—Isolation of the Ruins.—Preparations for our Journey.—Oasis of Damascus.—A Bedawy Escort.—An Excitement.—Our Guard Strengthened.—A Night upon the Desert.—First Glimpse of the Ruins.—Walls of Palmyra.—Extent of the Remains.—Mausoleums.—The Great Colonnade.—Beautiful Temples.—Overturned Altars.—The Triumphal Arch.—The Temple of the Sun.—The Walls of the Court.—Magnificent Gateway.—Beauty of the Desecrated Shrine.—Tower-tombs.—Subterranean Sepulchres.—The Castles.—An Impressive View.....Page 15

## CHAPTER II.

### RUINED CITIES OF NORTHERN SYRIA.

Departure from Palmyra.—Lost on the Desert.—Arab Sagacity.—Vale of Cœle-Syria.—Ancient Cities.—The Pathway of Armies.—Arab Plowing.—Site of Arethusa.—Fields of Basalt.—Hamath.—The Hamath Inscriptions.—Alone on the Desert.—Ruins of Apamea.—Grand Colonnade.—Condition of the Ruins.—Valley of the Orontes.—Ruined City of El-Bara.—Palaces.—Tombs.—Other Ruined Cities.—Cause of Depopulation..... 44

## CHAPTER III.

### ACROSS THE MESOPOTAMIAN PLAINS.

Description of Aleppo.—A Curiosity Shop.—Malum Alepporum.—Our Departure for Nineveh.—Artificial Tells.—A Superstition of the Desert.—State of the Country.—The Euphrates.—A Native Ferry.—Town of Birijic.—A Refreshing Scene.—Incidents of Travel.—Ur of the Chaldees.—A Lonely Cemetery.—Ruins of Verran Sherahr.—Rock-built Tombs.—Bedawin Hospitality.—Meteorological Phenom-

ena.—Mardin.—The Castle.—A Grand Outlook.—The Town.—Protestant Missions.—A Serious Accident.—We Resume our Journey.—Mesopotamian Villages.—Ruins of Dara.—Site of the Roman Town of Nisibis.—Along the Tigris.—Mosul.....Page 66

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

Contrast between Assyrian and Roman Ruins.—Size of Ancient Nineveh.—Scriptural Argument.—Topographical Evidences.—Nineveh and Babylon each Constructed on a Different Plan.—Condition of the Walls of Nineveh when Seen by the Ten Thousand.—Their Dimensions.—Outer Fortifications.—The City Gates.—Mound of Koyunjik.—Palace-mounds of the Assyrians and Babylonians.—*Débris* of the Ninevite Palaces.—Nebbi Yunus.—Moslem Tradition.—General Construction of an Assyrian Royal Residence.—French and English Excavations.—Cuneiform Decipherment.—Chaldæan Tradition of the Deluge.—Nineveh's present Desolation..... 98

## CHAPTER V.

### RAFTING ON THE TIGRIS.

Our *Kellie*.—Floating Down.—River Scenes.—Rapids.—Historical Associations.—Our Crew and Passengers.—The Captain's Reproof.—Our Guard Mohammed.—Praying on a *Kellie*.—Storms and Delays.—Crossing the River on Inflated Skins for Provisions.—Fatalism.—Botanizing.—Arrival at Tibrit..... 136

## CHAPTER VI.

### RAFTING ON THE TIGRIS—CONCLUDED.

An Unpremeditated Start.—Attempts to Stop the Runaway Raft.—Rapid Progress toward Bagdad.—A Fearful Night Voyage.—Shooting Rapids in the Darkness.—A Narrow Escape.—Aground on a Submerged Island.—Our Scattered Crew.—Arabs as Swimmers.—An Exciting Landing.—Carried Ashore.—*Backshish*.—Repairing the Shattered Kellie.—Arab Village of Samarah.—The Minaret.—Extensive Ruins.—An Arab Settlement.—Resume our Voyage.—A Native's Way of Taking Passage.—The Valley of the Tigris.—Babylonia a Gift of the Tigris and Euphrates.—Its Present Desolation.—Change in the Bed of the Tigris.—Scenes along the River.—Arab Villages.—Great Width of the Tigris.—Saratia.—A Village Undermined..... 153

## CHAPTER VII.

## BAGDAD.

Origin of Bagdad.—The Saracenic Conquest.—Early History of the City.—Oriental Splendor.—Science and Literature.—Decline of the Power of the Caliphs.—Bagdad of To-day.—Site of the City.—Views along the Tigris.—A Railroad.—A Summer Palace.—Government-house.—Hospital.—Coffee-houses.—General View of the City.—Streets and Bazaars.—The People.—English Residency.—Courts.—Subterranean Apartments.—Ornamentation of Rooms.—An Indian Prince.—Mosaic Population.—Babel of Languages.—Sabbaths in Bagdad.—Religious Edifices.—Telegraphs.—Steam upon the Tigris.—Modern Improvements.....Page 174

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE RUINS OF BABYLON.

Present Condition of Babylonia.—Ancient Canals.—Nahr Malcha.—Former State of Babylonia.—An Oasis.—Mountains of Ruins.—General Appearance of the Site of Babylon.—Palace-Mounds.—El-Kasr.—Babylonian Bricks and Masonry.—A Sculptured Lion.—A Venerable Tree.—View from the Kasr.—Mound of Amran.—Ruins of Neriglissar's Palace.—Walls of the Royal Quarter.—The Hanging Gardens.—The Mujelibee.—Objections to Considering it the Remains of the Temple of Belus.—Birs Nimrud.—Description of the Mound.—A Babylonian Temple.—Conflicting Theories respecting the Ruin.—Probable Identification of the Birs with the Tower of Babel.—Chaldæan Traditions.—Fire-blasted Appearance of the Ruins explained.—Designs of the First Builders.—Testimony of the Inscriptions.—The Walls of Babylon.—The Fulfillment of Prophecy..... 200

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE LOWER TIGRIS AND SHAT-EL-ARAB.

Departure from the City of the Caliphs.—Mounds of Seleucia and Ctesiphon.—Ruins of the White Palace of Khosru.—Sacked by the Saracens.—Its Treasures.—A Royal Persian Carpet.—Madayn.—The Ancient Nahrwan Canal.—A Paradise Transformed into a Desert.—River Scenes.—Mountain Views.—An Unsuccessful Experiment.—Through the Marshes.—A Meandering River.—Amphibious Arabs.—Junction of the Tigris and Euphrates.—Garden of Eden.—The

Shat-el-Arab.—Tropical Forest.—A Beautiful Water-path.—Amazonian Scene.—Picture of Arab Life.—Pilgrims from Mecca.—Pilgrimages and Railroads.—The Steamship *Cashmere*.—A Wonderful Country.—In the Persian Gulf.....Page 254

## CHAPTER X.

### CARAVAN LIFE IN PERSIA.

First View of the "Land of Roses."—The Town of Bushire.—Startled by a Velocipede.—A Dragoman who Wanted to See the Country.—Persian Mendacity.—A *Chârvadar* on Time.—What Xenophon says about Persian Character.—Departure from Bushire.—Traveling by Night.—A Sand-Storm.—Telegraph Line Prostrated.—Brazgoon.—Effects of the Famine.—Dalikce.—The Edge of the Great Plateau of Iran.—Mountain Wildness and Beauty.—A Detention.—A Mountain Trail.—The Pass of Mullook.—The Plain of Khisht.—Moslem Devotions.—The Village of Koonar Tukhteh.—The Pass of Kumaridj.—A Sequestered Spot.—The Plain of Kauzeroon.—The Town.—Persian Way of Advertising.—The Simplon of Persia.—A Lovely Vale.—The Pass of the Old Woman.—Deshti Arjun.—A Geological Phenomenon.—A Lion among our Animals.—Banditti.—Gardens of Shiraz.—Pilgrims Welcomed Home..... 272

## CHAPTER XI.

### SHIRAZ.

The Valley of Shiraz.—Distant View of the City.—Streets and Bazaars.—Interior of the Dwellings.—Public Buildings.—Population.—Gardens of Shiraz.—Baghi Now.—Jehan Nema.—Baghi Takht.—The Tomb of Hafiz.—His Odes.—Tomb of Saadi.—Effects of the Famine at Shiraz.—The Fundamental Cause of Asiatic Wretchedness.—The Oriental Doctrine of Isolation.—Lessons of the Famine..... 300

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.

Historical Sketch.—Alexander at the Tomb of Cyrus.—Site of the Persepolitan Remains.—The Cyclopean Platform.—A Magnificent Stairway.—Grand Propylæum.—Gigantic Wardens.—Stanley and Antiquarians.—A richly Sculptured Staircase.—The Audience Hall of Xerxes.—Hall of the Hundred Columns.—Oriental Hall of Audience.—Ruins of the Palaces of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes.—Massive Portals.—Apartments of the Palace.—Nature of the Sculptures.—Rock-

hewn Tombs.—Rock-cut Façades.—Remains of the City of Persepolis.—Fortified Gate.—A Curious Tower.—Rock Tablets.....Page 319

## CHAPTER XIII.

### FROM SHIRAZ TO CASHMERE.

Departure from Shiraz.—An Attack.—Descent to the Coast.—On Board the *Ethiopia*.—Persian Gulf.—Muscat.—Coast of Beloochistan.—Harbor of Bombay.—Great Indian Peninsula Railway.—Over the Ghauts.—Allahabad.—Lahore.—Traveling by Dak.—Bungalows.—Palanquin Travel.—Foot of the Himalayas.—Bhimur.—In the Saddle.—Saidabad.—A Picturesque Valley.—Grand Views.—Naoshera Valley.—Scenery among the Hills.—Ruined Serais.—Great Moguls.—Passage of the Ruttan Pir.—Tropical Forest.—Alpine Scenery.—Poshiana.—An Arab Scene.—A Fractious Animal.—Pass of the Pir Punjal.—Coloration of Flowers.—Scenery about Aliabad Serai.—Glimpse of the Vale of Cashmere.—Shapiyon.—Across the Valley.—Encamped in the Gardens of Cashmere..... 341

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE VALE OF CASHMERE AND ITS RUINED TEMPLES.

Names applied to the Vale.—Moore's "Lalla Rookh."—Beauties of the Valley.—Encircling Mountains.—Passes.—Jhelum River.—Lateral Valleys.—Avenues of Trees.—Akbar's Visits.—Climate of the Vale.—Vegetation.—Fruits.—Roses.—A Sanatorium.—Given up by the English Government.—Influence of Scenery on National Character.—Interesting Ruins.—Temple of Martund.—Other Temples.—Cashmerian Traditions.—Serpent Worship.—Hinduism.—Traces of Greek Art.—Spoliation of the Ancient Temples..... 366

## CHAPTER XV.

### THE CITY OF CASHMERE.

Situation.—General Appearance.—Buildings.—Canal Streets.—Boats.—River Scenes.—English Stores.—Bridges.—Maharajah's Palace.—Swiss and Venetian Scenes.—English Visitors.—An Official's Barge.—Cashmerian Amazons.—Bathers.—Relics.—Wood from the Mountains.—Jumna Meshjed.—Maharajah's Bazaar.—Below the City.—Citadel.—Night on the River.—An Eastern Venice.—Gardens of Cashmere.—Shalimar Bagh.—Nishat Bagh.—Isle of Chenars.—Floating Gardens.—Population of Cashmere.—People.—Effects of Climate on Complexion.—Dress.—Character.

—Women.—Thomas Moore.—Manufactures.—Shawls.—Nature as a Teacher.....	Page 388
--	----------

## CHAPTER XVI.

## MONUMENTS OF THE GREAT MOGUL EMPIRE IN INDIA.

Descent to the Plains of India.—Change Wrought by the Monsoons.—Multiplicity of Scenes.—Architectural Monuments of the Great Moguls.—Sketch of the Tartar Tribes.—Conquests of Zingis Khan and Timour.—The Mongol Empire in India Compared with the Moorish Kingdom in Spain.—Splendor of the Great Mogul Court.—The Mohammedan Sovereigns of Delhi and the Sepoy Rebellion.—Our Arrival at Delhi.—The Dewani Khass.—Persian and Indian Audience Halls.—Beauty of the Structure.—The Peacock Throne.—Jumna Musjed.—Ruins of Old Delhis.—The Kutub Minar.—Agra.—The Taj Mahal.—The Beauty of this Mausoleum.—Contrasted with that of Zobeide's.—Palace of Akbar.—Pearl Mosque.—Cawnpore and Lucknow.—The Well.—The Relief of Lucknow.—Benares.—Its Temples and Shrines.....	414
--	-----

## CHAPTER XVII.

## PROGRESS IN THE EAST.

The Great Moguls.—The English in India.—East India Company.—India as England's Ward.—The Establishment of Order and Good Government.—Railways.—Their Effect on Caste.—Steamship Lines.—Municipal Improvements.—Schools and the Press.—Hinduism.—Influence of Western Science on Eastern Mythologies.—Has there been More than One Centre of Revelation?—Hinduism <i>versus</i> Christianity.—Shall we Civilize but not Christianize?—Civilization and Christianity Inseparable.—India's Position in the History of the East.—General Awakening in Asia.—Slavonic Influence in Central Asia.—Alleged Inferiority of the Asiatic Mind.—Religious Instinct of the Oriental.—The Future of Asia viewed in the Light of the Past.—Immobility of Oriental Races.—Cause to be found in their Religious Systems.—Progress not Metamorphosis.—Relations of the West to the East.....	455
---	-----

## APPENDIX.

ANCIENT GLACIERS AMONG THE HIMALAYAS....	489
--	-----



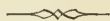
# LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

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THE RUINS OF PALMYRA.....	<i>Frontispiece.</i>
PALMYRIAN TOWER-TOMB.....	Page 39
THE RUINS OF APAMEA.....	Faces p. 57
RUINED DWELLING AT EL-BARA, SYRIA.....	62
MESOPOTAMIAN PLAINS.....	66
ANCIENT TELL AND ARAB VILLAGE.....	72
THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.....	Faces p. 99
EXCAVATION OF AN ASSYRIAN PALACE.....	118
ASSYRIANS FLAYING THEIR PRISONERS.....	120
CUNEIFORM TABLET.....	122
THE DELUGE TABLET.....	123
RUNAWAY RAFT ON THE TIGRIS.....	Faces p. 156
THE RUINS OF SAMARAH.....	163
MOSQUE OF IMAM MOUSSA, NEAR BAGDAD.....	171
BRIDGE OF BOATS, BAGDAD.....	Faces p. 186
ANCIENT BABYLONIAN CANALS.....	202
PLAN OF THE MOUNDS OF BABYLON.....	207
BABYLONIAN BRICK.....	210
BABYLONIAN LION.....	211
MOUND OF MUJELIBEE.....	219
RUINS OF BIRS NIMRUD.....	223
TAK-KESRA, ON THE SITE OF CTESIPHON.....	255
THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.....	Faces p. 319

PROPYLÆA OF XERXES..	Page 329
AVENUE OF POPLARS, CASHMERE.....	370
RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF MARTUND.....	380
PANDRENTON TEMPLE..	382
VIEW OF THE JHELM ABOVE CASHMERE.....	393
FIRST BRIDGE ACROSS THE JHELM, CASHMERE.....	Faces p. 394
TAJ MAHAL, DELHI.....	438
BENARES, SACRED CITY OF THE HINDUS .....	451
PSEUDO-MORAINES IN THE DAS VALLEY.....	497
MORAINES, SINDE VALLEY.....	502
TERMINAL MORAINES, SINDE VALLEY.....	509

# REMAINS OF LOST EMPIRES.



## CHAPTER I.

### THE RUINS OF PALMYRA.

Contrast between Eastern and Western Asia.—Remains of Empire in the Latter.—History of Palmyra.—Isolation of the Ruins.—Preparations for our Journey.—Oasis of Damascus.—A Bedawy Escort.—An Excitement.—Our Guard Strengthened.—A Night upon the Desert.—First Glimpse of the Ruins.—Walls of Palmyra.—Extent of the Remains.—Mausoleums.—The Great Colonnade.—Beautiful Temples.—Overturned Altars.—The Triumphal Arch.—The Temple of the Sun.—The Walls of the Court.—Magnificent Gateway.—Beauty of the Deseccrated Shrine.—Tower-tombs.—Subterranean Sepulchres.—The Castles.—An Impressive View.

THERE is a great contrast between Eastern and Western Asia. Although the nations beyond the Indus may lay claim to almost as venerable an antiquity as the ancient monarchies that flourished in the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, or rose on the table-lands of Iran, still, instead of having run through their course with a sort of meteoric brilliancy, as did all the empires of Western Asia, they have, through various conservative causes, been kept from decadence and ruin, and to-day exhibit a prosperity—a social, political, and numerical development—unsurpassed during any preceding period; for those

literary memorials of a distant age existing in the lands of Buddha and Confucius by no means justify the inference that those countries long ago enjoyed a golden era of national grandeur and universal culture; though they may evidence periods of unusual activity in the schools of their poets or philosophers or moralists. In India, indeed, there are some important architectural remains of a high antiquity; but so overshadowed are these by the omnipresent life and splendid monuments of the present, that they are passed almost unnoticed save by the antiquarian.

But in Western Asia it is very different. The principal features of the countries represented by Syria, Turkey, and Persia are neglect, decay, and death. A hoary antiquity seems to rest on the face of the worn hills of Palestine; silence reigns in the Syrian valleys; desolation broods over the Mesopotamian and Chaldean plains; Elam lies waste. Yet here were the seats of the greatest monarchies of ancient times, populous and powerful enough to work out, on the most imposing scale, the grandest events of history. But while the results of all the life and movements of those early times have entered into and formed the best elements of a later civilization, those great monarchies—Chaldean, Syrian, Assyrian, Median, Babylonian, and Persian—have themselves disappeared, and the countries that they once filled with their noise are become silent and desolate.

Scattered all over these regions are extensive ruins and imposing monuments of forgotten age—the remains of once mighty and proud capitals, “crushed beneath the weight of prophecy,” or “broken down by the tramp of passing centuries”—evidence, in the midst of present desolation or wretchedness, of past populousness, magnificence, and affluence.

But it is not alone remains of those early monarchies of Asian origin that the traveler stumbles upon in wandering over those regions to-day. Three centuries before our era Alexander carried the arms of Greece across Asia to the Indus. Under the Seleucidæ, Art followed in the track of Conquest. Seleucus Nicator, the founder of the Syrian monarchy, justly earned his title of “Royal Architect” from the indulgence he allowed to his passion for architectural embellishments. Then came the Romans, creators of cities as well as builders of roads. In the second century of our era, Rome could boast of five hundred cities, in the Asiatic provinces of the empire, that had either been founded, or enlarged and beautified, by the successors of Cæsar.

Among the cities that received, during the period of Roman domination in Asia, the patronage of the emperors, Palmyra\*—the Tadmor of Scripture—was

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\* Tadmor, signifying “City of Palms,” was the Hebrew name. Palmyra is the Greek and Latin translation of this word. The city was also known to the Romans as Hadrianapolis, “City of Hadrian.”

one of the most favored. Palmyra's history possesses a tragic interest, and the name of a woman lends to it a glow of romance. A tragic interest, we say, for although Palmyra enjoyed for a period imperial favor, still her own ambition and the envy of Rome rendered her at last the Carthage of Asia; and we speak of romance, because the story of Zenobia, the gifted and beautiful "Queen of the East," is a large part of the city's history.

Nature herself marked out the site for the city. Away in the Syrian desert, about midway between Damascus and the Euphrates, a range of low, verdureless hills breaks the monotonous level of the plain; and from beneath these rocky ledges, which give as little promise of gushing fountains as the unsmitten rock of Kadesh, several springs pour out copious streams, that create a little oasis in the midst of the dreary expanses of sand. The spot must have been a favorite camping-place of the tribes that first roved the Syrian desert. As soon as commerce sprang up between the coast of the Mediterranean and the valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates, it became the resting-place for the caravans engaged in this trade. Here must have halted the travel-worn trains, laden with the rich commodities of India, Persia, and Babylonia, on their way to Syria and Egypt; and here were unladen the treasures of Thebes and Memphis, the costly manufactures of



Tyre and Sidon, destined for the bazaars of the farther East.

Solomon's extensive commercial relations with Persia and India gave a new importance to the little oasis, and he established a caravansary there—"built Tadmor in the wilderness." After this brief notice by the sacred writer, the name almost disappears from history for twelve centuries. But with the extension of the Roman power in Asia, Palmyra reappears, and for a considerable time maintains itself as a free city on the oft-disputed frontier of the Roman and Parthian empires—a freedom due rather, as the historian Gibbon presumes, to the indulgent policy of the contending parties, than to its seeming inaccessibility by an army in its desert home. About the beginning of the second century of our era, however, the campaigns of Trajan having pushed the frontier of the empire beyond the Euphrates, Palmyra became a Roman colony, and for more than one hundred years sustained a dependent relation to Rome.

Its magnificent ruins evidence the partiality with which royal patronage was bestowed upon it during this its Augustan period. Hadrian, the Antonines, and succeeding emperors, with munificent liberality, aided the cultured and ambitious Palmyrians in the architectural embellishment of their city. In every part it was adorned with grand colonnades, porticoes, triumphal arches, monumental columns, inscribed al-

tars, temples and palaces and theatres and mausoleums, till, in the number, richness, and beauty of its public monuments, it seemed to rival even Rome itself. The effect upon the imagination of all this architectural magnificence must have been heightened from its appearing to the traveler who approached the city to rise, as by magic, out of a dreary waste of sand. Doubtless many a weary traveler, as the city rose upon the desert, looked upon all this grandeur, flitting in the quivering air along the horizon, as only another illusion of the mocking mirage. In its closing history it indeed looms up, and then disappears, like the phantom of the desert.

When the prestige of the Roman legions had been lost by a humiliating defeat, and for the first time in the history of the empire a Roman emperor (Valerian) taken captive, the forces of Palmyra, under Odenatus, beat back the Persian army, and saved, or rather restored, the honor of the Roman name. The brilliant military talent of the Palmyrian prince, in subsequent encounters with the enemies of Rome in the East, elicited to such a degree the admiration and gratitude of its Senate, that they conferred upon him the title of Augustus, and bestowed marks of honor upon other eminent Palmyrians. Zenobia, the wife of Odenatus, succeeded to his authority. She is said to have been the daughter of an Arab sheik, and she traced her descent from the Egyptian Cleopatra. By

nature she had been crowned queen of beauty; but that, as has been observed of another similarly favored, was little satisfaction to an ambitious spirit. She assumed the title of "Queen of the East," and became an open rival of the emperors of Rome. She possessed, in a wonderful degree, the fascinating charms of beauty and the personal magnetism of her sex. By the citizens of Palmyra and the soldiers of her army she was loved with that affecting loyalty and devotion which sentiment and veneration inspire.\* This command of the affection of her subjects favored her ambitious designs. She proposed to establish in the East an empire which should rival Rome in the West; and under the inspiring leadership of their heroic and beautiful queen, the Palmyrian army made such extended and brilliant campaigns as to first excite the amazement, and then the envy of Rome. Egypt became a tributary province to an empire which embraced all the fairest portions of Western Asia. The fame of Palmyra, and of the "Queen of the East," was spread throughout the Roman world. With Semiramis—if ever there were a Semiramis—Zenobia might have said, "I was given

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\* *Vide* Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Chap. XI. And, if the reader be not too severely critical, let him read that interesting little volume entitled "Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra," by Rev. William Ware. The work is an historical romance, founded upon the writings of Treb. Pollio, Zonaras, Zosimus, Vopiscus, and Piso.

the form of a woman, but my deeds have equaled those of the bravest men." Reports of the assumption of the insignia and privileged splendor of imperial authority by Zenobia and the Palmyrian court awakened the fears or aroused the resentment of Aurelian. The emperor led his legions against the Palmyrian queen. Twice defeated in open battle, she was driven within the walls of her desert home. The defense of the city was long and stubborn. Despairing at length of successful resistance, Zenobia attempted flight; but from the Euphrates she was brought back a prisoner, to grace, or rather to disgrace, a little later, the triumph of Aurelian at Rome.\*

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\* Following Vopiscus and Zosimus, the historian Gibbon represents Zenobia as ungenerously becoming the accuser of her preceptor, the famous philosopher Longinus, in order to shield herself from punishment. With but little gallantry, he writes: "But as female fortitude is commonly artificial, so is it seldom steady or consistent. The courage of Zenobia deserted her in the hour of trial; she trembled at the angry clamors of the soldiers, who called aloud for her immediate execution, forgot the generous despair of Cleopatra, which she had proposed as her model, and ignominiously purchased life by the sacrifice of her fame and her friends. It was to their counsels, which governed the weakness of her sex, that she imputed the guilt of her obstinate resistance; it was on their heads that she directed the vengeance of the cruel Aurelian." This charge against Zenobia has been stoutly denied by other writers. The Rev. William Ware, in his notes to "Zenobia," pronounces it unfounded and improbable. But, at all events, Longinus suffered execution at Emesa, while Zenobia was taken to Rome, and, after having "in chains of gold graced the emperor's triumph," given a splendid villa in the vicinity of Tibur. Enjoying the considerate liberality of the emperor, and the satisfaction of seeing her children admitted to alliances with the first Roman families, Zenobia perhaps

An uprising of the Palmyrians, after the withdrawal of the main portion of the Roman army, caused the quick return of Aurelian, and to him seemed to justify the indiscriminate slaughter of its inhabitants and the giving of the city to the flames. Thus Rome, who could never "forgive a rival," blotted out the fair city, as she had blotted out Carthage before. After this event we have only a few obscure notices of this once brilliant capital of the "Queen of the East;" and after Timour and his Mongol hordes swept over those regions, even the site of the city was lost to the civilized world. The Bedawîn were acquainted, of course, with the spot; and are said to have told to the European traders at Damascus and Aleppo strange stories of a ruined city, with splendid temples and long streets flanked with columns, far away in the desert. Naturally enough, these glowing accounts of the wonderful city, which the imagination was free to invest with all sorts of mysterious grandeur, stirred curiosity, and led to the organization of expeditions for exploring the ruins. But it was not till the close of the seventeenth century that any travelers succeeded in reaching the spot. About the middle of the last century Wood and Dawkins visited the ruins, and made some magnifi-

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forgot the "dream of an Eastern Empire;" but reminiscences of her checkered fortunes as Queen of Palmyra must have gone with her to the grave.

cent sketches. These evidences of the architectural grandeur of the remains of the long-lost city astonished Europe almost as much as she was startled when Botta and Layard unearthed Nineveh.

Owing to the isolated situation of these ruins, lying in the midst of the Syrian desert, entirely out of the line of modern caravan routes, they have been seldom visited by travelers. The exorbitant black-mail exacted by the Bedawîn has also, till quite recently, been a serious obstruction to such an undertaking. But a few years since the Turkish government, finally aroused to a sense of the strategic importance of the control of the springs of Palmyra in dealing with the Arab tribes dependent upon those fountains, established a garrison there; so now the ruins may be visited, from Damascus, under the protection of a Turkish escort.

We mention Damascus, because that is the proper starting-point for a Palmyrian excursion. Our tour through Palestine and Central Syria left us at that city Christmas-day; and as it was already late in the season for a desert journey, we immediately initiated arrangements for the trip. Our dragoman did not share our enthusiasm for a journey into the middle of the Syrian desert, and this for a while impeded matters. Nothing was obtainable: horses could not be found, nor an escort secured; the pasha would not grant us a firman, for the desert Arabs had be-



come suddenly and desperately hostile. He spoke often of the dangers he would be personally incurring: he might be killed by the wild Bedawîn; indeed, he probably would be. Of course, he could not think of running such hazards without a valuable consideration. A judicious *bachshish*—that perfect panacea for all the curious ills a dragoman is heir to—allayed all his fears. Then horses were obtainable without difficulty, though the day before there was not one in Damascus. It was now alike the duty and pleasure of the pasha to grant us firmans to the uttermost parts of the Turkish dominions; and, as to an escort, our order from the pasha would enable us to command soldiers enough to extirpate all the wild Arabs in the Syrian desert. Thus all the preliminaries to our journey were quickly completed.

Upon the afternoon of the very day that the *Haj*, the pilgrim caravan to Mecca, departed in great state from Damascus on their long pilgrimage, we left the city, and commenced our longer journey across the continent. Our escort consisted of four Turkish horsemen. This guard was to be strengthened from different posts as we advanced into the desert. Issuing from "Thomas Gate," we rode for several miles through the pleasant gardens and olive-groves that reach out from the walls of Damascus on the north. It is a beautiful oasis, in the midst of which the queen

city of the East is seated. The rivers Abana and Pharpar, escaping from the wild glens of Anti-Lebanon, pour into the Syrian desert as in an ocean—first radiating through a hundred irrigants, and spreading out a great delta of vegetation; and then lose their waters in the sea of sand that stretches eastward to the horizon.

For three days we journeyed north, along the great caravan route between Damascus and Aleppo, which runs close to the foot of Anti-Lebanon, leading, at times, over the spurs that shoot out from the main range, and across the bleak plateaux and cultivated plains lying between, and opening out eastward upon the desert. The third evening brought us to Hasya, where the plateau we had been traversing broke down into a rocky plain even less cultivated, but which was assuming quite a fresh look under the winter rains, and was covered with the black tents and flocks of the Bedawin. We found Hasya a dirty Arab village, a perfect mud-heap, upon which the rains had been pouring till the whole seemed ready to run down into the plain.

Here we changed our escort for five Bedawin, perfect sons of the desert. The trappings of their horses produced quite an imposing appearance at a distance; but on a nearer approach the tattered blankets and crazy tassels inspired but little admiration. Their armament consisted of swords, pistols, long match-



locks, and tufted spears, all of which made a clattering tumult as they engaged in frequent tournaments for our diversion.

Departing from Hasya, we abandoned the caravan route we had been following, and struck eastward, directly into the desert, and after a long day's ride reached Kuryetein, a large Arab village, standing in the midst of a little oasis created by several large fountains. From the Turkish garrison stationed here we strengthened our guard by an addition of ten soldiers, mounted on mules; and the morning following our arrival resumed our march, *avec grande parade*. As no springs occur between Kuryetein and Palmyra, our train was further increased by several animals, loaded with goat-skins filled with water. But these proved quite unnecessary, for we made the greater part of the distance in a pouring rain, which completely flooded the desert; and on the second day we emptied the skins to help swell the miniature lakes through which our water-carriers were floundering.

A few hours from Kuryetein, the monotony of our journey was broken by the appearance of a party of Bedawîn. Immediately our whole cavalcade was thrown into a fever of excitement. Our Bedawîn allies, striking their shovel stirrups into their horses' sides, flourished their flint-locks, shook their tufted spears, and dashed and whirled hither and thither with wild shouts, till every thing seemed to be spin-

ning round and round. Our Turks meanwhile slipped from their mules, which they had wit enough to know were not just the animals upon which to ride to battle. Standing in the midst of the whirl of excitement, in stupid unconsciousness of any thing unusual, those mules did not seem exactly intended for engaging in a cavalry fight with those wild desert cavaliers, whose steeds were snuffing the battle afar off. The affair ended in our Turks firing a few shots, and in our Bedawîn pursuing the vanishing enemy, at a prudent distance, for several miles over the plain.

With our order of march resumed, we advanced as before, only with greater caution, our Arabs scouring out to the right and left, and ascending every little rise—for the desert was somewhat undulating—that might conceal an enemy. Issuing in a few hours upon a perfectly level plain, this precaution became unnecessary; and our company straggled along without order the remainder of the day over the monotonous desert.

There is not, as might be supposed, any drifting sand between Damascus and Tadmor. The soil is for the most part firm and gravelly, so that a carriage might be driven over it in any direction. The plain is generally covered with camel's thorn, a low shrub about one foot in height. Immediately about Tadmor the country assumes more the aspect of the Lyb-

ian desert, and the winds sweep the sands in huge drifts.

Just at nightfall we halted, made a cup of coffee over a fire of camel's thorn, and then, as it was raining, and our soldiers were unprovided with tents, we remounted, and rode all night through a severe storm, which at times swept the desert with snow and hail. In the gray light of the morning we discovered the tower-tombs of Palmyra, standing like spectres in the pass that led through the low range of verdureless hills which lay across our trail. We reached the summit of the pass, and the wonderful ruins were all before us, lying on the edge of the plain, which, from the foot of the range we were upon, rolled out in unbroken desolation to the eastern horizon. Baalbec dwindled into insignificance. One pile alone, the ruined Temple of the Sun, which rose up grandly from the most distant part of the city, but which the eye did not reach till it had wandered over a long mile of fallen mausoleums and temples, swept down through grand avenues flanked with columns, amid triumphal arches, clustered pillars, and monumental shafts—that grand pile alone, that at last arrested the eye at the end of the pillared vista of the great colonnade, rivaled in beauty and impressiveness all the combined ruins of the famous Syrian City of the Sun.

Descending from the pass, we wound through the

ruins to the gate of the temple court. The inclosure was crowded with the miserable mud hovels of Arabs and Turkish soldiers. We were escorted through the irregular streets to the residence of the officer of the post. It was a little mud hut, twelve by eighteen feet, stuck against the very walls of the shrine, with two of the lofty, beautifully fluted pillars of the temple, which were built into the walls of the hovel, projecting thirty feet or more above the roof. Here we were kindly but curiously entertained during the several days spent in exploring the ruins.

Palmyra was a strongly fortified city, the strength of its walls enabling it to maintain, as we have seen, a stubborn resistance against the arms of Rome. The most ancient ramparts have been almost entirely swept away; just sufficient traces remaining to enable us to determine the line of the old defenses, and ascertain that the *enceinte* was between three and four miles in circumference. The later wall, constructed by the Emperor Justinian, has in some places entirely disappeared; but on the north and west its course is indicated by long lines of ruins, and at some points twenty or thirty feet of the original height still remain unimpaired.

Not only is the space inclosed by these fallen walls covered in almost every part with ruins, but mounds, foundations, and various remains of build-

ings lie outside this ancient rampart, showing that during the height of its prosperity the city must have overflowed these limits. The ancient walls embraced a little spur of the limestone ridge upon the west; the slope of this hill, affording a fine survey of the city, was chosen as the site of some of the noblest structures of the capital. It is at this point that we will commence our examination of the famous Palmyrian ruins.

Prominent among the confused heap of ruined buildings lying upon this slope are the remains of what was doubtless a mausoleum. Its elevation must have rendered it a conspicuous object from every point of the city; and its ruins testify that it was not an unworthy monument to thus boldly challenge attention, and front the splendid building of the Temple of the Sun, which rose from the plain at the opposite extremity of the city. From the sloping nature of the ground, the building necessarily rested upon an artificial platform, and had a magnificent approach of stone steps. These are now almost buried beneath the rubbish of the ruined structure. The monolithic columns that formed the portico are still standing, but the greater part of the walls have fallen. Immense blocks, delicately carved, lie heaped about in utter confusion. From a half-effaced Latin inscription on the fallen entablature, we were able to decipher the names of Dio-

cletian, Maximianus, and Constantius. As the last was not appointed assistant Cæsar by Diocletian till A.D. 292, the building must have been erected subsequent to that date.

At a little distance from these remains lie the ruins of another magnificent mausolean structure. It appears, from the notice of certain travelers, to have been in a good state of preservation only a few years since; but now all is thrown down save the six monolithic columns of the portico, which still bear aloft a broken pediment. We are lost in admiration of the beauty, richness, and grandeur of the monumental structure, as we scramble up and over the immense pile of sculptured blocks to another mausoleum, of which nothing remains standing save two time-eaten pillars, that seem almost ready to topple over. Here, scattered about the foot of the slope, lie vast heaps of carved blocks; huge fragments of richly sculptured entablature, bearing Greek and Palmyrian inscriptions; recumbent figures, draped in flowing robes; drums and shafts of pillars; rich Corinthian capitals; and, rising from amid this confusion of ruins, now and then a solitary column or cluster of pillars, which the shock of the earthquake has spared to mark the site of some temple or mausoleum.

Commencing near the foot of the slope where lie these ruined edifices, and running eastward through

the ruins, are the broken lines of columns that mark the course of the Grand Colonnade, Palmyra's pride and glory in her golden days, and the most prominent feature of her magnificent remains. This grand pillared avenue swept nearly the entire length of the city, from the hill to the gateway of the Temple of the Sun—a distance of about three quarters of a mile. The pillars, composed of white limestone, resembling marble in hardness and susceptibility of polish, were of the Corinthian order, about three feet in diameter, and, including base and capital, nearly sixty feet in height. They supported a heavy but graceful entablature. The width of this superb street was thirty feet. The plan of the architect was, doubtless, as indicated by the triple gateway which stands at the eastern terminus of the colonnade, to flank the central street with two side avenues, thus necessitating four rows of columns; but it is not probable that more than the two central lines of pillars were ever completed, as no indications of outer ones can be discovered. Of the 1080 columns which we estimated to have once flanked the grand avenue, we found only 112 still standing. These are so disposed along the line of the colonnade that one is almost sure to misjudge of their number, and would not suppose that more than half of the columns were thrown down. As the eye sweeps in long perspective down through the grand vista of trunks and



fronded capitals, it is almost deceived into the belief that it is threading an avenue of lofty palms.

There were only two other cities of the ancient world that were graced with colonnades which could bear comparison with the pillared avenue of Palmyra. These were Apamea, on the Orontes, of which we shall speak in another chapter, and Samaria, in Palestine. Many of the columns that composed the colonnade of the latter city may still be seen circling the crown of the hill on which the capital of Israel stood.

It is a privileged walk to saunter down through the colonnaded avenue of Palmyra. The prostrate columns have fallen singly or in groups, sometimes in the street and sometimes outward, as though the waves of an earthquake had rolled beneath the entire length of the portico and determined their fall. Near the middle of the avenue the direction of the colonnade changes a trifle, and at this point it was intersected by a cross-street; on the south a long line of columns still marks the direction of this street, and also preserves the site of an ancient forum.

On each of the four corners formed by this intersection stood a large altar; only one of these now rests upon its pedestal, the others having been thrown down. The ground is here strewn with immense blocks, broken from the altars, and with the huge beams of stone that composed the entablature of the colonnade.



Scattered along on either side of the avenue are ruins of edifices, the nature of which the confused remains will scarcely reveal. North of the colonnade, however, there are two structures unmistakably temples, which attract special attention: one is a beautiful peristyle, with eleven columns still remaining; the other is almost as well preserved as the Temple of Theseus at Athens: the cella walls are ornamented with pilasters, and a pretty portico of six columns fronts the building. Near these are many foundations, showing the number of substantial buildings this portion of the city must have contained. Palmyra, in this respect, was very different from Athens, where the public buildings, though so grand and faultless, were comparatively few, while the larger portion of the city was so poorly built that no trace of it has survived the wear of time. But at Palmyra, every portion of the *enceinte* was so crowded with structures of substantial and even massive construction, that now almost every spot is encumbered with ruins.

From our examination of these ruined buildings, we return to the colonnade, and continue our walk through the stately avenue—stately now, for at the point where we re-enter it most of the columns are still erect. On one side forty-nine pillars, standing without a break, bear up loftily the massive entablature, which looks so light and airy in its aerial poise

that it is difficult for us to believe that it is composed of just such immense beams of stone as those that lie at our feet. A profusely ornamented triumphal arch, forming a triple gateway, stands at the present terminus of the colonnade. The key-stone of the central arch has almost slipped out, and seems ready to guillotine the first victim that steps beneath it; another shock of the earthquake will tumble into ruins this beautiful architectural monument.

A few hundred yards distant from this triumphal arch rise the great walls of the court of the Temple of the Sun. They are about 70 feet in height, and constitute a square of 740 feet. The lower portion of the wall has a perpendicular front; but the upper half slopes inward, and is ornamented with Corinthian pilasters, between which are blind windows, embellished with mouldings and pediments. The whole is surmounted with architrave, frieze, and cornice, thus presenting a rich and imposing appearance from every side, and constituting a worthy inclosure to one of the most beautiful shrines of the heathen world. The once magnificent triple gateway, which pierced the western wall of the court, has been almost completely buried beneath rude Saracenic masonry. The side passages have been blocked up entirely, and the spacious central entrance almost filled—just sufficient space being left for a burdened beast to pass. The enormous, richly traced blocks which

once formed the lintel have fallen, and now partially obstruct the passage-way. The jambs of this once magnificent portal are huge monolithic blocks, thirty-two feet in height, beautifully sculptured with graceful designs.

Around the court within ran a double-pillared portico, each stately column being furnished with a bracket for a statue. Ninety of these pillars are still erect. Near the centre of the court stands the noble peristyle temple, one of the most beautiful relics of Grecian architecture. In the richness and profuseness of its ornamentation, it rivals the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec; and the Parthenon at Athens, though inimitable in its faultless proportions and stern chasteness, can show nothing of that reckless prodigality of embellishment that characterizes this Palmyrian temple. It exhibits just that freedom and luxuriance that we might imagine the arts of the West would display on Eastern soil.

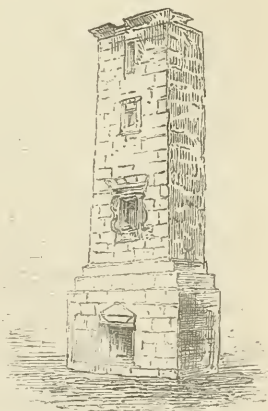
The peristyle of the temple consists of fluted Corinthian columns, sixty-four feet in height. They are surmounted by a rich entablature, with frieze embossed with cupids bearing garlands and festoons. Upon the west, facing the grand entrance to the court, is a beautiful doorway, set between two of the columns of the peristyle, and profusely engraved with beautiful clusters of flowers and fruit and foliage. One of the two heavy beams that formed the lintel

has fallen, and blocks the passage. The walls of the cella are embellished with pilasters and blind windows. The western side is pierced by a doorway, placed exactly opposite to the one already described. The jambs of this door are monolithic, and the moulding is encased with a delicate vine, most gracefully and artistically wrought.

The interior of the temple shows sadly the hand of violence. The fanatical, iconoclastic Moslem seems to imagine that he is never doing heaven better service than when engaged in breaking to pieces or defacing the beautiful creations of antiquity. The temple has been further marred by having been used as a mosque—mud and plaster hide much of the former beauty of the shrine. The large central apartment is now roofed with a rude covering of branches, overlaid with earth, and is used for a stable. At the southern end of this main room a door admits to a smaller chamber, sixteen feet in length and ten in width, roofed in with a single massive block, most elegantly carved. At the opposite end of the building is another similar chamber, of somewhat smaller dimensions. On the soffit of the entrance door is an eagle, with spread wings. The roof of this room is a monolith, cut in the form of a dome; zodiacal symbols encompass it, and figures of various deities are sculptured on the vaulted surface. A stone stairway leads to the roof of the temple, the view from which

is most impressive. One is struck with the massive structure of the gate, set in the peristyle, with its monolithic pediment or delta. On the east side of the temple eight of the columns of the peristyle are still surmounted by the unimpaired entablature; the bronze capitals that once graced the pillars have long since disappeared. The entire courtyard is crowded with the mud hovels of the Bedawîn, which cling to the very walls of the shrine itself, the columns projecting disdainfully above the mud walls into which they have been built. At evening the sun avenges itself for having to look through all the day upon such an incongruous mingling of beauty and repulsiveness, by throwing the mud huts into the dark shadow of the high western wall of the court, and then gilding with its slant rays each lofty pillar of the shrine.

The tower-tombs of Palmyra, which stand among the hills back of the city, are peculiar and interesting; such lofty, storied structures are suggestive of any thing but a tomb; they are certainly the most unique sepulchral edifices in the world. These towers are thirty or forty feet square, and from sixty to



PALMYRIAN TOWER-TOMB.

eighty feet high, according as they embrace three or four stories. They are constructed of roughly hewn stones, and are infinitely inferior in artistic merit to the other monuments of the city. These curious sepulchral structures are doubtless of Palmyrian origin; though many of those now standing must have been erected subsequent to the era of the Seleucidæ, as is evidenced by the Greek inscriptions they exhibit, and also by their ornamentation, which is largely Grecian.

A short description of the one here represented will give a correct idea of all. A small doorway affords entrance to the lower chamber, which is thirty feet in length and ten in width, and ornamented with four Corinthian pilasters on each side, and two at the end opposite the entrance. The ceiling is composed of immense stone beams, reaching from side to side, and is finely fretted and sculptured, some of the figures being thrown into more prominent relief by the sky-blue color given to the background. Between the pilasters, on either side, are tiers of loculi, for the reception of bodies. A ruinous stone stairway leads to the second story, which resembles the lower chamber, save in being somewhat smaller—from the contraction of the tower—and in being less carefully ornamented. The third and fourth stories afford no new feature; the latter is almost barren of ornamentation. The lower chambers were evidently the aristocratic ones.



Both north and south of the city, just at the foot of the hills, the desert is broken by numerous undulations, which mark the site of subterranean tombs of a more ordinary character than the sepulchral towers we have just examined. Some of these tombs have been excavated, and found to contain both Palmyrian and Grecian sculpture—enough to show that more systematic and thorough excavations would unearth many interesting memorials of the desert city.

Perched upon the highest point of the hills which overhang the ruined city is an old castle of Saracenic architecture. The date of its origin is unknown; yet it can not claim a higher antiquity than the fifteenth or sixteenth century. As it is encompassed by a very deep moat, cut in the limestone rock, access to it is extremely difficult; but the view from its walls is such as to justify all the reckless climbing necessary to gain the summit. The “city of palms” lies directly beneath the eye. The palms are now all gone, save just a few near the fountain; but in their stead hundreds of airy pillars rise, like the pride of the desert, all over the ancient site. Beyond the wide, bewildering confusion of ruins the dreary desert rolls out its desolate reaches till the sky in pity drops down upon it.

We view some scenes, and after a little while find ourselves unable to recall any definite picture of them. Again, other scenes imprint themselves indel-

ibly on the memory. Athens, with the Acropolis crowned by the Parthenon, once seen, leaves a clearly traced and permanent impression on the recollection. And thus it is with the ruins of Palmyra. So widely different from other remains, and so intensely individual are they, that no one who has once looked upon the ruined "city in the wilderness" will ever have the picture erased from memory. The grand colonnade, half prostrate; the vast number of pillars, solitary and grouped; the tall monumental columns, tottering with age; the confused heaps of fallen porticoes, temples, and mausoleums; the lofty tower-tombs, the solemn sentinels of the scene of death; and, surpassing all, the imposing mass of the once resplendent temple of the god of light, a shrine still gloriously beautiful in its ruins—these, with the wide waste of the desert around, form one of the most impressive scenes of complete and mournful desolation that the world affords.

From the castle walls we can just distinguish the form of the Arabs, as they crawl in and out of the gate of the temple court. Alas, the change! Once through that same gateway, after sweeping down that grand colonnade, and beneath that distant triumphal arch, entered, with pomp of pageantry and clash of cymbals, many a gorgeous procession in honor of the "god of day." Throughout the ancient world there is nothing more impressive than these



desecrated temples, that were once the sacred and crowded shrines of a nation's worship.

He must be hopelessly impassible who could survey such a scene as that presented by the ruined city in the desert without having feeling enkindled or imagination awakened. When we gaze upon the fair form deserted by life, how our imagination is borne away by the thronging reminiscences of the departed spirit that just now inspired its beauty and gave it a joyous presence. So do kindred feelings take possession of us as we look on the remains of the once living city, through whose fallen gates all life has gone out. There is something different in such a solitude from that of lofty mountains, or the eternally uninhabited desert. The silence of the fallen city is the silence of death. We know that here once resounded the tides of restless and multitudinous life. Very different is it to muse in such a place, than to wander on mountains lifted till they partake of the silence and solitude of the heavens; or over desert steppes that have lain forever untracked by man; or beneath forests which have never echoed with the noise of busy life. The thought of change—of past life and present death—is what renders the solitude of such a scene so mournful and impressive. The sighing of the sobbing winds amid the pillars of the desolate city thrills us, because we know it is the requiem of death.

## CHAPTER II.

## RUINED CITIES OF NORTHERN SYRIA.

Departure from Palmyra.—Lost on the Desert.—Arab Sagacity.—Vale of Cœle-Syria.—Ancient Cities.—The Pathway of Armies.—Arab Plowing.—Site of Arethusa.—Fields of Basalt.—Hamath.—The Hamath Inscriptions.—Alone on the Desert.—Ruins of Apamea.—Grand Colonnade.—Condition of the Ruins.—Valley of the Orontes.—Ruined City of El-Bara.—Palaces.—Tombs.—Other Ruined Cities.—Cause of Depopulation.

JUST at the close of the last day spent in exploring the ruins of Palmyra, we set out, with our guard, on our return to Kuryetein. We chose the evening for our departure, because the journey would require us to be in the saddle about twenty-four hours, and we persuaded ourselves that it would be an improvement of the plan adopted in reaching Palmyra, if we should reverse the order of march, and take the nocturnal ride before we were fatigued with the travel of the day. Our course for the night was due west. We rode rapidly till about two o'clock in the morning, when, through a break in the clouds that partially obscured the sky, the rising moon appeared directly ahead. A curious affair. The moon rising in the west! Our chief, at once appreciating the situa-

tion, ordered a halt. There was faint hope that the light might prove a Bedawîn camp-fire; but this was quickly dispelled, as in a few moments the crescent swung up, clear and beautiful, above the horizon. Bewildered as we were, we could do nothing save dismount, build a fire with the dry camel's thorn, and wait for the day. Morning revealed to us the tower-tombs of Palmyra! we were almost back to the ruins, having spent those eight mortal hours in describing a great circuit on the desert.

Several such experiences, at different times, convinced us that the Arab possesses but little of the instinct of the Indian in keeping his bearings. If these races have some characteristics in common, they have also some points of dissidence, and this is one of them. On one occasion, while under the conduct of several Bedawîn, we left our station about midnight. The village was situated at the base of an isolated hill, about a mile in circumference, and the road we were to follow skirted the base of the hill a short distance, and then struck off into the plain. Although the night was a perfectly clear, star-lit one, those stupid Arabs led us completely around that hill, and seemed to have no idea that any thing was wrong till the dogs came flying out at us as we rode into the village which we had just left.

The rain that had commenced just before daylight

was falling heavily as, with some discouragement, we remounted and commenced our journey anew. We reached Kuryetein about midnight, fatigued enough with our thirty hours' experience upon the desert. Here we dismissed a portion of our escort, and the following day the remainder conducted us to Hasya; and then, as we were again on the caravan route between Damascus and Aleppo, we thought it prudent to dispense with the service of all, retaining only our dragoman.

From Hasya we journeyed northward over a partially cultivated plain, with the snowy ranges of Anti-Lebanon on our left, and the open desert on our right. As we advanced, Anti-Lebanon sank into the plain, and admitted us from the desert to the famous valley of Coele-Syria. Two hours before we reached Hums, the ancient Emesa, our attention was attracted by a peculiar truncated hill rising out of the plain far to the north. It proved to be the old castle mound of Emesa, once surmounted with noble buildings, whose ruinous walls, crowning the hill, give it a most picturesque appearance. The mound is about one hundred feet high, and appears to be entirely of artificial construction; portions of the scarping wall are still visible. A wall of basalt surrounds the modern town, the houses of which are substantially constructed of the same material. The present population of Hums is about 20,000,

two thirds of which number are Mohammedans, and the remainder Christians.

There is more of interest in Emesa's past than in her present. Porter thinks it may be identical with the Biblical Zobah. According to Gibbon, it was, during the second and third centuries of our era, one of the most important cities in the Asiatic provinces of the Roman Empire, and contained a famous temple dedicated to the sun: all traces of this edifice have entirely disappeared. Emesa was the home of Elagabalus, who introduced to the Roman court the effeminate luxuriousness of the East. It was the native city of the philosopher Longinus, the preceptor of Zenobia; and it was the seat of the Christian bishop Silvanus. But while the outside world remembers just a little about the folly of the emperor, the wisdom of the philosopher, and the purity of the bishop, Emesa has forgotten them one and all, as well as once or twice forgetting her own name.

From Hums to Hamath is one day's journey. The morning upon which we departed from the former town was beautiful and spring-like, though it was yet early in January. We appreciated and enjoyed thoroughly the pleasantness of the morning, for the two preceding days had been wet, dismal, and in every way disagreeable.

Nor was the scenery about us wanting in elements of interest, beauty, and even grandeur. The snowy,

cloud-capped peaks of Lebanon rose along our left; to the right a break in Anti-Lebanon led the eye out upon the desert; south, the vale of Cœle-Syria lay low between the twin ranges. The valley or plain of Cœle-Syria has an intense historical interest. In general terms, the vale embraces all that fertile, well-watered tract lying between the Libanus and the Anti-Libanus (the Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon of Scripture). The latter, toward the north, losing its continuity, breaks up into detached ranges, that assume different names. The classic streams of the Leontes (Litany) and Orontes, taking their rise from almost the same fountains, flow, one south and the other north, the entire length of the vale, and then each breaks through the Lebanon range to the Mediterranean. Within this magnificent valley, standing generally upon the shores of these rivers, were many of the most celebrated cities of antiquity: Baalbec, Zobah, and Hamath of Biblical times; Heliopolis, Emesa, Arethusa, Epiphania, Larissa, and Apamea, of the empires of the Seleucidæ and Romans. Now Hums and Hamath are the only towns worthy of mention in this region once so rich in royal cities. We shall see, a little later, all that some of these celebrated cities have left to mark their ancient sites.

With far greater reason than that which terms the plain of Esdraelon, farther south in Palestine, the

“Battle-field of Nations,”\* may we consider this the pathway for their armies. Through this narrow vale has often ebbed and flowed the tide of conquest. “It furnishes”—we quote Rawlinson—“the most convenient line of passage between Asia and Africa, alike for the journeys of the merchant and for the march of armies. Along this line passed Thothmes and Rameses, Sargon and Sennacherib, Neco and Nebuchadnezzar, Alexander and his warlike successor, Pompey, Antony, Kaled, Godfrey of Bouillon; along this must pass every great army which, starting from the general seats of power in Western Asia, seeks conquest in Africa, or which, proceeding from Africa, aims at the acquisition of an Asiatic dominion.” And along this line pass to-day, by the way of Aleppo, the caravans that journey between Damascus and Bagdad: the perils of the Syrian desert are thus avoided. And the same reasons that lead to the adoption of this circuitous route at the present time determined the march of ancient armies. The enemies of Jerusalem—meaning the Babylonians—were

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\* Lieutenant Condor, in a recent fugitive article, disputes the claim of Esdralon to being, as it is popularly termed, the “Battle-field of Palestine,” or the “Battle-field of Nations.” He says: “The history of the past does not, however, bear out this assertion. The great battles of Joshua were fought far to the south. The victories of David were on or near to the plains of Philistia. The invasions of the Syrians were directed against the country around Samaria; and the battle of Hattin, which decided the fate of Christian supremacy in Palestine, was fought out farther south.”



always portrayed in prophecy as falling upon the city from the north, though Babylon was really southward of Jerusalem: "I will bring evil from the *north*, and a great destruction," were always the words of warning to Judah, when the lion of Babylon and the destroyer was on his way. When at Palmyra, we were but three days' journey from the Euphrates; but, unable to cross the remaining interval of desert through fear of the lawless Bedawîn, we were obliged to return, and skirt for three weeks the western edge of the desert, and cross the river two hundred miles farther to the north.

The greater portion of the plain between Hums and Hamath is under cultivation; the soil, as of old, is black with fertility. The plain, as we crossed it, was swarming with natives, preparing the ground for the spring sowing. The furrows made by the rude plows were mere scratches; but they made up in straightness what they lacked in depth. We often observed, with admiration, furrows upturned of a half-mile in length, as straight as though drawn with a line. The primitive plows were drawn by mules, horses, jackasses, bullocks, and heifers, yoked together in every conceivable and inconceivable combination. The ancient Jews seem to have been addicted to this same thing, for we hear Moses commanding, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together."\*

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\* Deut. xxii. 10.



Whether this prohibition were based upon æsthetical grounds, or grew out of compassion for the poor ass, is a matter of indifference; for either consideration would abundantly justify such legislation. The appearance of the poor little donkey pulling with a thick-necked ox is perfectly distracting to any one more sensitive than an Arab. Paul had in mind perhaps both the incongruity and disadvantage of such a combination, when he advises thus: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

Four hours from Hums brought us to Restan, a small, compact Arab town, situated on the left bank of the Orontes, which at this point flows through a deep, wild gorge from two hundred to three hundred feet in depth, cut by the river through the soft horizontal limestone strata. Some lines of ancient foundations, with a few sculptured blocks scattered about, was all we could find of the classic Arethusa.

Crossing the river by a substantial stone bridge, we climbed the steep bank, and continued our journey over a plain thickly strewn with basaltic boulders, resting on a limestone formation. One of the most curious geological features of Northern Syria and Mesopotamia is these fields of basaltic rocks, whose huge fragments lie so thickly strewn over the surface that it is often difficult for an animal to pick its way among the blocks. Being so different from the rock surface on which they rest, one wonders

how they ever came there, and is inclined to entertain with more respect the story of the old mythologies, which relates how, in an emergency, the gods, to supply weapons to certain combatants, rained down stones. One journeying through Northern Syria, and seeing these fields of black plutonic rocks scattered over the white limestone surface and covering extended areas, might be pardoned for believing them to have been rained on the earth. Though they were not thrown down from the heavens, they were tossed up from the lower world; and perhaps that is quite as interesting. All these extended fields of boulders originated from eruptive masses of trap-rock, forced up through profound fissures, extending through the limestone strata to the liquid interior of the earth, and then spread, in layers of varying thickness, over the surface. In cooling, the eruptive material assumed that prismatic structure peculiar to certain varieties of trap-rock—crystallized, as it were; and thus the whole layer, broken by joints, would suffer rapid disintegration, and become separated into detached fragments, often breaking up so completely into boulder-like masses as to leave no clew to the mode of their formation. We have traversed extensive fields where the basaltic stones lay scattered thus over the limestone surface, showing that the eruptive mass must have spread over the ground with a thickness not exceeding three or four feet.

At other times the eruptive material seems to have been thrown up in a much less perfect state of fusion, as is witnessed by the many masses of basalt rising abruptly out of the plain to a height of a hundred feet or more. Some of these hills of eruption present a columnar structure, similar to that exhibited by the Giant's Causeway or Fingal's Cave. While the columnarity of the masses we discovered was somewhat less perfect than in the examples cited, the prisms were often much larger than any in the celebrated causeway—cyclopean prismatic columns twenty feet in diameter frequently occurring.

The view afforded us from the summit of some of these elevations was often, especially upon the Mesopotamian plains, peculiarly striking. The extensive fields of basalt lying within reach of the vision appeared like black spots upon the plain, or wound over the surface like dark streams of lava. With the eye elevated only a few feet above the level of the plain, the edge of one of these basaltic fields, or streams, appeared as a low, black line running over the level expanse as far as the eye could see.

Just before evening we reached Hamah, a large town with a population of thirty thousand, lying in the deep gorge of the Orontes, and so concealed that in approaching we had no intimation of its presence till we stood on the brink of the narrow valley, with the minarets and huge castle mound of the city di-

rectly beneath us. Hamah is quite attractive for an Oriental town; its situation upon the river is inviting; and then it has pretty gardens, and fine bazaars stocked with all the commodities of the East. One of the curiosities of the place are the huge water-wheels, the largest of which are sixty or seventy feet in diameter, which, driven by the current of the river, lift the water used in irrigating the gardens, and for other purposes.

Hamah is the Biblical Hamath, founded by the Hamathite, the great-grandson of Noah; and thus it can lay claim to almost as venerable an antiquity as Damascus. Hamah also preserves the site of the Epiphania of the Greeks; but no antiquities of that city are now existing.

The expression which occurs so frequently in the Old Testament—"The entrance of Hamath," or "the entering in of Hamath"—did not have reference to this city, but to the kingdom of Hamath. This "entrance" was the pass over the low hills which, just north of Baalbec, form a "screen" across the plain of Cœle-Syria between Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, and constitute the water-shed of the Orontes and Litany. This line of hills marked the boundary between Palestine and the kingdom of Hamath, and thus the passage came to be termed the "entrance of Hamath."

The stones bearing the curious and interesting

semi-hieroglyphic writing known as the "Hamath Inscriptions," which have so puzzled antiquarians, were found in this city, built up in some modern walls. The United States consul-general at Beyrout was the first to secure copies of the inscriptions. The stones are now in the Turkish museum at Constantinople. But many excellent squeezes and casts have been obtained, and fac-similes of the writings have been published by several societies. What strange secrets these rude hieroglyphics may have locked up in their curious forms is as yet entirely conjectural, for no progress has been made in their decipherment. The language they represent antedated, it is thought by some scholars, the Greek or Phœnician, and was perhaps that spoken by the autochthones of the country—the Rephaim and Zam-zummim tribes, which were dispossessed by the Canaanites long before they were themselves driven out by the Israelites. Some fragmentary lines of a similar hieroglyphic writing have been quite recently discovered at Aleppo. Perhaps the more thorough methods of investigation and exploration that are being instituted will result in the discovery of a widespread written language throughout Northern Syria, of the existence of which we have as yet only these two interesting memorials.\*

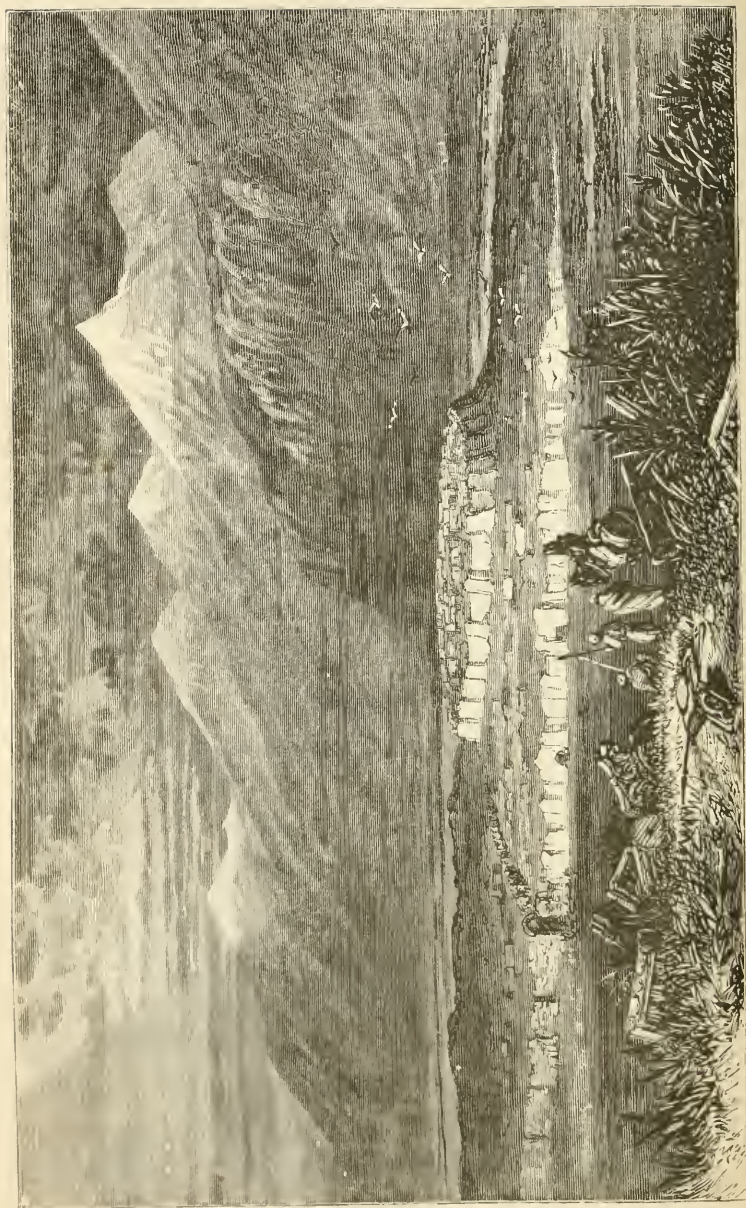
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\* For full description of the Hamath stones, *vide* Burton's "Unexplored Syria," vol. i., p. 333, et seq.

Upon leaving Hamah we directed our guide to conduct us to Kul'at el-Mudik, the present representative of the ancient Apamea; but as these ruins lie off from the direct route to Aleppo, he, while apparently acquiescing, led us to Sheihun, a little Hottentot-like village far out on the desert, where our first night from Hamah found us, a long distance from the classic site. The following morning, having discharged our rascally attendant, we set out alone in search of Apamea. Without regard to any trail, we struck across the plain in a northwest direction toward the Nusairiyeh hills, along whose base we knew the Orontes ran, on the banks of which stream the ruins lie. We rode all day over an undulating plain, dotted here and there with the flocks and black tents of the Bedawîn. Only a small portion of the plain was cultivated by the inhabitants of the little villages which were scattered over the entire district. We passed several ancient sites, indicated as such by numerous sculptured blocks, fragments of pillars, portions of old walls, traces of foundations, and scattered statues, carved in black basalt. We were not without apprehensions of the Bedawîn; for the tribes of that section bear a bad reputation, and we imagined that those we met looked unusually surly and desperate. Not till near sunset did we catch sight of the castle walls of Kul'at el-Mudik, posted upon one of those peculiar mounds which are







RUINS OF APAMEA.

so frequently seen throughout Northern Syria and Mesopotamia. Within the broken wall we found huddled together a few mud-walled hovels, the beggarly representative of the once royal Apamea.

The site of Apamea was a splendid one for a large city—the finest, we thought, of any found in Syria. The city stood on the edge of an elevated plateau, which, tossed in billowy swells, rolls out eastward to the horizon, while on the west it breaks down abruptly three or four hundred feet to the broad level of the Orontes, which leads the eye north and south as far as it can see. All along the western edge of this river-plain rises the dark wall of Jebel Nusairiyeh, the northern continuation of the Lebanon range, which forms a stupendous rampart several thousand feet in height—so lofty that the clouds often lie in long, white drifts on its sides, or rest in heavier and darker masses on its summit. When we saw it the snows of winter mottled and streaked the summit, and at evening the sunset tipped it all along with gold. We do not wonder that Seleucus Nicator, with his passion for building cities, should have apparently been seized with the idea that such a spot, with such surroundings, could have been created for no other purpose than to serve as a building site, and that he should have founded here one of his proudest commissariat cities, and turned loose his five hundred war-elephants and thirty thousand

horses to feed in the rich pastures of the Orontes. Under the Seleucidæ, Apamea was a beautiful and imposing city, and afterward constituted one of the strongest and most important cities of the Asiatic provinces of the Roman Empire. Even as late as the eleventh and twelfth centuries it was a populous and wealthy place, but sacking armies and time have left it desolate.

Apamea was a walled city, about four miles in circumference. The ramparts were solidly constructed of large blocks of limestone, and can still be distinctly traced, portions being in a good state of preservation. We entered the city from the north, where an arch, rising above the line of the half-fallen wall, marked the position of one of the city gates. All the lower part of the gateway, up to the spring of the arch, was buried beneath an immense heap of fallen blocks—the ruins of flanking towers. As we clambered up and over this confused pile, we were astonished at the immense number, size, and finish of the sculptured stones. From the summit of the wall we obtained one of the most impressive and desolate views that Syria affords. The great colonnade, with its thousands of pillars all prostrate, stretched away from the gate more than a mile, directly across the desolate site of the ancient city. Scarcely any of the columns had fallen outward, but almost all lay heaped in the street, which was about seventy-five feet

in width—twice the breadth of the Palmyrian colonnade.

For more than an hour we walked on down through the ruin-strewn avenue, climbing over the fallen pillars, or picking our steps among the huge drums of the disjointed columns. The capitals that filled the street were exquisitely wrought: the delicate acanthus leaves seemed as sharply traced as when they left the hand of the sculptor. At several points of the colonnade were breaks, indicating the entrance of side streets. Rectangular recesses, furnished with porticoes, occurred at varying intervals along the avenue; the ruins of these pillared structures, and the remains of temples and public buildings, were strewn along the entire length of the street. The entablature of the colonnade, which was composed of heavy beams of sculptured stones, lay mingled with the confused lines of shafts and capitals. The shafts of the columns were of various patterns—plain, fluted, and spiral—probably to break the monotony of a long, unrelieved array of uniform pillars. The columns were about thirty feet in height and three feet in diameter. The perspective effect of the grand avenue, thus flanked with varied shafts, crowned with Corinthian capitals, and surmounted by an elegant entablature, must have been peculiarly graceful and impressive.

Besides the colonnade, and the ruins we have no-

ticed as lying alongside it, there are some other remains scattered over the area inclosed by the walls. But nothing remains erect: walls and columns alike have been leveled by the shock of the earthquake. There is a great difference observable between the ruins here and those at Palmyra. The latter have a fresh, bright, marble-like appearance, while the former are so weather-beaten and blackened that they look exactly like the long-exposed face of natural rock masses. This tends to lessen, at first, the effect which such a vast number of sculptured stones would produce could the eye readily separate them from the dark surface upon which they lie. But this very condition of the material heightens the impression that follows a closer examination, for there is a fresh surprise awaiting each step.

A portion of the site is tilled by the Arab villagers. In vain we searched amid the ruins for some inscription that might tell us something of the city's story. But the stones are as mute as the builders. It was almost dark when we gave over the search, and turned toward the castle. A death-like silence prevailed over the site of the desolate city. As we neared the castle, however, the silence was broken by the loud cries of the villagers, who were driving their flocks up the steep path, and within the walls of the citadel, that they might be safe from the raids of the Bedawîn.

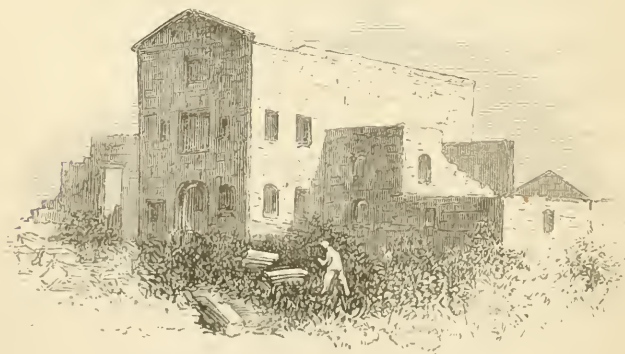


After spending one day at Apamea, we resumed our journey down the valley of the Orontes, following an ancient Roman road, along which some of the old mile-posts were still standing. Only small patches of the broad valley were cultivated; but the rank stalks of weeds and wild grasses betrayed the capabilities of the soil. These river-flats were once the granary of Syria, and might become the same again. After riding down the valley a few miles, we climbed the eastern bank and rode in a northeast direction toward El-Bara, over a rocky plateau which recalled the scenes of Judea. It was cultivated where sufficient soil gathered in the depressions of the plain, and a few olive-groves relieved somewhat the general barrenness of the country.

Wretched Arab villages were scattered over the plain, almost every one being built among the ruins of some ancient city; many a sculptured stone looked out from the walls of some miserable hovel. Often a richly carved stone, sometimes bearing a fragment of a Greek inscription, formed the lintel to the low doorway of an Arab's hut.

Toward evening we reached the remarkable ruins of El-Bara, lying at the southern termination of Jebel Riha. This ruined city has been likened (by Porter, we think) to Pompeii. It is indisputably the Pompeii of the East: its multitudes of wonderfully preserved buildings at once recall the disentombed Ital-

ian city. These extensive and interesting ruins occupy a broad valley, covering an area of nearly a mile square. Among the ruins are the remarkably preserved remains of churches, tower-tombs, public and private dwellings, all constructed of large blocks of stone, measuring six to eight feet in length, with a thickness of about twenty inches. Some of the old gardens are cultivated by the Arabs of a neighboring village; and many an ancient courtyard has been converted into a miniature vineyard. In the suburbs of the deserted city stands what was evidently one of the finest private residences of the place, all of its appurtenances testifying to its almost palatial character. The verandas, saloons, galleries, offices, chambers and baths, summer-house and wine-



RUINED DWELLING AT EL-BARA, SYRIA.

press, are strangely preserved. The accompanying illustration of one of these mansions—for there are



many of them—will convey a very correct impression of the style of architecture employed, and the general external appearance of the buildings.

The sepulchral monuments are square, one-storied structures, with massive pyramidal roofs. There are besides them many rock-hewn tombs, somewhat similar to those occurring in other parts of Syria. The cross, which appears frequently on the entrances to the tombs, and upon the churches, tell us that the people who built them were Christians; but beyond this we know but little or nothing. From the style of architecture, we may conjecture the city to date from the fifth or sixth century. There is nothing sadder than these cities of forgotten history: they have no story, though they seem almost as perfect as if deserted but yesterday.\*

Between El-Bara and Aleppo, a journey which we

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\* Quite recently two works have appeared upon these ruined cities, one entitled the "Sacred Architecture of Northern Syria," by M. le Comte de Voûié; the other, "Unexplored Syria," by Burton and Drake. The latter travelers explored quite thoroughly the Alá district, lying northeast and southeast of Hamah. The Arabs told them that the district contained three hundred and sixty-five ruined towns, so that "a man might have traveled for one year in the district and never have slept twice in the same village;" and Burton adds that his observations lead him to believe that the fact is not much exaggerated. But little additional light is thrown upon the history of the people who built these cities, the remains of which thus thickly stud the country. The authors of "Unexplored Syria," however, surmise that the inhabitants of the district embraced by the text were native Syrians, who had felt the influence of Greek and Roman civilization. That they had felt the touch of Christianity we have already seen.

accomplished in two days, the country is for the most part cultivated; but at times it is rocky and barren. Little Arab villages constantly appear, many of them deserted; but much more numerous are the sites of ancient cities and the remains of later Christian towns. Jebel El-Zorvi, a range of hills not far from Aleppo, is filled with the ruins of the latter, some of them almost as extensive, and even more interesting, from the number of palatial structures they contain, than those of El-Bara. The traveler is here constantly stumbling over some remains of antiquity—ruined cities, broken sculptures, fragments of columns, inscribed stones, beautifully enched blocks, extensive quarries, and every where rock-hewn tombs, which all bear witness to a by-gone period of populousness and prosperity.

And thus it is throughout all Northern Syria. There is a ruined Palmyra, a ruined Apamea, or a ruined El-Bara covering every once-pleasant oasis, or lying in every once-fertile valley, throughout the length and breadth of the land. The remains of one empire are heaped upon those of a preceding one. There are ante-Grecian and Grecian ruins, Roman ruins, Christian ruins, Saracenic ruins. The decay of empire, the storm of conquest, the fury of barbarian eruptions, the raids of Bedawin, the oppressive exactions of a tyrannical government—these tell the whole story. The Grecian army despoiled, but the

Grecian artists restored; the Roman army destroyed, but the Roman artists recreated; but the fanatical, iconoclastic Saracen overthrew every thing, and set up nothing; the Mongul conquerors swept the country as with the besom of destruction, razing the cities, extirpating the inhabitants, and leaving a howling waste behind; then the cruel, hated, grasping Turk came, and what with governmental oppression, discouragement to industry, hateful sectarian strife, the blighting influence of Islamism, general insecurity of life and property, constant despoilings by the robbers of the desert, unrestrained by the weak arm, and unpunished by the halting vengeance of the Turkish government—what with all these anarchizing and depopulating causes the land lies waste and desolate.

