

## CHAPTER XIV

1854

O, I have pass'd a miserable night,  
So full of fearful dreams of ugly sights.

*Richard III.*

Remember thirty centuries look down upon you.

*Napoleon Bonaparte.*

ARRIVING in Paris on the 14th February, I made a halt to see the Louvre and beat up Brodie, the English student. He had not yet given his *coup de grâce* to his picture of "The Murder of Prince Edward." As a friendly cicerone he took me about, as before, to see the Imperial city. I was in a hotel of ancient date, in the street of Jean Jacques Rousseau. It was built around a courtyard, like the Talbot Inn in London, used of old for diligences and market waggons. The rooms for travellers were arranged around. Mine was on the first floor, opening on to a gallery. One could not stand anywhere within the building without wondering what tragic words the walls had echoed. When I had extinguished my candles at night, shades of old, with finger on lip, seemed to bid me not to penetrate their secrets, and I slept with a sense of submission, but on the third night of my stay I was awakened by a repetition of a not infrequent nightmare, with screams added, "It's death, it's death, it's death!" and I resolved not to stay in Paris beyond the day.

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The train, which arrived at Châlon about four in the morning, at that time went no farther, and I had to scramble for my luggage and get on board the Saone steamer as best I might. Ice was about everywhere and the deck slippery. The fog compelled us to remain chained to the wharf till daylight. In the cabin there were lights, a good fire, and a delicious aroma of coffee; it was full of people, who talked, smoked, ate, drank, and noisily played cards till after we started. One group centred round a lively lady, whose conversation, with its stinging repartee, no language would have enshrined so well as French. I was so chilled that in no position that could be secured was it possible for me to sleep. When the boat was making its journey a fog-horn was continually sounded all the way to Lyons.

We were landed there, where we had to sleep; the streets were ice-bound and the winds bleak. The next morning we descended the Rhone. Before noon we crossed the border line of extreme climes and reached summer, which all passengers recognised as a sudden word of command to put aside wraps and great-coats. The boat occasionally got aground, but the fixed stem was treated as a pivot; the force of the current acted on the floating stern with such a swing, that when the half-circle was described the whole hull was free to continue down the stream, and so to go ahead till another sand-bank gave a fresh opportunity for the manœuvre. I enjoyed my breakfast on deck with the greater zest from the varied beauties of the scenery. Near sunset we drew up to a pier, and every one disembarked to sleep at Valence. Romance and charm were in the air, and after dinner at the old-fashioned inn, as I turned to the broad hearth with a welcoming log ablaze, I thought fondly of Deverell, who had often enacted imaginary adventures of dramatic character which we were to enjoy together in our later course in life. He regarded his last attack as only an irritating addition to the crowd of troubles that had come upon him in the past two years of his young life, and one

which should not prevent him from vanquishing perverse fate in the end. His ill fortune had of late sapped the large promise of his genius.

The next morning we steamed again for half a day and arrived at never-to-be-forgotten Avignon. A few hours I spent in seeing its ancient treasures, and then hurried by train to Marseilles, where the P. and O. steamer was still getting in its coals and cargo, leaving time for an expedition to the Château d'If, of which I availed myself, with rapture at the beauty of the colour and the glory of the southern light. The gorgeous groups of vendibles in the market, with, at the stalls, the comely daughters of the sun, whose blushing reminded me that they were not only pictures, could not be turned from without a sigh.

It was not without some regret, for the first time in my life, I saw at Avignon the mountains with clouds uplifted, and the southern sky behind canopying Italy, that I turned my face away from the land where the highest and strongest artists had laboured, and where so many of their noblest works still remained. I then had to call up before my mind all the advantages promised by the more adventurous journey, and to remember afresh the decision, many times forced upon me, that residence in Italy early in life had often been the prelude to a career of total non-vitality to an art student; and this reflection quieted my unrest.

When the steamer had left the harbour, I found among the few passengers some newspaper correspondents going to the seat of the threatened war, and Mr. Henry Lushington, Secretary to the Governor at Malta, to whom I had a letter. At the island I had again to make a fresh rest, as the *Himalaya*, on her first voyage from Southampton, had not yet arrived. The next morning, when I had just started from Valetta for an expedition, the belated vessel was signalled, and I had to hurry back to secure my berth. The ship had broken one of her shafts in the Bay of Biscay, and for a time all the passengers regarded themselves as lost, but after having

lain-to they saw by the vessel obeying her helm that the broken machinery was put in order, and they steamed ahead without further mishap until Malta was reached.

When I was established on board I found many Indian officials and ladies returning to their stations after a leave of absence, and to these were added young men going out for the first time to join their regiments, to fill civil offices, or to take places in established houses of business. It was a tangible illustration of the greatness of the British Empire and of the vast trusts it held towards the advancement of the world. How such a surpassing nation could have been so indifferent in its governmental recognition, as it had hitherto been, of the expression of the people's soul by art could not but be a further puzzle to me. There was now indeed some assurance of a new era in the adornment by painters and sculptors of the Houses of Parliament, and in the adoption of artistic work in churches, but not without room being left to doubt whether, in the first case, the council to select the work had not, from ignorance, chosen some incompetent artists, and whether, for religious purposes, the priests directing the completion of church buildings (after studiously insisting upon having nothing but the repetition of the features of the "correct period" for ecclesiastical architecture) would not set their faces against every kind of scripture illustration but that of a bygone intelligence. This last could have no effect but to make the beholders look upon the sacred history as a fabulous tale, and the heroes acting in it as legendary favourites. It would be a false service to religion; while art, thus developed, could never be worthy of a nation such as ours, which, despite the greatest discouragement, had produced individual artists of a calibre equal to the champions who had made the nation so commanding in all other fields of emulation. For the pressing question of our reform I was encouraged to reflect that, with the favour that Millais had won with the public, with that tardily accorded to me, and with that which Rossetti was gaining from those few who saw his work, it might be

thought that we would eventually, with a fresh combination, found a working school, and supply the watchful progressive influence upon younger artists, which England had ever needed and never possessed; but perhaps the forces that had attacked us were only biding their time to raise the hue and cry afresh. There was scarcely an artist of any age who had not, in some degree at least, been driven by our example to go to Nature to gain some fresh element of truth for his work, but many of these seniors lost no opportunity of discouraging practical recognition for our works among those wealthy ones who alone could bring us what are the sinews of art as well as of war. When it was imprudent to deny merit to particular pictures, it was declared that these were free from Pre-Raphaelitism only in the degree that they were good, and so the old cry was not less effective than it had been at first in forming the utmost possible hindrance to the fair chance of any young man adopting our chosen password. Moreover, there was no kind of recognition that it was a necessity for our nation to win the honour of greatness in matters of design. Certainly, if left to the patronage of a few rich men who were moved hither and thither by the whim of the day in the current in which they swam, England would die without ever having made its national art express more than a poor portion of its full soul.

What remains will have come into being by the strong will of British genius, but will scarcely be more than mere individual triumphs. There will be no national taste, no stamp like that which makes men now say of an exhumed antiquity, "that is Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, Italian, Old German," and so on, while there is any form to be deciphered. There must be a real necessity for design felt in the nation; it must be a real want, food to the intellectual and sensuous hunger of the people; it must be an adjunct to religion, or if you quarrel about names, what men have in the place of religion; in its highest form it must be in their *temples*; it will not be found in after days if it is done only to flatter the rich;

it should be a freemason's sign to all; one which must declare itself to strangers as well as to ourselves, and it must have a growth, gradual and steady, to perfection. If you do without art you will not help the nation to escape the penalty of stupidity and want of altruism, defects which must disintegrate any people. To cut off the buds of a fruit tree to prevent the development of fruit will not save the leaves from falling off as the winter comes.

I became friendly with many of the Indian officials on board, who invited me to come and see them in India. I regret I was never able to do this, but after three years I was pained to read of some of them as having come to their end in the Mutiny.