## CHAPTER III.

## ACROSS THE MESOPOTAMIAN PLAINS.

Description of Aleppo.—A Curiosity Shop.—*Malum Alepporum*.—Our Departure for Nineveh.—Artificial Tells.—A Superstition of the Desert.—State of the Country.—The Euphrates.—A Native Ferry.—Town of Birjic.—A Refreshing Scene.—Incidents of Travel.—Ur of the Chaldees.—A Lonely Cemetery.—Ruins of Verran Sherahr.—Rock-built Tombs.—Bedawin Hospitality.—Meteorological Phenomena.—Mardin.—The Castle.—A Grand Outlook.—The Town.—Protestant Missions.—A Serious Accident.—We Resume our Journey.—Mesopotamian Villages.—Ruins of Dara.—Site of the Roman Town of Nisibis.—Along the Tigris.—Mosul.



MESOPOTAMIAN PLAINS.

A GRAND view of the city of Aleppo is gained from the walls of its famous old castle mound, which rises from the centre of the town, prominent as an

Athenian Acropolis. At the *coup d'œil* it impresses one as being the least Oriental of Eastern cities. The larger portion appears thoroughly European: take away the minarets of the mosques, and one would believe that one were overlooking the roofs of a Western city; but in the quarter of the bazaars the roofs are heavily turfed, and unite in forming long, grass-grown terraces, where nothing save projecting sky-lights suggests the presence of a city beneath. The houses are generally two or three stories in height, and are destitute of chimneys; but the little tower-ventilators, designed to catch the breezes of heaven and lead them to the chambers of the dwelling, take their place in appearance, and beguile the imagination into creating pleasant firesides beneath. Here and there a tall, dark cypress, rising from the sacred inclosure of some mosque, relieves the monotony of the dingy-gray mass of buildings. Extensive cemeteries form an almost perfect cordon about the town. The gardens, created by the Nahr Howaik, and the surrounding orchards of olive and pistachio trees, relieve somewhat the dreariness of its environs. Far to the north the lofty and, through a portion of the year, snow-tipped ranges of the Taurus and Amanus peep above the plain; west and south, beyond the gardens, low, bleak, rock-pierced hills limit the view; eastward the dreary reaches of the great desert lead the eye without a rest to the horizon.

Previous to the terrible earthquake of 1822, which caused a partial desertion of the city, Aleppo had a population of upward of 200,000: the best resident authorities estimate the present number of inhabitants at 120,000. Of this number about 20,000 are Christians, 30,000 Jews, and the remainder Moham-medans.\* Three centuries ago, when the European

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\* One of the most curious diseases of the East takes its name, *malum Alepporum*, or *buton d'Alep*, from the virulent character it assumes at Aleppo. It is an endemic tuberculous disease, first appearing as a little hard swelling, which in a few months begins to suppurate; continues in this state four or five months, and then gradually desiccates, leaving at first a red spot, which during the second year gives place to a silvery scar, similar to that left by a burn. The disease rarely attacks the same person twice. Every native suffers from it, and no foreigner long a resident of the city escapes. Children are generally attacked before their third year; not a child born in Aleppo reaches its tenth year unscathed. Foreigners are attacked after the lapse of varying periods; in some cases it appears after a few months' residence, but in others not till twenty or more years have passed. It is in no way or degree contagious. The tubercles generally appear upon the exposed portions of the person: most frequently, in the case of natives, upon the face; but adult foreigners often escape with one or two insignificant tubercles upon the wrist, and even when it does appear upon the face, its swellings are generally small, so that the scar left is scarcely perceptible. The number of tubercles, in the case of native-born persons, varies greatly: generally the number does not exceed three or four; yet we saw children that had had upward of forty, which had left the face frightfully disfigured. The children of foreigners are equally subject to the disease as those of natives. This is not one of the slightest annoyances to which the families of our missionaries are subjected.

The disease has been carefully studied by different medical persons, particularly by MM. Guillon and Lagasquie, in 1835, but nothing satisfactory has been discovered respecting its cause, prevention, or cure. It is conjectured, however, that the disorder is occasioned by the water. Antioch, only two days from Aleppo, is free from its visitations. Mardin and Aintab are afflicted quite as badly as Aleppo. Within one



trade with India was carried on advantageously by the overland route *via* Aleppo and the Euphrates, an English factory, comprising eighty families, was established at Aleppo. The quaint tablets in the little English cemetery are the principal memorials of the almost forgotten enterprise. There are at present only a very small number of European traders in the city. The family of Dr. D. H. Nutting, the kindest courtesies of whose home we enjoyed during our visit to the city, are the only American residents.

Aleppo is still quite a busy centre of Eastern trade. Its bazaars exhibit quite as great a variety of the world's products as those of Damascus, while far surpassing them in cleanliness and convenience. In a general way we disapprove of discriminating notices; yet we feel impelled to here make particular mention of a certain Aleppine variety store, kept by an English-speaking native, whose name, unfortunately for the value of this advertisement to him, has escaped our memory. We spent half a day, just out of irrepressible curiosity, investigating his stock, which rivaled the most marvelously conglomerated

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hour's ride from the first mentioned is a village where the disease is unknown, yet neighboring towns similarly situated do not enjoy the same exemption. It also prevails along the Tigris and Euphrates as far as Bagdad, where, however, it loses the endemic character it exhibits at Aleppo and Mardin. We saw but few individuals in that city who bore the disfiguring scar.



museum. He had collected every thing from Homer's Iliad to a spading-fork. We found Manchester prints and French silks, groceries and hardware, confectionary and dry-goods, ready-made clothing—most of which had been ready for a long time—French hats, English boots and shoes, native sandals, polyglot books—written in Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Armenian, English, Arabic, and Turkish—antiquities ancient and modern *ad infinitum*, statuary, wines, and photographs.

We have many pleasant reminiscences of Aleppo, all of which, however, cluster about the pleasant home of our kind entertainer, Dr. Nutting. It is largely to the efforts of this earnest, laborious, and devoted missionary that is due the establishment of the first church of the American mission in this city. This church has now a congregation of about eighty persons, and a membership of thirteen—the first-fruits of Protestant Christian effort in Aleppo. May heaven bless the work and the worker.

It was near the close of January before we were again in the saddle, prepared for our trip across the Mesopotamian plains to Nineveh—a journey, by usual caravan stages, *via* Mardin, of twenty days. We had delayed our departure from Aleppo a little in order to attach ourselves to a large caravan, destined for the latter place. This caravan consisted of nearly a hundred horses and mules, these animals being

almost exclusively employed for transportation purposes between Aleppo and Mosul (Nineveh). The *carterjee*—the conductor of the caravan—had put off the time for starting from day to day—for an Arab is a perfect Spaniard in believing that to-morrow, or day after to-morrow, is the only proper time for doing a thing—so that February was almost leading in the Syrian spring when we bade adieu to our good Aleppine friends.

Once beyond the limits of the city, we immediately entered upon an undulating country, bleak in its general aspect; for though the depressions were freshened to an emerald hue under the influence of the spring rains, the hills were rocky and barren.

We halted the first night from Aleppo at a huddle of conical huts called by the Arabs *Ak-terin*, near an immense artificial mound, nearly half a mile in circumference, and about one hundred and fifty feet high, surrounded in part by a cyclopean wall, twelve or fifteen feet in height, constructed of huge basaltic boulders. One could almost believe that the Titans heaped up the mound, and piled round it the wall of enormous rocks to support the earth.

One is astonished at the vast number of these mounds occurring throughout Northern Syria and Mesopotamia. Upon the plains of the latter we have counted twenty within range of the vision. Many of these tells have little villages clustered at

their base; the natives selecting such a site, we were informed, because of the shelter afforded by the mounds from the cold northerly winds. In the formation of the tell, advantage seems to have been taken, in some cases, of a natural eminence; but generally the entire enormous pile is unmistakably of artificial construction. It is quite as difficult to discover their origin and purpose as to arrive at any satisfactory conclu-



ANCIENT TELL AND ARAB VILLAGE.

sion respecting the "round towers" of Ireland. That they date back to the very earliest times, there is, however, no doubt. We know that the Assyrians and Babylonians always raised their palaces and temples on high artificial mounds, and some of these tells may have subserved similar purposes; yet very few of them bear any evidence of having ever been built upon.

From Ak-terin we journeyed on three days toward the Euphrates. For the first day the country was dotted with little villages and artificial tells. In many places basaltic rocks covered the plain as though sown broadcast over the land. The cultivated valleys were separated by broad belts of sterility, where the underlying rock pierced the thin soil. A small semi-Bedawîn village, a sort of caravan station, composed of mud huts and black tents, euphoniously designated by the Arabs Beg-ler-beg, afforded us shelter for the night. The second day the country traversed grew drearier: the ground was deeply furrowed by winter torrents, all of the ugly, gaping ravines running eastward toward the Euphrates.

On this dreary, uninhabited tract we passed a solitary tree, stunted and haggard, heaped about with stones, and with every bough and twig hung with bits of rags of varied colors, brought from the bodies of persons suffering with disease, and left here as a sort of efficacious offering for their recovery. It is curious to observe the universality of the custom among peoples of low intellectual attainments to regard with a certain ill-defined veneration any object, especially if it be something of life, which rises conspicuous amid scenes of bleak loneliness. Among Alps and Andes alike, the tree that clings alone to the rocks of the highest pass is sure to be looked

upon, by the superstitious fancy of the mountaineers, as the "genius of the place." There is something melancholy in finding, on lonely desert or upland, these mementos of a vague superstition, that insists upon seeking amid the surroundings of an unsympathetic nature for some object which it may regard with a sort of fetich veneration. Perhaps it may teach us how natural to certain circumstances and conditions of the mind is that strange worship of the Africans which we denominate Fetichism.

Mezar was our second night's station from Akterin. It was a little town situated in a broad valley, the bottom of which, with the slope of the flanking hills, was covered with groves of olive and fig, recalling the gardens of Beyrout, Damascus, and Riha. It was a refreshing sight to look upon tree vegetation again, after having traversed such a barren country as lay behind us. It is a question whether Northern Syria was ever covered with native forest; but it is not at all problematical but that a skillful and well-sustained system of arboriculture would hide with fruitful orchards and pleasant groves much of the present nakedness of the land. But it will be a long time before such Mormon-like enterprise is seen in the dominions of the Sultan.

Upon the fifth day from Aleppo we reached the Euphrates, the fourth river that watered the Garden

of Eden—"the Great River," as the ancients spoke of it, and very properly too, for, though insignificant compared with some of our oceanic rivers, it was one of the largest they had. It was a moment of interest when first we caught sight of its gleaming waters; for though we may be disappointed in our attempts to discover at what point of its course it hid itself amid the foliage of the Garden, still we always regard it as one of the indisputable streams of Paradise; and thus it becomes early associated, in all our vague, childish imaginings, with the home of our first parents. Besides, the connection of the Euphrates with a hundred succeeding events makes the name at once sacred and historic.

As we approached the valley of the river we were struck by its remarkable similarity to the depression of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea, as viewed from the hills of Palestine. While the river was still many miles distant, its course was discovered by the abrupt, deeply furrowed cliffs of the farther bank, that rise from the river-valley as barren, blasted, and forbidding as the mountains of Moab and Bashan.

A gently descending plain, deeply plowed by winter streams, led us to the edge of the river-valley. Very different from each other were the views we gained as we looked up the stream and then turned and followed the river as it lost itself to the southward: far away to the north the lofty ranges of the



Taurus seemed to close the valley with arctic fields of snow and cold ; to the south, a warm haze hung over the low-lying plains of Mesopotamia, that rolled out in lazy swells to the glowing horizon. The Boreal North thus abruptly confronted the Sunny South. How we wished ourselves upon the river, floating with it down into those warm, pleasant days that seemed to hang over the southern plains.

Our caravan crossed the Euphrates by means of a curious, crazy, native ferry-boat, unmistakably of a high antiquity. The stern terminated abruptly, and was low and open ; but the bow was sharp and high enough to make up, in these matters, for any deficiency that might be felt by the opposite end of the craft. The affair was managed by two eternally long, clumsily spliced sweeps, worked by several Arabs perched in the lofty prow.

From the foot of the ferry we clambered up an abrupt bank to Birijic, a town of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, scarcely distinguishable from the white limestone cliff to which it clings ; indeed, many of the dwellings are rock-hewn excavations, and seem more like tombs than habitations for the living. We christened it "The Petra of the Euphrates." The ruinous walls of an old castle crown an artificially isolated rock, two hundred feet in height. Birijic was in the time of the Romans an important and strongly fortified place, as is evi-



denced by the carefully constructed walls that were thrown around the town. These walls are still in a good state of preservation. They are solidly constructed of beveled stones, are from thirty to forty feet in height, and are strengthened, at intervals, with square towers. They seem most ludicrously out of proportion to the present size and importance of the town, which is half deserted, and contains nothing that would excite even a Bedawy' raid.

We passed a quiet Sabbath at Birijic, in an old khan, and on Monday resumed our journey, one day in the rear of the caravan, which we expected to overtake at Urfa, two days ahead. A few hours from Birijic we met a party of four or five horsemen, breaking along among the rocks at a reckless speed. They proved to be the post, with the Aleppo mail. This was the first thing that looked like a hurry we had seen in Syria. It was really refreshing to see something moving lively in such a stupidly slow country.

Before the close of the day's ride we were entertained by a slight mischance suffered by our *compagnon de voyage*, a young Armenian Christian, who had also dropped out of the caravan at Birijic. As is the custom of the country, he had an infinite variety of traveling conveniences hung about the animal he strode. In the absence of stirrups, he rode with one foot planted in his dinner-kettle, which hung from

the saddle. This was well enough, for in an emergency any thing may very properly answer the purpose of any thing else. But his horse, while laboring under some little excitement, also put his foot into the vessel—and that was the last service that kettle ever did either as a stirrup or a culinary article. We introduce this incident or disaster simply to illustrate how, when one is hard pressed for amusement, the slightest occurrence characterized by the least irregularity will serve to entertain, for this little episode was at the time really diverting.

For the greater part of the second day from Biri-jic we wound through serpentine wadys amid rocky and desolate hills, and toward evening made a long, winding, and precipitous descent to a broad, well-cultivated valley, opening south upon the dead level of the Mesopotamian plains. Here we found the city of Urfa, which some, misled by the name, have supposed identical with Ur of the Chaldees; but more recent research has unmistakably identified the site of that ancient city with the extensive ruins of Mugheir, near the mouth of the Euphrates. The walls of Urfa, though now fallen sadly out of repair, indicate it to have formerly been a place of considerable strength and importance. We should estimate its present population at about twenty-five thousand.

For four days after leaving Urfa we traversed the most mournfully desolate country the sun ever look-

ed upon. There were no villages or khans to offer us shelter at night; so we were glad for the protection of some half-fallen ruin, and really grateful when we found an old cave.

During the second day's march we discovered a large ancient cemetery; the cross upon many of the tombs alone told us that it dated back to the times of the early Christians. All around, the plain was dotted with artificial tells, indicating that once a large population filled with life and movement the tract now desolate and silent as the graves of the cemetery. We could find no other traces of the city that must have stood near; the worn and overturned stones of the lonely cemetery, lying thus forgotten upon the desolate plains, was all that was left to tell the story of the Christian city.

The third day we left our caravan, and made a detour of several hours' ride from the main trail, in order to examine the interesting ruins of Verran Sherah, the existence of which had been made known to us by Dr. Nutting, who thought himself the first American who had seen them. Our interest had been excited by his description of the remains; but, notwithstanding our being thus prepared for any thing that we might find, we were astonished at the extent, variety, and interesting nature of the ruins. The destroyed city was surrounded by a strongly built wall, about three miles in circuit, which still retains

from ten to twenty feet of its original height. We climbed to the summit of this wall, and looked down upon the ruined city within. A perfect chaos of ruins covered the entire inclosed area. Long, heavy lines of building *débris* enabled the eye to trace out several of the ancient streets. Strewn about were columns of basalt, limestone, and variegated marble. A little pool, choked with rubbish; marked the site of a beautiful fountain, fragments of the raised pavement being still preserved. A cluster of columns, bearing aloft several bold arches, pointed out the ancient church.

A little distance from the city are the prominent ruins of a singular structure: a heavy double wall, circular without but octagonal within, inclosed a court about fifty feet in diameter. The inner wall is quite well preserved, and is about forty feet in height. Upon the fallen lintel of the entrance we found a cross, which unmistakably indicated the building to be an ecclesiastical structure of the early Christians. The whole was constructed of basalt, and looked as black and gloomy as though just dragged up from the sooty forge of Vulcan.

Near this singular building are the tombs of an extensive cemetery. Some of the sepulchral monuments resemble the tower-tombs of El-Bara; but the most common form is that of a semi-subterranean chamber, containing vaulted recesses for the

sarcophagi, and roofed with long, heavy slabs of basalt, laid horizontally. The entrance was secured by a heavy stone door, six inches or more in thickness, and swinging upon pivots—just such as are found in the “Giant Cities of Bashan,” throughout the Hauran. It required all the strength we could exert to swing some of these heavy doors.

Near the wall of the ruined city was an encampment of Bedawîn; and after we had finished our examination of the remains, the sheik, who disported himself with a gold watch and chain, invited us to partake of the hospitality of his tent. It being late in the afternoon, and having a long ride yet before us, we declined; but seeing that we were offending by our refusal, we finally dismounted, entered the tent, and squatted *à l'arabe* with the group about the fire. To pass without entering the tent of a sheik—which is always pitched on that side of the encampment which is likely to be first approached by strangers, that the chief may enjoy the privilege of first extending the hospitalities of the tribe—is considered a great breach of desert etiquette.

After a slight repast of wonderfully strong coffee and wafer bread, we were allowed to resume our journey, without hearing any thing about the eternal *backshish* of the villagers. We never heard that word from the true Bedawîn of the desert. It may be argued, on the other hand, that they have a very

cool way of appropriating what they desire, without taking the trouble to ask for it. They are, indeed, addicted to this habit; but then they regard the matter from a different stand-point than what we do. They claim this as one of their privileges; for they say that when Abraham shamefully turned their father Ishmael out in the desert, God gave those deserts to him and his posterity, with full permission to appropriate any thing they might discover upon them (Introduction to Sale's Koran). There surely is nothing very different in this claim from the Christian notion of the right of possession from discovery, which has led to such serious misunderstandings with the autochthones of different continents, who are too stupid to comprehend the fairness of the claim.

The journey from Verran Sherahr to Mardin, which occupied two days, was excessively monotonous; yet we generally managed in some way to break the tedium of the march. When traveling by night, as we most frequently did, we passed the time in various discussions; or we studied the heavens, which were always calm and brilliant: the stars, with the exception of those low in the horizon, looking down through the deep heavens with that steady "planetary light" that they exhibit when viewed from lofty table-lands. Instead of shooting down their light in sharp, quivering rays, they shed it softly as the dew falls; and the objects upon which it fell, in-



stead of being shot through with keen shafts, were bathed in a soft, hazy, ethereal light, which, when it played with the tracery of the desert shrubs, created a perfectly indefinable witchery of light and shade.

Another meteorological phenomenon — for considering the atmospheric origin of the above we may properly speak thus—which we observed one day when the sky was flecked with clouds, and the atmosphere slightly dimmed with haze, was the distinct columns of shadow that the floating clouds threw down to the earth, so that they seemed to rest each upon its own shadow and to be borne up by it. The majestic appearance of these lofty, airy, cloud-capped pillars, as in weird mimicry of a giant, shadowy forest they thickened in distant perspective, was wonderfully grand and impressive.

While yet a long day's journey from Mardin we caught sight of its lofty castle, perched upon one of the highest points of the hills that overhang the plains of Mesopotamia upon the north, as aerial as ever Virgil imagined the towers of Phæacia. We reached the city without incident, but not without difficulty. Those must have been stormy times when men were constrained to perch their dwellings upon such inaccessible rocks.

The castle of Mardin, which crowns the precipitous crag, stands about two thousand feet above the Mesopotamian plains, its ruinous walls giving an im-



posing castellated appearance to the lofty rock. The ancient town was crowded within the walls of the castle, which incloses an irregular area about half a mile in length. The rock is honey-combed with cisterns, of which we were told there were between two and three hundred; as in the event of siege the inhabitants of the aerial perch could look only to the heavens for a supply of water. This castle is said to have held out against the Mongol hordes of Timour for three years; indeed, tradition points out in the plain below a little grove of fig-trees which Timour is said to have started from seeds, and the fruit of which he is also said to have enjoyed. The entire *enceinte* is now strewn with ruins and deserted, saving the presence of a small Turkish guard; but what they are doing with their old rusty howitzers up there half-way to heaven it is hard to conceive. In the little armory are stowed away several thousand Enfield rifles, in a very creditable state of preservation.

The walls of the castle afford a most glorious look-out. To the north, the Taurus, loaded with snow, overtops the lower and nearer ranges of Jebel Tour; south, the Mesopotamian plain, patched with cultivation and the shadows of floating clouds, and dotted with little villages, rolls out its magnificent expanses till lost in the distant haze. Only two ranges of hills—the Sinjar mountains away to the east, and

the Abd el Aziz Dagħ far to the south—break the dead uniformity of the plain.

From the lofty outlook of Mardin the Mesopotamian plains seem as changeful in mood as the sea. Often they appear in exact mimicry of the expanses of the ocean, and one can scarcely believe but that the sea has broken in upon the land, and is really washing the base of the hills. Again, at evening the haze, that ever hangs over the plains, transmutes the horizontal rays of the setting sun into impalpable golden bars; and when at last these are all drawn back and merged in the glowing west, an indescribably weird, sombre, melancholy purple hue settles over the scene.

We never tired watching the march of storms over these plains. These generally rose low in the southern horizon, and then advanced toward the mountains with what, from their distance, seemed a slow, majestic movement. From our great elevation, the lower edge of the clouds seemed almost to sweep the earth. As they came near, flying scuds would detach themselves, and hurry along the dark front of the storm, as if hastening on the heavy masses. The black shadow, moving with equal pace over the plain, threw village after village in weird gloom. On striking the breast of the mountains, the clouds, torn and whirled by conflicting currents of wind, swept wildly up the slopes, and stormed our cita-

del with irregular, maddened volleys of hail. We thought that nothing in the way of storms could be grander, but were told that in summer the advance of the thunder-clouds was still more impressive; for then the lightning, shivering the blackness below, adds a wild pyrotechnic display to the scene.

The town of Mardin has slipped out of the old castle walls, and now lies about five hundred feet below them, with its buildings forming a broad zone that half girdles the hill. Thus towering above the houses is the embattled crag, which overhangs them in threatening precipices, ready upon the first jar of an earthquake to hurl down its fragments upon them. Clouds often hide the castle while the town is free from mist. Indeed, so abrupt is the slope to which the town clings, and so broad the zone it forms, that frequently while snowing in the upper part of the city it will be raining in the lower. During our visit a snow-storm buried the higher terraces of buildings beneath four inches of snow, while the lower portion of the town experienced nothing but rain. There are prospects of a railroad's running near the foot of the mountain at some future day—when the Euphrates Valley Railway becomes a fact—and then, doubtless, the town will slip down upon the plain.

The population of Mardin is estimated at about twenty thousand. More than half of the inhabitants

are Mohammedans; the remainder are Papal Armenians, Chaldaeans, Papal Syrians, and Jacobites. It is mainly among the last mentioned that the labors of the American Protestant Mission are being carried on. Here we must say one word respecting the missionary work in Eastern Turkey. As soon as one becomes informed as to the method of mission work here, one feels inspired with confidence in looking for grand results. With a perfect understanding of the best means to be adopted in the furtherance of the cause—a knowledge gathered by the long and trying experience of honored pioneers in the same field—our missionaries combine a catholicity of view, an intelligent enthusiasm, and untiring, self-sacrificing devotion that are seldom directed to the attainment of any object. They talk of strategy in movement, and economy of spiritual power. They have indeed taken complete strategic possession of the country; the points most favorable for operations have been already occupied—Mardin, Harpoot, Erzroom, Bitlis, and Van being the chosen centres in Eastern Turkey. At each of these stations a group of missionaries is found—gathered thus in groups, because they have learned that union is strength in mission work as well as in any other enterprise. They have discovered that the Biblical proportions are strictly reliable—that if one shall chase a thousand, two shall put ten thousand to flight. A man

single-handed, unsupported by associates, can not achieve half that which he might accomplish were he working in an atmosphere of helpful, concurrent enthusiasm. Finding, then, that it is not good to be alone, and perceiving, too, that the proposed plan of work demands centralization, the missionaries group themselves at these carefully chosen centres. If we speak of the mode in which the work is conducted at one of these stations, we shall give a general idea of the manner in which it is carried on in all.

At Mardin there are at present two missionaries with their families—the Revs. Andrus and Pond; and also two young lady teachers, Misses Parmelee and Baker. Their lamented associate, the Rev. Mr. Williams, died just previous to our visit, so that one of the mission houses stood vacant. But the plan is to have three missionary families stationed at this point. The mission buildings are pleasant, commodious homes, occupying the most desirable site in the town of Mardin, and from their conspicuous elevation can be seen from afar by the missionary returning from his trip among the villages that dot the plain beneath. Now the principal work of the missionaries is to train up a native agency—a corps of native teachers and preachers, and then, through these, to establish schools and churches, not only at Mardin, but in all the outlying villages. To secure this end there is established at Mardin a male and

female seminary, in which young men and women are prepared for the mission work. Both sexes are taught in the seminary, because women are needed to reach the women, and men to reach the men. Besides, it has been found that a young man can never become an efficient worker unless he have for a wife one who is qualified to help build up a Christian home: the man is inevitably dragged down to the level of the woman. It is not good to be alone; neither is it good to be unequally yoked. Hence in the female department of the seminary provision is made for securing to the young men helpful associates and companions.

There were, when we visited the institution, about twenty young men connected with the two classes, the seminary having been established but two years. About an equal number of young ladies were being taught in the women's school. The method of instruction adopted is a wise blending of study and practice: for six months the students are gathered at the seminary; then for the remainder of the year they are encouraged to employ themselves in teaching. There is in Mardin a school of about fifty boys and girls, which is wholly under the conduct of native teachers. The church, which has a membership of fifty persons, is under the charge of a native preacher. A considerable number of schools and churches have been established in the surrounding



towns, and some of these are already self-supporting. As fast as teachers and pastors can be trained for the work, possession is taken of outlying posts; day-schools, sabbath-schools, and chapels established, and gradually brought up to a self-sustaining position. The work of the missionaries at the centre is to plan, control, visit, encourage, rebuke in a sort of apostolic way, and see that a positive and thorough reformatory work is begun and maintained. Thus two or three missionaries become the trainers and wielders of a strong native force, that touches the community at every point throughout an extended district.

Harpoot is a much older station than Mardin, having been in operation for about fourteen years. Several of the missionary families of that station have now removed to Van, in Eastern Turkey, because their work at the former station is done. Harpoot and seventy out-stations have been furnished with schools and churches, and all these are on such a footing that this missionary force can be spared to institute a similar work about Van as a centre.

Evangelistic labors in Turkey are generally confined to the nominal Christians; the Mohammedans are as yet practically inaccessible. The only way they can be reached is through the native Christian Church. Before Moslems shall become inspired with love and respect for Christianity they must have a different embodiment of it from which to



judge of its claims than that afforded by the Armenian, Papal Syrian, Nestorian, or Jacobite Churches. They point to these, and assert that their own religion is quite as good as such; and no one entertaining a befitting regard for truth can enthusiastically controvert the assertion. Not till these native churches shall exalt Christianity in its pristine and attractive purity will Moslems lose occasion for instituting these disparaging comparisons. Under the teachings and inspiration of our worthy missionaries this desideratum will certainly be secured.

From these matters we must return to our personal narrative. The days were passing all too pleasantly at the mission home of Mr. Andrus, when the emerald hue that began to overspread the Mesopotamian plains reminded us that our long journey should be resumed if we wished to reach the cool retreats of the Himalayas before the heats of summer should overtake us. Accordingly a *carterjee* was summoned, and the necessary animals engaged for the trip of ten days to Mosul (Nineveh). At the foot of the mountains, with the town overhanging us, and the wide expanse of Mesopotamia before us, we bade adieu to our kind friends, who had come out thus far with us; and then, in company with Mr. Pond, who had so arranged an intended visit to the church at Mosul as to be our companion, we set off across the

plain. At the close of our first day's journey, H—— was unfortunately thrown from his horse, and the clavicle of his right shoulder was fractured. There was no alternative but to return to Mardin, and telegraph to Harpoot for surgical aid. Accordingly a messenger was sent back to Mardin to forward the dispatch, and to bring us the mission *moffa*—a sort of double palanquin, so arranged as to be swung upon the back of an animal, and generally employed by ladies in journeying.

The following morning we regretfully parted from Mr. Pond—whose arrangements compelled him to continue his journey—and reluctantly giving up the anticipated pleasure of ten days with one so well calculated to relieve the tedium of travel, returned to Mardin. A severe snow-storm was playing about the castle, and before we reached the town we were laboring through quite a depth of snow. It was a nervous ride up the all but perpendicular rock, for we did not have an overweening confidence in our mule-poised palanquin; besides, Cimmerian darkness had overtaken us. We were sincerely grateful when at last we were borne through a gap in the walls of the sleeping town, and deposited safely at the mission home.

Our telegram was kindly and promptly responded to by Dr. Reynold, who reached Mardin from Harpoot after an almost unremitted ride of forty hours

by post. He was in the pulpit when our message was handed him; but, leaving the services to be concluded by another, he set out to attend our call. Dr. Reynold's skill, and three weeks of patient waiting, restored to H—— the partial use of his arm, so that our journey could be again resumed. Those three weeks, filled with unremitting kindnesses in the home of Mr. Andrus, left a pleasant record on our memory. Should these lines ever meet the eyes of those to whom we owe such a large debt of gratitude, we ask that they do not estimate by them our appreciation of their many courtesies, but recall that our deepest feelings oftenest refuse to find expression in words.

Respecting our journey from Mardin to Mosul we will not speak particularly, but will simply condense in a few paragraphs whatever of interest was embraced by the trip. We have spoken of the plains of Mesopotamia as being dotted with villages. These are, for the most part, Kurdish settlements, numbering from twenty to several hundred families each. They occupy a comparatively narrow track along the base of the mountains. In the summer of 1871 the Lhammer Bedawîn, coming up from the south, swept over the plain beneath Mardin, and plundered and burned the villages almost to the very base of the hills; but they were finally driven back by the Turkish troops, and their chief was captured, condemned,

and afterward executed at Mosul; so that now the country is considered safe as far as the Sinjar hills from the raids of these lawless rovers of the desert, and the villages are beginning again to creep southward over the plains.

Three hours from Mardin, among the low spurs of the mountains which are just sinking into the dead level of Mesopotamia, are the interesting and extensive ruins of an ancient city, to which the name of Dara now attaches. The principal remains are of Roman origin, so that we may believe the town to have been contemporary with the neighboring garrison town of Nisibis. The ruinous city walls, two immense reservoirs, and extensive quarries are the most important features of the ruins. The walls were from two to three miles in circuit. The site of the city is intersected by a deep ravine, and the height and solidity of the wall carried across this valley is astonishing. This portion still stands in a good state of preservation, being strengthened at intervals with strong circular towers. One of the reservoirs is similar to that near Cape Misenum, in Italy; the other is larger, and roofed in by massive arched masonry, supported by seven division walls. The lower half is rock-hewn. These Mesopotamian reservoirs are as massive specimens of Roman architecture as exist any where in the world. Scattered all over the ancient site are fragments of walls,

carved stones, drums and capitals of fallen pillars; but there are no large masses of ruined buildings. The quarries just beyond the city walls are the most extensive of any in the East. Subsequent to the Roman period they were used as Christian tombs, as is evidenced by the cross which decorates many of the rock-hewn sepulchral chambers.

One short day's journey from the ruins of Dara is the site of the Roman garrison town of Nisibis, whose name is preserved in the modern Nisibin, a village of about one hundred dwellings, with pleasant adjoining gardens, created by the waters of the ancient Mygdonius. The antiquities of the place are unimportant, there being no such extensive remains as are found at Dara. Yet Nisibis was one of the strongest and most important of the outposts of the Roman Empire. Thrice it successfully resisted the entire force of the Persian army; but a fourth siege, conducted by Sapor, resulted in the surrender of the place by the Romans, A.D. 363. Three centuries later the Saracens leveled the walls to the plain, and the once strong fortress passed simply as a name into history.

Three days' journeying from Nisibin brought us to the Tigris, the western bank of which we followed down for one day; then, crossing the river by means of a native ferry, we continued our way along the eastern bank till we reached the bridge of Mosul.

The villages lying along our route were small, wretched, half-deserted huddles of rude mud-walled hovels: large, populous, wealthy—adjectives that Xenophon found such constant demand for in his *Anabasis*—are adjuncts for which there is no legitimate use in describing the collections of miserable habitations that the traveler finds in any of these regions to-day.

Mosul was the terminus of our long and somewhat varied ride of over one thousand miles from Jerusalem. This town, which contains, we should estimate, a population of about forty thousand, is situated upon the west or Mesopotamian bank of the Tigris, directly opposite the site of ancient Nineveh. It has an extended river front of almost a mile. Upon the south and west the city has shrunk away from its walls, leaving a large portion of the inclosed space unoccupied by dwellings; but to compensate for this, however, the town has, on the north, overflowed the ramparts, and lies spread out beyond the defenses. The houses are constructed mainly of unhewn stone; but often the arches and doorways are formed of wrought blocks of the famous Nineveh gypsum. The courts of the better class of residences are paved with the same material, and their spacious levans paneled with carved slabs of alabaster, which recall the restored sculptured halls of the Ninevite palaces.

Mosul is one of the oldest stations of the Ameri-

can Board in Eastern Turkey. The little Protestant community, which the Rev. Mr. Marsh did so much to gather, has a neat chapel, and forms a regularly organized, self-sustaining church. The native whom we engaged as our dragoman while we were in the city was a member of this society. He had been recommended to us by Mr. Pond, who incidentally remarked, "I believe him to be the most capable man in the dominions of the Sultan." We found him the impersonation of Christian intelligence, manliness, and integrity. All honor to those who, in this distant field, have labored to set at work those influences that enlarge the intellect and ennoble the heart.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE RUINS OF NINEVEH.

Contrast between Assyrian and Roman Ruins.—Size of Ancient Nineveh.—Scriptural Argument.—Topographical Evidences.—Nineveh and Babylon each Constructed on a Different Plan.—Condition of the Walls of Nineveh when Seen by the Ten Thousand.—Their Dimensions.—Outer Fortifications.—The City Gates.—Mound of Koyunjik.—Palace-mounds of the Assyrians and Babylonians.—*Débris* of the Ninevite Palaces.—Nebbi Yunus.—Moslem Tradition.—General Construction of an Assyrian Royal Residence.—French and English Excavations.—Cuneiform Decipherment.—Chaldaean Tradition of the Deluge.—Nineveh's present Desolation.

THE existing remains of those cities built long ago upon the plains of Shinar and Assyria are very different from those that point out the site of ancient capitals in other parts of the world. There are here no imposing ruins of half-fallen temples, such as crown the Athenian Acropolis, or rise loftily amid the remains of Baalbec and Palmyra; no mighty coliseums, stately colonnades, triumphal arches, clustered pillars, or lofty monumental columns tower over the landscape, to catch the eye of the traveler from afar. Standing on the site of ancient Nineveh, you are surrounded by no such architectural monuments as these. Heaps of earth or grass-grown mounds, revealing not a trace of building, are all





RUINS OF NINEVEH.

that tell you that you are standing where stood that "exceeding great city of three days' journey."

The material employed, and plan of building adopted, in the structure of these primitive cities, explain, as we shall hereafter see, the peculiar nature of their remains. But, first, we must say a word respecting the size of ancient Nineveh. It has been the generally received belief, an opinion resting largely upon a certain interpretation of several somewhat obscure Scriptural references, that the city was one of extravagantly vast dimensions, embracing a circuit of fifty or sixty miles. But recent researches and discoveries have led our most prominent antiquarians to believe that the dimensions of the city have been vastly overestimated.

The accompanying plate, showing the mounds and ramparts lying opposite Mosul, as they appear viewed from a high bluff upon the western bank of the Tigris, is from a sketch made upon the spot, and will give a correct impression of the general appearance of the site. The quadrangular inclosure lying so prominently upon the plain is about eight miles in circuit. The largest of the inclosed mounds, called by the natives Koyunjik, is surmounted by the *débris* of the ruined palaces of the Ninevite kings. As the eye traces round the vast circuit of the heavy earthen ramparts, the question is immediately suggested, Are not these the old city walls? Such, at

least, was the inquiry which at once presented itself to our mind, and which the impressions of the view, with that unaccountable power which first impressions often have over our mental determinations, half answered in the affirmative, notwithstanding we had always entertained the conviction that the larger and grander dimensions given by so many to the city were in more probable accordance with the truth. We had accepted the view advocated by Layard, that the four great palace-mounds of Koyunjik, Nimrud, Keremles, and Korsabad, which, joined by right lines, form a vast quadrangle eighteen miles in length by twelve in breadth, are the remains of four great fortified palaces that occupied the four corners of the extended *enceinte* of the ancient city. Of course such impressions could not be admitted as arbiters in our balancings of the question proposed. Yet they had the effect of leading us to promise ourselves a more careful examination, and a more liberal entertainment of the evidence adduced in support of views quite different from those we held.

Such examination has convinced us that those who believe that the mounds and ramparts which appear in the plate represent the whole of the ruins of Nineveh rest their opinion upon evidence much more substantial than that upon which those who contend for grander dimensions for the city support their theory. The popular opinion upon the subject is based

on the statements respecting the size of Nineveh which occur in the book of Jonah. There are but three statements made by the writer of that book which throw any light whatever upon the matter; one of these passages we have already quoted, wherein we are told that Nineveh was an "exceeding great city of three days' journey" (Jonah iii., 3). The second passage which bears upon the subject immediately follows the preceding—"And Jonah began to enter into the city a day's journey." The remaining passage gives an entirely different basis upon which to estimate the magnitude of the city: "And shall not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six-score thousand persons that can not discern between their right hand and their left hand, and also much cattle?" (Jonah iv., 11).

Respecting the interpretation of these passages, we will quote Rawlinson, as one who holds the theory which ascribes the more limited dimensions to the city, and who above all others has the confidence of the Biblical scholar. "A city of three days' journey," he observes, "may be one which it requires three days to traverse from end to end, or one which is three days' journey in circumference, or, lastly, one which can not be thoroughly visited and explored by a prophet commissioned to warn its inhabitants of a coming danger in less than three days' time." Concerning the expression "Wherein are more than six-



score thousand people that can not discern between their right hand and their left hand," he remarks, that if it be taken to signify children, we might then estimate the entire population at something over one-half million; but he would rather interpret it, as most commentators do, as meaning "moral ignorance," and of course embracing all the inhabitants. He then concludes: "If Nineveh was in Jonah's time a city containing a population of 120,000, it would sufficiently deserve the title of an exceeding great city, and the prophet might well be occupied for three days in traversing its squares and streets."

Our writer passes in silence the second passage which we have given, but it will, of course, have its significance limited by the interpretation given the first. The foregoing, then, summarizes the Scriptural argument. It does not, indeed, determine positively the size of the city, but clears the ground for the admission of other evidence, by showing that the theory which would reduce Nineveh to a city measured by the walls encircling the palace-mound of Koyunjik contains nothing inconsistent with the Biblical description.

Before leaving this portion of the argument, however, we must notice the phrase "and much cattle," which, in the reproof given Jonah, is urged as an additional circumstance why Nineveh should be spared. We are led to make allusion to this passage, because



in recent conversation with one to whose interpretations in matters touching Biblical topography we might well love to defer, he alluded to this phrase as having, in his mind, a very great weight in the determination of the question. The fact that the cattle should be particularly mentioned seemed to him to strengthen the theory that Nineveh was an extensive inclosed district, like Babylon, embracing within its extended *enceinte* vast flocks and herds. Such an increase of life within the city walls would certainly give greater significance to the plea made for the city; but the "cattle" that were inevitably included within the crowded walls of an Oriental city of even 120,000 people might well find place in a reproof whose lesson is impressed by the destruction of a gourd, and which is pressed home thus: "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for which thou hast not labored, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night. And should not I spare Nineveh?"

The writer of the book of Jonah, then, fails to give us conclusive evidence respecting the dimensions of Nineveh; but the early writer Diodorus is more definite in his reference to the city, and states its dimensions as eighteen miles in length and twelve in breadth. This statement made by Diodorus, and the authority of the book of Jonah, afford the principal historical ground upon which Layard depends for the

support of his theory. Had Jonah only the definiteness of Diodorus, or the latter the credibility of the former, we should not, perhaps, be left in doubt upon the subject. But the unsupported authority of a writer who is so careless as to situate Nineveh upon the Euphrates can not be relied upon with exactly implicit confidence; and if the statements by such a one are found to conflict with evidence of a positive character, derived from inscriptions and topographical sources, they must necessarily be set aside as having but the slightest possible weight.

The mounds of Nimrud, Keremles, and Korsabad can not be considered, as the theory of Layard requires, portions of Nineveh; for cuneiform students have ascertained that the names inscribed upon the bricks found in the respective mounds correspond to the names of distinct cities, frequently mentioned in Biblical and inscriptive history. Thus, for illustration, it is discovered, through these inscriptions, that the mound of Nimrud is identical with the Calah of Scripture, which is alluded to in such a manner as to forbid its being in any way confounded with the capital. Thus in Genesis x., 12, we are told that "Resen [lieth] between Nineveh and *Calah*: the same is a great city." And thus with the other mounds: they have been identified with the names of cities well known to Biblical or cuneiform monumental history.—(Rawlinson.)

But what bears with the most weight upon the subject is the almost entire absence of ruins, or traces of buildings, over the district of country which must have been covered, more or less completely, by the structures of the city, if we ascribe to it the dimensions which Diodorus gives, and Layard and others conjecture. Passing beyond the line of ramparts which form the great quadrangle about Koyunjik, we find no such traces of building as we discover, for instance, scattered all over the vast district that was undoubtedly occupied by ancient Babylon.

In making reference to Babylon, we immediately suggest an argument that has often, and naturally, been urged in support of the theory that claims such vast dimensions for Nineveh. The Babylonian capital is now all but universally conceded to have had an immense circuit of forty or fifty miles; this view is, indeed, established by such an array of historical and topographical evidence that it does not fairly admit of discussion. May we not, then, it is asked, reasonably ascribe at least equal dimensions to the Assyrian capital? Apparently there is much force in this analogical mode of reasoning. Although this argument is, to many minds, one of the most plausible that can be urged in favor of what we may term the Layard theory, still it is not satisfactorily met by Rawlinson, who in his single allusion to it fails to maintain his usual fairness of argument. He simply

observes that "grave doubts" are entertained as to the actual dimensions of Babylon; yet, when he comes to the examination of that question, he will not admit these same doubts as deserving of serious consideration.

But the following consideration respecting the defectiveness of this analogical argument has, in our mind, a certain degree of weight. The area circumscribed by the walls of Babylon was determined, not so much by the population of the city, as by the policy of the Babylonian kings. Their plan was to inclose within the ramparts sufficient cultivatable land to support the inhabitants in case of siege; and thus Babylon is more properly spoken of as an "inclosed district" than a walled city. Only a small portion of the space within the walls was, according to Herodotus and Quintus Curtius, occupied by buildings. Now there was not another city of antiquity—barring for the moment Nineveh, that we may not be guilty of a *petitio principii*—which was defended upon this plan, or fortified by such a reach of walls. The manifest weakness of such an enormously extended *enceinte* would counterbalance the advantage gained, and would not allow of the general adoption of such a system of defense. The usual plan was to inclose with the city walls barely space sufficient for the crowding in, in case of siege, of the inhabitants of the immediately adjoining districts. That the Baby-

lonian kings, in the midst of their stupendous undertakings, should have conceived the idea of pushing the walls of their capital city out to such an enormous circuit, that the city might thus have the means of maintenance within itself in times of protracted siege—that their genius for gigantic works should have led them to plan the defenses of the city with reference to this end—is no ground for presuming that the Assyrians departed from the more usual method of measuring their city defenses by the exigencies of population simply. It has been estimated that probably not more than one tenth of the space inclosed by the walls of Babylon was occupied with buildings; and thus, without assuming any great disparity of population between the Assyrian and Babylonian capitals, we may believe the smaller dimensions given to Nineveh to have embraced a sufficient area to meet the ordinary space requirements of its inhabitants.

Although Koyunjik doubtless preserves the site of the true Nineveh, still we must not fall into the error of supposing that the Assyrian capital always occupied that spot. It was a peculiar feature of many of the most famous capitals of the East that they constantly shifted from place to place, always lingering, however, about the place originally occupied. The reason that induced such changes have been often stated: the ambition of monarchs to found new palaces and cities that might bear down their names

and reminiscences of their glory to succeeding ages; or a "superstition respecting building upon the exact spot occupied by a conquered city" led to the erection of new royal residences and the founding of new capitals almost as frequently as successions to the crown occurred, or conquering nations broke down the walls of the old. Thus the capital of the Babylonian plains was refounded no less than five times, and as many times it changed its name; yet even now Bagdad is called by some the New Babylon. The Indian city of Delhi has shifted its site nine times, and scattered its ruins a score of miles along the banks of the Jumna. Of the same migratory character was the Assyrian capital. It suggests to us the nomadic restiveness and love of change displayed by the rude Parthian kings, whose tented capital is pitched now in the plain of the Tigris, then amid the hills of Media. Before Nineveh was founded, or, at least, while it was but a provincial town, Asshur (marked by the mounds of Kileh Sherghat) and Calah (now Birs-Nimrud) had each in turn been the seat of the residence of the Assyrian kings. Both of these cities were adorned with palatial structures that were scarcely rivaled by those of any of the succeeding capitals. But before the reign of Assurnasir-pal had closed, Nineveh had certainly grown into importance, and perhaps possessed a royal palace; for when Sargon came to the throne, and built, a few



miles to the N.N.E. of Nineveh, a new palace and city, he speaks thus in his inscription of Nineveh: "At the foot of the Nusir hills, *to replace Nineveh*, I raised, after the divine will and the wishes of my heart, a city which I called Hisr-Sargina" (Smith's "Hist. of the East," p. 313). The ruins of this city of Sargon are now represented by the mounds of Korsabad. Upon the succession of Sennacherib to the throne, Calah and Dur-Sargina were abandoned, and Nineveh became the chosen capital. Suddenly the city took on all the glory that always attended the Assyrian court. "I raised again all the edifices of Nineveh, my royal city," says Sennacherib in his inscriptions; "I reconstructed all its old streets, and widened those that were too narrow. I have made the whole town a city shining like the sun." Esarhaddon, the son and successor of Sennacherib, built splendid palaces both at Nineveh and Calah. If we bear in mind that all these shiftings of the seat of empire were not the result of conquest, but of the personal caprice of the reigning monarch—were in truth simply removals of the court—we will understand how all of these cities may have been, as they doubtless were, populous places at the same period. Even Babylon, though overthrown by the violence of conquest, retained a considerable population several centuries after the founding of Seleucia.\*

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\* It is suggested by the supporters of the Layard theory that during



But we must not, and perhaps need not, pursue this discussion further. Believing that the ramparts shown by the plate are actually the crumbled walls of Nineveh, we will proceed to examine them, and the inclosed mounds—the graves of the palaces of the Assyrian kings.

And, first, as to the walls. At the time of the expedition of Cyrus against the Persian king Artaxerxes, about 400 B.C., Nineveh was a deserted city,

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its most prosperous period Nineveh may have overflowed its walls, and acquired such an ascendancy over the other cities of the district that they came to be regarded simply as suburbs of its capital, and may all have been included under the name of Nineveh. This view has been illustrated by reference to the growth of the city of London. That name, which at first comprehended only the very circumscribed Roman town, has gradually been extended, and with the growth of the city has successively absorbed suburb after suburb, and town after town, till the name now includes, in its most general sense, the entire population lying within a circuit of seventy or eighty miles. But although the name of Nineveh may have been so extended, at the time of the prophet Jonah, as to embrace, in a general way, the entire populous district studded with the above-mentioned cities, and with royal residences, and paradises, and hunting-parks, still the absence of extensive ruins over this tract will not allow us to suppose that there was any such continuity of building as in the case of London, to equally justify the extension of that name to such an enormous comprehension: in truth, the population of the city—the most liberal interpretation of the language of the sacred writer only gives us, as already seen, 600,000 inhabitants—forbids such a supposition; and, moreover, to recall an argument already suggested, the unmistakable language of the inscriptions compels us to regard Koyunjik, Korsabad, Birs-Nimrud, and Keremles as the sites of distinct cities. The above supposition is confirmed by Felix Jones, who, in a very able article upon the topography of Nineveh, makes mention of the custom of those early times to give the name of the city to the surrounding district, or *vice versa*. *Vide* "Journal Royal Asiatic Society," vol. xv., art. v.

and its walls and palaces were then fast crumbling into ruins; for two hundred years had passed since the city was sacked and destroyed by the Medes and Babylonians. Still the strong walls had not yet sunk into those broad lines of earth that now trace their course; but when the ten thousand marched past they still retained much, and in places perhaps all of their original height, for Xenophon estimates their elevation above the plain at one hundred and fifty feet. He also describes the lower portion of the wall as composed of stone. The correctness of this statement is verified by the excavations which the natives have made in the ramparts, in order to obtain the blocks of stone for building purposes: the bridge, already referred to, across the Tigris, opposite Mosul, is built of stones quarried from these old walls. Quite a considerable portion of the rampart near the mound of Koyunjik has been dug away, and the open section still exhibits the solid stone masonry of the lower part of the wall. From this stone basement upward the wall was constructed of large sun-dried bricks, the layers of which, in the exposed central portion of the rampart, are still as distinct as when laid. The ramparts are, in some places, about fifty feet high, and they average perhaps one hundred and fifty feet in width. Diodorus and Xenophon make the walls respectively one hundred and one hundred and fifty feet in height; were all the crumbled material re-

placed upon the stone basement, which is fifty feet in width, the defense would rise to at least the more moderate figure.

The walls of the city were washed upon two sides, the south and west, by the Tigris and the Kosr—the latter a small tributary stream; while upon the remaining sides the defenses were strengthened by an outlying fort, long, deep moats, and lofty ramparts, altogether constituting a strong and almost invulnerable belt of works. At one point five walls would have had to be pierced, and their deep moats crossed, before an enemy could have forced the city. These fortifications now form heavy ramparts upon the plain. Their deep moats are still open, and the bottom of these in many places lies from seventy to one hundred feet below the summit of the adjoining walls, although these are now so crumbled and reduced from their former height. The aggregate length of these strengthening walls and moats is upward of ten miles. To suppose this extensive and elaborate system of fortifications to have simply guarded the royal quarter, and to have been entirely within the general defenses of the city, is scarcely conceivable. Besides, there would be traces remaining of these outer walls, had such ever existed, as the nature of the ground over which they would have been carried would have preserved them from at least entire obliteration. That the walls of

Babylon have entirely disappeared is no objection to this argument, as the treacherous nature of the soil upon which they stood destroys the force of the analogy, were it not set aside by the historical evidence which we possess of the violent leveling, by the hand of man, of the walls of that capital.

In the plate there will be observed a small mound, breaking the regularity of the southern wall. This mound marks the position of one of the city gates. It is pierced with tunnels, driven into it by Layard. There are within the mound several colossal winged bulls, which were not removed by the excavator. The heavy slabs of stone that formed the pavement displayed, when Layard laid them bare, the ruts of chariot-wheels, worn deep in their surface. And here is abundant evidence of the fulfillment of the prophetic declaration, "The fire shall devour thy bars."\* The writer above referred to makes mention of the large quantities of charcoal thrown up by his workmen in exhuming the gate. From the walls of the shaft here, as well as from those in the mound of Koyunjik, we could still pick pieces of charred timber, which bear evidence as to the element which destroyed the gates and palaces of the city.

The largest and most interesting mound upon the site of Nineveh is the one known to the natives as

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\* Nahum, iii. 13.

Koyunjik. It adjoins the western rampart, so that the buildings that surmounted it boldly overhung the Tigris. The mound covers one hundred acres.—(Layard.) Its surface is somewhat irregular, the mound varying in height from seventy to ninety feet. It is deeply scarred with ravines, and presents the weather-worn appearance of a natural hill.

It must not be supposed that this entire mass is made up of the *débris* of the ruined palaces. Not more than twenty or thirty feet of the entire height of the mound is composed of the material of the destroyed buildings; the remaining elevation marking the height of the artificial platform upon which the palaces stood. For the sake of greater security, and to gain the fresh breezes, as well as to give a commanding dignity to the royal residence, the Assyrians, and also the Babylonians and Persians, as we shall hereafter see, lifted their palaces upon lofty artificial terraces or platforms. These enormous eminences were always constructed with an almost incredible expenditure of human labor. The cyclopean masonry of the Persepolitan platform which supported the palaces of the Persian kings is to-day one of the marvels of the antiquarian world. The vast dimensions of the Babylonian mounds almost exceed belief, and readily excuse the early supposition that they were natural hills. The mound of Koyunjik, that was crowned by the Ninevite palaces, equally

astonishes the beholder by its gigantic proportions. From its enormous mass of bricks and earth could be constructed four pyramids equal to that of Cheops.

The upper portion of the mound, which is composed of the ruins of the palaces, is pierced in every direction by the shafts and tunnels excavated by Layard, and the surface heaped with the material taken from them. Some of the tunnels are now filled with rubbish; but we were able to penetrate many of them. No stone masonry is visible; but imbedded in the walls of the shafts are isolated blocks and bricks, and all sorts of building *débris*. Portions of heavy walls, composed of sun-dried bricks, with the plaster still clinging to them, are still to be seen. All the sculptured and inscribed slabs were removed by Layard, and now nothing save the holes, whence the winged bulls were dragged, indicates the position they occupied.

The most beautiful of the successive palaces that were built upon the great Koyunjik platform was that of Asshur-bani-pal; but the largest and grandest was the one erected by Sennacherib, the courts, halls, and chambers of which were found, by the excavations of Layard, to cover an area of almost ten acres.

The only other mound of any considerable size upon the site of Nineveh is that known to the Arabs as Nebbi-Yunus. It lies in the line of the same wall as that upon which the mound of Koyunjik abuts;



and thus, before the change in the bed of the Tigris, immediately overhung the river. A large portion of the mound is occupied by the buildings of a native village, which has rendered extensive excavations in it impracticable. Mohammedan tradition points to the domed structure which crowns the mound as the tomb of Jonah, whom the Moslems believe the whale brought from the Mediterranean *via* the Red Sea and the Tigris, and landed on this spot. As the Suez Canal was not then completed, it remains a query how the whale got across the Isthmus. If obliged to carry the prophet around the Cape, the whale, as well as Jonah, had abundant leisure to lament that the wickedness of the city should have necessitated the visit of a prophetic messenger.

The mound of Nebbi-Yunus was surmounted by the great palace of Esar-haddon, which in size exceeded the royal residence of Sennacherib, and in the wantonness of luxury and magnificence displayed in its adornments even surpassed, if we may rely upon the cuneiform records, the splendid palace of Asshur-bani-pal, which stood upon the mound of Koyunjik. The mound is undoubtedly the tomb of many monuments of a highly interesting and important character, which are waiting to reward the enterprise of some future Layard. It is thrilling to walk the mound and think of what is concealed beneath one's feet. The colossal human-headed bulls still keep



ward at the giant portals; the winged sphinxes still crouch at the palace-gates, as when their master passed them in olden times; and within the darkened chambers are the pictured wars and triumphs and labors of the Ninevite king; while through the sculptured corridors are marching, in stone, the courtly trains, as when their steps startled the echoes of the paneled halls thirty centuries and more ago.

We have already remarked that the nature of the material employed in the construction of the Assyrian palaces is what has determined the peculiar features of the remains that they have left in their decay; and we may also add is that which has preserved through so many centuries the sculptures and inscriptions that adorned those royal residences, and which are now the delight and study of European antiquarians. It is a matter of controversy whether the Assyrian palaces were more than one-storied; but, however this may be, the walls were raised to a considerable height, were immensely thick, and were constructed almost wholly of sun-dried bricks. The rooms and galleries were plastered, or lined with burnt and enameled brick; and the principal halls were faced with slabs of alabaster covered with sculptures and historic inscriptions. At the entrances, as if to guard the approach, the winged bulls were stationed. Upon the destruction of the building,

the upper portion of the heavy mud walls, crumbling into earth, would bury all the lower portion of the edifice, thus forming a vast mound, which in the course of time would become overgrown with grass.

Although the English have done so much in the work of Assyrian exploration, it must not be forgotten that the French, who have always evinced the foremost enterprise in such things, were the first to make excavations upon Assyrian ground. M. Botta, the French consul to Mosul, in 1845 thoroughly excavated the mound of Korsabad, fourteen miles N.N.E. of Mosul, and transported the slabs and sculptures there discovered to the Louvre, some time before the English commenced excavations at Koyunjik. The indefatigable exertions of Layard soon enriched the British Museum with the disinterred treasures of the palace-mounds of Koyunjik and Birs-Nimrud, so that to-day Nineveh has as good claims to a site on the Seine or Thames as to one on the banks of the Tigris. The world has seen and wondered at the colossal winged bulls, the eagle-headed figures, the lettered slabs, and all the mystic emblems of Assyrian art; and tireless scholars have traced out the secrets of the strange inscriptions, and added an instructive and intensely interesting chapter to our knowledge of the early empires of the East, and familiarized the world with the religion





and civilization of the greatest monarchies of olden times.

What indefiniteness would attach itself to our conceptions of the past could we not view it to-day in its imperishable sculptural and architectural monuments. The very soul of a nation is embodied and embalmed in its arts. How plainly do the monumental remains of ancient Rome—her roads, her reservoirs, her aqueducts, her bridges, her baths—speak of the practical, utilitarian spirit of the old conquerors of the world. How instinct with the æsthetical life of Attica are the creations of the Grecian artists. How is the Egyptian longing for immortality embodied in the eternal pyramids, and committed for everlasting keeping to the temples of Karnac and Luxor. That very much of Assyrian and Babylonian life entered into their mimetic and structural arts is evidenced by the new or at least more vivid conceptions which our recent discoveries have given us respecting the prominent characteristics of those ancient civilizations. Thus, for illustration, the Scriptures told us respecting the latter that they were “mad upon their idols;”<sup>\*</sup> but since we have discovered that those scores of mounds that break the uniformity of the Chaldæan plains are ruined temples, which were raised with an Asiatic prodigality of labor, and often rendered, in the language of the in-

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<sup>\*</sup> Jer. l. 38.

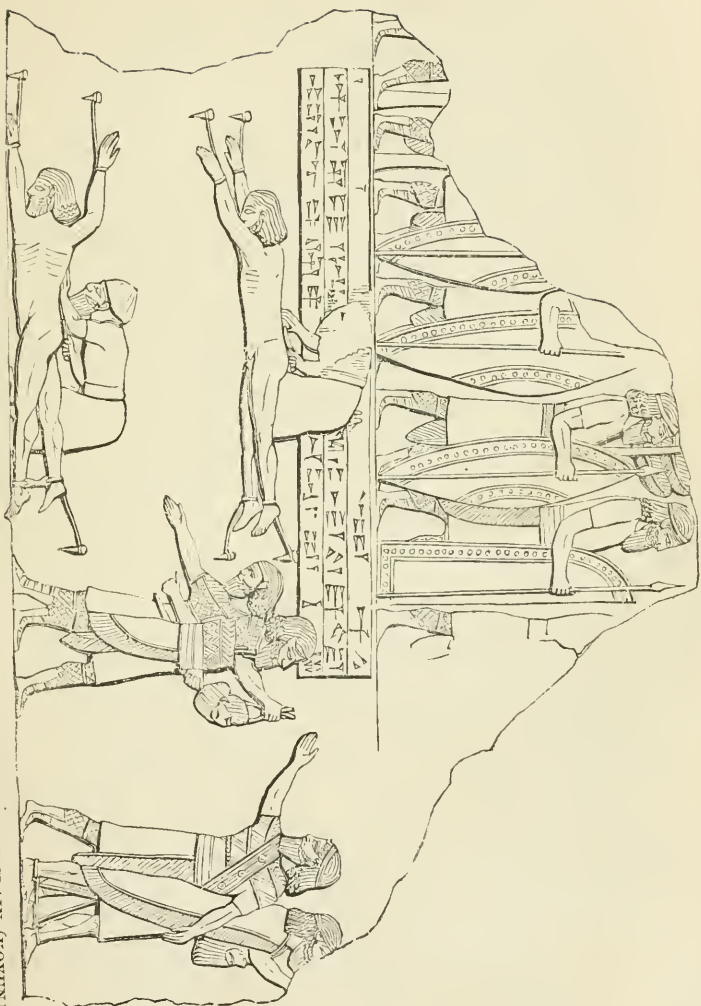


scriptions, "splendid as the day," with an Oriental wantonness of adornment, how much deeper, and how much more definite, are our impressions of the religious temper of that people. Again, the Biblical history discloses to us glimpses of the barbarity and cruelty of the ancient Assyrians; but now that the prophecy,\* uttered so long ago, is at last fulfilled, and the stones of the palace walls are "crying out" against the inhumanity of the Ninevite kings, how much more prominently does this enter into our later and juster estimates of Assyrian character. The scenes depicted upon the walls of the exhumed palaces at Nineveh, which were intended to perpetuate in honor the names of ambitious monarchs, are a living commentary upon the barbarous, savage spirit of those times. In many of the bass-reliefs the artist has delineated the cruel tortures to which captives were subjected: some are being flayed alive, the eyes of others are being bored out with the point of a spear, and still others are having their tongues torn out. One of the inscriptions found in the Northwest Palace at Nimrud reads thus: "Their men, young and old, I (Asshur-nasir-pal) took prisoners. Of some I cut off the feet and hands; of others I cut off the noses, ears, and lips; of the young men's ears I made a heap; of the old men's heads I built a minaret. I exposed their heads as a trophy in front of their city.

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\* *Vide* Hab. ii. 11.

ASSYRIANS PLAYING THEIR PRISONERS ALIVE, AND CARRYING AWAY THE HEADS OF THE SLAIN (KOYUNLIK).







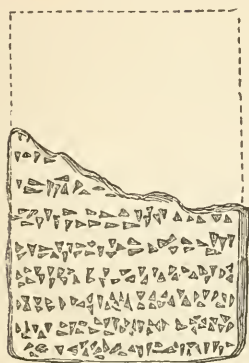
The male children and the female children I burned in the flames.”\*

But while mimetic and structural art has contributed so materially to the reconstruction of our views respecting the old civilizations of the world, inscriptive art has thrown a flood of light upon the obscurity of those times, especially upon the Assyrian period. Antiquarians have great reason for gratitude that the ancients were so given to the custom of committing their records to material that could carry them safely through all the vicissitudes and emergencies of time. Often their commemorative tablets were cut in the face of the indestructible precipice, as at the famous Behistun rock, in Persia, and at the Nahr el-Kelb, in Syria; sometimes their records were committed to the imperishable obelisk, or written upon the walls of palace or temple; or perhaps they were impressed upon tablets of clay, so manufactured as to be almost as durable as stone. The Assyrians generally committed their writings to the walls of their palaces, which, as we have seen, were paneled with alabaster; or to clay tablets, of which an immense number has been found. Within the palace of Asshur-bani-pal, at Koyunjik, Layard discovered what he calls the “chambers of record,” or what others have designated as the “royal archives,” or the “king’s library.” These chambers were small apart-

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\* Smith’s “Ancient History of the East,” p. 286.

ments, partly filled with clay tablets, varying from one inch to nine inches in length: the annexed *fac-simile* of a tablet which we obtained at Bagdad will give a correct idea of the form and appearance of the smaller size. They are always crowded with writing, which is in some instances almost microscopic. They have been found to treat of an in-



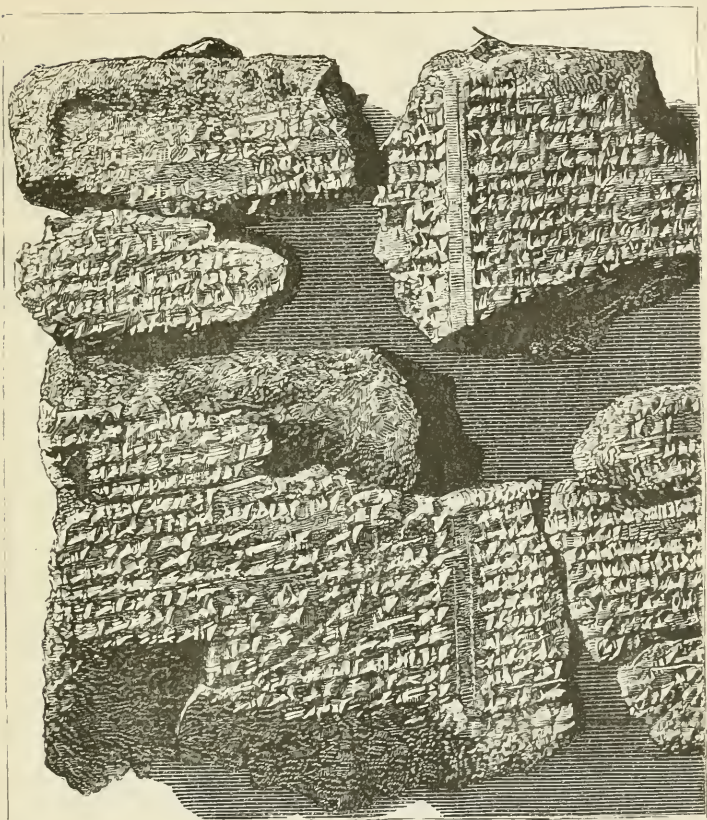
CUNEIFORM TABLET.

finite variety of subjects and matters—historical, chronological, astronomical, philological, mythological, and some are “legal contracts for conveyance of land.” Respecting the importance of this discovery, Layard justly remarks: “We can not overrate their [the tablets’] value. They furnish us with material for the complete decipherment of the cuneiform characters, for restoring the language and history of Assyria, and for inquiring into the customs, sciences, and, we may perhaps even add, literature of its people. The documents that have thus been discovered at Nineveh probably exceed all that have been afforded by the monuments of Egypt.”\*

It was from the fragments of a tablet found in this collection that Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, deciphered the Assyrio-Babylonian, or rather

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\* Layard’s “Nineveh and Babylon,” p. 347.



THE DELUGE TABLET.

Chaldæan tradition of the Deluge, which discovery has naturally excited universal interest. The only reliable copy of the inscription, as interpreted by Mr. Smith, that we have been able to secure, we find in a work entitled "*Les Premières Civilisation ; Études d'Histoire et d'Archéologie, par François Lenormant.*" To show the remarkable similarity of this traditionary account of the Flood to the Biblical re-

ord of the same event, we translate from this work a few passages, embracing that portion of the inscription rendered least fragmentary by the defacement of the original writing. The tradition runs in the form of a personal recital by Sisithrus (Noah). The first portion of the inscription is very imperfect; but enough can be gathered to enable us to trace the story, and detect its general parallelism to the Scriptural account. After reciting the building of a great ship, in obedience to the commands of Nouah,\* and in accordance with a divine pattern, Sisithrus rehearses the succeeding events in these words: "All that I possessed of the seed of life I gathered together, the whole I made to enter into the ship; all my servants, male and female, the tame animals of the fields, and the wild animals of the plains, and the young men of the army, all these I made to enter. And Samas† caused a great flood, and he spake, speaking in the darkness of the night: 'I will cause it to rain from the heavens abundantly: enter within the ship, and close its door.' . . . I entered into the ship and shut its door. In order to guide the ship toward the inaccessible places of the high mountains, I committed to the pilot the abode [la demeure].

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\* "Troisième personnage de la tride suprême: l'intelligence divine qui pénétre tout l'univers, et en même temp le roi de l'élément humide. C'est, 'l'Esprit parti sur les eaux.' Nous reviendrons plus loin sur nom et ses attributions." (We reproduce the notes of Lenormant.)

† Dieu du soleil.

The fury of the tempest arose in the morning. . . . Bin\* thundered in the depths of the heavens, and Nébo† and Saron‡ walked forth. Destruction marched over the mountains and the plains. . . . The flood of Bin touched the heavens; the brilliant earth was changed to a desert: . . . the waters destroyed all life from the face of the earth. [Here follows an account of the fear and lamentation in heaven among the inferior deities.] Six days and six nights passed: the thunder, the storm, and the winds reigned. In the middle of the seventh day the tempest ceased. . . . I was borne over the sea. Those who had done wickedness, all the human race who had turned to sin—the bodies of these floated like reeds. . . . The ship was borne to the country of Nizir, and the mountains of Nizir arrested it. . . . Upon the seventh day [after the arrest of the ship] I sent forth a dove, and it departed. And the dove flew away, and sought a place of rest; but it found none, and returned. I let go a swallow, and it flew away. The swallow departed, and searched for a place to rest, and found none, and it returned. I let loose a raven. The raven flew forth, and it saw the bodies on the water, and it ate them; and it wandered a great way off, and it returned not. I let go the animals to the

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\* Dieu de l'atmosphère et de la tempête.

† Dieu de la planète Mercure, qui préside aux mouvements sidéraux.

‡ Personnage divin d'ordre inférieur, qui accompagne Nébo.



four winds; I poured out a libation; I built an altar on the summit of the mountain."

The question has been raised respecting the two rival accounts we now possess of the Noachic deluge—Which is the *Editio princeps*? In our view much erudite discussion has been very unnecessarily and absurdly waged over this question. The Bible claims no copyright monopoly in these things: very limited portions of the Scriptures are matter of exclusive revelation, though all be written by persons divinely qualified for their task. Much therein recorded was, at the time of its commitment to writing, the common property of the race. Considerable portions of Genesis undoubtedly rest, either mediately or directly, upon traditions handed down through long generations. It is altogether absurd, then, to suppose the story of the Flood to be a matter of direct revelation to the writer of that book. Such were a supererogatory service of inspiration. Such an event as the sudden destruction of almost the entire human race, by the waters of an inundation that seemed for a time to have blotted out "the brilliant earth," we may well suppose left an impression upon the imagination and memory of those that survived the disaster which neither time nor circumstances could wholly obliterate. At the time of Moses every nation must have possessed a traditionary (or written) account of the great catastrophe; it is utter-



ly incredible to suppose otherwise. The question, then, respecting the Chaldaean and Biblical accounts of the Deluge—Which is *Editio princeps*?—is one of irredeemable absurdity and triviality. If the plains of Shinar were the first abode of the survivors of the Flood, then there was first told the story, around the desert fires; thence it was borne by the race, as one of their most vivid reminiscences, in all their succeeding migrations. The farther distance and time separated any tribes from the ancestral home, the more vague, we may believe, did the tale become, though it could never be forgotten. And observe how exactly facts sustain the supposition. How changed and how obscured the tradition as repeated beneath the forests of the New World. But there in Chaldaea, among the near descendants of the survivors of the disaster, what vividness, definiteness, and particularity does the story maintain. To our mind this circumstance affords the strongest possible correlative testimony of the truthfulness of the account that has come down to us through the Hebrew nation, being the weightiest evidence of the actual historical character of the event, and the most positive refutation of the assumption of the mythical nature of the Scriptural narrative. For those who would resolve the whole story into a myth, endeavor to account for the origin of the same—for even a myth must have some foundation of fact or suggestion—by supposing that

the evidence furnished by shells and fossils of different character, found in all parts of the world, of the land having been covered at some period by the waters of the sea, naturally suggested the idea of a universal deluge; and as in the infancy of the race every calamity was conceived to be the manifestation of the wrath of the gods, of course the general apostasy and wickedness of man were the most natural causes assignable for the displeasure of Heaven. Now there is no country upon the face of the earth that is more barren of evidence suggestive of the overflow of the land by the waters of the sea than is Chaldæa. In truth, the broad plains of Babylonia afford not even the remotest suggestion of such an event. How does it happen, then, that there of all countries should have grown up and been elaborated the most complete and circumstantial story of such a catastrophe? The hypothesis which would resolve the whole into a myth is thus itself plainly shown to be too unfounded and mythical to receive intelligent recognition and acceptance. The supposition that the events actually occurred, substantially as they have come down to us through different nations, is the only one that, to our mind, satisfactorily explains the origin of the Deluge legend.

The simultaneousness of the discovery of the key to the cuneiform writings and the exhumation of the Assyrian inscriptions has been denominated as

scarcely less than providential. Had it not been for the coincidence of these discoveries, the Ninevite inscriptions would have been, as Fergusson well observes, as “mysterious and unintelligible as the handwriting on the wall was to the priests of Belshazzar;” and thus might have been lost, through our lack of appreciation, the treasures we had found. It was in 1805 that Professor Grotefend first announced to the world that, through the study of the trilingual Persepolitan inscriptions, he had proceeded far in the work of translating the cuneiform writings. Afterward, in 1836, M. Burnouf, after a careful study of the same inscriptions, corroborated the discoveries of Grotefend; then Professor Lassen came forward with valuable assistance; and at last Colonel Rawlinson, as a second Champollion, with the famous Behistun inscription as his Rosetta stone, gave to the interpretation of the cuneiform records such a definiteness and uniformity that even those who had been most skeptical as to the reliableness of the interpretations of preceding scholars were forced to admit the genuineness of the alleged discovery. We think it is Dr. Fryer who calls this interpretation of the “*mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*” of the cuneiform inscriptions a “modern miracle;” and we with him are in amazement that the unknown characters of an unknown language should, without any light being thrown upon their meaning by any known tongue, be forced

to disclose the secrets that they have held in inviolable necromantic mystery for thirty centuries.\*

The revelations that have come from the opened

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\* Feeling sure that many of our readers will be interested in a more particular account of the method in which the first steps in cuneiform decipherment were effected, we throw in this form a few explanatory remarks in addition to those given above. It often occurs that independent workers and thinkers, laboring upon the same problem, hit simultaneously upon the same and correct solution. Thus in the field of Natural History, Darwin and Wallace, each unconscious of the work of the other, the one in his study in England, the other in the forest of the East Indian Archipelago, gave to the world, almost at the same moment, the pregnant idea of "Natural Selection." The great discovery in the philological world was made under strikingly analogous circumstances. While Professor Grotefend was studying some Persepolitan inscriptions (copied by Niebuhr) in his study in Europe, Rawlinson was at work upon the tablet of Hamadan, amid the deserts of Persia. Each solved the problem independently; at least, each took the first steps in the way of a true solution without any aid or suggestion from the other. Both arrived at the result in a strikingly similar manner. We will give very briefly the mode in which Rawlinson was led to his discovery, condensing from his own account as given in a paper entitled "Memoir on Cuneiform Inscriptions," *Jour. Asiatic Soc.*, vol. x. The tablets which Rawlinson chose for his work were the famous Behistun inscriptions, comprising two trilingual records, by Darius Hystaspis and his son Xerxes. He observed these inscriptions to be identical throughout, save in certain groups of characters. There were two of these groups in each tablet, but the last group of one was the same as the first group of the other. This fact suggested to Rawlinson that the groups represented proper names—three Persian kings, following one another successively upon the throne. Taking at random three names—Hystaspis, Darius, and Xerxes—he applied them to the groups. Fortunately he had alighted upon the right names, and was able to determine the power of several letters. Other proper names gave additional letters; and thus an alphabet was slowly elaborated. And thus the clew to the decipherment of the cuneiform writings, the most important of all philological discoveries after that of the key to the hieroglyphics of Egypt, was found by what has been termed a series of "happy guesses."

mounds of the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates have revolutionized our ideas of the historic development of the race. These disclosures of the past have given us juster and broader views respecting the continuity of history, the successions of ancient civilizations, and the relations of existing things to those that have passed away. We were not accustomed to look so far back as to Assyria and Babylonia for the germs of our present growth. We thought our views of political, social, intellectual, or artistic development as profound when we traced the beginnings of our arts or sciences or philosophies to the Greek and Roman culture. But we failed to distinctly perceive that as we have drawn the elements of our civilization from them, so did they but gather up the accumulations of preceding ages—developing and improving, indeed, that which was thus transmitted to them. The various structural delineations upon the *bassi-relievi* of Nineveh reveal the fact that the Assyrian artists were acquainted with all the first elements of Grecian architecture; and that they knew all about the arch, which has been thought so peculiarly a Roman invention, is proved by the arched drains and doorways unearthed by Layard at Nineveh.\* Indeed, the Egyptians and Chaldæans employed the arch centuries before Rome was cradled. And while the Western nations borrowed the lead-

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\* *Vide* Layard's "Nineveh and Babylon."

ing features of their structural art from the East, they also drew from thence much that the Oriental mind had invented, discovered, or thought out in the various departments of science and philosophy. But theirs, as has been said, was not mere absorption or unworthy appropriation. Roman or Grecian genius always transformed or re-inspired with a new life that which it received. The Romans seized upon the principle of the arch, which had only an obscure place in the architecture of the East; but to them it became "the bow of promise," as Professor Carter expresses it: "the bridge on which they went over to the dominion of the world." The Grecians borrowed, in part at least, their mimetic art from the East; but they borrowed only to transform; for beneath the touch of their transcendent genius "the hard and rigid lines of Assyria"—we quote the language of Layard—"were converted into the flowing draperies and classic forms of the highest orders of art." Fergusson remarks: "Egypt may, indeed, have been the schoolmistress from whom the ancient world derived half her science and her arts; but the nations from whom we are descended were born in Assyria, and out of her they brought all their sympathies, all their innate civilization."\* Rawlinson, after observing that Babylon was the source whence Assyria obtained the first elements of her civilization, vent-

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\* Fergusson's "Palaces of Nineveh and Persepolis," p. 4.



ures the assertion that "but for Babylon real civilization might not yet have dawned upon the earth." And again: "It was from the East . . . that Greece derived her architecture, her sculpture, her science, her philosophy, her mathematical knowledge—in a word, her intellectual life."\*

Roman and Hellenic culture were thus, we find, the flower of a most ancient growth. So now, in seeking the original source of the culture of our own times, we must go far beyond the Tiber and the Ilissus—to the Tigris and the Euphrates; and there, among the earliest communities of the Orient, we will discover the timid endeavors and the first suggestions of the proud achievements and the grand actualities of modern civilization. Thus is revealed what our Guizots, Shedd, and Arnolds have come significantly to term the "genetic development" of history. The relations of the past to the present become charged with intelligence and meaning. We are assured that nations have not sprung up, grown old, and decayed without a purpose; but that whatever of good they may have wrought out has been carefully preserved and transmitted. We are taught that the phenomena of the historic world are bound together by far higher relations than those imposed by mere chronological succession. Where all seemed as confused as the vision of Ezekiel, there is shown

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\* Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii., p. 76.

to us a living spirit within the wheels. In a word, there is revealed to us a divinity in history. The events of human society, which seemed to crowd themselves into morally insulated groups, or throng along in rapid sequence without intelligent order or interdependency, are shown to be the successive steps of a sublime movement of the race, advancing, under intelligent and far-seeing direction, with unfaltering certainty and cumulative riches of experience and achievement, toward a worthy and justifying issue—a grand evolution of human latencies and possibilities, reaching through millenniums in its processes, and over a world in its outcomes.

As about bidding adieu to the scene of his successful labors, which so astonished and startled the world, Layard thus reflects: "Some one who may hereafter tread on the spot when the grass grows again over the Assyrian palaces, may indeed suspect that I have been relating a vision." Had time completely buried all again, and had not we ourselves seen the winged bulls guarding the gates, where stationed to sentinel the approach thirty centuries ago, and walked through the courts and halls and chambers of the palace of Sennacherib, it would have been difficult for us, while tramping the grass-grown heaps, not to have been half incredulous as to what Layard has told the world he saw within those mounds. But after we have paced the halls and courts, passed from

room to room of the many-chambered palace, and from the commanding site viewed the distant circling ramparts, broken by the huge heaps marking the site of the city gates, where lie buried in their graves of two-score centuries the giant wardens of the ancient capital, we can no longer disbelieve. Standing there, we repeople the deserted plain, rebuild the ruined palaces, restore the crumbled walls, lift the fallen towers, and recreate the Assyrian hosts, as in the days of Nineveh's glory they issued from her gates, and, bound for distant conquest, poured across the Tigris with all the pomp and gorgeous display of Oriental pageantry. But the spell is broken. Instead of the noise and the glitter and the movement of bannered hosts, there is stillness and desolation. Long before Christ that ancient glory had departed, and Nineveh's name had been forgotten. When the Ten Thousand hurried past, four centuries before our era, the ruins were told to Xenophon as those of Mespila. Thirteen centuries ago the site was the battle-field of the Roman and Persian armies, each unconscious that they were tramping the ashes of the city that had once controlled the destinies of all the countries over which they were wrangling.

## CHAPTER V.

## RAFTING ON THE TIGRIS.

Our *Kellic*.—Floating Down.—River Scenes.—Rapids.—Historical Associations.—Our Crew and Passengers.—The Captain's Reproof.—Our Guard Mohammed.—Praying on a *Kellic*.—Storms and Delays.—Crossing the River on Inflated Skins for Provisions.—Fatalism.—Botanizing.—Arrival at Tibrit.

THE rafts employed at the present day in the navigation of the Mesopotamian rivers are constructed in precisely the same manner as those used in the earliest antiquity. For a description of the one upon which we floated down the Tigris, we might turn to Herodotus or Xenophon; and for an exact representation of the same, we might point to the bass-reliefs which thirty centuries ago were buried beneath the mounds of Nineveh. It consisted of a light framework, thirty feet square, constructed of poles, beneath which were placed about three hundred inflated goat-skins, which gave great buoyancy to the whole, enabling it to support a burden of over twenty tons of wheat and gall-nuts. A pair of immense sweeps were attached, for the purpose of control and guidance, and our "*kellic*," as the natives called it, was complete.

The greater part of the rafts employed upon the Tigris are freighted at Diarbekr and Mosul, and floated down to Bagdad. Upon arrival there they are taken to pieces, the wood of which they are composed is sold, and the skins are carried back by land. From Herodotus, we know that the same method was practiced in his day.

It was early in March, when the plains of Upper Mesopotamia were brilliant with the short-lived glory of spring, that we loosened our kellee from the bank near Mosul, opposite the site of ancient Nineveh, and started on our memorable float down the Tigris. The swift current bore us rapidly along, and soon the great mound of Koyunjik, the buried palace of Sennacherib, dropped out of sight. The low hills that, on either side, constantly advanced toward or receded from the river, though for the most part barren, were occasionally relieved by flowers, that at times covered the lower portion of their slopes with unbroken sheets of color. The alluvial flats of the river, clothed with jungle, were green with the fresh foliage of the opening year.

Six hours from Mosul brought us to the dam of Nimrud, an artificial dike constructed of large blocks of stone clamped firmly together, stretching across the river from bank to bank, and over which the stream poured with considerable tumult. Just before reaching the dam our Arabs landed us upon the left bank,

as we desired to visit the ruins of Nimrud, now nearly opposite us. We stood for a moment to watch our raft as the rapid current drew it swiftly toward and over the cataract. As it plunged over the dam, it seemed momentarily as though the boiling waters would engulf it; but after a few heavy lunges it glided on safely again. This barrier is a relic of the earliest Assyrian kings. Arab tradition assigns the work to Nimrod. Its purpose was to raise the water of the river to supply the irrigants which reached out from the Tigris over the adjoining plains. It witnesses the degree of civilization attained by the ancient Assyrians. The construction of such a work, which for twenty centuries and more has flooded back the waters of a great river, implies a degree of mechanical knowledge and a mastery of expedients by no means despicable.

A short walk over the plain brought us to the great mound of Nimrud. As the remains here are so similar to those opposite Mosul, it would be wearisome to give a detailed description of them. An enormous palace-mound, with a lofty conical tell rising from it like a natural eminence, and lines of low mounds, forming a vast quadrangular inclosure, as at Nineveh, are the principal features of the ruins. This mound was the first excavated by Layard; and here he secured a rich harvest of Assyrian relics. The trenches which he opened we found still unimpaired



in many instances, so that we could examine the heavy walls of stone and the sculptures that had been exposed. Several colossal winged bulls lay upon the summit of the mound. Numberless strange figures looked out of their half-opened graves, as though not quite sure whether their resurrection-day had come or not.

The lofty conical mound to which allusion has been made is supposed by Layard to be the ruins of a tower-mausoleum built by Asshur-nasir-pal, which consisted of several stages, raised in the form of a pyramid. The lower stage was supported by walls of solid stone masonry; the upper stages were formed of brick, which, in crumbling, have concealed the artificial nature of the eminence. Layard conjectures the edifice to have been crowned with an altar, "on which may have burned the eternal fire."

The ruins of Birs-Nimrud have been unmistakably identified as those of the Scriptural Calah, which Asshur founded when he went forth out of the land of Shinar, and builded Nineveh, and the city Rehoboth and Calah and Resen (Gen. x. 11, 12). As we have already seen, it was for a long time the seat of the Assyrian court. The eminent historian of the East thus finely pictures the growth and beauty of the public edifices of the ancient city: "Palace after palace rose on its lofty platform, rich with carved wood-work, gilding, painting, sculpture, and enamel, each

aiming to outshine its predecessors; while stone lions, sphinxes, obelisks, shrines, and temple-towers embellished the scene, breaking its monotonous sameness by variety. The lofty *ziggurat* (mausoleum above described) attached to the temple of Nin, or Hercules, dominating over the whole, gave unity to the vast mass of palatial and sacred edifices. The Tigris, skirting the entire western base of the mound, glassed it in its waves, and, doubling its apparent height, rendered less observable the chief weakness of the architecture. When the setting sun lighted up the whole with the gorgeous hues seen only under an Eastern sky, Calah must have seemed to the traveler who beheld it for the first time like a vision from fairy-land.”\*

Having secured some inscribed bricks and other relics as souvenirs, and persuaded our Arab guides to carry them to the river, we returned to our raft, which our unconscionable Arabs, to serve some purpose of their own, had run three or four miles below the mound, thus giving us a hot walk over the plain. Our relics were a fertile source of trouble to us. As may be imagined, they grew very heavy before the raft was reached, and our Arabs threw them down. A *backshish*, however, made them lighter. Then we were intercepted by the Bedawîn, who had conscien-

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\* Rawlinson's "Five Monarchies," vol. ii., p. 357: quoted by Dr. Smith in "Ancient History of the East," p. 288.

tious scruples about letting bricks go out of their country without *backshish*. And upon our reaching the kellic, Abdullah, our captain, amid violent gesticulations, protested that the bricks would sink the raft; and nothing but a *backshish* would pacify him. That increased the carrying capacity of the kellic as effectively as though we had got a hundred new air-bags under it. But we had suspicions that the rascal premeditated tipping the bricks overboard sometime accidentally; and so we placed them under our bed, that we might sit atop of them during the day, and use them as pillows at night.

. When again under way, we glided on during the remainder of the day through quiet, pleasant scenery. Just at sunset we drifted into a broad sheet of water, lake-like in its expansion, where the current was almost lost, and not a ripple roughened the surface. The water was streaked with gold; and the low hills were draped with that sombre purple hue so characteristic of Mesopotamian landscapes. After a while the dreamy haze that the sunset had left behind it thickened into twilight, and the stars came out, and looked down through the calm atmosphere with a "soft, planetary light." Lazily and almost imperceptibly our raft floated on, our listless Arabs lying half asleep on the top of the cargo, enjoying a delicious semi-consciousness. Late in the evening we moored our kellic to the bank, and throwing ourselves

beneath our little tent, raised on the raft, continued to float on in our dreams.

Early the following morning we were drifting again, borne on by a swift current, that shortly after sunrise brought us to some rapids, not formidable by any means, yet affording sufficient excitement to induce us to postpone our breakfast an hour, that we might enjoy the accelerated speed, and the swaying and writhing of our raft as it went clumsily down the roughened current.

Floating down the Tigris naturally recalled our canoe voyages upon the Rio Napo and the Rio Negro, northern affluents of the Amazons. Drifting along the treeless shores of the Mesopotamian rivers is very different from floating through the tropical forests of South America. There is verdure along the Upper Tigris in early spring, it is true, covering not only the *hawis*, or alluvial deposits, which are periodically submerged, but even at times hiding the baldness of the usually barren, sun-burnt hills; but there is no tree vegetation—low bushes alone fringe in places the river-banks. Very different is all this from the wild, prodigal luxuriance displayed by the tropical forests that hem the streams of the Amazonian valley with their stately walls of trunk and foliage.

But if Nature lends her charms to the Amazonian rivers, History lends her fascinations to the Mesopotamian streams. No river in the world is richer in

historic associations than the Tigris. It witnessed the earliest civilization of the world; and from its banks looked down the proudest and wickedest capital of the East. Could it but tell us of the pageants it has seen, what pomp and magnificence would it show us—what hosts of Chaldæans and Babylonians; of Syrians and Assyrians; of Egyptians and Medes and Persians; of Parthians and Greeks and Romans, in triumph or defeat, flitting like spectres across its narrow valley; it would tell us of the long march of the Ten Thousand along its eastern bank; of Alexander and the Grecian phalanx, hurrying to the conquest of the Farther East. It saw Darius resign his sceptre to the Macedonian on the field of Arbela; saw Persia again fall before the Emperor Heraclius at the battle of Nineveh; beheld the wearied and broken legions of Rome, as at Samarah they performed the inviolable obsequies to the body of their beloved general, the Emperor Julian, and raised the huge tumulus that to-day stands on the banks of the river, amid the ruins of ancient cities: "What funeral pomp didst thou, O Tigris, see, as thou glided past the recent tomb!"

It was once the great artery that gave life to the strongest monarchies of antiquity. But now civilization has passed on to another world; and desolation—almost unbroken desolation—reigns amid the melancholy, grass-grown mounds of fallen palaces and

buried cities. Perhaps civilization is destined to return from its distant home in the West—after having been taught the true laws of national life and of permanent prosperity—and again crowd the banks of this river, not with walled cities and fortified palaces, but with pleasant villas, and break its silence with the stir and noise of peaceful commerce.\*

While our raft drifted leisurely down the river, we had an abundance of time to study our crew and passengers. The Arabs who navigated us down the Tigris were very different from the Indians that paddled us through the forest of South America. The latter were children. We never expected more of them than they exhibited. They always showed a childlike, restive activity; were forever busy, though often only engaged in braiding palm-leaves to ornament their hair. But our Arabs never evinced any thing of this childlike restlessness. They were insufferably lazy; and we always felt an almost irre-

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\* When the Euphrates River Railway is laid, and thus a reliable Western market opened for the products of the Mesopotamian plains, there is certain to be a large and permanent population drawn to these fertile districts. There are no natural obstacles in the way of this. The soil is wonderfully and inexhaustibly rich; the choked water-courses need only to be reopened, and the land would wave with verdure. Give proper governmental encouragement and protection to industry, establish proper communication with the neighboring countries, and there are no reasons that the valley should not teem with a vast population as of old; for, however it may be as to certain portions, we can not believe that the curse of a perpetual prophecy rests upon the whole land.



sistible impulse to lash them into activity. The idea of stirring when one might lie quiet seemed to them perfectly preposterous.

There were nine Arabs on board our raft. One of them, Abdullah by name, was generally captain; we say generally, for in case of emergency every man on board an Arab vessel becomes captain. The confusion created by these sons of Ishmael on unusual occasions—and it does not require much to constitute such with them—is absolutely inconceivable. Two of the crew worked quite faithfully at the sweeps, urged to it by necessity, for the raft must be kept in the current and free from the shoals, which, in case of collision, would work ruin among the skins beneath.

Besides the quartette that constituted the crew, we had three native passengers. One was an old patriarch, venerable as we imagine Abraham or Moses to have been. The venerable appearance of the aged among Arabs has been frequently remarked. There are very few exceptional cases. Often we have been surrounded by a group of these gray-haired Ishmaelites, who, as far as dignity and venerableness of appearance were concerned, would have made a rare college faculty. The remaining two passengers were young men; one a foppish fellow—for the exquisite is no local phenomenon, but a cosmopolitan character. This trio, in delicious oblivion of every thing around, would lie on top of the cargo

the entire day, with the sun burning straight in their faces. Such deportment was exactly in accordance with Abdullah's notions of the proprieties of passengers; and he often pointed to their torpid masses while reproving us for rushing about over the raft in quest of exercise or a good look-out for some new attraction along the bank of the river. "*Hewash! hewash!*" he would say, as he felt the quivering of the raft when we were on the move. But we, not knowing that the chafing of the poles upon the skins beneath might injure them, did not appreciate the necessity of keeping quiet, and so did not at first understand his injunction. We asked him what he meant by "*hewash*," for that was a word not yet in our Arabic vocabulary. A Frenchman in answer to such a question would have rolled out a perfect stream of explanations, profoundly incomprehensible. But Abdullah, though an Arab, had more sense. He folded his arms, and walked with steps light and soft as a kitten's across the raft. We laughed, and promised to walk "*hewash*" in the future. But we would forget; and in such moments of thoughtlessness, induced by some new object or view, while rushing from one end of the kellic to the other, and making the whole quiver frantically, as though a young earthquake were laboring beneath it, we would hear the subdued notes of Abdullah's voice — "*hewash! hewash!*" — and looking about

would catch his countenance, covered with a look of inexpressible disgust that we should not be able to lie down and keep quiet like the rest of the passengers.

Our ninth Arab was Mohammed, a contemplative son of Islam, who constituted our guard, and was, accordingly, accompanied by a long, crazy, rusty old flint-lock—an “eternity of a gun,” as Mark Twain would describe it—and several ancient revolvers. Mohammed was constantly flashing the powder in the pan of his old flint-lock, we suppose simply to see if the thing would be likely to go off when he wanted it. His business was to protect us and the cargo from the wild Bedawîn. Under such protection we floated serenely down the river, through all kinds of tribes, and never once knew what fear was during the entire journey. We took a great liking to Mohammed, and he to us. He was always ready to accompany us whenever we wished to make an excursion from the raft to some old mound; and often he carried heavy loads of inscribed bricks and relics back to the river—under the stimulus of a *backshish* of course—while we relieved him of his old flint-lock, for he would never step ashore without that.

Mohammed was a good Moslem withal. He was the only one of the crew, indeed, who attended regularly and conscientiously to his daily devotions. (There is quite as much diversity of practice respect-

ing such matters among Mohammedans as among Christians.) When the hour for prayer came, he would mount to the top of the cargo, spread his blanket, and kneeling upon it, with his face turned toward the Keblah of his faith, perform his prostrations with becoming reverence. But Mohammed found praying on a kellic attended with difficulties. The river was winding, and during the course of one of Mohammed's long prayers the current would swing the raft around, causing him to face successively all points of the compass. But Mohammed soon learned to keep an eye to his bearings, and, by making sundry shifts, managed to keep an approximate heading toward the holy city. After a while he adopted a somewhat different course. He would vary the hours of prayer a little, just sufficient to accommodate them to the reaches of the river, always commencing his devotions as the raft started on a long stretch.

The second day we reached the enormous mounds of Kileh-Sherghat, which preserve the site of Asshur, another of the great and famous cities of Assyria. These ruins are about forty miles distant from Nineveh in a direct line. The principal mound, which immediately overhangs the Tigris, with a height above the plain of one hundred feet, is between two and three miles in circumference, being one of the largest in either Assyria or Babylonia. As at Nine-

veh and Calah, long lines of crumbled ramparts trace out the old city walls. Rising from the platform is a vast cone similar to that at Nimrud. It constitutes the most imposing feature of the ruins. Upon this spot Shamas-Vul, king of Chaldæa, erected a temple eighteen centuries before our era. Afterward, upon the independence of Assyria, it became, probably, the first capital city of that empire. Four centuries B.C., when the Greeks under Xenophon passed the site, Asshur was an "ancient city;" the historian describes the ruins under the name of Larissa.\*

Upon the third day from Mosul trouble began to loom up on all sides. A strong east wind, which filled the air with an impalpable dust, raised such a heavy swell on the river that we were compelled to moor beneath the shelter of the bank; for a Tigris kellic, drawing but little water, is liable in a heavy wind to be drifted upon the sand-bars that obstruct the river, and the skins beneath torn loose and broken. Again upon the fourth day, after we had run about an hour, the rising wind forced us to moor our raft. All this delay appeared a matter of perfect indifference to our Arabs. It was perfectly exasperating to see how easy it was for them to wait. For us it was stupid business; besides, our delay was

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\* *Vide* Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains," vol. i., p. 27, *et seq.*; Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies," vols. i. and ii., *passim*; Smith's "Ancient History of the East," p. 258.

creating a serious embarrassment in our commissariat department. We had secured supplies at Mosul for only four or five days, that being the usual time consumed in a voyage to Bagdad; and now the expiration of that time found us scarcely half way down the river. Our Arabs ripped open a bag of wheat, and boiling the grain with a quantity of greens gathered along the shore, seemed quite satisfied and contented. Driven to it by hunger, we at last prepared a similar dish: there may be worse concoctions than boiled wheat and greens, but we don't believe it.

During the third day of our detention, the storm not abating, we persuaded our natives to attempt to obtain some provisions from an encampment of Bedawîn on the opposite bank. One of the crew, with his clothes tied in a bundle on his head, mounted an inflated skin and kicked his way across the river. After an absence of half a day, he returned with several cakes of unpalatable bread, made of pounded grain, mixed into a mass of unleavened dough, and half cooked in the ashes of the camp-fire. The next day we lay moored to the bank, subsisting mainly on hope, with just a little of that abominable Arab bread.

We might have floated on during this last afternoon; but our Arabs had a nice fire on shore, with a reserved pile of drift-wood, and were enjoying themselves in cooking and eating their miserable wheat



and greens, and so could not be persuaded to go on. Upon our expostulating with Abdullah, he raised his eyes and hands piously to heaven, and said, "*Allahu amar*"—"Allah has willed it." His fatalism, good for nothing else, always served him a good turn on such occasions. The very fact that he had spent a whole day sitting on his haunches eating wheat and greens was *prima facie* evidence that such a disposition of the day by himself had been eternally decreed. Allah had predestinated another day for us on that spot, for the next evening found us still moored to the bank, and that was proof enough to the minds of our Arabs that Allah had willed it, and that it was all right.

During our delay we spent a large portion of our time botanizing along the bank. The flora of the Mesopotamian plains is very similar to our own. Upon one short excursion we gathered twenty species, all of which belonged to genera familiar to us, and five were identical with American home species. Those plains in early spring, before blasted by the heat of summer, resemble our own flower-strewn meadows and pasture-lands; only Flora scatters her treasures over the Eastern fields with a fairer and more extravagant profusion. Before we had crossed them we could not help being incredulous when Layard told us that the dogs, returning from hunting, "issued from the long grass dyed red, yellow, or

blue, according to the flowers through which they had last forced their way." But it is a literal fact: upon returning from our botanizing excursions, we would find ourselves dyed to our knees in the same manner.

The seventh day the decrees were in our favor; for our Arabs were constrained to cast loose and drift with the current. A few hours brought us to the village of Tibrit, the miserable representative of a large city which occupied the site during the golden age of the Caliphs. At this poverty-stricken village our Arabs persisted in spending the entire day following our arrival. Our voyage must have been commenced under the inauspicious conjunction of all ill-fated stars, for while moored before Tibrit we were doomed to see other rafts go sailing gayly past us down the river. Our delays were more vexatious than they otherwise would have been, had not our contemplated tour in Persia depended upon our early arrival at Bagdad, before the increasing heat of the season should render such an undertaking impracticable. The worst infliction upon a traveler of which we can conceive is to make a much-anticipated tour dependent on timely arrival at a certain destination, and then put him on a raft subjected to the caprices of an Arab crew.

## CHAPTER VI.

## RAFTING ON THE TIGRIS—CONCLUDED.

An Unpremeditated Start.—Attempts to Stop the Runaway Raft.—Rapid Progress toward Bagdad.—A Fearful Night Voyage.—Shooting Rapids in the Darkness.—A Narrow Escape.—Aground on a Submerged Island.—Our Scattered Crew.—Arabs as Swimmers.—An Exciting Landing.—Carried Ashore.—*Backshish*.—Repairing the Shattered Kellie.—Arab Village of Samarab.—The Minaret.—Extensive Ruins.—An Arab Settlement.—Resume our Voyage.—A Native's Way of Taking Passage.—The Valley of the Tigris.—Babylonia a Gift of the Tigris and Euphrates.—Its Present Desolation.—Change in the Bed of the Tigris.—Scenes along the River.—Arab Villages.—Great Width of the Tigris.—Saratia.—A Village Undermined.

WEDNESDAY was thus passed at Tibrit. Our captain had assured us that on Thursday morning we should resume our journey; but we were fated to take an earlier start. The river rose rapidly on Wednesday afternoon, and by evening presented a swollen, turbulent appearance. About an hour before midnight the wind arose, blowing in fitful gusts from the east; and soon the swell raised on the river, united with the strength of the current, tore us loose from our fastenings. We were sleeping on the raft, while our Arabs, with the exception of Mohammed, were upon the bank.

Mohammed gave the alarm, and a frantic effort was made to remoor the raft; but the hawsers were jerked away, and we commenced driving along the shore at a rapid rate. Seeing the folly of further attempt to stop the kellic, impelled onward by such a maddened current, two of the crew sprang aboard, in order to manage the sweeps, and if possible moor the raft at some favorable point down the river.

Sweeping on for several miles, we reached a shelving shore, and our Arabs attempted to land, but were perfectly powerless to control the raft, which, with the momentum of a heavy load and rapid motion, struck violently against and chafed along the bank. A large number of the inflated skins that supported the kellic were broken, and the water rose several inches over the raft. Swinging off, we again rushed on. A little farther down another effort to moor the runaway raft only resulted in our striking the bank heavily, and ruining many of the skins, which exploded with a dull intonation, followed by the gurgling of the escaping air. At this juncture, Mohammed, without stopping to reflect that all things were irrevocably decreed, took matters in his own hands, and leaping into the water before the raft had swung far from the bank, succeeded in reaching the shore.

Up to this time we had not left our tent, as we thought the affair would result in nothing serious;

on the contrary, we were rather enjoying the idea of going on toward Bagdad at such a gratifying rate, and were congratulating ourselves on a speedy arrival there. But this last collision with the bank aroused us to the fact that matters were growing critical. The raft had sunk over a foot, and the heavy burden of grain threatened to sink the whole, like a stone, to the bottom of the river. Hastily wrapping our blankets about us, we climbed to the top of the cargo, dragging our trunks up after us, that we might have them to use as buoys in case the kellec went down. Our situation was gloomy enough. It was storming, with a heavy east wind sweeping over the river; and the darkness was so thick that we could with difficulty descry the bank driving rapidly past us. The howling of jackals, loud and continuous as they answered one another from the opposite banks of the river, rendered the gloom still more dismal and foreboding.

For more than two hours our raft swept on down through the darkness, which was relieved only by occasional gleams of lightning. Then we were brought to a portion of the river which was bounded on the left by high cliffs, where the current was broken by sunken rocks. We could hear the roar of the turmoiled river, and just ahead see the gleam of the whitened waters. In a moment we were swept under the cliff, and almost immediately struck.

Many of our life-preservers—for such the inflated skins were now to us—exploded beneath us, and, as the air escaped with a dismal, gurgling sound, the raft settled several inches lower in the water. Freeing itself in a moment, the kellic was again rushing on with fearful rapidity. Just ahead the waters are breaking about another projecting rock. Involuntarily we hold our breath. In a moment there is a crash. The raft is driven into the form of a trapezoid. There is a twisting and snapping of cords and poles, and at the same time the water is thrown up by the explosions beneath, as though we had driven against a hundred torpedoes. A momentary pause, a reeling and whirling and settling of the shattered mass, and again we plunge wildly on, with the swiftness of an arrow, toward another rock. Should we strike while leaping down with this frightful momentum we must go to pieces. In an instant we dash past, just grazing it; yet the slight contact causes our heavy raft to spin round and round on the maddened waters like a toy. Thank God, we are now down the rapids and float in smoother water.

Below these obstructions the current, though swift, was steady and unbroken, and the threatening cliffs dropped down into a low shore, scarcely discernible through the darkness. Now that the river flowed more quietly, we could hear again the mournful cry







of the jackals from the banks. Our shattered raft was half submerged, the water covering the lower tier of bags of wheat, and it seemed as though the skins that still supported us were about to drop their heavy load. Never did shipwrecked voyagers long more anxiously for the day than we watched the darkened sky for the first appearance of light.

When at length the morning came, we found ourselves drifting between low banks, with occasional clusters of mud huts and numerous black tents of the Bedawin in sight. About an hour after sunrise we grounded on a submerged island. We had been observed from the shore, and soon several Arabs swam to us. They informed us that the river was still rising rapidly, so that in a few hours we should be carried over the island, and that when the raft was again afloat they should be able to direct it to the bank and moor it safely.

Our thoughts, thus relieved from further anxiety respecting ourselves, were now directed toward our crew and passengers. Some were at Tibrit; others were left a long distance down the river, running after us in the vain hope of getting aboard; but they might as reasonably have expected one of Jove's thunderbolts to stop to accommodate them to a ride. Mohammed we left eight or ten miles below the village, fording his way to safety through a marsh; and two were with us on an island, fifty miles below

Tibrit. With our crew scattered along the river in this way, we never thought of indulging the hope of ever seeing all our Arabs together again. But there is no calculating what these sons of Ishmael will do. Late in the afternoon we discovered a small object approaching from up the river. It was our captain. With the aid of a pair of inflated skins he had made a long chase of fifty miles after his runaway kellic. Presently two others of the crew appeared. Then came the passengers: first the gray-headed patriarch, and last the dandy, whose soaking in the water all day had caused a most ludicrous transformation in his appearance. Such enterprise among Arabs is certainly worthy of record.

They had barely reached us when the rising river bore us off the island. Our captain and his followers floated around us like so many water-dogs, remaining on their inflated skins rather than further burden the sinking raft. The captain now assumed command—that is to say, commenced shouting with the others, who were all too busy vociferating orders themselves to give any heed to him. Babel upside down would have been nothing to the confusion our Arabs, with the help of those who had joined them, succeeded in producing. This whole intensified, Miltonic Pandemonium was swept on by the river; and had not the Tigris been used to such scenes, variously modified, since the days of Ishmael, we might

doubtless at this point, without asking any poetic license, have relieved our narrative with something about "frightened waters," and the like. It certainly has never entered into the imagination of any man to conceive such a scene of distracting confusion as Arabs on water are capable of creating.

As soon as we reached a favorable point, one of the swimmers carried the long cable attached to the kellic to the shore, when a score of Arabs seized it; but it jerked away from them as though they had lassoed an express locomotive. And now the raft, dashed repeatedly against the rocky bank by the powerful current, recommenced its wild career of the night, and seemed destined to be wrecked in spite of every exertion. We were thus swept on over half a mile, when the cable having again been carried ashore, at a point where a host of natives waited to seize it, the fractious kellic, after having dragged the whole posse a long distance down the shore, was finally moored and securely fastened.

Now came the landing. The raft grounded some distance from the bank, and a score of Arabs rushed into the stream, each anxious for the privilege of carrying us ashore; for such a service as that of saving a *howadji* (European) from a wreck would, of course, give large claims for generous consideration in the anticipated distribution of *backshish*. The probabilities for a time, from the shouting and crowding and



pulling, seemed strongly in favor of our being carried ashore in detached sections. By some process, which we could never distinctly recall, we were each on the shoulders of a brawny son of Ishmael. Several Arabs on either side held up our feet, a number held our arms, while still others assisted from behind. In fact, the man who thought he had some one on his back was the least essential one in the crowd. With us safely landed, attention, or rather "pell-mell havoc and confusion," was directed to our baggage. They managed to tumble one of our trunks into the river, and, though the other was carried ashore high and dry on an Arab's head, our bedding was dragged to land through the water.

For these various services they now surrounded us, clamorous for *backshish*. Some had assisted in landing ourselves; one had taken our trunk from the raft—and tumbled it into the river; another had caught it while sailing down the stream, and thus saved it from going on to Bagdad. One stalwart fellow was particularly urgent in his demand for a present. Well, what had he done? Carried our hat ashore—having taken it from our head to have the opportunity. Still another wily Arab, who, while striving to add to the confusion, had wet his blanket, approached us with a most lugubrious countenance, and held up the article, a corner of which had been dragged in the water, as an irresistible plea for *backshish*.



In a short time our tent was raised on the bank, and dinner, consisting of a single chicken which we had persuaded our Arab friends to part with, was simmering over the camp-fire close at hand.

The spot where we were thus cast ashore was a pretty one: in many places the plain, where slightly depressed, was freshened to a beautiful emerald hue, and colored richly with flowers. Never did a more beautiful sunset gild the Mesopotamian plains or gleam from the waters of the Tigris than that which showered the whole scene around us with gold, as on one of these grassy plats we sat down to what our gratitude led us to call—though it was a somewhat violent anachronism—our “Thanksgiving dinner.”

Early upon the morning following our rescue over twenty Arabs came from the neighboring village to assist our men in repairing the kellic. All of the freight had been landed the previous evening, and was heaped upon the bank; while the raft, covered with *débris*, and torn and racked almost to pieces, lay like an unshapely mass of drift-wood a little way from the shore, apparently a hopeless wreck. The prospects for a resumption of our voyage looked discouraging enough. But our men with their assistants—after the *nargileh* had been handed round, and they had all enjoyed a good smoke while squatted on the bank discussing the situation—set themselves energetically to work putting the raft in

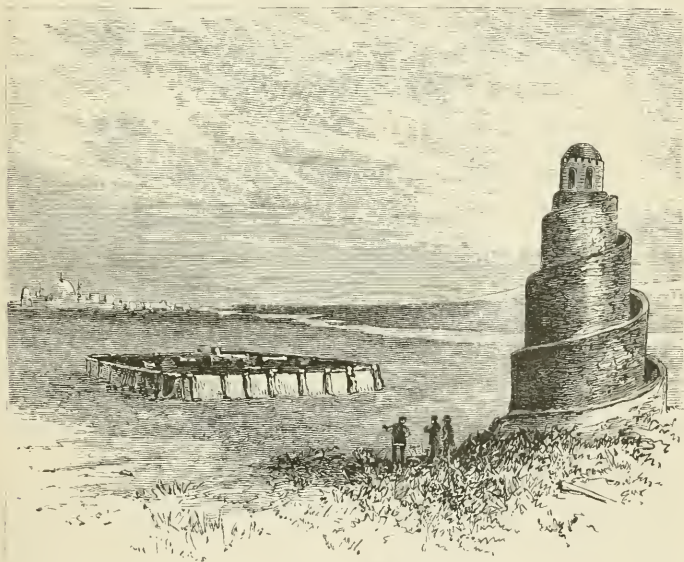
order again. Over one hundred of the skins had bursted, and from the remainder a large part of the air had escaped by leakage, so that all required to be reinflated. The injured ones were removed, those torn so badly as to be useless thrown aside, and the others skillfully repaired, inflated, and readjusted beneath the kellic.

While our natives were thus engaged we made a visit to the village of Samarah, two miles distant, where are situated two beautiful and celebrated shrines of the Shiah Mohammedans, places of great sanctity, repute, and pilgrimage. One, a beautifully gilded dome, that rises most grandly and conspicuously over the desert, covers the tomb of Imam Hus-sain Askari; the other, an enameled dome, covers that of Imam Mehdi, the last of the Imams, revered by the Shiahs of Persia. A strong, well-constructed wall, built by the liberality of the Shiah Mohammedans of India, secures the treasures of the shrines from the raids of Bedawîn. Heavy iron-sheeted gates admitted us within the inclosure, which we found crowded with a miserable Arab village, huddled about the gorgeous mosques, the sacred precincts of which we were not permitted to approach. The scene reminded us of Palmyra. Here as there splendor and wretchedness were mingled together in the strangest manner.

These magnificent shrines seem ludicrously out

of proportion to the importance of Samarah. One needs not to be told that those golden and enameled domes, flashing in the sunlight, are no more the creations of the native Arabs collected there than that the Temple of the Sun at Tadmor is the work of the wild Bedawin who now cluster about it.

Just without the walls that inclose the village and shrines is a curious spiral tower, over one hun-



RUINS OF SAMARAH.

dred and fifty feet in height, solidly constructed of burnt brick. It is called by the natives *Minareh*, and was doubtless used as a minaret. An external spiral stairway leads to the top. It immediately suggested to us that favorite picture of the tower of

Babel which adorns our geographies. It only needed a long procession of camels, elephants, horses, goats, men, etc., winding up the spiral stairway, to render the resemblance complete.

The view that we gained from the summit of the tower embraced unusual elements of interest and impressiveness. Just at the foot of the tower lay the ruins of an extensive quadrangular building, the outer walls still in a state of good preservation; this marked the spot where stood a splendid *medresseh*, or college, during the classic age of the caliphs. Only a few hundred yards from this rose the beautiful minarets and domes of the Persian shrines. Far over the plain to the north rose the artificial tell of Alizh, probably the ancient tumulus raised by the Roman army, A.D. 363, in commemoration of the burning of the body of their general, the Emperor Julian, who died here while making a harassing retreat before the Persians. We have already referred to this event while speaking of the historic associations of the Tigris. But what impressed us most was the almost interminable extent of the ruins of the ancient city of Samarah. Low mounds of every possible outline, quadrangular inclosures, and long lines of walls, crumbled into ridges of earth, covered the plain in every direction—southward leading the eye out to the horizon. With the exception of the irregularity given to the plains by these mounds, the entire field

embraced by the vision appeared from our elevated stand-point a perfectly level expanse, uninterrupted as the sea, save to the far north, where the hazy outline of some distant hills peeped above the horizon—just showing their summits, as distant mountains seen over a broad reach of intervening ocean. From the north the broad stream of the Tigris came wandering across the plain, and then, with many delaying bends, was lost in the thick haze of the southern sky. A few irrigated spots along the river were beautifully green; the rest of the plain, though not absolutely sterile, seemed almost so in comparison with the deep emerald hue of these favored spots.

Upon our return to the kellic we found that our men had progressed finely with their work. All of the skins that were not irremediably broken had been repaired, and the raft was buoyed up quite well again; though when all the freight was replaced, it sank several inches lower in the water than before.

The cargo having been reloaded, all the Arabs who had assisted in the work sat down on the bank with our captain, to have a final smoke and to receive remuneration for their services. The matter of settlement was not got along with without the usual amount of loud talking and violent gesticulation. One would have supposed that they had expended too much breath in blowing up the two or three hundred goat-skins to have enough left to

“blow up” one another satisfactorily. But though circumstances seemed so unfavorable to their doing themselves justice in the matter, they did not fall beneath themselves, but were admirably successful in creating a profound tumult: at times it seemed as though they would fall upon one another, and that there would be no Arabs left to take us down the river. Finally the tumult subsided, and leaving two or three to watch the kellee, the others went off, the best of friends, to spend the night at the village.

The sun had scarcely risen the following morning as we loosened our kellee from the bank, and with all of our former companions, excepting Mohammed—whom we never saw after our night’s adventure—resumed our interrupted voyage.

There was a native of Samarah who had desired to take passage with us to Bagdad; but had been refused by our captain, as our raft was already overloaded. But the wily Arab seemed to have his affections set on a pleasant trip down the river. There was no hold in which he could stow himself away, so he adopted a somewhat different plan. As we were casting loose he sat on the bank, amid his effects, apparently resigned to his fate; but when the raft had swung a few feet from the shore, he sprang up, tossed on board a bundle of clothing, a blanket, and a *nargileh*, and then he himself followed them, with a desperate leap. Had a bomb-shell alighted



on the raft, the confusion could not have been worse. While some of the crew seized the clothing and *nargileh* and flung them back upon the bank, others, with Abdullah, attempted to seize the agile passenger; but he dodged them for several moments, and before they could capture him the raft was fairly out in the stream. Although they seemed inclined at first to throw him overboard, they relented, and allowed him to go on with us to Bagdad.

A few miles below Samarah the geological formation of the Tigris valley presented a decided change. The conglomerate or pebbly deposit, through which the river at that place cuts its channel, gave place to a regular alluvium, where sandy banks, undermined by the current, were constantly crashing into the stream. We now entered upon very different scenery from that through which the river had already led us. From Samarah to the Persian Gulf the Tigris flows through a region level as the sea; while above that town the country, though for the most part a plain, is, as we have seen, at times decidedly undulating, and even broken by considerable ridges of hills. The head of the Persian Gulf formerly extended inland to near Samarah, but it has been gradually filled up by the deposits of the Tigris and Euphrates; just as the deep gulf that once indented the northern coast of Africa has been redeemed from the sea, and Egypt created, by the deposits of the

Nile. And thus, while the latter river has made a rich gift to Africa, the twin streams of the Mesopotamian plains have made much larger gifts to Asia. In this Asian Egypt grew up two of the greatest monarchies of the East, the Chaldæan and Babylonian. In those early times it was the granary of the world; the liberality of the soil, in its prodigal returns, was the marvel of all the early travelers and writers. But it is sadly neglected now: the ancient conduits that formerly distributed so carefully the precious waters to every portion of the plain are now choked with sand; and the land, except in some places immediately bordering the rivers, lies parched and unproductive.

Between Samarah and Bagdad there are no ancient ruins along the river; for formerly, in the times of the early Mesopotamian monarchies, the Tigris had its bed farther to the west: that now deserted channel is lined with ruins of a high antiquity. The present course of the Tigris is one which the stream marked out for itself at a comparatively recent date.

During the day we passed numerous encampments of the Bedawîn, which were invariably seen on the *hawis*—the low alluvial triangles occurring at intervals on either side of the stream. These low flats being elevated but little above the level of the river, and thus easily irrigated, were for the most part covered with a luxuriant growth of grain. With the

exception of these river flats, the country was almost absolutely sterile, perfectly level, and raised only about twelve feet above the river. Long lines of embankments, marking the course of ancient canals, intersected the plain in different directions.

Early in the afternoon we reached Jezan and Sindîa, little Arab villages, shadowed by beautiful palm-groves. It was really refreshing to see palms again: this was the first genuine grove we had seen since leaving Egypt, and it recalled very vividly the generous date-groves of that country. Indeed, the whole scene was very Egyptian-like. The river, the low banks, the level expanse of plain, the groves, the huts of the natives, and the natives themselves—all, if entered into some view on the Nile, would have introduced no inharmonious element.

The Tigris was constantly surprising us. In our preconceptions we had been guilty of injustice. We found it a much more majestic river than we had ever imagined it to be. At times during the day it spread out over a mile in width, unbroken by a single island, and not infrequently it led the eye over magnificent reaches to a blank horizon of sky and water.

Before darkness came on we moored to the Mesopotamian bank, opposite the village and date-grove of Sardîa, as the name was given by our Arabs. The western bank was bare of trees, and just a scanty

verdure relieved the half-desert plain. We passed the Sabbath at this place, for a severe sand-storm compelled our natives to remain under the protection of the bank. Monday morning, by daybreak, we were again floating quietly down; and soon reached the date-groves of Howeish, situated on the east bank of the river. A low dike, two or three feet in height, protected the village and gardens from inundation. The river, now greatly swollen, was undermining the bank, and precipitating both the palms and huts of the natives into the water. Could the river only have washed the vile mud village out of the grove, without destroying the palms—that would have been a glorious renovation. These wretched mud villages, filled with all sorts of offense, are a vile desecration of these sacred groves. The unkempt Arabs creep out and in their mud huts to eat and sleep and sin: one's pity is excited, but holy indignation more abundantly aroused, at such unappreciative and guilty indolence.

A little after mid-day the southern horizon was broken by clumps of palms, which appeared far down the river. Our Arabs devoutly exclaimed, "*Bagdad! sabhan Allah!*"—"Bagdad! Allah be praised." A few hours brought us to these groves, and we found that they formed a continuous fringe along the east bank; while the west had only a narrow green border of irrigated fields. Toward evening we made a

bold bend of the river, and found upon our right the thick date-groves of the considerable town of Kazmin, where is one of the most celebrated shrines of the Mohammedan world. The gilded domes of the sacred mosque, and the elegant, graceful minarets, that flash-



MOSQUE OF IMAM MOUSSA, NEAR BAGDAD.

ed in the evening sun over the tops of the palms, revived all our early visions of the magnificence of the city of the Caliphs.

At this spot, only a few miles above Bagdad, our natives moored to the bank for the night. Beautiful was the river scene when the moon arose, and bathed the stream and its palm-fringed banks in a soft,

dreamy flood of light. It was a perfect picture—just such as artists paint. The grouping of the palms in dark, lofty masses on the side of the river where we lay close alongside the bank, beneath the shadows of the trees; the distinct outline of the palms on the opposite shore, which were not so crowded as to lose their individuality as they traced their graceful forms on the sky; the island-like group far down the river, faint and weird in the long, dim perspective of the night; the clouds, not painted with the deep-dyed hues of sunset, but suffused with a faint flush of light; and this whole world of beauty repeated by the calm river—all this witchery of light and shade combined to produce a scene of rare beauty and fascination, one well worthy of the city of “The Thousand and One Nights’ Entertainments.” We have never enjoyed a more perfectly enrapturing moonlight scene.

Our Arabs were grouped about their fire on the bank, more interested in their supper than in the beauties of the evening: they cared for none of these things, but were busy planning some new rascality. Late in the evening, when all was quiet, they stealthily carried ashore several bags of wheat, and secreted them. Somebody’s invoice probably fell short when our Arabs arrived with their cargo at Bagdad. But, then, that wild night’s adventure with the runaway kелlic would serve as a scape-goat for any deficit that might appear in the freight.



The next morning we floated on down through the avenue of palms into which we had entered the preceding evening. Just below Kazmin there was a long break in the groves on the western shore, but as we neared Bagdad tall, beautiful palms lined the river on either side. These garden groves were almost the only indication we had of near approach to a large city. Arriving at the suburbs of the city, where kellics are required to stop for custom-house formalities, we bade farewell to our raft, that had carried us through so many dangers, gave our tent to our captain for *backshish*, transferred ourselves from the kellic to one of the peculiar tub-boats in use on the river, floated on down into the city, and were soon at home with the British Vice-consul, narrating our adventures on the Tigris, and learning about Bagdad and its people.

## CHAPTER VII.

## BAGDAD.

Origin of Bagdad.—The Saracenic Conquest.—Early History of the City.—Oriental Splendor.—Science and Literature.—Decline of the Power of the Caliphs.—Bagdad of To-day.—Site of the City.—Views along the Tigris.—A Railroad.—A Summer Palace.—Government-house.—Hospital.—Coffee-houses.—General View of the City.—Streets and Bazaars.—The People.—English Residency.—Courts.—Subterranean Apartments.—Ornamentation of Rooms.—An Indian Prince.—Mosaic Population.—Babel of Languages.—Sabbaths in Bagdad.—Religious Edifices.—Telegraphs.—Steam upon the Tigris.—Modern Improvements.

BAGDAD is the only living city of any note in a region filled with the entombed cities of dead monarchies. It is the present representative of the sixth and last of the great capitals that arose successively on the Chaldæan plains; and we may regard it as the representative of ancient Babylon, as the authority of that imperial city was transferred successively to the royal Seleucia of the Greeks, to Ctesiphon of the Parthians, to Al-Madain of the Persians, and, lastly, to Cufa and Bagdad of the Caliphs. No other region of the world can boast such a line of brilliant capitals as rose and fell on that narrow plain. Chaldæan, Babylonian, Grecian, Parthian, Persian, and Arabian state and authority there loomed up, seem-

ingly substantial, yet fleeting as the phantoms of the desert mirage that flit over those arid regions to-day.

For the origin of Bagdad we must look to that most remarkable irruption of semi-barbarous tribes to which the broad and varied history of Asia affords scarcely a parallel. Early in the seventh century of our era the wild tribes of Arabia, inspired with a frenzied enthusiasm by the teachings of Mohammed, issued from their deserts, and shouting "*Allah akbar*"—"God is great"—swept with an uncontrollable fury over the effeminate and effete empires of the East, and in a short time changed the government and religion of half the world.

While this remarkable irruption and conquest was invited by the contemptible effeminacy of the Eastern empire, and the feebleness of the Persian monarchy, whose early vigor had been lost through luxurious indulgence of court and army, the propagation of their new religious faith was aided, in a degree at least, by the shameless corruptions of the Christian Church, that had so far fallen from its pristine purity as to give all the trenchant pungency of truth to every dark stroke in the vivid portrayal drawn by the "unfriendly hand" of Gibbon. Mohammedanism was, as expressed by Stanley, in his history of the Eastern Church, a "reaction" from a debased Christianity. As iconoclasts in the idolatrous (Christian)

churches, the sternly monotheistic followers of the False Prophet seemed to receive a fresh inspiration of fanaticism and a new baptism of iconoclastic zeal. Thus the condition of both State and Church in the East was favorable for the extension of the authority and faith of the new conquerors.

Under the inspiration of the half-truth "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet," and with the assurance that to fall in fighting infidels was a short way to Paradise—an artful doctrine, which gave a reckless, uncalculating daring to the warrior—under this inspiration, and with this assurance, the half-barbarous tribes of Arabia rushed over Syria, and were soon in possession of Damascus, Palmyra, Antioch, Aleppo, Emesa, and Jerusalem. Armies, some over a hundred thousand strong, panoplied in armor, and marshaled in Grecian phalanx, were engaged by one fifth their number, and scattered one after another by these half-naked, frenzied "cavaliers of the desert," till Constantinople itself was besieged. To the north, they swept through the mountain-passes into Tartary, and seized Bokhara from those very tribes that afterward made all Europe tremble, and whose answer to the ambassadors of Rome, sent to ask what limit they had set to their conquests, was—"The whole world, from the east to the west, we will conquer." Under the lieutenants of Omar, Babylonia was overrun, the splendid but

effeminate armies of the Persians were routed, the sumptuous palace of the Great King at Madain was sacked by the wild rovers of the desert,\* “and the successful leader,” we quote Gibbon, “neither halted nor reposed till his foaming cavalry had tasted the waters of the Oxus.” While these conquests were going on in Asia, other leaders subjugated Egypt, swept along the northern coast of Africa to where the ranges of Atlas sink beneath the Atlantic, and there Akbar urged his horse into the water, and shouted, “If thy waves did not hinder me, I would conquer all the lands beyond.”

Thus quickly were the fairest countries of the world, stretching across two continents, from the mountains of India to the Pillars of Hercules, united in one gigantic state:

“A countless multitude,  
Syrian, Moor, Saracen, Greek renegade,  
Persian and Copt and Tartar, in one bond  
Of erring faith conjoined—strong in the youth  
And heat of zeal—a dreadful brotherhood.”

Medina, one of the holy cities of Arabia, was the abode of the caliphs for only forty years; for the attractions of Damascus, the “Queen of the East,” led the successors of Mohammed to select it as the imperial seat; and for nearly a century the long line of the Ommiades reigned amid the luxurious delights

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\* For some details of the palace of Chosroes, see Chap. IX.

of that ancient city. When the line of the Abbassides arose, Cufa, upon the Euphrates, was chosen by Abul Abbas, the founder of that dynasty, as the seat of the royal residence. But under Almansor, the capital was changed to the banks of the Tigris, and Bagdad, then an unimportant town, was selected as the site of the new city. This occurred A.D. 762.

The caliphs had by this time forgotten the rudeness of the desert, and their court, from the stern simplicity of that of Medina, had become almost as luxurious as those of the nations they had conquered. From those same nations, too, they had acquired a knowledge of the arts and sciences; conceived a love for the delights and refinements of literature, and a taste for all the comforts and luxuries of civilized life. Under such influences, the new capital rose gorgeous as the creations of the "Arabian Nights." Sumptuous palaces, gilded-domed mosques, hundreds of graceful minarets, and long lines of splendid edifices sprang into existence as by the wand of the enchanter. Extensive libraries were founded and colleges endowed, for this was the classic age of the caliphs; and here in the East art and science and literature were preserved and cultivated for five hundred years, while Europe was passing through the dark and disturbed centuries of the Middle Ages.

During this period the city rose to the height of its splendor, displaying an even exceptional Oriental



brilliancy and luxurious magnificence. More than two millions of people gathered at this centre of the Eastern world. It seemed as if Nineveh had been recreated. Imposing retinues attended the officers of the court, and splendid pageants were often formed. The funeral obsequies of a certain saint were celebrated by a procession of eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women. And here it was that

“The gorgeous East, with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearls and gold;”

for, if we may credit Abulfeda, on a certain royal nuptial occasion “a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride.” The same historian also tells us that at the reception of a Greek embassy by the Caliph Mectador (A.D. 917), one hundred and sixty thousand soldiers flanked the avenue of approach to the palace. The officers and attendants of the court were resplendent in apparel bedecked with precious gems. “Nor was the palace itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branches, on

which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery effected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence the Greek ambassador was led by the vizier to the foot of the caliph's throne."\*

Such ardent description as this must doubtless be received with some allowance; yet we can not but feel convinced that the court of the caliphs at Bagdad, during the golden days of the caliphate, was characterized by an extravagant magnificence that even surpassed the luxurious splendor of the Persian court. But this profuse display of wealth and resources; this excessive delight in spectacular pageantry; this unrestrained indulgence in luxury; this extravagant love for glitter and glamour, may be considered by many simply as indicative of the essentially barbaric character of the court of the caliphs. Were there nothing else from which to form a judgment respecting the advancement of the Saracens in civilization, we might be just while resting in this conclusion. But we wish that those who profess to believe that the Arabs are incapable of being inspired with a love and appreciation of the best elements of modern culture, are naturally incapacitated

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\* Abulfeda, as quoted by Gibbon. See Milman's "Gibbon's Rome," vol. v., p. 298.

for civilization, and that the incubus of a perpetual miracle forever bars to them the way of progressive enlightenment and cultivation—we wish that those who entertain such views as these would study the history of the Saracenic state, from the establishment of the caliphate at Bagdad to the close of the ninth century. The annals of the brilliant reign of the Moorish kings at Cordova and Grenada might teach a similar lesson: a library of six hundred thousand volumes implies a taste for literature. The royal library at Bagdad must also have been sufficiently voluminous, if (Gibbon, following the “*Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana*,” is the authority) “a private doctor” was under the necessity of declining an invitation from the Sultan of Bokhara because the transport of his books would have necessitated a caravan of four hundred camels. The different branches of knowledge were assiduously cultivated. Instead of contemning the learning of the nations they had conquered, the libraries of the West were laid under heavy contribution; hundreds of volumes of Grecian, Roman, and Persian literature were translated into Arabic, and their diligent study recommended by the inspirers of this literary enthusiasm. “It is probable that those books of Livy’s History so long wished for by the admirers of classical learning are not the only borrowed treasures deposited among the manuscripts of Arabia.” (Ouseley’s “Oriental

Collection," vol. i., p. 6.) Gladwin, the translator of the "Gulistan" of Saadi, declares that Europe has derived more of its knowledge of Persian, Coptic, and Greek arts and sciences—in truth, more of its knowledge in all departments of human learning—through the Arabic, into which language this learning was translated during this Augustan period, than it has received from all other sources combined. (Introduction to the "Gulistan.")

Poetry, lyric and epic, philosophy, theology, medicine, mathematics, astronomy, geography, and history—all the most important departments of human learning—were enriched by the Arabian mind. The decadal system of numeration, introduced from India, was substituted for the more cumbrous systems of the European mathematical sciences; trigonometry and algebra were improved; the progression of the equinox was observed, and a degree of a great circle of the earth twice measured on the Chaldean plains. These brilliant achievements will serve to illustrate the ardor and success of the Saracens in difficult fields of study and research.

Recent investigations have shown how largely Europe was indebted for her arts and sciences to the early Chaldeans and Assyrians; and here now we see Art, Science, and Literature, during the centuries of darkness, rudeness, convulsion, and transition in the West, returning to and seeking an asylum in their

first home in the East. When finally Europe's emancipation came, they were given back—largely through the otherwise unserviceable and fruitless Crusades—if not wholly reinspired with a new life, at least possessed of new elements of vitality and growth.

It would be as unprofitable as uninteresting to follow the fortunes of Bagdad after the decline of the power of the caliphs. In 1258 the savage Mongol Hulagou stormed the city, which “had no adequate arms, even had it possessed the spirit, to withstand the sword that had broken to pieces the daggers of the formidable and fierce *Assassins* of Persia.” Again it shows signs of returning life; but far away, in those “shadowy lands of the Gogs and Magogs,” the dread hordes of Tartary are gathering, and Bagdad is again overwhelmed in the storm that sweeps the plains of Western Asia. At last Timour came, and on the site of the city constructed a pyramid of ninety thousand heads. That was five hundred years ago. Since that event the city has followed the obscure fortunes of the countries ruined and desolated by that ruthless destroyer of the race.

The Bagdad of to-day is built upon both banks of the Tigris; the larger portion of the city, however, lying on the eastern bank. The river for several miles above and below the town is bordered with gardens and date-groves. Let us enter the city with the Tigris from the north. After bearing us past

the splendid shrine of Kazmin, the river sweeps us on through gardens and groves of palms, and amid these makes long delaying bends, as if reluctant to leave them for the dreary desert again. When Bagdad was at the height of its splendor this magnificent river avenue, with its borders of stately palms, formed an appropriate approach to the most ostentatious capital of the Eastern world. But now it excites expectations of beauty and grandeur that are doomed to be disappointed, for there is nothing in the Bagdad of the present to awaken admiration. As the Tigris bears us on through the beautiful groves, and we near the city, with our heads filled with the glowing pictures of the Arabian Nights, we become impatient for a glimpse of the "City of Gardens," the "City of the Caliphs," the "City of the Enchanters," the "City of the Commanders of the Faithful," the "City of the Vicars of the Prophet of Allah," the "City of Peace and the Tower of the Saints." But, oh! how cruelly that first view annihilates all our life-long visions of peris and fairies and enchanters and Aladdin palaces. Some wretched mud huts and dirty Arabs in the groves, and numerous little natives, innocent of all clothing, hailing us from the bank, notify us that we have reached the suburbs of the "City of Peace and of the Saints."

As we near the city proper, more substantial buildings replace the mud structures of the out-



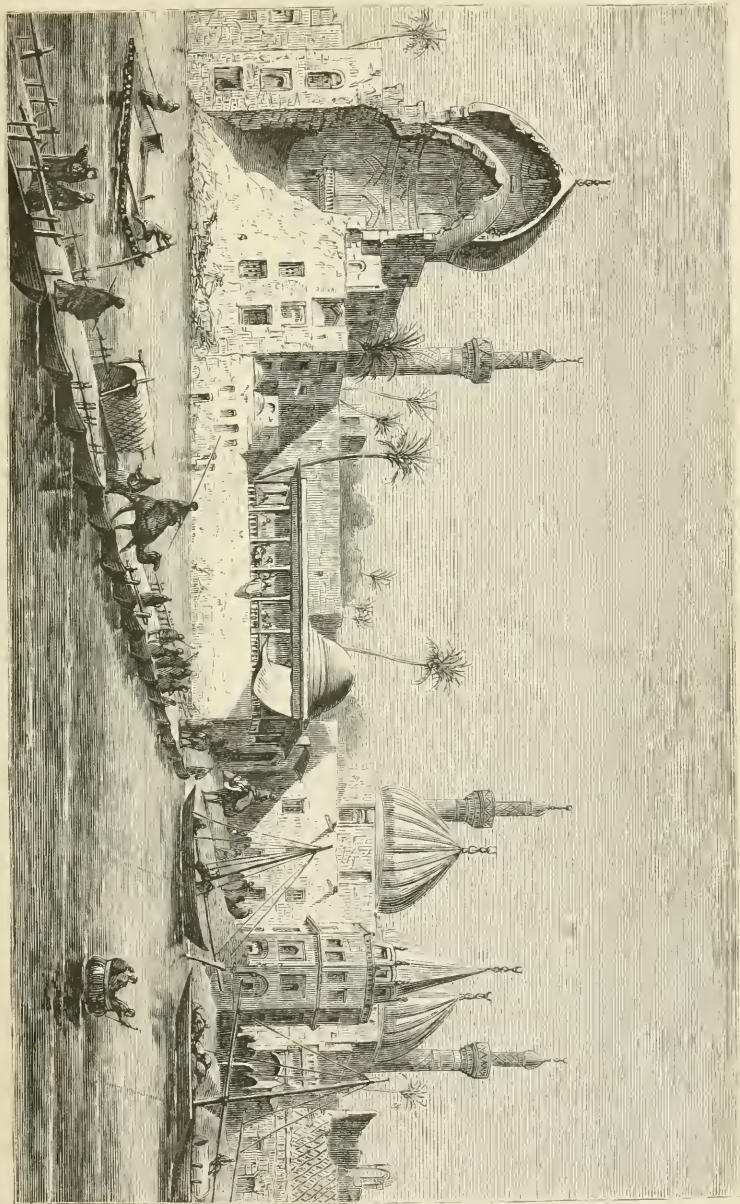
skirts. The first thing that attracts our attention on the western bank of the river quite dazes us. We brush our eyes, and look the second time. There is no mistake. There is a railroad, a station building, coaches, and a locomotive. The locomotive looks too young, though, to be set to work. But this is a precocious country; so there is no telling. Our cicerone relieves our curiosity by informing us that the engine was imported from England, and was intended to run between Bagdad and the shrine of Kazmin. But the road was so poorly constructed that it was not safe for the little thing to exercise upon it; so now the coaches are dragged by horses. Our guide also volunteers the information that that old building on the opposite bank of the river contains heaps of rusting machinery, sufficient to furnish a moderate cotton factory. It seems that a few years ago the idea occurred to the pasha of making a manufacturing city of Bagdad; thereupon this machinery was ordered from Europe. But before it arrived some other idea had suggested itself to the pasha, and manufacturing interests languished.

Now we drift past an old bridge of boats, which has been swung open to save it from a trip to the gulf on the swollen river, and are fairly within the city. On our left is the most showy edifice in Bagdad—the palace constructed for the Shah of Persia, when the guest of the city a few years ago. The

front of the building presents quite an attractive appearance: a large tower rises from each corner. It is surrounded by a beautiful garden, planted with trees and shrubbery; and altogether the view from the river is very pretty. It is now occupied by the Pashia of Bagdad, which explains the presence of the guards in front. On our right are several coffee-houses, opening on the river, and filled with turbaned smokers. We drift on past the substantial government-houses, recently constructed on an European model. In front stands a large and lofty clock-tower. Upon the western bank, nearly opposite, is the city hospital, another substantial building, European in style. And now more coffee-houses are passed, and we float on between lines of crazy, two-storied buildings, many of which are furnished with balconies immediately overhanging the river.

Midway through the city we arrive at the bridge of boats which unites the eastern and western portions of the town. Here lies a flotilla of steamers. How civilization is steaming its way into this Oriental city! One of these vessels is an English mail steamer, connecting at Basrah with the line for India. Just below the bridge we see the fine edifice of the English Resident of Bagdad; and away down the river, through a long vista of buildings, we catch sight of the palm-groves that fringe the Tigris as it escapes from the city.

BRIDGE OF BOATS, BAGDAD.





An old minaret standing in the midst of the eastern portion of the town, dating back to A.H. 633, will afford us a good *coup d'œil* of the city. A dark, winding stairway leads us to the summit of the tower.

The view we have gained embraces the entire city as it lies upon the banks of the Tigris. The dull, level monotony of the yellow-gray mass of buildings is in a measure broken and relieved by a score of slender, graceful minarets, by several large domes of mosques, some ornamented by glazed tiles, disposed in various patterns, and by the crown of palms that rise from the courtyards throughout the city. North and south the town is lost in date-groves; the smaller portion on the western bank of the river is completely embowered with palms. The course of the Tigris before it enters and after it leaves the city can be followed by the eye for a long distance, by the emerald line of vegetation which it traces on the desert. Five miles up the river the four lofty minarets and the gilded dome of the splendid shrine at Kazmin glitter amid the dark date-groves. To the east, an arid, barren plain leads the eye from the ruinous walls of the city to the distant horizon, along which is traced in low, indistinct outline the hills that border the great valley; beyond the groves, along the west bank, a flooded plain reaches out toward the Euphrates. In this same direction, about six miles

distant, the great mass of Akkerkuf, of Babylonian origin, marking the site of an ancient temple, rises conspicuous over the desert.

Descending from the tower into the city, we find ourselves in a perfect labyrinth of streets and bazaars. The former are narrow, generally not more than eight or ten feet in width, and often not more than six, and are lined with buildings one or two stories in height, which usually present unbroken blank walls: the buildings that border some of the better streets are, however, furnished with lattice-windows, such as are seen in Cairo; but the use of these is not so common as in Egypt, and hence the street views of Bagdad are devoid of that picturesqueness that lends a sort of charm to the streets of Cairo and Alexandria.

Some of the bazaars are fine brick arcades, wide, lofty, and convenient, and furnished with stalls much larger than those of either Aleppo or Damascus, some attaining the dimensions of a moderate-sized store. But others of the bazaars are not so well constructed; and, instead of the substantial arch of brick, have ragged mats laid on poles for a roof: in these the streets are wretchedly unclean, and in the season of rains almost impassable from mud. The variety of wares displayed in these bazaars is perfectly bewildering, for here are brought together the products of both the East and West.



It is a strange stream of life that we encounter flowing through the streets of this Oriental city. We observe that a painfully large proportion of the population are wretchedly clothed, witnessing to widespread poverty, degradation, and almost hopeless wretchedness. Children, often naked as innocence, fill the streets; dervishes, covered with foul rags, making "filth synonymous with piety," hold out their bowls for charity; closely veiled ladies, completely wrapped in long, loose, blue garments, and mounted on white asses fancifully dyed, as to mane and tail, with a gay, bright, orange pigment, are constantly passing us; Turkish officials, in gold and lace, and girded with the inevitable long, crooked sword, clatter pompously by; now and then a really pretty child, richly dressed and attended by a liveried servant, refreshes the eye; just to remind us of the outside world, a Frank now rushes against us; and just once we turn round to allow our eye to follow—in Bagdad an excusable act—an European lady, with Parisian bonnet and unveiled face. And thus we pass on through the streets, meeting at times what is pleasing, but more frequently that which is indifferent or absolutely offensive. We constantly find ourselves drawing away from contact with what prudence dictates us to avoid, dodging careless donkeys, or dropping ourselves suddenly to avoid being crushed by the swaying burdens of a train of camels.

The *cawass*, clearing the way for persons of rank; the drivers of mules and camels; and the carriers of burdens, are all shouting "*baleh! baleh!*" which means to take care, or get out of the way; but while clearing the way for one, we are sure to obstruct somebody else's passage, whereupon a shrill "*baleh!*" causes us to make a sudden lunge in another direction, and thus our progress is the erratic course of a shuttlecock. We are glad to escape at last from the crowded streets, and to find ourselves safely and comfortably ensconced upon a pillowed divan, and watching through the lattice-window of our apartment the stream of Oriental life still flowing on through the street beneath.

It so happened at the time of our visit that the Consul-general of Bagdad was absent from the city, having gone to enjoy a season of camp-life in the gardens of Hillah; so during our stay at the capital we were entertained at the home of the courteous Vice-consul, Mr. Minas, a wealthy Armenian native of Bagdad. This afforded us an opportunity, that could not otherwise have been gained, of observing some of the conventionalities of high life in the ancient city of the caliphs. For although many European innovations had been introduced in the domestic arrangements of the home of the Vice-consul, still there was so much left distinctly Oriental that we were constantly entertained by things of novelty and interest.

The residence of the Vice-consul was a large two-story building, unattractive in its dull brick walls without, but in the decorations of the interior reminding us of the palaces of Damascus. (Orientals care but little for that exterior ornamentation which characterizes the domestic architecture of the West. All the beauty of their homes—when beauty there is—is as carefully walled in from public gaze as the attractions of the harem are veiled from profane eyes.) It was constructed about two courts, the inner and largest being beautifully ornamented with flowers and shrubs, and with orange and palm trees. The former, just in blossom, loaded the air of the court with fragrance, and scattered the ground with snowy flakes; while the latter were shaking out from their bursting spathes their rich, showy tassels of gold. A deep pillared corridor ran about the court, and this was surmounted by a gallery, or balcony, on which all the rooms of the upper story opened.

One peculiarity of the house was its semi-subterranean apartments. All of the principal dwellings of Bagdad are provided with these cellar-like rooms, called *serdaubs*. From the first of June to the close of September the heat is so intense as to drive the inhabitants to these partly underground apartments. The thermometer during these heated months ranges between 100° and 130° Fahr., seldom falling below the former figure during any portion of the night.

These *serdaubs* are not wholly subterraneous, as has been represented by some, but are only about half under ground, and are thus well ventilated and lighted by windows set in the upper portion of the walls.\* The day is passed in these comparatively cool apartments; the night upon the flat, parapet-guarded roof.

The different apartments of the Consulate, all of which had doors or windows opening to the inner or outer court, to which reference has been made, were spacious, and richly decorated in Oriental taste. The walls and ceiling were ornamented with representations of vases of flowers, clusters of fruit and foliage, and figures of birds, portrayed in pigment or stucco. Persian carpets and divans, furnished with large pillows to support the half-reclining body, gave a sufficiently luxurious appearance to the various apartments.

The building used as the British Residency, the home of the Consul-general of Bagdad, though somewhat larger than the one we have described, is too

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\* In the *serdaub* of the Residency we observed the destructive work of white ants: the marble columns which supported the ceiling were perforated, and in parts honey-combed, by these insects, just as trees are perforated by wood-borers. We were informed that these ants would penetrate tin and iron, by smearing them with a substance that partially corrodes the metal and facilitates their operations. These insects have been imported into Bagdad from India in boxes of merchandise, and as yet infest, so far as we could learn, only the residences of those who have by such means introduced them into their houses.

similar to it to require particular mention. The residence of Ekbol ul Deole, a deposed prince of India, held in great consideration at Bagdad, is one of the finest in the city. We were his guest one evening, and passed some pleasant hours in his luxuriously furnished apartments. This prince was a special friend of the Vice-consul, and it was through his thoughtful introduction that we were indebted for the pleasure of the interview. During the entire period of our visit in Bagdad our courteous entertainer was constantly furnishing us with facilities for increasing our acquaintance in the city, and for securing that information which we desired. We think gratefully of these kindnesses even now; for to them we are indebted for many pleasant remembrances of our visit.

Bagdad has a mosaic population of about one hundred thousand. It rivals Constantinople in its marvelous conglomeration of nationalities, religion, and languages: there are Arabs and Greeks, Armenians and Persians, Jews and Turks, Hindûs and Kurds, Franks and Africans; there are Moslems and Christians, Magians and Israelites, Buddhists and Infidels. And the tongues are as numerous and confused as the most enthusiastic Biblical student could wish to discover in such proximity to Babel: Arabic, Greek, Armenian, Syriac, Persian, Hebrew, Turkish, Hindûstani, English, French, German, and Italian are the

various mediums through which the people make themselves intelligible—or unintelligible—to one another. It is Babel confounded. At the table of the Consulate, conversation was sustained, by our party of six, in nine different languages. It is a matter of astonishment, the number of languages with which some of these Orientals are familiar. The son of our entertainer, a young Greek Armenian, could speak six languages fluently, passing from one to another with unconscious ease. If we recollect correctly, it is our worthy missionary, the Rev. Mr. Marsh, several years a resident of Nineveh, who says that these natives can not understand the Pentecostal miracle of the gift of tongues. They think the miracle was, not that they spake every man in the tongue of every other, but that each should have been able to understand *only his own tongue*.

The number of Sabbaths at Bagdad is also in keeping with the confusion in other things. There are four each week: the Yezidees, or devil-worshippers,\* observe Wednesday; the Mohammedans, Fri-

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\* Although the Yezidees are scattered throughout several provinces of Turkey, still their strongholds are the Jebel Sinjar, in Northern Mesopotamia, and the hill districts of Kurdistan. They believe in one Supreme Deity; but all worship is reserved for an inferior evil spirit, the devil, who, they say, "must be conciliated and revered; for as he has the means of doing evil to mankind, so will he hereafter have the power of rewarding them." The philosophy of the whole doctrine seems to be that, while the Good Spirit will harm no one, it is prudent to be on good terms with the Evil One. They will not pronounce the name



day; the Jews, Saturday; the Christians, Sunday. The places of worship are, of course, as numerous as the different sects: mosques are scattered all over the city; synagogues are numerous; and there is a fine Roman Catholic cathedral, a Chaldæan church, and a Papal and an Orthodox Armenian church. The Moslems number about seventy-five thousand, or quite three fourths of the population, and the different sects of Christians about three thousand.

The antiquities of Bagdad are neither very ancient nor numerous. There are, however, some remains of the golden period of the caliphate that excite our interest. Just without the limits of the western suburbs of the city stands the tomb of Zobeide, the beautiful and favorite consort of the renowned Haroun-al-Raschid. The monumental structure is very unpretentious, and seems quite unworthy of having committed to it the memory of the lovely Zobeide. It is a curious brick edifice, consisting of an octagonal base, about fifteen feet in diameter, and of equal height, surmounted by a cone-shaped roof twenty-five feet high, fretted so as to resemble a pine-apple. Im-

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of the devil, nor employ any word similar in sound. They recognize the authority of the Bible and the Koran, their interpretations of which are, of course, tainted with their peculiar belief. With the rites of baptism and circumcision they blend various ceremonials of the Sabinian worship. They have endured much persecution from the Mohammedans on account of their religious tenets.—*Vide* Layard's "Nineveh and its Remains," vol. i., p. 225, *et seq.*

mediately about it are numerous groves: Moslems love to repose near the tombs of their saints, that they may have the benefit of their presence and influence at the resurrection.

Khan Aourtmeih, in the eastern portion of the city, is a relic of early Saracenic architecture, it having been constructed by the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid. It is a lofty vaulted structure, the roof being ribbed by eight massive arches of brick. What the building was originally designed for can not be pronounced with certainty; but at present it is used as a sort of caravansary, or storehouse, for merchandise.