It was a delightful voyage, with porpoises racing the vessel and flying-fish shooting through the prismatic arcs of the waves even on to the deck. How sweet, too, it was to look over the gunwale into the lapis-lazuli water, dense as in a dyer's vat, marbled all through with engulfing veins.

Egypt showed itself very unimposing with its low sand dunes, and for landmarks only the lighthouses, Pompey's Pillar, and the many windmills which owed their origin to Napoleon. Alexandria still bore trace of the sleep from which Lieutenant Waghorn (the pioneer of the Overland Route) had aroused it only some ten years before. When landed, the passengers got as best they could to a house called a hotel, where people sat on their luggage and clamoured, much in vain, for refreshment and attention. In the night we got on to a steamboat in the canal; it was captained by a native, and all the crew were uncontrolled and unmannerly, to which the ship bore witness in its untidiness. The ladies had only an inner cabin, opening into the general saloon. On board were some Anglo-Indians, loud and bullying in manner. A party of these, passing as officers, took possession of a table and produced cards, playing noisily, swearing, and smoking without intermission, till the ladies came out from the inner cabin and pleaded that they had

no means of ventilation, and that the smoke was greatly annoying them. The card party refused to desist, and if any one remonstrated he was insulted and challenged to fight. While others were considering how the difficulty had to be met, a gentleman in clerical costume descended from the deck. Perhaps it was the shaking of the vessel or the gloom of the chamber that made his apparent object doubtful and his steps devious, but he walked to the back of the noisiest ruffian, apparently wishful to watch the play. There unsteadily he poised himself a moment, then he placed his hand over the shoulder of the player, took the cigar between his fingers, and tottering, said, "You're no genilmen to smoke in the company of ladies." The stalwart savage was up in a moment, confronting the blear-eyed and ill-balanced champion of chivalry. The situation was too absurd even for the most infuriate, and the provoked bully, half-laughing, satisfied his wrath by saying, "Were it not for your cloth I would knock you down." It was obvious, as the cleric went on mumbling and rolling about, that he had imbibed too copiously of the steward's strong water. His adversary gave way to loud laughter and sat down again. After this interruption of the annoyance it flagged till all rolled themselves up and went to sleep. It was obvious that the costumes and pretensions either of noisy bully or sodden parson could not be taken as their true social credentials.

A full hour before sunrise we were landed at Boulak, and then began the first revelation of the wonders in store for me. Having secured my own personal luggage from the officials, I hung about to see the unpacking of the cargo which was to pass overland to Suez on the backs of camels; part of this consisted of small weighty cases, containing bullion for India. An old grizzly sheik had been appointed to deal with these; he sat on a low seat, in front of which the money boxes had to be placed in order, his six sons bringing them out from the hold and depositing them there. On a sudden the British overseer detected an irregularity in the supply, and the

father arose as a man whose family honour was at eternal stake. He arrested the steps of the son about to return to the ship, and repeated his order to each of the others as he arrived. When all were collected before him a flaming fire in a brazier was shedding light on the scene, while the eastern sky was paling behind the palms; the sons, massive in build and stature, stood in a row with hands folded. The error was found to be that one had come forward with a packet out of his turn. The patriarch objurgated him sternly, and spat upon him with words of bitter contempt, method was restored, and the whole business went on again in primæval fashion, as it might have done in the days of Jacob. This was the fresh opening of a great volume of living pictures, from which I had to turn to the omnibus which waited to take me on.

When I arrived at the hotel in Cairo, Seddon had just completed his night's rest. I delayed my sleep till evening should fall again. The noise of life was like the ringing bells of a festa, and it was impossible to turn one's eyes from the open window, where each minute brought forward a new scene, each scene being one of the perennial dramas of the East, heard of, imagined often, but hitherto cut off from me by the intervening leagues of sea.

The Usbeykia was then a dense jungle of palm trees and sugar-cane, separated from the houses by a broad curvilinear road, divided into rows by lines of sycamore, with rails and bars at intervals, forming protected places for café seats and tethered animals, camels, horses, cows, asses, and goats, many having green forage supplied in bundles, and fowls were running about picking up stray seeds. The houses formed the skirts of the old city; their present faces appeared to have been originally their backs; they were now approached by a covered archway. Furthest off from the windows where I stood was the broadest of the roads for carriages and the heavy burdened, and through this came the main torrent of life.

A happy holiday feeling pervaded the air; this was

the current of responsiveness, which rest with new life always gives the traveller power to summon. It was to me the slaking of a long thirst, and I was often drawn to the window to witness the flowing stream of strange life. Horses and even gazelles formed other detached groups, all finding it their pleasure to munch the juicy green food placed near their heads.

Jugglers were at a little distance collecting a dense crowd, with a fringe of nimble children impatient at not having the best places as spectators, but quickly consoling themselves by the pursuit of rival mountebanks trading on the antics of a sufficiently ugly baboon; animals as they marched along and men on business were often chewing newly culled stalks of sugar-cane. Bedouin from the desert prowled stealthily like beasts of prey with sheathed claws; serpent charmers, with their noxious reptiles in hand or in open breast, invited patrons as they passed and re-passed, incredulous of want of *franghi* fondness for their pets. Now a clamour of screeches with a burden of men's intoning voices heralded a funeral, with the corpse borne, face uncovered, dressed as the man was living yesterday in the market place. The cry of the widows and daughters was addressed to the silent principal of the scene, calling him by all his pet names to come back to them and theirs. The infants were riding on the mothers' shoulders, bewildered at the situation and forgotten, as the women tossed the dust on their own heads. Across an end of the square a religious procession of another tenor came upon the stage. It was less hurried and tempestuous; all the actors walked sedately, while the tom-tom sounded and the joy-cry rang out its peal of notes. This was a marriage company, with the child bride under a canopy of gold embroidery, walking with slowly shuffling feet. Mother and female relatives, dressed in old, harmonious-coloured, and traditionally decorated silks, attended the party. As the various groups passed along, through all the confusion, water-carriers rang their brass tazzi, and mingled their shouts

in the name of the Prophet with those of other itinerant vendors of tempting drinkables and edibles. Above all swept the searching hawks, circling and crossing, and sometimes swooping down into the busy crowd to seize undefended prey. I stood at that window looking down upon mortal interests as much apart as the gods might survey mankind from the clouds. How swiftly transient, however, are the most slowly passing scenes! All the actors of that day have now passed away—the Pasha in his gorgeous carriage, with running footmen kurbashing the subservient pedestrians; the priests solemnising the procession of the *dosh*, on the return of the Sheik of the Saadeyeh, on his white horse, from Mecca; the devout who threw themselves down to be trampled upon, despite the chance of broken backs; the rude fellah, holding in his hand the long sugar-cane, all have passed off the scene now, taking nothing with them but the lesson sacred in their own hearts derived from the facts of the great drama in which they took part; now, fifty years after, their places are taken by new actors, and even the stage itself has been changed, yet how vivid and full of life are the memories I retain in my mind as though they had been interrupted only for a moment. I bless the meanest of the original actors for the delights they gave me, and may my benediction have some weight against the condemnation of the pious believer in perdition for all followers of Mahomet.

Once sitting in the room busy at the table I heard above all the din a piercing cry of distress. I started up from work and eagerly scanned the crowd to search out the unhappy sufferer. It was a blind man of solid proportions, about forty-five, who had halted in the middle of the Usbeykia, and was pouring out his heart of woe with copious tears, which were running down from his eyes, into which the knuckles of both hands were pressed by way of softening the soreness of these floodgates of woe. All the neighbours centred themselves upon him, inquiring the cause of the bitter affliction of the moment, and then it was explained that the unguided pedestrian



had lost his way! It was a trouble which all took pains to correct, and the blind one, once turned round, was seen feeling with trusty staff his way back to the bazaar.

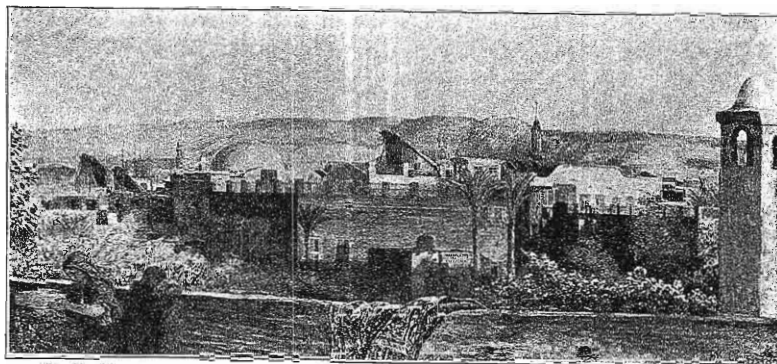
I had frequent occasion to sympathise with a gentle-minded buffalo suckling her calf, which was stabled in front of our hotel. She was head to head with a truculent ass, who brayed all the day long. It was evident the noise caused her sore affliction. It was enough, even at my distance, to stun the ears, but she, poor thing, turned away, putting her head down, that the din might be more easily endured. Unlimited patience is only provocative of greater injury to the habitually vicious. Alas! some donkeys are not amenable to gentleness or conversion from head-strongness, and the more this beast was endured in his unreasonable trumpeting the more frequent and the louder they were. He heard other jackasses and she-asses in the distance applauding his observations as sapient and enlightening, and so he evidently gloried in the affliction he caused his neighbour, and having but a moment since ended one utterance which was like the call of doom, he turned his nose more directly towards the bearer of Juno's soft regard, and raised up his voice to justify his previous homily. The strain growing in volume, the cow bent her head away to the extremest limits, but this proving futile, she suddenly made a fresh resolve, inclined her head, and directed her sturdy horn into his open mouth, and, making one rush, sent him over, giving him a lesson against bad manners which lasted for several days.

This poor milch-cow was a perfect type of modern English art, harried, hindered, and driven to despair by blatant criticism, and at the time I could only wish for some penalty that would follow out the sequel of the Usbeykia contest, and that the arrogant, self-taught, and self-exalted umpires who had lifted up their notes and screeched their folly into the air, inciting other donkeys to sing in chorus with them, had met as sharp and sudden retribution for their self-satisfied clamour.

When I took my walks abroad, and looked upon what

passed before my eyes, whether of woe or weal, so much was entirely primitive, simple, and withal beautiful, that before going further afield to see the regions I had chosen as the goal of my pursuit, I could have no hesitation in being satisfied with the choice of my field for study. In one step I had found escape from the affectations of civilised life. Nature presented itself in its unsophisticated and simple grace, and life reappeared as in its earliest stages.

The interior of the bazaars, the streets, the mosques,

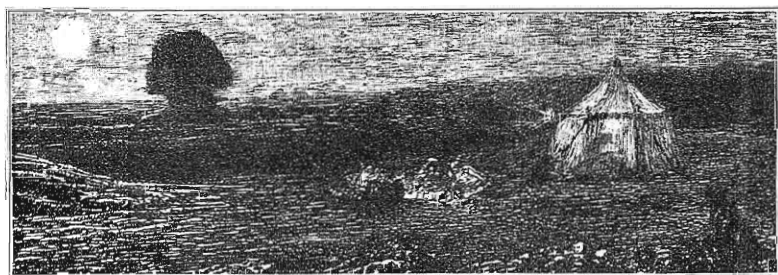


W. H. H.

GEBEL MOKATTEM, CAIRO.

the fountains, the tombs of the caliphs, the view from the citadel, the avenues of lebek, the gates, old Cairo, all in turn offered a perfect subject for a painter of contemporary phases of Eastern life. I had no ambition to illustrate modern Cairo, I was re-reading Herodotus, Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, the Bible, and Lane's *Modern Egyptians*, and what I saw was for the time studied only to make the records of ancient history clearer. All traditional manners were threatening to pass away, together with ancient costume and hereditary taste; I saw that in another generation it would be too late to reconstruct the past, save in rural and desert life, if even there. I allowed myself to commence some water-colour

drawings, and after I had made an expedition to the Pyramids, the quiet and special facilities for seeing primitive life there made me join Seddon in encamping near to the Sphinx. A very moderate expedition daily provided us with birds for the pot; to start with we had brought with us all that was necessary in the way of meat and dried fruits. All later food we purchased from the Arabs, and could not have fared better. One morning, after an unexpected experience of the unparalleled hardness of a bed in the sand, with a resentment which extended to the wind, also contributing to spoil my night's rest, I felt but little inclined to



W. H. H.

SPHINX.

acknowledge that the dawn was sufficiently declared for me to regard rest as altogether at an end. Violent gusts were still battering and bellying the tent, and causing a severe strain upon the ropes and pegs; but these bore the trial until suddenly one of the stakes on my side of the tent was torn up, flapping about like a mad thing, and admitting a tornado of wind. I had to make a grand spring to catch hold of the riotous pin, but by then several other fastenings had come undone, and the canvas was dashing backwards and forwards, up and down, beyond all control. Seddon on his side was also holding on to the loose folds like an octopus; but it was too late, the tent was literally turned inside out, and we were rolled over and over as though in a blanket pudding,

while books, clothes, carpets, papers, and drawing materials were scattered about the desert, some of them irrecoverably lost in the sand. This experience induced us to have a vacated tomb swept out for our abode, and to install our servants with the canteen in one of the side apartments, where a Greek called Gabrien and an Egyptian who had lost his original name because he had been to England with the baby hippopotamus, and was known as Hippo, constituted our permanent attendants. The latter was a serpent charmer, and never went about without one or two reptiles as bulky as one's wrist, coiled up inside his camisa, nearly the only dress he wore. Gabrien was in my pay, the other treasure belonged to Seddon.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following letter was written at the time :—

WILLIAMS' INDIAN FAMILY HOTEL,  
CAIRO, EGYPT, March 16, 1854.

MY DEAR MILLAIS—I have been bothered overmuch lately with the difficulties about the little picture, and thus was hindered in getting this letter away by the last mail. I wrote to Egg last from our tent at Ghizeh; after that time I was driven back by the wind, which disturbed the sand so much as to make sketching in colours a task of too much time; for the result I might add one or two other trifling annoyances, but then you would think the climate here as victimising as that in England, which would be an injustice, even if the present two weeks of winter weather were continuous. After cautioning you thus much, I don't mind saying that one morning before we had completed the first task of tying up the fleas for the day, a little breeze arose which compelled us to hold on to the skirts of our tent for half an hour, in fear that otherwise we might be blown to the Sahara. My genius is not sufficient to convey a true impression of the event either by artistic or literary means. I have registered the fact, however, in both arts, and my conscience is relieved. Before concluding my notice of our nomadic *ménage*, it may not be uncalled for to explain the figure to the right of the composition above. In the year 1820-25-30-35-40—it is very difficult to compute his age—the subject of our biography was born in India, of a family of the most ancient descent. Indeed, in this respect one may venture to state that no European family, not even that of Hannay, would venture to compete with this remarkable being; for even by his own computation 360 generations of ancestors have continuously pursued one vocation (and one may reasonably conclude that such a family could not have risen in a day, and that therefore there must have been some founders which tradition cannot reach). The most profound investigation fails to discover the events of his earliest youth, as he chooses to discountenance all impertinent curiosity by a broad grin and a repetition of his compendious English vocabulary, "Vare kood, ser!" When this gentleman had arrived at the age of discretion in the year 1850, he was appointed by the Pacha's officer in charge of the