It seems almost as great an incongruity to think of steamers and telegraphs in connection with the city of the Arabian Nights as to speak of Jerusalem and railroads in the same breath. But thus it is. Modern civilization is a ruthless disenchanter. Every spot hitherto sacred to the imagination is entered and remorselessly disencharmed. The locomotive goes thundering into the Eternal City; runs over miles of waves to break the spell of the Italian "City of the Sea;" screams distractingly beneath the very shadow of the Athenian Temple of Theseus; rushes over the length and breadth of the land of the Pharaohs, and drives out every thing sacred; and now a thousand slaves are smoothing a highway to the Holy City, that the disenchanter may mount the hills of Judea, and shriek through the olive-groves of

Gethsemane, and under the walls of Mount Zion. Nothing or no spot is spared. So, of course, the "City of the Enchanters" must be disenchanted. But, then, we ought hardly to call it disenchantment either. These telegraph lines, reaching out from the "City of the Caliphs," and with the "voices of their tongues of fire" speaking across the surrounding deserts, whispering beneath the seas to distant continents, are greater magicians than the magicians of old. There are four of these telegraphic lines passing out from Bagdad: one runs up the Tigris to Mosul, and on to Constantinople; another runs to Persia and India; still another to Hillah and Basrah, toward the south; and a fourth crosses the Syrian desert to Aleppo.

Upon the Tigris, directly in front of the city, where formerly swam the barges of the caliphs, may generally be seen two or three of the fifteen steamers engaged in the commerce of the river. One of these vessels is in the service of the English government; two belong to a private English company, and connect at Basrah with the India mail line. The others belong to the Turkish government, but are most of them manned by English officers. There are also many native sailing-vessels engaged in the traffic of the river: kellics, similar to those employed on the Upper Tigris, are occasionally freighted for Basrah; but the current of the river is too slow

and uncertain to render their employment advantageous.

Various modern innovations are making their way slowly into Bagdad. Steam-power is used in several instances for raising water from the river for purposes of irrigation. At the time of our visit pipes were being laid for supplying the city with water, which was to be elevated from the Tigris by means of steam-engines. Gas-pipes had also just arrived from England, and Bagdad was to be lighted like any Christian city. As at Cairo, the spirit of reform seemed to have taken the shape of street improvement. The Consulate's street, which, for the thoroughfare of an Eastern city, was creditably straight and wide, was being rendered still more commodious by a municipal regulation requiring that those buildings whose front walls tumbled down should have them, when restored, placed two yards back from their former position. Many jags were thus occurring in the line of walls; and as many of the buildings seemed alarmingly disposed to precipitate themselves into the street, we had great encouragement to hope for the early completion of the improvement. And thus, notwithstanding the avariciousness of the pashas of Bagdad,\* and the impecuniosity of the

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\* The present Pasha of Bagdad—not as a matter of public economy, but of personal profit—discharges, at times, the salaries of the officers of the Tigris steamers with bricks extracted from the city wall, or

Turkish government, together with its profound apathy respecting the welfare of the cities of the provinces, this ancient city of the caliphs is awaking from the dreams of the Arabian Nights, and its Rip Van Winkle sleep of centuries, and under the inspiration of modern ideas seems to promise the restoration of somewhat of that prosperity which characterized it when the brilliant seat of the Vicars of the Prophet of Allah.

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forces them to receive soap, obtained advantageously at Constantinople, which they must dispose of at ruinous rates in the bazaars. Kepel, writing in 1824, says that the pasha then in power paid the troops in tobacco, from the sale of which they failed to realize half the amount of their pay.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE RUINS OF BABYLON.

Present Condition of Babylonia.—Ancient Canals.—Nahr Malcha.—Former State of Babylonia.—An Oasis.—Mountains of Ruins.—General Appearance of the Site of Babylon.—Palace-Mounds.—El-Kasr.—Babylonian Bricks and Masonry.—A Sculptured Lion.—A Venerable Tree.—View from the Kasr.—Mound of Amran.—Ruins of Neriglissar's Palace.—Walls of the Royal Quarter.—The Hanging Gardens.—The Mujelibee.—Objections to Considering it the Remains of the Temple of Belus.—Birs Nimrud.—Description of the Mound.—A Babylonian Temple.—Conflicting Theories respecting the Ruin.—Probable Identification of the Birs with the Tower of Babel.—Chaldean Traditions.—Fire-blasted Appearance of the Ruins explained.—Designs of the First Builders.—Testimony of the Inscriptions.—The Walls of Babylon.—The Fulfillment of Prophecy.

PERHAPS there is no spot in the Eastern world, save it be Jerusalem, richer in interesting associations to both the scholar and Christian than the site of ancient Babylon—the “beauty of the Chaldee’s excellency,” the city of “pleasant palaces,” whose people dwelt carelessly, in haughty, luxurious, and defiant indulgence; the scene of the long and bitter captivity of the children of Israel, and the witness to the utter fulfillment of the most vivid and startling prophecies uttered by the seers of olden times.

To stand amid the “heaps” of Babylon, and read for ourselves the story of her present desolation, was,



in all our visions of Eastern travel, looked forward to with the most ardent anticipations. We need scarcely add, then, that but a few days were allowed to elapse, after our arrival at Bagdad, before we had made all the preparations necessary for a visit to the ruins, which lie only about fifty miles from Bagdad, in a direction slightly west of south. Respecting the journey itself—which we accomplished in three easy stages—we will introduce only such notes as may be of use in showing the present state of the once fertile provinces of Babylonia.

Immediately on leaving the gardens of Bagdad we entered upon a half-sterile plain, thinly clothed in depressed spots with spring verdure, but otherwise relieved only by the low desert shrub known as the camel's thorn. The long, heavy banks of ancient canals intersected the plain in every direction, showing with what care and labor the waters of the Tigris and Euphrates were formerly distributed over the entire face of the country. One is astonished at the size and number of these ancient conduits, which cover the plain like a net-work. Some of them are from forty to fifty feet wide, with embankments still measuring, in their crumbled condition, twenty or twenty-five feet in height. We observed that the bottom of the canals, in the case of the larger and more ancient ones, was invariably higher, by several feet, than the level of the surrounding plain. If the

embankments were originally formed solely by the earth taken from the trench, as they doubtless were, then even the complete destruction of these would no more than restore the original level. Hence their present condition may evidence the fact of the enlargement of the banks by the sand removed in fre-



ANCIENT BABYLONIAN CANALS.

quent cleanings necessitated by the deposits of the burdened waters of inundation. The choking of these irrigants has also been largely aided by the drifting sands, whirled into them by the wind—the long lines of embankments serving as excellent break-sands.

About one day's journey from Bagdad we crossed the Nahr Malcha, or "Royal River," a grand ship-canal, the supposed work of Nebuchadnezzar, and possibly the Chebar of Ezekiel, uniting the Tigris and Euphrates. Running parallel with this was a smaller channel, like the former, now choked with sand. Sometimes we observed as many as three parallel lines of canals in close proximity to one another. It seems that when once a channel became filled with sand it was less labor to excavate a new one than to clear out the old.

From the Nahr Malcha we traversed for an entire day a plain as barren as the Sahara, there being nothing to redeem its sterility save scattering clumps of the desert thorn, which the mirage converted into inviting groves of palms along the distant horizon. During the first part of the day we traveled "from mirage to mirage;" but toward mid-day the east wind had strengthened to a gale, and clouds of dust and sand were whirling over the desert, obscuring every thing, and compelling us to veil our faces. During the day we were fairly startled thus: Upon a little lull occurring in the sand-storm, we discovered a chariot with horses looming up on the mirage, ensconced in clouds of dust. In our perturbed state of mind we could think of nothing save the chariot of Elijah, which we had been told about in our younger days. It proved to be the carriage

of the Pasha of Bagdad, who was returning from a visit to Hillah. We were glad when toward evening we reached Khan Mohawil, our station for the night.

This caravansary was situated on the line of a modern canal, filled with a broad stream from the Euphrates. By the side of this living canal ran a larger and older channel, filled with sand; and parallel to this, still another, also choked and dry. Hard by the khan was a little cluster of native huts, and some irrigated patches of grain and a single grove of date-palms—just enough to show how the barrenness of the desert might be converted into the beauty of a garden, and made to “blossom as the rose.” But the rapacity of the Turkish government leads it, by a short-sighted, suicidal policy, to lay such a tax upon the waters of the canal that its utilization in redeeming the desert adjoining its course is discouraged; and thus, instead of leading a broad strip of verdure through the country, it has only a very scanty and broken fringe of irrigated fields. Under different rule, every foot of this desert might be restored to its former state, for the natural fecundity of the rich alluvium is still as great as formerly, and needs only the magic touch of water to change its forbidding waste into nodding fields. All the early writers, especially Herodotus, Xenophon, and Berosus, are almost extravagant when they come to

speak of the productiveness of the soil of Babylonia. Herodotus is reluctant to tell the truth, for fear that his veracity may be doubted.\* The luxuriance of the vegetation that characterizes the little spot of verdure created wherever the water is led out upon the desert shows that the capabilities of the country under the system of careful irrigation that prevailed in the times of the Babylonian kings could scarcely admit of overstatement.

The little oasis about Khan Mohawil reminded us of that beautiful little spot of verdure called Ismailia, on the line of the Suez Canal. Its isolation, the interminable expanse of encompassing desert, the line of water held by heavy embankments traversing this wilderness of sand—these features of the Babylonian scene made us almost believe that we were again on the Libyan oasis.

But what interested us most in the view we obtained from the summit of the lofty embankments was what seemed a low hill rising out of the desert away to the south. There are no natural eminences on the Babylonian plains, and so we knew that the

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\* "This is of all lands with which we are familiar by far the best for growth of corn. . . . When it produces its best, it yields even three-hundred-fold. The blades of wheat and barley grow there to full four fingers in breadth; and though I well know to what a height millet and sesama grow, I shall not mention it; for I am well assured that to those who have never been in the Babylonian country what has been said respecting its productions will appear incredible."—Herodotus, bk. i., § 193.

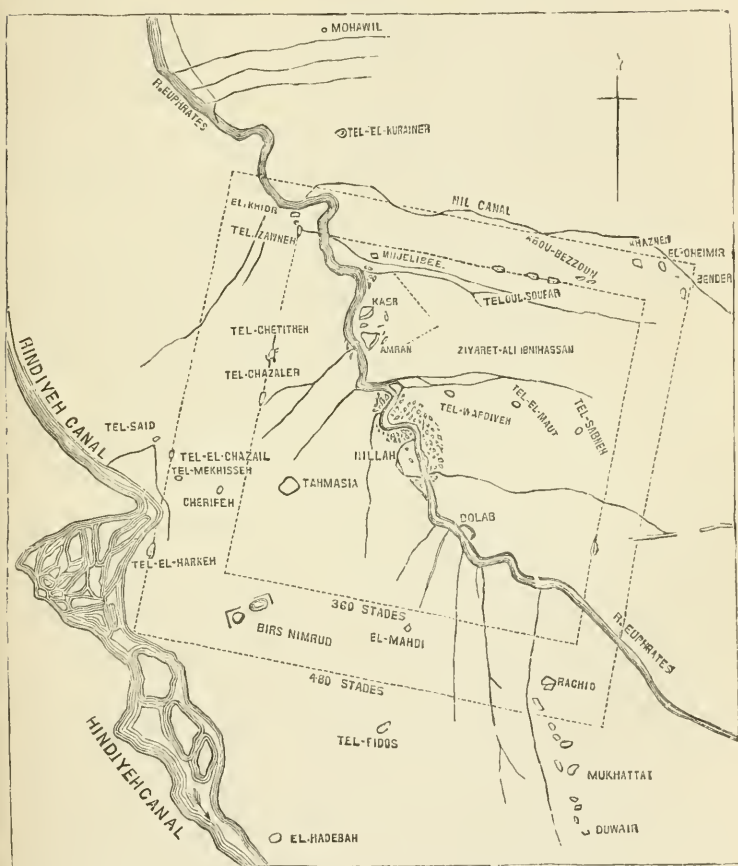
hill which we saw was a mountain of ruins—one of the “heaps” of Babylon.

The following morning we crossed the triple line of canals, and pushed eagerly across the desert toward the mound of which we had caught a distant view the previous evening. As we approached, its dimensions swelled into enormous proportions, that seemed to impress as absurd the idea of its being the work of man. We rode alongside its lofty walls of earth, wondering at its immense mass; and then, dismounting, we clambered up a deep ravine, worn by the rains of many centuries, and stood upon its lofty summit. We saw nothing save the Euphrates, wandering through a plain covered with enormous mounds like the one we were upon. A desert—a river—great heaps of earth—these are not the usual elements in that view which most interests or impresses us. Yet it is needless that we witness that that very absence of grandeur, that very desolation, connecting themselves as they do with the high purposes of heaven and the verities of history, were to us more thrillingly impressive than all the architectural glories we had seen gathered on the ancient sites of the Roman world.

We spent three days in examining and comparing the different mounds, and in fixing in our mind the principal topographical features of the district, which was doubtless embraced by the walls of Babylon.



And now, in describing the various masses of ruins, we will disregard the order in which we visited them, and will speak of the mounds in such succes-



PLAN OF THE MOUNDS OF BABYLON.

sion as we think will give the most intelligent view of the remains which the great structures of Babylon have left behind them.

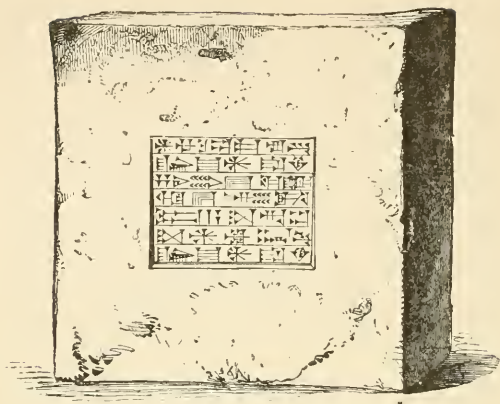
Pursuing this plan, we will examine first the ruined palaces, both for the reason of the interest which attaches itself to these, and also because of the certainty with which particular mounds may be identified as the remains of the residences of certain Babylonian kings; then we will pass to other mounds, not less prominent masses of ruins than those that mark the site of the palatial edifices, but the identification of any of which with any particular Babylonian structure is still a matter of controversy, but in some of which, without reasonable doubt, we may find the ruins of the Hanging Gardens, the Temple or Tomb of Belus, and the Tower of Babel.

The Babylonian palaces were, like those of Assyria, lifted to a commanding height by massive substructions or platforms constructed of sun-dried bricks, while the walls of the palaces themselves were built of the same material, and these incased with more durable kiln-burned bricks, or they were entirely constructed of the latter. In their decay these structures have loaded the platforms which they surmounted with great masses of ruins; and thus the grand palace-mounds of Babylon present exactly the same features as the Assyrian palace-mounds which we have already seen at Nineveh.

The most interesting of the Babylonian palace-mounds is the one called by the natives El-Kasr, which has been identified as the remains of the royal

residences constructed by Nebuchadnezzar. It is the central one of three immense masses of ruins that lie close by the Euphrates, five or six miles above the modern Arab village of Hillah. This mound forms almost a perfect square, being seven hundred yards in length, and about as many in breadth, with an elevation of from seventy to ninety feet, twenty or thirty feet of which height is the *débris* of the palace buildings. Thus this enormous mass of ruins covers an area of more than one hundred acres. The top of the mound is very irregular, having been dug into in every direction by the natives in search of bricks. The ruins of Babylon have been an inexhaustible quarry for more than twenty centuries. Seleucus Nicator is said, and probably with truth, to have constructed his capital city, Seleucia on the Tigris, of material transported by means of the canals then existing from Babylon. Following his example, almost all subsequent builders of cities, caravan-saries, or structures of any kind in the adjoining regions have laid these ruins under heavy contribution.

From some natives engaged in this work of exhuming bricks we obtained a very fine specimen. The stamp it bears is that of Nebuchadnezzar—all of the bricks found in this mound being impressed with the name and title of that king. The brick is thirteen inches square, and three and a half inch-



BABYLONIAN BRICK.

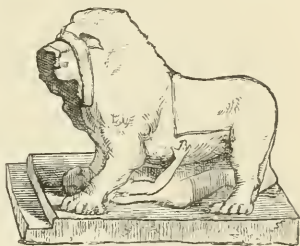
es thick. This is the average size of all the baked bricks found in the ruins, the dimensions of none ever varying more than one inch from these figures.

Although the greater portion of the surface of the Kasr mound is covered with shapeless heaps of *débris*, there is a single mass of solid masonry still remaining—a portion of the palace wall, eight feet in thickness, constructed of well-burned bricks, so strongly cemented together that the bricks are broken in the effort to remove them. We spent more than an hour upon different portions of this wall in unsuccessful efforts to obtain an uninjured specimen, for the sake of the very fine impression which each brick bears.

Toward the northern edge of this “Palace” mound, for such is the meaning of the native name *Kasr*, is

a very interesting relic of Babylonian art—a roughly hewn sculpture in basalt, representing a lion standing over a prostrate man.\*

The sketch made by Keppel is one of the best representations we have seen of this curious piece of rude sculpturing, to which a special interest attaches, as it is the only specimen of Babylonian sculpture “in the round” that has been discovered.†



BABYLONIAN LION.

Some have supposed this figure to be commemorative of the casting of Daniel into the lion's den, urging in support of this view the very natural supposition that such an event in the life of one who came afterward to be governor of Babylon would be commemorated by some such monument.‡ Unsupported as this view is by any inscription, we can regard it only as a conjecture, if not a probable one,

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\* Respecting the size of the figure, Keppel says: “The length of the pedestal, the height of the shoulders, and the length of the statue, measured in each of their respective parts nine feet.”—“Travels,” p. 122. M. Oppert, as quoted by Rawlinson, states the length of the lion as “four *miters*,” or thirteen and a half feet, and its height “three *miters*, or nine feet ten inches.” We did not measure the statue, but are of opinion that the latter figures are the more nearly correct; the proportions are certainly not such as are indicated by Keppel.

† Rawlinson, “Ancient Monarchies,” vol ii., p. 558.

‡ Keppel, “Travels,” p. 123.

at least one that has the advantage of not being easily disproved.

There is another object of interest upon the Kasr mound, standing near this basaltic statue. This is a venerable tree, a species of tamarisk, called by the Arabs *athele*, and supposed by those who believe that the ruins of the Hanging Gardens are to be looked for amid the heaps of the Kasr mound to be a relic of the trees that shaded those elevated pleasure-grounds of Queen Amytis. This tree has been noted by each successive visitor to the ruins of Babylon, it being the only tree growing on any of the mounds, save a date-palm that rises from the inclosure of a Mohammedan waly that crowns the mound of Amran. We found it dead; its old decaying trunk and blasted limbs in more appropriate keeping with the desolation of the ruins than its life and foliage of former years. Its advancing old age has been so frequently alluded to that we deem no apology needed for this record of its death.

The view from this palace-mound is one of the most remarkable to be gained from the summit of any of the ruins. Fragments of brick and pottery are strewn over the surface of the mass, and the soil is white with nitre derived from the bituminous mortar, so that the mound is absolutely barren of vegetation. The same is true of all the other mounds and ramparts that make up the desolate surroundings.



South of the mound the ground, though above the waters of inundation, presents the appearance of a recently dried-up salt marsh. It is covered in part with tufts of swamp grass, and the soil is impregnated with nitre, which forms a sort of saline crust that breaks beneath the foot. A very different scene from what Nebuchadnezzar surveyed when he walked the terraces of this his grand palace, and spake thus to himself: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?"\*

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\* Dan. iv. 30. We can not forbear calling attention to the remarks of Dr. Pusey (in his "Lectures on Daniel," 2d ed., p. 428) upon the madness of Nebuchadnezzar, which apparently, from the narrative, fell upon him immediately on the utterance of these words. He says that the affliction was a disease known as lycanthropy, in which the sufferer imagines himself to be some animal, and acts as though he really were. The Greek writers make mention of such a form of insanity. Dr. Browne, Commissioner of the Board of Lunacy for Scotland, whom the above writer quotes, says: "I was accustomed to distinguish a class of my patients as *fecophagi*, or eaters of ordure; and another class as *sarcophagi*, individuals who have desired to eat, or who have conceived that they have eaten, or who have attempted to eat, human flesh; and a third class as *phytophagi*, who devour grass, leaves, twigs, etc. I have had such cases, as well as stone-swallowers," etc.

While pathology thus silences those who have endeavored to cast ridicule upon the Scriptural account of Nebuchadnezzar's malady, history, as read in the inscriptions of that king, also comes forward to witness to the reliableness of the Biblical record. The "Standard Inscription" tells us that for a certain period of time Nebuchadnezzar ceased all his great works, and that all his undertakings were at a stand. The weight of this as corroborative evidence will be at once appreciated. *Vide* Rawlinson's "Historical Evidences," p. 137. Professor Fiske, in his "Myth and Myth-makers," collects some of the most remarkable cases of lycanthropy.

Hard by the ruined palace, on the north, growing upon the low deposits of the river, are some willows overhanging the watercourses. They were just flowering at the time of our visit, and while gathering from them souvenirs we could hardly forbear thinking of that lament, containing the soul of pathos, uttered by the homesick captives of Israel when called to sing the song of Zion in the land of their exile: And they hung their harps on the willows by the river, and said, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

Separated from the Kasr ruin by the marsh referred to above is the somewhat larger, irregular, deeply furrowed mound of Amran. It repeats so nearly the features of the Kasr that any particular description of it is unnecessary. This heap marks the site of the residences of the earlier Babylonian kings. This identification is abundantly established by the notices of ancient writers—who fix its position relative to the later structure of Nebuchadnezzar—and by recent research.

Upon the western bank of the Tigris, facing the mound of Amran, are traces of extensive ramparts, inclosing a large area, where are found remains of an extensive building, which the stamp borne by all the bricks indicate as the palace of Neriglissar. An inscribed cylinder discovered here also ascribes the erection of the building to that king.

Such, then, are the remains that the royal residences, the "pleasant palaces" of Babylon, have left to mark their ancient sites. Besides the palace-mounds themselves and their crowning ruins, there are extensive lines of ramparts, which represent the old walls that inclosed these edifices, which, thus defended, constituted the citadel of the city, or what has been called the "Royal Quarter." The *enceinte* of the palaces on the east bank of the river embraced, as indicated by the existing ramparts, a triangular area about seven miles in circuit. The Euphrates seemed to have formed the western defense. The walls that inclosed the remaining sides have, in crumbling, left the heavy earthen ramparts referred to, which, though not quite continuous, may be traced, often in double line, for an aggregate distance of four or five miles over the plain.

Besides the two palace-mounds already described, there are numerous other heaps of ruins, of various dimensions, lying within this vast inclosure. One of these deserves particular mention, as it has been thought by some to be the remains of the famous Hanging Gardens. This is a lofty reddish mound, the El-Homeira of the natives, about three hundred yards in length, lying only a short distance from the Kasr. As respects the identification of this or any other Babylonian ruin with the celebrated Hanging Gardens, we may observe that all theories upon the

subject are highly conjectural. Quintus Curtius expressly states that it stood upon the Palace (Kasr) mound, in close proximity to the royal residences of Nebuchadnezzar. For this reason Keppel and many others following him search among the *débris* of that mound for the remains of the structure. Rawlinson thinks that some of the heaps lying between the Kasr and Amran mounds may, perhaps, be the ruins for which we are searching. Others, as already intimated, consider the claims of the El-Homeira as better founded; and not a few insist that the massive *Mujelibee* (a mound we shall presently proceed to examine) is the only ruin worthy of representing the second wonder of Babylon.

And as the identification of the actual site of the Hanging Gardens must—at least till further research discovers some monument that shall throw additional light upon the subject—be relegated to the region of doubt and conjecture, so, respecting the form of the building, we are left in so much of uncertainty that a restoration of the structure can hardly be attempted. M. Oppert has, however, ventured to form a plan of the work. He makes the edifice rise in successive terraces, eight or nine in number, of constantly decreasing size, so as to form a huge pyramidal pile. The effect of such a structure, with the rising terraces loaded with every kind of trees, could not be otherwise than strikingly beautiful.

Rawlinson, on the other hand, without attempting a reconstruction, gives as his opinion that the structure was lifted in tiers of arches, placed one upon the other in such a manner that the face of the wall was "a single perpendicular line." We were, at first, at a loss to conceive how these two writers should have come to entertain such different conceptions of the edifice. But after examination we found that the latter had received his impressions respecting the form of the edifice from Diodorus, who says that "its appearance was that of a theatre." But Diodorus neglects to tell us whether the view he has in mind be an interior or exterior one. It is from this obscurity, we infer, that has arisen the difference of opinion respecting the construction of the gardens. The reconstruction of M. Oppert presents no more resemblance to the exterior of a Roman theatre than does the pyramid of Cheops, but it does mimic well the effects of the rising tiers of seats within. Hence it seems that it was the *interior* appearance of a theatre that the French antiquarian had in mind in his restoration. Rawlinson, however, when he makes the walls rise perpendicular, with tiers of arch over arch, draws his conception from the *exterior* appearance of an amphitheatral wall. Quintus Curtius describes the gardens as presenting the appearance of a mountain clothed with forest. The terraced structure of Oppert, with its successive elevations shaded with vege-

tation, would seem to imitate very exactly the appearance of a wooded hill; and in favor of the other plan, that of giving the edifice perpendicular walls, it will at once be seen that the appearance of the trees crowning the lofty wall would pleasingly mimic the effect of a forest overhanging a precipice. The Persian mountains, especially those about Ecbatana, abound in such picturesque views—lofty and rocky acclivities crowned with vegetation; and if the gardens were, as there is no good reason to doubt, constructed by Nebuchadnezzar for the gratification of his consort, Amytis, languishing for the scenery of her native Media, we may suppose that such a plan of structure would be adopted as should most faithfully reproduce one of the most striking features of the views afforded by that mountainous country; and especially may we suppose so as this would necessitate no departure from the usual plan adopted in the erection of such structures. Among all the bass-relief representations of Assyrian hanging gardens discovered by Layard at Koyunjik and Birs Nimrud there is no suggestion of the pyramidal plan of building, but the garden is invariably formed on a single roof, supported by a single tier of arches or pillars. The Babylonian edifice, we may reasonably suppose, was constructed on the same plan; only with the piers and arches lifted story upon story, so that the surmounting garden should overhang the city at a commanding height.



Having now completed our survey of the most important of the mounds embraced by the great inclosure, we must proceed to the examination of some other important ruins lying beyond the limits of the "Royal Quarters." Just without the ramparts, about one mile north of the Kasr mound, lies an enormous crumbled mass, called by the Arabs *Mujelibee*,\* which, in its uncorrupt form, viz., *Mukallabeh*, means the



MOUND OF MUJELIBEE (BABIL).

"*overturned*." In the significance of this name some have thought to find a monument of the disastrous

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\* At the time of Layard's visit the Arabs seem to have designated this mound by the term *Babil*; and Rawlinson, following that writer, adopts this name. But the earlier visitors, Rich and Ker Porter, distinguished it as the *Mujelibee*, and this being the name by which our Arabs knew it, we have retained the same in our description.

fortunes of the builders of the "First Tower." With the exception of the Birs Nimrud, which will hereafter be described, the *Mujelibee* is the most imposing ruin in Babylonia. It forms a somewhat irregular square, about six hundred feet both in length and breadth; and this enormous mass is carried up to a height of over one hundred and forty feet. It resembles exactly a natural hill; for, being composed of sun-dried bricks, the whole exterior portion of the mass has crumbled into earth, and the rains of two-score centuries have worn out deep gullies that furrow every side of the ruin, and form hiding-places for the different animals of the desert. Wild beasts, no doubt, often seek refuge in these furrowed mounds; yet in climbing up the ravines of the *Mujelibee* we started up nothing more dangerous than a couple of hares. These cuttings serve to reveal the construction of the mass, which appears to be uniform throughout. Layers of reeds were placed between the courses of brick, and these have been so remarkably preserved that they can still be drawn out by handfuls in as perfect a condition as when laid twenty, and perhaps more, centuries ago. Upon the summit, toward the southern edge of the mound, a fragment of solid masonry, composed of furnace bricks, is visible.

What structure of ancient Babylon this ruin represents is a matter of controversy. Pietro della Valle thought he had found here the veritable Tower of

Babel, and this opinion has never been without its supporters; others have thought the building to have been an astronomical observatory or a sepulchral monument; while still others have contended that it was the Temple of Belus or the Hanging Gardens. Amid such a conflict of opinions it is impossible to hope to arrive at any entirely satisfactory conclusion.

From the extensive nature of the ruin, however, we may justly infer that the building, whatever may have been its purpose, was one of the most imposing of the edifices that adorned the city of Babylon; and it is this consideration mainly that leads Rawlinson to suppose the ruin in question to be that of the celebrated Temple of Belus, which all the ancient writers concur in representing as the chief wonder of the city and the grandest monument of Babylonian architecture. But in making these identical he creates a most stubborn difficulty, which it must seem to most he fails to dispose of satisfactorily. It is well known that the Temple of Belus, as we learn from the descriptions of Herodotus, was constructed in the form of a pyramid, rising in seven successive stages or terraces.\* Now the ruin of the Mujelibee consists of a

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\* Herodotus thus describes the structure: "In the middle of each division of the city fortified buildings were erected; in one the royal palace, with a strong, spacious inclosure, brazen-gated; and in the others, the precincts of Jupiter Belus, which in my time was still in existence, a square building of two stades on every side. In the midst of this precinct is built a solid tower of one stade both in length and breadth,

single platform; so, if we suppose it to be the remains of that ancient temple, and receive Herodotus's account of its form as correct, we must, in some way, account for the entire disappearance of the six surmounting stages. Their removal can not have been effected by the action of the elements, for in that case the summit of the mound, instead of being flat, as it actually is, would present a pyramidal appearance. The demolition, then, if such there have been, must have been the work of man. For the execution of this herculean labor Rawlinson summons to his aid ten thousand men from the army of Alexander, and employs them for several weeks in removing the *débris*—and the difficulty. Alexander certainly set his army to the task of removing the rubbish that encumbered the terraces of the Temple of Belus—which had been previously pillaged and left in a ruinous condition by the Persian conquerors—but as his object was restoration, not destruction, we can hardly suppose that he busied his men clearing away immense masses of brick-work that must again be replaced.

We withhold assent from the above theory not

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and on this tower rose another, and another upon that, to the number of eight. And an ascent to these is outside, running spirally round all the towers. About the middle of the ascent there is a landing-place and seats to rest on, on which those who go up sit down and rest themselves; and in [upon] the uppermost tower stands a spacious temple. And in this temple is placed, handsomely furnished, a large couch, and by its side a table of gold.”—Herodotus, “Clio,” bk. i., § 181.

without diffidence, nor a full appreciation of the difficulties attending the identification of any existing Babylonian ruin with the Temple of Belus; but still, after a patient comparison of conflicting hypotheses,



RUINS OF BIRS NIMRUD.

the one which appears to us most probable and satisfactory is this: that Herodotus confounded names, and described the Temple of Nebo, at the suburban town of Borsippa, for that of Belus, situated within the city walls. The tower-temple of Nebo, as we shall see a little later, exactly accords with the de-



scription by the historian. If we accept this theory, then we may regard the Mujelibee as representing the Temple of Belus, and are at liberty to suppose that the principal feature of the edifice, as indicated by this ruin, was a single enormous terrace or stage, surmounted only by the temple building. This relieves us of the labor of clearing off the rubbish of four or five upper stages.\*

Let us now proceed to an examination of the Birs Nimrud referred to in the preceding paragraph. This mound is situated on the west bank of the Euphrates, about ten miles to the south of the Mujelibee. It towers up grandly over the desert, presenting at a distance the appearance of a castellated hill. The height of the ruin is one hundred and fifty-three feet above the plain; but, though exceeding the elevation of the Mujelibee by twelve or fifteen feet, the rapid decrease in its dimensions as it rises causes it to lose somewhat of that impression of massiveness imparted by the enormous bulk of that ruin. The surmounting mass of brick-work is cleft almost from summit to base, and gapes apart. But what elicits the greatest feelings of wonder are the vast masses of vitrified brick that lie heaped upon the summit of the mound. They seemed to have been fused by

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\* M. Oppert thinks to relieve the difficulty by making Bel and Nebo identical, and considering Borsippa as a sort of suburb of Babylon, lying between the outer and the inner wall.



an intense heat, and while in a half-molten state contorted like rock strata.

The view we gained from the summit of the mound was a most dreary one: west and northwest the desert was inundated from the overflow of the Euphrates, and presented the appearance of a vast sea, covered with low, marshy islands. These slightly elevated spots were literally crowded with the mat-constructed huts of the Maydan, or "unwise" Arabs; and surely they must be devoid of ordinary wit to lead such an amphibious life. So immense was the number of little reed huts that appeared in the distance, glistening in the sunlight, that we at first thought the marshes to be covered with vast flocks of water-fowls. All around we could discover the natives, paddling about among the reeds in their canoe-like skiffs. Fear of the Turkish government, we were told, drives these Arabs to these marshy districts, where they may be safe from sudden cavalry raids.

We may here observe that the inundation of the country about the Birs rendered it exceedingly difficult for us to reach the mound. Although it lies not more than five miles in a direct line from Hillah, we were obliged to make a detour of over twice that distance in order to reach the ruin. In one instance one of the little donkeys that made up our train sank half out of sight in a marshy place, and had to be lifted out bodily.

At the base of the tower-mound on the southeast side—for the *angles* of the pyramidal ruin face the cardinal points—is an extensive quadrangular mass of crumbled brick-work, evidently the remains of buildings that formed the adjuncts of the temple that surmounted the pyramid. Separated from this by a distance of a few yards is another deeply furrowed mound, of still larger proportions than the one immediately adjoining the tower. But the ruin to which the greatest interest attaches is, of course, the pyramid itself. Before the excavation made by Sir Henry Rawlinson, the only indication of building to be seen was the crowning mass of masonry. The action of the elements for two thousand years had so crumbled the exterior of the structure as to conceal completely its artificial construction, so that the mass was by those that first visited the ruins of Babylon mistaken for a hill. Indeed, quite recently Major Kennell, in a paper controverting some views advanced by Rich respecting the topography of the ancient city, contended that this mass was not the work of man, but a natural eminence. But Rawlinson laid bare some of the terraces, and discovered the exact plan of the tower. It was simply a vast pyramid, two hundred and seventy feet in length and breadth at its base, rising in seven successive stages, each smaller than the one it rested upon, to the height of one hundred and fifty-six feet above the

plain. Surmounting the upper terrace was the shrine or temple proper, a fragment of which, perhaps, exists in the mass of masonry already referred to as crowning the summit of the mound.

As the religion of the Babylonians was a sort of Sabianism—the adoration of the “host of heaven”—their temples were erected with a view to astronomical observations. The great temple-tower of the Birs might be considered a temple-observatory. Each stage was of a peculiar color to represent one of the seven planets, or “Seven Spheres.” Various means were adopted for securing the desired tints: thus in the case of the stages, for illustration, assigned to the sun and moon, it is evident that the faces of the terraces were covered respectively with plates of gold and silver.\* This elaborate ornamentation must have given the structure a strikingly gorgeous appearance, which, in connection with its imposing proportions, must have struck the beholder at once with awe and amazement.

While speaking of the religion of the Babylonians, we must call attention, by a single remark, to the prominent nature of the religious element or instinct in the Babylonian character. The Biblical record of that people is tinged throughout with this characteristic; and now the researches of antiquarians come

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\* “Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society,” vol. xviii., art. i., p. 6. Rawlinson, “Ancient Monarchies,” vol. ii., p. 586.

in to reassert the same fact, and to show what pre-eminence, amid all sciences and learnings, was accorded to the worship of the national gods. They might justly have been charged, as were the Greeks, with being in all things too superstitious. All over the land the lofty *ziggurats*, or towers, of the temples arose in honor of the deities of their worship. It has been estimated that the number of mounds upon the Babylonian plains which mark the sites of ancient temples will amount to many hundreds. Had the Babylonians possessed requisite building material—something besides clay—the Euphrates would to-day flow amid ruined temples of architectural grandeur and majesty unrivaled even by the Karnacs and Luxors that encumber the banks of the Nile.

The *Birs*, as we have had occasion already to remark, was considered by all the earlier writers upon the topography of Babylon as the remains of the famous Temple of Belus, which so excited the admiration of the Greek writers, and which was classed as one of the seven wonders of the world. But the inscriptions, as suggested before, have corrected this error, and identified the ruin with the Temple of Nebo that stood at Borsippa. But another question, of more interest to the general reader than that respecting Bel and Nebo, has arisen concerning the identification of the *Birs Nimrud* ruin with the ancient Tower of Babel: for we must not necessarily

suppose that this structure was afterward included within the walls of Babylon; and so the question as to the inclusion of the Birs Nimrud within the city limits will not concern us while pursuing this inquiry.

The impression has always obtained, and doubtless it is a correct one, that the undertaking of the first post-diluvians to construct on the plains of Shinar a monument that might perpetuate their name, while at the same time serving as a central attraction on those sea-like expanses, was not interrupted by the interference of Heaven till the construction, whatever nature of building it was, had so far advanced as to promise a successful completion. Hence it has been assumed that a structure of the magnitude which the "Tower" must have assumed before the builders were forced to desist from their work must have left some prominent remains to mark the site of the great undertaking. With this belief, it was altogether natural that the early visitors to the ruins that lie upon the Chaldæan plains should have at once concluded that the Birs Nimrud, the loftiest mass of ruins in Babylonia, was, without doubt, the remains of the ancient Tower. Its great height, its isolated grandeur, its comparative proximity to those masses of ruins that were undoubtedly the remains of the Babylonian palaces, all conspired to strengthen the belief. The actual condition of the crowning masses of ma-

sonry confirmed, in the mind of the beholder, the conviction of the correctness of the identification.

It was a notion once very generally entertained, and which still exists in some minds, that the Babel structure was violently overthrown as a mark of Heaven's disapproval. It is scarcely necessary to observe that this belief finds no support whatever in the Biblical narrative, but rests solely on the authority of the early writers Eusebius and Josephus, who, themselves following Chaldaean historians, or traditions extant in their day, state that the offended gods overthrew the tower by means of a "storm of wind."\* It is no matter of surprise that with this belief of the partial demolition, at least, of the Tower through some violent interference by Heaven, Benjamin of Tudela, whose wanderings led him to the Babylonian plains about A.D. 1170, should, with that cloven mass of brick-work which surmounts the ruins before him, and with those huge, plutonic, fire-blasted fragments, of which mention has been made, piled at his feet, and, moreover, assured that he was at least close by the site of ancient Babylon—it is no wonder that with such evidences about him he should at once have leaped to the conclusion that this was the veritable Tower of Babel, and here the proof of the miraculous overthrow of the Tower by fire—for, to account for the blasted appearance of the ruins, he at-

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\* Kitto's "Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature."



tends the storm of wind with the lightnings of heaven.\* It is from these sources that comes the somewhat popular impression that the Tower was actually overthrown, and that lightning was one of the agents employed by Heaven in effecting the purpose.

Respecting the vitrified, fire-blasted masses of masonry that crown the Birs, it has been ascertained that they are fragments of the sixth stage, which was purposely subjected to the action of fire—probably by being covered with some combustible substance, which in burning produced a sufficiently intense heat to convert it into a vitrified mass—the object being to give the terrace a cerulean hue, the conventional tint assigned to Mercury, which planet the stage represented.

The writers above referred to, Eusebius and Josephus, are also responsible for another somewhat popular misconception respecting the Babel Tower: viz., that the object of the builders was to provide a retreat for themselves in case of the recurrence of the catastrophe that had so recently swept away the greater portion of the human family. The Biblical account, however, assigns no such motive to those engaged in the work. The reason that the sacred writer represents the builders themselves as giving—the making of a name lest they should be scattered

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\* Ker Porter reasons in exactly the same way. *Vide* "Travels," vol. ii., p. 319.

—is exactly such an ambition as we find, all through the history of those early nations, prompting to the construction of imposing edifices, and leading to the centralization, at the city of the royal residences, of all of the most magnificent monuments that the toil of an entire nation might create. Such a centralization as that proposed by the builders of the Tower would, doubtless, have soon given them influence and a name; but as this procedure would have contravened the divine purpose, that had in view the repeopling of the countries desolated by the Flood, we see the ambitious design thwarted by a natural but powerful disorganizing agency which had not been taken into their calculations, and the people that might otherwise have been entirely given to the work of conquest, and devoted to the object of forming a powerful centralized community, spreading rapidly over the earth, and at different centres creating states so balanced in strength as to best subserve by their natural inter-relations the welfare of the race, and most certainly insure the development and advance of history.

The means by which the dispersion of mankind was effected—viz., the *confusion of tongues*—is so connected in the sacred narrative, and in the minds of its readers, with the Tower of Babel, that a word here respecting that circumstance can not be out of place. The thought uppermost in the minds of the

builders was, as we have seen, centralization; the outcome was dispersion. It has been quite generally believed that this result was effected by a sudden and miraculous confusion or divergence wrought in the language of those engaged in the enterprise. This view rests entirely upon the form of speech employed in the Biblical narrative. But that we have here again failed to appreciate and rightly interpret the vivid, highly metaphorical language of the East admits of no doubt. It may be asked, Why need there be any anxiety to eliminate the miraculous element from the occurrence? The following protest from a fugitive article relative to this subject, recently from the pen of the Rev. E. P. Powell, exactly expresses the ground of our anxiety: "Is not such teaching leading the young mind to look for God in strange, exceptional occurrences, rather than in the life and movements of every day? Do we not prevent a hearty, every-day piety and trust? Again, is there any proof of this interpretation? Are there ten men of fair claims to a position in the scientific world who do not laugh at the idea? But scientists are nearly all skeptics, atheists, etc. Are they? And why, unless it be that our nonsense is mistaken by them for our theology, and the absurd clinging to back-age notions has severed them from sympathy with us?"

These few sentences give, in a condensed form, the

reasons that lead so many of our most earnest Biblical scholars to protest so strongly against the misinterpretation of the language of the Bible by those who persist in understanding as literal statements language that bears unmistakably upon its face the impetuous, dramatic expression of Oriental metaphor. The purging the Scriptures of this gratuitous mythical element, which act is regarded with such pious horror or timid apprehension by these verbalistic translators, is the very thing which is to redeem the sacred writings from that obloquy which, as intimated by the above-quoted writer, has fallen upon them in the estimation of scientists. We will not, of course, be understood as suggesting as a welcome consummation the complete elimination of the miraculous from the narratives of the Scriptures. We only protest against such gross misinterpretations as unwisely and gratuitously subject them to the liability of having ascribed to them an improbable or mythological character. Buddhism, Brahminism, and Islamism are inherently weak, because permeated with mythical and mythological elements; which, not being susceptible of explanation upon any theory of rational, metaphorical interpretation, must inevitably crumble when subjected to the influences of modern thought, and drag down into ruins the entire structures into which they are inwrought. By our own misconceptions, misinterpretations, and mis-

appreciations, our own sacred writings have been rendered liable to contempt and assault—as they have often been contemned and assaulted—by unfriendly criticism. The miraculous has its place, and an all-important one, in the Scriptural scheme, and in the system of divine government; but when the end in view is possible of attainment by natural means—specially and wonderfully directed, if you will—this element is never called into requisition. The on-goings of the world of nature have been but seldom broken in upon by the operations of a higher law. When the disturbed and conflicting forces of nature—we use an illustration suggested, we think, by Dr. Bushnell—are commanded, “Peace, be still,” and suddenly they are all hushed to hear the voice of their Master—when thus they are called to quick and miraculous obedience, the end in view is one which could find most effective attainment only in such wonderful and manifest acknowledgment of subjection. But should it lessen our conceptions of the omnipotence of God, because we discover that his high purposes are achieved more frequently than we were wont to think by the employment of natural means? Is our reverence for the Great Creator less, after learning that our world, instead of being called into existence full-grown, with its mountains capped with snow, and its rivers seeking the seas, was evolved by slow geological processes

through long eons? Shall we give less glory to the God of Israel, because, when "the Assyrians came down like a wolf on the fold," instead of discovering the angel of the Lord actually going, sword in hand, through the camp of the enemies of Jerusalem, and smiting a hundred and fourscore and five thousand,\* we detect only the pestilential miasma of the Egyptian marshes, or the noxious, hot breath of the desert?† Was the deliverance of Israel less wonderful, if thus delivered? Was it less divine? Not if there be a Providence, as well as a miracle-working God. Again: Is that a wisely reverential literalism which so repeats the language of the narrative respecting the plague wrought upon the waters of Egypt for the deliverance of Israel as constantly to invite the charge, so impatiently urged, of intrinsic improbability? To so interpret, or misinterpret, the sacred writer, as to charge him with representing the Nile as actually turning to the element of blood, is not a less absurd literalism than that which contorts the words of Scripture into support of the doctrine of transubstantiation.‡

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\* Isa. xxxvii. 36.

† Hebrew scholars inform us that the expression "Angel of Jehovah" is a Hebraism, meaning often any physical cause of destruction, as the plague, a storm, or a pestilential fever. Vaux supposes the agent which destroyed the Assyrian army to be a pestilential "blast" from the desert. Dr. Smith says: "The secondary agency is usually supposed to be a pestilence, caused (if the event occurred at or near Pelusium) by the malaria of the delta marshes."—"Ancient History of the East," p. 395.

‡ See Speaker's "Commentary upon the Plagues of Egypt." As some of our readers may not have this work at hand, we will quote



Now we would not characterize any received interpretation of the Babel narrative as wholly nonsensical and irrational; yet we do state it as our conviction that that construction which implies a sudden and miraculous change in the language of the builders of the Tower is a most grievous departure from the truth. The primal characteristic of language is its susceptibility of differentiation. This is one of its natural and inherent features, and must consequently have belonged to it when first it became man's endowment; and thus the post-diluvians, as soon as their communities became in anywise extended, must have experienced the inconvenience of springing dialects, more or less divergent from one another. And how great a change might have taken place in a comparatively limited time may be learn-

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the comments on Exodus vii. 17: "In accordance with the general character of the narrative, it might be expected that this miracle would bear a certain resemblance to natural phenomena, and therefore be one which Pharaoh might see with amazement and dismay, yet without complete conviction. It is well known that before the rise the water of the Nile is green and unfit to drink. About the 25th of June it becomes clear, and then yellow, and gradually reddish, like ochre; this effect has been attributed to the red earth brought down from Sennaar, but Ehrenberg proves that it is owing to the presence of microscopic cryptogams and infusoria. The depth of the color varies in different years; when it is very deep, the water has an offensive smell. Late travelers say that at such seasons the broad, turbid tide has a striking resemblance to a river of blood. The supernatural character of the visitation was attested by the suddenness of the change, by its immediate connection with the words and acts of Moses, and by its effects. It killed the fishes, and made the water unfit for use, neither of which results follows the annual discoloration."

ed from observation of the rapid differentiation of Asiatic languages within the later periods of historic times. It is perfectly surprising to observe within what circumscribed districts in the East different dialects will spring up. Owing to the lack of intercommunication, and the absence, as to the masses, of a common literature, the language of the inhabitants of any given city or province is, to a certain degree, unintelligible to the inhabitants of neighboring cities or provinces. Even in the compact Chinese nation, the almost infinite number of tongues is the most serious embarrassment to extended missionary enterprise. Upon the Peninsula of India there are spoken to-day twenty-three languages, as distinct from one another as the Latin is from the Greek, and the dialects are numbered by hundreds. The Koran has done much toward preserving a uniform learned language among the nations of Western Asia; but the tongue of the common people is broken up into an immense number of dialects. The vocabulary of Arabic words and phrases with which we started out from Beyrout became largely obsolete before we had traveled a week toward the North. Dr. Nutting, of Aleppo, the pastor of the native church in that city, told us that he could scarcely make himself intelligible to a Damascene audience. It is in the light of such facts as these that we should read the Biblical story. Not a missionary in Turkey with whom we

conversed upon this subject of the Confusion of Tongues, but expressed great impatience of the grossly anthropomorphic character of the popular interpretation of the narrative. Why thus render the whole account suspiciously mythic? The case makes no demand whatever for the puerile, absurd, Jupiter-Olympian miracle conjured up by a persistently stupid and obtuse literalism.

We are aware that Niebuhr lent his high authority in support of the views of a sudden and miraculous divulgence of the primal tongue of mankind; for thus only could he account for the seeming lack of affinity between the three great groups of languages. But since he committed himself to that opinion, philological study has made such advances as to force us to the conviction that, as the multitude of languages embraced by any one of the great families of human speech have demonstrably arisen through the operation of natural causes that have gradually produced these divergences, so have the great families themselves a similar history, being not the product of an arbitrary intervention of divine power, but the natural outgrowth or resultant of causes coeval with the creation of the race.

But we are being led away from the main inquiry—Are the remains of the Tower of Babel to be found in the mass of the Birs Nimrud? The mound certainly marks the site of a grand tower-temple, that was

erected about one thousand years after the Flood, the principal features of which edifice can be traced in the present ruin. But in the erection of that vast tower-temple may not advantage have been taken of an existing structure or mound? and, if so, might we not reasonably infer that that ruin was the remains of the Babel structure? Now, just at this point, to aid in the solution of these questions, comes the discovery, beneath the ruins of the Birs Nimrud, of two inscribed cylinders, which expressly state that the temple erected by Nebuchadnezzar was constructed upon a previously existing ruin; that the tower, the principal feature of the temple, was, in truth, but the restoration of a structure that had suffered considerable deterioration under the wear of time.

Before giving this inscription, we should at least refer to the circumstances under which the cylinders that bear these celebrated records, which are now in the British Museum, were discovered. The Babylonian temples were always constructed upon the same general plan as the one at Borsippa; only in the case of the inferior structures the number of stages was reduced to two or three terraces. In the lower portion of the angle of these stages commemorative cylinders were invariably deposited. These were simply finely finished, inscribed tubes of baked clay, varying in length from one foot to three feet. Previous to the search made at the Birs Nimrud for such

records, there had been discovered a considerable number of these relics at Nineveh: the famous one of Tiglath Pileser I. (B.C. 1120), at Kileh Sherghat, upon the Tigris, to which reference has already been made; and also the interesting cylinders of Nabonidus, from the great stage at Mugheir, which, as remarked in a previous chapter, has been unmistakably identified as the site of the ancient Ur of the Chaldees. So when Sir Henry Rawlinson commenced his excavations at the Birs, he set his workmen to the task of laying bare the corners of one of the central stages, which he rightly inferred would be preserved by the accumulated *débris* resulting from the crumbling of the uppermost platforms. Having exposed one of the angles, he directed his workmen to take down the corner. His Arabs could see no sense in digging into a solid wall, and worked with but little spirit. Slowly, one after another, the bricks are removed, till the lower part of the stage is reached; when lo! a "treasure-hole" is revealed, and the astonished Arabs lift out a perfect cylinder, curiously lettered, which the workmen of Nebuchadnezzar hid away so carefully more than a score of centuries ago. Rawlinson, excited with joy, seizes the trophy to see what mysteries it may have to reveal. In his glowing account of the discovery, he says: "I sat down for a few moments on the ruins of the wall to run over the inscription on the cylinder, devouring its

contents with that deep delight which antiquarians only know—such, I presume, as German scholars have sometimes felt when a Palimpsest yields up its treasures, and the historic doubts of ages are resolved in each succeeding line.”\*

The inscription has been translated by several cuneiform scholars, each proceeding independent of the labors of the others; the correctness of the several versions is evidenced by the substantial agreement of the different renderings. The following is the version given by Talbot. Although but a portion of the inscription refers to the “Tower of Borsippa,” still we will give it entire, that our readers may see the usual form of the royal records:

“Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, the glorious Sovereign, closely united to the heart of Marduk, the great high-priest, the worshiper of Nebo, the glorious Ruler, whose soul has urged him to declaim the glories of the Supreme God: the blameless priest; the restorer of the Temples and the Sacred Treasuries; the eldest son of Nabopolassar, king of Babylon—I am he.

“The favor of Marduk, the Great King, gave unto me a royal birth, and to me he has intrusted the completion of his sacred edifices. And Nebo, the judge of the races of heaven and earth and the chosen dwelling-place of Marduk, king of the race of the Gods, and also the temple of Kua, the shrine of his treasury, I rebuilt anew. With gold and silver and precious stones, incrusting upon planks of *meshukan* and cedar-wood, I completed its adornments.

“The Temple of the Sphere, which is the Tower of Babylon, I rebuilt and finished, and with slabs of the precious *zamat-stone* I crowned its

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\* “Journal of the Asiatic Society,” vol. xviii., art. i., which see for Rawlinson’s narrative of his excavations at the Birs Nimrud.



summit. *And by his favor, also, I rebuilt the Temple of the Seven Spheres, which is the Tower of Borsippa, which a former king had built, and had raised it to the height of forty-two cubits, but had not completed its crown or summit. From extreme old age it had crumbled down. The water-courses which once drained it had been entirely neglected. From their own weight its bricks had fallen down; the finer slabs which eased the brick-work were all split and rent, and the bricks which had formed its mound lay scattered in ruins.*

*"Then the Great Lord Marduk moved my heart to complete this temple; for its site or foundation had not been disturbed, and its timibel, or sacred foundation-stone, had not been destroyed.*

*"In the month Shalmi, on a festival-day, I replaced and renewed both the bricks of its mound and the finer slabs of its . . . Then I firmly fixed up its mikitta, and I placed upon its new crown the sculptured inscriptions of my name. For its summit and its upper story I made . . . like the old ones. I rebuilt entirely this upper portion, and I made its crown or summit as it had been planned in former days.*

*"Then do thou, O Nebo, divine son of the supreme deity, thou most exalted tankallam, and Siltuth beloved by Marduk, bless abundantly the work which I have done in these edifices! and grant unto me plenty of years, an illustrious progeny, a firm throne, and a prolonged life; a triumph over foreign nations, and a great victory over my enemies. Grant these things to me abundantly, and even to overflowing. . . . And may that name in which I put my trust—Nebuchadnezzar—and also my title of King obedient to the Gods, be ever protected by thy holy sceptre!"\**

The significance of the italicized paragraphs referring to the Temple of the Seven Spheres, in relation to the identification of the site of the ancient Tower of Babel, is obvious. There is, at least, a high probability that the uncompleted tower, crumbled from "extreme old age," which Nebuchadnezzar was

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\* "Journal of the Asiatic Society," vol. xviii., art. ii.

“moved to complete,” was really the remains of that ancient structure. M. Oppert, the most eminent authority upon Babylonian topography among French antiquarians, expresses his belief in the reliableness of the identification, by prominently designating the record of the cylinders as “L’inscription de Borsippa ou de la tour de Babel.”\*

The excavations that have been carried on at the Birs also corroborate the inscription, and afford proof of the fact that we have here a ruin upon a ruin. Upon driving his tunnels into the mass near the base of the mound, Rawlinson discovered that the interior portion was composed of crude, or sun-dried bricks, the layers of which varied about  $12^{\circ}$  from the outer courses in the direction of their lines. That the inner mass was of a different and greater age than the outer and upper portions of the mound was plainly indicated.

It has been suggested that the change in the direction of the layers of brick observed in the earlier and later structure might, by being considered as the measure of astronomical variations, give data for determining the exact age of the first edifice. But the amount of change is too great to give sanction to the supposition of its astronomical origin. But that a portion of the change in the direction of the lines may have had such a course is not altogether improbable;

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\* “Journal of the Asiatic Society,” vol. xviii., art. ii.

for the stages built by Nebuchadnezzar vary five or six degrees from an exact northeast and southwest, or northwest and southeast direction (it will be recalled that their angles were intended to front the cardinal points), and this discrepancy is generally admitted to be due to astronomical variations. M. Fresnel, upon the ground stated in the annexed note,\* believes it assignable to the magnetic variation of the needle. It is not absolutely incredible that those crossing lines within the Birs may yet make some startling revelations respecting the relative ages of the different ruins that make up the mound, and the absolute age of the earlier work. Perhaps these ruins upon the Babylonian plains will some day be found the allies of the Egyptian monuments in pushing back into a mysterious antiquity the age of man and of civilization.

There is still another argument which, in our mind, must strengthen the theory of the identification of the Birs Nimrud with the Babel tower in the minds of those who, relying upon the inscriptions, regard this mound as marking the site of Borsippa, a town

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\* "Je trouve effectivement, dans mes notes, pour la direction d'un aéroduct du Birs, pris au hasard ; *nord-ouest cinq ou six degrés* (de l'aiguille aimantée de ma boussole). Or la déclinaison étant ici occidentale (comme chez vous), et justement de six degrés, nous pouvons en conclure légitimement que l'orientation exacte des quatre faces de la tour de Belus était nord-ouest et sud-est, dans un sens, et nord-est et sud-ouest, dans l'autre, ou, ce qui revient au même, que ses quatre angles regardaient les quatre cardinaux."—"Journal Asiatic," Juillet, 1853, p. 59.

quite distinct, indeed distant several miles from Babylon. While speaking of the controversy respecting the identification of the Birs with the Temple of Belus, we stated that many rest in the conclusion that this ruin does represent that edifice, and was included within the walls of Babylon. The supporters of this opinion urge, as an argument in favor of their views, that it is incredible to suppose that a town of second importance in the kingdom, like Borsippa, should contain a structure of such magnitude as this one now composing the heap of the Birs. Now somewhat of this improbability will be removed, if we will bear in mind the fact that the dimensions of the structure must have been largely determined by the proportions of an existing ruin. And thus, perhaps, we may find an explanation of the exceptional existence of an edifice of such magnificent proportions without the walls of the capital city; which, in those early times, generally embraced within its own limits all architectural works of a nature calculated to excite wonder and admiration.

While we have been engaged in this somewhat lengthy search, amid many confused heaps, for the palaces, temples, and "hanging gardens" of Babylon, even going beyond the limits of the ancient city to find the Temple of Nebo and the probable remains of the Tower of Babel—while conducting these examinations, this question has probably suggested it-

self to our readers, Where are the broad walls of Babylon? Although we must have crossed the line of the ancient walls in entering the city from the north, and passed and repassed it in visiting the Birs Nimrud, we saw not the trace of a mound lying on the desert that we might presume was a fragment of those mighty ramparts. Nor has the most careful search discovered a single trace of them. "The broad walls of Babylon shall be utterly broken" were the words of prophecy, and they have found a literal fulfillment.

The entire disappearance of the walls of Babylon is the more remarkable when we recall their vast circuit and really astonishing thickness and height. As to the area they inclosed, the estimates of ancient authors vary. Herodotus makes the walls inclose a square of just fourteen miles. Ctesias, however, reduces the *enceinte* to a square of exactly ten miles, and this is the smallest estimate of any authority. Respecting the thickness and height of the walls, the estimates are more discrepant. The figures of Herodotus are here again the largest, that author making the width of the walls eighty-five feet, and their height three hundred and twenty-five; Strabo gives the more moderate measurements of thirty-two feet for the thickness, and seventy-three for the height. Taking even the lowest estimates for the actual dimensions of the walls, it seems almost impossible that

every trace of such enormous ramparts should be entirely obliterated. But both the violence of man and the long action of the elements combined to break them down. Cyrus dismantled the walls; and when the city was retaken by Darius, after its revolt from the Persian authority, that conqueror reduced their height, in order that the city might not possess such powers of resistance a second time to his army; and then again Xerxes, Demetrius Poliorcetes, and Alexander are all said to have successively dismantled and broken down the reduced ramparts. If these conquerors did not throw them down entirely, the elements would easily have completed the work; for the walls were only earthen ramparts, and would readily drop back in the deep moat from which the material had been taken.

We passed our last night upon the site of Babylon in camp, beneath a beautiful date-grove. We allude to this circumstance because the fact of their being palm-groves, gardens, Arab villages, and encampments within the limits of the ancient city has been triumphantly pushed forward by those who have desired to cast a reflection upon the truthfulness of prophecy, and to others has been the occasion of honest remark, implying an unexplained discrepancy between prophecy and fact.

The camp alluded to above was Colonel Herbert's, the English Resident at Bagdad, who, with a number



of friends and a large train of attendants, had come to the gardens of Hillah for a short respite from duty. The Colonel very courteously made us the guests of his tent. Almost his first words, after a mutual interchange of greetings, were: "I fail to discover the desolation of desolations here. Why, this morning I sketched a view from this spot, looking down the river, and it is one of the richest pictures I ever saw; and here I am encamped upon the old site in a beautiful grove!"

It is true that the Euphrates leads a beautiful belt of verdure across the ancient site. Both above and below the village of Hillah—which is an Arab town of from ten to twelve thousand inhabitants, situated upon the river about five miles below the group of ruins which have herein been designated as the "Royal Quarter"—the Euphrates is lined with patches of cultivation, or date-groves, known as "the Gardens of Hillah." The vistas of the palm-fringed river are indeed beautiful: such as we have described as being formed by the Tigris just before it enters the city of Bagdad. They serve to convey some conception of what must have been the beauty of the Babylonian capital, when the multitude of canals, which intersected the entire district, created thousands of interlocking bands of foliage, which concealed the city beneath what seemed a continuous forest of palms, above which alone rose the lofty

Hanging Gardens, the magnificent residences of the kings, and, rivaling all in wantonness of splendor, the bright-hued and burnished stages of the Temples of Bel and Nebo. Notwithstanding the general desolation of the site, we were, at first, somewhat perplexed upon observing the beautiful groves, and the Arab villages and tents beneath the trees; for we had in mind the words of prophecy: "No man shall dwell there"—"The Arabian shall not pitch his tent there;" and our conversation with Colonel Herbert tended naturally to deepen our perplexity. But a little incident of the night served to give us worthier conceptions of the scope and meaning of prophetic imagery. The evening had scarcely set in before a storm arose in the distance, and came up rapidly over the desert, heralding its advance with clouds of sand that blackened the sky from horizon to horizon. It was dark when the storm burst upon our camp. The winds blew with the strength of a tornado, and threatened to carry away our tent. The lightnings shivered with quick succeeding flashes the surrounding blackness, and revealed, in lurid, fitful glare, the vast, shapeless mass of the Mujelibee ruin; while the winds bore in from the desert the mournful cry of the jackal. Amid such surroundings we were brought into sympathy with the ancient seer, when "the grievous vision of the night appeared to him, and he was dismayed at the seeing of it; while his

heart panted, fearfulness affrighted him, and the night of his pleasure was turned into fear;”\* and, borne away by the impulses of feeling, he gave utterance to the burden of Babylon with that startling impetuosity of Oriental passion which finds fit expression only in the intensest dramatic language of poetic imagery. Yet so fearful, so tremendous are the events which are to become historic, that are revealed to the prophetic ken in startling vividness, deep in the gloom and vagueness and mystery of the oncoming centuries, that all the extravagances of Eastern poetical hyperbole are scarcely more than faithful transcriptions of the events thus darkly casting their shadows before.

Still, while establishing the parallelism of prophecy and history, we are not always to insist that every statement of the highly wrought, poetical forecasting shall be taken literally. Our remarks respecting the interpretation of the Babel narrative will find an equally apposite application here. When the prophet declares that satyrs (demons) shall dance amid the ruins of the deserted city, we are not expected to set up an absurd watch for Satanic orgies.

Instead of being surprised that there should occur verbalistic divergences between prophecy and Babylonian history, we are rather astonished at the wonderful coincidence between the vivid portrayal of

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\* Isa. xxi. 3-4.

prophetic vision and the sober statement of historic verities. Standing amid the heaps of Babylon, surrounded by the vast rain-furrowed masses of her decayed palaces and temples, we are overwhelmed with the impressions of the scene, are astonished at the completeness of her mighty overthrow, and can find fullest expression for our excited emotions only in the language of prophecy: How is the hammer of the whole earth cut asunder and broken! how is Babylon become a desolation among the nations!\* How is she cast up in heaps and utterly destroyed!† How art thou, O Babylon, once the glory of kingdoms and the beauty of the Chaldees' excellency, become as when God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah!‡ How is thine end come and the measure of thy covetousness, O thou that dwelt upon many waters, abundant in treasures!§ How art thou become an astonishment and a hissing!|| how is every one that goeth by thee astonished!\*\*\* How are thy broad walls utterly broken!†† How hath the oppressor ceased, the golden city ceased!‡‡ How art thou made a possession for the bittern, and pools of water! how hast thou been swept with the besom of destruction!§§ How is the great sea of thy inhabitants dried up.||

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\* Jer. l. 23.

† Ibid. l. 26.

‡ Isa. x.ii. 19.

§ Jer. li. 13.

|| Jer. li. 37.

\*\* Ibid. l. 13.

†† Ibid. li. 58.

‡‡ Isa. xiv. 4.

§§ Ibid. xiv. 23.

||| Jer. l. 38.

How is Bel confounded, and Merodach broken into pieces!\* How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the earth that didst weaken the nations; how weak art thou become that madest the earth to tremble, that didst shake kingdoms!†

Behold, I am against thee, O thou most proud. saith the Lord God of hosts.‡ Sit thou silent, and get thee into darkness, for thou shalt no more be called The lady of kingdoms.§ Come down, and sit in the dust, O virgin daughter of Babylon; sit on the ground, for there is no more a throne for thee, O daughter of the Chaldæans.‖

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\* Jer. l. 2.

† Isa. xiv. 12-16.

‡ Jer. l. 31.

§ Isa. xlvii. 5.

‖ Isa. xlvii. 1.

## CHAPTER IX.

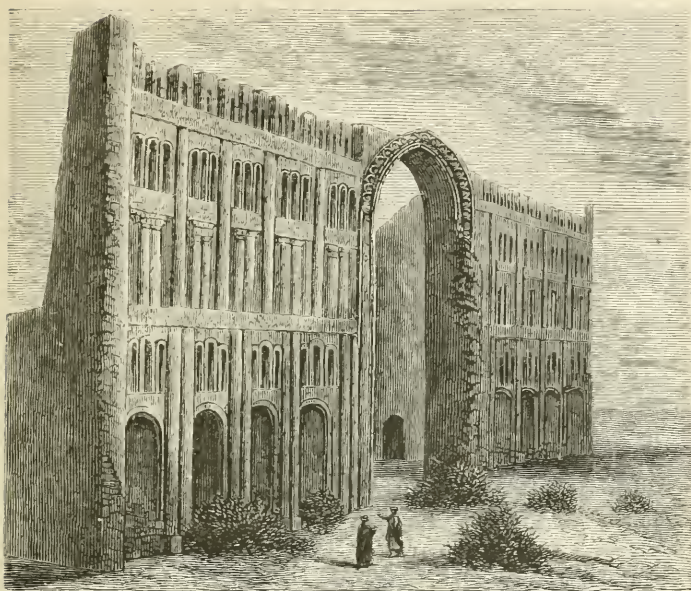
## THE LOWER TIGRIS AND SHAT-EL-ARAB.

Departure from the City of the Caliphs.—Mounds of Seleucia and Ctesiphon.—Ruins of the White Palace of Khosru.—Sacked by the Saracens.—Its Treasures.—A Royal Persian Carpet.—Madayn.—The Ancient Nahrwan Canal.—A Paradise Transformed into a Desert.—River Scenes.—Mountain Views.—An Unsuccessful Experiment.—Through the Marshes.—A Meandering River.—Amphibious Arabs.—Junction of the Tigris and Euphrates.—Garden of Eden.—The Shat-el-Arab.—Tropical Forest.—A Beautiful Water-path.—Amazonian Scene.—Picture of Arab Life.—Pilgrims from Mecca.—Pilgrim-ages and Railroads.—The Steamship *Cashmere*.—A Wonderful Country.—In the Persian Gulf.

By the time we had examined all that was calculated to invite curiosity in the City of the Caliphs, the advancing heat of April warned us to hasten our departure. So on the tenth we took passage upon the little steamer *Digleh*, one of the line plying between Bagdad and Basrah. It was scarcely light as we stole out of the city and quietly on down the river—down through the gardens and groves that usher one out of the City of the Faithful.

Three hours from Bagdad we are steaming between the mounds of Seleucia, that lie on the right bank, and the great arch of Tak-Kesra, which on the left bank marks the site of the Parthian Ctesiphon





TAK-KESRA.

and the later Persian Madayn. Long lines of mounds, numerous irregular heaps, a fragment of massive wall and arch—these traces of ancient buildings lying on a low plain, half overgrown with bushes and weeds, are the only remains of the three great capitals—Grecian, Parthian, and Persian—that once crowded these river-banks. Now they are silent and desolate, save that yonder, under the great arch of the White Palace of Khosru, are pitched the black tents of the Bedawîn, and all over the site are roaming their numerous flocks. It is easy to recall, as we steam down between these sites, the history of the famous cities that once occupied them; but it is not

so easy to make one's self realize that these are the very spots of which history is telling. We are required to recreate, on the right bank, a city of six hundred thousand inhabitants, characterized by the laws and customs of a Grecian city; to restore, on the opposite bank, a Parthian city of equal magnitude, with all the rude splendor of a barbarian court; upon the ruins of this to construct another city of still greater proportions, brilliant with all the pomp and pageantry of the luxurious court of Persia. As we steam slowly along, let us trace a little more closely the history of these three forgotten capitals.

Seleucia was the first to rise. It was built largely out of the bricks of Babylon, by that royal city-builder, Seleucus Nicator, Alexander's successor in Asia, who had determined to transfer the authority of the Babylonian plains from the banks of the Euphrates to those of the Tigris. Thus it had its birth in the destruction of ancient Babylon, and became the representative of that famous capital, and swelled rapidly into a city of over half a million of people. Its Senate was composed of three hundred nobles, which fact may give us some conception of the power and dignity of the city. When the Grecian Empire in Asia fell to pieces, Seleucia became an independent city; after enjoying a covetable pre-eminence for several centuries, it was sacked and burned by the

Romans, and sank into the forgetfulness of its heaps and mounds.

Ctesiphon was founded by the Parthian kings, and while Seleucia was at the height of her power became the populous capital of those Scythian monarchs. Sacked once and again by the Roman generals, it rises as often from its ashes. Later, under the name of Madayn, the city was made the capital of the Persian kings, and became again the abode of royal power and wealth and ephemeral grandeur. This time the wild hordes of Arabia were the destroyers. We quote from Irving's "Successors of Mohammed" a single incident in the sacking of the city by the Arabs: "In roving through the streets, they came to the famous palace of the Khosrus, begun by Kobâd Ibn Firuz, and finished by his son Nushirwan, constructed of polished marble, and called the White Palace, from its resplendent appearance. As they gazed at it in wonderment, they called to mind the prediction of Mohammed, when he heard that the haughty monarch of Persia had torn his letter: 'Even so shall Allah rend his empire in pieces.' 'Behold the White Palace of Khosru!' cried the Moslems to one another. 'This is the fulfillment of the prophecy of the Apostle of God!'"

The great arch to which we have already alluded is the only trace remaining of this renowned White Palace of Chosroes (Khosru). The treasures and

magnificence of the gorgeously furnished palace turned alike the heads of the Arab soldiers and of all succeeding historians. Chambers ostentatiously ornamented with "Oriental luxury," and filled with "precious furniture of fabulous worth;" armories filled with weapons "bedecked with jewels of incalculable value;" vaults filled with treasures, the amount of which one "hesitates to mention," but which another less scrupulous computes at "three thousand of thousands of thousands of pieces of gold;" "a silver horseman on a golden horse, and a golden rider on a silver camel;" a silken carpet, on which "a paradise or garden was depicted with jewels and precious stones," the sparkling fountains "wrought with diamonds and sapphires;" a throne of "prodigious grandeur suspended on silver columns;" a crown "set with inestimable jewels"—such things as these are well calculated to inflame the imagination, so that we do not wonder at this array of glittering adjectives with which Abulfeda, D'Herbelot, Gibbon, Oakley, and Irving attempt to portray the glories of the Persian palace.

The silk carpet, upon which was depicted the paradisaical garden, with shrubs and plants and fruit and flowers and foliage, all most skillfully and artistically wrought in precious stones of various colors corresponding to those of nature, has probably excited more interest than any other article of the

sumptuous palace: an interest due as much to its unworthy fate as to its fabulous richness and beauty. It was sent by Said, the Arabian commander, to the Caliph Omar, at Medina, who, with the true instinct of a rude barbarian, divided the inimitable product of artistic skill and taste into fragments, and distributed the pieces to his chiefs.

Madayn constituted an important city of the first caliphates, and must have been quite a populous city in the fourteenth century; for when Tamerlane swept over these plains he constructed on the site a pyramid of ninety thousand heads of the chief citizens. But Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and Madayn, like Babylon, to which they succeeded in royal patronage and magnificence, are now "become heaps," "dry plains," a "possession for the bittern," a "dwelling-place for the wild beasts of the desert," and "the wild beasts of the islands," that "cry in their desolate homes."

Below Ctesiphon the river led us through a low, level, half-barren country, partly clothed along the river with low shrubs, and in places green with verdure. No cultivation, however, was visible; and only occasionally did we discover an Arab camp with its flocks. Far away toward the east we could descry, with the aid of a glass, the banks of the great Nahrwan canal, running like a vast dike of sand across the desert. This canal was a most prodigious



work. One branch left the Tigris a short distance below Dur, and another just below Samarah, and, joining just before crossing the Adhem, it absorbed that stream as a feeder; and then, sweeping on nearly parallel with the old bed of the Tigris, absorbing all the streams flowing from the mountains of Persia, continued its course southward to Kut, where it again joined the Tigris. The entire district lying between this canal and the Tigris was intersected by a thousand arteries, and constituted the richest province of the Persian Empire. "Parks and pleasure-grounds, palaces and hunting-seats of Sassanian monarchs and the nobles of the land, served to diversify the glorious scene, whose beauty was further enhanced by the splendid armies of the Persians that went forth to combat the legions of Rome." But the wild hordes of the False Prophet came and established themselves in the palace of the Persian kings. Under the first caliphs this marvelously fertile district returned an immense revenue. As late as A.D. 822 it was still in a prosperous state; but with the decay of the power of the caliphs the canals fell into neglect. About the year 850 there occurred a fearful inundation of the Tigris, caused probably by an earthquake, and the river found a new channel for itself to the east of the old bed, and cut the canal, which lent its water to aid in the complete devastation of the country. Thus a region abounding in paradises, support-



ing such cities as Samarah, Opis, and Ctesiphon, was transformed into a waste; and though skill and energy might have restored the broken works, these virtues had become strangers to the feeble successors of the first caliphs, and this once paradisaical region was given over to neglect and desolation. To-day it is, throughout almost its entire extent, little better than a howling desert.

Shortly after twilight we dropped anchor, as the sky was overcast with clouds, and the darkness too thick to allow us to follow with safety the sinuosities of the river. Early the next morning we were again under way. Low banks, just one or two feet above the river; wide plains, covered sparsely with bushes, and in places white and yellow and purple with flowers; numerous black tents and herds of the Arabs; heavy embankments of old canals, with smaller and more recent channels, showing to what puny dimensions the great arteries had dwindled before life went out; the indistinct outlines of the Persian mountains bordering the plains to the east—these were the principal features of the scene during the early part of the day.