I stayed in this *villeggiatura* generally about three weeks at the time, and I found it always beneficial to my

hippopotamus as sub-guardian of that interesting infant, in which capacity he accompanied it to England, and together with it formed the attractive exhibition in the Zoological Gardens for several months. At the end of that period he returned to the Nile country, and has remained here ever since; his vocation is that of serpent charmer, in which he is undoubtedly possessed of the highest talent. This recommended him to Seddon's attention, who has such an unqualified love for the inhabitants of this quarter of the globe as to covet specimens of all the noxious reptiles that dwell here. At the moment illustrated above, I am bound to confess that Hippopotamus (for his charge stood sponsor to him and gave his own name to his affectionate use) did not stand thus classically entwined by serpents in the spot where he is depicted; but as since his sudden appearance here some three weeks since, with nearly all the most venomous creatures of Egypt in his bosom, which he had captured for his admiring master, he has always been present to my most nervous imagination as I have represented, so I have thought it well to adopt an abstract manner of treatment of the design. Seddon returned with me from Ghizeh, but after two or three days, as the delightful weather of this season was restored, he again took up quarters in the tent; he intends to paint there. I stay in Cairo to commence a little subject which I witnessed in the street. If it were not for the hope of employing my time until our start in April for Sinai with this town subject, I think I should be inclined to leave at once and go to Syria; for the country offers nothing with more than antiquarian interest as landscape; the Pyramids themselves are extremely ugly blocks, as one always knew, and arranged with most unpicturesque taste. . . . There are palm trees about, which attract my passing admiration, but for all else one might as well sketch in Hackney Marsh. The desert is beautiful; but as I have said I could not settle down there, I find a good deal of difficulty in doing so here, for there are four or five other Englishmen in the hotel, and it is impossible to feel secluded enough to study, even when Seddon is away. . . . I must say Seddon's good-nature and ability for useful arrangements go much beyond my expectations.

*Thursday Morning.*—The mail came in yesterday, and this morning the letters have been delivered. I have received yours and two or three in one from my family. . . . God help poor Deverell! I was prepared for the fatal news, but not the less affected by it. The longer I live the less certainty I feel as to the course to be taken, and I almost determine to do nothing. I am ashamed at the little enthusiasm I feel, even with the novelty of my present life. I hope you will come out in the autumn. Seddon will have gone back by then, and I will have made some way with the language if possible. I am very likely to remain abroad for a year or two: it is impossible to do any good in merely passing through a country, particularly when one has so many prejudices to overcome towards the annoyances which exist here. I wish we could meet abroad and travel and work together for a good while, with occasionally another or two for companions (Halliday for one). The country offers nothing to me but landscapes and buildings of antiquarian interest; you know I want figures. I don't feel certain as to the best place to remain in; this may be the most convenient and practicable, but my last information points to Beyrout, where one might think and work without vexatious interruption. . . . I am glad to have your full letter before me again and to learn that Inchbold is likely to get on. Your proposition to entertain my little sister at tea

health. Sometimes at Ghizeh I was encouraged to think it would be easier to find models than it had proved to be

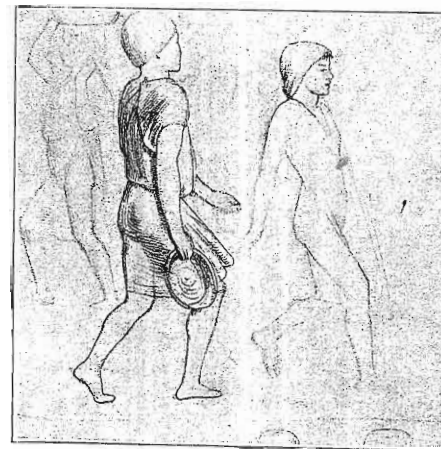
with your cousin gratifies me beyond any other that could be made. . . . Certainly cultivate a beard. I am persuaded to overcome my Anglican prejudice in favour of a clean chin. I should not do so, however, if I found it disguised my nationality, for that is worth every other pretension one travels with; it finds one in cringing obedience and fear from every native, even a dog when told one is an Englishman runs away yelping. With this nationality, indeed, and a fist I would undertake to knock down any two Arabs in the Usbeykia and walk away unmolested. The Russians one hears of occasionally, but only from England, when the news is so old as to have gained admission into the Appendix of Goldsmith's *School History of Great Britain*. The fact is, as you hinted before my departure, one hears nothing here, so do pray append one line of news to each letter, particularly if you have anything at hand about Cairo, for as I am here I am naturally anxious to know what has passed besides the everlasting donkeys, which, by the bye, are the only steeds one can get here without expending enough to purchase a horse completely; so you may see I do not enjoy the luxury nor endanger my valuable life by running after the hounds. Appended you see an example of the ordinary load an ass has to carry in this country. I intend sending a letter to Gabriel by this post; he wished to learn about the expenses of living here, so I will leave that subject entirely for his perusal. I wish my attempt to get models had been encouraging in the result. Bedouin may be had in twenties and thirties merely by paying them a little more than their exceedingly low rate of wages, and these are undoubtedly the finest men in the place; but when one requires the men of the city or the women, the patience of an omnibus man going up Piccadilly with two jibbing horses on an Exhibition day is required. I have made the attempt to get women to sit, until at the end of a fortnight or three weeks I have reaped nothing but despair, although I have spared no pains to achieve my purpose. One chance my servant discovered and told me of exultingly, so I went with him without question into a house where I was followed by scrutinising eyes through windows and door-cracks on each storey. Going up the outside staircase, I found myself at last at the top of the house entering the guest-room. This was a small chamber without much furniture, but surrounded by divan seats in front of a rich lattice-work *mushrebeeah*, where people sit for the cool air in the heat of the day. No one was present, so I had leisure to examine the objects in the room and speculate upon the beauty of the houris of the establishment, and to make some study of the manner in which I would arrange the figures which I should have to do that same day; and here I heard women's voices outside, and shuffling of feet. Four or five entered veiled, with a duenna. They ranged themselves in a rank with their backs against the door. With but only twenty words of Arabic, and a great deal of impatience, I could not afford much ceremony; so after I had fired off the nineteenth, I thought it time to walk up to the most graceful figure and utter the still unexhausted twentieth "*Yia bint.*" The shy daughter of the full moon lifted her veil and squinted. On turning to the second, I discovered that nature had blessed her with some nasal departure from the monotony of ideal perfection: "the evening star" had lost her front teeth, the "sister of the Sun" had several gashes in her cheek, while the "mother of the morning" had a face in shape like a pyramid. I told my man to express my regret that heaven had not bestowed on me enough talent to do justice to that order of beauty, and I took my departure by shying a gold piece as *backshish* to



in Cairo ; but although I started more than once with this hope, some unexpected obstacle always occurred to check my success. Among the young people employed by M. Mariette, who engaged many to clear away the sand at the base of the Sphinx, there were several who were interesting examples of the ancient national type. One or two of the children I was able to engage for an hour to pose for sketches. I prevailed upon the friends of a full-grown damsel to allow her to sit to me for an oil picture, but I had to undertake my work in an open cave under the plateau of the Pyramids, at times convenient for the girl, and at short notice. The increasing crowd of spectators testified to the survival in them of their ancestors' love of art. This trait would have been more appreciated by me had the amateurs been less bent upon attracting the girl's attention to the different points of the compass occupied by them, and had they not, on

the old woman, while I took one by the neck with my left hand and gently hurled her on to the floor for having attempted to intercept my passage to the door, with my right I pushed the other houris against the wall ; a fight with a man or two in going downstairs, and an encounter with several dogs in the yard, and I found myself in the street with my man behind me in a state of utter bewilderment at the turn affairs had taken. The next day I applied to the wife of the English missionary, who explained that it was a matter of the greatest difficulty. She had once induced her servant girl to sit, but then it was to a clergyman ; perhaps it might be possible to get her again for me, but not at present, for it was a great fast, which was observed at home indoors, and moreover she herself was just setting out to Mt. Sinai for two or three months, and without her presence in the room nothing could be done. The day after this I persuaded my landlord to exert himself, which ended in his procuring me a lady as ugly as a daguerrotype, whom I dismissed after I had blunted my pencil in my sketch-book. In the afternoon I had another woman brought, who turned out to be uglier than any I had seen. All the public women seem to be chosen to show the repulsiveness of vice at first glance ; such a wise system deserves more success than it would seem to meet. There are beautiful women here in the country. The fellah girls wear no veils and but very little dress, and these are perhaps the most graceful creatures about twelve or thirteen, when in their prime, you could very well see anywhere. Near the Pyramids, turning a corner, I suddenly came face to face with one of these. The young girl stared like a startled gazelle as though electrified, and suddenly she bounded away with feet almost flying over the earth, making a picture that it was such as should be a perennial joy to any artist. Seddon's Hippopotamus was with me, but I only explained my desire to him without further satisfaction than could be got by his going through his complete vocabulary with all its variations of "Vare kood, ser—yes, ser, vare kood, ser—koul k'teer quies—vare kood, ser."—Good-bye, old fellow.

getting up from the ground (assuring me all the while that they would make no dust), shaken their sand-laden *abbias* on to my wet and too tenacious paint. M. Mariette came and looked on for hours, assuring me that he would prevail upon the girl's friends to let me have a better opportunity ; but the effect of his good offices was that the girl absented herself altogether, and I had for the time to give up the work. When I had set myself to other



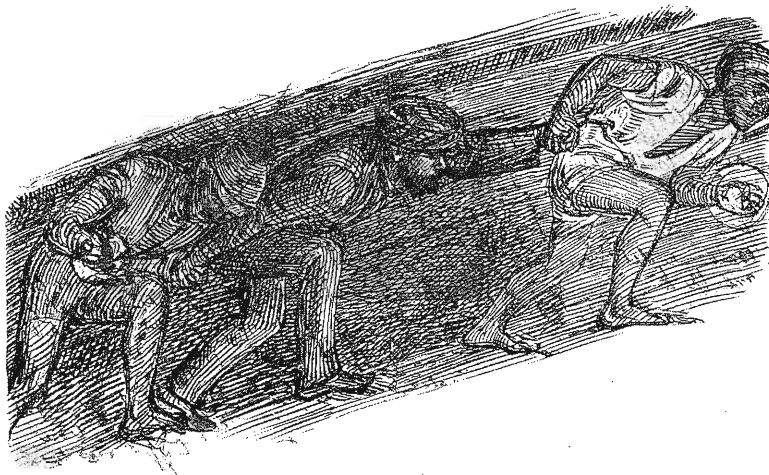
FELLAH CHILDREN, GHIZEH.

work, the girl's friends came saying that she might now pose again, which she did for some days, until I had brought my picture into a condition to be finished, as some years afterwards it was, under the title of "The Afterglow." Before leaving the desert I engaged two Arabs to take me to the top of the Pyramids. Seddon accompanied me, declaring his determination to write his name on the top ; I strove to dissuade him, but when he came down he gloried in having accomplished his object. I contented myself that mine would not be found there, but he retorted, "Oh, isn't it, though ? I took care to write yours as large as mine !" A letter written to

Millais at this date will explain the experience of my visit to the interior.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> May 8, 1854.

I never had any great admiration for the Pyramids such as most people manifest, and this, and perhaps a desire to appear superior to the cockney visitors, had made me leave the duty of particular examination to the last. . . . I wish I could give you any idea of the event. It was a hot day, and when we reached the entrance I was glad to stop a few minutes in the shade before commencing my inner researches; when we started it was along an alley descending at an angle of 35°, without sufficient room to allow us to walk



W. H. H.

FROM A LETTER TO MILLAIS.

upright. It was a difficult matter to proceed down this slippery pavement and reach out far enough in each stride to come upon a rudely broken step which perhaps had been made at first for the use of visitors or workmen. I managed, however, here without the assistance of either the Arab before or the one behind. At the end of fifty yards we came upon a halting-place, where they stayed and lighted the candles they had each brought. Behind and upwards we looked on the long cool passage with the hot white sky at the end; for our further passage we had to turn on one side and along a low tunnel requiring one to stoop double: here my guides were divided as before, each holding their candle towards me. I heard through their monotonous chanting shrill and sharp sounds as of creatures frightened; but there was no opportunity for inquiry, the men had chosen a pace and there was no interrupting it, and when we stopped at last it was at such a strange barrier that all my curiosity was drawn towards our own affairs. I had not yet recovered the blindness of the sun, and when I saw our way completely blocked up in front and at the

One day when in town, while I was mooning about the bazaars, I had my attention attracted to a young tradesman

side, it seemed to me that there was no further way; but I was reassured somewhat by seeing one Arab climb the wall. I proceeded to follow his example, but as he seemed to have restricted himself to an inconvenient space, I turned towards the further corner; but here I was arrested by the Arab Abdullah and the illumination of the mouth of a dark well. "Dat go moush, araf-fein; him go down, down, no stop"—a piece of information which induced me to place myself in his offered arm and be quiet, while he wheeled me round as I have seen



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FROM A LETTER TO MILLAIS.

heavy goods turned about by iron cranes in London; and here I had the hand of Mahommed to grasp to clamber up to a landing leading to another passage, which, as nearly as I can guess, must run upwards at an angle of 35° from the one I had just left here. I held the hand of Abdullah in front and of the other behind, in established order, and in spite of a liberal heat and perspiration suffered by each, we progressed at quick measure as again doled out by the harmonious but most unhappy tune of the true believers. Our pace was suddenly checked by the presence of another deep well, which here went completely across the passage; but, fortunately, a way was left at the side on a kind of step which runs from the bottom to the top, and this we used to pass the terrible opening to the remainder of this and other forgotten ascent and descents, the while I listened to the echoes and the bat screeches, and peered forwards as well as I could with my body bent double, to make out the

evidently courting a girl; she had come duly veiled, and prepared for an idle visit to his shop-seat. In an unlit corner I could watch the growth of his natural curiosity, and his pleadings to be allowed to satisfy his eyes as to the features hidden under the black *burko*. To raise up the veil was an act for which there could be no toleration; to press it close so as to see the outline of the face, the mouth, and the chin, was the utmost that propriety could allow. There was more than a superficial custom in the incident, it symbolized human interest in the unknown, and I decided upon it as a good theme with which to put to the test the possibility of undertaking my first subject picture in the East.

By this attempt I was not encouraged to despise the difficulty of my task. I found the young man to sit as the lover. He had in him much that was desirable for the character, and I made a hasty beginning, depending on my morrow's work to carry it on. He had questioned me about my object a great deal too much during the

nature of our way, until at the top of a tiring ascent I was allowed to walk upright for a few paces, and then was told that the place was the central chamber of the Pyramid. My eyes were not prepared for the depth of darkness in that place, and I looked about vainly to discover the walls that I might tell its size; but I was forced to wait further initiation and employ my probation on objects within reach. There was an empty sarcophagus in the middle of the room, which had evidently been broken open for its contents, which had been taken away; nothing was left but an outer case of rude construction, perhaps designedly to deceive any who might find that hidden treasure-house. In a corner of the room was an excavation which had been commenced by some recent investigator, but which had been given up and left as fruitless. At last I could manage to estimate the size of the place, and to my disappointment, since the walls had seemed to contract in becoming visible, it was not more than 30 or 40 feet square, and it had nothing more than the two objects, except the thousands of names written upon the walls of all ages. . . . The structure was still strong for ages to come to bear witness to after people. Some fruit stones have done their work when the kernel is found and their broken pieces are thrown away; while others, as cocoa-nuts and gourd rinds, are saved to commence a new office. Here I left off dreaming about the failure of the original purpose, and I chanted out: "The dead praise not thee, O Lord: neither all they that go down into silence. But we will praise the Lord: from this time forth for evermore. Praise the Lord." And before the sound had settled I got up to go out again, when I was startled by an echo clear as a reply: "The dead praise not thee, O Lord: neither all they that go down into silence. But we will praise the Lord: from this time forth for evermore. Praise the Lord."

sitting, but went away apparently quite at his ease, and evidently more than satisfied with his gains. But next morning he failed to appear, and when I met him afterwards he accosted me in great indignation, saying that I



FELLAH GIRL, EGYPT (GHIZEH).

had tried to deceive him, but that in the evening he had met a Moalim, who had told him what my object was, and that now for no sum in the world would he come again. My real purpose, he explained, was to obtain the portraits of true Moslems in great number, to return with these to

England to call up Satan, and to bargain with him as to the price he would pay for the souls of my victims, and that thus I should become rich beyond conception. In time I found another youth, and a lady in the Mission