Before night the mountains of Luristan were rising up grandly along our left, so near that we could watch the shadows of the clouds playing over the slopes. How we longed for a ramble over them. We imagined a hundred, inviting retreats amid the

light and shade of the hills, and readily believed it to be a "pleasant district, composed of alternate mountain, valley, and upland plain, abounding in beautiful glens, richly wooded, and full of gushing brooks and clear, rapid rivers." Late at night we dropped anchor at Emmarah, a military station, having during the day passed the small Arab village of Kut-el-Amarah, and a government station, established for the purpose of attracting a settlement, but which had failed to draw many natives. The Arabs have wit enough to keep as far as possible from Turkish officials.

It was scarcely light the following morning as we swung away from Emmarah, and commenced to pass through what are called the "swamps." The river soon dwindled to an insignificant canal, as considerable quantities of water were drawn off into these marshes. The portion of the plain not submerged was literally covered with the tents and flocks of the Arabs; at one time twenty encampments were in sight, each containing from ten to twenty tents. From all the nearer encampments the young savages rushed to the banks of the river, *in puris naturalibus*, to hail us as we passed.

The course of the Tigris through this marshy district is as serpentine as tradition made the Euphrates near Arderica in the days of Herodotus. The natives told him that the river passed and repassed

that town three times.\* This seems to have been too much even for the "capacious credulity" of the itinerant historian; and we too once considered it hardly probable. But since our experience upon the Tigris we scarcely know what to think about it. We at least are inclined to treat all differences of opinion on the subject with the broadest liberality.

We could never determine whether the vessels, whose masts appeared over the plain, were coming up the river, or were those we had passed. One minute we were steering due south, and the next our bow was headed toward the polar star.

The river was brimful, so that the agitation produced by our steamer dashed the water over the bank. Large lakes and reed-covered marshes stretched out left and right. The mud huts of the Arabs stood on low artificial mounds, raised just sufficient to lift them above the water. The scene looked very like that presented by the flooded llanos of the Orinoco. Aquatic birds hovered over the submerged land; storks and pelicans were abundant; buffaloes wallowed about in the marshes; and the

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\* "First of all with respect to the River Euphrates, which before ran in a straight line, and which flowed through the middle of the city, this by having channels dug above, she (Nitocris) made so winding that in its course it touches three times at one and the same village in Assyria. The name of this village at which the Euphrates touches is Arderica; and to this day those who go from our sea to Babylon, if they travel by the Euphrates, come three times to this village on three successive days."—Herodotus, "Clio," bk. i., § 185.

young Arabs, quite as amphibious, kicked gleefully about in the river. The most conspicuous objects passed during the forenoon were two large, venerable trees, with beautiful, wide-spreading tops. The Arabs believe that spirits hover about them. Probably so, for they look very attractive.

A little past mid-day we reached the Arab village of Kornah, situated at the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates. A fine grove of date-palms covered the triangle of land, and shrouded the huts of the village. Kornah is one of the many spots that lays claim to being the site of the Garden of Eden. With the beautiful date gardens and cultivated grounds, it is a sufficiently pretty spot—at least would be were the Arabs driven out of the groves, and their dirty huts washed into the river. Were Adam to return to his first home, he would find other changes than those introduced by the Arabs. The Franks have run a telegraph line through it; and from Eden we might have sent word in a few hours to our friends in New York as to how we were getting along in the Garden.

Of all the countries that have disputed the honor of holding the site of the first home of the race, Mesopotamia has certainly the best-founded claims. Here, beyond reasonable dispute, are at least two of the streams mentioned in the sacred narrative: the Euphrates is unmistakably the ancient Phrath, and

the Tigris the Hiddekel—the Arabic name for the latter being to-day Digleh, which is simply a corruption of the Biblical name. After uniting to form the Shat-el-Arab, the waters of these two streams flow together for a considerable distance, and then divide to form two distinct streams, one of which is supposed to represent the ancient Gihon, the other the Pison. Somewhere in the region watered by these streams we must undoubtedly place the paradisaical abode of our first parents. We give but little weight to the objection that Lower Mesopotamia has been built up by the deposits of the Tigris and Euphrates within a period embraced by the accepted chronology of man—such calculations are falsified by historical evidence.

From Kornah to Basrah the Shat-el-Arab—the name which the united streams of the Euphrates and Tigris assume—is bordered with palms, only a few openings occurring to break the continuity of the fringe of groves. Just as the setting sun was touching the fronds of the tall palms with gold we dropped anchor at Marghil, a small Arab village three miles above Basrah, buried in the midst of date-groves. Little canals wound through the village, and the canoe-like boats of the natives lay moored along the banks, beneath the thick, overarching branches of the mulberry. The exuberant nature of the vegetation along these watercourses, and the

half-concealed canoes, vividly recalled tropical forest scenes in South America. The numerous mosquito-nets hanging between the trees indicated that life here was not altogether Eden-like.

The following day we dropped down to Basrah. This town is situated on a small creek, about one mile from the Shat-el-Arab. The famous traveler Keppel, who visited the place half a century ago, says, "Bassorah is the dirtiest town even in the Turkish dominions." It has not improved any since that time, but rather grown worse. We found the bazaars, like the streets, narrow and dirty—so uncleanly, in fact, as to be offensive to every sense. It is true, however, that we saw the town under unfavorable circumstances. There was at the time of our visit great destitution among the lower classes, resulting from the Persian famine, which was severely felt at Basrah. Although the worst had been experienced some months before our arrival, still we saw scores of helpless, starving wretches lying uncared for in the streets. We were glad to escape from the filth and heat and scenes of the town and get back on our steamer.

But while the town itself was so positively uninviting, we found the gardens that surround it perfectly enchanting. One evening we rowed up one of the numerous canals that lead from the river through the groves and gardens of the western bank.



The deep shades of the water-path afforded a pleasing relief from the heat and glare that had all day long burned down upon the river. The tall, straight shafts of the palms, rising thick on either side, formed a hundred labyrinthian ways, loftily roofed with their frond-fretted crowns. So closely did the trees press the water-passage that only a narrow strip of sky was visible overhead. The willow, palm, peach, apricot, mulberry, pomegranate, and banana—each lent a different shade to the vegetation. Grape-vines, in all the attractiveness of a free, wild growth, formed dark shadows among the crowns of the palms, and, hanging their festoons between the trees, dropped them to the water—always grouping their foliage and hanging their drooping masses so as never to fail of those charming, graceful effects that Nature loves. Overhead, amid the dark, thick crowns of the date-palms, the bursting spathes were just tossing out their long, yellow plumes, which nodded and gleamed there like Proserpina's own golden bough, dispelling, with their promises of plenty, all fear of famine again. The pomegranate, too, hung with its large scarlet flowers, was just in its glory. Up among the thick clusters of leaves that crowned the palms hundreds of sparrows were making the groves resonant with their shrill-toned notes; while the beautiful jays, as if conscious that they were made to be seen rather than heard, were constantly flitting

across the channel over our heads. Scarcely one of the elements of a South American scene was absent. Even the native was there with his canoe and paddle; several passed us in their hollowed logs, paddling like Indians down the water-path. The whole picture was strikingly similar to the scene presented by one of those narrow water-channels, called by the Indians "igarapes," that thread the half-submerged forest of the Amazonian valley. There was not, it is true, that wild exuberance, that selfish eagerness, that fierce emulousness, that apparent strife for life that characterizes those tropical forests; but with enough of luxuriance, freedom, and rivalry, and sufficient fullness, richness, and felicity of growth, there was a calmness, a freedom from oppression, a seeming sympathy and harmony with one's quieter moods, that is not found amid the gloom and strife and closely mingled life and death of the Amazonian forests.

We pushed on through the water-path a distance of two miles, the depth of the groves that form this beautiful border to the river, and were then on the edge of the desert, which swept out to the western horizon. Here the scene suddenly changed to a thoroughly Arabian one. An Arab had just brought his favorite and beautiful steed to the bank to water. A maiden stood up to her knees in the stream, filling a copper vessel, and passing it up to the man, who

held it for the animal to drink; and then, while the vessel was being refilled, stroked the horse's head, who, as though fond and proud of the attention, arched his neck in appreciative acquiescence. It was a true picture of Arab life.

Turning our boat, we started on our return. It was twilight now, and the stars commenced to glimmer down through the crowns of the palms, while the moon lent just sufficient light, through the narrow opening that the palms failed to roof, to guide us through the water-path and out on the river again; which, sparkling and flashing under the moonlight, ran on between the dark lines of the fringed banks till both river and shores were lost in the near indistinctness of the night.

The day after our arrival at Basrah the steamship *Cashmere* entered the river. She had on board several hundred pilgrims from Mecca, who were returning to their homes in India. The *Digleh* had brought down the river about a hundred Persian Shïah Mohammedans, who had been making a pilgrimage to the holy places about Bagdad. These were now transferred to the *Cashmere*. Many of them were wretchedly unclean, carrying upon their persons the dirt accumulated during their visit to the sacred places, and proud in the possession of so much "holy soil." These pilgrims, now that steamship lines have been established upon these waters, have an easy

time in making their journeys. During some months of the year the steamers are crowded with pilgrims. The revenue which the steamship companies receive from this source is almost as good as a governmental subsidy. Thus every thing has its use. Increased facilities for making pilgrimages have doubtless increased the number that undertake them from the countries thus reached. The Haj that annually leaves Damascus for Mecca is said to be yearly diminishing in number. A railroad across the desert would probably lead a larger number to think more favorably of the journey. Who knows but that this idea of making pilgrimages will be one of the encouragements to railway enterprises that will unite all the sacred places of the Mohammedan world to one another, and to other parts of the East? The Christian sentiment respecting pilgrimages to the holy city of our faith is to-day building a railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem. We shall see in due time similar, only vaster, results issuing from what has seemed to us all folly, without any possible purpose.

From the *Digleh*, on which we had received many kind courtesies from Captain Holland, we were transferred to the *Cashmere*, only to receive equally kind and courteous attention from the affable Captain Avery. On the morning of the 21st of April, after a delay of three days at Basrah—during which Captain Avery made a visit to the

Garden of Eden—we weighed anchor and resumed our journey down the river. Occasionally the fine summer residence of some wealthy native was passed, half concealed in groves of dates. Breaks in the fringe of vegetation at times led the eye through upon the desert; in places, rich fields of grain replaced the border of palms. We were constantly exclaiming, “What a wonderful country! it surpasses Egypt.” In its capabilities we meant, of course. All that is needed is skillful irrigation to spread the narrow border of green, that at present simply fringes the river, over the now desert plains.

Late in the afternoon we reached Fao, a telegraph station, the *Ultima Thule* of the Turkish dominions. Soon after leaving this station we lost sight of land; and before night we exchanged the turbid waters of the Shat-el-Arab for the clear cerulean waters of the Persian Gulf.

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## CHAPTER X.

## CARAVAN LIFE IN PERSIA.

First View of the "Land of Roses."—The Town of Bushire.—Startled by a Velocipede.—A Dragoman who Wanted to See the Country.—Persian Mendacity.—A *Châreadar* on Time.—What Xenophon says about Persian Character.—Departure from Bushire.—Traveling by Night.—A Sand-Storm.—Telegraph Line Prostrated.—Brazgoon.—Effects of the Famine.—Dalikee.—The Edge of the Great Plateau of Iran.—Mountain Wildness and Beauty.—A Detention.—A Mountain Trail.—The Pass of Mullook.—The Plain of Khisht.—Moslem Devotions.—The Village of Koonar Tukhteh.—The Pass of Kumaridj.—A Sequestered Spot.—The Plain of Kauzeroon.—The Town.—Persian Way of Advertising.—The Simplon of Persia.—A Lovely Vale.—The Pass of the Old Woman.—Deshti Arjun.—A Geological Phenomenon.—A Lion among our Animals.—Banditti.—Gardens of Shiraz.—Pilgrims Welcomed Home.

ON the morning of the 20th of April, our steamer, having crossed the head of the Persian Gulf in one night, dropped anchor off the sea-port of Bushire. There was nothing in our first view of Persia to remind us that we were entering the "land of roses, poets, and nightingales;" nothing to give hope that our early visions of paradisaical delights were to be realized, save the promise of the shadowy outlines of mountains that rose far inland beyond the low desert coast, and among whose dim retreats the imagination could create all sorts of Oriental paradises.



Bushire, or Abu-Sher, "Father of Cities," is the principal sea-port of Persia, and has a population of about twenty thousand. The situation of the town is in some respects similar to that of Beyrout. Like the Syrian city, it stands at the extremity of a prominent cape, and inland rise lofty hills that take the place of the Lebanon range. But here the resemblance ends. The olive orchards, that are the glory of Beyrout, are here wanting, and the eye wanders inland unrelieved over a wretched sand-plain. The town is defended, or at least surrounded, by ruinous walls, pierced on the side facing the desert by a single gate—which under the circumstances is quite sufficient, as the want of a greater number is supplied by the numerous gaps in the walls. The buildings are constructed of the porous limestone on which the town stands. The bazaars and streets are narrow and crooked; and as respects the general appearance of the place, the traveler arriving from Bagdad detects but little that is new or novel. The foreign Residencies, the only really fine buildings in the town, stand on commanding ground fronting the sea. The population is composed of Arabs and Persians, the former largely predominating. The peculiar high Persian cap of black lamb-skin is seldom seen, the skull-cap and turban being almost universally worn. The greater part of the inhabitants are Shīah Mohammedans; there are, however,

two Jewish synagogues and one Armenian Christian church. There are about thirty Europeans in Bushire connected with the foreign Residencies and the English telegraph and steamship companies. Upon the evening of our arrival, while strolling through the town, we encountered one of these Franks driving a velocipede through the street! We were quite as much startled as when the carriage of the Pasha of Bagdad loomed up amid clouds of dust on the Babylonian plains.

We were fortunate in arriving at Bushire just as a large caravan was about to start for Shiraz; for the disturbed state of the country, a result of the famine, rendered it extremely hazardous to travel save in company with a considerable party. Arrangements were quickly entered into with the *chârvadar*, the person who had charge of the caravan, and horses were engaged for the trip, a journey of eleven days.

Our next need was that of a good dragoman. This was supplied in the form of a slender boy, thirteen years of age, from Bombay, who could speak Hindustani, Arabic, Persian, and a little English. There was proud Portuguese blood in his veins, and his dignified bearing was so different from the cringing obsequiousness of the native Persians, and he evinced such a decided personality and manly self-respect, that we were strongly inclined, notwithstanding his age, to engage him. While we were

hesitating, he told us that he desired very much to go with us in order to see the country. That decided the matter. It was so refreshing to find a native imbued with the love of travel, just for its own sake, that we engaged him at once.

Our *chârvadar* had agreed to bring the horses to our rooms at four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following the engagement; so that hour found us, with every thing securely packed, sitting on the top of our baggage awaiting the arrival of the man with the horses. Then, having nothing else to do, we commenced to talk about our *chârvadar*; and the thought suddenly occurred to us that he might not come. There we had hurried to finish all our packing as though the hour of our departure had been in the time-table of an English railway-office. It was, of course, no way probable that our *chârvadar* would start on the day promised. He had named an early day for fear we might be led to make arrangements with other parties. He would put us off from day to day, and we would doubtless be detained thus in Bushire a full week, perhaps two weeks. How strange we should have believed the rascal. We knew well enough—for had it not been taught us from our infancy?—that the Persians were all unconscionable liars. Of course the scoundrel had lied to us about the time of starting, just to secure the engagement of his horses. How unac-

countably stupid in us to impose such confidence in a Persian. A *chârvadar* on time! An Arab *carterjee* never thinks of starting until a week after the appointed day. Then what might be expected of a Persian *chârvadar*. We were innocents indeed. We had acted just as though we were among good Christians, instead of among a nation of inveterate liars. We ought to have made engagements with half-a-dozen *chârvadars*: told each one that we had five others to select from in case he were not on hand the day promised. But what a preposterous idea—to be sitting on our baggage waiting for a *chârvadar* who knows he has no competitors. After all our experience with Arabs, whose reputation for veracity is infinitely better than that of these mendacious Persians, our gullibility was any thing but flattering. And here is another idea: those horses will be emaciated, sore-backed, ill-favored, kine-like beasts. Well, we were stupid indeed.

And so we sat atop of our baggage in supreme disgust, each helping the other to a proper realization of the circumstances. Just then our boy Jakee came flying into the room: "Kum, horsee, Sahib!" We rushed to the door, and, sure enough, there in our courtyard stood four of the best animals we had seen since leaving London. Then and there we resolved that the fact should be duly recorded to the credit of Persian *chârvadars*. We are only sorry to

be compelled to add that subsequent experience will not enable us to say any thing further to redeem the Persians from the charge so often reiterated, of their unconscionable mendacity and reckless disregard for the sacredness of a promise. According to their own confession, as recorded by the Rev. Mr. Southgate, they will never tell the truth if they can help it. While the writer mentioned was traveling in Persia, he was led on one occasion to question a group that had gathered about him respecting this national failing. "Yes," said a gray-headed listener, "we lie every time we can." The reverend gentleman adds: "I looked at the old man in astonishment, but was convinced that for once he was telling the truth."

Darius, in a Persepolitan inscription, makes this invocation: "May Ormazd protect this province from slavery, from decrepitude, from *lying*." Xenophon says that the Persian boys were taught three things: to ride, to shoot the bow, and to tell the truth; from which some have inferred that the Persians were formerly a very truthful people; but others, and probably with more conformity to the facts, have drawn an exactly opposite inference; for the opposing vice of lying must have been very popular to necessitate making the virtue of truthfulness such a prominent feature in the education of the youth. The only change since the times of Xenophon is, that whereas they then seemed to have some conscience about the

matter, they have now got over this weakness, and the truth is neither spoken nor taught.

That evening we rode out to a caravansary, about two miles from the city gate, where our caravan was to muster. On arrival there we found that a large number of pilgrims, natives of Shiraz, which the steamer had brought from their trip to the Persian shrines near Bagdad, were to accompany our caravan. The season had so far advanced that traveling could not safely be performed during the heat of the day, so by two o'clock in the morning our caravan was on the move, creeping noiselessly over the parched plain, from which a heated breath was still rising. The sun had scarcely risen before the heat became intolerable; and reaching a few straggling palms, near a village called by the natives Chughaduk, we halted, and passed the day beneath the scanty shade which they afforded.

Late in the afternoon a heavy sand-storm loomed up in the distant horizon, and came sweeping on toward us, black as night. Scarcely had we formed our baggage in barricades, and thrown ourselves behind them, with our heads wrapped in our blankets, before the storm was upon us. For more than an hour a thick, suffocating cloud of dust and sand drifted over us. The storm was an unusually severe one, and swept the plain with all the force of a tornado. A long stretch of the telegraph that ran across the



desert just a little way from us was prostrated, and six of the iron poles—hollow cylindrical tubes, five inches in diameter at base, supporting a double line of wires—were snapped off, just above the ground, like pipe-stems. The telegraph agent afterward informed us that in his long experience he had never before known of such an accident occurring to the line. After the storm had passed the moon shone out softly, and the atmosphere was as calm as though never agitated by a breath of wind.

Early in the evening we resumed our journey. A long ride of about thirty miles brought us to the village of Brazgoon, situated only a few miles from the edge of the great plateau, which here in hopelessly barren hills breaks down to the plain of the coast. Immediately about Brazgoon the plain was cultivated, and covered with wheat and barley just ready to harvest.

It was here that we first saw the effects of the famine that for two years had been desolating Persia. Bushire, through its connections by steamship lines with India and Egypt, had received relief from those countries, and at the time of our visit there was no apparent suffering among the inhabitants of that town. But owing to the difficulty attending transportation in Persia, provisions could not be thrown into the inland towns, and consequently the suffering in such was intense and unrelieved. Brazgoon, be-

fore the famine, was a town of six thousand inhabitants, of which number barely a thousand were now left: two thousand had died upon the spot, and as many more had perished in the town of Bushire, whither large numbers flocked for relief; but Persian charity is unkind, and the poor wretches were left to die by hundreds in the bazaars and streets, where the bodies were permitted to lie unburied. It was a sad scene that the town of Brazgoon presented to us as we walked through it. The buildings, which were small mud structures, like those of an Arab village, were falling into ruins; the bazaars were deserted, save two or three stalls where a little *maust*, or curdled milk, a few dates, and a little barley were being carefully weighed, and doled out in scant pittances to some half-famished wretches in return for the money held out by shriveled hands. The telegraph agent, a young Armenian, who kindly entertained us, was daily distributing barley to over eight hundred beggars, means being furnished by the relief fund from India and England. The funds in his hands were already nearly exhausted, and he was fearful they might fail before the approaching harvest should bring permanent relief. We asked, "What will these poor creatures do, if your means give out?" "They must die," was the brief reply.

At midnight we left Brazgoon, and reached Dalikee, four *farsakhs* distant, early the following morning,

having traversed a stony, undulating plain, deeply furrowed by the winter torrents that pour from the table-lands of the interior. Dalikee was a fair representative of the Persian villages we saw, being in a ruinous condition and half deserted. The Dalikee River, which at this point descends from the plateau, is a real *cornucopia* to the plain, spreading out a beautiful green delta of gardens and groves about the village.

From Dalikee the road that lifts the traveler from the *Germisir*, or low coast plain, to the *Serdsir*, or elevated regions of the interior, carries him through scenery almost unrivaled in unique combinations and picturesqueness, wildness and beauty. The most peculiar and interesting features of the scenery are created by the somewhat unusual geological structure of the country. The interior of Persia consists of an elevated table-land, called the Great Plateau of Iran, raised to an average elevation of over four thousand feet, and defended on all sides by lofty parapets of mountains. Upon the south, instead of sloping gradually to the coast, the lofty plateau, from an elevation of five thousand feet, breaks down abruptly, dropping in three gigantic steps or terraces to the low plain already referred to. The faces of these successive terraces are so abrupt, lofty, and wild, that in climbing them the traveler is at times surrounded by scenery thoroughly Alpine in its grandeur and impress-

iveness. Indeed, before the plateau is reached, the "Simplon of Persia" must be scaled. The landing-places that are gained as the successive steps are mounted are plains or valleys whose spring beauty is unrivaled. Forests, too, shade some portions of the higher passes, so that none of the best elements of mountain scenery are wanting. The attractions of early spring in this mountainous district of Persia are much greater than we ever imagined. Then the valleys are freshened to a rich emerald hue, and strewn profusely with flowers, while the baldness of the rocks is relieved by the new, bright foliage of the shrubs and trees that cling to their ruggedness. We do not now think of that land as utterly heaven-forsaken, and lying blasted and barren through all the months. But this early spring beauty, like the freshness of youth, soon fades, and then Persia lies sear and forbidding, till the long months bring the resurrection of another spring. When we ascended to Shiraz the country was so attractive as to elicit our constant surprise and admiration; but only a few weeks later, on our return, the cool, refreshing breezes had become the withering breath of the furnace; the verdure was blasted as though swept by fire; and mountain and valley presented a scene as burned and blighted as an unpitiful sun ever looked down upon.

Our caravan mysteriously lay at Dalikee an entire

day. Our *chârvadar* persisted in trying to make us believe that the occasion of the detention was a strayed jackass, which aberrant animal it required all day to find. He had other reasons for delaying, as we afterward ascertained, which he knew would be scarcely accepted by us, and hence his fabrication of this scape-goat at the expense of a perfectly innocent donkey. So it was not till the second night after our arrival at Dalikee that we resumed our journey. Almost immediately we entered a ravine, which by a steep, wild path led us over the edge of the upturned strata of rock. All night we labored over a rocky trail that led along broken ranges and through narrow, rugged, and gloomy defiles. Toward morning we commenced to make a bold, precipitous ascent, called the Kotul, or Pass of Mullook. The cliff, viewed from below, seemed to present an impassable barrier to our progress; but the path commenced boldly to scale the rock by innumerable zigzags, and gradually lifted us above the dark valley toward the overhanging summit. The light of the stars was just sufficient to reveal the outlines of the scenery immediately around and above us, while the deep valleys were lost in blackness. A few thorny shrubs and hardy plants clung to the otherwise barren rocks. It would be difficult to find a wilder scene of a torn and convulsed nature among Alps or Andes.

Just as the day broke we gained the summit of the pass, where almost on a level with our feet the beautiful plain of Khisht stretched out five or six miles to the broken edge of the second great terrace. The valley was just in its spring glory. Luxuriant pasture-lands, profusely decorated with flowers; broad fields of grain, white to the harvest; villages surrounded by date-groves; black tents and flocks of the Eeliauts—these were the prominent features that made up the semi-agricultural, semi-nomadic scene. All around bleak, verdureless hills framed in the plain with their hopeless sterility.

When our long caravan had all escaped from the windings of the pass and obtained the plain, we halted for morning prayers; for the pilgrims of our company were all good Moslems, and always observed with great regularity the hour appointed for the earliest devotions of the day. Both men and women first performed their ablutions, passing the hand which applied the water from the elbow downward, instead of from the hand upward, as is the custom with the Soonees of Turkey. The mats and blankets were then spread, on which they stood or kneeled while performing their varied prostrations. During these seasons of devotion the animals of the caravan were allowed to wander at will. Often the little donkeys, browsing thoughtlessly about with their awkward loads, would cause serious interruptions;



and occasionally some profane mule, on some slight provocation, probably a punch from the corner of a box carried by an innocent donkey, would commence to kick furiously, causing a panic among the animals in his immediate vicinity. Then the worshipers would fly from their mats—the women to seek safety, the men to quiet the tumult.

While our pilgrims were engaged in their devotions, we dismounted and threw ourselves on the grass to enjoy the scenery, and the cool, fresh, invigorating air into which our elevation had lifted us. Then, as our caravan commenced to move, we remounted and rode to Koonar Tukhteh, a small village, containing a good caravansary, situated in the midst of the plain and surrounded by date-groves. The palms of these groves depend upon irrigation, but agriculture in the valley relies upon the natural fall of rain, the grain ripening and being harvested before the dry, hot weather commences. Hundreds of acres of wheat and barley were almost ready for harvesting, being just a little behind the fields of the Germsir. It made our hearts rejoice as, recalling all that the people of Persia had suffered for two long years, we cast our eyes over the fields loaded with their rich treasures of food, almost ready for the remaining half-starved population. The palms, too, were shaking gleefully their rich, heavy clusters of young dates, promising more than enough to meet

every want. Nature seemed unpitied when she withheld, and equally glad did she now seem, as she held out more than her usual gifts; for there were promises of a more abundant harvest than Persia had known for many years.

*April 28th.* Two hours past midnight we were again in the saddle. Morning found us climbing the Pass of Kumaridj, a more difficult and grander one than that of Mullook. The rock was a variegated limestone, consisting of gray, drab, white, and yellow strata; in some places fibrous and rock gypsum occurred. Whole mountains of strata were tilted up and set on end. In one instance an immense mass, that swept up grandly hundreds of feet in the air, exhibited its top bent over and folded down upon itself, as if the strata, when tilted up, were too soft to maintain themselves in an upright position. Our path led up the almost perpendicular face of an enormous fissure, mounting by short zigzags, guarded by low ramparts.

After turning the summit, the rocky path led by a gentle descent to the vale of Kumaridj. It was a beautiful, sequestered mountain valley, about five miles in length and two in breadth, green as an emerald. Formerly it must have constituted a lake bottom. The level sea of verdure formed islets of several little brown mounds that rose from the level surface, and created miniature bays and gulfs as it flowed

in the deep indentations of the bordering hills. The mountains around, brown and rocky and verdureless, were in rude keeping with the beautiful little emerald they embraced. We descended from the sterile hills to the little village of Kumaridj, which lay close under the western wall of the valley. The buildings were constructed of stone, the roofs being flat and covered with turf; the severity of the climate of the valley, during a portion of the year, compelling the inhabitants to construct warmer and more substantial buildings than are found in the villages of the coast. The village appeared to have suffered but little from the famine, for the larger portion of the dwellings were occupied, and we were importuned by only a small number of beggars.

At midnight, with the moon lighting up the scenery grandly, our long caravan was moving slowly over the plain, nothing save the tread of the animals, breaking the deep stillness of the night. A long, narrow, winding, rugged defile led us from the vale of Kumaridj to the plain of Kauzerun, one of the most fertile valleys of Persia. The considerable river of Khisht flows through the plain, portions of which are intersected by irrigants led off from this stream. It contains the city of Kanzerun, which until quite recently was, next to Shiraz, the most important and populous city of the province of Fars.

On the cliffs of a narrow, lateral valley opening

into this plain are the celebrated remains and rock-sculptures of Shapur, consisting of several large tablets, filled with figures in *alto-relievo*. We made a detour of several miles to visit these interesting sculptures, and spent the greater part of the day in examining the different tablets, only a curtailed description of which, however, we can introduce here.

The site of the ancient city of Shapur was well chosen. Before the city lay spread out the broad plain of Kauzerun, while back of it the picturesque valley of Shapur broke through the hills, and opened a charming vista far back into the mountains. The earliest Persian kings founded here a large city, which is thought to have been destroyed at the time of the Grecian invasion. In the third century of our era King Shapur erected upon the ruins of the earlier city the capital of his dominions. This is supposed to have been swept away by the Mohammedan conquerors. The site is now covered with grass-grown heaps, some of which evidently belong to a remote antiquity.

The celebrated sculptures are cut in the face of the precipices that form the walls of the valley of Shapur, to which we have already referred. There are six tablets in the series; the first on the left, as we enter the valley, forms a large circular recess, about thirty feet in width. It is divided into four horizon-

tal compartments, crowded with figures that form long processions on foot and on horse. Before the king is a figure holding out a ring, symbolic of sovereignty. The elephant is also introduced among the figures, which animal once constituted an important feature of a Persian army. The whole tablet is well executed, and a good deal of animation is thrown into the different figures.

The tablet most deserving of praise, for artistic merit, is a large sculpture, about thirty feet in length and twenty in height, representing two horsemen of gigantic size, into which the artist has succeeded in infusing a remarkable degree of life and spirit. In another tablet the heads of captives are being brought in and laid before the king. Thus the Persian artist, as well as the Assyrian, has succeeded in immortalizing the cruelty and barbarism of his sovereign. The stones were inspired that they might tell to all coming time the praises of an ambitious king; but they have forgotten that commission, and are doing nothing now save to cry out against him.

But the most interesting tablet of all is a very large one, consisting of several compartments, the central of which contains a crowned horseman, doubtless representing King Saphur, and before him a Roman figure kneeling, with the hands raised and clasped as a suppliant. This is supposed to commemorate the victory of Saphur over the Roman army at Edes-

sa, in A.D. 260. Here, for the first time in the history of the Roman Empire, a Roman emperor was taken captive. Valerian, for he it was who became the unfortunate prisoner, received, if we may credit history, but little consideration at the hands of his captors. He is said to have been carried about in a cage by Shapur, and at his death to have been flayed, his skin stuffed, and used as a foot-block by the Persian king. Gibbon, however, discredits this portion of the account.

It seemed strange to us to find here, so far away from civilization, the Roman emperor a suppliant before the monarch of a sovereignty now the weakest and most despicable among nations. We had visited every country ever traversed by the legions of Rome, but had never before discovered any monument save as commemorative of the valor or victory of Roman arms. Yet here, among the defiles of Persia, at the most distant point reached by her hardy warriors, near the spot where they were taught, almost for the first time, the meaning of real defeat, we found this, the most impressive of the world's monuments, perpetuating the memory of Roman disaster and humiliation. Alas, how degenerate are become the sons of Iran !

We found it a long ride from Shapur to the town of Kauzerun. The plain was in places marshy, from the overflow of neglected watercourses, and covered



with rank weeds. Some portions were cultivated with wheat and barley, but the greater part constituted pasture-land, and was dotted with dark clumps of bushes. Yet no life animated the scene: we did not see a single herd feeding on the plain, though so near what was once the second city of the province of Fars. Famine had swept almost all life from the valley. Although abundant rains had recalled vegetation, and the valley smiled with verdure and flowers, still there reigned over the scene the stillness of death.

Kauzerun was, before the famine, a city of about 18,000 inhabitants; we found scarcely 2000 people on the spot, and a large portion of this number was made up of those that had dragged themselves there from neighboring villages, upon learning that food was being gratuitously distributed by the English agent. The largest portion of the town was entirely deserted: long streets were without an occupant; the bazaars were empty and forsaken. Within the first house that we entered we found the air tainted with the effluvia arising from a dead body lying in one of the chambers. Our cicerone led us through the city, just as our guide had conducted us through the streets of old Pompeii, showing us into the courts of the finest buildings, where the shrubs and flowers were blooming beautiful as ever, though over all was thrown a gloom of desertion and death. We entered the

mosques—forbidden to the profane feet of infidels—for no one hindered us. In one we found a single faithful follower of Mohammed performing his prostrations and murmuring his prayers. However different our own faith, profane indeed would have been our footsteps had we not withdrawn more softly than we entered.

The scenes in the still inhabited portions of the city were heart-sickening; emaciated limbs and shriveled palms, extended for charity, spoke louder than the feeble, pleading voices. But the stalls! A few dates, some half-grown oranges, and mere dribbets of miserable wheat and barley were here being carefully weighed and doled out to the groups of hungry, skeleton-worn women and children, some without a rag upon their bodies.

Our quarters at Kauzerun were within the telegraph building, where we were hospitably entertained by the agent, an Armenian Christian. A little incident that occurred upon the evening of our arrival led us to infer that the terrible experiences of the famine had not had much effect in leading the people to mend their ways. While we were taking tea upon the roof of the house, just after night-fall, a clear voice broke over the still city, proclaiming the loss of a favorite white donkey, and offering a considerable reward for its recovery. (This is the usual manner of advertising lost prop-

erty in Persia.) The servant of our host had found the strayed animal, and had it confined. "Why do you not call and tell the man you have the donkey?" we very naturally inquired. "I am going to wait till he doubles that reward," replied the rascal. And he did.

Leaving Kauzerun a little after midnight, we proceeded up the plain for about two hours, and then commenced the ascent of the most difficult pass between Bushire and Shiraz. The road was led up an almost perpendicular rock by numerous windings, doublings, and zigzags, defended by parapets. This passage has been called the "Simplon of Persia;" but the less euphonious native name is Kotuli Dokhter, or "Pass of the Girl." From the summit a gentle descent brought us to the charming little vale of Deshti Burr. We had left behind us the palms and other representatives of a tropical climate, and were now in the colder region of oaks and kindred trees. Justice has never been done to Persian scenery. Right on this spot a certain traveler, fresh from the fair isles of India, exclaims, "How different from green, beautiful Ceylon!" We can forgive him, for he saw the valley in the winter, when the leaves had fallen and the flowers were gone. We have had many glimpses of sequestered mountain valleys, disclosing their beauty all unexpectedly through the opening hills, or spreading out their loveliness from

some wild pass; but we have seen few really prettier and quieter vales than that of the Deshti Burr. It appeared about eight or ten miles in length, and two or three in breadth, and was covered with a forest of oaks; not set thick together, but scattered sporadically over the plain, so as to favor a good growth of grass beneath them. A species of poppy, with large crimson flowers, covered the ground in such profusion that in places the green grass was entirely hidden and the earth overspread with unbroken sheets of gay color. The oaks grew more stunted as they were lifted higher and higher on the slopes of the bordering hills, and at length, failing entirely, left the summits bare and rocky—just bold and rugged enough to give a touch of wildness to the scene. Snow lay in heavy drifts along the tops of the mountains, suggesting Alpine grandeur. Some distance from the point where we entered the valley were two little villages, Abduee and Kalluneh, which before the famine contained two hundred families; while now, we were told, not more than twenty remained. We did not visit them, but encamped beneath the trees, on a spot as pretty as an English lawn.

Night had barely fallen before we broke camp and resumed our journey; for although at the elevation we had gained the days were considerably cooler than on the Gernsir, still it was more pleas-

ant to climb the passes during the coolness of the night than while the sun was beating upon them. After one hour's ride through the Vale of Oaks we commenced the long and toilsome ascent of the Kotuli Peerazen, or "Pass of the Old Woman," which it took us over two hours to clear. Quite a heavy forest of oak and other deciduous trees clothed the surrounding hills.

After turning the summit we made a rugged descent to the Deshti Arjun, or "Plain of the Wild Almonds," a small vale covered with verdure; but, unlike the one we had left, destitute of trees. The lower slopes of the surrounding hills were covered with a thin forest of dwarf oak, while the highest peaks were mantled with snow. The morning air was so chilling that our ride across the plain was, notwithstanding our thick wrappings, an extremely uncomfortable one.

The mountain that overhung the valley on our right presented a most interesting geological phenomenon. It consisted of a lofty wall of rock, rising, we estimated, one thousand feet above the valley, and composed throughout of nearly horizontal strata of limestone and marble, the latter appearing toward the base of the precipice. The upper portion of the wall was quite worn by time, and the *débris* had formed a considerable talus; but the lower portion of the face of the precipice was regular, yet deeply

grooved and striated, with the portion immediately above the talus polished like a glacier-worn surface. The manner in which this appearance had been given to the rock admitted of no doubt: it was by a vertical faulting, or sliding. In other words, a profound fracture occurring in the strata, either the bottom of the valley had slipped down, or the strata now forming the wall lifted up; in either case, the faces of the fracture being polished as they ground against each other during the sliding movement.

At the northern end of the valley we found a wretched and almost deserted village, where our caravan halted for the day. The only inviting spot about it was a neighboring spring, which issued in a large stream from the foot of the cliff that overhung the village. Here a pretty group of oaks, willows, and venerable chenar trees shaded a wely which marked the site of a Shīah miracle. Once upon a time, a Jew, weary and dusty from a long march, stopped at this spot to rest and to bathe. While enjoying his bath a lion appeared upon the scene, and the poor Jew became helpless through terror. At this crisis Ali, the son-in-law of Mohammed, to whom the Persians ascribe miraculous powers, suddenly appeared as a veiled horseman, and, slaying the lion, vanished as mysteriously and suddenly as he had appeared. Within the wely we were shown several deep indentations in the rock, which



the fakir told us were the imprints of the horse's hoofs.

The wely was surrounded by tombs, many of which were marked by rudely carved stone figures, intended to represent lions, bears, or wild boars, all of which abound in the valley. The lions especially are the great terror of muleteers, as they frequently attack horses or mules while pasturing on the plain. Late in the evening following our arrival in the valley, a boy who had been out tending the animals of the caravan, which were grazing a short distance from the village, broke into our room in a terrible fright, to inform us that a lion had just killed and carried off one of the mules. We were curious to ascertain some particulars respecting the animal; but upon questioning the boy we found that he was hardly in a frame of mind for giving statements with scientific accuracy. Upon asking him the size of the beast, he turned toward the door, a large opening six feet high, and replied between his terrified sobs, with his hair still all on end, "He couldn't get in that door."

From the valley of Deshti Arjun an uninviting ride of five hours, through a rocky country, sparsely clothed with dwarf oak and other trees, brought us to Khan Zenion, the best caravansary on the route between Bushire and Shiraz. Just before reaching this station our caravan was thrown into the greatest

excitement by the appearance in the distance of a party of twenty or thirty banditti. The animals had been allowed to straggle along till the van and rear of our caravan were a mile apart; but upon the first alarm the straggling line was hastily closed up, the animals, women, and children being crowded together, while the muleteers and those pilgrims who were armed, with the soldiers of the escort that had accompanied us from Deshti Burr, covered the threatened flank. Seeing that we were so well prepared to receive them, the bandits did not venture upon an attack, but hovered at a distance, while our caravan hurried on and within the walls of the caravansary.

We left Khan Zenion the following morning at an early hour, and followed a road which all day led us through a sterile, rocky country; but which at last, through the opening hills, gave us a glimpse of the plain of Shiraz, surrounded by mountains, bald and sunburnt and sterile as the Virgilian Ithaca. Across the plain gleamed two glazed domes, rising from amid the dark foliage of the gardens of Shiraz. While yet a long way from the city we were met by many of the friends of the pilgrims, who had come out to welcome them home. Our pilgrims dismounted, and men and women hugged and kissed one another with true Oriental fervor. We confess we never felt more homesick than while this thing

was going on. Upon arrival at the city this feeling was, however, quickly dissipated by our kind reception at the British Residency; where we met another traveler in the person of an English missionary, the Rev. Mr. Gordon. The warm, hearty greeting we received left us but little occasion to feel jealous of the pilgrims.

## CHAPTER XI.

## SHIRAZ.

The Valley of Shiraz.—Distant View of the City.—Streets and Bazaars.—Interior of the Dwellings.—Public Buildings.—Population.—Gardens of Shiraz.—Baghi Now.—Jehan Nema.—Baghi Takht.—The Tomb of Hafiz.—His Odes.—Tomb of Saadi.—Effects of the Famine at Shiraz.—The Fundamental Cause of Asiatic Wretchedness.—The Oriental Doctrine of Isolation.—Lessons of the Famine.

SHIRAZ is situated upon an elevated plateau, lifted nearly four thousand feet above the sea-level. The portion of this table-land that comprises the valley of Shiraz is a plain about twenty-five miles in length and ten in breadth, shut in by rocky, barren hills, the highest peaks of which are tipped with snow till the summer is far advanced: during the months of January and February the snow-line is pushed down to the plain; in the winter of 1871–2 snow fell at Shiraz to the depth of two feet. The Shiraz valley is naturally one of the most fertile in Persia, and in former times was covered with a sea of verdure; but under neglect the larger portion of the plain has become arid and verdureless, and lies in fit keeping with the sunburnt hills that environ it.

The city of Shiraz lies on the northern edge of the

plain, just at the foot of the hills. Directly back of the town is a narrow pass or defile, which affords a passage through these hills for the Ispahan road. Viewed from this gorge the city presents a most beautiful and striking appearance, rivaling Damascus, as seen from the overhanging hills of Anti-Libanus, in the queenly dignity and beauty of its situation and environs. In order to secure the best effect, one must enter the defile far enough so that its lofty, abrupt walls may cut off the greater portion of the plain, and form a narrow vista through which the eye may range and fall upon the city and its gardens. The scenic effect is wonderful: you seem to have before you a work of art. So perfect is the illusion, you can hardly believe that the bit of landscape you are looking upon is not a painting. The tall walls of the pass form the frame; and the city, adorned by the glazed domes of its mosques, and buried in the foliage of its beautiful gardens, is the faultless picture.

But, as in the case of all Eastern cities, it is distance that lends enchantment to the view. If we leave the defile and enter the city, our vision of beauty is quickly and rudely dispelled. Once within the limits of the town we find nothing save miserable mud walls, rags and wretchedness, heaps of filth and rubbish—every where only that which obtrudes offensively upon every sense. The streets are

narrow, irregular, gloomy, dirty lanes; and the bazaars, with one or two exceptions, are equally uninviting. Through all these hatefully vile thoroughfares flows a constant stream of Asiatic life.

It is a relief to escape from the streets to some pleasant courtyard; for here, as every where else throughout the East, the interior of the dwellings frequently exhibit more taste and beauty, and offer more inviting and commodious apartments, than the exterior promises. We make the exterior of our homes attractive, and indicative of the wealth and comfort within; but an Oriental's dwelling partakes throughout of the harem's exclusiveness, and displays to the profane world only a blank, uninteresting wall of brick and mud. Our home while in Shiraz was at the residence of the British agent, a native of the city. This dwelling was a fair representation of the better class of buildings in Shiraz. It encompassed two courts; but within the sacred precincts of the innermost we were never permitted to enter. The outer court was a large square of over two hundred feet, shaded by tall chenar-trees, and ornamented with flowers and blooming shrubs. At one extremity was a large tank, from which a constant stream of water flowed through the grounds. Our apartments, which opened upon the court, were quite commodious, and fancifully decorated with paintings of flowers, foliage, and birds, that completely covered both walls and ceiling.



The public buildings of Shiraz are neither numerous nor interesting. There are but two domed mosques that attract particular attention. These are covered with glazed tiles, and are very conspicuous objects in any view of the town. The Vakeel Bazaar is the most substantial structure in the city. It at least equals any thing of which Damascus, Aleppo, or Bagdad can boast. It is a lofty, vaulted arcade, constructed in the form of a Maltese cross, each arm of which is one eighth of a mile in length. The royal summer-houses we shall have occasion to allude to while speaking of the gardens of the city. The population of Shiraz can not be far from 35,000, of which number about 5000 are Jews. The status of the poor Jew in Shiraz is very different from what it is in Bagdad. In the latter city they possess great influence, constituting the most honored and intelligent class of the heterogeneous population; in the Persian city they are the object of envy, insult, and abuse, being most grievously oppressed by the government, and contemned and persecuted by other sects.

The gardens of Shiraz have obtained a world-wide celebrity. Some of these paradises were created by the sovereigns of Persia when the city was the capital of the empire; others are the work of various governors of Shiraz. The most of them have fallen into neglect, and the once pleasant palaces and kiosks, or

summer-houses, have become lodging-places for wandering dervises. They are still royal property; and although the grounds are overrun with wildness, and the buildings decayed and blackened with smoke, they yet retain somewhat of that former beauty which inspired such rapturous praises from native bards and European visitors.

The most beautiful of these gardens, in our estimation, is the Baghi Now, which lies near the Ispahan road, and just at the opening of the defile to which allusion has been made. It was laid out and its buildings constructed half a century ago by a son of Fat'h Ali Shah. One of its most attractive features is the tall, dark cones of its cypresses, rising amid and contrasting with the lighter foliage of the garden. The orange-trees, loading the air with the fragrance of their blossoms; the flowering roses, forming great domes of white and pink; the grassy plats, strewn all over with flowers, and pretty in spite of neglect; the wonderfully varied notes of the philomel, poured from the deep foliage of the cypress—these cause one to forget the ugly desert outside, and believe once more in the land of “roses, poets, and nightingales.”

The Baghi Now contains three buildings, and is abundantly supplied with tanks and streams of water. One of the buildings stands at the entrance to the grounds, another in the centre of the garden, and

the third at the end opposite the gate. The central structure, which is the largest and finest, contains a spacious *tâlâr*—a sort of chamber or hall, open to the breezes of heaven—embellished with a number of Persian paintings, one of which seems to be commemorative of the reception of an European embassy. Other paintings discourse of love and astronomy, through representations of amours and zodiacal figures. Persian mimetic art displays but little genius. The figures are stiff and absurdly awkward, with a wonderful family resemblance; the perspective would do honor to a Japanese artist.

Near the Baghi Now is the Jehan Nema garden, constructed by the Persian sovereign Kureen Khan, who embellished the city of Shiraz with many of its best edifices. The grounds are well filled with trees and shrubs, and were formerly ornamented with beautiful summer-houses; but these buildings, many of the chambers of which still exhibit traces of rich ornamentation, are fast falling into decay.

The Baghi Takht, or palace garden, is situated about a mile northwest of the city, just at the base of the hill. The palace which the garden contains was erected by Fat'h Ali, a former governor of Shiraz. The space inclosed by the walls embraces about one hundred acres, and displays a great variety of fruit and ornamental trees and flowering shrubs. A finely shaded walk leads through the grounds

from the entrance to the palace, which occupies an elevated site, with the ground in front breaking down to the level of the garden in wooded terraces, which prettily overhang the large reservoir at the foot of the descent. The palace, which surmounts the highest terrace, is a fine building, chastely ornamented, and, being still used as a summer residence, is kept in a better state of repair than most of the buildings of the other gardens. Its balconies afford a magnificent view of Shiraz and the environing plain.

About half a mile beyond the walls of the town, upon the north, lies the garden known as the Hafi-zeeya, which contains the tomb of the famous Persian bard Hafiz. The grounds are a little more than an acre in extent, and are divided by a kiosk, or summer-house, into two parts, one of which is embellished with trees and shrubbery, while the other is a partially shaded cemetery. In this latter portion, amid a large number of Mohammedan tombs, lies a beautifully polished alabaster slab, eight feet in length and two in thickness, which marks the grave of the most popular poet Persia has ever produced. The block is tastefully inscribed with selections from the odes of the poet.

Hafiz, or Hafiz-Mohammed-Shems-eddin, as written by the Persians, was a native of Shiraz, where he died toward the close of the fourteenth century. "The veneration," says Binning, a translator and ad-

mirer of the odes of Hafiz, "which the Persians entertain for this prince of lyric poets is extreme; and he is regarded by them as little, if at all, inferior to an inspired mortal. His odes are considered, and I believe justly so, unrivaled and incomparable." The odes of Hafiz are intensely Anacreonic, being always redolent of love and wine. To relieve the poet of the charge of sensuousness and immorality, the Sufis, a sect who hold the bard in divine veneration, insist that the "wine, roses, nightingales, music, love, and intoxication," amid which the inspired bard loves to revel, are to be taken in a spiritual or allegorical sense.

Within the kiosk of the garden is kept a volume of Hafiz's odes, some six hundred in number, which after the poet's death were collected and preserved in numerous manuscript copies. The copy at the tomb is especially venerated; and as the Persians have a custom of drawing omens from the Koran and other highly esteemed writings, this volume is often resorted to for the purpose of securing a *ful*, or lot, whereby the seeker may know the likely issue of any new enterprise he may be proposing. These omens are taken by opening the book at random; the ode that chance thus casts the inquirer upon contains the answer sought. Of course there is often a worse than Delphic obscurity or ambiguity in these lyric oracles; but the Persians have a genius for all sorts

of mysteries and mysticisms, and amid the mass of Anacreonic metaphors always succeed in discovering some wonderfully applicable oracular revelations to aid them in their indecision and perplexity. Collusion and trickery are, of course, no more strangers to this Persian oracle than they were to the classic Delphic or Delian. It is related that the famous Nadir Shah, in the midst of his successes, and when planning extended conquests, knowing the beneficial effect of an auspicious omen upon his superstitious followers, drew a lot here which read as follows: "It is befitting that thou shouldst exact duty from all the great ones of this world; for in truth thou art the crown and paragon of all nobility. Cathay and Tartary tremble at the glance of thy vivid eyes; China and India must pay tribute to thy curled locks."

A mile or more beyond the tomb of Hafiz, lying in the opening of a little valley, among sterile hills, is the garden of Saadiya, containing the tomb of the poet Saadi, who, like Hafiz, was a native of Shiraz, being born in that city A.D. 1174. The grounds are inclosed with a high wall, and contain a large Saracenic building, in an open chamber of which is found the marble block that marks the poet's grave. The garden is beautifully shaded with pines, cypresses, and mulberry-trees; but the grounds are unkept, and tell of neglect and forgetfulness.

Saadi's life was that of a wandering dervis. He



is said to have made fourteen pilgrimages to Mecca. He certainly had time enough to do so, if we may believe his biographers, who extend his life to one hundred and sixteen years. Saadi wrote both prose and verse; and by some his writings are considered superior to those of Hafiz. The best known and most popular of his works is the "Gulistan," or Rose Garden, which is divided into eight chapters, in order that, as Saadi says, it might resemble Paradise in having eight gates. In some of these chapters the writer discourses on such matters as the morals of kings, the excellence of contentment, the advantages of silence, love and youth, and the Ciceronic subject of imbecility and old age.

Emerson, in a brief introductory note to Gladwin's translation of the "Gulistan," thus characteristically sums it up: "Medshun and Leila, rose and nightingale, parrots and tulips; mosques and dervises; desert, caravan, and robbers; peeps at the harem; bags of gold dinars; slaves, horses, houses, camels, sabres, shawls, pearls, amber, cohol, and henna; insane compliments to the Sultan, borrowed from the language of prayer; Hebrew and Gueber legends molten into Arabesque—'tis a short inventory of topics and tropes which incessantly return in Persian poetry." But, as he observes, genius like Nature may play her game with few pieces. One of the most remarkable of the "insane" superlatives which Emer-

son alludes to is perhaps the following—we will not undertake to say from what language it may be borrowed: the poet in complimenting the Shah says, “The incurvated back of the sky became straight with joy at thy birth.”

In the chapter on the advantages of taciturnity we find the following tale, which we give as a double illustration of Saadi’s writings and Wendell Phillips’s lecture on the “Lost Arts,” wherein he alludes to the originality of Irish bulls: “A certain poet went to the chief of a gang of robbers, and recited verses in his praise. He ordered him to be stripped of his clothes, and be expelled the village. The dogs attacking him, he wanted to take up some stones, but they were frozen to the ground. Thus distressed, he said: ‘What a vile set of men are these, who let loose their dogs and fasten their stones.’”\*

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\* In this connection, the following respecting Persian art and knowledge of certain sciences which we assume to be especially modern, will be of interest to some of our readers. Speaking of the celebrated Murphine Vase, Gladwin, after quoting Wedgwood to the effect that its composition implied a knowledge of chemistry of which we have not yet discovered the elements, says: “Indeed, our boasted chemical improvements can neither produce the material of those sculptured and colored vases, cups, gems, and rings now collected by our curious travelers in Persia, nor supply any instrument of a sufficiently hard temper to cut and carve them.” In Saadi’s “Bustan” (viii., 3) occurs this remarkable language respecting the circulation of the blood in the human body: “The venal system of thy body, O well-disposed man! is a meadow, through which are flowing three hundred and sixty rivulets.” Was Harvey, then, the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood? Again, upon respiration and digestion Saadi thus discourses: “Were not the fresh air to pass by respiration into the lungs, the intestine

There are other gardens besides the above about Shiraz; but as those we have visited are the finest, they do not call for particular description. The winters of Shiraz are too severe for tropical trees and plants, so that all these gardens lack some of the attractions of the royal paradises of India; yet, though there be an absence of strangeness of pattern and luxuriance of growth, there is a quiet beauty and chasteness in their less extravagant display of foliage which more than compensates, perhaps, for this loss of tropical richness and exuberance.

From the gardens of Shiraz we turn to other matters less pleasing. At the time of our visit to the city there were, it was estimated, at least five thousand famishing mendicants wandering in the streets or lying in the bazaars, which were little better than the wards of a lazaretto. The gates of the city were so infested with crowds of half-naked wretches that it was with the greatest difficulty that we were enabled, at times, to effect a passage. Wherever we went we were beset with rags and wretchedness. Indeed, almost the entire population seemed clothed in rags and transformed into a community of beggars.

Various estimates have been made as to the num-

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heat would throw the body into a ferment; and did not the pot of the stomach duly concoct food, the fair and plump form of the body would get shrunk and withered."—"Bustan," viii., 14, as quoted by Gladwin in his *Introduction to "Gulistan."*

ber of victims of the great Persian famine: some have placed the number as high as two millions, or about one third of the entire population of the country; others have thought that 100,000 would be a large estimate. Respecting this discrepancy, we must observe that in such a country as Persia it is utterly impossible to obtain any satisfactory approximation even to the number of victims of such a calamity, for it is the policy of the government to vitiate or suppress the facts. But it is not alone a frightful decimation of population that represents the disastrous results of the famine: the country is impoverished, society disorganized, and industry prostrated, so that decades will scarcely suffice for even a very partial recovery, for Persia's recuperative forces are any thing but strong and vigorous.

Such a disaster as the Persian famine is by no means an unusual thing in Asiatic history. Since the time that the children of Israel went down into Egypt to buy corn, periods of scarcity and famine have prevailed throughout the countries of the East. Incalculable suffering has always been the inevitable attendant of these times of want, when Nature has refused to supply the first needs of her children. Now, of all the scourges to which humanity is liable, this is the most completely under man's control. But the idea of intelligent prevention of these recurring disasters has scarcely dawned upon the Asiatic mind.

In order to gain a proper comprehension of this subject, we must revert to the first instincts of Oriental society. Professor Sumner, in his scale of subordination and precedency of the ends of man as a physical being, places sustenance prior to reproduction, and intimates that a reversion of this order will surely be punished by Nature. Our observation throughout the East impressed upon us the conviction that the underlying cause of the largest portion of the individual suffering and wretchedness there so universal results from a violation of this heaven-appointed order. It is alike the dictate of prudence and the peremptory injunction of enlightened reason that the family relation shall not be entered into till reasonable provision shall have been made by the parties assuming these relations to meet the natural wants of the family organization. In enlightened societies such considerations act as strong restraints upon those contemplating matrimonial alliances; indeed, they are often allowed to exercise an undue influence. But in the East none of these restraints to marriage have any force whatever. At a most precocious age the family relation is assumed by those who are without a thought for the future, and without any means possessory, or reasonably anticipatory, for properly nourishing, clothing, and sheltering those that may come to be dependent upon their parental care. The inevitable result is squalid pov-

erty, wretchedness, and misery. This great evil will not cease till there be wrought a fundamental change in Asiatic society. Christianity is slowly introducing this change, and the beneficent results of the new order of things is already observable in native Christian families and communities. The assuming of conjugal relations at the customary precocious age is discouraged, if not strictly prohibited; and new conceptions respecting parental obligations are being gradually instilled. In the missionary work, which goes to the very fundamentals of all social organizations, we assert lies the only hope for the uplifting and regeneration of Eastern society.

Now from the family let us broaden our thoughts and rise to the nation, and we shall find that it is the gross violation of the correlative laws of population and sustenance, as has been pointed out by the great political economist Malthus, which is the deep-hidden, indirect cause of all such calamities as that which has been felt so sorely by Persia. Every country is liable to years of great scarcity; and it is evident that, at such times, there must be wide-spread suffering unless food may be thrown into the country from more favored districts, or the scarcity relieved from the garnered surplus of fruitful years. In China the latter method of providing against the disastrous consequences of a failure of crops is adopted, to a certain extent at least. Among Western nations, the



possibility of an overwhelming calamity of this character falling upon any district is effectually precluded by intimacy of commercial relations, and the existence of numerous lines of rapid international communication. But witness Persia, wrapped in conceited and indifferent isolation. She has refused to establish generous reciprocal commercial relations with other nations. She has failed to open lines of easy and rapid communication with surrounding countries, and has thus as effectually shut herself up from the reception of aid in case of emergency as though upon another planet. Yet, although she has thus isolated herself from the rest of the world, she has permitted her population to increase till there is a nicely poised equilibrium between the number of inhabitants and the food-producing capabilities of the country, without any provision whatsoever having been made for the correction of any disturbance that accident may produce in this equilibrium. An emergency occurs. The crops throughout the country fail. No relief can be thrown into the country from without; for there are no proper commercial relations existing, and no adequate means of transport. The animals of the caravans, which during time of plenty have kept up a sort of semi-torpid movement and commerce between the country and neighboring states, fall the first victims to the growing scarcity of food, and the country is thus abso-

lutely cut off from the rest of the world. What is the result? A struggle for life, and a harsh crushing out of those at a disadvantage in the struggle. Now this was never so intended. Reason, not natural selection, is designed to have sway here. But if it have not, if the equilibrium of population and subsistence be not guarded and maintained by wise restraints upon an undue expansion of population, or by intelligent forecast and provision for times of scarcity, or better—till the population of the world is vastly greater than at present—by the fostering of a certain solidarity of sympathies and interest between the different nations of the earth, expressing itself practically in the establishment or adoption of such means of intercommunication as may render possible the prompt extension of effectual relief upon the call of distress from any member of the union threatened with calamity—unless this matter be regulated by such intelligent means, it will be controlled by natural selection, and severe will be the action of this law, because in entering the delicate organization of human society it comes into a system intended to be lifted above the reach of the rough forces of a lower world. Perhaps the welfare of every nation has thus been bound up in this idea of universal brotherhood, as the theologians term it, or community of obligations and interests, as political economists might speak of it, in order that the future union of

the race might be placed beyond a contingency by this setting at work, for the grand consummation, the most powerful of all human motives—self-interest.

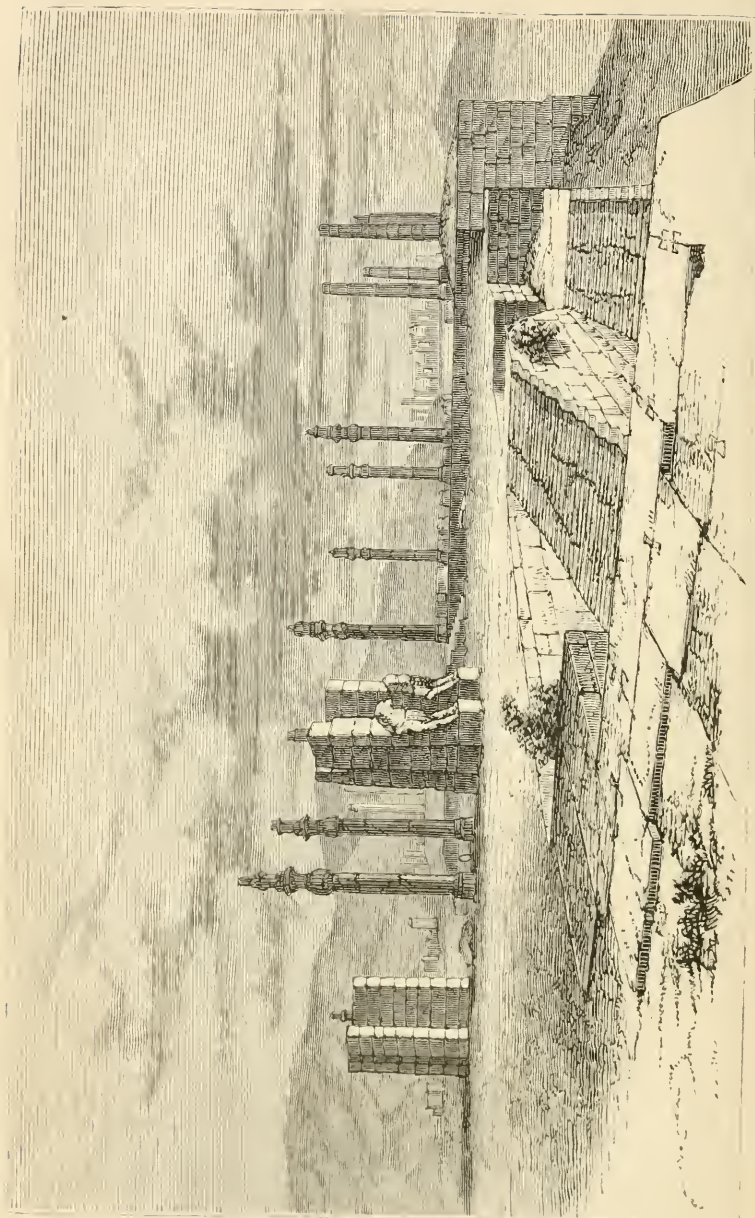
The great famine in Persia has struck a severe blow at the counter Asiatic theory of isolation. It has taught the Orientals that God never intended that they should wrap themselves in offensive seclusiveness, and refuse to form commercial alliances and sympathetic relations with one another and with European nations. At the very time that the inhabitants of Persia were dying by thousands for want of bread, Chicago was burned. From every part of the Union, and even from across the ocean, relief was poured in to meet the emergencies of the sudden calamity. We recollect well how this noble response to suffering thrilled us, when our papers brought the intelligence to us in Shiraz, where the people were dying uncared for in the streets of the city. So intimately blended are the interests of Western nations through their commercial relations, and of such a common nature is the life and pulse that beats in all, that when one member of the social body suffers, the whole body suffers with it, and prompt assistance is extended. Now the Oriental nations can not refuse to participate in these national reciprocities without incurring the penalty of such perverseness, any more than the individual can refuse to assume the duties and responsibilities that society

demands, and escape the penalties that follow the recluse. A severe lesson, truly, this which Persia has been taught. But those two long years of suffering will yet be seen to have been freighted with blessings to her, if their trying circumstances shall open the eyes of those who hold the destiny of the country in their hands to the folly of the absurd doctrine of isolation, and show them the absolute dependence of national prosperity upon membership in the great family of nations. Propositions for the establishment of railroads in Persia have been more favorably entertained since the famine has taught their utility. The Shah's journey through Europe can not but have an influence upon the future policy of the Persian court. What the Shah and his counselors saw will tend to favorably dispose them toward projects of internal improvement. We prophesy that not many years will pass before the capital of Persia will be connected by rail with the Caspian, and its principal centres of population touched by railway lines from India, on the one side, and the valley of the Tigris and Euphrates upon the other; and through such connections the recurrence of the terrible calamity of 1871-2 will be rendered absolutely impossible.\*

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\* Since the above was written several of the provinces of India have been visited by famine. In some of the districts not reached by the railways the suffering has been extreme. But these instances are local. The presence of the English, and the existence of extensive lines of railway, have saved the country from a wide-spread and appalling calamity.





THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.



## CHAPTER XII.

## THE RUINS OF PERSEPOLIS.

Historical Sketch.—Alexander at the Tomb of Cyrus.—Site of the Persepolitan Remains.—The Cyclopean Platform.—A Magnificent Stairway.—Grand Propylæum.—Gigantic Wardens.—Stanley and Antiquarians.—A richly Sculptured Staircase.—The Audience Hall of Xerxes.—Hall of the Hundred Columns.—Oriental Hall of Audience.—Ruins of the Palaces of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes.—Massive Portals.—Apartments of the Palace.—Nature of the Sculptures.—Rock-hewn Tombs.—Rock-cut Façades.—Remains of the City of Persepolis.—Fortified Gate.—A Curious Tower.—Rock Tablets.

FAR eclipsing all other memorials of the past in Persia are the ruins of Persepolis, whose stately columns, massive propylæa, gigantic wardens, and cyclopean stages are as largely responsible for the lofty conceptions we entertain of Persia's early greatness and magnificence as the pompous periods and gorgeous pictures of her historians. "Not only youthful travelers, glowing with imagination," writes Vaux, "but those of sober judgment, matured by the experience of many years, seem, as they approach these venerable monuments, to be inspired with the genius of Eastern romance, and their respective languages scarcely furnish epithets capable of expressing with an adequate energy the astonishment and admiration excited by such stupendous objects."

If before examining these antiquities we hastily trace a slight sketch of the ancient Persian Empire, we shall find that the same will be of service to us in enabling us to refer the different ruins and monuments to their proper place in history; and thus we shall proceed to our survey of these remarkable architectural remains with more interest, and with prospects of fuller instruction, from having first seen at what time, under what influence, and by what ancient kings they had their birth.

The early history of Persia, with true fidelity to the genius of development as exhibited by almost every nation, is embodied in the songs of her poets or in the tales of her fabulists. In the Rustem of her bards we find the Hercules of the Greeks and Romans; and in the long line of heroes and demigods of her traditionists we discover an exact reflection of the storied mythologies of the classical writers.\* It is not until we descend to the sixth century B.C. that we find ourselves free from the mist of antiquity, and treading on sure historic ground. The patient industry of the investigators of the cuneiform records of Assyria has, however, thrown a few rays of light through the obscurity of the two

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\* The great historical poem of Persia, called the "Shah Nameh," or "Book of Kings," written during the latter part of the tenth century A.D., by Firdusi, the "Homer of Persia," is a compilation of all the mythological, traditional, and historical memorials of the Persian Empire, from the earliest times to the Mohammedan conquest, A.D. 636.

or three centuries preceding that date. We know now that as late as the ninth century B.C. the Persians were broken up into independent tribes, incapable of acting in concert, and thus offering an easy prey to the Assyrian kings, who overran the country and exacted tribute from the subjected chieftains.\* With just this glimpse at the condition of the primitive Persian tribes, we pass over three centuries to find them consolidated into a state or monarchy, and Pasargadæ, not far from the later capital, Persepolis, the abode of a Persian court. B.C. 558 the rising Persian power came in contact with the Median monarchy: Persia lost her king, and Media her kingdom. Cyrus the Great, son of the fallen Persian monarch Cambyses, became the universal master of the Medes and Persians; and under his soldierly genius the vastest empire the world had yet seen arose upon the ruins of the Median and Babylonian monarchies, for scarcely had Media fallen before the Babylonian power was broken into pieces, and her sceptre transferred to "Darius the Mede," to whom was delegated, by Cyrus, the government of Babylon. Thus were fulfilled the high purposes of heaven.

While leading an expedition against some Scythian tribe—probably the Massagetæ—Cyrus received the wound that in a few days terminated his life.\*

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\* Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii., p. 365.

† Although we have accepted that version of the death of Cyrus

He was buried at Pasargadæ, and there his tomb stands to-day, surrounded by the remains of the magnificent structures with which he beautified that city. And it is to this Cyrus, as we shall hereafter see, that we must ascribe some of the most interesting and important of the Persepolitan ruins.

It is not needful, for our purpose, that we follow in any way closely the succeeding brilliant periods of the empire. Under Cambyses, we see her leading her troops along the Upper Nile; and but a little later, under Xerxes, reviewing her fleets upon the shores of the Hellespont. The East for the first time presumes to measure her strength with the West. The insult is not forgotten. At the battle of the Issus, Alexander strikes the blow that at once avenges Greece and shatters the whole fabric of the Persian Empire. The battle of Arbela quickly succeeds; the gates of Babylon open to him of their own accord; Persepolis is scarcely taken before its splendid palaces are heaps of ruins; at Pasargadæ even the sanctity of the tomb is violated, and within the

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which seems the most probable after a comparison of authorities, still we admit that there is a very great discrepancy upon this point among the early writers: "Herodotus and Justin, as well as Diodorus Siculus, state that he was taken prisoner and put to death by Tomyris, queen of the Massagetæ. Ctesias says he was slain by the javelin of an Indian, while making war on the dervises of that country; but Xenophon informs us that he died in his bed, after delivering an edifying address to his two sons, and was buried at Pasargadæ, in the year B.C. 529."—Fraser's "Persia," chap. iii.

sepulchre, basely opened, Alexander reads this inscription: "O man, whoever thou art, and whencesoever thou comest, I am Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire: envy me not the little earth that covers my body."—(Vaux's "Nineveh and Persepolis," p. 99.) And thus met the founder and the destroyer of one of the most magnificent empires the world had ever seen.

Alexander soon afterward dies at Babylon. Persia for fifty years forms a portion of the dominion of the Seleucidæ. Then the Parthians wrest the province from them, and for five hundred years maintain in Persia the Parthian monarchy. A.D. 226 the authority reverts to a line of native princes: the Sassanian dynasty is founded; and though the rule of these kings is at first vigorous, it gradually becomes weak and inefficient, and offers but feeble resistance to the impetuous outbreak of the tribes of Arabia. The conquest by the Arabs is followed by that of the Turks; and then again at the beginning of the sixteenth century the Persian line is restored, and the Saffanean dynasty established. To-day it is one of the weakest and most despicable governments on the face of the earth, and its conceited Shah-in-Shah, or King of Kings, the puppet-show of Europe.

The antiquities to which we shall now direct our attention will be seen to belong entirely to the earliest and most brilliant period of Persia's history—to

the reigns of Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes. And thus these monuments are invested with all the interest of a hoary antiquity, scarcely yielding in this respect to the remains of Assyria and Babylonia.

The ruins of Persepolis, as they have come to be called, lie about forty miles in a northerly direction from Shiraz, on the eastern edge of the extensive plain of Merdasht. When we saw this plain, in early spring, portions were beautifully green with irrigated fields; but the larger part lay waste and barren, presenting a very different aspect from what it did when the Persian kings, from the elevated terraces of their palaces, overlooked one of the most beautiful and carefully kept valleys in the world. Low, gray, sunburnt hills, thrice as barren and forbidding as ever Virgil imagined the Ithacæan rocks, hem in the plain on all sides, and instead of heightening by contrast, as formerly, the beauty of the emerald valley, now intensify its repulsive desolation.

The ruins, as we have already said, lie just at the foot of the hills that border the plain on the east. Although these remains are usually spoken of as the "Ruins of Persepolis," they are not the remains of that capital—few traces of which are existing—but are the ruins of the great palaces, which were situated a considerable distance from the city. The entire group is called by the natives Chehl Minar ("forty columns"), or Tukhti Jemshid ("Jemshid's



throne"). Almost every thing of a wonderful nature in Persia is attributed by the natives to this fabulous character; just as Hercules among the Greeks and Romans, and Semiramis among the Babylonians, were the names about which gathered all the wonderful tales from every source; and just as Nimrod or Solomon with the Arabs to-day has the credit of every thing remarkable to be found in Assyria or Babylonia.

The first palace built at Persepolis was founded by Cyrus the Great; others were raised by succeeding kings, especially by Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes Ochus. The mass of buildings was destroyed, at least partially, upon the overthrow of the empire by the Macedonian; and, indeed, Alexander himself is said to have fired the edifices during a "drunken frolic, and at the instigation of a courtesan."\*

As at Baalbec, it is the massive substructions upon which the buildings stood that constitute one of the most imposing features of the remains. This immense platform is fifteen hundred feet in length, and nine hundred and thirty-six feet in width; as the

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\* The name of Thaïs at least has as sure a place in history as that of Herostratus, the ambitious youth who thought to immortalize himself by firing the Temple of Diana, at Ephesus. According to Plutarch, as quoted by Fraser, the palace, though greatly damaged by the fire kindled by Alexander, was in existence as late as the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes. Some accounts attribute the final destruction of Persepolis and its palaces to the Moslem iconoclasts.

ground slopes slightly from the hill toward the plain, the platform is supported by walls upon three sides only, the fourth abutting upon the hills that overhung the palace. The platform is composed of three terraces, the central being by far the longest and highest, presenting to the plain an imposing and massive front seven hundred and seventy feet in length, and over forty feet in height.

This gigantic platform is the most remarkable work of its nature in the world, far exceeding in its dimensions the famous substructions of the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. The Syrian platform, however, surpasses the Persepolitan in the size of the stones used in its construction. There are, however, blocks of sufficiently gigantic dimensions occurring in the supporting walls of the Persepolitan stage. We measured one, in the wall of the southern terrace, which gave a length of twenty-seven feet and a width of seven. The entire face of this block was covered with cuneiform inscriptions. There were many other stones near the one measured of nearly equally gigantic dimensions. These massive blocks give the walls a strength and solidity that insures to them a perpetuity as lasting as the surrounding hills. We have already, in connection with our description of the great palace-mound at Nineveh, alluded to the purposes subserved by the enormous mounds, stages, terraces, or platforms which we now find

loaded with the *débris* of the Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian palaces. The fact that the Persepolitan platform that supported the Persian royal residences was constructed of stone, and has thus been able to preserve through so many centuries its prominent features, especially its wonderful stairways, unimpaired by the wear of time, is what adds greatly to the interest that attaches itself to this stupendous monument of the world's ancient builders.

The surface of the platform is reached from the front by means of a grand staircase over twenty feet in width, consisting of two flights of broad stone steps: each step is so low and wide that, encouraged by the assurance of worthy predecessors and the example of our guide, we mounted on horseback, and with such ease that it would be an exaggeration to call it any kind of a feat. Both Niebuhr and Fergusson unite in pronouncing this stairway the finest work of the kind that the ancient or even modern world can show. As if depending on its grand proportions for admiration, it is entirely free from sculptures or ornamentation of any kind; while the smaller staircases that lead from the northern and southern terraces to the central one are most profusely decorated with sculptural designs and figures. The effect of the stern, stately simplicity which the broad sweep of steps imparts would be injured were the eye allowed to be led off in the survey of any thing subordinate and simply sculpturesque.