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FELLAH GIRL, EGYPT (GHIZEH).

recommended her servant girl, who came most reluctantly and stayed sulkily for an hour, when she insisted on her mistress taking her away. With continual uncertainties and hindrances, finally I found a substitute. The worst of such false starts as those I made is that they are apt to destroy the incisiveness of the conception with which a

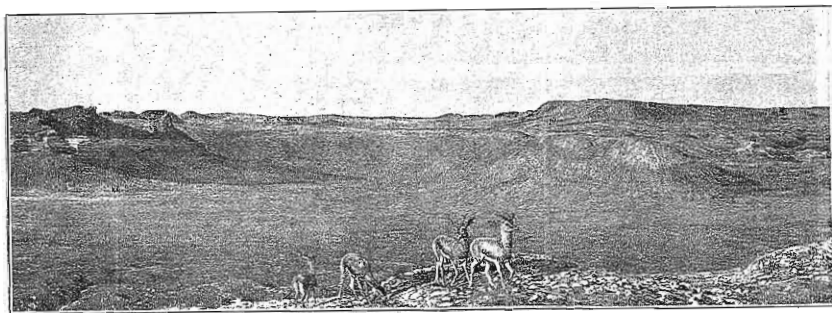
painter should begin on a work. It is the difference between the cure of a wound by first intention and the completion of the healing act after many relapses: the hope deferred in the patient reacts on the surgeon, and thus the want of faith torments and delays the treatment. The condition in which I found myself at this outset of my Eastern effort was most tantalising. With all the kaleidoscope of noble pictures of early humanity about me, I could not make one of them my own; the super-



EGYPTIAN GIRL.

stition which obstructed the work, and, when this was removed, the inability with my restricted means to obtain a room with a good light for a studio, seemed to debar me from figure painting. Landscape indeed was open to me, but I had an initial prejudice against palm trees and pyramids, and I did not feel tempted to spend paint upon them. There were certainly fine subjects to be found, but I was rather afraid, after my late pictures, in which landscapes of necessity had preponderated, of settling down into a *paysagiste*; so when scenes tempted me I would only undertake them in water colour, and I did this reluctantly, having some little foreboding of the truth

confirmed since, that the water colours of an oil painter are apt to become lost to him by the fact that they get hidden away in boudoirs and private rooms, and can rarely be obtained again for exhibition for the benefit of the painter's reputation. I had a double reason for judging my position. When I had first talked to Millais of the Eastern journey, he had declared that he would accompany me, and this he spoke of widely; though he postponed this project he charged me to let him know what the real opportunities were, and I had to hand on my experience to him by letter. I could



W. H. H.

GAZELLES IN THE DESERT.

not decide the question finally before I had pursued my journey to Syria, but my report soon was, that I should possibly not delay my return home much longer.

The month of May had come, but I had not yet received news of the reception of my two pictures at the Royal Academy.

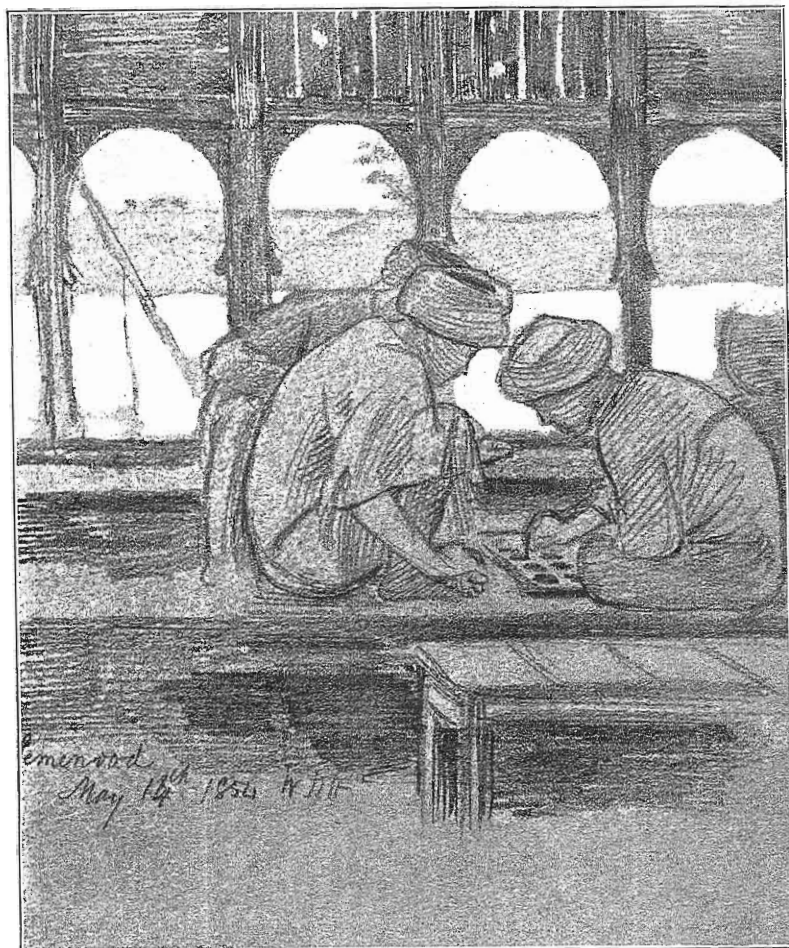
My work permitted, but to a limited degree, the pleasures of society. The Consul-General, the Hon. Frederick Bruce, and his attaché, Frederick Lockwood, were both constant in their good offices in helping me, and more than once the former expressed his interest by asking us to join him in his garden, where the table was spread and we could chat pleasantly to the smoke of our chibouques. Seddon was very valuable as a manager of

business matters; he brought unexpected news of a packet service of boats from Damietta along the Syrian coast, practically quite comfortable, he said, with passengers' cabins and accommodation, and bound to stop at Jaffa. This would necessitate the passage in a diabeyeh down the Eastern branch of the Nile to the ancient and interesting coast city; and so late in the season as the middle of May the boat could be got very reasonably. I gladly left him to make the bargain, which he did to my satisfaction. We found diabeyeh life extremely pleasant; our occupation was to finish water-colour drawings and to make preparations for future work. I had already decided on the subject of "The Finding of Christ in the Temple" as that to which I should devote myself on my arrival at Jerusalem. The working out of the design was a most appropriate occupation for the leisure of life on a boat, going down the stream with no disturbance but that of the morning swim and the hour's constitutional on the banks after luncheon, when an occasional shot secured supplies for the cook. As the water was then very low, after we had passed the barrage we were not able to see above the banks. Once we landed to inspect the extensive ruins of a Ptolemaic temple at Beit-al Hagar, which reminded me of our nineteenth-century Gothic, inasmuch as it proved to be a late date done in imitation of the "correct style" of earlier days, altogether destitute of sincerity and vitality. At Seminood, in wandering about the town, the perfect composition of a group of youths playing with shells in a café, and the picturesqueness of a lattice-work window, were well worth sketching, but we could not always stop to do justice to picturesque scenes.