Ascending this stairway, we found ourselves upon the northern terrace, confronted by two colossal bulls, wardens of the ancient palace. In their gigantic dimensions they seemed to belong to Egypt,\* but in conception and execution to Assyria. These colossal figures flanked an imposing propylæum, twelve feet wide and over thirty high. About one hundred feet from the first gateway is a second of equal dimensions, likewise flanked by two bulls looking toward the hills. These differ from those facing the plain in being represented with wings and the human face divine. These grand propylæa formed the appropriate portals to a magnificent hall, of which only two stately fluted pillars, sixty feet high, ornamented with curious and elaborate capitals, that constitute a considerable portion of the height of the column, are left to enable us to judge of the nature of the structure. The excessively elongated capital forms one of the most peculiar features of the architecture of the Achæmean kings. "It may have contented them," writes Loftus, "to borrow indiscriminately from all [nations], so that each of the hundred columns surrounding their throne might bear upon its

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\* That Persian art felt the influence of Egyptian scarcely admits of doubt. Nebuchadnezzar spoiled Egypt, and one-fourth century after Cyrus sacked Babylon. Cambyzes rifled the hundred-gated Thebes, and bore away many trophies into Persia. Through these mediate and direct contacts with the Egyptians, the Persian artists must have received many suggestions which had much to do in giving character to Persepolitan architecture.



PROPYLÆA OF XERXES.

fluted shaft the lotus, the palm, and the bull, and symbolize the glories which the victorious arms of the Persians had gathered upon the battle-fields of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Babylonia."

But although, save the pillars mentioned, the hall to which the propylæa gave entrance has almost entirely disappeared, and time has swept away the greater portion of the palaces themselves, whose last master passed out through these portals more than twenty centuries ago, and has thrown down the architrave of the propylæa, and left many a defacing mark on the giant wardens themselves, yet, time-worn and scarred, they still sentinel the surrounding deso-

lation, and, if spared from iconoclastic hands, will be for many centuries to come the worthy guardians of the ruins of the palaces of the Persian kings.

It is a somewhat ludicrous anachronism to find these ancient propylæa and bulls, besides bearing cuneiform inscriptions, covered all over with English initials. By and by, after the English has become a dead language, some curious antiquarian will have a real time determining whether it were Cyrus, Darius, and Xerxes, or Rich, Malcolm, and MacDonald who set up these winged bulls. Perhaps Stanley, too, in those distant times, will be honored, not only as the discoverer of Livingstone, but also as founder of the Persepolitan palace: "STANLEY, NEW YORK HERALD," is engraved between the legs of one of the colossal bulls in letters as bold as the Ujiji expedition.

Besides the propylæa and ruined hall to which they led, there are no remains of importance on the northern terrace. So with these examined we ascend the stairway that leads to the great central terrace which supports the grandest fragments of buildings that are found on the platform. This staircase is elaborately ornamented with sculptures, representing triumphal processions, where conqueror and captive, crowned king and long-robed priest, warriors armed with lance and shield, bow and quiver, and chariots drawn by led horses, march along in stone



with us to the "Hall of Xerxes," the audience-chamber, or throne-room, of the Great King. Thirteen lofty columns, that rise up grandly to a height of sixty feet, are the principal remains of the magnificent pillared hall, the grandest and most stately audience-chamber that Eastern monarch ever sat beneath to hear and judge the matters of his subjects.

The bases of many of the columns that have fallen are still in place, and thus antiquarians have been able to restore at least the prominent features of the edifice. The hall proper consisted of a group of thirty-six columns, each rising to the great height of sixty-four feet. Three pillared porticoes inclosed this central group on three sides, at a distance of seventy feet, thus making the dimensions of the structure 350 feet in length and 246 feet in breadth. The main cluster of pillars, like each of the porticoes, supported a roof. Fergusson thinks that the edifice was still further protected by walls of inferior construction, which time may have removed. But Rawlinson supposes the structure to have been a "summer throne-room, open to all the winds of heaven, except so far as it was protected by curtains."

Besides this hall of Xerxes, there was another of similar construction standing upon the same terrace, and called the "Hall of a Hundred Columns." It consisted of a square of one hundred pillars, fronted by a deep portico. Every column has been thrown

down, but massive doorways and monolithic window-frames of black polished marble render it easy to trace the lines of the inclosing walls; for, unlike the hall of Xerxes, the phalanx of pillars was here surrounded by thick walls. This structure, though it must have been sufficiently magnificent, was never so imposing as the lofty audience-hall of Xerxes, as the columns of the central cluster and porch were only a trifle over half the height of those of that stately edifice. It was doubtless used by the earlier Persian kings for the same purposes that the later monarchs employed the hall of Xerxes.

The originality of conception and boldness of execution displayed by the Persian architect in these stately "halls of audience" will have been remarked. There is nothing in the architecture of any other people with which we may compare them, unless we except the audience-halls of the great Mogul sovereigns of India. But the one that formed an adjunct of the palace at Delhi, while beautiful and sumptuous as to its ornamentation, in stern grandeur and bold stateliness falls far behind the Persepolitan edifices. Considering the early age in which they had their birth, they can not fail to excite alike our astonishment and admiration.

From a description of these public structures we now pass to the residences of the Persian kings. There are the remains of four palatial edifices lying

upon the platform. These have been identified as the royal residences of Cyrus or Cambyses, Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes Ochus. The remains of the first are scanty, as much of the material was used in the construction of the later palaces. There are, however, enough blocks left to render it possible to trace a hall and portico that indicate a structure small in dimensions compared with the palaces of the two last sovereigns. The ruins of the Palace of Darius lie near those of the great audience-hall already described. These remains consist principally of massive portals and windows; the jambs of the door-ways and the entire window-frames being monolithic.\* The jambs of the doors are adorned with sculptures, a tiresome repetition being maintained: the constantly recurring figures are those of the king, accompanied by two attendants, one holding a sun-shade, and the other a brush for driving away flies—from which we may infer what were some of the annoyances of life in a Persian palace; or the royal personage is represented as engaged in combat with a horned monster, which he seizes by the horn

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\* This is simply another instance of the direction taken by the pride or ambition, rather than the taste, of the ancient builders of the world. It was the style to cut and place gigantic blocks of stone because they witnessed to the power and resources of the sovereign. It was this pride which raised the vast obelisks of Egypt, that hoisted to their places the huge blocks that form the substructions at Baalbec, that cut and polished the Persepolitan monoliths.

with his left hand, while with his right he plunges a dagger into the body of the rampant beast. This figure is thought by Ravenshaw to be entirely symbolical, "indicating the sun passing through or conquering the signs of the zodiac." In confirmation of this view he quotes Dupuis to the effect that "the twelve labors of Hercules were in like manner a myth, founded on the annual labors of the sun."\* The remains of the Palace of Xerxes repeat the features of the preceding one; while the royal residence of Artaxerxes Ochus is represented by scanty fragments of walls and columns.

As in the case of the Assyrian palaces, there is a diversity of opinion as to the existence of a second story in the Persepolitan royal residences. Fergusson, who always seems to be inclined toward the side of grandeur, supports, without much apparent evidence, the theory that would give the palaces all the imposing effect to be gained by a second story; but Rawlinson rejects this view, as no staircases nor other evidences of such a plan of construction have been discovered. The buildings, if but one-storied, must have presented a somewhat low and massive appearance, which would, however, be in part counteracted by their commanding position upon the terraces. The chambers and different apartments, we may infer, had the gloom, consequent upon such a massive

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\* "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vol. xvi., art. vii., p. 109.

style of construction, relieved by all those sumptuous decorations and luxurious arrangements that are the invariable adjuncts of royal residences in the East.

The gradual growth of the successive Persepolitan palaces has been remarked by different writers. From the comparatively small structure which we may without much hesitation attribute to Cyrus the Great, we advance to the extensive palace of Artaxerxes Ochus, which equaled in size the famous palace of the Assyrian Sargon. But we think that Rawlinson is the first to call attention to the change that may be observed in the tone of the ornamentation of the earlier and later palaces. The sculptures that adorn the residences of the first kings, Cyrus and Darius, represent the royal person engaged in bold and manly combat with lions or other monsters; while in the halls and chambers of the palace of Xerxes we see that these give place to representations of servants bearing articles of luxury intended for royal use. "A tone of mere sensual enjoyment is thus given to the later edifice which is very far from characterizing the earlier; and the decline at the court, which history indicates as rapid about this period, is seen to have stamped itself, as such changes usually do, upon the national architecture."\*

At Persepolis "it is but a step from the palace to

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\* Rawlinson's "Ancient Monarchies," vol. iii., p. 293.

the tomb." Directly back of the ruins, in the face of the rock that overhangs the great platform, is an artificial recess, sunk just deep enough to protect a beautiful richly sculptured façade. The elaborately carved rock recalls the sculpturesque fronts of Petra. This is one of the famous rock-tombs of the Persian kings. Prominent among the multitude of figures that adorn the tomb is a robed personage, doubtless intended to represent the sovereign himself, in the position of adoration before a fire-altar and a globe, symbolizing the sun, the chief object emblematic of the deity worshiped by these Magian kings.\* Thus here, as is always the case, religion and the sepulchre are intimately connected. A low door, toward the base of the façade, gives entrance to a small vaulted

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\* Zoroastrianism, or the worship of fire, is simply a corruption of the earlier Chaldæan Sabianism—the adoration of the “hosts of heaven.” The Ghebers and Parsees of the present day still hold the doctrines and customs of their ancestors with little change. They worship the element fire only as the most perfect type or symbol of the Supreme Deity. They esteem it irreverent to extinguish a flame. We once asked a Parsee if when a candle or lamp was lighted it must be allowed to burn till it consumed itself? “No,” said he, “for though it may not be extinguished, still the tip of the candle or wick may be cut off and”—“Thrown into the fire,” suggested we. “No,” continued he, “placed *carefully* in the fire.” Yet their practical view of things sometimes gets the better of their veneration, as when the “fiend” is consuming their property. In India they have been known to work energetically in extinguishing conflagrations. Great numbers of the Ghebers have been driven by Moslem persecution into India, where they are known as Parsees. We found some in the Vale of Cashmere. More than the Japanese, they merit the distinction of being called the “Yankees of Asia.” They appear more like Europeans than Asiatics; are enterprising, intelligent, and progressive.



chamber, containing niches for the reception of the bodies. There are seven of these rock-hewn tombs in the face of the hills about Persepolis; but only one has any inscription, and that has been identified as the sepulchre of Darius Hystaspis.

Nearly two miles north of the group of ruins we have been describing a broad valley leads the inconsiderable stream of the Pulwar through the hills that form the eastern border of the plain of Merdasht. Just at the opening of this valley stood the capital of the later Persian Empire—Istakr, as known in the language of the country, but which, through the Greeks, has passed into history under the name of Persepolis, or “City of the Persians.” The ruins we have already examined may be considered as the relics of the royal suburb of the capital. The remains marking the site of the city proper are scanty and unimportant compared with those that cover the great stage. Of the palace that stood within the city nothing remains save a solitary column and some fragments of walls and massive doorways which preserve the ancient site.

The most interesting ruin here, however, is a heap of enormous blocks, that is supposed by some to mark the position of one of the city gates, but which Rawlinson suggests may be the remains of a “fortified gate,” similar to the *Pylæ Ciliciæ*, or the *Pylæ Syriæ*, described by Xenophon in the *Anabasis*—in-

tended to close the valley against the passage of a hostile army. We do not know that we have any authority for saying, yet we suppose it to be so, that the ancient custom of fortifying with walls and heavy gates narrow valleys that formed the natural pathway through mountainous countries is what leads us often to speak of difficult passes as "mountain gates."

In the face of the rocks that form the northern wall of the Pulwar valley are four tombs, similar to the one above the great palace platform. Beneath those royal sepulchres are numerous tablets of a comparatively recent date, most of which are the work of the Assacidan (Parthian) and Sassanian kings, who ruled Persia during the first centuries of our era. We will not attempt to give any description of these sculptures, as they are very similar to the rock-tablets of Shapur, of which we have given a brief account in another chapter.

Standing near the base of the cliffs that contain these tablets is a solitary tower, about twenty feet square and thirty or forty feet in height, solidly constructed of immense stones. A doorway fifteen feet above the ground gives access to a single lofty chamber, roofed by massive marble beams, six feet in width and twenty-four in length. In external appearance the structure resembles the tower-tombs of Palmyra, save in the cyclopean nature of its mason-

ry. Morier believes it to be a fire-temple, or more properly a fire-altar, of the earlier Magians.

We have now glanced at the most important of the Persepolitan remains. We have not attempted a minute delineation of the various ruins, but have simply aimed to give a general yet accurate description of their most prominent and interesting features. These ruins give us almost all the knowledge we possess respecting the architecture of the ancient Persians. The remains at Pasargadæ,\* the capital of the earlier kings, and also those at Susa, on the Susianian plains, are insignificant compared with those that mark the site of the Persepolitan palaces.

Keppel, in speaking of the Turks, observes that a people who never look back to their ancestors will never look forward to their posterity. Persia to-day witnesses the truth of this reflection. She has no care, nor even curiosity, respecting the memorials of her former grandeur; and probably there is no nation in this broad world more forgetful of the claims of posterity. But fortunately the monuments of her golden days are of such a nature that they find protection in their own cyclopean strength. As long

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\* The tomb of Cyrus the Great, which stands at Pasargadæ, is the most interesting structure existing on that ancient site. For full descriptions of this tomb, and the other remains at Pasargadæ and Susa, see Loftus, "*Chaldæa and Susiana*;" Rawlinson, "*Ancient Monarchies*;" and Ker Porter, "*Travels*."

as the monuments of Egypt shall overlook the Nile, so long will the giant wardens of the Persian palaces look out over the plains of Iran, and tell to wondering centuries the story of the magnificence that they witnessed so long ago.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## FROM SHIRAZ TO CASHMERE.

Departure from Shiraz.—An Attack.—Descent to the Coast.—On Board the *Ethiopia*.—Persian Gulf.—Muscat.—Coast of Beloochistan.—Harbor of Bombay.—Great Indian Peninsula Railway.—Over the Ghauts.—Allahabad.—Lahore.—Traveling by Dak.—Bungalows.—Palanquin Travel.—Foot of the Himalayas.—Bhimur.—In the Saddle.—Saidabad.—A Picturesque Valley.—Grand Views.—Naoshera Valley.—Scenery among the Hills.—Ruined Serais.—Great Moguls.—Passage of the Ruttan Pir.—Tropical Forest.—Alpine Scenery.—Poshiana.—An Arab Scene.—A Fractious Animal.—Pass of the Pir Punjal.—Coloration of Flowers.—Scenery about Aliabad Serai.—Glimpse of the Vale of Cashmere.—Shapiyon.—Across the Valley.—Encamped in the Gardens of Cashmere.

FROM the Valley of Shiraz to the Vale of Cashmere! They seem a long, long way apart. Yes; and should we stop to describe each scene, and tell each incident of the journey, that would be a long, long story, and might, perhaps, lack some of those elements that alone should justify so lengthy a recital. Consequently you shall be transported very quickly from the hills of Persia to the base of the mountains that overhang the plains of India.

So you are with us upon the 11th of May, as we bid farewell to Shiraz, and, well mounted and armed, with a single attendant, set out for the sea-port of

Bushire, a journey of ten days. Scarcely eight hours from the capital we are suddenly attacked by four desperate-looking robbers, armed with mattocks—heavy iron-headed clubs—a Persian's favorite weapon; but a five-barreled revolver, unexpectedly leveled at the bared breast of the foremost, who, with lifted club and fierce-set countenance, is just springing like a beast upon his prey, suddenly interrupts their designs, and persuades them all to make a hasty retreat from what they well know is imminent danger. They evidently thought us to be unarmed. These Persians can not comprehend a Frank's way of tucking his weapons away out of sight in some inner pocket. They always hang their arms, when they happen to possess any, about themselves as conspicuously as possible; and while danger is yet a long way off they make a grand flourish, and, if they have any charges to spare, fire off some of their old flint-locks, to convince the enemy that they will go. Our would-be assassins were certainly thoroughly astonished. They will be more chary of Franks hereafter. We must not be surprised at this daring attack. Persian banditti have always been a pest of the country; but just now their number is increased tenfold by the famine, and their sufferings render them perfectly reckless and desperate.

The second day we reach Deshti Arjun, which we remember as the "Plain of the Wild Almond." Since



we passed through this upland vale, May has entered, and sown it all over with flowers—red, yellow, blue, and purple. The Eeliauts, too, have entered with the spring, and their tents are pitched here and there, and their flocks are feeding all over the rich pastures. We climb the wall of hills that rim the valley, and then descend to the Deshti Burr, the “Vale of Oaks.” It is a lovely spot. The groves are filled with the cooing of the wood-pigeon, and are vocal with the notes of tiny warblers. This reconciles us to the loss of the flowers; for since we camped in the valley before the blighting heat of summer has been withering the more tender verdure of the plain with its hot breath. We are still further assured of the advance of the dry, hot season as, reluctantly leaving behind us the pretty “Vale of Oaks,” we descend to the plain of Kauzerun, which we find to have already exchanged the beautiful hue of early spring for the sear look of autumn.

But one thing delights us. The harvest has come; and the famishing remnant of the thinned population are gathering in such crops as they have not seen for many a year. Many of the children whom we fed when we passed before, and who were then mere languishing, pitiable skeletons, are now actually fat and plump, full of animal life, making one’s heart bound with joy to watch them. There are, however, many orphaned ones, and among twenty or thirty of

these we divide the last of the bread brought from Shiraz for distribution along the route. At evening we stroll through the almost deserted city of Kauzerun. Death and ruin are every where. The streets are empty, the bazaars are empty, the houses are empty, the mosques are deserted. There is nothing more melancholy than the scenes of a city just depopulated.

We leave the plain of Kauzerun by night, for the heat is now too intense to allow us to travel during the day. From the long, dark, winding mountain defile we issue upon the plain of Kumaridj; then descend the "Simplon of Persia" to Koonar Tukhteh, and finally drop down the last terrace to Dalikee, on the burning coast. Within the deepest cloisters of the old caravansary, with our heads swathed with wet towels, we pass the day, with the mercury in our cell at 103°, and 130° without. Three nights take us across this burning plain to Bushire. We are just in time. The steamship *Ethiopia*, of the Persian Gulf line, is lying in the roadstead, and is to weigh anchor for Bombay this very evening—May 18th. We are glad for what we have seen of Persia; and glad, too, that we are out of it, as the good *Ethiopia* bears us away from Bushire, and on down the Persian Gulf.

For two days we skirt a hopelessly barren coast, presenting nothing save sandy, fiery plains, and bare,

arid, featureless hills; and yet here is where Moore's imagination wandered to find

“Banks of pearl and palmy isles.”

Twice we drop anchor at Persian ports; and twice are glad when, after a few hours' delay, the *Ethiopia* swings her anchor again, and hurries away from the uninviting, hot-breathing shore. From the Persian coast we strike across to Muscat, on the Arabian shore. We seem to be approaching the realms of Pluto. What black Tartarean rocks! There is not a blade of verdure. The entire coast-wall looks like a broken-up lava bed. Cautiously our steamer creeps into a rock-guarded harbor, the Cove of Muscat, the “Cryptus Portus” of Ptolemy. The echo of the harbor is remarkable, which we discover as the boom of the vessel's signal cannon is tossed back and forth, from wall to wall of rock, in wondrous reduplications of sound.

From inland a black valley comes winding through the black hills, and before touching the shore pushes them apart just enough to make space for a little town; and there, wedged between the Plutonic rocks, lies Muscat, a place of from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants. The sun burns down upon the rocks till they scorch the very air that touches them. The whole scene looks perfectly purgatorial. The surrounding rocks are fortified; and from several towers, perched in wondrously dizzy places, the blood-red

Arabian flag flames against the dark precipice or the glowing sky.

We venture ashore. The frontage of the town looks somewhat European-like, with its substantial stone and brick buildings, two or three storied; but piercing this we find ourselves in a labyrinth of narrow, crooked bazaars and streets, and surrounded by low mat-constructed huts. The bazaars are stocked with fruits and vegetables in most refreshing profusion, contrasted with the famine-stricken stalls of Persian towns. We are told that all these are furnished by the gardens lying some eight or ten miles inland. But the people interest us more. Tired of Persian rags, it is a relief to get among Arabs again. They are scrupulously neat and virtuous in aspect compared with the dirty and villainous-looking sons of Iran. But we must not allow ourselves to constitute a comparison too unfavorable to the Persians: we must recollect that we saw them under unfavorable circumstances; the famine had made them a nation of beggars. Yet the contrast observed in passing from one country to the other is, at this time, most noticeable indeed.

But what an armed community we are among here! Every man met in the street carries a gun, or is girded with sword or dagger. The trader's sword lies by the side of his goods. The bazaars swarm with swarthy Bedawin, covered with the

dust of the desert, each a perfect perambulating arsenal, hung with matchlock and sword, and belted with huge daggers and pistols and knives.

Just at evening the *Ethiopia* slips out of the harbor, and turns her prow eastward. As we sit on deck, late into the night, a familiar friend greets our eye. Low in the southern horizon the Southern Cross swings above the haze settled over the sea. How it carries us back to those starlit nights which lighted our canoes upon the water-paths of the South American forests. We may sit several hours longer now, for we shall not tire with such a companion, full of the memories of other times.

A little more than one day from Muscat and we touch the coast of Beloochistan, at Gwadur, a little station of the Indo-European telegraph line. Burning, sandy lowlands, with a few straggling palms endeavoring to shade the settlement, and bare sunburnt hills inland, are the only elements in the ugly, hateful view. Beloochistan is justly synonymous in our imaginings with barrenness, desolation, and ghastly repulsiveness. We pity anew the wearied soldiers of Alexander, as, when retreating from the fair provinces of India, they dragged themselves across these dreary sand-deserts; for this heaven-forsaken country before us is the Gedrosia of the ancients, the scene of that harassing march. It is a relief when our

steamer turns away from the fierce glare and fiery breath of the desert coast.

Upon the afternoon of the last day of May, the twelfth from Bushire, we steam into the beautiful harbor of Bombay. How exhilarating to again meet verdure-clothed hills! Picturesque islets and islands, with pretty villas enshrouded in foliage; imposing frontages of lofty, noble piles of buildings; steamers and ships flaunting the flags of every nation; hundreds of little native boats careering hither and thither with swollen sails, and lending animation to the scene—all this immediately about us, and the lofty ranges of the Ghauts appearing through the hazy atmosphere in dim perspective far inland, are the prominent features gathered by our first glimpse of the famous “Land of the Veda.”

We should love to linger among the scenes of Bombay, but we must not think of indulging this wish at present (we shall return again), for India is now burning under the most intense heat of the year, and we must hurry to the “hills,” as the Anglo-Indians term the Himalayas. So now we are seated in the comfortable compartment of an English railway coach—this seems like being in civilization again—and are being whirled over the line of the Great Indian Peninsula Railway, which, in connection with the East Indian Railway, forms the grand trans-continental railroad of Hindustan between Bombay



and Calcutta. A few hours' run and the laboring engines are dragging us up the western slope of the Ghauts, now cautiously winding with the tortuous ravines, now plunging through endless tunnels, and again slowly mounting the long, heavy grades. The cars are intolerably hot and dusty; and the scenery is for the most part uninteresting, yet at times picturesquely wild and grand. The hills are clothed with a sparse, stunted tree vegetation, whose foliage retains a degree of freshness; but the grass is burnt to a crisp from long drought. We wonder at the thinness of the population; for the villages are small and scattering. Is this India with her teeming millions? Wait till we have passed these sun-burnt mountains, and entered the valley of the Ganges.

Suddenly our locomotives scream triumphantly; they have reached the summit, and have now a seemingly interminable plain before them, stretching out eastward to the horizon. For two days and one night we rush onward over this plain, passing no places of particular note, and late in the evening of the second day reach the beautiful city of Allahabad, right in the centre of India.

From Allahabad we hasten northward, over the lines of the East Indian and Delhi railways, seven hundred miles to Lahore. First we are borne up the valley of the Ganges: now we need no longer complain of a too sparse population. As town succeeds

town, and city succeeds city in rapid succession, our wonderment is how the land supports such an enormous population. We pass cities famous for their architectural wonders or historical reminiscences—Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, Umritsir—pass them without regret, for the pleasure of their exploration is coming by and by when we return from the hills, with these days of withering heat gone by.

At last we are at Lahore, the city of the Punjab—the country of the five rivers—one of the most beautiful provinces of India, but parched and burning now; so, although it be the terminus of the railroad, we dare not make it the terminus of our journey. Cashmere, the Vale of Cashmere, away yonder amid the cool heights of the Himalayas, the foot-hills of which we can just discern through the glaring haze, as the setting sun throws them into relief against the northern sky—that is the terminus of our journey, our longed-for retreat from these fiery, blasted plains.

So, delaying scarcely to rest, we resume our flight. But how? By *dak*. And what is a *dak*? A *dak* is simply a four-wheeled, covered, post conveyance, arranged within with mattress and bolster, so that the passenger may assume a recumbent position. The vehicle will accommodate two persons very comfortably. In such a conveyance we leave Lahore, just at nightfall; for traveling under an Indian sun

at this season is not to be thought of for a moment. The road seems in perfect order; and this is fortunate, for we have seventy-two miles to make before morning. Fresh relays are furnished every eight or ten miles. By the shade of Phaethon! how these natives drive! Jehu should be ashamed of himself! We wonder if our rate of progress be the normal one; and finally discover that there are rival companies running their *daks* over the route, and that our Jehu is laboring to sustain the reputation of his line, which is threatened by some *daks* that left Lahore a little behind us. Before the morning sun waxes hot we reach Goojerat, and alight at the travelers' *bungalow*. And what is a bung-a-low? That is the Hindustani for house; and the travelers' bungalow is a building intended for the accommodation of persons journeying.

During the day we think of scarcely any thing save the heat: it is almost insufferable. The door to our room is barricaded with thick mats, kept constantly dripping with water, that the fiery air may be strained through their cooling meshes before entering our chamber; and then the atmosphere of the room is gently stirred by the swaying *punka*—a huge fan suspended from the ceiling, and kept in motion by means of a rope, which passes through the wall to the hands of a native without. Yet with all these appliances we fail to reduce the temperature

of the room much below 100°, while without—well, we never go there.

With the return of night we resume our journey; not by carriage, however, but by palanquin. These are generally borne on the shoulders of four natives; and fresh coolies are provided at frequent stations. They bear us along with a sort of trot, keeping step to a monotonous chant, and long before morning have deposited us at Bhimur, thirty miles from Goojerat.

Just before reaching this place we observe, as we thrust our heads from the door of our palanquin, that a dark, spectral, gloomy thunder-cloud is darkening all the northern horizon. But how is it that so many stars gleam through the heavy banks of clouds? Those stars are camp-fires, high up on the dark flanks of the Himalayas, that through the night seem like gloomy storm-clouds heaped along the sky. We push in among the foot-hills, and with the fires still burning above us, throw ourselves on our cots, dragged outside the bungalow under the open heavens; and, while attempting to secure a little rest before the day shall come with its distracting heat, we dream of climbing the mountains, with the cool breezes fanning us, and the spray of leaping streams refreshing the air all around.

And now, as we have brought you quickly, as we promised, over many thousand miles of sea and land, to the shadow of these giant mountains, we will not

ask you to hurry on farther with us; but H—— and I will climb the Himalayas alone, and give you, more leisurely, the narrative of our adventures.

Bhimur is a small native village, similar in appearance, and quite equal in wretchedness, to any Arab or Persian town. The dwellings are rude, diminutive mud or stone built structures, making no pretensions to either neatness or comfort. The town is situated, as has already been discovered, at the base of the Himalayas, just a little way in among the foothills which the gigantic ranges form as they break down gradually to the plains of India. It is two hundred miles from Cashmere, which lies up among the loftier peaks. There are several routes to the valley; but the Bhimur trail, which we chose, though the most difficult, is the shortest; yet so necessarily slow is the traveler's progress that fourteen days are required to make the journey over this path.

The day of our arrival at Bhimur was spent in making overtures for horses, and in parcelling our baggage into convenient coolie loads. Our Lahore servant, our medium of communication, was by no means an adept in the management of English idioms; but we soon supplemented some of his most glaring deficiencies with Hindustani words and phrases, with which we, anticipating just such an emergency as this, had fore-armed ourselves; and thus, as our *khansaman* was tolerably quick of ap-

prehension, all our arrangements were consummated without much embarrassment. Two little mountain saddle-ponies and several coolies were secured for the first night's journey, fresh relays of horses and coolies being provided for the traveler at each station. Bungalows, we were informed, would be found at convenient stages along the entire road.

Just at sunset we mounted our ponies, and with our coolie guides wound for a while among the foothills, which were covered with jungle, and then climbed the precipitous flank of the Adatak range, attaining the summit about midnight. The breeze that now reached us from the mountains was fresh and invigorating, and seemed Boreal contrasted with the fiery breath of the hot plains lying just discernible in the thick haze of the moonlight below. We threw ourselves from our saddles upon the ground, just to enjoy this new atmosphere. We never imagined there could be so exquisite a pleasure in simple respiration. But it seemed an object now to live just for the sake of breathing. Every inspiration—free, full, fresh, invigorating—gave a new lease of life. It was the first enjoyable breathing we had done since leaving Bombay.

Remounting, we descended into a deep valley, to the little village of Saidabad, where we found a good bungalow, and passed a comfortable day, the mercury not rising above 96°, as the high range we had



passed shut out the hot, suffocating breath of the plains. The valley of Saidabad was partly cultivated, and was sub-tropical in its vegetation. The jungles of the foot-hills here assumed arboreal proportions, and sprinkled the bottom of the valley, as well as the slopes of the mountains, with a thin forest. The trees, standing in broken, ragged lines along the brow of the abrupt, encircling hills, mimicked the picturesque effect produced by dark, solitary masses of foliage rising from the walls of some ancient ruin.

As soon as evening had come we left Saidabad, and climbed just such a range as we had mounted the preceding night. The slope was covered with a thin forest of pines and palms, and our ride through these, beneath the soft moonlight, was simply entrancing. What with open forest and intervening glades, we seemed again amid scenes of the homeland. Through the pines that crowned the summit of the ridge the winds moaned just as they sob amid the firs of our Northern forests. From the top of the range we had a weird view. The forests that crowned one of the loftiest peaks ahead were all ablaze, and the whole summit glowed like a volcano. The fire, running down the valleys, looked like streams of burning lava, leaping in fiery cascades down the abrupt flanks of the mountain. And while the fires that formed the blazing crown of the peak seemed mounted half-way up the heavens, there were hidden

fires burning in profound valleys far beneath us, that only revealed themselves by the lurid reflection they cast up the steep slopes and shot against the sky, which seemed through the gloom of the night as though thrown up from the open door of Pluto's dominions.

The valley of Naoshera, into which we descended and passed the day, was a most inviting spot. The encompassing hills were thinly wooded, and the bottom of the vale either clothed with copse or relieved by cultivation; while immediately about the few huts that composed the town peaches, pears, apricots, and oranges were fruiting abundantly. Parrots and paroquets, and many equally noisy birds, made the groves resonant during the morning; but as the heat of the day advanced Nature seemed to droop, and the birds became silent, and hid away amid the thickest foliage; for, though cool compared with the fiery heat of the plains, it was still hot, the thermometer marking  $96^{\circ}$  at sundown.

From Naoshera onward we changed our hours of travel from the night to the early morning—leaving our stations just at break of day, and completing our stage generally before the sun grew warm enough to render travel uncomfortable. Our route from Naoshera led us for three days up a broad and beautiful valley, which often surprised us with the discovery of picturesque bits of scenery. The bottom of the

gently falling valley was at times more than a mile in breadth, and dropped down in broad, low, flooded terraces, loaded with rice; while the slopes of the hills were also carefully terraced high up from the valley, and irrigated by means of conduits led off from the stream a long distance above, and then conveyed along the flank of the mountains. In these terraced sections the valley suggested the scenes of the Rhine; again, when it displayed more of its native wildness, and led the eye up its long, green slopes, or down its tortuous course, it spoke of New England. During all the days that we were following up this valley it seemed as though we were traveling through a hilly country, rather than mounting the flank of a gigantic mountain range. It was only the purer, cooler air we breathed, and the gradual fall of our barometer, that convinced us that we were steadily rising above the plains.

The antiquities we found in the valley were interesting, not from any architectural features, but because of their historical significance. The remains referred to consist of two ruinous serais, large quadrangular, cloistered buildings, similar in every respect to the khans of Turkey or the caravansaries of Persia. They date back several centuries, to the great Mogul emperors, and attest the former importance of this route as a line of traffic between Cashmere and India. The Mogul sovereign Aurungzebe, in

moving his court from Delhi to Cashmere, to avoid the summer heats of the plains, is affirmed by the traveler and court-physician Bernier to have been attended by a magnificent retinue of 45,000 guards, cavalry and foot, 400,000 persons in some way connected with and dependent upon the court, 150,000 horses and elephants, and 100,000 oxen and camels. Bernier's recital of the magnificence of this "perambulating court," which enlivened with the pageantry of frequent passage this now ruin-lined route, partakes of the aroma of the "Arabian Nights;" yet we have no reason to pronounce him other than a trustworthy delineator of the extraordinary scenes in the midst of which he moved.

Our third day's stage up this valley brought us to Thana, a small hamlet lying at the base of the Ruttan Pir, which confronted us with abrupt Alpine heights, and seemed to bar all farther progress. But the following morning our guide boldly commenced to lead us up its heavily wooded flanks, and in a few hours we stood upon the summit of the pass, at an elevation of over 8000 feet. The view was magnificent. The upper portion of the range was shaded with dark firs; while the lower slopes were loaded with heavy tropical forest, extending almost to the bottom of the valley we had traversed, which, winding away, lost itself among the hills. Rising above the profound valleys in our front, and promising plenty of

wild climbing, were lofty, icy ranges, thoroughly Alpine in their breadths of snow.

Descending the northern slope of the Ruttan Pir, we found ourselves entangled in a forest of tropical luxuriance, the first we had encountered that could be compared, in point of freedom and stateliness of growth, to the forests that clothe the slopes of the Andes. Yet the nature of the vegetation in the two instances is very different; for while the forests of the equatorial Andes exhibit a strange absence of all conifers, those of the Ruttan Pir are composed largely of giant firs, their tall, dark cones, high aloft, contrasting with the lighter foliage of the oak and chestnut. Troops of apes, however, of which we saw two large companies, leaping recklessly through the tops of the trees, helped wonderfully to make the scene Amazonian-like.

At Baramgulla, which village we found by climbing to the bottom of a profound, wild ravine, we halted for refection, and for a fresh relay of horses and coolies; as, being now able to travel throughout the entire day, we had determined to shorten our journey by making double stages. Resuming our march, we followed up an Alpine gorge, threaded by a rapid stream, which was so closely hemmed in by abrupt cliffs that the trail was constantly thrown from side to side to find a footing. After crossing the stream twenty-five times, by as many rude native

bridges, the path climbed recklessly up the right bank, to a little huddle of huts clinging to the dizzy flank of the ravine.

Poshiana, for such was the native name of the little cluster of huts at which we had arrived, seemed to us more Arab-like than Indian in its character. Every thing, save the dark fir-clothed mountains around, and the more distant Alpine peaks that overtopped them, served to suggest Syrian scenes. The huts were mud-walled and flat-roofed; and, as is often the case in a Syrian Arab village, every thing of life seemed atop of the house. Stuck as the buildings were against the steep bank, the necessity for a back wall disappeared entirely, and the roofs were thus easily accessible by the goats and bullocks. It seemed the delight of the former to stand or lie close upon the front edge of the roof and look down into the dizzy ravine. Upon a single roof, of very limited dimensions, we observed four bullocks, three goats, a heifer, which several youngsters were attempting to ride, and a group of men and women; the latter engaged in a violent demonstrative altercation with a party of equally excited persons of their own sex on another roof, which fortunately was separated from the first by an impassable gulf. At proper intervals the men would leap up, rush to the edge of the roof, and render what assistance they could to make the fracas more noisy and gesticu-



latory. Altogether the scene was Syrio-Arabic to the life.

The coolies, too, that we took from Poshiana, upon resuming our journey, seemed, all innocently enough indeed, to possess the peculiarly Arab faculty of somehow creating a ludicrous scene. The animals they furnished us were mules, one of which was particularly fractious. The saddle constantly working forward upon his neck, our coolies improvised a crupper, which did not work just right; for on a steep descent the beast, being irritated, threw his rider, and commenced to kick. As the trouble was high, he kicked high; but this only raised the difficulty, and he elevated his heels proportionately, till he was balancing on his fore feet, with his posterior members making spasmodic lunges toward the zenith. Coolies are the most imperturbable creatures in this world; but this scene was too ludicrous even for their torpid risibility, and for once they shouted in hearty appreciation. It was some time before they could persuade the excited beast to assume a more becoming attitude, and employ his legs more legitimately.

With order restored we pushed on up the wild gorge we had followed the previous day, creeping cautiously along the all but perpendicular flank, a thousand feet above the stream that threaded with a line of foam the bottom of the ravine. At length

we climbed up the side of the valley, over treacherous shingle and snow, to the pass of the Pir Punjal, 11,400 feet above the sea-level. This afforded us another grand view. Southward the mountains broke down in successive terraces, and retreated in the haze of the plains; northward a gently inclined valley, flanked by snowy peaks, led to the hidden Vale of Cashmere. The forests seemed to be struggling hard to gain the summit of the range, but their thinned ranks were pushed back while yet more than three hundred feet below the pass.

Although the snow was yet lying about in heavy drifts, the earth was in places variegated with deep-hued Alpine plants, many a bed of exquisitely delicate-tinted flowers being spread under the cold drippings of some lingering snow-drift. Deep blue and purple and bright yellow and pink colors predominated.

All high mountain-passes we have ever been upon exhibit this phenomenon—the intense coloration of the flowers growing upon them. The cause doubtless exists in the more active chemical properties of the light that they receive, compared to that which falls upon the plants of a lower altitude. The actinic elements of the sun's rays are absorbed in passing through the atmosphere; and thus the light caught by the vegetation of high mountains possesses a more intense coloring power than that which is

strained through the whole depth of the atmosphere. We have sometimes wished, while enthusiastically gathering the bright gems of some elevated pass, that all the flowers of the every-day world might be equally deep-hued and brilliant. But then it is probably best as it is. The sensuous eye might weary of such bright colors were they constantly before it, and might seek for more delicate tints.

A long and gentle descent from the pass of Pir Punjal brought us to Aliabad Serai, a ruined caravansary standing alone in the midst of Alpine grandeur. Several peaks over fourteen thousand feet in elevation sentineled our resting-place. The lower slopes were loaded with dark forests of fir, and above these was a higher belt of birch, to which succeeded a broken zone of scant verdure; above which the peaks still rose in dizzy sweeps of precipice, throwing off all covering whatsoever, and reaching up and up, stern and bare, till the snow in pity mantled their nakedness, and the clouds wrapped them about.

In the early morning we departed gladly from Aliabad Serai, for before evening we anticipated beholding the Vale of Cashmere. The ravine we followed as we descended was gradually transformed to a broad-bottomed valley, where we were led beneath a noble forest of pine and birch and maple. As we issued upon the openings of the flower-strewn glades we caught distant glimpses of the Cashmere valley.

The whole scenery was more New-England-like than any thing we had before found in Asia: the trees and shrubs and flowers were nearly all such as are known to our forests and pasture-lands. At last this beautiful valley opened full into the Vale of Cashmere. Just at the embouchure we found the village of Shapiyon, half Swiss in its architecture, and overshadowed by venerable chenars and poplars and willows. The mountain-walls about the valley were grand; and beautiful was the sunset, as it flushed their snow-fields, and made their icy peaks glow like gold.

From Shapiyon to the city of Cashmere is a long but pleasant day's ride of thirty miles, almost directly across the valley. About five or six miles from Cashmere commences an avenue of poplars, which, as the city is approached, grow larger and more venerable, constituting a noble entrance to the capital. As we enter this magnificent street, the presence of a large city is indicated by the stream of life we meet: peasants and coolies moving heavily under their burdens; well-dressed parties sauntering along at leisure; and grand officials hurrying by with their attendant retinues. We enter the city, pass through several streets lined with Swiss-like houses, crowd through the thronged bazaars, cross the bridge thrown over the Jhelum, pass on through another street, and on down through a long avenue of poplars, to a gar-

den just without the limits of the city, where we pitch our tent beneath the shade of the mulberry-trees, and rejoice that the goal of our journeyings is reached, and that at last we have entered the "Paradise of the Indies."

B B

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE VALE OF CASHMERE AND ITS RUINED TEMPLES.

Names applied to the Vale.—Moore's "Lalla Rookh."—Beauties of the Valley.—Encircling Mountains.—Passes.—Jhelum River.—Lateral Valleys.—Avenues of Trees.—Akbar's Visits.—Climate of the Vale.—Vegetation.—Fruits.—Roses.—A Sanatorium.—Given up by the English Government.—Influence of Scenery on National Character.—Interesting Ruins.—Temple of Martund.—Other Temples.—Cashmerian Traditions.—Serpent Worship.—Hinduism.—Traces of Greek Art.—Spoliation of the Ancient Temples.

"If woman can make the worst wilderness dear,  
What a heaven she must make of Cashmere."

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"Who has not heard of the Vale of Cashmere,  
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave;  
Its temples and grottoes, and fountains as clear  
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their waves."

—*Lalla Rookh.*

THERE are few spots in the world so famed in song, romance, and story as the lovely Vale of Cashmere — "The Unequaled," "The Happy Valley," "The Earthly Elysium," "The Slice of Heaven," "The Paradise of the Indies." Moore's "Lalla Rookh," redolent with the intoxicating aroma of Oriental delights, has given the spot a fame widespread as sympathy with beauty, love, and song,



and thrown over the vale a captivating tinge of romance.

Nor is the valley in its natural adornments unworthy of the praises that have been so enthusiastically bestowed upon it. It is a beautiful upland, mountain-environed garden or park, eighty miles in length and from twenty to thirty in breadth, sprinkled all over, like an English landscape, with trees and flowers, and diversified with river and lake, with villages embowered in groves, with pasture-land and irrigated fields. The elevation of the valley above the sea-level varies, at different points, from 5900 to 5200 feet—an elevation almost equal to the height of Mount Washington.

The lofty mountains that wall in the valley lend the elements of grandeur to the scenery. All along the northwest (the vale has a northwest and southeast direction) the mountains form a gigantic rampart, about fifteen thousand feet in height, which from across the valley appears almost unbroken by ravine, and level as a wall—Andean-like, save in its lack of a Chimborazo. For the greater portion of the year this mountain-wall is loaded with snow. Upon the opposite side of the valley the summits of the mountains are broken into sharp peaks, and their flanks are furrowed by deep and wide ravines, presenting altogether a striking contrast to the wall that fronts them. The Alps and the Andes here

confront each other face to face. These environing mountains are always grand; but when in the early morning or at evening the hidden sun flushes their snow-fields and fires their whitened peaks they display a rare mingling of beauty and magnificence.

There are about a dozen practicable passes leading over these mountain-barriers into the valley; but all, save the one that follows up the course of the Jhelum River, are, like the one by which we entered, so elevated that for from six to ten months they are impassable from cold and snow. Six of these passes lead from the plains of India; while the others give access from the uplands of Thibet on the east, and Tartary and Russia on the north.

The streams born amid the surrounding mountains unite to form the Jhelum—the Hydaspes of the Greeks—which runs the entire length of the valley, forming at its lower end the beautiful Wular Lake, and then bursts through the mountain-barriers and hurries away to join the Indus. This river and lake create some of the most attractive features of the valley: three of the principal cities—Cashmere, Islamabad, and Baramula—are situated upon the banks of the Jhelum; and especially in the case of the first is the attractiveness of the town largely indebted to the circumstance of its river site. The Dul, which also lends its charms to the capital, is quite a lovely sheet of water, especially

“When warm o’er the lake  
It’s splendor at parting a summer eve throws.”

One of the prettiest features of the Valley of Cashmere is the opening into it of lateral vales, which, commencing as wild gorges far back among the mountains and up amid the snows, gradually assume a less stern and wild aspect as they drop down into a warmer zone, widening out before they reach the Cashmerian plain into lovely vales, whose bottoms, dotted with trees and villages, slope just enough to permit the eye to catch the whole parterre of the successive terraces of irrigated fields, as it is led up through the vista of the retreating ravine to the snowy mountains which make up the lofty and distant background. It will be recalled that it was by such a valley, leading down from the snowy pass of Pir Punjal, that we entered Cashmere.

Another distinctive feature of the vale, one which Art has aided Nature in giving to it, is the stately avenues of trees, and the noble groves and pleasant gardens, created by the great Moguls of India. Akbar took possession of the valley in 1586, and the delights of the spot induced him, as well as his successors, to select it as a summer retreat from the heats of the plains. The estimation in which Akbar held this acquisition may be gathered from the following extract from a letter, quoted by Bernier, written by the sovereign to his minister Abdullah Khan: “I



AVENUE OF POPLARS, CASHMERE.

myself also visited that happy spot, the possession of which is a fresh instance of the divine favor, and I offered up my praises and thanksgivings to the Supreme Lord of all things. As I found myself delighted with the romantic bowers of Cashmere, the residence of pleasure, I made an excursion to the mountains of that country and Thibet, and beheld,

with the eyes of astonishment, its wonders and the pictures of Nature." Again he writes: "I visited a second time that ever-verdant garden, and gratified my mind and senses with the beauties of that luxuriant spot."

The son of Akbar, Jehangeer, created gardens, summer-houses, and palaces, and enjoyed them with his lovely consort, Noor-Jehan. Shah-Jehan and Aurungzebe each added to the ornaments of the valley. The most beautiful of the gardens and groves and avenues these sovereigns created form the embellishments of the city of Cashmere, and will be more particularly noticed in our description of the capital.

The climate of Cashmere is very like that of Central New York; though, being so completely shut in by lofty mountains, the heat during the months of July and August is somewhat more oppressive. During the winter snow falls to the depth of several feet; and, as already remarked, the higher peaks, which rise to an elevation of from sixteen to eighteen thousand feet, are tipped with perpetual snow. But the climate of the valley may, perhaps, be best indicated by noting the vegetation. One might be led to expect a sub-tropical vegetation—a mingling of tropic and temperate forms. But this is not the case; the vegetation is purely such as characterizes a temperate climate. The ornamental arboreal forms



occurring in the valley are the chenar, or Oriental plane-tree, the poplar, the willow, cedar, pine, chestnut, maple, and birch. The fruits are almost like our own: the wild pomegranate, apricot, peach, plum, cherry, apple, and grape are all common. The generous mulberry blackens the ground of all the gardens with its superabundant fruit. Among the cereals, rice, wheat, maize, buckwheat, and barley hold the most prominent places. Tobacco and cotton are successfully cultivated in localities. Among the flowering shrubs the rose stands conspicuous: when we entered the valley (June 20th) the slopes of the hills were as white with roses as our orchards in spring, and the air was redolent with perfume. Many of the species assume almost arboreal proportions; while some are clinging vines, which festoon the trees with their beautiful garlands of roses—

“The brightest that earth ever gave.”

White is a favorite color with these Cashmerian beauties.

The entire flora of the vale presents a striking similarity to our Northern series of plants: many of the species are identical with, and a very large proportion generically allied to, species making up the flora of New England. Buttercups, dandelions, strawberries, geraniums, white and yellow clover are scattered profusely over the pasture-lands. A landscape diversified with the forest and fruit trees that have



been mentioned, and besprinkled with these familiar floral forms, might easily be mistaken for a bit of New England scenery.

The Vale of Cashmere is one of the favorite sanatoriums of the Himalayas; and scores of English officials, fleeing the burning, stifling plains of India, seek a refuge here amid the delights of fresh vegetation and cool mountain air. Throughout the summer months the gardens of Cashmere present the appearance of a military camp; for both from choice and necessity (for Cashmerians know nothing about hotels) these refugees luxuriate in the freedom of tent life. Visiting the shops of the shawl merchants, boating on the Jhelum, and hunting bears among the mountains are the favorite employments and pastimes of these officers "on leave." But scarcely has the summer passed before all must flee the valley; for the Maharajah suffers no foreigner to remain within his dominions during the winter months. One of the most stupid and consummate pieces of folly of which the English Government was ever guilty was in alienating at the close of the Sikh war, in 1846, the entire territory of Cashmere to Gholab Sing, for the nominal sum of £750,000. We never conversed upon this subject with any of the English visitors to the valley but they impatiently stigmatized the transaction as a most stupendous blunder. It has been apologized for by those who would have the

transaction regarded as a military necessity, and who urge that this portion of the vast territory yielded to the English by the Lahore treaty could not have been taken possession of and held without the employment of a formidable force. But the truth is, the English were ignorant of what they were bargaining away. By that transfer, and by the stipulations of that treaty, they lost control of one of the best sanatariums among the hills of India; surrendered the best bulwark against the advance of any enemy from the North; and, more to be deprecated than all, sold hundreds of thousands of natives back into an oppressive and degrading slavery. Had the valley at that time passed under English rule, there would now, doubtless, be a large permanent English community in Cashmere; and the irrepressible Saxon spirit of enterprise and improvement would have transformed the vale into the most attractive spot for residence in the East; for Nature has bestowed every gift upon it—glorious views, delightful climate, and generous soil, with capabilities to encourage every effort at improvement and adornment.

It is an easy transition that leads us now to ask, What effect have the surroundings of the people of this vale had upon them? One would think that here, in the most lovely valley God ever created, with glory and sublimity crowning the encircling hills,

were the place to look for the effects of scenery upon a people's character. But here we must be careful and not confound, as is often done, the influences of scenery with the influences of conditions of life. Thus, for illustration, the inhabitants of mountainous countries are observed to be characterized by a love of freedom and independence. Ruskin exclaims, "They have caught the free, wild spirit of the mountains!" But is this due so much to the inspiration of the hills as to the impenetrability of the lofty and easily defended passes to their mountain home? The nature of their country has baffled every attempt of the oppressor to approach and lay his yoke upon them. These mountaineers have come to know no other condition of life save that of unrestrained freedom; and alongside of it has grown up a love for it, and an impatient, uncompromising hatred of the very name of servitude. Thus deserts are as truly the sanctuaries of liberty as mountains; not that freedom enters at all into their teachings, but because their inhospitableness ever repels the advance of enslaving armies.

With this single caution we may now attend to this thought of Ruskin's, which we will find somewhat to our purpose: "We have found mountains invariably calculated for the delight, the advantage, or the teaching of men; prepared, it seems, so as to contain, alike in fortitude or feebleness, in kindliness

or in terror, some beneficence of gift or profoundness of counsel." Yes, all that Ruskin discovers in the mountains is theirs; and from the hills God has spoken to many souls with a fullness of instruction that never appeared to them in any ordinance of his Word. But such have always been taught first by other teachers than the hills. Nature never becomes man's teacher and elevater till other influences and teachings have awakened that which is best and purest and most appreciative of lofty thought within him—till the ameliorated conditions of his life afford that leisure and create that inclination for intellectual and æsthetical pursuits which are the necessary antecedents to the discovery of "beneficence of gift or profoundness of counsel" in her obscure and enigmatic teachings. Indeed, man, already debased, left alone with Nature is almost sure of further degradation—moral and intellectual, if not physical—if she exhibit much harshness and apparent lack of sympathy in connection with intense æsthetic elements. In mountainous countries these are her characteristics which most prominently obtrude themselves upon those forced to pass their lives among the hills; with them they come most constantly in rude contact; and thus it comes that the real mountaineer is almost certain to partake in his character somewhat of the stern rudeness of his hardy home. Read this passage from Ruskin, witnessing the effects

of which we speak: "Here, it may seem to him [the traveler of the Tyrol], if there be sometimes hardship, there must be at least innocence and peace, and fellowship of the human soul with Nature. It is not so. The wild goats that leap along these rocks have as much passion of joy in all that fair work of God as the men that toil among them." Come with us up among the mountains which overhang the Valley of Cashmere; and among the men of many a rude hamlet, struggling for a foothold on rugged slopes, you may witness for yourself the truthfulness of all this. The harshness of the struggle which these men have been forced to maintain with Nature has disinclined them to receive with any degree of patience or appreciation her "profoundness of counsel." To them she has revealed herself only as a hard, unsympathizing master; and so to them there is no "passion of joy" in her fellowship.

But the inhabitants of the Vale of Cashmere have not felt to such a degree this rough contact with an ungenerous and unsympathetic Nature, and the kindlier conditions of their life have had a perceptible influence upon them. The Cashmerians, notwithstanding the discouraging exactions of their present rulers, and their total lack of sympathy with education and culture, exhibit much greater industry and intelligence than the Indians of the plains; while centuries ago, before Rome had lost her pristine

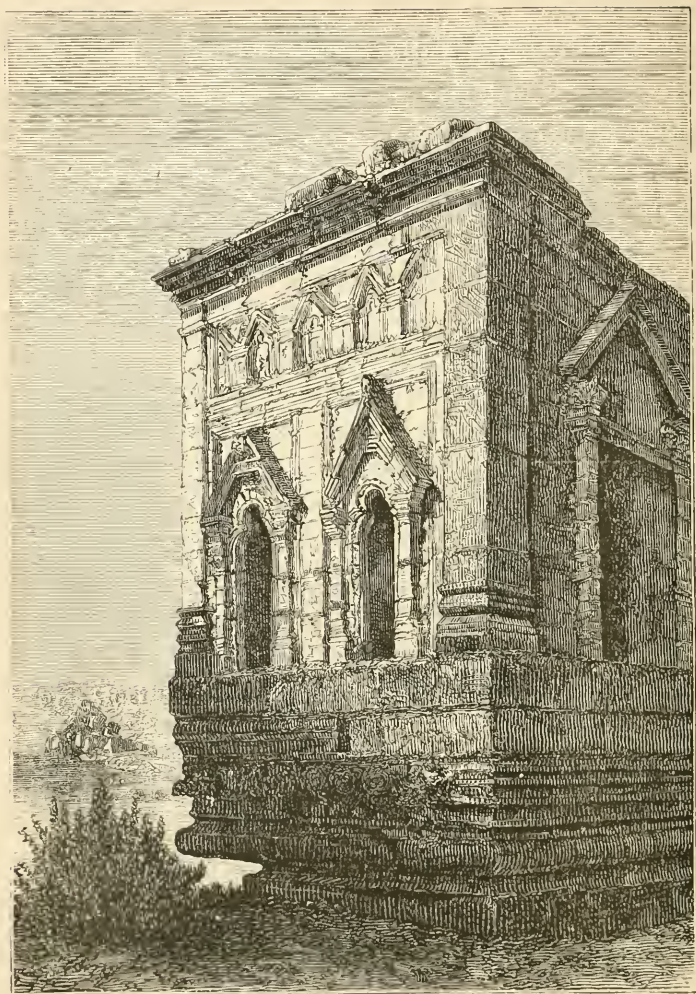
vigor, the lofty peaks surrounding the valley looked down upon a civilization which existing monuments compel us to rank with that of the Chaldæan, Assyrian, and Persian empires. To an examination of these intensely interesting architectural memorials of a lost civilization we will devote the remaining few pages of this chapter.

About thirty-five miles above the city of Cashmere, upon the banks of the Jhelum, stands the little town of Islamabad, thought by some to mark the site of the ancient capital of the kingdom of Cashmere. Back of the town rises a prominent tableland, and surmounting this are some of the most remarkable ruins of the Eastern world—remains of a lost order of architecture which rivals that of the temples of Baalbec or Palmyra. From afar the eye is attracted by the prominent dark-gray mass of ruins outlining themselves against the green hills that rise just behind them. Upon nearer approach, the position of the ruins, lying in heavy masses close along the base of the overtopping hills, recalls the Persepolitan remains; and then, as the central temple detaches itself from the surrounding ruins, and towers up in isolated grandeur, one seems again before the Athenian Parthenon. Wonderful as are the ruins when at last they are all immediately before the eye, one involuntarily turns to take in the magnificent view that the commanding site of the tem-



ple affords. The entire length and breadth of the beautiful valley is displayed at once to the sight; all about, the lofty walls of mountains bear up the sky. The magnificent situation of the temple may be equaled by that of the Parthenon; but between Athens and Cashmere there was not another temple of antiquity that could boast of such a site as the worshipers of the "famous all-pervading Sun" chose for this pre-eminent Cashmerian shrine.

Respecting the solitariness and grandeur of the ruin, Vigné writes: "As an isolated ruin this deserves, on account of its solitary and massive grandeur, to be ranked not only as the first ruin of the kind in Cashmere, but as one of the noblest among the architectural relics of antiquity that are to be seen in any country." It is not so much the extent as the Egyptian massiveness of the ruins that excites the greatest astonishment. Trebeck asserts that in this feature they are not surpassed by any thing on the banks of the Nile. The dimensions of the shrine itself are not great; but throughout it exhibits a cyclopean solidity of construction which impressed us as deeply as any thing we saw amid the Persepolitan ruins. The accompanying cut will give the general external appearance of the building. Within it is divided into three chambers, the innermost of which, the *sanctum sanctorum*, is perfectly free from ornamentation of any kind; for the reason, as Cun-



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF MARTUND.

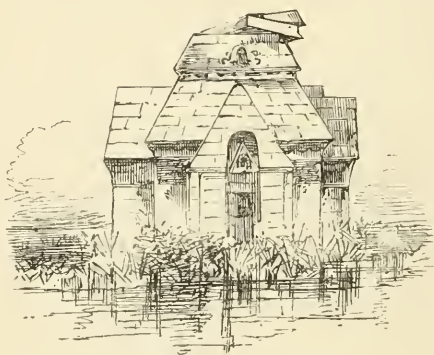
ningham suggests, that the thoughts of the worshiper might not be led away while engaged in devotion. The heavy pyramidal stone roof has fallen, but oth-

erwise the edifice is remarkably preserved, the massiveness of its walls having enabled it to resist the destructive assaults of both time and man. The material used in the construction of the building is a dark-blue limestone, susceptible of a high polish. The doorways, windows, and niches for the reception of idols are finely polished or intricately sculptured. Upon either side of the central building stands a smaller temple, which constitutes, as it were, a wing to the main structure.

Inclosing this mass of buildings is a porticoed wall, forming a magnificent court, about two hundred feet in length and almost the same in breadth. The pillars of the colonnade are fluted, and—in striking contrast to the columns employed in the Hindu buildings in India—exhibit classically correct and graceful proportions. Considerable portions of the wall and colonnade are prostrate, and enormous sculptured blocks, columns, and fragments of the architrave lie scattered around. The gateway of the court and the entrance to the temple front the west, as if to catch the last rays of the setting sun, and to permit them to fall upon the sacred symbols of the shrine. No tree casts its shadow over the temple; but brambles and thorns spring up amid the ruins. Not a single worshiper falls in adoration before the emblems of divinity; yet the idols still fill the niches where placed so many centuries ago.

though now they look out only on neglect and forgetfulness.

Although the temple of Martund is the most imposing of Cashmerian architectural monuments, yet among the fifteen or twenty other temples found in different parts of the valley are many in a still more wonderful state of preservation. The annexed cut is from a sketch of the Pandrenton temple, a perfect lit-



PANDRENTON TEMPLE.

tle gem, standing near the Jhelum, only two or three miles from the city of Cashmere. It stands in an artificial tank of water, so as to be under the protection of the Nagas, the half-human and half-dragon gods who were conspicuous in the Pantheon of the early Cashmerians.

Perched upon a lofty spur of the mountain that overhangs the city of Cashmere is another temple, octagonal in form, called by the natives Takt-i-Suliman, the "Throne of Solomon," because they believe

it to have been erected by him during one of his traditional visits to the valley; for the legends of the Cashmerians, with a pardonable egotisticalness, represent most of the great personages of early times as making frequent pilgrimages to this paradise of the Indies. The other temples scattered throughout the valley, and up among the lateral vales, repeat, with no essential variations, the architectural characteristics of the "wonderful Martund" or the beautiful Pandrenton, so that they do not call for special description.

After having surveyed these remarkable ruins, lying in this isolated valley, buried deep among the Himalayas, the very first inquiry is, When and by whom were these temples built? The traditionary records of the Cashmerians, largely tinctured with Hindu extravagance, tell wondrous stories of the residence and achievements of Adam, Seth, Moses, and Solomon in the valley. For the construction of the Martund temple these traditions call in the aid of the Pandus, who in Oriental mythology correspond to the Cyclops of the Western classics. But there are trustworthy chronicles which cast a less uncertain light upon that portion of Cashmerian history in which we are interested. In an "Essay on the Aryan Order of Architecture," by Captain A. C. Cunningham, published in the "Journal of the Asiatic Society," vol. xvii., the subject of the antiquity of the



Cashmerian temples is ably investigated, and they are found to range all along from the third century B.C. to the tenth century of our era. The Takt-i-Suliman was erected by Jaloka, son of Asoka, 220 B.C. At that time it seems that a sort of snake or dragon worship prevailed in the valley; and this symbol frequently appears in the temples of that era. An intelligent Scotch missionary, whom we met at Cashmere, and who had examined with some care the ruins in the valley, was strongly convinced that in this serpent-worship we find a lingering remembrance of the circumstances of the Fall; yet we were unable to learn that any peculiar accessories of the Cashmerian worship caused it to point with greater certainty to such a conjecture than the many other instances of early serpent-worship among the tribes of the different continents.

The temple of Martund (we follow the authority of Cunningham) was built about A.D. 400, at which time the Hindu religion must have flourished in the valley of Cashmere; for the niches still hold the Hindu triad and the different statues of Hindu mythology. In other words, it was sacred to the Sun, the same as the famous temples at Baalbec and Palmyra; for the Hindu triad is simply emblematic of the Sun, "who was Brahma, or the Creator, at morning; Vishnu, or the Preserver, at noon; and Siva, or the Destroyer, at even." It would be hard to tell how



much of different systems of worship is condensed and vaguely symbolized in that "mystic orb tri-form" of Hindu mythology; some have thought to find in it a reflection of the Christian doctrine of the Trinity; and certain it is that it embodies, however modified and obscured, the central idea of the Sabian worship. That the Martund temple was dedicated to the Sun is also according to the Raja Zarangini, which contains passages wherein the edifice is declared sacred to the "famous all-pervading Sun." Cunningham discovered additional evidence of this in certain architectural features of the building itself. Thus, for illustration, he observes that the number of pillars of the court is eighty-four, a number symbolic of the Sun, being the product of the number of the zodiacal symbols, and the number of steeds that drew the fiery chariot of the deity.

But the most interesting fact respecting the Cashmerian temples is the traces which they exhibit of Greek art. They are quite unlike the structures of India, resembling them scarcely in any thing save in the repetition of conventional proportions; while a large number of the most important architectural features are borrowed from the Greeks. Thus at Martund the porch, pronaos, and naos of the Greeks are reproduced in the vestibule, the central and the innermost chamber of the temple. The Greek pediment and roof also form a characteristic

feature of the Cashmerian temple; but, to adapt itself to the climate of the valley, where heavy snows often fall, the low, flat roof of the classic style becomes higher and steeper, and thus pyramidal in shape. The pillars, too, unlike those of the Indian temples of the plains, have base, shaft, and capital distinct; and, moreover, exhibit exactly those proportions to the diameter of shaft as adopted by the Greek artists.

That Cashmerian art thus felt the influence of Grecian there is no doubt; and this contact doubtless occurred at a period not long subsequent to the Macedonian conquests in Asia. 200 B.C. the Cabul valley and portions of Western India were held by the Greeks; and many interesting relics of Greek art are constantly being discovered at the present time in the Punjab. The museum at Lahore contains many Grecian statues that have been exhumed in the surrounding districts. Through these Bactrian Greeks the Cashmerians became acquainted with the most classic type of the architecture of the Western nations, and at once adopted many of its features into their sacred edifices. Possibly some of the Cashmerian temples were actually designed by Greek artists.

The first Mohammedan king that reigned in Cashmere seized the throne of the little kingdom in A.D. 1341, and was followed by Sikunder, the "iconoclast," who destroyed many of the temples of the idolatrous

Hindus. To-day Mohammedanism and Buddhism hold sway in the valley, and there is not a hand to protect from spoliation the once beautiful temples of the ancient faith, which are pulled down, and their labor-wrought stones built into mosques or Buddhist temples. From many a modern wall in the city of Cashmere project beautifully sculptured stones stolen from some ancient shrine.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE CITY OF CASHMERE.

Situation.—General Appearance.—Buildings.—Canal Streets.—Boats.—River Scenes.—English Stores.—Bridges.—Maharajah's Palace.—Swiss and Venetian Scenes.—English Visitors.—An Official's Barge.—Cashmerian Amazons.—Bathers.—Relics.—Wood from the Mountains.—Jumna Meshjed.—Maharajah's Bazaar.—Below the City.—Citadel.—Night on the River.—An Eastern Venice.—Gardens of Cashmere.—Shalimar Bagh.—Nishat Bagh.—Isle of Chenars.—Floating Gardens.—Population of Cashmere.—People.—Effects of Climate on Complexion.—Dress.—Character.—Women.—Thomas Moore.—Manufactures.—Shawls.—Nature as a Teacher.

THE city of Cashmere,\* the "Eastern Venice," is built, as already observed, upon the Jhelum† River, at about its middle course through the valley, and at a point where it flows close to the base of the north-east mountain-wall. The city presents a strange mingling of Swiss and Venetian picturesqueness and Oriental shabbiness. The Swiss element is lent by the style of architecture; the river, which forms one grand canal through the city, and branches off into

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\* The orthographical forms of this word are legion. It is written indifferently Cashmere, Cashmire, Cachemire, Cashmir, Kashmir, Kachemir, Kachmir, or Kasehmir. We have adopted the form most familiar to the English eye. The native name for the city is Serinagar.

† In the Cashmerian language this stream is called the Behut; in Sanscrit, Vedasta. The Greeks knew it as the Hydaspes.

many smaller channels, all of which swarm with native boats, plying hither and thither like so many gondolas, recalls the Italian "City of the Sea;" while the neglect which allows the buildings to assume all degrees of inclination, and to hang over the canals in all sorts of startling attitudes—this, with the costume of the thronged bazaars, gives the whole an unmistakably Oriental cast.

Though stone and sun-dried and fire-burnt brick are employed to some extent as building material, by far the larger proportion of the houses are constructed of wood, and are from one to four stories in height. They have either flat or double-sloping roofs, thatched with reeds, or shingled or turfed. The fronts of the buildings are often embellished with ornamental tracery, in close mimicry of Swiss carvings. The windows are unfurnished with glass, but are picturesquely latticed, and frequently open upon balconies that overhang the canals. The architecture of the city impresses the traveler from Syria, Turkey, or Persia somewhat strangely at first; because, being essentially a wood-constructed city, it necessarily presents a very different appearance from the mud-built villages of the Arabs and Persians. It takes the traveler away back to Switzerland again; for there alone does he find any thing with which he may compare it. In interior ornamentation, Persian art, it seems to us, has had its influence upon

Cashmerian: pigments are generally employed, as at Shiraz, to embellish the walls and ceilings, while the dwellings of the wealthier class have imparted to their chambers a rich though somewhat tawdry appearance by profuse gilding.

The Jhelum River, which bears the same relation to Cashmere that the Grand Canal does to Venice, is in its passage through the city about a hundred yards in breadth. The fronts of the houses along its course rise directly from the water, the same as in the Italian city. Seven bridges span the stream, and unite the two principal divisions of the town. This river is the Broadway of Cashmere, being the principal thoroughfare for both traffic and pleasure.

Let us take a boat in the upper part of the city, and float down this Grand Canal, and explore this Eastern Venice. We will choose the late afternoon, two or three hours before sunset; not that any portion of the day would be too oppressively warm, but because the river scene will then be liveliest, and also as that hour will bring us to the lower portion of the city just at the close of the day, so that our return will be in the edge of the evening, when hundreds of lights will be glimmering, Venetian-like, along the banks of the canal-street.

Leaving our tent, we walk beneath the mulberry-trees a few hundred yards to the bank of the river, where we are immediately beset by a score of boat-



men. "Big boat, sahib!" "Little boat, sahib!" iterated and reiterated on all sides, creates a sort of English atmosphere about us, and for a moment betrays us into the belief that we are in the midst of an English-speaking community. We address ourselves to one: "How much for your boat?" "Big boat, sahib!" "We don't care how big your boat is; how much do you want for taking us to the lower end of the city and back?" "Big, *b-i-g* boat, sahib!" At this moment Mohammed (our interpreter) comes up, and seeing disgust depicted upon our countenances, tells us, as we have already discovered, "Them Inglee no talk." Through Mohammed's mediation a boat is quickly engaged—a "little boat," as the passage back against the current, Mohammed assures us, can be made much more easily in such than with a large one. Our boat is about fifty feet in length, and six feet wide in the middle, being built with slender bow and stern. About one third of the length is covered with a roof of mats, to afford protection from sun and rain. The larger and more unwieldly boats about us are from sixty to eighty feet in length, and of corresponding breadth. As is the case in many Chinese cities, these boats constitute the only summer home of a considerable portion of the population of Cashmere. They are arranged with the few conveniences a native family requires, so that all the operations of the household are carried on upon the boat.

As we enter, the women snatch up their spinning-wheels and miscellaneous articles, and hurry them into the kitchen—the stern of the boat. Neat mats are spread, and bolsters placed upon them, so that we may assume a comfortable recumbent position. Four men take their places at the paddles—regular Indian paddles—and one of the women seats herself in the stern, with a paddle for a rudder. And now our fully equipped Cashmerian gondola shoots from the bank, and we are out upon the middle stream.

Before we are really within the city, just turn and look up the stream. Any city might well be proud of such a river view. Those venerable chenars and poplars and willows fringing the banks and stretching back from the water in noble vistas, and the rugged hills beyond, rising abruptly, wall-like, half way up the heavens, make up a view at once rarely picturesque and grand.

But now our eyes are needed to observe what is shooting past us. Here, on our right, are several small, uninviting, two-storied bungalows, erected for the accommodation of English visitors; for Cashmere, as already seen, is a favorite summer sanatorium. These buildings are unfurnished, and may be taken possession of by any one who finds them unoccupied. The surrounding grove is filled with tents; for travelers prefer camping out to taking quarters in the wretched bungalows. Tent life in Cashmere, too, has



VIEW OF THE JHELUM ABOVE CASHMERE.

just the same charms as "Tent life in the Holy Land." And here, fronting the river, is an English shop, which is open during the "season," from April to November, for the "benefit" of English travelers—and, after pricing some of their wares, we may safely infer for the benefit of the proprietors also.

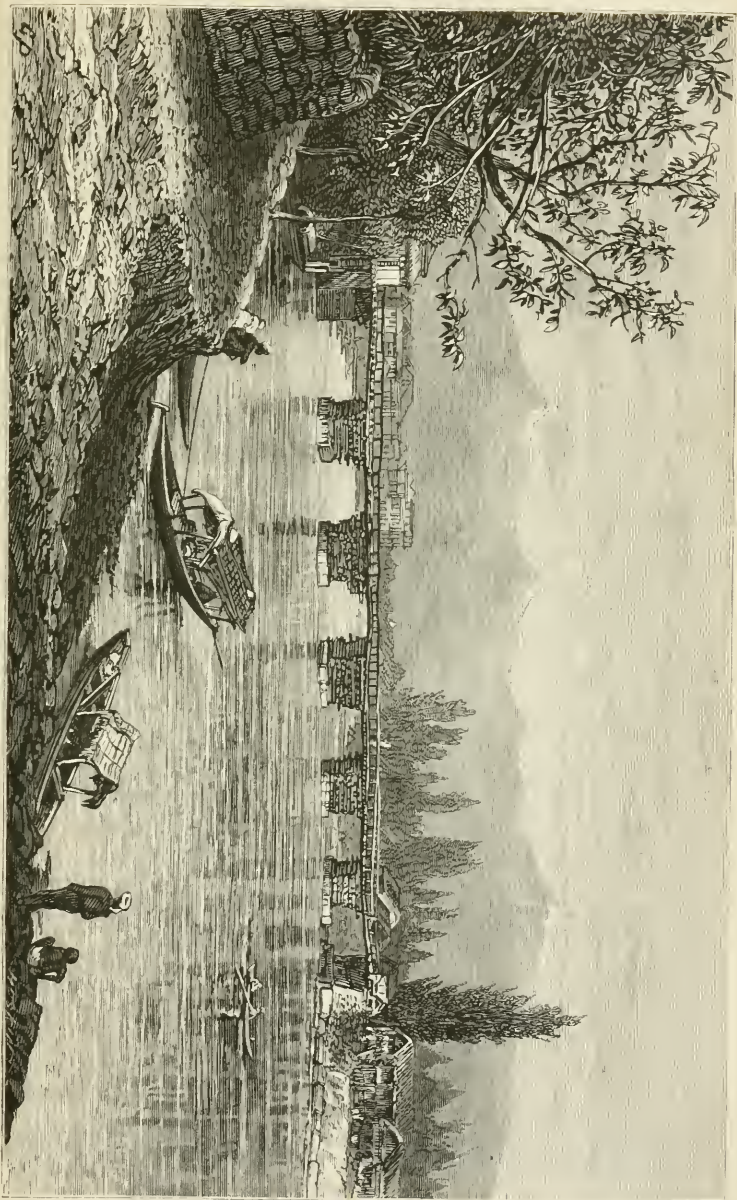
Some fine buildings on the left bank now attract our attention, and immediately we are drifted beneath

the first of the seven bridges that span the river. The piers of the structure are built of logs, the alternate layers crossing each other, just as lumber is often piled. These piers, narrow at the river level, grow wider as they rise, by the use of longer timbers, and thus gradually approach so near to one another that the remaining space is easily spanned.

Between this bridge and the fourth all fishing is prohibited. Why? Because the natives believe that Ghoolab Singh, a former Maharajah of Cashmere, is now a fish, and lurking in these waters! Just below the bridge, on the left bank, stands the palace of the present Maharajah, an infamous tyrant, who ought also to be in the river, without any interdiction upon the natives' fishing. It is not a very imposing structure, surely, for a royal residence; but the gilded dome of the royal temple, which glistens amid the mass of buildings, suggests that we may find grandeur within. So, stopping our gondola, we mount the stone steps, and by an obsequious, white-gowned and turbaned usher are led into a large hall, the most magnificent chamber of the palace. It is a lofty, gorgeously painted and gilded apartment, the minuteness of the patterns and the delicate lightness of the columns suggesting Moorish art. Tawdriness, however, takes too much the place of chasteness.

Re-entering our boat, we continue on down the river, between lines of buildings rising directly from





FIRST BRIDGE ACROSS THE JHELOU, CASIMERE.





the water. Some project over the stream, and are propped up by slender poles, which seem just ready to precipitate their burdens into the river. Some of the fronts are artistically carved, while others are fantastically painted; not with such heraldic designs as are borne by the palatial fronts along the Grand Canal of the Venetian city, yet still, as we glide past, not only are those olden palaces recalled, but for the moment we can scarcely divest ourselves of the impression that we are again upon the canals of Venice. And the scores of boats gliding hither and thither help wondrously to sustain the illusion. Here is one just passing with an English lady—we touch our hats, for it is the missionary, the good Dr. Elmslie's wife; and here is another boat containing two English gentlewomen—and now we have met just half of the English ladies in Cashmere. Anglo-Indian gentlemen are more numerous—one, two, five boats pass us before we reach the third bridge, each bearing two Englishmen, lolling comfortably amid their bolsters. Some are reading their newspapers. What! the Cashmere *Daily Graphic*? No, not exactly, but the India papers from Lahore, Bombay, and Calcutta, brought up by post.

But here is something more purely native—a gaily painted barge, with surmounting canopy, beneath which are squatted some high Cashmerian officials, in white robes and trim turbans. A score of rowers

dip their paddles with a sort of rhythmic movement, changing at short intervals from quick to slow strokes, under the impulse of which the barge shoots by us like an arrow.

And here is another scene quite different—but things are always strangely mingled in the East. This smaller boat attracting our attention has but a single rower—a woman, a perfect Amazon—sitting cross-legged upon the bow, “paddling her own canoe.” But that is not at all unusual. Here is another common scene—a loaded barge with another disheveled, sun-burnt, herculean Amazon, bare-footed and bare-headed, mounted upon the stern of the boat, with a great pole in her hands, shouting orders with the voice of Stentor to a crew of half a dozen swarthy men, while she makes the entire craft leap frantically with the mighty sweeps and lunges of her pole. This is one of Moore’s sweet angels with “love-lighted eyes that hang over the waves.”

At different intervals we observe stone steps leading down to the water, all thronged with maiden water-carriers, and with bathers of both sexes, for bathing is rather a promiscuous, Japanese affair here in Cashmere. We notice now and then some richly sculptured blocks of stone built into the walls along the river, relics of a by-gone magnificence. But notice this pile of logs, or rather short sections of large trees—firs we should judge, but that is difficult to

determine, for the bark of each piece is bruised off, and the ends battered as though the section had done rough service as a maul or beetle. Our curiosity is excited, and we turn to Mohammed. "Mohammed, what have the people been doing with these blocks?" "Them is wood, sahib; got way up yonder in the hills." That is sufficient explanation for their appearance. Wood is somewhat scarce in the immediate vicinity of the capital, and the natives go into the heavy forest high up among the mountains, and felling the trees, and cutting them into short sections that they may not lodge in the stream, tumble them into the torrent; the battered appearance of these blocks tells of the nature of their voyage down to the valley.

Let us row a little way up this side channel. The buildings are in a fearfully ruinous condition, and hang over the water in the most reckless manner. A little way up this narrow water-street we find scores of boats moored for the night along the bank. We land and walk up a narrow, crooked street, in order to find the Jumna Meshjed, an old dilapidated mosque, an immense structure, which, it is said, will hold sixty thousand people. Four times it has been destroyed by fire; it was last repaired by the Mogul sovereign Aurungzebe. It is a large quadrangular building, constructed about a square court, and is surmounted by four low spires. It is neglected and

desecrated—Mohammedanism, decaying every where else, languishes also even in this “earthly paradise.”

Returning to our boat, we glide back into the main canal, and continue our interrupted course down the river. We row slowly by the Maharajah’s bazaar, the only one in the city which fronts the river, and which always presents a lively and attractive appearance, pass several small Hindu temples, shoot beneath a number of bridges, and, after gliding between long rows of buildings, at length emerge with the river from the city, after a float of about three miles, and find ourselves in the open country, with an English landscape spread all around us.

Our return is slow, as our paddlers have to contend with a strong current. As the evening promises a good view, we land, before half-way back, at a little pier up the right bank, and feel our way through a labyrinth of streets to the citadel, posted on an isolated basaltic mound, four or five hundred feet in height, which rises abruptly from the plain in the northeast portion of the city. The hill is encircled at its base by a heavy wall, and the crowning fortifications are defended by several respectable pieces of artillery. The view from the walls of the fort well repays our climb. The central portion of the town presents a dense brown mass of buildings, but the suburbs are lost in the groves that invest the city. The Jhelum River enters the city away to

the south, and issues to pursue its tortuous course to the distant Wular Lake. The northeast portion of the town is so intersected by canals that a thoroughly Venetian character is given to it, the buildings seeming to rise from the waters of a lake. Just across the Dul—the “sunny lake of cool Cashmere”—lie several of the famous royal gardens of Cashmere, created by the Mogul sovereigns; and not far from the citadel mound itself, rising from a vast reedy marsh, is a beautiful wooded islet, celebrated by Moore as “The plane-tree isle reflected clear.” All about, the mountains gird the valley with their lofty snowy ramparts, which, all ablaze with the glory of the west, form a fitting crown to the beauties of the vale.

By the time we regain our boat the lights begin to glimmer along the banks of the river, and before we reach the gardens above the city are forming hundreds of long, shattered reflections in the water. Now that the darkness hides and the starlight transforms, we are in Venice again: this wide stream, lined with glittering rows of light, is the Grand Canal; these boats gliding past are gondolas; those ill-defined masses of buildings are the olden palaces. Yes, this is Venice; and we lean back upon our pillowed divans and give ourselves up to the pleasing illusion.

As we approach the gardens and clear the build-

ings, the lofty heights of the mountains appear, traced on the sky half-way up from the horizon. Venice! did you say we were in Venice? See these mountains heaping themselves Pelion-upon-Ossa-like almost to the zenith. We are among the Himalayas. We took our last row on the Grand Canal, and bade a last farewell to the City of the Sea, long, long ago. Well, 'tis another Venice, then, and quite as romantic and fascinating for being up here a mile or more in the air, and set about with these noble mountains. With all this running through our heads as we fling ourselves beneath our tent under the mulberry-trees, we need not wonder if, in the vagaries of sleep, we see strange confusions of Doges' and Maharajahs' palaces, of cathedrals and temples, of campaniles and minarets, of gondolas and Cashmerian barges, of low, level horizons of water and sky, and lofty, ragged horizons of hills and clouds.

The gardens of Cashmere form one of the attractions of the capital. Besides the Wular Lake, there is another smaller body of water, about nine miles in circumference, lying close to the city. It is supplied with water, not from the Jhelum, but by some small streams that issue from the overhanging mountains. Upon the borders of this lake, and placed so as to be watered by the afore-mentioned rivulets, are several of these royal paradises, created by the former princes of Cashmere. At the northeast corner of



the lake is situated one of the most beautiful of these gardens, the Shalimar Bagh, laid out, or at least embellished, by the Mogul emperor Jehangeer. In this earthly paradise, with the beloved and beautiful Noor-Jehan—the heroine of Lalla Rookh—he spent many a day—

“When from power and pomp and the trophies of war  
He flew to that valley, forgetting them all,  
With the light of the harem, his young Nourmahal.”

And here it was that they were reconciled during the “Feast of Roses,” as Nourmahal wins back the love of Selim (Jehangeer) while she sings as the “masked Arabian maid.” With his love all burning again, he exclaims:

“Oh, Nourmahal! oh, Nourmahal!  
Hadst thou but sung this witching strain,  
I could forget, forgive thee all,  
And never leave those eyes again.”

“The mask is off—the charm is wrought—  
And Selim to his heart has caught,  
In blushes more than ever bright,  
His Nourmahal, his harem’s light!  
And well do vanished frowns enhance  
The charm of every brightened glance;  
And dearer seems each dawning smile  
For having lost its light awhile;  
And happier now for all her sighs,  
As on his arm her head reposes,  
She whispers him with laughing eyes,  
‘Remember, love, the Feast of Roses!’”

The Shalimar Bagh, which embraces perhaps between twenty and thirty acres, lies on a very gentle slope, and drops down to the lower wall in several terraces, all of which are heavily loaded with chenar, mulberry, cherry, plum, apple, pear, apricot, and various ornamental trees. A broad avenue and water-course, lined with chenars, run through the centre of the garden. Pretty cascades are formed by the stream as it leaps down the terraces. Built over this stream, in the upper part of the garden, is the once beautiful summer-house, which now presents the same ruinous and neglected appearance as the kiosks of the gardens of Shiraz. From the balconies of this building was once displayed to the eye a paradisaical scene; and the view even now down over the terraces of the garden is rarely beautiful. It was here that Moore makes the Georgian maid give utterance to this sentiment:

“If there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this.”

Situated not far from the middle of the eastern shore of the Dul is the Nishat Bagh, another fine garden, not unworthy a place by the side of the “magnificent Shalimar.” It is six hundred yards long and about three hundred and fifty yards in width. It rises in ten terraces, upon the lower of which, just at the entrance to the garden, the principal pavilion, or summer-house, is built. Like the

buildings of the Shalimar, those of this garden are also falling into decay. A stream runs through the centre of the grounds, leaping the terraces, and finally escaping into the lake. Jets d'eau are ranged along the entire length of this water-course; and when throwing their full supply of water—as happened upon the occasion of our visit, as some grand Cashmerian officials were hourly expected—present a very pretty sight as they toss their waters amid the trees through the sunshine and the shadows.

Between the Shalimar and the city is the Nessib Bagh, a grove of noble chenars, without a summer-house. It makes a magnificent camping-ground, and the white tents of visitors are often seen beneath the trees. This must be the island grove which Moore intends to describe as the "Plane-tree isle reflected clear." The Char Chenar is a pretty islet rising out of the lake near the Nessib Bagh. It is said at one time to have possessed a fine temple, but now only a broken stone platform is to be seen. There are other gardens besides those we have referred to; but the foregoing will suffice to give a general idea of Cashmerian paradises.

The floating gardens in the Dul form one of the characteristic features of the lake: these are in every particular reproductions of the famous chinampas, or floating gardens, of the city of Mexico. Large portions of the lake are very shallow, and thickly covered with

aquatic plants. These are cut off by the natives two or three feet under water, and then pressed together somewhat, and formed into beds or rafts six to eight feet in breadth, and of indefinite length. The tops of the reeds are now lopped off, and then mud thrown on and allowed to work down into the bed, which is thus converted into a solid mass. Poles are thrust down through the beds to prevent their being driven out of place by the winds. Little mounds of earth, about eighteen inches high, supported by intertwined reeds, are raised along either border of the raft; and in these are planted melons and cucumbers, which fruit wondrously. There are many acres of these floating gardens in the Dul, and they furnish the principal article of diet for many thousands of the inhabitants of Cashmere for several months. It is perfectly astonishing to see the quantities that are daily, during the season, brought to the city markets.

It might be questioned whether these floating gardens should be considered real or personal property—they certainly lack one of the requisites of the former. By removing the poles that hold them, they are easily floated away from their positions. As a consequence of this mobility, they are sometimes stolen, and dragged away to another part of the lake; in which case the rightful proprietor has difficulty in discovering the whereabouts of his garden, and in proving property when found.

But from Cashmere and its surroundings we must turn for a glimpse of Cashmerians. The population of the city was estimated by the government, in 1865, at one hundred and fifty thousand; of which number not more than twenty thousand are Hindus, the remainder Mohammedans.\* Moorcroft, at the time of his visit, in 1823, put the population at two hundred and forty thousand, estimating the number of persons engaged in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls alone at one hundred and twenty thousand. But even at that time the population of the city had greatly declined from various causes. Two centuries ago the population of the entire Cashmere valley was about one million; but now it can scarcely exceed three hundred thousand, a decrease resulting from earthquakes, famines, and pestilences—for this Eastern paradise has enjoyed no immunity from these scourges—and also from the oppressions of the government, which have driven many of the inhabitants from the valley. The old feudal idea of the lands being the possession of the rulers has prevailed immemorially; and the people, though industrious and ingenious, are kept in hopeless poverty from exorbitant taxes, imposed by unscrupulous governors. Dr. Elmslie, before alluded to, declared to us that

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\* “The language of Cashmere is rooted in the ancient Sanskrit; it is estimated that out of one hundred words twenty-five are Sanskrit, forty Persian, fifteen Hindustani, ten Arabic, and a few Thibetan.”—Ince.

the present Maharajah, son of the notorious Gholab Singh, was an "ignorant, bigoted, avaricious, despotic monster." And yet it was into the hands of such men that the English government sold the inhabitants of Cashmere!

Cashmerian men are generally tall, well-proportioned, and of fairer complexion than the Indians of the plains; those whose habits of life do not lead to much exposure are quite as fair as Europeans. But this is not a singular instance illustrative of the effects of climate and different degrees of light and heat upon the color of the human body. The Arabs of Northern Syria and Armenia we observed to be much lighter complexioned than those of Southern Mesopotamia and Arabia. The Egyptians are said to present a "chromatic scale from black to white" as we ascend the Nile from the delta toward Abyssinia. The Tuarkiks of the Atlas are also represented as being of a fair olive color, while those of the same race dwelling in the interior of Africa are as black as negroes.

The dress of the men of Cashmere is the effeminate Indian costume. The higher class wear long, tight pantaloons, a short gown, and an immense turban, all white. The lower class, instead of the long Indian trousers, wear short drawers, reaching just below the knee; and often the whole suit, including the turban, is made of a cheap, gray woolen manu-



facture. The loose nature of the gown is admirably adapted alike to the heats of summer and the winter habits of Cashmerians. They have no fires in their dwellings; but in lieu of them it is the custom to carry a *kangree*, a small earthen pot, protected by wicker-work and filled with coals, which, when the person is sitting, is placed beneath the clothes, the looseness of the garments allowing the heat to circulate freely.

Cashmerians are very far from what they ought to be in respect to conscientiousness in their commercial transactions. At first we thought them exceptionally honest; but we soon discovered that their trickery was inevitable and ingenious. The moment one enters the city he is beset by a crowd of perambulating traders, bringing all sorts of things, from a Cashmere shawl to an absurdly bushy dak's tail; for all of which they ask several times their worth. Dealers in precious stones, diamonds, opals, carbuncles, etc.—manufactured in France or Germany—open their boxes with a cautiousness well calculated to inspire respect for their value. One needs to be chary of all these, and deal only with established houses that appreciate the policy of maintaining a good reputation. There are firms in the city which have earned even an European reputation for honesty and fair dealing.

We have already referred, incidentally, to at least

one class of the women of Cashmere. Unwilling as we are to make a cruel raid on romance and poetry, stoical prose compels us to correct a popular misconception—for which the imaginative Moore is largely responsible—by observing that the ladies of Cashmere seem to be denied even the usual attractions of their sex. We did not see a single pretty or even passably pleasing countenance among them while in Cashmere; and even among the faces of the children, who generally among all races are fair-featured and attractive, we did not notice a single instance of that beauty which is peculiarly the inheritance of childhood. We are not singular in our failure to discover Cashmerian beauties. “The women are broad-featured and coarse of figure, and not so elegant in form as the women of India,” quietly observes Knight; while M. Jacquemont irascibly declares: “Moore is a perfumer, and a liar to boot. Know that I have never seen any where such hideous witches as at Cashmere. The female race is remarkably ugly.” Hidden away from vulgar eyes within the harems or *zenanas* may be some Moontajs, Nourmahals, and Lalla Rookhs: but the presumption is against any such supposition; for if Venus loved to visit this spot as dearly as the Caucasian vales, she would inevitably be led in some of her capricious moods to lend her girdle to some of the unimprisoned maidens of the valley.

The products of the shawl-looms of Cashmere have given it a world-wide reputation. The wool of which these shawls are made is furnished by several animals, the wild goat of the provinces of Lassa and Ladakh affording the best. The domestic goat and wild sheep furnish an inferior article. It is simply the inner coat or down that is used; the first step being carefully to separate this from the hair. This is then spun by the women, a work which engages a large proportion of the women of Cashmere. The skins are next dyed; and in this art the Cashmerians display much taste and skill in producing beautiful and brilliant tints. The weavers are always men or boys, and we generally found from twenty to fifty crowded into a small room, three or four being engaged at each loom. The warp is extended in the loom as though the wool were to be introduced by a shuttle; but instead of a shuttle, several hundred slim, wooden needles, each wound with a small amount of thread, are employed. With a sort of hieroglyphic pattern before his eye, indicating the color of thread to be used, the weaver passes these in rapid succession, according to the color required, through one or more threads of the warp.

Many of the shawls are woven in separate pieces, and then carefully joined, this being so skillfully done that the seams are scarcely discernible. The time required for weaving a shawl varies, of course,

with the pattern, and the fineness of the threads used: usually three or four weavers are engaged upon a single shawl from three months to two years. There are rarer patterns, of course, that embody infinitely more labor than this. The price of the more common shawls varies from 400 to 1600 rupees (\$200 to \$800).

Besides these woven shawls, there is another variety manufactured, called "worked shawls," in which the pattern is first impressed upon the prepared cloth, and then the colors wrought in with common needles. Shawls thus embroidered are really prettier than the woven patterns, though not so rich, or, consequently, highly esteemed. Very beautiful shawls of this kind may be purchased for about 100 rupees. The patterns adapted for scarfs, table-spreads, and similar articles, are generally pretty and tasteful. The entire trade is now languishing in Cashmere, since European manufacturers have so successfully imitated all the different products of the Cashmerian looms, which have been so universally and deservedly admired.

It is a phenomenon as interesting as remarkable which we observe in the ingenuity, skill, and taste exhibited by many half-civilized peoples in the production of some particular article of manufacture; or the aptness displayed by such for some special science or pursuit. It is worth our while to notice that in

such instances Nature has often, perhaps always, given the first suggestion, and become teacher and encourager. The better the material she places in our hands, the greater is the incentive, and the stronger the desire awakened in us, to manipulate it skillfully and artistically. Thus in Japan the sap furnished by a certain tree possesses the qualities of a brilliant varnish—is admirably adapted to the purposes of ornamentation, transforming the surface to which it is applied so that it rivals in appearance the most beautifully polished of our precious woods. Now this article is, we believe, in a measure at least, the secret of that taste and ingenuity displayed by the Japanese in the manufacture of lacquer cabinet-work. In this art no other workmen in the world can compete with them. The first attempts to utilize this substance were doubtless rude enough; but the artist finding the capabilities of that with which he dealt far in advance of his work, was constantly inspired to more painstaking effort; and thus taste, ingenuity, and artistic skill were gradually developed, till he became a not unworthy artist and skillful manipulator of the material put into his hands. Especially do we observe the workman's care and faithfulness in the inlaid ornamentation with which the lacquered surface is embellished. He has, seemingly, not been satisfied till the beauty of this should be in keeping with the body upon which it rests and

purports to adorn. Birds and flowers and fruit and foliage are most artistically inlaid with pearl, the deep colorings and delicate tints of nature being most skillfully imitated by the most wonderfully exact and tasteful arrangement of the different pieces, the whole thus forming a richly brilliant and beautiful mosaic.

And thus among the natives of Cashmere: the wool of the Himalayan goat, of marvelous delicacy of fibre and of silky softness, tempted the Cashmarians to the employment of unusually careful effort, that the product of their work might be worthy of the material. Coarser material would never have inspired such painstaking work. Thus skill, taste, and judgment, all greatly at fault at first, are, by constant stimulus, endeavor, and exercise, gradually developed, till in tastefulness of design, skillful blending of different tints, and wonderfully patient and faithful execution, these loom products evidence a genius which at once astonishes us and challenges admiration.

This view, we are aware, militates against the doctrine of a certain writer, whose name our memory refuses to recall, who asserts, substantially, that it was a wonderful providential arrangement that placed in the same region an artistic workman and a remarkable product, to the manipulation and manufacture of which the skill of the workman was exactly adapted.



It is not more deferential to superintending wisdom, and certainly is gratuitously unscientific, to assume such intentional juxtaposition of these things—material and skill or ingenuity. We should rather at once surmise that the presence of the one has causal connection with the co-existence of the other. We would not push this doctrine too far; yet it has its legitimate place in our philosophies. We have constant illustration of it, as we see Nature ever instituting herself as our teacher—offering this inducement and that encouragement, and thus awakening and developing those tastes and powers and aptnesses and latencies which without these suggestions and stimuli would lie dormant and unimproved.

## CHAPTER XVI.

## MONUMENTS OF THE GREAT MOGUL EMPIRE IN INDIA.

Descent to the Plains of India.—Change Wrought by the Monsoons.  
 —Multiplicity of Scenes.—Architectural Monuments of the Great Moguls.—Sketch of the Tartar Tribes.—Conquests of Zingis Khan and Timour.—The Mongol Empire in India Compared with the Moorish Kingdom in Spain.—Splendor of the Great Mogul Court.—The Mohammedan Sovereigns of Delhi and the Sepoy Rebellion.—Our Arrival at Delhi.—The Dewani Khass.—Persian and Indian Audience Halls.—Beauty of the Structure.—The Peacock Throne.—Jumna Musjed.—Ruins of Old Delhis.—The Kutub Minar.—Agra.—The Taj Mahal.—The Beauty of this Mausoleum.—Contrasted with that of Zobeide's.—Palace of Akbar.—Pearl Mosque.—Cawnpore and Lucknow.—The Well.—The Relief of Lucknow.—Benares.—Its Temples and Shrines.

FROM our pleasant retreat, high among the snowy ranges of the Himalayas, we watched, through the papers that regularly found their way into our sequestered vale, the progress of the seasons in India. June 12th the monsoons (the heavy rains which prevail in India from June to October) broke at Bombay; and, advancing steadily up the country, reached the base of the Himalayas the 18th. From 130° and 140°, the thermometer was quoted as suddenly dropping under the influence of the cooling floods of rain to the more temperate figures of 80° and 90°. We

were also told of what was going on below us by the black thunder-clouds that pushed just their heads above the high ranges which walled our valley along the south. Occasionally, however, our vale would be invaded—a storm would force the passes, and deluge the valley from one end to the other.

About the middle of July we determined upon descending to the plains. Carrying a host of pleasant reminiscences with us, we broke camp, bade adieu forever to the “Happy Vale of Cashmere,” climbed slowly the inclosing wall, and from the lofty summit of the Pir Punjal looked over the wilderness of mountains, breaking down in giant steps to the plains; then, turning the pass, we journeyed onward and downward day after day, dropping with the streams, or scaling steep ranges to descend their opposite abrupt flanks to some profounder valley, till we stood at the base of its foot-hills, with the gloomy, towering mountains all behind us, and the great level expanses of India before us. From Bhimur palanquin bearers ran with us swiftly to Goojerat, whence the dak conveyed us, less expeditiously however, to the city of Lahore.

The transformation India had undergone since we fled her to the hills was perfectly marvelous. In May, when we first passed over the plains, they appeared like one vast desert, and the quivering atmosphere seemed filled with fire. But awakened by

the magic touch of moisture, a beautiful verdure had overspread the face of the country, the foliage of the trees was brightened, and all nature had taken on a joyous look. This yearly resurrection of nature in India, coming after the vegetation has been long blasted and the land burned by the fiery sun of the dry months, is the counterpart of our spring, transforming into life and beauty the dead, seared scenes of winter; or perhaps it may be better likened to the bursting life of the South American llanos, when the first showers of the rainy season fall upon them, baked and cracked from long drought. One passing through Hindustan during the dry season would pronounce the greater portion of the country an irredeemable desert; the same person viewing the land after the monsoons have fallen would declare the beauty of the country paradisiacal.

The whole land was looking thus like a beautiful garden, and the heat of the preceding months was being atoned for by a fresher and more respirable atmosphere, as we left Lahore and journeyed down the country toward Calcutta. It is not our purpose to give, in this chapter, a detailed account of all the scenes, experiences, and impressions of this journey. India crowds such an infinite variety and number of phenomena upon the attention of the traveler, that should he attempt to make mention of all those things which impress him his journal could be

scarcely more than an arid category of wonders of art and nature, and strange phenomena of life and society. The last particularly thrust themselves obtrusively at all times upon the notice of the European traveler, because so novel, so antipodal to all his previous experiences and traditional instincts. The theme is altogether too vast to encourage any attempt to compass it. So, instead of speaking of many things, we shall confine our attention to a very limited number; and even as to these we must necessarily fail of even a remote approximation to an exhaustive treatment, simply suggesting, by fragmentary sketches, the vastness and richness of the subjects under review.

Prominent among the attractions which India presents to the transient visitor are her architectural monuments of the past; and pre-eminent among these are the relics of the "power and glory of the great Mogul sovereigns." Before examining the magnificent structural memorials of that remarkable empire in India, it will be well for us, in order to awaken an appreciative and intelligent interest in these wonderful monuments, to consider briefly the source and nature of that exotic civilization which seemed to find such a congenial home upon the soil of the Indian peninsula, and that there displayed an opulence and splendor unwonted even to the "gorgeous East."

This purpose will compel us to turn again, as when tracing the destiny of the Saracen Empire, toward Central Asia—to the “shadowy land of the Gogs and Magogs.” That vast expanse of mountains and steppes commonly designated as Independent Tartary (or Turkestan) and Chinese Tartary, sweeping quite across the continent of Asia, has played an intensely interesting and important part in the drama of human history. According to the Veda of the Hindus and the Zendavesta of the Persians, there was the paradisiacal home of the progenitors of our race; and philological science is pointing more and more definitely to some district within the western limits of that tract as the centre of dispersion—the region whence issued those great streams of migration that spread over the world. Certain it is that these regions have been the “great nursery of nations—the armory of divine Providence, whence were drawn the weapons for the destruction of corrupt, worn-out, or imbecile nations—the great storehouse of material for the reconstruction of new empires, nations, or communities.”

Varied, indeed, are the races that have been nourished amid the mountains and upon the vast steppes of that extended region, and have gone out from their rough home to people, to devastate, and to people anew the countries to the north, the south, and the west. The appellation “Tartar” has come



to be loosely applied to all the inhabitants of these Central Asiatic countries; just as the classical writers embraced all those to which their knowledge extended under the ill-defined term of "Scythians." In this extended, popular signification, the term embraces a large number of tribes possessing no common ethnological affinities; some belonging to the Indo-Germanic family of nations, and others to the Turanian; yet the term may be properly enough used to conveniently group all those nomadic or semi-nomadic tribes — whether Manchhoos, Mongols, Kalmucks, Turks, Turcomans, Usbecks, or Kinghis Cossacks.

In the dim traditions of many nations are preserved the vague traces of the early migrations that, were born of the overflowings of this "storehouse of nations;" but we pass by these primitive, peaceful, migratory movements to those impulsive outbreaks, that may more properly be termed eruptions, which poured like devastating floods over the more civilized communities of Asia and Europe.

In the seventh century preceding the Christian era these Scythian warriors overrun and devastate the fairest portions of Western Asia, and Egypt is only saved by an exorbitant ransom from becoming the spoil of these rough hordes of the North. About the middle of the third century B.C. the Parthian horsemen drive from Persia the successors of Seleu-

cus Nicator, and upon the ruins of the Greek Empire establish the great Parthian monarchy: a kingdom of such extent and influence that the Oriental historian Rawlinson classes it with the great Chaldæan, Assyrian, Median, Babylonian, and Persian Empires, designating it the "Sixth Ancient Monarchy of Western Asia." For several centuries we behold these fierce Parthian warriors the most dreaded and formidable enemies of the Roman legions.

In the fourth century of our era the Tartar tribes seem all convulsed, and are hastening to its fall the tottering fabric of the Roman power. If not the direct, immediate cause engaged in the overthrow of that gigantic empire, they are at least the people to which the great historian of the decline and fall of the Roman power needs to turn to discover the remote causes of the events he is tracing. The shock received by the Tartar tribes along the distant frontier of China is transmitted from one end of Asia to the other—is communicated to the barbarous races of Europe, which are hurled upon the Roman Empire with a fury that breaks into fragments the carefully consolidated work of centuries, sweeps away every landmark, and extinguishes every light of the nascent civilization of Europe, and bewilders the world in the uncertainty and darkness of night.—(Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," ch. xxvi.)

In A.D. 1156 Zinghis Khan was born. To this

Mongol warrior would well apply any and all of the epithets that have been used to designate different destroyers of the human race; for he was, in truth, "the beast," "the scourge of mankind," "the fire-brand of the Almighty." Before his death (1226) he had swept with fire and sword the cities of Asia and Europe from Pekin to Moscow; China, India, Beloochistan, Persia, Mesopotamia, and large districts of Siberia and Europe, were traversed by his hardy warriors, the inhabitants massacred, and the lands wasted. It is estimated that at least ten or twelve millions of the race were destroyed by this ruthless butcher. His name signified "greatest Khan of Khans," or universal sovereign; and surely the extent of his empire justified the assumption of such a title: stretching from China to Hungary, from the frozen steppes of Siberia to the hot plains of India, his dominions embraced a much greater extent of territory than the world had ever before seen swayed by a single hand. From the seat of the royal court, at Karahorun, the ambassadors of the kings and dukes of Europe, and the potentates of Asia, received the decrees of the rude and illiterate barbarian.

After the death of its founder, the unwieldy empire broke into several fragments, and we find a Mongol Empire existing in China a century and a half after this dismemberment; another in Russia; still another in Transoxiana; and yet a fourth in

Persia. But these fragmentary empires were either lost through rebellion, or were gradually disintegrated by rivalry and faction, so that the gigantic empire of Zinghis required to be reconquered and recemented by the genius of another chieftain.

Tamerlane, or Timour the Lane, was the one destined for the work of re-establishing the Mongol power. This great conqueror was born A.D. 1336. With his rough followers he traversed anew most of the countries that had been tracked by the sanguinary marches of the conquering Zinghis. To the savagery of the barbarian were added all the sanctioned cruelties of the religious fanatic; for the Tartar tribes were now converts of Islamism, and their conquests in infidel countries were characterized by all the excessive brutalities to which the faith of the False Prophet has never failed to prompt its fanatical defenders.

It is Timour's conquests in India that now more nearly concern us. Crossing the snowy passes of the Himalayas, his hordes of hardy soldiers rushed down upon the plains of India, sacked the royal and opulent city of Delhi, and blackened and stained with fire and ruthless butchery the entire country between the Indus and the Ganges. The immense empire consolidated by Timour, like that of Zinghis, fell into confusion and anarchy as soon as death removed the genius spirit that had organized it; but the dynasty

established in Hindustan was destined to a brilliant career. For nearly one hundred years, however, it exhibited nothing but weakness and disorder; but about 1520 the Mongol chieftain Baber, a descendant of the great conqueror, seized the throne, and established that dynasty of Tartar rulers known as the Great Moguls. (Mogul is the European corruption of Mongol.)

The empire of the Grand Moguls in India, which lasted about three centuries, till overthrown by the British power, displays an affluence and splendor that recalls the magnificence of the court of the Caliphs during the golden period of the renowned Haroun-al-Raschid. And there are many features common to the Mongol and the Saracenic Empire. Thus, as those rude Arab sheiks, under the influence of the civilization with which they came in contact, acquired a taste for the refinements of a cultured life, and became the munificent patrons of art and science and philosophy, so these Mogul chieftains, in exchanging their rough home of the North for the genial clime of India, seem to have been inspired with a new life, and to have forgotten the tastes of the barbarian.

This transformation wrought upon barbarous, conquering tribes, by the influences of a higher civilization, under which the movements of conquest may have brought them, is not singular, but has had constant illustration since the time that the rough

Roman legions came in contact with the more polished culture of the Greeks, and as "conquerors became the conquered."

The kingdom of the Arab Moors in Spain is not only illustrative of the capabilities and æsthetic tastes that may lie dormant where one might least expect to find them, and of how beneath the magic touch of genial influences and opportunities they may suddenly exhibit an unexpected susceptibility and responsiveness; but it also affords, in a more particular way, a parallel to the great Mogul Empire in India. As the Moorish kingdom of Granada was an offshoot of the great Saracenic empire, that had its birth in the Arabian irruption of the seventh century, so the Grand Mogul monarchy in India was, in the same way, a branch of the vast empire established in Asia by the irruption of the Tartar hordes seven centuries later. Each was thus the offspring of a destructive barbarian eruption; each was the fragment of a mighty empire; the princes of each were the patrons of literature, and exhibited a refined architectural taste, that gave birth, in the one case, to the beautiful and almost faultless palaces of Granada and Seville, and, in the other, to the inimitable royal structures of Delhi and Agra. The style of architecture, also, of the palaces of the great Moguls is suggestive of that of the Alhambra; especially in beauty of design, profuseness of ornamentation, and



patient elaboration of details does the architecture of the Moguls bear a close resemblance to that of the Moorish kings.

About the middle of the seventeenth century the celebrated traveler and court-physician Bernier brought to the knowledge of the world the fabulous splendor of the court of the great Moguls. It had, at this time, attained its culminating glory; and the Oriental extravagance displayed in the glittering paraphernalia of royalty at once attracted and dazed the eyes of the courts of Europe, and excited among them that unseemly struggle for the "wealth of India" which has resulted in the supremacy of the English and the utter annihilation of the sovereignty of the Mogul princes.

Delhi and Agra were both imperial cities of the Mogul sovereigns; and they now hold the most splendid architectural memorials of their empire that have escaped the convulsions of revolution and conquest. At the breaking out of the memorable Sepoy rebellion the court of the Mogul potentate was held at the former capital. Impelled by the most inveterate political and religious hatred of the English, the Mohammedan emperor of Delhi eagerly joined the rebel Sepoys; and thus to all the horrors of unfeeling Hindu brutality, revealed during that terrible rebellion, was added the ruthless, bloodthirsty fanaticism of Moslemism. We have no desire to

follow the example of many writers, and u again any of those scenes of inhuman butc where unresisting women and children were c pieces in each other's blood, in crowded "slaug pens." The world has shuddered often enoug at this revelation of the deepest hell. It is enough for us here to remark that many of those fiendish acts were but the execution of edicts that issued from the imperial halls at Delhi. When the capital was at last taken by the English army, after a sanguinary siege, a terrible retribution followed. The citizens offered almost a million sterling as a ransom for their guilty city. But it was refused, the inhabitants were driven out, and the city justly given up to pillage. Mohammed Surazoo-deen, the last of the Grand Moguls, was condemned to transportation: he died in Burmah, 1861. Many of the numerous princes of the royal house were executed; and the palace and its accessories, save the royal audience-hall, were reduced to masses of ruins.

Upon our arrival at Delhi, the first place to which we directed our guide to conduct us was the ancient royal quarter of the city. We found the strongly fortified *enceinte*, which formerly contained the palace, occupied by English barracks, with only one important relic of the imperial structures remaining to witness the truthfulness of the seemingly fabulous accounts of the magnificence with which the Mogul

reigns surrounded their court. This memorial of the famous Dewani Khass, the great audience-hall built by the Emperor Shah-Jehan, whose architectural taste also gave to the world its most beautiful mausoleum—the inimitable Taj Mahal, at Agra. As the palace at Delhi was the finest imperial residence in the East, so the Dewani Khass was the most beautiful audience-hall that ever shaded the throne of any Oriental potentate.

Dr. Butler, who visited Delhi in 1857, says: “I found it [the Dewani Khass] despoiled of its glory, its marble halls and columns whitewashed, and the whole turned into a hospital for sick soldiers!” But we found it (in 1872) restored to somewhat of its former splendor. The English government is wisely interesting itself in the preservation of India’s architectural monuments of the past; and this generous regard for the curiosity of posterity has led to the careful renovation of the Dewani Khass, so that the building now stands in almost its pristine integrity—barring, of course, the gold and silver ornamentations, which have long since disappeared.

In our survey of the ruined palaces of the Persian kings we saw standing on the loftiest terrace of the Persepolitan platform, overlooking the broad plain of Merdasht, the ruins of the magnificent pillared audience-hall of those ancient sovereigns. In the majesty of lofty and imposing proportions, that royal hall,

could all its fallen pillars be lifted again in crowded and stately phalanx, would surpass by far the marble pavilion council-chamber of the great Moguls: for though the structures of these sovereigns were by no means deficient in the elements of grandeur, lent by gigantic or massive construction, their greatest merit lay in beauty of material, faultless proportions, and marvelous richness of ornamentation. Bishop Heber expresses this in one sententious line: "These Pathans designed like Titans and finished like jewelers."

The Dewani Khass is a low-pillared, massive, arched pavilion, about one hundred and fifty feet in length and fifty feet in breadth. It is constructed entirely of the most beautifully polished white marble, pure as the Parian stone. The brilliant beauty of the material recalls the bright, untarnished blocks of the Athenian Parthenon. So gracefully are the pillars wrought and the arches bended, and so exquisitely is the face of the marble carved with tracery, that we are at once equally lost in admiration of the skill and taste of the artist. The ornamentation is simply inimitable; only an Indian prince could command the wealth and the labor requisite for the embellishment of so vast a structure in such a lapidary style. Almost every portion of the pillars and arches of the pavilion is covered with gilt tracery, or inlaid with intricate and graceful designs of vines,

flowers, fruit, foliage, and arabesques, all wrought in different-colored stones, as lapis lazuli, chalcedony, garnet, agate, carnelian, jasper, heliotrope, amethyst, topaz, sard, chlorite, and variegated marbles; so that in the various objects represented all the colors of nature are exactly imitated; and so skillfully and artistically is the inlaying done, that the hand fails to detect any roughness whatever in the face of the marble, and the eye deceives one into the belief that the mosaic is a beautiful painting depicted on the white canvas-like surface. Many of the gems of these rich mosaics have been picked out; but the pavilion is now carefully guarded against such vandalism in the future.

In the beautiful flowing arabesque-like characters of the Arabic are many quotations from the Koran, inlaid upon different portions of the building. Here also are the lines which Moore has made famous through his "Lalla Rookh:"

"If there be an elysium on earth,  
It is this, it is this."\*

Recalling that the present magnificence of the place is but a remnant of the glory that the emperor saw

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\* Dr. Butler, in his "Land of the Veda," substitutes in this couplet, without what seems to us an improvement in the poetry at least, the word paradise for "elysium," observing that the latter is "too European, too Northern a term." Dr. Clarke, quoted by the same writer, remarks: "The term paradise is applied to denote "*splendid apartments*, as well as fine gardens; in a word, any place of pleasure and delight."

about him, as from his jeweled throne beneath the arches of the gorgeously curtained pavilion his eye took in the beauties of the surrounding gardens and the splendor of the royal apartments, we can easily forgive the ardent, impulsive sentiment of Shah-Jehan.

Beneath the central arch of the pavilion is a low marble platform, on which stood the famous Peacock Throne. Bernier, who saw this extraordinary "piece of Oriental extravagance," describes it as being constructed of two peacocks, wrought in gold and silver and the most precious stones; the varied plumage of the birds being formed of the skillfully blended tints of the choicest gems. Six "massy feet of gold," sprinkled with rubies and diamonds, supported the brilliant seat. The throne was mounted by silver steps, and was canopied with gold and silver and jewels. Its value has been variously estimated from \$20,000,000 to \$150,000,000. The renowned Koh-i-noor diamond formed, as is well known, a part of the regalia of the Great Mogul. The Persian conqueror and robber, Nadir Shah, bore off in triumph the jeweled throne; and the Koh-i-noor is to-day the brightest gem that glitters amid the jewels of the Queen of the British Empire.

Another relic of the splendid pile of building embraced within the fortified palace inclosure is the private royal mosque—a perfect gem, pure as the light



of heaven. This edifice is constructed of beautifully carved and polished marble, which dazzles like snow. Its stainless purity seems a mocking satire upon the guilty, blood-stained religion of which it stands as the embodiment.

In another part of the city, some distance from the royal quarter, is the Jumna Musjed, the principal mosque of Delhi, and one of the finest of which Islamism can boast. It was erected by Shah-Jehan, the creator of the Dewani Khass and Taj Mahal, and is worthy of the taste and resources of that princely builder. It stands upon an elevated platform five hundred feet square, constructed of warm-colored sandstone, and is reached by magnificent flights of steps. The lofty minaret and soaring domes, the latter striped with dark-hued stone, tower conspicuously above the surrounding buildings of the city. The walls are not composed entirely of marble, but are simply faced or paneled with heavy slabs of that material.

From the minarets a splendid view is gained, which embraces the whole of Delhi and the surrounding country. The first thing that attracts the eye, after it has wandered beyond the limits of the city, is a distant yet lofty tower, that rises up grandly from a desolate, ruin-heaped plain — the site of former Delhis. We need no one to tell us that that grand isolated column is the celebrated Kutub Minar, the loftiest pillar in the world.

Although there is some controversy respecting the age and design of this work, those best qualified to speak as authorities upon the subject pronounce it the minaret of a great mosque, which was commenced by the Mohammedan conquerors of India more than six centuries ago, and which was intended to surpass every other Moslem shrine in the Orient. Although this minaret was carried up to its full height, the mosque itself was never completed. The Kutub is about fifty feet in diameter at the base, and two hundred and fifty feet in height. It is five-storied; each division being marked by a broad, rich cornice and balustrade. The lower stories are composed of sandstone, but the upper of pure white marble. One well able to speak of its comparative merits—we mean Bayard Taylor—calls it the finest shaft ever raised by man, and gives it a place before Giotto's Florentine Campanile and the Giralda of Seville.

Nothing teaches more impressively man's frailty than his unfinished undertakings. Lying in the quarry near the Syrian city of Baalbec is the largest worked stone in the world, a gigantic block nearly seventy feet in length, almost detached and ready for transportation to its niche in the Titanic platform of the Temple of the Sun. It seems as though the workmen had just momentarily left their labor, and we fancy that we must soon see them returning.

But forty centuries or more ago some providential emergency called them from their work; and there lies the huge block, and yonder is the cyclopean wall with its vacant niche, one of the most striking and impressive of the unfinished labors of the world. And so the colossal Kutub Minar, though a finished column in itself, is but a fragmentary memorial of a gigantic unfinished plan; and as such it will doubtless stand to teach many generations yet to come that, though man may propose, Heaven will dispose.

The Kutub Minar towers over a plain strewn far and wide with ruins. For fifteen miles from Delhi, along the course of the Jumna, the face of the country is covered with fragments of massive walls, gateways, palaces, mosques, monumental tombs, and even astronomical observatories. These are the remains of the Delhis of the past. Twenty centuries ago the first Delhi was founded; being left a mass of ruins by some conqueror, it was abandoned, and another site chosen; this, in its turn, was deserted for a third; which also was destined to see another city, bearing its name, spring up alongside its crumbling walls: thus the ruins lying along the river are really those of several distinct cities. Did not the traveler wandering amid the interminable ruins bear in mind that not the size, but the migratory character of the imperial city, scattered the remains over such a vast

extent of country, he would believe that mighty Babylon must have here had her rival.

A little over one hundred miles in a southerly direction from Delhi is the city of Agra, another imperial centre of the "power and glory" of the Mogul emperors. Pre-eminent among its wonderful architectural monuments is the inimitably perfect and universally celebrated Taj Mahal. Justly has this structure been pronounced by every beholder the most beautiful, the most faultless monument ever raised by the art of man.

Before visiting this beautiful mausoleum, we had come to entertain the thought that man's most laborious and magnificent works had been prompted by his religious sentiments. This thought had recurred to us again and again while gazing upon the glories of St. Paul's and St. Peter's, and that wondrously wrought pile, the Milan Cathedral. The same conviction was pressed upon us amid the magnificent remains of the temples of classic times: the olden shrines of Rome, Athens, Baalbec, and Palmyra, grand, beautiful even, in their ruin and desecration, served only to deepen the impression produced by the splendid creations of the Christian faith; the lofty tower-temples of Assyria and Babylonia told us how even in the world's childhood man had been prompted to give laborious material expression to his religious hopes and fears; the preserved and

decayed mosques of the Mohammedan countries through which our wanderings had led us, and the thousand honored and dishonored shrines and temples of the Hindu faith that we found throughout India and the lofty valleys of the Himalayas, all confirmed our first conviction that man's religious sentiments and aspirations had inspired the loftiest genius, and lent the divinest skill that ever quickened the soul or guided the hand of Art.

But in the presence of the beautiful mausoleum of the Taj Mahal we were taught that it is Love that forgets costs and labor when raising its fitting memorials over lost affections. Religion never has raised, nor ever will raise, such a monument of its sentiment. The Milan Cathedral seems gross in comparison with the purity and lightness of the Taj. Religion's love for the high object of her affections, when it becomes that impassioned sentiment which has given to the world the loveliness of this mausoleum, must needs build of other material than gold and precious stones.

We can not hope, by any description of ours, to convey any just conception of the beauty of this mausolean structure, which has always alike entranced the beholder and baffled his efforts to adequately portray the object of his enthusiasm. No single pen has ever drawn a complete picture of the Taj Mahal; but each of the many sketches that have

been traced by different writers seems but a rough study or fragmentary effort of the artist. Each, while exhibiting some fresh beauty, or discovering some new harmony, shows the imperfect character of all the others. One is struck at the marvelous balancings of proportions; another at the wonderful plasticity of the snowy marble, which in the hands of the artist assumes such lovely forms of lace-like delicacy and zephyr lightness; still another is in transports of admiration over the beauty and richness of the rare mosaics of flower and fruit and leaf, wrought with such fairy skill in the face of the marble; and yet a fourth is enraptured while, with the whole in its inviolable unity before him, he reflects only upon the sentiment it embodies. Dr. Butler, who, in his "Land of the Veda," draws one of the most beautiful sketches that has ever been made, expresses his sense of and offers excuse for its incompleteness, and its inadequateness to convey to his readers those feelings which it awakened in himself, by observing that, "like piety, or like heaven, it may be said of the Taj that no man knoweth it save him that receiveth it."

After having given some statements that may reveal in part the foundation upon which such unbounded and universal admiration has been accorded to the wonderful loveliness of this monumental tomb, we will illustrate the impression which its beauty



has produced upon different observers, by quoting their own heated and impassioned language, and shall hope, by thus enabling our readers to view the Taj through the eyes of those best fitted to judge of its merits and beauties, and best qualified to convey their impressions to others, to give a much better conception of this faultless monument of the skill and taste of the artists of the Great Mogul than we can impart by any unsupported words of our own.

Preceding any description, one word will be requisite respecting the origin and builder of the Taj. It was erected by the Mogul emperor Shah-Jehan, in accordance with a promise made to his beautiful and beloved consort, Moontaj-i-Mahal, who died in 1631, leaving as a last request that he should raise to her memory a monumental tomb. This mausoleum was born of that dying wish and the affection of the emperor, over whom during life the lovely queen had exerted an unbounded influence. The artist employed by the emperor in the construction of the edifice is thought to have been a Frenchman, M. Austin de Bordeaux, who had great influence at the court of the Great Mogul. This same artist is believed to have designed several other structures for the sovereign Shah-Jehan, who seems to have had as great a passion for building as the Syrian Seleucus. The Taj was raised by a nation's toil; for it is recorded by Tavernier that twenty thou-

sand men were engaged upon the work for twenty years.

As we stood beneath the rich monumental pile, we could not but contrast it with the tomb of Zobeide—the beautiful consort of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid—which we had stood beside only a few months before at Bagdad. Equally lovely and beloved in life, each the light of a brilliant semi-barbarian court, one lies to-day beneath a mean tomb, on the edge of an uncultivated desert; the other reposes within the most costly mausoleum in the world, in the midst of a garden of unwonted beauty even for an Eastern paradise.

Since the time when there was planted a garden eastward in Eden, the East has been celebrated for its paradises. The one that casts its shades about the Taj Mahal combines the charms of the royal gardens of Shiraz and Cashmere. Conspicuous amid the lighter foliage of the orange and lemon and palm and banyan rise the dark cones of the “mournful cypress,” that tremble slightly in the breeze, like the sad, rich plumes of funereal pomp; jets d’eau, grouped about the pools, and ranked along the avenues of approach to the mausoleum, toss their pearly streams into the air, and shiver into a thousand quick gleams of light the faces of the marble reservoirs.

Opposite the magnificent gateway which gives entrance to the garden, and midway between two costly

structures, designed one for a mosque, the other as a temporary home for pilgrims or visitors to the shrine, rises the Taj, overhanging the river Jumna, which almost laves one face of the great terrace upon which the mausoleum stands. Surmounting the lower stage is a polished marble platform, from each corner of which shoots up a beautiful minaret, one hundred feet in height, and exactly in the centre of which stands the triple-domed, minareted mausoleum itself, glorious as light, being of such a dazzling brightness when the sun falls upon it that the eye can not be directed steadily toward it. The gilded crescent that surmounts the central dome flashes in the light two hundred and sixty feet above the marble terrace.

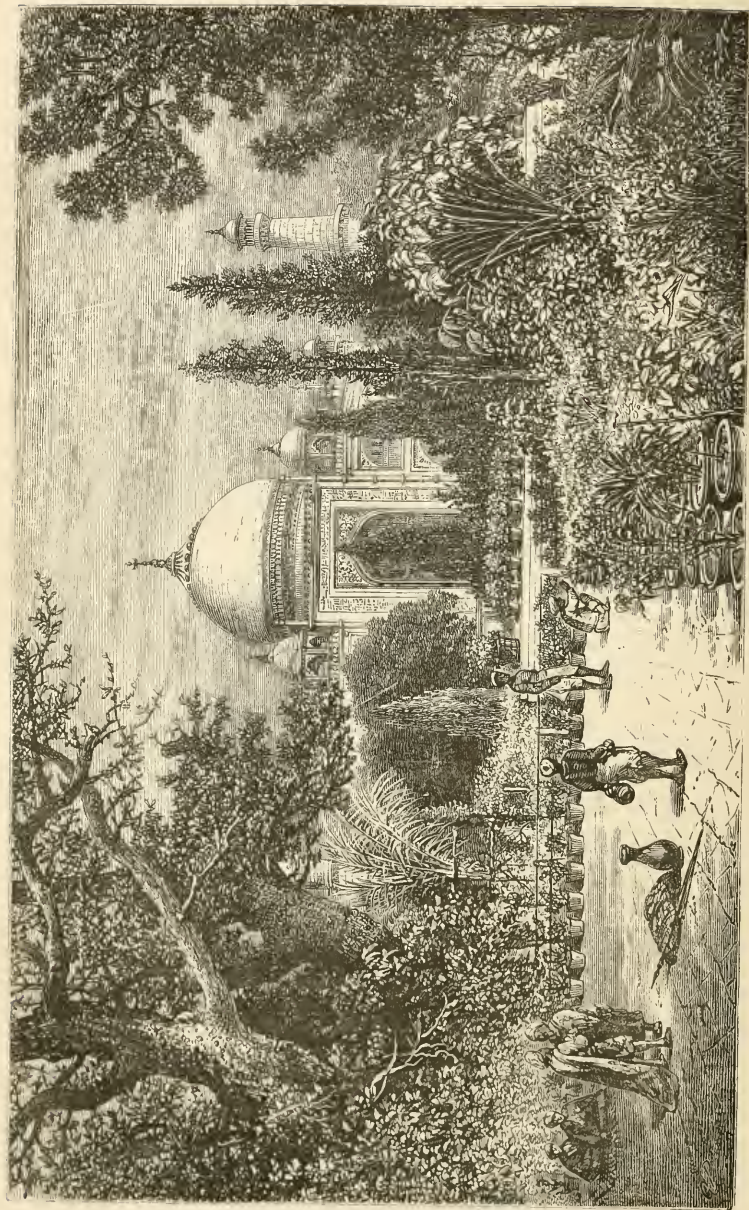
Had the artist been satisfied with the bare embodiment of his ideal in the symmetrical balancings and faultless proportions that we have now before us, the Taj would even then be matchless and unapproachable by any future effort; for so perfect is the harmony of all its parts, so immaterial is its lightness, that it seems as though the stone which enters into it were, for this once, relieved of that inability that rests upon matter to receive, without distortion and marring, the ideal of the workman. It seems like a creation of the fancy, that somehow has crystallized—somehow embodied itself without the touch of hand, and not something chiseled out block by block.

But to the perfection of graceful form and the wonderful harmony of proportion, unsurpassed by the balanced symmetries of a Parthenon, are added the most marvelous richness and delicacy of ornamentation. Both the exterior and the interior are alike lavishly embellished; yet, while the decorative, sculpturesque work exhibits an Oriental richness, it never degenerates into extravagance, but is throughout characterized by the purest classic chasteness. Within and without the white face of the marble is inlaid with texts from the Koran, the graceful, flowing Arabic characters being employed. The almost infinite expenditure of labor in this species of adornment may be inferred from the fact that the whole of the sacred book of Islamism (which makes a closely printed octavo of five hundred pages) is said to be inlaid upon the mausoleum.

Within, the beauty seems more of heaven than of earth. There are marble screens of filigree, light as zephyr, formed of flowers and delicate arabesques; there are the tulip, the lotus, and the lily, cut in marble white as driven snow; there are broad panelings of polished marble, inlaid with gems; and every where are flowers and fruit and foliage, all wondrously wrought of precious stones. "The beholder at once perceives that such beautiful and chaste ideas are intended to convey to the human mind and eye the supposed scenes of







TAJ MAHAL.



the charms and indescribable beauty of a heavenly Paradise."

A beautifully ornamented sepulchral chamber or vault holds the richly decorated marble tomb of the Empress Moontaj, and also that of her husband, Shah-Jehan. There is enough of inimitable beauty here, but we forget it amid the greater beauties of the apartment above, where are placed the two cenotaphs, and above which springs the lofty vault of the central dome. No royal chamber or stately hall of Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, or Persian palace was ever decorated with such purity of taste, such chasteness of design, such delicacy of sentiment, such perfection of skill, such supreme forgetfulness of wealth and labor. Marble latticed windows, elaborately and cunningly wrought, play perfect witchery with the light that enters the chamber. The floor and walls of the apartment are inlaid with precious stones. Directly beneath the dome are the cenotaphs, surrounded by a marble screen, wrought with such marvelous delicacy that it resembles a piece of rich lace-work, wherein are

"Mimic leaves and vines,  
That, light and graceful as the shawl designs  
Of Delhi or Umritsir, twine in stone."\*

The cenotaph of the Empress is the most profusely embellished, being completely covered with

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\* Whittier's "Miriam."

inlaid inscriptions, flowers, and arabesques. In the mosaics of flowers and foliage all the colors of nature are reproduced with wonderful fidelity, even to their most delicate tints and shadings, by the skillful grouping of various-hued stones, as chalcedony, agate, carnelian, jasper, lapis lazuli, heliotrope, turquois, sard, blood-stone, and jade. More than two hundred pieces of stone have been counted in a single flower.

The foregoing, we are conscious, gives a very inadequate idea of the richness and beauty of the most perfect monument ever raised to perpetuate the name of a lost love. Perhaps we can best supplement its incompleteness, and best aid the imagination of our readers in forming a just notion of its entrancing beauty, by illustrating, as already proposed, by a few quoted passages, the effect which its architectural harmonies and artistic loveliness have produced upon those that have felt the power of its presence, and who, lost in admiration, have exclaimed, as does Butler in the words of another: "Suffice it—Love was its author, Beauty its inspiration."

We give first a short but glowing passage from the pen of Bayard Taylor: "The hall, notwithstanding the precious material of which it is built, and the elaborate finish of its ornaments, has a grave and solemn effect, infusing a peaceful serenity of mind, such as we feel when contemplating a happy death.

Stern, unimaginative persons have been known to burst suddenly into tears on entering it; and whoever can behold the Taj without feeling a thrill that sends the moisture to his eyes has no sense of beauty in his soul. The Taj truly is, as I have already said, a poem. It is not only a pure architectural type, but also a creation which satisfies the imagination, because its characteristic is Beauty. Did you ever build a castle in the air? Here is one, brought down to earth, and fixed for the wonder of ages; yet so light it seems, and when seen from a distance so like a fabric of mist and sunbeams, with its great dome soaring up, a silvery bubble about to burst in the sun, that, even after you have touched it, and climbed to its summit, you almost doubt its reality.”\*

A lady, to whom can not be denied a keen, discriminating taste, and a rare appreciation of the truly beautiful in art, thus expresses her admiration: “The Taj Mahal is usually deemed the most attractive object [in the city of Agra], and, considered in its character of a mausoleum, it has not its equal in the world. The reader of Eastern romance may here realize his dreams of fairy-land, and contemplate those wondrous scenes so faithfully delineated in the brilliant pages of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ . . . The building is composed of polished marble of the whitest

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\* Bayard Taylor's “India, China, and Japan,” p. 137.

hue; and if there be any faults in the architecture, they are lost in the splendor of the material, which conveys the idea of something even more brilliant than marble, mother-of-pearl, or glistening spar. No description can do justice to this shining edifice, which seems rather to belong to the fanciful creations of a dream than to the sober realities of waking life—constructed of gathered moonbeams, or the lilies which spring in Paradise.”\*

Hear another enthusiastic witness: “There never was erected in this world any thing so perfect and lovely, save Solomon’s Temple. In gazing down upon the scene, as the writer did in the closing days of the terrible rebellion in 1858, the effect was wonderful, and akin to those emotions that must thrill the soul which looks out for the first time upon the plains of heaven. Every thing that could remind one of ruin and misery seemed so far away, that as we sat, and the delighted eyes drank in the scene before them, terminated by the gorgeous fane as it rose up toward the blue and cloudless sky, we thought if John Bunyan could have shared the opportunity he would surely have imagined his dreams realized, and believed himself looking over the battlements of the New Jerusalem, and viewing that ‘region of eternal day’ where holiness and peace are typified by pearls and gold, and all manner of

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\* “Sketches and Characteristics of Hindustan,” by Emma Roberts.

precious stones, with the fountain of life, clear as crystal, proceeding from the throne of God and the Lamb.”\*

We forbear speaking in detail of the other art wonders of imperial Agra, through fear of satiating our readers; we will simply make the briefest possible allusion to some of the features of the more noted of the remaining relics of the Mohammedan emperors which have contributed to the renown of this city of Akbar. Within the Fort, which is itself a most imposing structure—whose embrasured walls, nearly two miles in circuit, threateningly overhang the Jumna—is the Palace of Akbar, which, although it has suffered somewhat from time and violence, still displays much of its former splendor. At the time of our visit, the work of restoring some injured portions was being prosecuted by the English government. The courts, chambers, baths, fountains, corridors, and pavilions, all of carved marble, still attest the luxurious character of the palace. Marble screens, wrought with fairy-like delicacy, seclude the gaze of the world from the chambers of the *zenana*, and give privacy to the corridors and pavilions, which were the frequent resort of the fair sultanas.

The “palace of glass,” which is the name given to the principal bath, is the most brilliant chamber of the palace. When we saw it, the fountains had

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\* Dr. Butler’s “Land of the Veda,” p. 142.

ceased to play, and the pool was dry; but all the adornments of the room were still as of old. Every portion of the wall is covered with little mirrors, so that whichever way you turn you meet hundreds of repeated images. The floor is inlaid with vines and flowers and arabesques of such beauty and richness that one fancies one's self really within the chambers of Aladdin's Palace.

Also embraced by the walls of the Fort is the Moti Musjed, or Pearl Mosque, which in the purity of the material used in its construction is the rival of the little royal mosque at Delhi. Surmounting the building are three marble domes, so perfect in their swelling outlines, so airily poised, that they seem "like silvery bubbles which have rested for a moment on the wall, and which the next breeze must sweep away."—(Bayard Taylor.)

Just outside the Fort is the Jumna Musjed, a mosque of imposing proportions, but a structure which in beauty and artistic merit must not for a moment be allowed a place by the side of the Mosque of Pearl. The platform upon which it stands is so elevated that its great domes soar far above all the other edifices of Agra. The tombs of Elniad-ood-Doulah and of Akbar are both mausolean structures that, notwithstanding they exhibit sadly the wear of time, must be placed among the most beautiful relics of Oriental architecture.



One is bewildered amid all these superb memorials of Moslem power and glory. The surroundings of the imperial court of the Great Moguls in the city of Agra, we perhaps venture nothing in saying, were more magnificent and luxurious than those of any other that ever lorded it over the East. "Such palaces and paradises for the living, such mausoleums for the dead, such shrines for religion," at least never all lent their grandeur or loveliness to the embellishment of any single Oriental capital. Nineveh may have been unrivaled in her palaces; Babylon in her temples; Shiraz and Cashmere in their royal paradises; but imperial Agra gathered all these creations about herself, in one wondrous phalanx of magnificence and beauty.

After having viewed the wonderful architectural monuments of Delhi and Agra, we proceeded on down the country, only taking a glimpse of the historic cities of Cawnpore and Lucknow, as they are famous alone for their awful reminiscences of the great Sepoy rebellion in 1857. At the former place, standing in the midst of a beautiful garden, is the monumental shrine which holds in remembrance the victims of that terrible massacre that in the dark days of the rebellion sent such a thrill of horror through the Christian world.

By treachery, Nana Sahib, an incarnate fiend, and his Sepoys, had overpowered and cut to pieces the

gallant defenders of Cawnpore, and crowded into a small building, near where the monument now stands, two hundred helpless women and children. The gallant Havelock, only a few days distant, was hurrying to the relief of the little company. Fearful of the rescue of his prisoners, Nana Sahib ordered that they should be butchered. Five hired assassins entered the building with their knives; and they and God only know the scenes in that slaughter-pen during the next two hours. The bodies were dragged out and thrown into the neighboring well: the sight of these mangled bodies, heaped in the pit, and of the rooms of the building where they were butchered, "almost ankle deep in blood," was the cruel reward that awaited the brave men who had so gallantly cut their way through successive rebel armies, while nerved with the hope of carrying deliverance to the fated band. The Black Hole of Calcutta and the Slaughter-pen of Cawnpore have memories too terrible to be ever outlived. They will never permit to be forgotten the fiendish, hellish spirit that animated the Sepoy rebellion.

Two days' march from Cawnpore was Lucknow, where seventy thousand Sepoys were beleaguering another devoted company, and thirsting for their blood. Could they be saved? The world knows what the noble Havelock and his brave men did to save them—how again and again they endeavored to

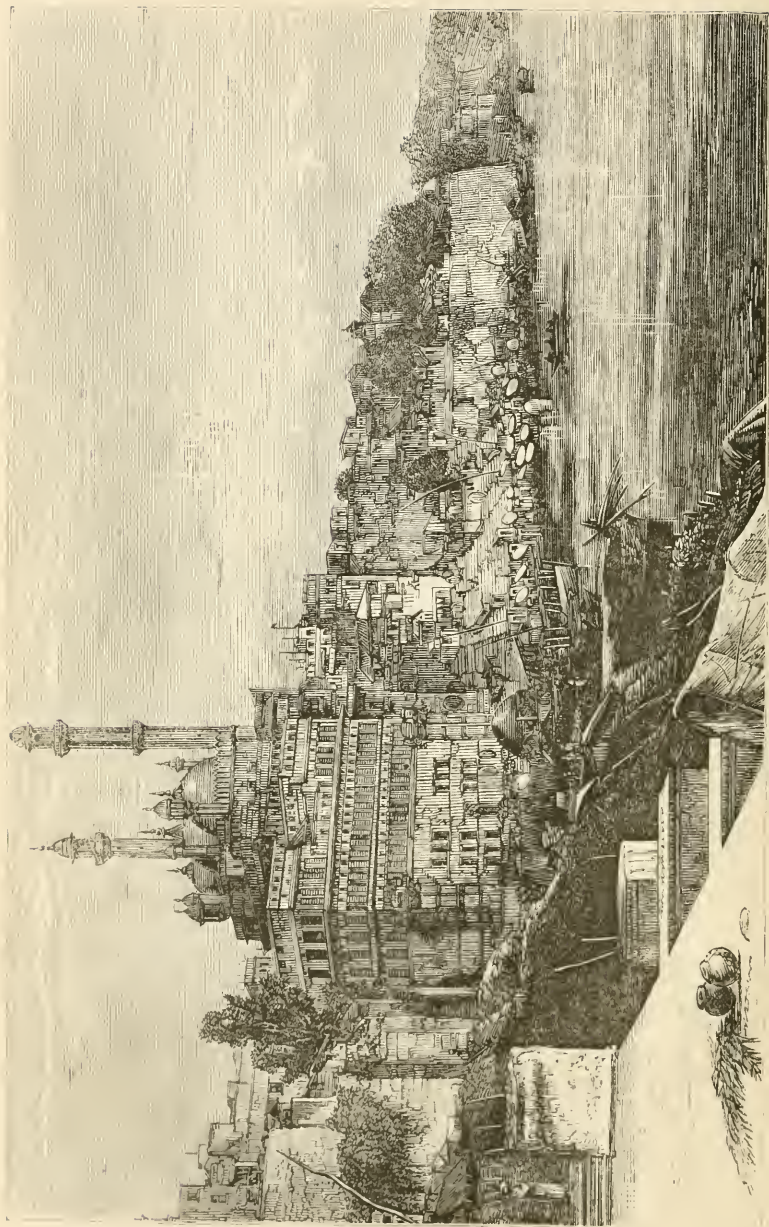
cut their way through the hosts that stood between them and the city—how, when at last the city was reached, that little handful of men fought for two days in the barricaded streets with the human tigers, who seemed mad with rage at the possibility of their prey being rescued from them—how at last the Residency was reached—and the thrilling meeting—and how the gallant Sir Colin and his men cut their way in to rescue the rescuers. Fourteen hundred men, women, and children were saved; but more than the same number of brave men died to redeem them from the fate of the devoted band at Cawnpore.

The almost superhuman achievements of English soldiers upon the battle-fields of India are the admiration of history. The fire of India's climate seems to course in their veins, so that the excitement of battle awakens a sleeping tiger. The character of the foe they have fought has also served to arouse a most terrible determination. The fiendish atrocities and butcheries perpetrated by the Sepoy rebels is what fired Havelock's men with such resolution, and gave such awful and irresistible impetuosity to their terrible charges. The memories of the heroes of those dark days of 1857-8 set all a-fire the spirit of the English soldier in India. We have seen the young officer almost transported by the intensity of his feelings while recounting to us the thrilling exploits of those times. If there be any thing of worth

or inspiration in a grand historical reminiscence, England's sons, on India's future battle-fields, will never fall below those heroes who, during the terror and darkness of the Sepoy mutiny, stood so undauntedly between all the "tremendous interests of Christian civilization in India and the East" and the fiendish assaults of combined Mohammedan and Brahminical hatred and diabolism.

From the sad memories of Lucknow and war we turn now to religion. Only twenty miles by rail from Cawnpore is Benares—the "Athens of India," and the "sacred city of the Hindus." This city has been the centre of the intellectual, and especially the religious life of Hindustan. "By reason of some subtile and mysterious charm," writes Sherring, "it has linked itself with the religious sympathies of the Hindus through every century of its existence. For the sanctity of its inhabitants—of its temples and reservoirs—of its wells and streams—of the very soil that is trodden—of the very air that is breathed—and of every thing in and around it, Benares has been famed for thousands of years." If a hoary antiquity may confer sanctity, then Benares is truly sacred; for more than a score of centuries ago it was a place of holy veneration, to whose shrines pilgrimages were undertaken from the remotest portions of India, which has led to its being termed the "Mecca" of Hinduism.





BENARES—SACRED CITY OF THE HINDUS.



Benares is situated upon the banks of the sacred Ganges, being built upon an abrupt bluff, so that its buildings overhang the river in successive terraces. The view of the city from the opposite bank of the Ganges is considered one of the finest city scenes in India; and some enthusiastic writers have declared it to surpass any similar view in the world. The advice of a friend to us was, "Go and look at the city across the river, and then come away." The view over the Ganges is certainly impressive. The city has a river front of about three miles; the terraced mass of buildings being broken by the pinnacles of scores of temples, and crowned by the great Mosque of Aurungzebe, whose lofty minarets tower far above all into the blue of the heavens.

We crossed the river in a native boat, first towing a long way above the city, that the current might not carry us too far below the point at which we desired to land. The ghauts, or flights of stone steps, already alluded to, swarmed with the inhabitants of the city, who were crowding down to the river, to relieve themselves at once of dirt and sin in the sacred waters.

We found the streets of the city to be gloomy, narrow lanes, from which the light of the sun was so excluded by the lofty buildings, which were seldom less than two or three, and frequently of five stories in height, that we seemed to be threading

the maze of a semi-subterranean labyrinth. The great Mosque of Aurungzebe, erected by the emperor whose name it bears (who destroyed the principal Hindu temples in Benares, and above their ruins raised this symbol of the faith of the conquerors of India); the famous astronomical observatory, built A.D. 1600, by Mânasimha; the temple sacred to monkeys, where the groves were filled with the agile little deities—all these things had their peculiar interest; but what interested us most, and left the deepest impression upon our imagination, was the thronging of the people to their shrines, and their heathenish rites of worship there.

We had always experienced a difficulty in forming other than very vague conceptions of the rites and orgies of classic or pagan worship. But here we seemed to have had realized for us the vision of Ezekiel. We seemed to have entered the Chambers of Imagery, and seen there all the abominations that they do. The city of Benares is filled with shrines and temples: Prinseps enumerated over one thousand Hindu temples and nearly three hundred Mohammedan mosques. Sherring devotes the larger part of a considerable volume to what amounts to scarcely more than a categorical mention of the principal of these edifices. The walls of the streets are filled with little niches, holding hideously shaped and painted Hindu deities. The people are mad upon

the idols. It is estimated that there are over five hundred thousand enshrined deities in the city.

Attended by a number of the native English police, we visited several of the temples. The people about these shrines seemed to be raving. As much as we had mingled among Eastern fanatics, we now felt, for the first time, that our lives were in danger from the violence of religious fanaticism. Unprotected, we should not have dared to set foot within the limits of any of the temples; but before our guides the crowd sulkily gave way, and we were able to enter one after another of the shrines. They were perfect sties, offensive to every sense. The idols were dripping with the filth of offerings, which consisted of ghee (butter), sugar, rice, flowers, and leaves, mingled with the sacred waters of the Ganges, with which they were kept constantly wet. The bullocks, confined within the temples, received with more appreciation the offerings made to them. They were fat and sleek, and certainly had no occasion to lament that the fates had exalted them to be as gods. Suspended from the roof of the temple, and swinging near the idols, were little bells, which those making offerings rung, to call the attention of the god, should his thoughts happen to be abstracted. To enumerate all the abominations that we saw within those temples would be to exceed the credulity of our readers. We never imagined that even any heathen faith could

be charged with such absurd and revolting rites as a part of its regular worship. The diabolical sensualism stamped upon the countenances of the half-naked Brahmins and fakirs, and the wretched, fanatic aspect of the women that crowded about these shrines, caused us, protected though we were, to shrink back through fear as well as loathing. Those who find pleasure in exalting the divine purity of Brahminism should picture to their readers its benign effects upon society in the most sacred city of Benares. It is among such scenes of the pagan world that the philanthropist exalts and blesses Christianity for the boon that it has brought to man.

From Benares we proceeded without delay to Calcutta; for between these cities there is little of interest to detain the traveler; besides, H——'s failing health rendered us anxious to terminate our overland journeyings. We spent two weeks in the city of Calcutta, and then, as the unhealthful season was approaching, hastened our departure for the more bracing air of the Isle of Ceylon.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## PROGRESS IN THE EAST.

The Great Moguls.—The English in India.—East India Company.—India as England's Ward.—The Establishment of Order and Good Government.—Railways.—Their Effect on Caste.—Steamship Lines.—Municipal Improvements.—Schools and the Press.—Hinduism.—Influence of Western Science on Eastern Mythologies.—Has there been More than One Centre of Revelation?—Hinduism *versus* Christianity.—Shall we Civilize but not Christianize?—Civilization and Christianity Inseparable.—India's Position in the History of the East.—General Awakening in Asia.—Slavonic Influence in Central Asia.—Alleged Inferiority of the Asiatic Mind.—Religious Instinct of the Oriental.—The Future of Asia viewed in the Light of the Past.—Immobility of Oriental Races.—Cause to be found in their Religious Systems.—Progress not Metamorphosis.—Relations of the West to the East.

THE great Mogul Empire in India has passed away, and another, emanating from the foremost of European nations, has been established over that ancient people. What difference is there between this English occupancy and the Mongol conquest? Many of England's critics are ready to protest that she has no more legitimate business in India than had the Great Moguls. Grand fundamental distinctions, however, characterize these two empires in India. History may seem to be constantly resurrecting past epochs, and dragging man again through their wearying lengths of woe, and harassing experiences;

but in truth she never thus turns back to retrace battle-fields once left behind. Now the great Mogul Empire in India was the representation of an age and of principles that have alike passed away. It was established, as we have already seen, by a race whose instincts and traditions taught them that the enrichment and aggrandizement of the conqueror was a justifiable motive for conquest, and sufficient extenuation for inflicting upon a subjected people every burden and cruelty; and this maxim, in fact, shaped that empire, and determined every relation it sustained to the conquered natives of India. Those Mohammedan rulers certainly never imposed their religion bodily upon the Hindus; but that was a toleration of necessity, rather than a toleration of spirit. They left behind them, it is true, some magnificent and inimitable architectural monuments; but those pavilioned marble audience-halls, mausoleums, and palaces which we have viewed in wonderment only witness with what reckless disregard for their subjects' welfare those sovereigns employed the wealth and labor of the nation for the gratification of personal vanity or caprice. They did nothing for the education and permanent uplifting of the people they had conquered. Their rule was an unmitigated curse to the people upon whom they imposed it.\*

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\* "It may be doubted whether any part of the world was ever so cursed by a line of bigoted, ferocious wretches as, with two or three



It would be difficult to find a stronger historical contrast than is exhibited by this record of the great Mogul monarchy and that of the English Empire in India. It is no part of our purpose to say any thing here in extenuation of the many unwarrantable acts prominent in this latter conquest; but we may simply observe that the assumptions of the English in India have never approached those by which we have justified an almost total ignoring of the rights of the autochthones of our own continent. After England had once founded trading communities and established commercial relations with the natives, her succeeding steps were necessitated by the very pressure of events. Refractory native princes that attacked her communities or threatened her interests must necessarily be deposed; and thus province after province fell under English authority. We must also discriminate between the English government and her agents. That gigantic monopoly, the East India Company, which, till the great Sepoy rebellion in 1857-8, controlled the affairs of India, is alone responsible for the greater portion of those acts

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exceptions, were these Mohammedan deposits of India. . . . To many of them may be truly applied the terrible lines of Moore:

“One of that saintly, murderous brood,  
To carnage and the Koran given,  
Who think through unbelievers’ blood  
Lies their directest path to heaven!”

—Dr. Butler’s “Land of the Veda,” p. 104.

and measures which cast such a dark reflection upon the earliest records of the English in India. The sin of the English government in these things was rather permissive than voluntary. When at last the terrible experience of the Sepoy mutiny aroused the people of England to a sense of the wrong India was suffering at the hands of their grasping and conscienceless agents, they at once demanded that the trust be taken from them. Thus in the darkness of the Sepoy rebellion the sun of the East India Company went out forever. The English government then took India as her special ward. Since that time England has "ruled in India for India." The representative portion of the Anglo-Indian and home press, in all its discussions of the affairs of that country, displays an exact impartiality and careful conscientiousness, always asking, Will this be promotive of India's welfare? There is now a national recognition of responsibility arising from this wardship. England sees that her position in that country is a providential one; and that she realizes its full significance is evidenced by the efforts she is now making to bring the millions of India under all those inspiring and elevating political, social, and educational influences which she has to impart.

The natives perceive this effort which is being made for them, and notwithstanding some ungraciously persist in believing that England's conscience

is troubling her because of past acts, and that now she is prudently endeavoring to lay up something on the credit side of her account in heaven (all Orientals have a debit and credit account with the other world), there is among the Hindus generally an appreciative recognition of her efforts to meet faithfully the obligations of her guardianship. The most thoughtful of the native leaders are often at a loss to find words sufficiently expressive of their admiration of their conqueror's forbearance, or that shall adequately embody their sense of the immense advantages accruing to their fellow-countrymen from English rule. And when we observe the political and social transformation that the country has undergone since the entrance of the English, we do not wonder at the native encomiums of their present rulers: contrasting with the oppression, anarchy, general insecurity, and violence which characterized the reigns of their Mohammedan princes, they have today peace, security, and prosperity.