My travelling companion had, I confess, sometimes tried my patience by his propensity to make fun when it did not altogether seem the time to laugh. One morning, half-way in our journey to Damietta, we both dived into the river from the stern of the boat, and swam about in the rear. He was not strong enough to continue swimming in the unbuoyant water any long



time, and having kept close to the boat, at the end of ten minutes he went to the side, and by the aid of a sailor

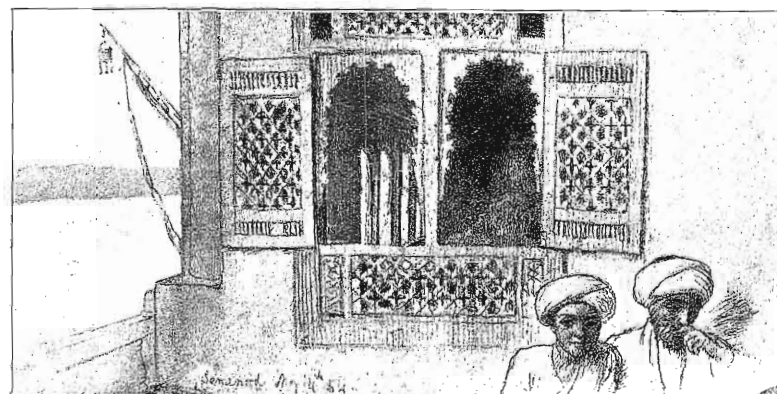


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SEMINOOD ON THE NILE.

clambered on to the deck. In another ten minutes I saw that the boat was moving at a great rate, and had got far

away from me. I called out therefore to my companion to check the sailors from tugging at it. Along the surface of the water rattles of laughter reached me, and when I called out angrily that he must stop at once, I saw him gesticulating with arms and hands to the sailors to go faster. They obeyed as drafthorses would have done, until the diabeyeh disappeared round a distant corner of the bank. I could not swim fast enough to overtake the rapid boat; and had therefore to strike out for the shore,

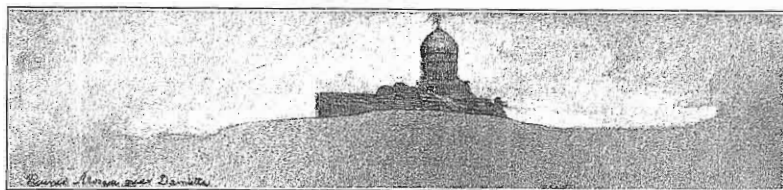


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SEMINOOD ON THE NILE.

and there to climb up 20 feet of bank overgrown with stinging thorns and thistles, and on the top to walk along a rough path with naked feet for half a mile, where the boat had been stopped. My friend was not in the slightest degree disconcerted,—he was so essentially a joke-maker that he could see but the funny side of a situation,—he still laughed and said that he had never seen anything so droll as myself when I appeared hobbling on the bank; while I, not unnerved in a double sense, took my resolution for the future, that the companionship of such a lively pilgrim had its penalties. The next morning I was careful to keep as near to the boat as he did. When it

seemed that he had had as long a swim as he could bear, I looked around and discovered him at a little distance making for the shore. His appearance was puzzling, and when he called out my name in a faint voice, I knew that something was wrong. I hurried to the spot and found him exhausted and with all confidence lost; he had just got to within his bare depth towards the shore, so that when he stretched his feet down the mud crumbled under them, and he had no power to recover himself. I thrust my hands under his arm-pits, and in a few strokes we reached the shore. When he had recovered his courage and was going up the bank on his journey to the boat, and I was starting for my swim, I called out, "Seddon,



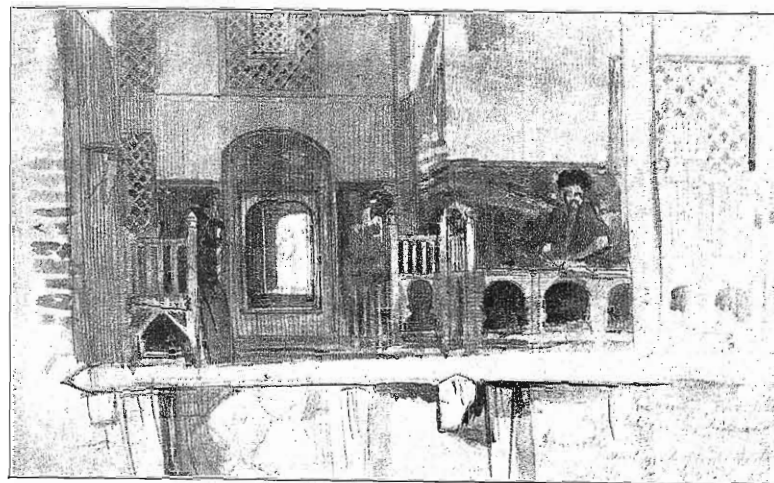
W. H. H.

RUINED MOSQUE IN SAND DESERT NEAR DAMIETTA.

you will be sure to show me how to walk along the bank in a graceful manner, won't you?" Though he never again played any tricks in swimming, he did not altogether forswear practical jokes. This tendency too often frustrated my purpose to help him in the practice in painting.

At Damietta we found our coasting vessel waiting a proper wind to cross the bar; but when we boarded her in the dark, instead of having cabins and passenger comforts, my facetious friend triumphantly revealed as a huge joke that he had misrepresented the facts. The boat was a smack of about 40 tons' burden, laden with bags of rice nearly up to the gunwale, and without a deck of any kind. For four or five days the boat lay close to the bank of the estuary, the wind seemed obstinately set on preventing it

from getting out to sea, but I was still working out my design. One evening on the smooth flat sand with a stick I traced out an improved plan for the composition of the Madonna and Jesus, and being much interested in my progress, I did not notice the quietly advancing waves until they wiped out the whole at one sweep, before I had time to take notes for repetition of the lines and to escape a wetting.

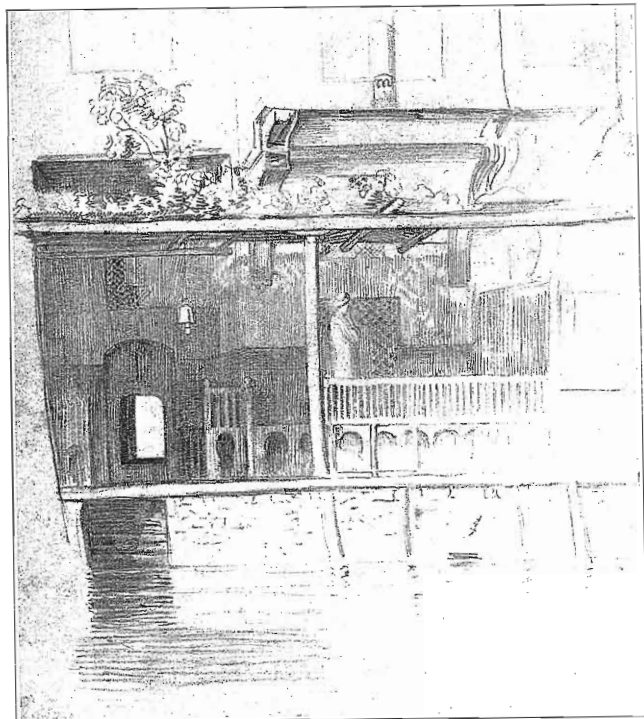


W. H. H.

DAMIETTA.

The town had some pleasantly arranged houses on the harbour, with courtyards looking on the water, reminding one of Holland or Venice. In the city there were some buildings and a mosque with marble inlaid work that seemed to belong to the time of Haroun al Raschid, and there was a ruined mosque to the west that courted closer attention. Suddenly the wind changed, the smack was disburdened of its cargo, and went off over the bar, the rice bags were shipped, and finally we followed on board, where Seddon's risibility was again unreined, for here about a dozen fresh native passengers were received in

the boat, they had been hidden before at his advice. I insisted upon some separation from these not very promising looking fellow-passengers, and so had the use of the dingey on board as a special cabin, and a pleasant



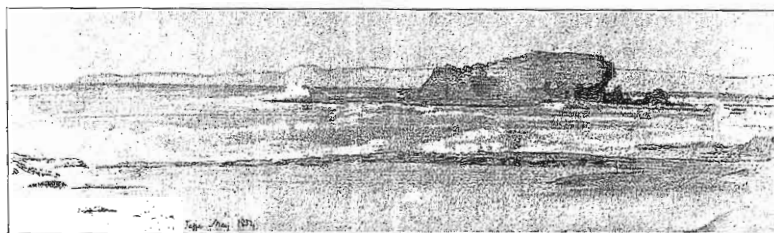
W. H. H.

DAMIETTA.

one it was with the sea zephyr fanning us by day, and by night the deep violet sky spangled with stars for bed curtains.