One is perfectly astonished to see what a gigantic work England is doing in India. All the intricate machinery of a well-balanced government is set up, and in its operations reaches all the infinitely multiplied interests of two hundred million people. Life and property are as secure in India to-day as in England. Sutteeism has been interdicted;\* and Thug-

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\* For a very interesting paper "On the supposed Vedic authority

gism, which so recently carried terror to the people and defiance to the rulers, has been suppressed with a strong hand. This establishment of order and good government over such violent, contending, and demoralized communities is in itself a stupendous achievement.

But England does not halt here: this is but preliminary to her real work. She has given to India all the material improvements and appliances of modern civilization. A perfect network of railways stretches over the peninsula: it is now but a pleasant excursion from Bombay to Calcutta, or from the shadow of the Himalayas to the surf of Cape Comorin. Between five and six thousand miles of railway are already completed, and two thousand more are to be finished within the next five years. It is difficult to estimate the good results that have followed the introduction of railroads into India.

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for the burning of Hindu widows, and on the funeral ceremonies of the Hindus," see "Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society," vol. xx., art. xi., by Professor H. H. Wilson. Professor Wilson proves that not only is there no authority in the Vedas for the burning of the widow with the body of her deceased husband, but that they directly discountenance it. He points out "a willful alteration of the text" of the Rig Veda—an act which has been charged upon the Brahmins, and doubtless justly, that the costly ceremony might bring presents and advantages to themselves. We quote from Professor Wilson's paper the following passage illustrating the change in the original text: "The words are *ārohanu yonim agre*, literally, 'let them (the widows) go up into the dwelling first;' the reading to which it has been altered is, *ārohanu yonim agneh*, 'let them go up to the place of the fire:' *agneh*, the genitive of *agni*, having been substituted for *agre*, locative *agra* used adverbially."

Civilization, instead of being practically confined to a few trading sea-ports, now comes in contact with the inhabitants of every city in the empire. Thus India is advanced centuries at a leap. The refusal of the railroad companies to provide separate coaches for the different castes has forced the people to lay aside, to a certain degree, their scrupulous adhesion to caste distinctions, and thus this absurd, tyrannical system has received a rude shock. The people must travel: the high-caste Brahmin might avoid the company of the despised Sudra by taking a "first class;" but money is stronger than caste. Thus the introduction of the locomotive has set the selfishness of the Hindu in conflict with his detestable social and religious pride; Christianity enlists all the better sentiments against it; one need be neither a seer nor the son of a seer to predict what the end of all this will be. The Mormons propose an exodus from Utah to get away from railways and telegraphs; caste and superstition may as well be preparing for a general exodus from India—they are anachronisms in an age of railroads and universal commerce. But this is but one of the blessings following the establishment of these lines of railway communication. They introduce all the hurry and healthy excitement of our Western life: the people are awakened—they travel, think, intermingle. The pulse of the nation begins to beat; circulation is quickened; and under the im-

pulses of a new life the people begin to move forward.

The steamship lines that have been established upon Indian waters are the counterpart of the railway systems of the peninsula. All the ports of the country are crowded with the vessels of numerous competing lines; flotillas pass up and down the Indus, and great steamers frisk the sacred waters of the Ganges. Telegraphic wires unite all the principal cities, so that the government at Calcutta is hourly advised of what is going on in every corner of its empire. Railroads and telegraphs have fairly precluded the possibility of another Sepoy rebellion; and this assurance against the premature destruction of the English government in India, and the violent overthrow of all that has been secured thus far, lends confidence and certainty to the future.

The gigantic works of internal improvement—such as the great Gangetic Canal, which irrigates from three to four million acres—that connect themselves directly with the agricultural interests of the country, are in keeping with all those other stupendous enterprises at which we have simply glanced, and which never fail of exciting the astonishment and admiration of every traveler in British India. The cities, too, are gradually undergoing a complete sanatorial and architectural change: Bombay, Calcutta, Madras, Allahabad, and Lahore seem each to have a khedive



ambitious to create another Cairo. Civilization can not live within mud walls. The plan of the Rev. Narayan Sheshadri to found a Christian village as a model for the natives is simply indicative of the desire which the presence and example of the English have awakened for an improved domestic architecture.

The progress which India has made in material improvement within the last half-century is only equaled by her intellectual advance during the same period. Schools, colleges, and the press have been at work disseminating new ideas among the people, revolutionizing their modes of thought, and creating a healthier moral and intellectual atmosphere, which is inspiring with new life the native stupor of the Hindu. It is not alone our missionaries who are founding educational institutions; but wealthy natives, catching the spirit of the new literary enthusiasm, instead of building shrines and temples, are establishing and endowing schools, and becoming the patrons of education. Governmental academies and colleges are also springing up on every hand to meet the constantly increasing demand for Western science and learning. Within the period of which we are speaking journalism has grown into a most significant educational and political power. Four hundred and thirty papers are now published in British India; over two hundred of these are edited in the

native languages, the remainder in English, or in English and the vernacular. The influence of these journals in elevating the standard of education and morality, by sowing healthy ideas broadcast among the people, is simply incalculable. Discussion, too, is stirred up, and the people are set to thinking about social, educational, political, and religious problems. When we consider how suddenly this tremendous agency in the awakening and regeneration of India has sprung into existence, it is difficult to think without enthusiasm of the vast power which journalism must wield over the millions of her people during the coming century. The press will never allow India to drop back again into the torpor and stagnation of the past.

But in the midst of all this stir and bustle of material and intellectual progress there is springing up a new religious life. Hinduism is giving way to Christianity (the evangelical missions number their converts at two hundred and forty thousand). No other result could possibly be expected from the movement of things in India. Christianity is an inseparable element of European civilization: it is interwoven with the arts, sciences, and philosophies of Europe; and India, in the reception of these, breathes in unconsciously the spirit that pervades and vitalizes them.

Hinduism holds within itself the elements of self-

destruction. Its weakness, as has been often observed, consists in its purely religious ideas being so intimately interwoven with the absurdities of a false science that Hindu religion and science must stand or fall together. But what defense can its everlasting chronology, its monstrous cosmogony, its puerile geographical ideas, its absurd astronomical teachings, make before the questionings of European knowledge? Its errors, its superstitions, its absurdities, its uncouth mythological creations, can no more live in the atmosphere of the present than could the favorite fauns and nymphs, gods and goddesses, and apotheosized heroes of the old Greek mythology or the Roman pantheon. The whole system, venerable though it be in its antiquity, must inevitably crumble beneath the touch of the Ithuriel spear of modern science. With this fact before our minds, we can not fail of being impressed with that providential direction of events which is now bringing the science and knowledge of the West in such broad contact with the error-built institutions of the East. The attractions of trade and commerce have drawn Asia near to Europe; and through the medium of railroads, telegraphs, schools, and presses, a flood of new ideas, profoundly subversive of the time-honored faiths of ignorance and superstition, are being poured in upon her people.

But in relegating to the limbo of forgotten things

the faith that has been believed in and revered by the millions of Hindustan for two-score centuries, we must not imagine that it has had no important function in the conservation of those communities over which it has held sway; or that it does not contain many germs of divine truth, choked and overgrown though these may now be by those rank superstitions and absurdities which are the inevitable growth of the ages of national childhood. That Confucius, Mencius, Menu, and Buddha were teachers and lawgivers to the Chinese and Hindus, in as high and divine a sense as Moses and the long line of prophets were to the ancient Jews, we ought not, perhaps, to doubt. We are apt to lack broadness and generousness of view in these things. That we have received Jacob's blessing does not prove that others may not have received Esau's. Dr. Waugh, in a recent article in the *Methodist Quarterly Review* (for April, 1873), while making allusion to the lofty truths which we discover in the sacred books of the various religions of the East, observes: "There may be much of truth, much that is good, much that is divine, in the Vedas, as well as in the Mohammedan Koran, and in the sacred books of other religions, though that truth may be sadly distorted and inextricably mingled with error of man's devising. There is a question of great interest very closely related to this subject, which is yet quite undecided,

and which, during the next decade or two, will, we prophesy, be more discussed than the question of the origin either of man or of evil. It may be stated thus: Has there been during the history of our race more than one centre of manifest divine revelation? . . . So much of truth, and even of high moral teaching, is found among certain people, that we must conclude, with the intuitionist deists, either that God reveals himself to each intelligent being, or that these people have, by contact with other nations, or through the agency of missionaries in the very earliest ages, received many of the truths of our Bible, or that a revelation has been made direct to them as nations and peoples."

Observe now how the reflections and questionings of the philosopher find a response in the intuitions of the poet:

"It must be that He witnesses  
 Somehow to all men that He is:  
 That something of this saving grace  
 Reaches the lowest of the race,  
 Who through strange creed and rite may draw  
 The hints of a diviner law.

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"In Vedic verse, in dull Koran,  
 Are messages of good to man:  
 The angels to our Aryan sires  
 Talked by the earliest household fires.  
 The prophets of the elder day—  
 The slant-eyed sages of Cathay—

Read not the riddle all amiss  
Of higher life evolved from this.”\*

But why has the revelation of truth and law to the different peoples of the earth been so partial? The question is best answered by another: Why, while many souls in every Christian land are brought into life under influences that will cause them to gravitate toward truth and goodness, are others thrown amid surroundings so vile and corrupt that the spirit must almost inevitably become stained through contaminating contact? It is because there are such mysterious ordinances in the divine government of the world that our reason has been uplifted into faith, that, resting in the strong, indefeasible assurances of this higher reason, our intuitions and experiences should not bewilder and overwhelm us by their jarring and irreconcilable dissidence. But even our reasonings have been satisfied as to all that awaits beyond this world by the divine assurance that not according to what a man has not, but according to what he has, shall he be judged. Here is a rational and authoritative answer to the question respecting heathen responsibility. We frankly confess to a lack of patience to consider in any way dispassionately the doctrine of those who imagine that they peculiarly honor the All-father—and it is a peculiar honor they render him—by teaching that only



“ruin and conflagration” await the myriads of the heathen world. We commend such to the following passage and its Scriptural and *ex cathedra* vindication: “There is no doubt the notorious Catharine II. held more truth and better truth than was known to all classic Greece—held to a belief in a Saviour of whose glory that gifted soul [Socrates] knew naught; yet such is the grandeur of soul above mind, that I doubt not that Queen Penelope, of the dark land, and the doubting Socrates, have received at heaven’s gate a sweeter welcome than greeted the ear of Russia’s brilliant but false-lived queen.”—(Rev. David Swing.) Shame! for the bigotry of our times, that the utterance of such a simple, Saviour-taught truth should demand heroism in him who would declare it, and subject him to theological persecution! Saviour-taught truth, we say; for read these words quoted with such effect by Professor Swing before the presbytery that so triumphantly acquitted him: “Woe! unto thee, Chorazin (Catharine II.), for it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon (Penelope and Socrates) in the day of judgment than for thee.”

Did Bayard Taylor ever write a passage that does greater credit to his heart or philosophy, or which awakens a quicker response in the hearts of his readers, than the following, which occurs in one of his recent articles, “Egypt Revisited.” Upon meeting at Cairo his faithful old dragoman Achmet, who had

served him twenty years before, he says, with a glow of feeling: "I come back to verify my old experience of human nature: in Christian or Moslem, Jew or Buddhist, the true man is true, the false man is false; not the creed of an abstraction, but its practical exemplification in life, is the gauge of religion. Achmet, and various Mohammedan priests whom I have known, promise me free entrance into their heaven; I in turn hope to welcome them in mine."

And whence the inspiration that led the learned and large-hearted author of "Hypatia," the gifted and beautiful Alexandrian philosopher, whose zeal in endeavoring to restore the dying faith of the Grecian world in its classic pantheon devoted her to a cruel death—whence the inspiration, we ask, that led Kingsley to reveal to Philammon, in dying vision, the virtuous pagan Hypatia and the repentant, Christian-born Pelagia clasped hand in hand, and crowned both with the same halo of heaven's brightness? We, at least, have faith in the source of such inspiration.

But that in this matter which most nearly concerns us is the fact that the motives, the sanctions, the persuasions of Buddhism and Brahminism, and of every pagan religious system, be they of natural or supernatural origin, are now too debased, distorted, and weakened to have any longer positive influence for good; and that Christianity alone contains those sanctions, and holds out those promises which

afford at once needful restraint and inspiration to the human soul. This alone renders it incumbent upon us, simply as philanthropists, to give to India the teachings of the Bible. A native paper, commenting on Professor Seelye's lectures, which were able and admirable expositions of the leading truths of Christianity, given to the most highly cultured Hindu audiences, makes this admission: "The Gospel of Christ is the best system for the elevation and civilization of the mass of the people."

This matter of the religious movement in India we would have passed by without discussion were it not for the fact that there are constantly emanating from certain quarters what profess to be philanthropically inspired protests against evangelistic effort among the Hindus. Those who make these protests would by no means be thought to throw obstructions in the way of progress in India: they would civilize, but not Christianize. But these critics forget that European civilization and Christianity are inseparable. If history teach any thing, it emphasizes this fact — that the religious faith of the West is the progressive element of its aspiring civilization. But suppose it were possible to separate the religious and secular elements of modern culture, would it be promotive of the welfare of the natives of India for us to give them an atheistical science and literature and a godless philosophy? We have

seen that their own religious institutions must inevitably crumble under the influence of modern science. But a people can not be thus left religionless: it must have some faith, be it good or bad, superstitious or rational. If we would have our work in India result in permanent good, we must give her, not our science without our religion, nor our faith divorced from our culture—that would result in a low, feeble, superstition-distorted type of Christianity—but we must give her people at once a Christian civilization.

The most thoughtful natives themselves recognize the important, indispensable part which religious teachings must hold in any system of effort for the regeneration of their countrymen. A recent writer for the London *Times*, in referring to the failure of Miss Carpenter's schools, assigns as the reason that "natives will not have their daughters taught without the moral safeguards of religion, whether Hinduism or Christianity." Again, in the Bengal *Christian Herald*, a native writer, in speaking of an effort to establish a purely "secular school" for girls, says that "it is a great mistake to attempt to found a godless institution. A day-school for females without religious instruction is bad enough; it is a thousand times worse to have a boarding-school without religion."

In view of the great revolution which is taking place in British India—this breaking up of the old

social foundations, one is led to ask—What is to be the result of all this movement and change? He who would cast the horoscope of India's future must study her past, and rightly appreciate the importance of the part which she has played in the history of both the East and the West. From the days of Solomon the wealth and trade of India have been coveted by every conquering or commercial nation. She built Palmyra, Tyre, and Alexandria. It was her riches that beckoned on the Macedonian conqueror, and thus brought the West into that significant contact with the East, the far-reaching consequences of which are still entering into history. To her the world is indebted for the discovery of America at the opportune moment when the emergencies of political and religious strife in Europe demanded a new home for Liberty. Columbus was thinking only of India, and a short route thither, when his vessels were driven against the New World. The splendid commercial Italian republics of Venice and Genoa were largely indebted to India for their prosperity and affluence; she enriched Portugal, gave to the Dutch Republic her supremacy in Europe, and has created much of England's wealth.

While sustaining these relations to the West, she has stood in even more important relations to the East. She has been the intellect of Eastern Asia—has done her thinking. Her schools of ethics and

philosophy have been the home of many stirring thoughts. She has given religion to more than half of the human race. As among the hills of Palestine there sprang up a religion which, though it could find no permanent home there, was welcomed by the races of Europe, so the religion of Buddha, born in the schools of India, was destined, though driven thence, to find an asylum on the island of Ceylon, among the Himalayas, and in Burmah, China, and Japan; while Brahminism, itself of indigenous birth, reasserted its authority over the millions of India.

And now, in the general awakening of Asia, India is exerting, directly or indirectly, a mighty influence throughout the length and breadth of the continent. She has severed Africa from Asia, and by means of the Suez Canal brought the East into broad and close contact with all the influences of the West. The great scheme for the Euphrates River Valley Railroad, recently discussed in the English Parliament, and the plan for a trans-continental railway line from Constantinople to Bombay, *via* Aleppo, Mosul, and Teheran, or, as M. de Lesseps recommends, across Central Asia, from St. Petersburg to Calcutta, *via* Orenburg, Samarcand, and Peshawur—projects which soon will be realized—owe their origin to the importance which the affairs of British India are assuming in the eyes of Europe.

At this point our thoughts naturally broaden, and



the interests and the future, not of a single nation, but of a continent, excite our attention. We ask, What is to follow this awakening of Asia from the torpor of centuries? What significance in these new relations between the West and the East? We have seen how in early times art, science, literature, and religion were handed on from Asia to Europe; and now we see the actual realization of the prophecy of Stanley, as the Greek race hands back the light which in former times was thus passed to it from the Orient, and "the Slavonic race imparts by the Volga and the Caspian the civilization which it has itself received by the Neva and the Baltic."\*

The foregoing pages of this chapter are a hasty review of what the Indo-Germanic race is doing in the East, or more particularly in India; but we have barely alluded to the work that is being done by the Slavonic race. In respect to the part which Russia is playing in the affairs of the East, we might quote to effect the words of Scripture: "I girded thee, though thou hast not known me." (Isa. xlv. 5.) In her schemes for the territorial extension of her dominions, she is the Rome of modern times. Her operations in Central Asia are of the greatest importance to the cause of civilization. Step by step Russia has pushed her stations into the heart of the continent, always with a looking toward India, till now

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\* Stanley's "History of the Eastern Church."

only the ranges of the Himalayas lie between her outposts and those of the English in Hindustan. The wild, warring, plundering, semi-barbarous khanates or tribes of Turkestan have, the greater portion of them, been subjugated, pacified, and taught something of the rules of civilization by Russian armies and Russian diplomatists. These robber tribes, before the military occupation of the country by the Russians, kept the entire region in a perfect turmoil with their petty squabbles and marauding expeditions, and frightened away trade and held civilization at a distance. Now the country is open to the influences of trade, commerce, and civilization. Thus over all the northern half of the continent of Asia Russia has extended her authority, to the advantage of those tribes themselves, as well as to the advantage of the world. The semi-nomads of Siberia and of the vast district once embraced in Chinese Tartary, and the robber tribes of the immense semi-desert steppes of Turkestan, are now obliged to forego their usual pastime of senseless raids and conflicts, and give their attention to more sensible and elevating pursuits. Common laws, and the employment, to a greater or less extent, of a common language, are drawing together these different peoples, races, tribes, and khanates, and consolidating them into a nation, with a close community of speech, sentiment, religion, and political interests. Post-roads afford safe and rapid

communication between the most extreme points of the enormously extended dominions of the Czar. From St. Petersburg and Moscow railroads are reaching out to meet those that the English are pushing north from the East Indian Peninsula. Two thirds of the distance between London and Calcutta are now covered by iron rails; and the only difficulty in the way of closing the gap is now removed by the extension of Russian authority over the tribes of Turkestan. We have already made allusion to the project of uniting the Russian and East Indian lines. Probably within twenty years—possibly within a single decade—there will be a weekly express running regularly between Calais and Calcutta, and carrying the round-the-world tourist directly through the heart of Central Asia. That this will be realized ten years hence need not astonish us half as much as the fact that there is to-day an hourly express between Yokohama and Yeddo. Who ten years ago would have been so reckless as to prophesy such an event in Japan? The establishment of these lines of railway communication upon the continent of Asia, all reaching out from or connected with the centres of European culture, has a meaning deep and significant: along these highways of trade and travel intelligence, civilization, and Christianity will run out to the ends of the world.

Here we are met by the suggestion that the Ori-

ental mind is naturally incapacitated for realizing for itself all those grand possibilities which the civilization of the West pushes forward and upholds as the lofty ideals to the attainment of which effort should be directed. It is asserted that the Asiatic intellect is intrinsically inferior to the European. This alleged superiority of the latter, it will be just for us to observe, is but the superiority of masculinity over femininity. Thus the objection which is advanced as a discouragement to effort for the civilization of the East simply means, if it mean any thing, that Asiatics can not be changed into Europeans, and therefore that efforts to civilize them are simply wasted, misdirected energy. It is a total misconception of our work to suppose that it be to metamorphose those Orientals into Westerners. They are palms, not oaks. It would be a mistake, providing it were possible, to convert the palm into an oak. We should only secure an unnatural, awkward growth. The tree must be trained to a healthy, native development. Palms grow in full beauty in Eastern climes. Now as the palm has more of grace and beauty than the oak, so will Oriental civilization, in its future true and highest development, far surpass that of the West in graceful culture and the attractive embodiments of spiritual life. Quite recently we heard a missionary, while speaking in glowing language of the future of Africa, exclaim: "When

Africa becomes Christianized, we shall have Christianity set to music." He impressed the thought with the following beautiful illustration, which we give from memory: "It is said that when the rays of the rising sun fell upon the Egyptian Memnon, the statue became vocal, and sweet music floated out upon the Nile. So when the light of the Sun of Righteousness shall dawn upon that continent, and chase away the darkness of its long night, responsive to its influences will burst forth music more wondrously sweet than the fabled notes of the Egyptian deity, whose rich cadences will entrance the world, as the ancient worshipers of the Nile were said to have been entranced by the music which trembled from the lips of the vocal Memnon."

The characteristics of the Eastern mind justify us in looking forward with even greater enthusiasm to the future of the continent of Asia. The prominent features of the Oriental are a deep religious instinct, an impetuous, devotional ardor, a sensitive spirituality, which, debased, distorted, misdirected, and unduly inflamed, have found expression in groveling superstition or violent fanaticism; but which, rightly developed and directed, promise a far higher type of spiritual life than is attainable by the cold, unemotional native of the West. One who has been long a missionary in India once remarked to us: "I feel ashamed of my own Christian life when I contrast

it with that of many of these Hindus. There is such sweetness, devotedness, resignation, and ardency of love often evinced by these native Christian converts that I feel as though I were infinitely below them in spiritual attainments." This religious instinct of the native of the East may, perhaps, be best illustrated by recalling the fact that every religious system which exerts any considerable influence in the world to-day had its birth in Asia. All the great religious teachers of the race have been Asiatics: Confucius, Mencius, Buddha (Guadama), Christ, and Mohammed were all Orientals.

The entire history of Asia in early times here comes forward to justify every effort which is being made for the elevation of her millions; to afford ground for the strongest hopes for the unlimited improvement of her peoples; and to give reason for the brightest colorings in every portrayal of her future. The most brilliant monarchies that the world has ever seen arose upon that continent. It is not for us who have wandered over the ruins of her once splendid empires, and stood amid the decayed grandeur of the imperial centres of Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, and Indian civilization, to be incredulous when told that she may have a glorious future yet before her. The wildest tribes that wander over her immense deserts and steppes have never failed, when brought under favoring and inspiring conditions, to



make rapid advancement in culture and refinement. The Saracenic irruption, resulting in the establishment of the brilliant reign of the caliphs at Bagdad, is an illustration of this. The magnificent relics of the empire established in India by the Mogul chieftains—wild semi-nomads of the bleak wastes of Central Asia—can not fail to impress one with the sensitiveness of the Tartar tribes to the touch of civilization. Those rough “children of the north” are destined, we prophesy, to play a prominent part in the coming history of the Asiatic peoples. In hardy vigor and conquering energy they are kindred to the races that settled Europe, and in them we discover all those elements from which our own civilization was born.

This belief that the awakening in Asia is the certain prelude to a re-enactment upon that continent of the long drama of European progress from barbarism to civilization is, perhaps, staggered in some by the fact of the immemorial immobility of Oriental races. Does not this phenomenon, it is asked, prove that Eastern peoples are lacking in those qualities necessary to a progressive race? If this be not so, how then are we to account for the phenomenon? For illustration, Why is it that India and China, with all the rudiments of civilization acquired, with all the elements of progress discovered, should have halted? What occasioned this immobility, this fossilization? It was occasioned, not by any defect in

intellectual endowments, but by the entering in at a critical period in the early history of those communities, while the religious instinct was yet the blindest superstition, of a religion that prescribed, with all the sanctions of a divine original, every law, custom, and ordinance of society; forbade change, stamped progress as innovation, and commanded the people ever to look backward instead of forward. Any attempt to introduce change into such a system would necessarily be an attack upon religion, and would not escape punishment at the hands of fanatical superstition, hot in its zeal for those institutions which it believes of divine appointment, and which grow at once more sacred and venerable through the lapse of time. Thus all change is effectually proscribed; but without change there can be no progress: hence stagnation, rigidity.

How different is all this from that inspiring, progressive religion which entered into and gave such elasticity to the civilization of Europe. Christianity, taking the golden age of the ancients from the past, placed it in the future; whispered to man that it was not something lost, but something to be won; placed its ideals of perfection not behind, but in advance, that the race, with these grand possibilities ever before it, might, in its pursuit of them, be led on in a path of tireless progress. Thus has Christianity become the progressive element of our civilization.

Here, without doubt, may be found the fundamental cause of the great dissidence between the East and the West. That the immobility of Eastern society is not the result of any inherent incapacity for improvement of the Oriental mind is evidenced by what is taking place in Japan, now that that people have had weakened their superstitious veneration for its institutions of antiquity, and have conceived a true regard and veneration for the institutions of the superior civilization with which they have come in contact.

But we must not expect that the lofty ideals of the Christian civilization of the West will be attained at once by the natives of the East. We ourselves fall lamentably far short of realizing them in the embodiment of either our individual or national life. The peoples of Asia, we must remember, have been steeped for so many centuries in the reeking sinks of the foulest corruption that the forces of recuperation have been almost lost. Grateful that, unlike the South Sea Islanders, they have still sufficient vitality left, so that responsive indications answer to the new influences flowing in upon them—grateful for this, let us not be impatient if we do not see them at once grasping all the higher possibilities of that purer and better life to which they are awakened. These can only be the heirloom of a long and carefully directed progress. The superstitious notions

and polytheistic ideas of the Sandwich Islander still cling to him after half a century's tuition in the schools of modern science; centuries scarcely sufficed to enable the wild Britons and the untutored Germanic tribes to forget their Druidical sacrifices or the worship of Odin and Thor. So the superstitions of the worshipers of ancestral sires—of Buddha, of Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—will long continue to enthrall them, and complete emancipation from these can only be effected by the manumitting processes of time.

Again, to repeat what we have suggested once before, we must not confound progress with metamorphosis. The East will always be different from the West. Occidental will always be synonymous with energy, masculinity; Oriental with grace, femininity. The one is identical with man, the other with woman. True progress will never obliterate or obscure these primal distinctions. Not European, but *Oriental* Christianity and civilization is the goal of Eastern progress. There is danger lest Japan and her advisers forget this. Now in this divinely appointed diversity we find the basis and necessity of union. The East needs, and needs greatly, the West; the West has much to gain from union with the East. Each alone is incomplete: each is essential to the fullest and most symmetrical development of the other. History reveals how deeply was appreciated in early times the vast advantages of such a union,

and how conquest vainly endeavored to bind Asia to Europe with the bonds of rough force. Now commerce and religion are drawing them together in that spirit of mutual regard and appreciation that bespeaks a true and permanent alliance. We hail the union as one of the grandest outcomes of the world's progress—as a fact that will shape all coming history—as an event large with promises for the future of the race.





# APPENDIX.



# APPENDIX.

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## ANCIENT GLACIERS AMONG THE HIMALAYAS.

Importance of Exact Knowledge of the Extent of Glaciation suffered by the Different Continents during the Ice Period.—Our Plans for Investigations among the Himalayas.—Interview with Dr. Hooker.—Study of Glacial Action among the Alps.—Difficulties attending Investigation among the Himalayas.—Facility of Interpretation.—Result of Long Observation and Comparison.—Illustrations of Liabilities of Error.—Mimic Moraines.—Their Mode of Formation.—The Sinde Valley.—Chamounix of the Himalayas.—Discovery of an Interesting Series of Ancient Moraines.—Sonomarg Valley.—Movements of the Ancient Glacier.—Description of the Several Moraines.—The Moraines Mark the Limit of Ancient Glacial Action.—That Limitation determined by the Climate prevailing in the Sinde Valley.—The Glacial Epoch.—Other Moraines.—Their Evidence Confirmatory of that given by the Sonomarg Moraines.—Why the Sinde Glacier formed Smaller Moraines than the Sonomarg.—Extension of Ancient Glaciers below Existing Ice Streams.—Absence of Lateral and Medial Moraines Explained.—The Kishun Gunga Valley.—Geological Formation of the Valley and its Tributaries.—Absence of Glacial Phenomena.—Other Valleys Examined.—Respecting the Causes that Produced the Ice Period.—Astronomical Origin of the Glacial Epoch.

WE hope to give, in the following notes, some interesting facts respecting the limitation of ancient glacial action among the Himalayas. In giving the results of our researches in the mountains lying about the Vale of Cashmere, we shall engage ourselves with the steps and processes of the investigation simply

to that extent necessary to show the legitimacy of the conclusions drawn, and to enable others to see just the nature, extent, and strength of the facts upon which they rest. We trust, too, by pointing out some of the difficulties attending the study of glacial action in those elevated valleys, to eliminate some of the liabilities of error, and thus smooth the path of future investigators.

Europe, North and South America, and even Northern Africa, have all been more or less thoroughly explored with reference to the traces of ancient glacial action; and each has furnished more or less material for the elucidation of this interesting chapter of geology. But Asia has hitherto contributed comparatively little to the inquiry; hence facts from this continent bearing upon the subject can not prove otherwise than of value, and may aid in the settlement of the question whether we must look to geology or astronomy for the causes that produced the ice period. The more local the phenomena, the more circumscribed the agency or agencies of which they are the resultant; the more universal the phenomena, the greater the certainty of the cosmic nature of the cause that secured them; hence the necessity of a knowledge of the extent and limitations of glacial action before we can enter intelligently, and with prospects of just conclusions, upon the question respecting originating causes.

Before proceeding to the presentation of any facts relative to ancient glacial action among the Himalayas, we will allude briefly to the anticipations with which we entered upon our researches. The Himalayas were the objective point in our plans of Asiatic travel. As the time we proposed to spend upon that continent would compel us to pass one summer in the southern portion, we early selected the Himalayan mountains as the best retreat from the plains of Persia and India during the hot months; and we were, moreover, led to the adoption of this plan by the consideration that we should, in the elevated and temperate valleys of those mountains, be able to prosecute uninterrupted our botanical and geological studies; and also because during no other portion of the year could we seek for the traces of glacial action in those valleys lying just below the line of perpetual snow—to which valleys we had no reason to doubt such indications must be confined.

The fact that the glaciers of the Himalayas once had a greater extension than at present was most fully established by the discoveries of the celebrated botanist, Dr. Hooker. He found unmistakable proof in the morainic deposits of the valleys of the Sikkim Himalaya that the ice streams of those lofty peaks formerly pushed several thousand feet below the point now reached by them. These glacial phenomena, it will be noted, occur beneath the highest peaks of the

Himalayas—in valleys connecting with mountains varying from twenty thousand to twenty-eight thousand feet in elevation. The snow-fields of these ranges are, of course, of enormous, arctic-like breadth, and the glaciers that choke their valleys of the most gigantic nature. It becomes an important question under such circumstances what effect a given lowering of the snow-line, say one thousand feet, would have upon the extension of the glacial streams. The descent of the glaciers would, we might suppose, be much greater than that of the line of snow. For this reason we do not think that any definite or entirely satisfactory conclusion respecting the amount of depression suffered by the snow-line on the Himalayas during the glacial epoch can be arrived at by a study of the glacial phenomena beneath the highest peaks of those mountains. Our own observations among the lower peaks of the Western Himalaya convinced us that we are very liable to err, in the way of drawing unwarrantable conclusions from the former movements of the glacial streams of those loftier ranges. This will appear as we advance in our investigations. Our object will be to determine positively the limitations of glacial action among the lower peaks of the Cashmerian mountains, that thereby we may be able to pronounce somewhat definitely upon the depression of the snow-line during the glacial period. This, of course, will enable us to inter-



pret, without exaggeration, the climatic change suffered by the Himalayas during that era.

While in England we made the acquaintance of Dr. Hooker, and made known to him our plans of visiting the Himalayas, and the objects to which we should direct our attention while there. He led us to anticipate finding a paradise for the botanist, but a region of confusion and uncertainty for the geologist. Our pleasant interview, however, while it suggested the difficulties which we might encounter in prosecuting our glacial researches, led us to prepare ourselves still more thoroughly for surmounting the same by spending several weeks among the Alps, and thus familiarizing ourselves with the phenomena afforded by the glacial fields of those mountains. Among the high valleys of the Oberland and about the Chamounix we watched the glaciers at their work; and below the line of their present action, in the valleys from which they had retreated, we studied the results of their greater extension in former times. With this preparatory field-work, we entered upon our studies among the Himalayas with the quiet conviction that we should in our investigations encounter no difficulties which we should be unable to surmount.

But once among those mountains, we found ourselves surrounded by so many new and unfamiliar difficulties that at first we experienced uncertainty

and embarrassment. In the lower valleys the deteriorating effects of tropical agencies, and impenetrable jungles or heavy forests, often rendered the examination difficult or altogether impossible, and always discouraging; for had any such traces as we were in search of ever existed, they would almost certainly have been obliterated or obscured. As to the higher valleys, it often happened that they assumed such a nature—abrupt, crumbling, cliff-built sides, and rapidly descending bottoms—that no trace of the passage of a glacier could be permanently recorded. Then, besides, there were often pseudo-glacial appearances, produced by the action of swollen, ice-loaded torrents, and by avalanches of snow and rock, all of which conspired to complicate the phenomena, and to lead to hesitation in pronouncing upon the exact agencies that had been at work.

Thus we had to set ourselves to the task of learning to interpret correctly the unfamiliar appearances with which we found ourselves surrounded. At first every thing seemed a perfect chaos; and often, when striving to reduce to intelligent order the confusion that reigned about us, did we recall the remark of Dr. Hooker—"It is a fearfully tumbled-up country." But after three weeks' experience and careful observation and comparison we began to acquire facility in the detection of difference in seeming similarity, and—gradually familiarized with the characteristic feat-

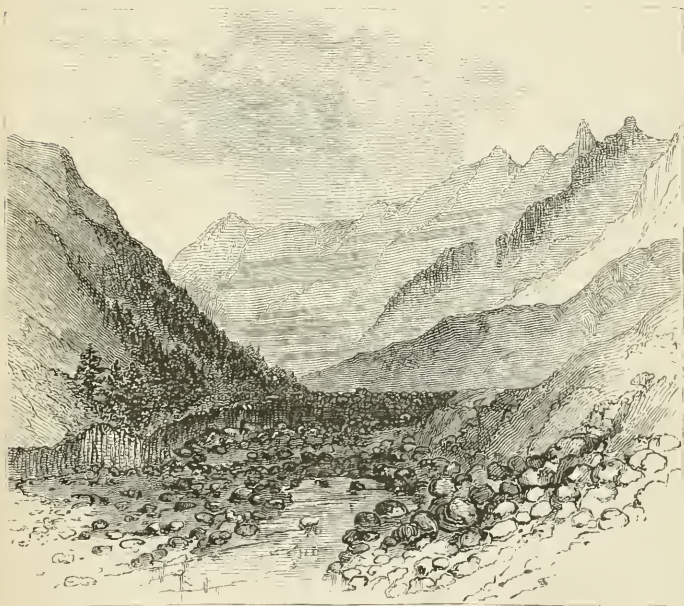
ures of the work of particular sets of agencies—in referring the various phenomena to their true causal connections.

We never felt a keener pleasure than we experienced in pursuing our explorations among those elevated mountain valleys, after we had possession of the key that enabled us, without the least feeling of uncertainty in our conclusions, to interpret the changes which they had witnessed during geologic times. There was a pleasure which utterly refuses to find expression in words in standing amid those lofty peaks, and studying out the thoughts wrought in the forms about us: to be able to say, This valley was sculptured by glaciers, for the chiseled rocks and carefully piled moraines record their advances and retreats; that has been shaped by the torrent, patiently wearing away the granitic rock through geologic eternities; this was formed amid the throes of some sudden convulsion; there Time has slowly crumbled down the cliff, and cast it rock by rock into the valley; here the avalanche has shot from the dizzy heights its "thunder-bolt of snow" and rock; and here Nature has joined all her destroying agencies, and with the shock of earthquake, with torrent, avalanche, and storm, brought down in ruins the cliffs, and ground and heaped the fragments with glaciers, and with the strength of ice-loaded torrents pushed them far onward and, downward toward the sea.

In presenting the results of our researches, we will select from the dozen or more valleys examined two or three representative ones, which exhibit all the important phenomena. The evidence yielded by these will, we think, be sufficiently conclusive; so that, instead of surveying the phenomena presented by the remaining localities visited, we shall avoid useless repetition by simply stating that the evidence of all is confirmatory of that given by these particularized valleys.

In order to exhibit some of the difficulties that complicate the work, and some of the liabilities of error in the interpretation of certain phenomena, which the explorer needs to guard against by the greatest caution in his investigations, we will first give the results of our explorations in the Das Valley, which lies over one hundred miles north of the Vale of Cashmere, and is separated from it by two lofty passes—the Rajdiangan and Stalpild—respectively 11,770 and 12,900 feet in elevation. The latter pass, when we crossed it, early in July, was covered for more than a thousand feet from its summit with a heavy body of snow, which rendered the passage all but impossible. From this pass a large valley leads down to a still larger one, which we have called the Das, from the native name of a little cluster of huts we found in it. This tributary vale has, toward its embouchure, a gently descending and mod-

erately broad bottom. At this point, lying at an elevation of about eight thousand feet, are some accumulations which have all the appearance of terminal and medial moraines. Stretching completely across the valley, here about two hundred yards in breadth, lies a rampart of boulders, which is from



PSEUDO-MORAINES IN THE DAS VALLEY.

thirty to forty feet in height, and about one hundred broad. The annexed plate represents the appearance this accumulation presents when viewed from down the river. It has every feature of a terminal moraine. One end rests full against the right flank of the valley, and the other leaves just sufficient space

between itself and the left bank for the passage of the stream, which the dam of rocks has, in fact, forced to eat away the cliff in order to make a passage for its waters. The material composing the wall consists of huge angular fragments of rock, of just the nature of glacier-transported boulders. Stretching from this dam to the mouth of the valley, a distance of about half a mile, is a broken line of boulders that would at once be pronounced a medial moraine, as the blocks are sometimes piled up twenty feet in height, and are not spread out more than is often the case in such deposits.

We were at first misled by these accumulations; but a more careful examination discovered a single circumstance which created a suspicion as to their glacial origin. The stream, as already remarked, does not break through the dam, but finds its way around one extremity. At that point it had torn away the cliff, making quite an irregularity in the bank; and into this recess we observed that the wall of rocks had extended itself, so that the termination was several feet within the line of the side of the valley. It was difficult to account for this while proceeding upon the supposition that the ridge was a terminal moraine. The extension was, indeed, comparatively slight, scarcely observable; yet the hesitancy it produced in our minds, before indorsing our first impressions, led us finally to a discovery of its



true origin. Subsequent investigations in a neighboring valley, where several of these pseudo-moraines were in process of formation, acquainted us with all the features of their origin.

We will explain, first, the formation of the mimic medial moraines. These are very rarely met with, as they are only formed in broadish valleys, where one or both of the sides presents this structure: first, rising from the bottom of the valley, a perpendicular or very abrupt cliff; above this a comparatively gentle slope; and overhanging this another abrupt cliff. Now the fragments broken from this first roll down the slope, gaining impetus in the descent, then shoot over the lower cliff far out into the valley, and in time an enormous accumulation is formed. When the above geologic structure characterizes the flanking wall of the valley for some considerable distance, there is created a line of *débris*, more or less continuous, which very closely mimics the medial deposits of a glacier.

The pseudo-terminal moraines are formed in the following manner: occasionally the flanking wall of a valley forms a great trough, very wide at the top and quite contracted below, so that the material from a considerable extent of slope or cliff above is thrown upon nearly the same point in the valley below. During the winter the snow falling upon the abrupt slopes of this great trough is constantly forming av-

alanches that shoot down into the valley, and form an immense talus or slope of snow, the base of which may come to occupy the entire breadth of the valley, even if it be several hundred yards wide. The valley is thus completely bridged, and the rocks shot down the trough glide over the snow-slope to the opposite side. As upon the advance of summer the talus gradually diminishes, the boulders are carried a less and less distance from the side whence they come, and thus in time form an immense wall completely across the valley, which bears every resemblance to the terminal accumulation of a glacier.

With this single illustration of the difficulties attending our work, and of the caution necessary to be exercised in the prosecution of our inquiries, we will proceed at once to an examination of the several glacial valleys which we have taken as representative ones in our present study.

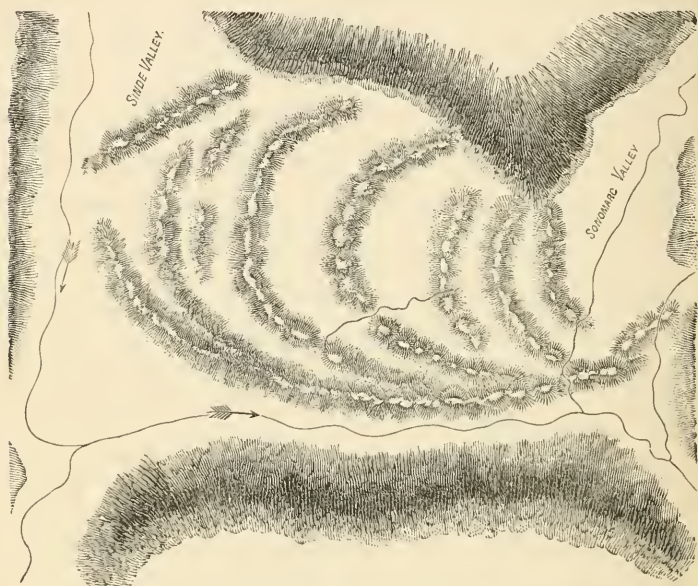
Opening into the Vale of Cashmere upon the north-east is the Sinde Valley, leading up among the mountains a distance of sixty or seventy miles to the Lojji-Im-Pass, which at an elevation of 11,300 feet gives access to the valley of Dras. This was one of the valleys we chose for our operations. At its embouchure it is about a mile in width, and presents quiet, beautiful scenery for two days up its course, its bottom being sprinkled with walnut, mulberry, and wild apricot.

Above Gond, the second station, a little cluster of native huts, the scenery of the valley changes, and suddenly becomes Alpine. The vale abruptly narrows to a wild gorge, in places not more than two hundred feet in width, walled by towering cliffs of basaltic rocks, which have piled the bottom of the gorge with huge blocks, among which the torrent, with a rapid fall, dashes so furiously as to render the passage at times of high water extremely difficult and dangerous. We failed to estimate the height of the cliffs, as a few hundred feet above our heads the clouds concealed them; and we only knew that they must reach far up into the mists from the large streams gathered, which came leaping down from beneath the clouds.

Following up this difficult defile for a few miles, we find that the valley suddenly expands to a mile and a half in breadth, forming the Chamounix of this portion of the Himalayas. The valley, indeed, is transformed into a miniature upland plain, encircled by lofty mountains. The snowy Kolohoy, or Gwasbrari, rising to an elevation of over seventeen thousand feet, is the Blanc of the environing peaks.

In this vale we discovered the first traces of glacial action we had met with among the Himalayas. Right at the lower end of this little plain lies an immense and most interesting morainic accumulation. A glance at the annexed chart, constructed upon the

spot from actual measurements of all the most important lines and elevations, will reveal at once the disposition of the moraines to which we shall first direct our attention.



MORAINES, SINDE VALLEY.

The bottom of the vale where these moraines lie has an elevation of about nine thousand feet above the sea-level. The height of the surrounding peaks varies from fourteen thousand to over seventeen thousand feet. The valley indicated upon the chart as "Sonomarg Valley" is a ravine not more than four hundred yards in width, leading up to the snow-fields of Gwasbrari, the highest peak that could ever

have poured its glaciers into the Sinde Valley. The cliffs bordering the valley of Sonomarg are wholly basaltic, while those that hem the Sinde Valley are limestone. Did not the position of the moraines represented upon the chart at once reveal whence the glacier must have come that formed them, this would be immediately discovered by the nature of the *débris* composing them. Not a block of limestone is found in the accumulation, which indicates that the whole material was unmistakably derived from the Sonomarg Valley. That no portion of the deposit was formed by a glacier pushing down the Sinde Valley has an importance that will appear a little later, when we come to examine some moraines lying higher up this valley.

The position of the moraines, as they lie upon the chart, indicates the movements of the ancient glacier: descending from the Sonomarg Valley, which embogues into the Sinde at an acute angle, just at the point where the latter suddenly contracts to the narrow gorge already referred to, the glacier, unable to force its heavy stream through the contracted passage, poured itself into the Sinde Valley, spread across the broad bottom, and actually pushed its moraines some little distance up the vale.

The amount of material carried into the valley by the glacier is astonishing, and indicates the great length of time employed in its work. The trans-

portation of such immense heaps of *débris* by the slow processes of glacial movements must have required many thousand years. The moraine that blocked the gorge, and prevented any part of the glacier from following that, its natural path, is five hundred and fifty feet in height where it lies across the face of the defile; from this point it gradually sinks in elevation to two hundred feet; and finally, after running over a mile, is represented by a train of scattered boulders lying along the stream, which is pushed against the cliffs, and sent a long way around the corner of the vale. This gigantic ridge is clothed, in part, with a heavy forest of firs; when, upon issuing from the gorge, we first encountered it, we believed it simply an immense spur, shooting out from the mountain wall. A corresponding ridge, lying higher up the valley, and nearly uniting with this, completes the exterior wall of the entire accumulation.

The periodical retreats of the glacier are indicated by the successive moraines found within this older and outer rampart. There are five of these moraines, each forming a perfect semicircular wall, somewhat resembling in shape a horseshoe, and recording, by its thickness and height, the comparative length of the halts of the retreating glacier. The first, taken in the order of formation, is the largest, being fully two hundred feet in height; the thick, massive nature of the entire ridge indicates that after its first



retirement from the line of the outer moraine the glacier must have delayed at this point for a length of time approximating the period spent in constructing the outer rampart. A considerable portion of the slopes of this moraine is loaded with a forest of firs and birches.

The second moraine is a fir-clothed ridge, from sixty to eighty feet in height, separated from the first and third moraine by intervals of marshy land, in each instance about two hundred yards in width. The third, with a very uniform elevation of about seventy feet, is a carefully built ridge of rock and earth, with so sharp an edge that, after we had succeeded in leading our horses by a zigzag course to its summit, we could not lead them along the top, it being so narrow that often a single boulder, poised upon the edge, completely barred the way. Between this moraine and the fourth lies a train of boulders, marking the terminal line along which the glacier commenced to form an accumulation, but suddenly retreated forty or fifty yards, and then threw up a wall perfect and symmetrical as though built by hand. At a distance of only a few yards from this is another immense moraine, which repeats in every particular the features of its twin companion. After forming this double rampart, the glacier appears not to have halted again, but to have made an uninterrupted retreat up the Sonomarg Valley, not delaying at any point a suffi-

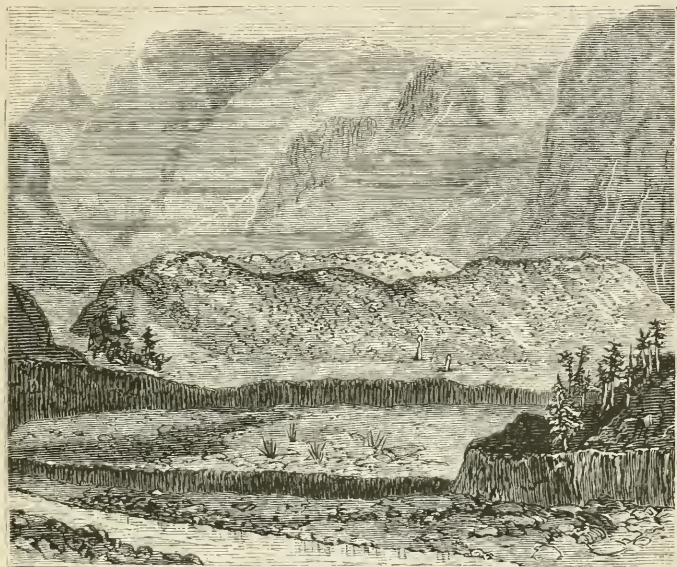
cient length of time to throw down any considerable burden of rock.

Now in this interesting concentric series of moraines we have an exact measure of the strength, and a complete record of all the work, of the ancient glacier of the Sonomarg Valley ; and, moreover, we have what may be considered a just index of the amount of ancient glacial action in all valleys among the Himalayas of an equal elevation where there are mountains of the same height and snow-fields of the same extent as lie about the valley of Sonomarg, but where the nature of the valleys and flanking mountains has been less favorable for the registering or preservation of the traces of glacial action. That no portion of the Sonomarg glacier pushed through the narrow gorge of which we have spoken, thus leaving but a partial record of its transporting power in the morainic accumulation now lying in the Sinde Valley, is evidenced by the position of the immense moraine that lies in the throat of the gorge, as well as by the present appearance of the cliffs of the ravine, which at a hundred points absolutely negative the idea of a glacier ever having pushed through it ; for certainly no glacier could ever have forced itself through the narrow defile without having plainly recorded its passage. Thus we may accept the accumulation under question, not as a partial, but a complete register.

But while the complete series of moraines records the aggregate labor performed by the glacier, the outer morainic line, marking unmistakably the extreme limit of the glacier's movements, proves (1) either that the glacier upon pushing into the Sinde encountered a climate sufficiently warm to waste it before it pushed quite across the valley; or (2) that the duration of the ice period, between its commencement and culmination, was simply sufficiently long to allow the Sonomarg mountains to form a glacier of sufficient strength to push well into, but not completely across, the Sinde Valley. To suppose it a record of the latter is to proceed directly in the face of all the phenomena presented by existing glaciers, and to substitute paroxysmal for gradual action as the law characterizing geological changes; for to suppose that during the period of its growth no portion of the extending glacier was wasted by being pushed down into a warmer climate, is to presuppose that the lowering of the snow-line during the advance of the glacial period was more rapid than the extension of the glacier. Now the movement of a glacier, under favorable circumstances, such as we here suppose to have existed, is several hundred feet annually. It is wholly unscientific to assume any such sudden reduction of temperature. We must believe that during the first centuries of the ice period the line of cold crept very slowly, with a scarcely appreciable

advance, down the mountain flanks, and that one century saw but a very narrow belt frosted that during the preceding one had been free from snow and ice; and thus we may safely assume that at no time was the slowly descending line of cold in advance of the lengthening glacier—so that the latter should have its annual advance determined, not by the climate into which it might be pushing, but solely by the quantity of snow falling upon the fields above—but rather that the foot of the glacier was ever in advance of the falling frost-line, and, consequently, was constantly subjected to the influence of a wasting temperature. Hence the extension of the glacier can not be taken as an index of the *actual* time spent in making that advance; but it may indicate the *minimum* time in which it could have been made. For illustration: Suppose we find the foot of a glacier to be five miles below the point formerly marked by it. Take the maximum annual progress of a glacier to be one hundred feet. Then we may be sure that the glacier must have been *at least* two hundred and sixty-four years in making the advance. But we have seen that the minimum time can never be identical with the actual. Hence we can not consider the morainic record in the Sinde Valley as indicating the actual period occupied by the Sonomarg glacier in making the advance from which it has now retreated; in other words, it can not be used as data

for determining the duration of the ice period between its commencement and culmination.



TERMINAL MORAINES, SINDE VALLEY.

So we have only left the former of the two possible inferences; which is, that the Sonomarg glacier, after pushing into the Sinde, encountered a temperature sufficiently high to so waste the front of its advancing mass that it was unable to extend itself entirely across the open valley. That is, we here find the limit of the glacier's action: a limitation determined, not by the denial of sufficient time for growth—that may have been any period short of infinity, as far as any thing to the contrary that our data give us—but by the nature of the climate reign-

ing in the Sinde Valley during the ice period. As corroborative of this conclusion, we shall now proceed to examine some other moraines lying in the same valley.

About two miles above the interesting accumulation that we have been examining are two large terminal moraines, from seventy to eighty feet in height, lying directly across the Sinde Valley, and forming two vast dams, about the extremities of which the stream has forced a passage. The two ridges run parallel to each other, with an interval between their bases of not more than sixty feet; the length of each is about five hundred yards. The boulders of both moraines are exclusively limestone, and the deterioration they have suffered gives the accumulation the appearance of a higher antiquity than is suggested by the sharply cut faces of the basaltic boulders comprising the moraines pushed into the valley by the Sonomarg glacier.

From these moraines we followed up the valley a distance of twelve miles, to the Lojji-Im-Pass, in order to ascertain whether the head of the valley were still occupied by a glacier. We found the bordering cliffs throughout the entire distance so crumbled down into immense tali that we could not expect to discover any evidence of former glaciation; especially as the soft rock, wherever exposed along the bottom of the valley, had suffered such deterioration as to



obliterate all traces of striæ. The valley was occupied to the very foot of the last abrupt ascent to the pass by detached groves of pine and fir, and was throughout, to the summit of the pass (eleven thousand three hundred feet), free from snow.

Now respecting the question whether the two terminal moraines mark the extreme limit of the ancient glacier that pushed down from the head of the Sinde Valley, we have no hesitation in responding in the affirmative; for had the glacier advanced farther, it would have mingled the limestone blocks with which it was freighted with the basaltic boulders heaped into the valley by the Sonomarg glacier. But no such commingling took place. There is not a single limestone boulder to be discovered in the latter accumulation; all the moraines are composed exclusively of basaltic blocks, and all the boulders cast sporadically about the immediate locality are of the same nature. Nor is there in that portion of the valley embraced between the twin moraines and the *débris* of the Sonomarg glacier a single traveled boulder. Thus these twin ramparts mark the lowest point reached by the glacier of the main valley. Though free to advance till it abutted against the moraines of the Sonomarg stream, it is evident that it halted here, not because it met obstructions, but because it had pushed into a climate that wasted its strength.

It may seem strange, at first view, that the glacier from the lateral valley of Sonomarg should have carried down so much more material than was transported by the stream of the main valley, especially as the length of the former could not have equaled that of the latter; for at the distance of two or three miles from the ancient moraines the bottom of the Sonomarg Valley is lifted quite abruptly to the snow-fields of Gwasbrari. But this seeming discrepancy is at once explained if we note the difference in the nature and amount of the material thrown down by the limestone and basaltic cliffs that respectively border the two valleys. While the stratified walls of the Sinde are buttressed by shoots formed largely of disintegrated material, the Sonomarg cliffs are heaped all along with huge fragments of basalt; and thus, while the glacier occupying the former valley would be loaded with deteriorated rock, which would to a large extent be washed off the ice, and carried away by the action of running water, the Sonomarg stream would be freighted with indestructible blocks, just suited to the building up of permanent barriers.

We accept, then, the evidence given by the moraines lying in the Sinde Valley as doubly conclusive respecting the limitation of ancient glacial action in that valley; and, consequently, as indicating, with a certain degree of positiveness, the limits at which we may look for the termination of glacial phenomena

among Himalayan peaks of an altitude corresponding to those about the locality under consideration. As already remarked, the moraines of the Sinde lie at an elevation of eight thousand five hundred feet, while the peaks among which the glaciers were formed vary from fifteen thousand to eighteen thousand feet in height. The Gwasbrari has broad, elevated snow-fields, lying only about two thousand feet below its summit, which are now vast reservoirs for the accumulation of the winter snows.

We now ask, How much below the point reached by existing glaciers did the ancient ice streams push? Fortunately there are glaciers lying in some of the lateral valleys of the Sinde, so that we can right here measure the retreat that has been made. We have already seen that the glacier which formerly occupied the main valley has entirely disappeared. (It will be recalled that the distance between the twin moraines and the Lojji-Im-Pass is about eleven miles.) But hanging high up in two of its lateral ravines are two small glaciers, pushing down from the snowy peaks on the right side of the valley. As these are both inaccessible, we could not carry our barometer to the foot of either, and thus could only estimate their elevation, which we placed at about eight hundred feet above the two terminal moraines. But in the lateral Sonomarg Valley we were able to secure an actual measurement. A little over three miles from its em-

bouchure the floor of the valley, as we have already said, is abruptly lifted several hundred feet, forming a precipitous descent, which must have created a grand cataract in the ancient ice stream. This precipice is finely polished and striated. Over it now leaps a small stream, issuing from the foot of the glacier, which hangs just on the verge of the descent. We succeeded in carrying our instrument to the point where the stream escapes from beneath the ice, and found our elevation above the ancient moraines to be seven hundred and fifty feet. Two other smaller glaciers, at a considerably higher altitude than this, push their terminal moraines in sight in two of the valleys leading from the snow-fields of the Kolo-hoy into the Sonomarg. The foregoing will be sufficient to indicate the difference of extension between the ancient and present glaciers.

Before dismissing the subject of the glacial phenomena of the Sinde Valley, one word will be in place respecting the absence of all medial and lateral moraines. This is not at all strange, considering the nature of the two principal valleys. For the formation of a medial moraine there is required the union of two glacial streams, approximating somewhat to each other in volume; for if one be disproportionately small, it is received by the larger as a simple tributary, and all of its material is eventually crowded against the side of the valley, and goes to swell

the lateral accumulation of the main stream. Now it so happens that neither the Sonomarg nor Sinde Valley branches out into arms of such nearly equal size as to render it difficult to determine which should be considered the trunk; but each preserves its integrity, and all of the lateral ravines opening into either are comparatively small. In such valleys we should not look for medial deposits.

But then we might consider the circumstances favorable for the formation of lateral moraines. Favorable, certainly, for the forming of such; but the abruptness of the sides of both valleys absolutely forbid permanence to such accumulations. Upon the retreat of the glaciers, such moraines would immediately lose their distinctive features, and be obscured by the forming tali.

As confirmatory of the conclusions at which we have arrived by our examination of the evidence yielded by the Sinde Valley, we will now proceed to the examination of another locality, which affords unusually favorable opportunities for the collection of evidence upon the subject under consideration.

Separated from the Cashmere Valley on the north by a lofty ridge, crossed at an elevation of eleven thousand seven hundred and seventy feet by the Rajdiangan Pass, is a valley known to the natives as the Kishun Gunga; the stream that threads it is fed, in part, by the northern rivulets of the same

peaks that drain their southern waters into the Sinde. This valley has several large lateral valleys opening into it, and which lead up to peaks varying from thirteen thousand to sixteen thousand feet in elevation; thus, it will be observed, falling in their average height about one thousand feet below the average elevation of the peaks about the Sinde. Perpetual snow tips several of these mountains, and the heats of July and August even fail to clear some of the higher passes; but no glaciers are formed.

We entered the valley at Kuntlwan, a little cluster of native huts, where the summer trail from Cashmere to Skardo drops into it. Thirty-five miles above this point the valley is joined by the tributary valley of Burzil, eight or ten miles in length, which leads up to the pass of Stakpild, twelve thousand nine hundred feet in elevation, with the peaks immediately about rising two thousand feet higher. The geological formation of these, and of the flanks of the valley, is a coarse-textured granite; but just as the vale reaches the Kishun Gunga the cliffs on the right change to greenstone, and this kind of rock forms the right flank of the valley for a mile below the opening of the Burzil. At this point another granite-walled tributary opens into the Kishun Gunga; below this, both of the flanks of the main valley suddenly change to slate, and before reaching Kuntlwan (thirty miles below) present successively



cliffs of shale, schist, limestone, and basalt. For a considerable portion of its course the valley has a broadish bottom, at some points more than a mile in breadth, and is but partially clothed with forest. At several points the limestone and basaltic rock shoot out spurs, and form isolated tells in the valley; so that no glacier could possibly move down it without leaving upon these permanent records of its passage.

Here, then, we have a locality admirably fitted for our work. We have a central valley entirely different in geologic formation from its tributaries—a main valley lined all along with basalt, limestone, schist, shale, and slate; and emboguing into this lateral valleys, flanked with granitic walls, and rising up to passes and peaks of similar geologic structure. Now it is evident that a glacier pouring from one of these laterals into the main valley would carry with it a large quantity of granitic *débris*, and scatter the same throughout this lower valley. Before proceeding to an examination of the Kishun Gunga, with a view to determine whether such transportation of materials have ever taken place, we will observe the nature of the Burzil tributary.

This valley joins the Kishun Gunga at an elevation of about eight thousand four hundred feet, and then sweeps up eight or ten miles to the pass of Stakpild, which has an altitude, already given, of

twelve thousand nine hundred feet. There is abundant expanse of snow-fields lying about the pass, and connecting with the valley, to form feeders for a large glacier. The immense tali of huge blocks thrown down by the crumbling cliffs show with what enormous quantities of boulders a glacier moving through the valley would be burdened; for five or six miles the glacial stream, supposing one to have existed, would have flowed between cliffs that would have been constantly heaping their ruins upon it.

Now we inquire, Has the material of this valley been transported into the Kishun Gunga? If so, we shall find it at the opening of the Burzil, as in the case of the Sonomarg—for the Kishun Gunga at the junction of the Burzil is wide, like the Sinde; or, in case the main valley was occupied by a glacial stream, we shall discover the material carried down and scattered throughout it. Now we examined carefully the Kishun Gunga for a distance of thirty-five miles from the mouth of the Burzil, and are confident that we hazard nothing in asserting that there is not a single glacier-transported granitic block in that lengthy section of the valley. We give this decision with the less hesitation because the nature of the valley, and the material in it, are of such a character as to render it quite impossible for any such foreign material to have escaped our detection. There were, indeed, throughout the entire section, granite bould-

ders, but only such as had unmistakably been introduced by the agency of the stream. This was evidenced by two circumstances, each in itself sufficiently conclusive: (1) the change observable in the size of the boulders in passing from a higher to a lower level; (2) the stratified appearance of the detritus. In order to a proper appreciation of the evidence of the first fact, it will be necessary to refer a little more particularly to the geologic character of the tributary valleys below the Burzil. We have already mentioned the existence of a lateral granitic valley about one mile below this tributary; this is the last, of similar geological character, joining the Kishun Gunga throughout the section under consideration. As we descend the Kishun Gunga from the junction of this tributary, the granite boulders become gradually less numerous, smaller, and more water-worn, showing conclusively that they were scattered throughout the valley by the agency of running water.

We might, then, consider ourselves as sufficiently cautious should we immediately draw the conclusion that no glacier ever emptied from the Burzil into the Kishun Gunga; but it may not be amiss if we strengthen this decision by observing that the evidence given by the Burzil itself strongly negatives the passage through it of a glacial stream. This evidence is borne by many a long, sharp, projecting

rocky spur, which, had a glacier ever crowded down the valley, could never have escaped being broken, rounded, polished, and striated.

But although we may now consider the evidence advanced as establishing the fact that the Burzil Valley was never occupied by an ancient glacier, still we need something additional to prove that the same is true of the Kishun Gunga; for demonstrating that a glacier never emptied into this latter valley from the former does not necessarily negative the former existence of a glacier in this main valley; because the snow-fields about the head of the Kishun Gunga may have formed an ice stream of sufficient strength to push down past the embouchure of the Burzil, even while that valley remained entirely free from glacial accumulations. As to the water-worn material found in the lower valley, plainly derived from the Burzil, that may have been scattered where we now find it subsequent to the ice period, and so does not assist us in the least to read the history, or to decide respecting the condition of the valley during the glacial era; we must examine anew, and with special reference to a decision of this question, the *débris* and detritus of the valley.

The condition of the loose material in the Kishun Gunga will facilitate this work, and give a satisfactory conclusiveness to the result of our investigations. The width of the valley varies from one hundred

yards to a mile or more; at times the bordering cliffs, when the valley contracts, are abrupt; again, where the vale opens, they become gently sloping and wooded. This geologic structure of the valley is favorable both for the reception and retention of the traces of glacial action; for (1) in crowding through the contracted passes the march of the heavy stream would be permanently recorded; and (2) in the broad-bottomed sections any morainic accumulations would be distinctly preserved.

Respecting the first, we need simply state that a careful examination of the several passes occurring between Burzil and Kuntlwan, and also of all the exposed rock surface in the bottom or along the side of the valley that could possibly be subjected to glaciation, revealed no traces of the shaping, polishing, and striating work of a moving ice mass. Often the rock was so exposed, or juttred into the valley in such a manner, as to render it quite impossible for a glacial stream to have ground over, or pushed past, without leaving traces of its movements.

It now remains to examine the loose material or deposits found in the valley. Are there any traveled boulders? Are there any ancient medial or terminal moraines? Are there any traces of lateral moraines? As to the first inquiry, there is not a glacier-transported block on any of the broad bottoms of the valley. The boulders occurring are such as

have in every instance leaped from the adjoining cliffs: a fact rendered easy of confirmation by the constantly changing character of the strata flanking the valley. As to the second question, which is merely a matter of observation, we need only state that no such accumulations exist.

The third inquiry we have made a separate one, because it is not, like the second, to be decided by simple observation, but demands the most careful examination; for the reason that while medial and terminal accumulations can not easily be obliterated, lateral moraines, resting precariously on the flanks of the valley, are liable, after the retreat of the glacier, to sink down into the valley, or to be completely buried and lost beneath the slope of *débris* constantly accumulating at the base of the cliffs.

There is a certain feature of the tali of the Kishun Gunga that enabled us to examine them satisfactorily with reference to a determination of the question whether the *débris* of ancient lateral moraines, broken down and obliterated, were mingled with the material composing them. At numerous points these slopes were cut by deep gullies, and their entire section exposed. These cuttings revealed the fact that these shoots, generally formed of slate, shale, and schist, were hiding heavy terraces composed of very different material. The question immediately occurred to us, Is not this buried *débris* the remains of old lateral



moraines? We soon discovered that it presented distinct traces of stratification, and that, instead of being formed of the angular blocks which characterize morainic accumulations, it was made up exclusively of water-worn material. Not any of these buried terraces lay more than seventy feet above the stream, and were formed by the river when flowing at a higher level than at present. Thus our last question must also be answered in the negative.

We now observe that the negative evidence which the Kishun Gunga has given us after this somewhat extended examination is exactly corroborative of the positive evidence yielded by the Sinde Valley. The peaks that make up the snow-fields of the locality we have been examining are, as previously observed, from one to two thousand feet lower than those that feed the glaciers of the Sinde and Sonomarg; and thus, after noting the limitations of ancient glacial action in the latter locality, our expectations are exactly met, when we find that the somewhat lower peaks surrounding the Kishun Gunga failed entirely to form any ice streams during the glacial period. To express in a word the results of our examinations, we may summarize thus: Cashmerian Himalayan peaks, 13,000 to 15,000 feet high, have never formed glacial streams; while peaks 15,000 to 17,000 feet in elevation have pushed down glaciers to a point 5500 to 9000 feet above the sea-level—that is,

800 or 1000 feet below the line to which present glaciers, formed among the same mountains, extend.

It is unnecessary for us to particularize further respecting our explorations in other valleys; we need simply say that the investigation in all was conducted in the same manner as in the two that have afforded us the above facts, and add that the evidence elicited by such examination was, in every instance, confirmatory of the conclusions forced upon us by the phenomena presented by the Sinde and Kishun Gunga. The larger number of the valleys examined lie about the following passes, which are crossed by trails leading from the Valley of Cashmere on the north and east: Lojji-Im-Pass, 11,300 feet; Sansungan Pass, 13,860 feet; Stalkpild Pass, 12,900 feet; Rajdiangan Pass, 11,770 feet; the remainder embrace the valleys leading up to the Pir Punjal and Rutun Pir passes, crossed by the Bimbour trail, one of the paths which give access to the Vale of Cashmere from the plains of India.

The foregoing conclusions may seem, at first, to exhibit a decided disagreement with those to be drawn from the facts given by Dr. Hooker. But this is not so. They do, however, militate against certain inferences that have been drawn from those facts. If we mistake not, the lowest traces of glacial action discovered by Hooker among the Sikkim and Nepal Himalayas were at an elevation of about 8000 feet;

while the level reached by existing glaciers was found to vary from 12,000 to 16,000 feet. From a careful comparison of the various measurements he gives, we estimate that the general difference between the descent of ancient and present glaciers in the valleys of those lofty ranges may be stated as 5000 to 6000 feet. Now it has been inferred that the snow-line suffered a depression approximating these figures. But we have seen that, among the lower Cashmerian ranges, the ice streams of former times did not extend more than 1000 feet below the influence of present glaciers; and that the dropping of the snow-line must be expressed by even smaller numbers. But by whatever causes the line of perpetual cold was pushed down upon the flanks of the Himalayas, we must suppose that these agencies affected about equally the climate of the Cashmerian, Sikkim, and Nepal provinces. We would doubtless be very far from the truth should we suppose that among the mountains of the latter the snow-line formerly lay 5000 to 6000 feet below its present level.

Local influences, especially the influence of vast breadths of snow, might, indeed, conspire to aid in the depression of the line of cold among the extremely elevated peaks of the Nepal and Sikkim Himalayas to a somewhat lower level than it attained among the Cashmerian ranges. Yet such influences must have been comparatively feeble. If this be so,

then the descent of the snow-line during the glacial period, measured on the flanks of the highest ranges of the Himalayas, would be somewhere between one and two thousand feet. We have not the requisite data for determining the numerical relation that exists between the depression of a given snow-line and the extension of existing glaciers as the result of such depression; but so confident are we of the correctness of the conclusions to which we have been led by the phenomena of the Cashmerian valleys, that we entertain no doubt but that the dropping of the Himalayan snow-line from 1000 to 2000 feet (the maximum depression that our observations will allow us to believe ever took place) would cause Sikkim and Nepal glaciers, which now hang in their lofty valleys at from 12,000 to 16,000 feet elevation, to flow down and choke these valleys at the lower level of 8000 to 11,000 feet, the extreme limits reached in different valleys by those ancient glacial streams.

It will not be without interest for us, before closing this chapter, to notice the bearing of the facts which we have been studying upon the interesting question respecting the causes instrumental in initiating the glacial epoch.

It is an axiom in geological interpretation that local effects should look for their explanation in local causes. Thus, while the investigation of glacial phe-

nomena was confined to the continent of Europe, and observation had as yet tracked ancient glaciers over a comparatively limited field, it were wholly unscientific to search for cosmic causes to account for the circumscribed effects: hence geological rather than astronomical agencies were to be looked to for an explanation of the phenomena. A cataclysmal or gradual upheaval of vast areas of the continent of Europe, and changes in the polar oceanic currents, might reasonably find a place in any theory seeking for the causes of the climatic revolution.

But when the scored mountains, boulder-strewn plains, and moraine-traversed valleys of North America witnessed the movement of a vast sheet of glacial ice over all the northern portion of the continent, as low as the parallel of  $39^{\circ}$ , then to some it seemed necessary, supposing the ice period of Europe and that of America to have been synchronous, to search for more far-reaching causes.

Geologists have seldom been at a loss to discover, amid the mighty forces of geological revolution, agencies obviously adequate to effect any changes that observations might determine our planet to have undergone. But when asked to supply some agency or combination of agencies adequate to the creation of the widely extended phenomena of the glacial epoch—agents adapted and proportionate to the work of simultaneously loading two hemispheres

with ice, and transforming the swift streams of their mountains into slow, majestic rivers of ice—there appeared, if not the impotence of her mightiest forces in the presence of such demands, at least somewhat of improbability that there should have occurred such a conjunction of these as to have produced, unaided, all the observed phenomena.

Now Astronomy has offered to become the ally of Geology and help to grapple the difficulty.\* She has suggested that hidden in the almost infinite periods of her changing cycles lies the secret of this geologic revolution.†

Annually winter creeps down from the pole, and covers with snow and ice a considerable portion of the continents of the Northern Hemisphere; the lofty mountains near the equator push their summer snow-limits down their sides; while those peaks not lofty enough to bear the crown through all the year are now capped with snow and frost. Gradually, as spring advances, the snow-line is lifted again upon the mountain flanks, and driven back from the continents toward the pole.

In these periodic advances and retreats of winter we see a repetition, on a small scale, of the glacial epoch—a mimic reproduction of the scenes of the

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\* "Popular Science Monthly" for July, 1873: art. iii., by N. H. Winchell.

† Lyell's "Principles of Geology," bk. i., ch. vii.



world's great winter in geologic times. Consequent upon some great climatic revolution, resulting in the reduction of the temperature of the Northern Hemisphere, and the unwasted accumulation of centuries of snow, the sheet of ice that caps the northern pole gradually extended, and pushed down over all the continents toward the equator, in masses often five thousand feet in thickness.

In ascribing such universality to the influences of the ice period, it will be observed that we are not making a theoretic extension of ancient glacial action beyond the broad foundation of facts. If we have not failed in the purposes of this chapter, we have shown that the climate of Asia experienced during the glacial epoch a change corresponding to that suffered by the climate of Europe and North America. Such a lowering of the snow-line of the Himalayas as we have seen actually occurred is exactly such as we should expect to find took place among those mountains, when we consider the nature of the climate of Asia, and the fact that the Himalayan ranges lie  $15^{\circ}$  to  $20^{\circ}$  nearer the equator than the once glaciated fields of the United States and Europe.

Thus while the snows of winter spread over the plains and valleys of these continents that were formerly covered with glacial ice, the summer snow-limit of the Himalayas is simply lowered a few thousand feet, still hanging high above the plains of India.

So during the glacial or cosmic winter. While the northern half of Europe and a considerable portion of North America were loaded with heavy glaciers, the snow-line of the Himalayas simply dropped somewhat lower, and the glaciers crept a little farther down the valleys—those communicating with the most extensive snow-fields making the greatest descent.

Now this parallelism in phenomena—this similarity in advance and retreat—which we find to exist between the annual and geologic winters, naturally leads us to look for parallelism in their originating causes; and is thus to a greater or less degree confirmatory of the theory of the astronomical origin of the geological epoch of cold; for as the annual climatic changes to which the Northern and Southern Hemispheres are subjected result from familiar astronomical movements, there arises a sort of presumption in favor of the concernment of similar causes in the creation of the like phenomena of the ice period; especially when we find that these are not of a local or continental, but world-extended nature, occurring in both the Northern and the Southern Hemisphere, and differing from the former only in intensity and duration.

To astronomy, as well as to geology, it would then seem we should look for the explanation of the origin of the glacial epoch. When we ask, Are there great

astronomical cycles, the results of whose changing periods would naturally be the glaciation of the Northern and Southern Hemispheres? and receive in answer, There are such cycles—as the precession of the equinox, the change in the inclination of the earth's axis, and the variation in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit\*—of vast but calculable periodicity, whose variations either singly or in conjunction would powerfully effect the climate of our planet, throwing the poles alternately into the rigors of a long geologic winter, measured by decades of milleniums, then we may consider the theory of the causal connection between the glacial era and the variations of the astronomical cycles as entitled, at least, to a provisional acceptance.

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\* “Popular Science Monthly” for July, 1873, art. iii., p. 291.

THE END.



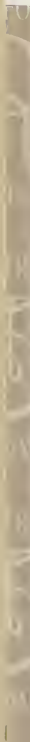








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