Being out at sea in calm weather, I began a sketch of the stern of the boat with the Reis holding the tiller. I had made some progress when he observed me, and with much agitation commanded me to

stop, assuring every one that my act would be most unpropitious for our journey. As I laughed at this warning, and proceeded, he repudiated all responsibility and left the helm, and no one of the crew would dare to prevent the vessel following its own sweet will. So, although we were well away from land, and there were no other boats within sight at the time, it seemed desirable to put a stop to the evil impending fate before evening. Drifting as we were, a sailor from the mast-head assured us that we had got within sight of Jaffa. I was busy writing, while Seddon kept calling out that we were dangerously drifting into the rocks. I paid no heed till



W. H. H.

APPROACH TO JAFFA.

suddenly it was found that nothing but dropping the anchor would avail, so I had to turn out the contents of the dingey, blankets, gun, pistol, writing materials, and clothes, among the dirty Arabs and give up possession. We all got on shore for a couple of hours, returning at night. When we were dozing, the eastward breeze blew us out to sea, and then we were wafted to Jaffa, arriving there in the waking dawn. It was the 30th of May. I sat looking at the coast where lay the nearing town, and the distant hill range of Judea; as we put into the meagre port formed by the rocks on which Perseus succoured his Andromeda, we saw a crowd of harbour loafers and Customs men wrangling and screaming to intercept us for what booty they could get. One fundamental difference shown by the Syrian in contrast to the

Egyptian is the harmony of tints of parti-coloured striped stuffs used in his garments. In Egypt, patterned dresses are of browns, red, or green and pink, or blue and orange—combinations which at a little distance neutralise one another;—here in Syria they were of azure and pink, or indigo and white, or yellow and vermilion, prismatic combinations I observed apparently suggested by the sky and amethystine mountains, still pure in pristine hues.

The city of Jaffa and its neighbourhood are as rich in classic lore as in scriptural story, and this double interest would lead us to expect delightful features in the landscape. Many travellers speak of the place with disappointment, and describe the road to the mountains of Judea as happily "permitting the uninteresting country to be got over at a gallop." In my eyes it was full of pleasing and even enchanting character, such as is ever calculated to make men put on record for succeeding generations the impressions made upon them. We employed a day or so searching about Jaffa, and I made a few sketches. From our house-tops we could see the remains of Cæsarea, and the sea coast towards Acre, Tyre, and Sidon, and in the afternoon sun we descried the tall and snow-clad peak of Hermon. We were in the land of the princely Perseus, of the battles between Egyptians and Assyrians, of the foolish Gyges, and of all the Philistine history. At Cæsarea, Paul appeared before Festus, and Herod Agrippa sat in the amphitheatre in golden garments which shone resplendent in the rising sun, when he was stricken with his deadly disease. It was also here that the contests of Richard the Lion-hearted and the chivalric Saladin took place. We started eastward late one afternoon. The rolling plain was not less enriched in fruit and corn than it was in those far-off days. Before sunset we reached the Convent of Ramleh, our first halt; and here, while the cheery monks were preparing their simple hospitality, we went up to the roof to see the glowing hills, the plateau of our future adventures.

We sat talking to the Superior of the fraternity till sundown.

In the morning we started before the full day had come; the cornfields were being reaped. The first sight of a Palestine harvest can scarcely fail to make a traveller linger and watch reapers and gleaners. Three hours brought us to the opening of the hills called Bab-el-wad; we passed beside delightful pictures of harvesters, fine sun-burnt men and comely women labouring in ripe fields. We dismounted in sight of Koobab to sketch the primitive-looking village. There were no sort of roads then, and no cafés of any kind, but we rested ourselves under a sycamore tree, where we got water and ate our dried fruit with the bread which we had brought. From this point our track was as bad as it could anyhow be; our horses' hoofs had to displace upper layers of rounded boulders all rolling about, ere serviceable footing was secured. In climbing the hillside and descending to the valleys, our track lay over polished and slippery limestone. While recognising the difficulties, we delighted in the wild beauty of the hills, and we nursed the hope that when we reached the sky-line, having already passed the traditional Emmaus, we should see Jerusalem in the distance; but at the desired point we found only depths of six or seven miles' width separating us from the next heights, just as the hollows of a titanic rolling sea might curve out the upper level of the main. Little clusters of trees stood on the surface of the slopes, where the spot was protected by villages, and the plantation straggling out along the terraces behind the projecting crags proved the presence of a fellahin settlement, otherwise the slopes were garnished with nothing but broom and underwood. On the summits of the hills a few square stone huts could be seen occasionally; those of the villages in the ascent from the plain were of mud. The descent to the valley was by straggling tracks with frequent steps and turns to be made, apparent only as they were approached, and at the bottom there was a drink of water for ourselves and

the beasts; but after a pause about the well, and an exchange of news with muleteers coming in opposite directions, we started again with eagerness to reach the goal of pilgrimage sacred to Jew, Christian, and Moham-medan. As we advanced, the brink of the hollow seemed to climb ever higher, until the free and cooler air assured us of our nearness to the crest of the wave-formed rock. Having zigzagged to the upper plateau, we proudly crossed the intervening ridge, to find that the further landscape was formed of another vast billow of rock. At Abou Goosh a handsome ruined Crusaders' church used as a barn, and a cluster of stone houses built to overlook the gardens which here were planted freely with fruit trees, gave the region a happy look. Down the deep chasm, the track could in part be traced by the glitting of the sun upon the shining surface of the worn rock, where the feet of men and beasts had polished the hard limestone, making lines twisting and plaiting along like wriggling serpents. With long desire and constant disappointment the interest in the scenes we passed was dulled, and the eagerness of expectation blunted; the hot stagnant air encouraged a mood in which all further calculation of being within sight of the end of our journey seemed futile; every step seemed to take us further from prospect of another city and more into the wild away from any place of human life. We climbed up with sight alone bent on the horses' path. Suddenly and unbidden our beasts stopped, we raised our eyes, and there all the scene had opened, a great landscape was spread out before us, and in the centre stood the city. Foursquare it was and compact in itself, without suburb, except the enclosure round the tomb of David, and half-way down Zion there was a new white building with a wall of its own to guard it. In an angle with a track leading to it from our standing-post was the western gate. Above the walls at this angle towered three or four ancient fortresses, and to the south of these, above the stretch of wall, spread certain handsome fir trees, while a few graceful cypresses pierced

the rounded outlines of the group, making with the minaret standing by, a variegated cluster of history. In front of these the mount sloped down to a deepening valley, which helped to give this face of the fortified city some resemblance to Windsor Castle, a likeness, however, that was forgotten almost as soon as it was fancied, for on the north the wall could be traced descending the sloping platform with a fosse cut in the rock outside, until at the east there was a raised angle from which the wall started southward, brinking what evidently, although lost in its depth, was the Valley of Jehoshaphat. The inner side of this wall was apparent in places between nearer buildings; the domes and minarets rose against a range with swelling outlines forming the Mount of Olives and the Hill of Offence, and where the line of the northern mass sloped down and left a gap between itself and a southern continuation of the sweep, appeared a far distant horizontal range of mountains of amethyst and azure hue, the Mountains of Moab.

The afternoon sun was already beginning to glow with the softness of amber, the breeze from the sea had awakened the birds, and the windmills turned with a music as of new life. This, then, was the stage on which the dramas were enacted which have stirred the blood of the greatest races on the face of the earth, and turned the current of all their purpose. There was an unspeakable spirit of secrecy in the air, while an appropriate beauty that breathed in the scene raised in my mind, without intelligible link, the image of some beautiful queen mute and dead, but with eyes open and staring to the heavens, as though not even yet to be at peace. The sense of pity made responsiveness a need. I turned to my companion, and he, habitually jocose, was now leaning forward with clenched hands upon the pommel of his saddle, swaying his shoulders to and fro, while copious tears trickled down his cheeks, his satisfied eyes overflowed despite of or unknown to himself.

Descriptions of scenery are seldom read, but I speak



of this impressive view of the City of Sacrifice as it appeared in 1854 from the western approach, because now the view is destroyed by ungainly constructions disfiguring a spot whose memories are for ever linked with the story of Calvary.